

RIVERWALK COLLECTION

*The
Discover
Ring*

ROSEMARY WILLHIDE
AND AL DALTRY

The Discover Ring

CHAPTER ONE

“Jason.” I moaned, as my boyfriend pounded my barely conscious cunt. The second my eyes peeked open, he climbed on top of me, and his morning wood slid inside. With my face smothered by his smooth chest, he pummeled me like a jackhammer. His grunts grew more urgent with each sharp thrust. My pussy and I finally started to wake up and slowly build to the edge of orgasm. It was a race for me to climax before...

“Ah Christ, Sylvie. Fuck!” Jason heaved as his creamy load bathed my walls. “Sorry babe. You feel so good. I couldn’t help myself. Did you come?”

“No. That’s okay. It’s still the best way to start the day.”

He gave me a quick peck on the cheek, pulled out, and laid on his side. Jason pursed his lips together while his hazel eyes washed over my body. “Damn, I wish your tits were bigger. I would love to fuck them and just cum all over your face.”

I covered my small B cup breasts with my hands. “I know. You’ve been saying that since my freshman year of college. I suppose if I packed on a few pounds that would help.”

He grazed his fingertips over my flat belly and smirked. “No. Don’t do that. With my luck it will end up on your thighs.”

I sat up with a jerk and concealed my body with a pillow. “Would you really want to change me?”

Jason took the pillow away and grabbed my hands. “Babe. You know I love you. I’ve just been thinking about us and our future. And maybe, yes, in a perfect world, I’d like to spend the rest of my life with bigger boobs. What can I say? I’ve always been a breast man. Isn’t there anything you’d like to change about me?”

“Aside from this conversation. No.”

“Oh come on Sylvie. I can take it. I see your eyes bug out every time the guy that played Superman is in a magazine. That’s your type. Tall, dark, and ripped. I’m not any of those things.”

True. Jason was 5’ 10”, with a toned slim build, and sandy blonde hair like mine, but to me, he was so cute, he *was* Superman. “I wouldn’t change a thing. I love you just the way you are.”

“And I’ve loved you since the day I laid eyes on you. I remember it like it was yesterday. Pretty freshman, rushing into the dining hall, late for her first class.”

I grinned and continued our story. “And I smacked into you and spilled my peanut M&M’s all over the floor.”

He gathered me into his arms. “And I said, ‘M&M’s for breakfast?’ To which you replied, ‘It’s the breakfast of champions.’”

“I thought you would laugh, but you helped me pick up the M&M’s and said since you were a senior, you needed to see to it that I got a sensible dinner. You asked me out before you asked me my name.”

“And you played hard to get. That’s why the anniversary of our first date is in two weeks instead of today. We met six years ago today.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” I beamed. “Do you want to go back to Bria to celebrate?”

He shrugged and rolled out of bed. “Sure. Whatever. It doesn’t matter.”

I shifted to my knees. “But, don’t you think it matters a little? Six years is a long time. I thought five years was a long time too.”

Jason rolled his eyes. “Sylvie. I know what you’re getting at. You were disappointed last year when I gave you earrings and not a ring. But, what did I just say?”

I mumbled. “You wanted to spend the rest of your life with bigger boobs.”

“That’s not what I meant and you know that.” He kissed my forehead. “We’ll talk about our anniversary later. Look at the clock. You’re going to be late again.”

“Oh good gravy!” I scrambled off the bed and padded to the walk in closet. “Did you pick up the dry cleaning? I was going to wear my grey dress.”

Jason headed to the bathroom and shouted over his shoulder. “It’s there. Why don’t you wear the navy one instead?”

His comment caught me off guard and I turned. “You don’t like my grey dress?”

He leaned against the doorway of the bathroom. “No...wear whatever you want. It’s just...the navy brings out your pretty blue eyes.”

“What does the grey one bring out?”

He rubbed the back of his neck. “Well, if I’m being honest. The grey one has gotten a little tight in the thighs.”

I hung my head. “It has? I didn’t notice.”

“Hey, it’s no biggie. Just lay off the guacamole at La Paloma when you have lunch with Ashley and Andrew.”

I retreated to the closet and grabbed my navy dress, choking back tears. God, I always hated my thighs. No matter how much I worked out, they just seemed a little too large for my body.

Jason shouted from the bathroom. “Sylvie. The bathroom is a mess. What’s with your make-up?”

I scurried to the doorway with my navy dress in hand. “Sorry. It’s Bare Minerals. Sometimes I get it everywhere. I’ll clean it up when I get home from work.”

“Thanks babe. Sorry, I’m such a neat freak.” He noticed the dress I chose. “Good. You’re going to wear the navy. You’ll look beautiful. Oh, and I’ll be working late tonight, so I won’t be home for dinner.”

“That’s okay. I might be late too. I’ll just grab something from the café at work.” I muttered under my breath. “I’ll get a salad.”

“Sorry. I’m late.” I scurried to our regular table on the patio of La Paloma for lunch with Ashley and Andrew.

“It’s okay Sylvie. I ordered for you.” Andrew said with his wry smile and deep voice. “Guacamole, chips and chicken fajitas should be coming right up.”

“So, what was it this time?” Ashley asked.

I took a quick sip of water and explained. “I was late for work, so I had to play catch up. But, the good news is it won’t cut into lunch because my next appointment isn’t for two hours. Do you guys have to rush back?”

Ashley, Andrew, and I worked at the Hyatt Regency in the special events department. Ashley Valdez was in sales, and I worked directly with the clients. A year ago, Andrew Riley promoted me to managing coordinator of weddings. He was an exceptional boss, and the director of our department. I planned so many weddings. I couldn't wait to plan my own. If Jason proposed on our anniversary, I could be Mrs. Sylvie Hancock-Stein by spring.

"I'm in no hurry to get back to work." Ashley unfolded her napkin. "And, I'm assuming our boss man can do whatever the hell he wants."

"Actually, that's not true." Andrew replied. "But today, I'm good. In fact, have a glass of wine with lunch. You two worked so hard last week, you've earned it."

Ashley laughed. "You just want us to talk about our sex lives and spill our secrets."

A huge grin split his face showing off his perfect, white teeth. "I do come for the enlightening conversations."

Who knew how it started, but our lunch conversations always turned to sex. Ashley was gorgeous with olive skin and shiny black hair. She attracted plenty of male attention, but her relationships never went anywhere. She was a 'one and done' kind of girl. Andrew was a great audience and a good listener. It was nice to have a male perspective. He never said much about his love life, as if he could get a word in. He was five years older than Ashley and me, with dark hair and even darker eyes. Andrew was well over six feet tall with broad shoulders and a strong jaw line. Surely, he could date any beautiful woman he wanted, but in the two years we worked together, he never mentioned a word about a girlfriend. You wouldn't think a man with such a commanding presence

would also possess an awesome sense of humor, but he did. His laugh was big and booming.

The waiter arrived with our food and Andrew ordered a bottle of Pinot for the table. We had the perfect spot overlooking the river by the bridge. The smell of the Magnolia and Cypress wafted through the air on this lush September day in San Antonio.

Once the wine was poured, I asked. “So, Ashley, Chad made it to a second date with you. What happened?”

She covered her face with her hands. “Oh God, no. This is one date I can’t talk about.”

“Oh come on.” Andrew teased. “We’ve heard it all. You’re among friends.”

Her cheeks flushed. “Okay. But if I tell you, it stays here at our table.”

Andrew and I nodded in agreement.

“It was going great, until we had sex. He said he wanted to take me from behind and I...I...” She shut her eyes tight. “I queebed.”

Andrew and I erupted into hysterics.

“Stop. It’s not funny. It just kept happening. I was so embarrassed. I threw my clothes on and split. It’s seriously...not funny.” She cracked up a little too and joked. “I was like, ‘sorry to leaving you hanging.’ I queebed and ran.”

I laughed even harder. “Oh my gosh, you’re Queeb Latifah.”

Our hilarity reached a fever pitch. Andrew doubled over and pounded the table. He reached over and gave my shoulder a gentle

squeeze. “God, you two are hilarious. So, Ashley can I assume there will be no third date?”

“Seriously? Can you imagine? Date two and we’re through. I hope I never see him again. What about you, Sylvie? What’s going on with you and Jason? Is he still waking you up every morning with his cock a doodle do?”

“Yes. Honestly, we’re in kind of a rut. The only time we have sex is first thing in the morning, and it’s always the same. And I…”

Ashley interrupted. “You’re not getting any satisfaction, are you?”

I shook my head. “Not really.”

“I would talk to him about it.” Andrew interjected. “Men can be really dense sometimes. You might have to spell it out, and tell him what you want. Or better yet, ask him what his ultimate fantasy is. It could spark a conversation that could lead to greater satisfaction for both of you. Communication is key.”

I cocked my head and smiled. “You’re so smart and yet so single. How is that possible?”

“Yeah.” Ashley added. “What’s going on with you? You’re always so secretive. Are you seeing anybody?”

Andrew folded his arms. “If I have anything significant to report, you two will be the first to know.”

My eyes darted back and forth between them. “Well, what do you know…two attractive, single successful people are sitting right here. How come you two have never dated?”

Ashley threw her napkin at me. “Sylvie Hancock, you did not just put us on the spot like that?”

“Oh yes I did. Come on Andrew, Queeb Latifah will treat you real nice.”

He laughed. “I’m sure she would, but I would have to take a number with the beautiful Ashley.”

“You wouldn’t.” Ashley replied and kicked me under the table. “But, probably best not to mix business with pleasure.”

I plucked up my wine. “It’s just something to think about. After all, if Jason proposes on our anniversary, I already have the Hyatt penciled in for a spring wedding. You guys don’t want to get stuck at the single’s table with all the dateless rejects.”

Andrew raised his glass. “Ashley, I’ll make a pact with you. If neither one of us is seeing anyone when Sylvie and Jason get married, we’ll go together.”

She toasted. “It’s a date. And, here’s to your anniversary Sylvie. Do you think he’s going to pop the question?”

“I hope so. Since he made partner at the law firm, he’s been talking about our future, like where he wants to build a house and he even mentioned having kids someday. I mean, he’s acting all aloof about our anniversary. I think he’s trying to throw me off. There’s just one thing.” I took my last sip of wine, placed my glass back on the table, and sighed.

“What is it?” Ashley asked. “You can tell us anything.”

I glanced down and glided my fingertips over the white linen tablecloth. “Well, I’m thinking about getting a boob job and maybe some liposuction on my thighs.”

Andrew slouched back in his chair. “Why would you do that?”

I shrugged. “Just something Jason said got me thinking. Plus, if he proposes, I’ll want to look perfect on my wedding day.” “If it will make you feel better about yourself, then go for it.” Ashley said. “But for the record, I think you look great.”

“Yeah right.” I responded. “Coming from the woman with a body most would kill for.”

Andrew patted my hand. “Don’t sell yourself short. And only do this, if it’s what *you* really want. Hey, you barely touched your lunch. Did you eat too many peanut M&M’s for breakfast again?”

I pushed my plate away. “No. I guess I’m not that hungry.”

Andrew’s hand lingered on top of mine. “Sylvie, look at me. You don’t need a boob job and you most certainly do not need liposuction. Please, for me, finish your lunch.”

CHAPTER TWO

“Let’s have a look Miss Hancock,” Doctor Nobbs said as he examined my breasts. It was two days later at my plastic surgery consultation. I hadn’t made up my mind yet, but I figured it couldn’t hurt to check out my options.

The doctor put me at ease by having his nurse, Debra, present. They were both attractive and possibly in their early forties. It appeared red headed Debra had implants of her own. Her tits looked magnificent in her tight uniform. They simultaneously palmed my breast flesh, exchanging glances and nodding. My nipples protruded forth like two ripe nubs, ready to combust.

Debra circled the pad of her thumb on the left one. “You’re quite sensitive, aren’t you?”

I blew out a shaky breath. “Yes. Will I lose any of my sensitivity if I decide to get the implants?”

“A little,” Doctor Nobbs replied, as his hands roamed over my breast. “The larger the implant the more sensitivity you lose. I wouldn’t recommend going up more than one cup size for your small frame.”

The continued light caresses over my perky B boobs dampened my cotton thong. *Jiminy Crickets*. If I stood, there would be a wet spot of my arousal left behind.

“Whatever you decide, you should know, you have lovely, firm breasts.” Debra said.

They ceased their tag team, titty turn on and I closed the paper-thin gown. “I was actually thinking your breasts are beautiful. Sorry for staring. I can’t take my eyes off of them.”

“Would you like to touch them?” Debra asked. “I don’t mind. Doctor Nobbs performed the surgery. I’d be happy to show you his work.” She unzipped her uniform without me uttering a syllable, and whipped them out. “Don’t be shy. Go ahead touch them.”

I ran my hesitant fingers over her full luscious orbs. I had never touched another woman like this before. Sudden flickers filled my belly, and more tiny drizzles leaked onto my now soaked panties.

I exhaled. “Oh...you...you do excellent work Dr. Nobbs. I would love it if my breasts looked like Debra’s.”

Admiring his surgical skill, he responded. “Thank you. But you have to remember Debra is taller with a larger bone structure than you. I understand you’re also interested in liposuction around your thighs. Could you stand up for me?”

Debra put away her fun bags, while my baguettes and I pondered our next move. My heart fluttered and beads of sweat formed on my brow. When I rose, would there be a puddle beneath me?

Dr. Nobbs picked up some sort of marker. “You’ll need to remove the gown, so we can talk about your problem areas.”

I stripped it off and used it to hide my undeniable titillation. My nearly naked body quaked as their roving eyes flowed over me.

Debra cocked her head. “Did you say you wanted liposuction on your thighs? Where exactly? I don’t usually say this, for fear of losing my job, but I’m not sure it’s really necessary.”

The flat of my hands landed on what I called my saddlebags. “It’s this right here. I hate it.”

“Can you turn around, Miss Hancock?” Doctor Nobbs asked.

I did as I was told and once again, the duo engaged in a mini group grope of my upper thighs and bum. The sensation took me by surprise, and I bent over, steadying myself on the examining table with my hands. I bit my lip to keep from panting aloud. I couldn’t let them know they were driving me wild. I sucked in a huge breath, and when I released it, a tiny moan escaped.

The back of Debra’s hand brushed over my cheeks. “Doctor, don’t you think Sylvie has extraordinary tone and radiant skin?”

“I do indeed. Very nice. I’d like you to take a day and or two and think about whether or not you want surgery, Miss Hancock. I don’t recommend scheduling anything today. It’s a big decision.”

With just a few more light caresses of their hands, my body boiled in need. “Okay...um...ah...bathroom...I mean, where’s the closest restroom?”

“It’s right here. Help yourself.” Debra opened up a door.

It was as if I was a track star hurling myself to the finish line. “Okay. Thanks so much. I’ll be in touch.”

I slammed the door shut and tore off my saturated thong. It hit the ground with a splat. I pressed my back into the wall, cooling my overheated flesh. My fingers flew to my puffy clit and I went to town on myself. It had been way too long since I came. All those mornings being hammered to the cusp without a release turned me into a lustful lunatic.

As I grinded against my hand, my legs gave way, and I slid down the wall onto the floor. Spreading myself wider, I rammed two fingers

inside and worked my sopping hole. A third digit wedged in, joining my lone carnal copulation. Yes. This was good, but not good enough. I got on all fours and fucked myself into next week. Both hands worked vigorously, rubbing my fat nub, and trouncing my drenched cunt with the force of a ten inch cock. I couldn't stifle my cries of impending ecstasy. This was raw and nasty, but it was what my pussy was desperate for, what it demanded in this depraved moment on the bathroom floor. A mighty spasm rocked my walls and reduced me to a flaying mass of quivering, coming, craziness while I rode out my scintillating currents of pleasure.

Mired in sweat, with jelly limbs, my breath returned to normal and I vowed two things: Jason and I were going to spice things up in the bedroom, and I was never coming back here.

Twenty-four hours later, I changed my mind when Jason made a comment about eating M&M'S after dinner. I also caught him ogling our neighbor Elizabeth's ample bosom when we bumped into her in the parking lot of our condominium complex.

I decided against the liposuction, but scheduled the breast augmentation for the first week of October when Jason would be out of town.

The other vow was a go. No more fucking myself like an animal in heat on the bathroom floor when I had perfectly good boyfriend who could do it for me.

"Hey, you're home early?" Jason said with his eyes glued to the TV.

I carried my grocery goodies to the kitchen. "Not only that, I'm going to make dinner."

“And by dinner do you mean you’re going to make a mess?”

I double fisted two bottles of red wine and marched to the TV room. “No. I mean we are going to celebrate.”

“Celebrate? But our anniversary isn’t until next weekend? What’s so special about this one?”

“Well, if you recall, the weekend before I agreed to go out with you, I was sitting alone in the dining hall. You asked me out and I said, no, but you sat down anyway and asked me twenty questions. So, tonight we’re going to kick back and I’m going to ask the questions.”

“Sounds good. Can it wait until after the game?”

Three more innings and a bottle and a half of wine later, Jason and I sat on the couch facing one another. He clasped my hands in his. “Okay. I see that beautiful brain spinning. You definitely have something on your mind. What’s going on, babe?”

I was just the perfect amount of drunk, so I licked my lips and forged on. “I do have a question for you. A very torrid one. One might say, scandalous.”

“You have my full attention. Ask away.”

My skin flushed in anticipation of his answer. “What’s your ultimate sexual fantasy? If you could do anything you want, what would it be?”

His eyes grew twice their size. “Jennifer Lawrence and Katy Perry.”

My mouth gaped open. “What?”

“Yeah. And if I’m really living large, let’s throw Emma Stone in the mix. That way I’d have a blonde, brunette, and a red head.”

I swatted his leg. “No. That’s not what I meant. I meant with me.”

“You’re welcome to watch.”

I moved to the other side of couch. “Forget it.”

He pulled me onto his lap. “Babe, don’t be like that. I’m just messing around. Ask me again.”

“No. I feel stupid now.”

I started to get off his lap and he caught me around the waist, hurling me down on the sofa. “Jason. Stop it.”

He pinned my arms down. “Not a chance. Ask me again.”

I gazed into his smoldering eyes filled with fire. “What’s your ultimate fantasy? If you could do anything you want. What would it be?”

The corners of his mouth up turned in that roguish way of his. He released my arms and tore off my shorts in one smooth move, leaving me naked from the waist down. “You know what I want. I want my cock buried in your ass, balls deep.”

Oh, fuck me in the ass. What have I done? I swallowed hard. “That’s it? You don’t have any other fantasies involving, like produce or dairy products? You could tie me up and blindfold me. I think I’d like that.”

He opened my legs and skimmed my sex with his fingertips. “But that’s your fantasy. Which we can do another night.” Jason slowly dipped a finger in and out of me. “Tonight is for me, and I’m going to take your ass right after I take you across my knee and spank you.”

I expelled a shaky breath. “You want to spank me?”

“Yes, babe. And you want me to. You got wetter the minute I said the word.”

I could not deny it. The thought of lying across his lap like a naughty plaything provoked a rousing spring of moisture below. I glanced up at him and nodded in agreement.

He grasped me by the forearms. “No time like the present.” Without hesitating, he hauled me over his lap and I let out a squeal. Jason chuckled a bit. “I’ve been waiting to punish this juicy rump for years. Think about it. All the times you left the dishes in the sink, and the hours I’ve had to wait for you. Hell, you made me wait two weeks before you’d go out with me. It’s payback time, Sylvie. Are you ready?”

“Um...okay...” I read about stuff like this in the erotic books I borrowed from Ashley. They were stories of women being spanked and disciplined. They all had one thing in common: mind blowing, off the chart, orgasms. I was ready to join the ranks of Chloe, Nia, and Abigail. I spread myself, longing for him to touch me. To amp up what simmered within. Instead, he brought his hand down and smacked my left cheek with a biting crack. It smarted for an instant and then a sizzling heat flowed through me like warm butter. The second spank on the other cheek was even more intense. He massaged my buttocks and then let loose with a barrage of quick, chastising swats.

An endorphin rush swirled through every nerve ending. I love/hated it. I loved how my body reveled in the pain, but hated that Jason wouldn’t touch me.

I cried out. “Ahhh...Jason...oh my goodness...I need...”

“You need to shut it, babe. This is about what I need tonight.” His voice was rough and his thick erection pressed against my tummy. “I’m enjoying watching your pretty ass flesh jiggle while you take your punishment.” His palms caressed each cheek. “I’m going to spank this ass until it glows brighter than lights on the River Walk at night.” His

hand descended on my bottom with maximum force. Each fervent lash produced a greater need below, and it was as if my mind embarked on its own separate journey. What was happening to me?

Abruptly, he ceased. “Sylvie, I want you on the floor, ass in the air, completely naked.”

Bewildered, I peeled off my top, scrambled to the floor and submitted to his request with my heart racing. Jason had never been so forceful and commanding before.

Once in position, he patted my freshly spanked rear. “Hold this position and don’t move. I’ll be right back.”

His footsteps scuffed across the carpet. Where was he going? My ass was in the air like I just didn’t care. What could possibly be so...oh...maybe he was fetching lube. This could really hurt since Jason was so well endowed. At least, I thought he was. I didn’t have anything else to compare him to. He was my first and only. And soon, hopefully, I would be his wife. I could do this. I could give this to him. Talk about sealing the deal.

As I waited, my body came down off its spanking high, and a sliver of trepidation crept in. Tension gripped my core and careened outward. Part of me wished I had been like my girlfriends in high school and succumbed to butt sex pressure. Then I’d have some idea what to expect. They used to say if you took it up the ass, technically you were still a virgin. They called it the ‘poop-hole loop-hole’. One thing I wasn’t escaping was the impending reaming of my rear.

“Nice Sylvie.” Jason said as he knelt down beside me. “You look so fuck-able.”

I peered over my shoulder and caught sight of his savage gaze on my bottom. “Jason, can I ask you something?”

“Go for it babe.”

“Have you ever done this before?”

“Sylvie, I’m a guy. What do you think?”

“I don’t know. We never really talked about it that much. I wondered if there was something we were supposed to do first.”

“You don’t trust me?”

I sighed. “Uh...I...I’m sorry. I...I want to do this. I want to do this for you. It’s your fantasy.”

He slapped my bum. “That’s more like it. My fantasy. My rules.” His lips lightly touched the small of my back. “My Sylvie, your ass is mine.”

The distinct click of a plastic lid resonated in the quiet room, followed by squirting of the lube and my heart beat thudding in my ears.

Jason’s slippery digit rested at my snuggest entryway. “Relax, babe. This is just my finger. I’m going to coat your ass with the lube.”

I exhaled, emptying the air out of my lungs as he pushed his finger inside. “Oh...oh my gosh.” It swayed in and out with ease and the quivers of desire trembled deep inside me. Jason’s other hand landed on my pussy. He spread my lips and teased my clit until it throbbed in need.

“It’s good. Isn’t it Sylvie?”

“Yes.” I panted. “It’s so good.”

“My cock is going to feel even better.”

His hands retreated and I looked over my shoulder to find him applying a liberal portion of lube on his steely erection, making it glisten like a sinewy sword ready for battle.

For a second, our eyes met. “Jason. I love you.”

His gaze roamed over my body. “I love you too.”

I braced for impact with my head down and my forearms pressed against the carpet. Jason spread my cheeks and smeared one final dollop of lube on my now clenching hole. Every muscle in my body strained and froze.

He ran his fingertips down the length of my spine. “Don’t be nervous. You’re going to love it. I’ll go as slow as I can, but once I’m balls deep, I won’t last long.”

The bulging tip of his cock nudged inside with a slick freeness, so he sunk in the next few inches without apprehension. His primal grunts echoed in the condo. I’d never heard his voice filled with so much lust as he gently sawed my tunnel.

He stilled and his grip tightened on my hips. “Fuck, Sylvie, your sweet cherry bomb feels so fucking good. Breathe. I’m giving you more.”

I shrieked as he packed more inches into my stretching chasm, slicing me open like a fresh, unsullied plum. The pain morphed into something else, something that I didn’t understand, something delicious I wanted more of, as my mind floated on a heady trip of its own.

With his cock thrusting and begging for full immersion, I screamed. “Take me. Take me to your balls.”

“Fuck yes.” One hand clutched my shoulder as he crammed the rest of his cock inside. He defiled my ass with sweat flying, ball slapping

abandonment. The sensual torment collided with a sweet pleasure. Yes. This was an indescribable decadent...

“Ah fuck babe...Jesus.” A string of growling obscenities tore out of Jason’s mouth as he pumped my ass full of his hot cream. My walls clamped down on his cock like a vice grip, squeezing every last morsel out of him as our moans of ecstasy, quieted to heaving pants.

My body still grappled in its quest of full release, but something cathartic happened that I couldn’t explain. Jason’s grateful lips peppered my back with soft kisses.

“Oh, babe. That was fucking awesome. Did you come?”

“Didn’t you hear me screaming? So...you know...it was...great. Um...Jason. Your dick is still in my butt.”

“Shit. Sorry.” He slowly extracted us from our sticky cum mess and my wilted limbs folded beneath me. I curled up on my side with his seed leaking from my now sore bum.

Jason tossed me my clothes. “Are you all right?”

“I guess so. I think I’m just spent.”

“Babe, you can’t lay there. Don’t you want to get cleaned up in the shower or something?”

I muttered. “Maybe a bath. Would you take a bath with me?”

“You know I hate baths. But, how about I draw you one and pour you another glass of wine?” Jason hoisted me in his arms with a grunt.

“Am I too heavy?”

He smiled. “Either you’re too heavy or my legs are toast from fucking your ass. Your hot, tight ass.”

His lips came down on mine and he surprised me with a gentle, romantic kiss. It was the only time he kissed me all night, but the tenderness and love he poured into it said everything. Even if I didn't come, fulfilling his fantasy brought us closer together. I was more convinced than ever he would propose on our anniversary.

As he released my mouth and carried me to the bathroom, tiny droplets of his cum dripped out of my butt and onto the carpet, the clean carpet that he shampooed himself on a regular basis.

I giggled. "I shouldn't laugh, but I'm leaving a trail of Jason jizz. Your clean carpet is soiled in a special sauce."

"I'm aware. What do you think I'll be doing while you're in the bathtub?"

"Was it worth it?"

"Totally."

CHAPTER THREE

“So, is Andrew on board? He’ll be at Bria Thursday night?” Ashley asked anxiously at La Paloma during lunch. “I must admit, ever since you pointed out we were both single, I’ve thought of nothing else but Andrew naked. I mean, at the time I wanted to kill you for putting us on the spot, but now I want to fuck him.”

“But, it’s not just that, you like him, right?”

“Yes. I’d really like to fuck him.”

Oh bless! What was I thinking? At Ashley’s urging, I hatched a plan to get them in a room alone. I invited them to join Jason and me at Bria on Thursday night, only I was going to make up a fake emergency at the last minute and not come. Ashley and Andrew would be in the private Alamo dining room on their own. She’d be all dressed up with no one to blow, hoping Andrew would take the bait.

“Ashley, every time you say you want to F-Andrew, my ears bleed a little. Promise you’re not going to hurt him.”

“Are you kidding? Have you taken a good look at him? The man is a catch. If anything, I’d be the one with the broken heart. It’s like he’s sweet, but there’s an edge there, something I can’t quite put my finger on, but it’s prickling at the surface, and I’m going to bust it out.”

My mouth went dry at her accurate Andrew depiction. I chugged my water unable to quench my thirst. Ashley was right. There was something there. The way he said what he expected of me at work, with

a calm yet assertive voice. The hint of a smile for a job well done, spoke more than a thousand accolades.

A tinge of jealousy swept through my brain as I thought about Ashley and Andrew together at Bria, and continued downing my water.

“Hey, this is a first.” Andrew’s hand landed on my shoulder.

I jerked forward in an epic spit take that nearly drowned Ashley in its path. The water flew up my nose and I sputtered like a fish floundering on dry land. *Holy guacamole*. I looked like an idiot.

Andrew gave me every available napkin he could get his hands on. “Here. Are you okay? I didn’t mean to startle you. I was just surprised you two beat me here. I’m never the last one to show up for lunch.”

I clasped onto my last shred of dignity. “Yes. Sorry. I’m just a bit jumpy today. I guess I’m excited for the weekend. Jason has kept me on pins and needles acting like our anniversary Saturday is no big deal.”

Andrew dried off his chair and took a seat. “Are you sure you want me and Ashley to join you two on Thursday night? Won’t we be in the way?”

I snuck a peek at Ashley. “No. Not at all. We went there last year. It’s romantic, but I can’t imagine he’d propose before Saturday. Oh, that reminds me. Did you talk to your friend who manages the Brackenridge House?”

“Yes. I spoke to Jay. It’s all set. You have the room with the private balcony.”

“Oh, sounds romantic, Sylvie. The Brackenridge is such an amazing bed and breakfast.” Ashley said. “Does Jason know?”

“No. Not a clue. I figured if I’m most likely getting a diamond, the least I could do is spring for the room. And I wanted to have it all decked out with champagne and his favorite food. I just wish I knew someone with connections that could help me get it set up ahead of time...hint hint.”

Andrew’s face lit up in a thousand watt smile. “Anything for you, Princess Sylvie. Just bring everything to work on Friday and I’ll take care of it on Saturday morning before you check in.”

“Thanks Andrew. You’re the best.”

“Ashley, calm down.” I said as I walked through the door of our condo Thursday night. Jason was nearly asleep on the couch. “Hang on a sec. Jason, do you care if we eat later? I really need to talk to Ashley.”

“Go for it babe. You’re so late. I already ate.”

I hurried into the bedroom and shut the door. “Okay. I’m here. What the heck happened? I thought you and Andrew would still be at Bria.”

“Oh my God, no. I’m so embarrassed. I don’t know if I can ever face him again.”

I plopped down on the bed.”What do you mean?”

“Sylvie, it was horrible. I’m mortified. Seriously, I might put in for a transfer.”

“Just take a deep breath and start at the beginning.”

“Well, it started out great. Just like we planned. Andrew and I were in the private dining room waiting for you and Jason. I mean, I was pretending to wait. I had my phone on the table because I knew you were going to call with your fake excuse. Andrew looked so fucking hot.

Much hotter than he looks at work. His hair was slicked back, and for once he wasn't wearing a tie. He had on a grey suit with black shirt that was open at the collar. We looked like we belong together because I wore my barely there black silk dress. He complimented me too, saying I looked sexy."

"None of this sounds horrible. What happened after I called?"

"I told him you and Jason weren't coming and it was his idea for us to stay and have dinner. I took it as a sign he wanted what I wanted. He even ordered for me, like it was a real date. So, after a couple glasses of wine, I went to him and sat on his lap. I kissed him. Oh my fuck. He is such a good kisser. There was so much heat and fire. The way he took my mouth like he fucking owned me. I know he was as turned on as I was. Christ his bulge was massive. Trust me. I've been around more than my fair share of cocks trying to break free from their pants, but never one this big."

My nipples hardened at the description of their kiss and Andrew...*oh my Lanta! Eyes on the crisis!*

Ashley's voice shook. "And then Andrew grabbed my wrists and broke our kiss. He turned me down. He said he couldn't let things continue because we're friends. Oh God, Sylvie, I made a fool of myself. I told him I wanted him to fuck me. He released my wrists and I straddled him in the chair and grinded on his cock. I was so turned on I wetted the crotch of his pants. I planted my mouth on his and he growled and bit my lip. He ordered me to stop. It was humiliating. He really didn't want me."

"I don't think that's true. It definitely sounds like his bulge was humming a different tune. Did he say why?"

“Yes. Andrew is a Dom.”

“A what?”

“A Dom. Like a Dominant or Master in some of those books we read. He came right out and told me. He said he knows exactly what kind of a woman he’s looking for. And even though he adores me as a friend, we just aren’t right for each other. As tempting as it was, he didn’t want to fuck me when he knew it couldn’t lead anywhere. He wasn’t willing to risk our friendship.”

“Well, he does have a point about your friendship. Plus, do you honestly think you could be a submissive?”

A heavy sigh followed a long pause from Ashley. “No. Probably not.”

“Then isn’t it better to keep your friendship in tact if you know the relationship can’t go anywhere? This isn’t just any guy, it’s Andrew. He...he means a lot...to both of us.”

“Maybe you’re right. But, in that moment, I would’ve done anything to feel him inside me. My God, I just saw him in this whole other way. He’s sexier now to me than ever, and he wants nothing to do with me.”

“Ashley, that’s not true. He wants to stay friends. You’re more important to him than one night of sex. How did you leave things?”

“How do you think? I bolted. I grabbed my purse and got out of there because I thought I was going to cry. Deep down, I know we aren’t right for each other and Andrew cares about me as a friend, but it doesn’t make the rejection hurt any less. You’re so lucky, Sylvie. You know what you want and you get it. You’ve never wavered once with Jason. You know you’re spending the rest of your life with him, and will

probably be married by spring. I'm still going from guy to guy without a clue what it is I really want. I just know I feel lonely. I wish I had what you and Jason have."

I'd never heard Ashley so open and vulnerable in my life. I did my best to console her. Before we hung up, she told me she was calling in sick to work tomorrow.

I flopped back on the bed. I couldn't stop thinking about Andrew being a Dom. Looking back, I guess it all made sense. Without realizing, my hand floated inside my top, and I teased my erect nipples. They were so hypersensitive and reactive. I wondered if Jason paid more attention to my breasts, could he make me come, by doing this and nothing else? What would happen after I got breast implants in October? Would it still feel this good?

I closed my eyes, reveling under my own touch. Maybe I shouldn't get the implants. Maybe I was good enough, just the way I am.

"Babe. That's fucking hot."

My eyes popped open. Jason was in the bedroom. I didn't even hear the door open. "Oh my gosh." I sat up with jolt.

"Please don't let me stop you. I fell asleep on the couch. Looks like I was missing the show."

"Not really. But, I do need to tell you something. I was going to surprise you, but maybe you need to know. You might not want me to do it."

"Do what?"

"I was going to get breast implants. I went to a consultation and I have an appointment, but now...I..."

“That’s the best news I’ve heard all week. I can’t wait to play with them, and fuck them. How soon Sylvie? Christ I’m hard just thinking about it.”

I mumbled. “October...I’ll have surgery in October.”

“Sorry I’m late....I...oh. Andrew, what’s going on?”

I raced to our table at La Paloma, and found Andrew sitting alone in shorts and a workout tank. His tired eyes met with mine. I soaked in a complete view of his rugged, scruffy face and a tattoo I’d never seen before coiled around his right bulging bicep. *Well, shut the front door!* All this time, Andrew had been hiding this ridiculously sick ripped body under his suits.

His hand brushed over his stubble. “I didn’t go to work today.”

“Ashley told me she was going to call out sick.”

He hung his head. “Did you speak with her?”

“Yup. She was really upset.”

“I figured as much.” He pushed out of his chair. “You and I need to have a talk. Will you take a walk with me?”

“Sure. It’s just that...?”

He grinned. “Don’t worry princess. I’ve got you covered.” Andrew reached into his pocket and produced a jumbo bag of peanut M&M’s.

“Thank you. You think of everything. I haven’t had chocolate in almost twenty minutes.”

“And don’t worry about tomorrow morning. I’ll stop by my office and pick up your stuff for the Brackenridge. You can count on me. I’ll always be here for you.”

“I know. You rock. Thanks. I left everything in your office this morning.”

We made our way past the bridge in silence except for the sound of me inhaling my candy.

“Oh gosh. I’m sorry.” I said. “I didn’t even ask if you wanted any M&M’s.”

“That’s quite all right. You seem to be enjoying them.”

“You have to take some. I’ll eat the whole bag if you don’t.”

I halted to pour some M&M’s in my hand and spilled a few on the River Walk path. “What the fudge? Sorry.”

Andrew gathered them up and tossed them into a nearby trash can with a chuckle. “Don’t worry about it.”

“What’s so funny? Are you laughing at how clumsy I am?”

“No. I’m laughing, because just once I’d like to hear you let out an honest to God swear word.”

“Well, you’re my boss. I’m trying to be a lady. Trust me, I think in cursive all the time. I just hardly ever say it.”

“You think in cursive? As in curse words?”

“Yes. There are days the F-word is right there on the tip of my tongue at work. It’s possible if I said it once, I might never stop. You should count your blessings, Sir boss man.”

Andrew furrowed his brow. “What did you call me?”

My voice stuttered and shook. “I...called you S-Sir. I’m sorry. I was just j-joking around. I didn’t mean to say that because of what Ashley told me.”

“Sylvie. Relax. It’s okay. It just threw me for a second to hear you say it. I assume Ashley told you everything. That I’m a Dom. That’s why I wanted to talk to you. Did you want to ask me anything?”

I licked my lips while staring into his deep, dark eyes. “I’m sure I have a million questions, but I can’t think of one right now.”

“Then let’s keep walking until you do. I’ve officially given you the rest of the day off.”

He placed his hand on the small of my back and we strolled along the water with the afternoon sun dancing on the river.

Eventually, I got up the courage to ask him a question. “I suppose I would like to know something.”

“What’s that?”

“What is it about the lifestyle that you like so much?”

He stopped and squared his shoulders. The way his eyes filled with passion as he spoke mesmerized me. “There are so many things. I’d be lying if I told you I didn’t love being in complete control sexually, but at the same time, my sub’s consent is where the real power lies. I think there’s remarkable strength in submission. The trust a submissive places in your hands to care for her and pleasure her, all while discovering and testing her limits, is the rarest form of pure beauty I’ve ever experienced.” He paused and grinned. “You thought I was going to say kinky fucking, didn’t you?”

“Well...kind of,” I giggled.

“I definitely enjoy that as well. But, it’s like any other relationship. Everyone has different tastes and desires. Take you and Jason. Did you ask him what his ultimate fantasy is?”

“I did. And now that I think about it, maybe Jason is a Dom and doesn’t know it.”

“What makes you say that?”

“Well, he was very demanding, and made sure he got exactly what he wanted that night.”

He closed the gap between us and said in soft voice. “What about you, Sylvie? Did you get what you wanted? Did he satisfy your needs? Did you come?”

I exhaled. “No. But, I liked it. It was like this euphoric feeling of pleasure and pain together. Something different definitely happened.”

“What happened? He wasn’t too rough with you, was he?”

“No. It kind of felt like I was floating.” I turned away. “I’m probably not making any sense.”

“Hey.” He put his hand on my shoulders. “You’re making perfect sense. And if you were mine, you would have come, more than once, while looking deep into each other’s eyes, completely connected. In my opinion, a guy that’s demanding, without considering your needs, isn’t a Dom. He’s just an asshole.”

I backed away in disbelief. “What? Jason’s not an asshole. Andrew, he’s probably going to propose tomorrow. He’s going to be my husband. How can you say that?”

“Fuck. I’m sorry, but I can’t help think he’s the real reason you thought about getting plastic surgery. Please tell me you put that crazy idea out of your head.”

“It’s not that crazy. Women get boob jobs all the time.”

“You’re not seriously considering it, are you?”

“Maybe. I don’t know. I have a date scheduled for surgery, but I just keep going back and forth. It’s driving me nuts.”

“That’s not the Sylvie I know. The Sylvie I know can make quick, intelligent decisions in an instant and never second guess herself. I see you do it every day at work with confidence, never wavering. The fact that you can’t make up your mind tells me the surgery is not for you. You don’t need to change who you are or how you look for anyone, especially the man you marry.”

“You wouldn’t want to change me, even a little?”

His hands caressed my face. “No. I only wish I could make you see that you’re perfect just how you are.” His eyes penetrated mine with an intensity I’d never seen before. “The surgery is a bad idea. Cancel it.”

“You want me to what? Wait, what are you doing? What is this?”

He removed his hands and took a step back. “Nothing.”

I cocked my head and smirked. “Did you just order me to cancel my surgery?”

He shrugged with a hint of smile. “Maybe. Force of habit.”

I perched my hands on my hips. “Andrew Riley, you just went all ‘Dom Day Afternoon’ on me.”

He cracked up. “Yes, you’re right. I went all ‘Dom Day Afternoon’ on you. I have to admit, that’s funny. How long have you been waiting to say it?”

I giggled. “Since we passed the bridge.”

He hooked his arm around my neck as if I was his kid sister. “Come on, princess. Let’s walk back to La Paloma. I’ll buy you a margarita and we’ll toast to your anniversary tomorrow.”

“I’ll drink to that!”

CHAPTER FOUR

“Happy anniversary, babe.” Jason’s lips touched my cheek, before he hopped out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

I rubbed my eyes. “Hey, where are you going?”

“I got to take a piss.” He hollered from the toilet.

“That’s the most romantic thing you’ve ever said, Jason Stein.” I shouted back sarcastically. “My nipples are hard.”

“Very funny. How about taking those tiny tits to the kitchen and making some coffee.”

Our anniversary morning was one of frustration. Jason had the week from hell at work. It left him grumpy and tired. Anytime I attempted to flirt my way into some attention, he thwarted my advances. After I whipped up some omelets and we ate in near silence, I gave up.

I played this day out in my mind a million times. We’d wake up, make love, he’d propose, and then be thrilled I booked us a room at the Brackenridge House. Jason being a grouch never entered into the scenario.

After my shower, I heard him bellowing from the kitchen. “Sylvie. You left the dishes in the sink again.”

“Okay. I’ll be right there.”

I threw on a white sundress that I bought special for today. It was casual, but form fitting, and I thought it was perfect for checking into the romantic bed and breakfast. Plus, I paired it with a lacey white thong and

no bra. Once we got inside our room, it would be a quick trip to naked town.

I made my way to the kitchen and found Jason leaning against the sink, sporting an impish grin. “What took you so long?”

“I was getting dressed. Do you like it?” I twirled. “It’s new.”

“Actually, I do. You look pretty in white.”

“Thank you.” I beamed. “I probably should’ve cleaned up the kitchen first, but I wanted to show it to you.”

“It’s okay. I took care of it.”

“You did?” I sauntered to him, relieved he seemed in a better mood.

“I did. Just think of it as my anniversary present. Oh, and I have one more.”

Jason reached into his pocket and fished out a Tiffany box.

He popped open the lid. “Sylvie, will you marry me?”

My spine straightened like a pencil and my head dizzied as I stared at the oval shaped, brilliant diamond ring the size of my fist. I dreamed of this moment for years, but I never thought my stomach would be doing back flips. “Jason...it’s so...Oh...I need to sit down.”

He led me to the chair. “What’s going on? Your face is as white as your dress.”

“I think you literally took my breath away. The ring is beautiful. I love it.”

“Well, I love you.” He slipped the sparkling rock on my finger. “There’s just one problem. You didn’t answer the question.”

I ogled the bright gemstone. “What question?”

“Sylvie, I proposed. I asked you to marry me. I thought that’s what you wanted.”

“Of course. I’m sorry. I don’t know what’s wrong with me. Can I have some water?”

“Sure.” He hurried to the fridge, grabbed a bottle of water, and handed it to me. “Were you that surprised by my proposal today? I know I’ve been buried in work all week, but I thought you had an inkling?”

“I did. But this morning, I guess, I wavered.” As I sipped the water, the dizziness subsided. “I have a surprise too. Actually, I have two surprises.”

Jason sat down, held my left hand, admiring the ring he chose. “What’s that?”

“Well, at the risk of seeming too presumptuous, I reserved a ballroom at the Hyatt next spring for our wedding reception.”

He let go of my hand. “Don’t you think that’s a little soon? Why do we have to be in such a rush?”

“We’ve been together six years. How is next spring rushing?”

“Babe. Even though I made Partner, I’m at the bottom of the food chain. The next couple of years are going to be intense. I don’t know. I can’t wrap my mind around that today.”

Disappointed I forged ahead with my other surprise. “Okay. How about wrapping your mind around the Brackenridge House? I booked us a room there. We just need to throw a few things in a bag and hit the road. We can check in at noon.”

He got up from the table. “Really? I’m completely wiped out from work. I thought we’d just hang out here today. I already ordered the fight on Pay-Per-View.”

“You ordered a fight on our anniversary?”

“Hey, don’t be like that.” He kissed my forehead. “You’re wearing a six figure ring. Can’t that be enough for today? Besides, you already told me about the boob job surprise. Just consider that my anniversary gift. It’s what I really wanted. It’s the gift that will keep on giving.”

Jason strolled back to the living room while I sat there swimming in a sea of confusion. What’s wrong with me? The ring, the proposal, it was everything I ever wanted. Wasn’t it? This enormous pressure of indecision overwhelmed me. It felt like the walls were closing in, and I couldn’t breathe.

I flew out of my chair, and snatched up my purse and phone. “I’ll be right back.”

“Hey, where are you going?” Jason called from the sofa.

“I need some air.”

“Sylvie, wait a second.”

I froze in place, praying he would say something, anything that would ease the turbulence churning inside me.

“Babe, before you could go, could you get me my cell? I left it in the kitchen.”

With my heart lodged in my throat, I murmured. “No.”

“No? What do you mean? It’ll take you two seconds.”

Staring at his ring, the ring I thought I always wanted, I turned, and took uneasy steps toward him. I tore the ring off my finger and tossed it on the sofa. “I’m saying no, Jason. The answer is no...to *everything*.”

Within twenty minutes, I was climbing the stairs to the room I booked at the Brackenridge House. Still reeling and embroiled with uncertainty, I didn’t even remember driving here. What just happened? Jason was so stunned he didn’t even try to stop me from leaving.

I cracked open the door and found Andrew inside placing pink rose petals on the cozy, four-poster bed. The sight of this Herculean, sweet man preparing the room that Jason didn’t want to come to racked me with a greater sense of turmoil.

I dropped my purse and his head snapped to the doorway. “Hey. Sorry I overslept this morning and got off to a late start. I was just leaving. Sylvie? What’s wrong?” He rushed to my side and shut the door. “Sylvie. You’re shaking. I need you to talk to me. Where’s Jason? Did he propose?”

I nodded, but I couldn’t get out any words. It was as if everything I had come to believe in these past six years faded away bit by bit, and nothing made sense.

Andrew’s frame towered over me. “Sylvie. What happened? I thought you’d be ecstatic. You’re getting married, right?”

My body, riddled in distress, slowly crumpled to the floor. “No. I...don’t think so. I don’t know. I don’t know anything.” On my knees before him, tears poured out of me like a river. “I’m so confused. I don’t know what I’m doing. Everything’s a mess. I’m a mess.”

He simply cupped the back of my head in his large hand and said in low tranquil tone. “Hush princess. Don’t cry.”

I glanced up and peered into those soft, kind eyes as his hand slid from my head and pressed against my heart. An instant peace cascaded over me. With his other hand, he wiped away my tears. “Your breathing is calming. Good girl.”

As he held my gaze, I realized Andrew was the man who never let me down. This dominant man was always there for me. Was this what I needed? A word escaped my mouth in a whisper. “Sir.”

In flurry, he swept me into his arms and crushed his lips to mine. His kiss was powerful, consuming, and seared with heat. My body burned for his, but was it wrong?

I gasped. “Andrew, wait...I...”

His hands clasped my face. “Sylvie. Don’t over think this. You’re what I’ve wanted for a very long time.”

“I am?”

“Yes. It’s you. It’s always been you.”

“But...I don’t know...if...”

“I only need to know one thing. Do you trust me?”

“Yes.”

With that, he wrapped his arms around me, holding me close, making me feel safe, and secure. We melded into one another, transforming from friends to lovers, a Dominant and a submissive.

He released me and grasped my left hand, surveying my empty ring finger. “I thought you said Jason proposed.”

“He did. I said no.”

Relief washed over his face, and a glorious smile touched his lips. With our eyes transfixed on one another, I knelt before him as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do.

His voice was quiet, yet commanding. “My beautiful Sylvie. Come.” He offered me his hand and led me to the full length mirror. “Take off everything but your panties. I want you to see how gorgeous and perfect you are.”

I slipped out of my dress and shoes. When I caught a glimpse of myself in mirror, I attempted to conceal my breasts and thighs with my hands.

Andrew would have none of it. “Hands by your side, princess. You need to see what I see. Look at yourself.”

He positioned himself behind me and grazed his fingertips over my nipples, down my stomach, settling on my hips. His tender touch broke my skin out in goose bumps, and caused my pussy to awaken with tingled sensations.

My perky breasts heaved in delight, as I fixed my gaze on my reflection. For the first time, I didn’t see my flaws. I saw a body bubbling in sensuality.

He brushed my hair to one side and his lips lightly kissed my neck. “Tell me Sylvie. Tell me what you see.”

I exhaled. “I’m...I’m...beautiful.”

“Good girl.” He said in a hushed tone.

His lips grew more fervent and demanding as he turned me to him and sealed our bodies together. A crackling heat percolated through my veins.

Once again, he took my mouth with possession. His lips devoured me and descended onto my budding nipples. One arm held me in place, while his tongue circled my taut nubs. It felt like they would burst open. He treated each one with aggressive sucks and nibbles. Rolling one nipple between his fingers, my body pulsated with a rousing sweet fire. He pinched and pulled, showing me no mercy. His mouth suckled and indulged each breast with a bounty of enthralling suction filled bites that would probably leave a mark, his mark. Then rapid flicks of his tongue launched me to the climactic cliff.

A divine pressure gripped me, and an unexpected orgasm broke free. “Ah...oh my...oh God...yes.”

Both of Andrew’s arms held me tight while I luxuriated in my astonishing release. His hot breath hummed over my breasts. “That’s it, sweet Sylvie. See how responsive your body is? That was excellent. I want to make you come again. Take your panties off and lay on the bed. Do it, now.”

While still whirling from my climax, I scampered to the bed ridding myself of my soaked thong. I quickly brushed aside the rose petals and reclined on the bed, glued to Andrew stripping off his clothes.

His strapping, naked form loomed at the foot of the bed. My eyes coasted over him, taking in this hulking sight of dynamic magnificence. His smooth, rock hard, sculpted physique was stupefying in its sexiness.

My mouth watered, craving to suck his colossal hardening cock, rippled with bulging veins.

I licked my lips. “Well, here we are totally naked in front of each other.”

“It doesn’t feel weird, does it?”

“No. It just feels right.”

“It feels perfect. Like you.” The intensity in his eyes told me, Andrew the Dom meant business. “I want you to spread your legs for me. I can smell your arousal Sylvie, now I’m going to taste you.”

“Yes Sir.”

“Good girl.”

Oh my heck. What was it about him calling me a good girl that lit my pussy on fire? I stretched my legs open wide, and my sex dripped in longing.

He inhaled the scent of my desire and ran the flat of his tongue the length of my lusty slit. “Sylvie, my princess, you’re delicious.” His lips kissed my freshly shaved, silky mound. “So succulent and beautiful.”

He spread my outer lips, and ate me out with an insatiable hunger. The way he sampled my slick creases, made my pussy ooze in creamy goodness. Two fingers delved inside and fucked my dewy hole with expertise. When he sucked my clit into his mouth, my body nearly levitated off the bed. The room filled with my ardent moans while he dined on me like a fine delicacy.

He brought his sopping fingers to my plump knot, and rubbed and tapped it feverishly. A startling stream of liquid shot forth. I froze for a moment and tried to inch away from him.

“Sylvie. Relax. You just squirted. That’s all. Did you ever squirt before?”

“No.”

“Did you like it?”

I panted. “Yes. It felt incredible.”

“Then don’t fight it. Let’s make it rain.”

His face dove between my legs and he feasted on me with renewed zeal. My body sailed to heights of passion I never knew were possible. I doused him in a current of juices, while my pussy trembled to its burgeoning peak. Oh God, if squirting was the opening act, what would he do for an encore?

“You taste even better than I imagined.” He growled and slowed his fury. “You’re so close.” The pad of his thumb lightly encircled my chubby clit. “This is ready to come. You’re about to explode.”

Everything in me quivered with a greedy yearning. “Ah...Yes. I am. I want to come.”

He continued toying with my jutting nub, peeling back its hood. “Since you never squirted before, I didn’t want you to suppress it. But from now on...” He tickled my clit with the tip of his tongue. “You need to ask permission, if you want to come.”

“Yes, Sir.” I whimpered and squirmed. “May I? Please, can I come?”

“Not yet. I’m still hungry.”

He resumed his meal of my pink, velvety flesh. I arched my back, grabbed onto the quilt and fought to keep my orgasm at bay. He fed on me like a skilled wild beast as an inferno blazed within.

Finally, he gave the command. “Now princess. Come. Come for me.”

I imploded like a bottle rocket. “Fuck! Oh, Jesus fucking, Christ. Fuck yes!” I yanked on his hair and Andrew reduced me to a heap of screaming, squirting, swearing, satisfied, spent bliss. *Oh Sir!*

He wiped his mouth on the quilt and his lips made their way to mine. “Sylvie, you’re exquisite. I need to claim you fully. I’m dying to be inside you.” The back of his hand stroked my cheek. His eyes were hooded and black as coal. “I’ve waited for this for a very long time, and I won’t be gentle. You may come again, but it might hurt my princess. You’re very tight. Are you sure this is what you really want?”

“Yes Sir. I want it.”

“Then you need a safe word. And I don’t want you to be afraid to use it.”

I peered into his eyes. “Chocolate.”

A slight smile played on his lips. “Chocolate.” He plucked up my wrists and held them above my head. “Keep your hands here. Don’t move them. Open your legs to me, Sylvie. Let me inside that pretty pussy.”

I opened myself to him, to his world, to our new world together. Being with Andrew this way made my brain quiet in a serene way I didn’t know I needed. He wasn’t gentle in the slightest, but he was everything I craved. He was what was missing.

He clasped his hand around my wrists, securing them in place, and my body shuddered on impact with each raging stroke of his mighty cock.

“Sylvie.” He grunted. “Your cunt is mine. I’m going to fuck it as hard as I want, when I want.”

“Yes Sir.” I cried out. “Oh fuck. Can I come? Please?”

“Yes princess. Flood my cock with your cum.”

I released a tidal wave of my liquid sex while our frantic breathy moans merged in perfect sync.

As our bodies built to the ultimate crescendo, it was just like he said it would be. We were looking deep into each other’s eyes, completely connected, touching the center of the universe. Andrew’s eruption of cum filled me and further bound us together.

He let go of my wrists and we held each other, with his cheek nestled against mine, his stubble feathered against my skin.

“That tickles, but it in a good way. The best way.”

His lips adorned mine with a tender kiss. “You’re the best. I thought about what it would feel like to be inside you many times. You’ve exceeded my expectations.”

Before he pulled out, his cock twitched and swelled anew. “Princess, what are you doing to me? You’ve just smashed those expectations.”

I twirled my fingers in his hair. “I don’t think it’s me. It’s your magic wand.”

He grinned and kissed my nose. “You’re the one that’s magic. Without you it’s just a wand.”

“May I taste it, Sir? Is it okay to ask?”

“You can always ask. And in this case, the answer is fuck yes.”

He was playful for a moment, swaying in and out of me. Then his eyes brimmed with heat and his cock released me. “On your knees, Sylvie. Hands behind your back, and keep them there.”

I scurried to my knees on the floor, lacing my fingers behind me. Andrew's robust shaft rested at my lips, dripping in our cum.

"Lick me clean princess. Make me rock hard, because I'm going to fuck you again."

I parted my lips and took him into my wet, wanting mouth. The sweet, tangy flavor of our cum enlivened my taste buds as I guzzled him inside further. His hands coiled around my head, holding me firmly in place, as he controlled the fucking of my mouth. He took it easy on me, rocking in and out careful not force me to his balls. But I wanted to prove myself, show him I could do it. I wanted to please him. And, to see what kind of chastising awaited me.

Once his cock hardened in fullness, he fisted my hair, and soldiered on with rougher, more rampant strokes that toyed with my tonsils.

His voice grew hoarse. "Your mouth is so sweet. You suck cock like a dirty little whore. Good girl."

That was all I needed to hear. I brought my hands to his fine ass and clutched him tight, forcing him further in my mouth, hoping he would unleash his load down my willing throat.

He stopped mid thrust and seized my wrists. "That's very naughty, Sylvie. What did I tell you?"

"To keep my hands behind my back." I cast my eyes to the floor. "I'm sorry Sir. I only wanted to please you."

"Look at me."

When I saw the disappointment in his face, my eyes filled with tears. "Yes, Sir?"

“You please me when you obey.” He got down on the floor, and drew me to his lap. “Hey, come here. Please don’t cry. You’re learning. It’s going to take time.”

“Are you going to punish me now?”

“No. I would rather talk about it. Communication is everything.” He arched an eyebrow. “Wait. Did you misbehave on purpose so I would punish you?”

I nodded. “Um...kind of.”

“Sylvie. That’s not how this works. At least that’s not how I work. But, I’m starting to see I have a princess mixed with a hint of brat.”

“I’m not sure what that means, but if you’re saying I disobeyed in hopes of getting a spanking, then yes.”

His voice turned gruff. “If that’s what you need, then ask me. Don’t play games. I don’t respond well to games.”

I swallowed hard. “Sir, I need you spank me.”

“You won’t pull a stunt like that again?”

“No Sir. I promise.”

He shook his head. “You realize I’m spoiling you already?”

“I do. But, I want to feel like I’m floating again. I want to feel that with you.”

He pressed his lips to mine. “Okay. Only, you won’t be floating, princess. I’m going to make you soar. Go outside on the balcony, bend over and wrap your arms around the pillar.”

I jumped up and padded across the floor. “Are you coming with me?”

“No questions. Just march your sexy ass out there.”

This time, I did exactly as I was told. My arms snaked around the pillar while the afternoon breeze wafted over my skin on the secluded balcony. I waited patiently.

Eventually Andrew's footsteps sounded behind me. "Very nice, Sylvie." His large hands fondled my cheeks. "I've wanted to smack this ass since the day I met you. So firm and seductive, like it was crying out for discipline."

Five biting spanks followed and my body simmered with adrenaline. His hand dipped between my legs to investigate. "Just as I expected. You're drenched. I can't wait to get you to my place and test your limits with a flogger, a crop, a paddle, a belt, and a cane."

After he said each instrument, he accented it with another unrelenting slap on my bottom. I was bent over, naked, gaining a scarlet bum and I never felt more free in my life.

"Oh Sir. Please, more."

He wrapped my hair around his hand and pulled. "Yes. You're a good girl."

The reddening of my ass continued as my arousal gushed and flowed down my legs in rivulets. Then he ceased and without warning, his huge, rigid erection slammed inside me. My wetness engulfed his cock, and he pulverized me full throttle with masterful strokes, while his hands dug into my hips.

He took everything he wanted from me, but gave so much more in return. I shrieked like a horny slut becoming a slave to his cock's pleasures. He plunged me to my depths, and my mind flew to the heavens and hovered over the clouds.

My body screamed with passionate hysteria as each punishing stroke pushed deeper and harder inside me. I relished every slaying fuck thrust he delivered to my pussy.

I clung to the white pillar, holding back my orgasm until Andrew gave me permission.

He grunted. “You’re all mine, Sylvie. You belong to me now. Come. Come for me.”

Andrew’s words catapulted our dueling orgasms. My release ripped through me. This beautiful agony of wicked pleasure transported me to a blessed paradise, as he emptied himself inside me.

My ragged limbs nearly gave way, before he hoisted me in his arms with ease. He whispered soft encouragements as he carried me to bed.

For the longest time, he held me to his heart, and stroked my hair while my body came back to earth.

As I laid there savoring the sweetness of him, I discovered something Andrew knew all along. I didn’t need to change. I was perfect, just as I am. I was his.

THE END