



The Holiday

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Description: Monique Grant and her fiancée Helen Warner are en route to Winter Villa for a passionate weekend getaway before the Christmas rush begins. But what they think will be a cozy time for two quickly turns into every couple's worst vacation nightmare...

...A double...

... no, triple booking!

For one weekend, three couples have reserved the same beautiful villa. Monique and Helen are abruptly joined by friends Etta and Jamie, as well as acquaintances Ira and Kathleen. What ensues are three hot tales of love, passion, and a trio of Dommies vying for the title of most in demand.

Who comes out on top? Three lovely women are about to find out, just in time for Christmas!

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Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Chapter 1

Monique

The car maneuvered along curvy, somewhat icy roads. Although the tinted windows were closed off to anything but the shadows of frost-covered trees, Monique spent an inordinate amount of time gripping handles and ensuring her seatbelt was securely fastened. Every time she looked over at her fiancée Helen, she chastised her about car safety. Especially in this early December weather.

“I’d rather you not be dead for the holidays,” she grumbled, slapping the end of Helen’s seatbelt into her lap. “Let alone for our wedding. I don’t fancy marrying a corpse.”

Sighing, Helen finally relented. “Just think, though. You get all my money.”

“I’d rather have you than your money.”

Helen snorted. “We cremate in my family. You could have my ashes...”

“Can we not have this discussion?” The car, although expertly driven by Helen Warner’s long-time chauffeur, skidded a bit on a long stretch of road. “I’m anxious thinking about it.”

“Sorry, Princess.” Helen put her hand on Monique’s, soothing her frayed nerves. “You know I jest.”

They exchanged wry smiles. Monique took a deep breath and tried to ignore the car's difficulty navigating these mountainous roads.

Across from her, another family member rolled her eyes. "Still pissed you're dragging me along for this," Eve, Helen's younger sister, said. "I could be snug in bed right now. Me, some tea, a dirty book or movie..."

"We get it," Helen said, mouth straight. "You'd rather be home." Before her sister could protest, Helen undid her seatbelt again and leaned forward, coming a nose length away from Eve. "But if I didn't get you out of that house, you would have invited all your grad school group project people over and screamed at each other until the staff complained."

Eve sniffed. "Don't know what you're talking about." She threw a lot of smack into her sister's face, but at the end of the day, Helen was the only person who could make her cross her arms with a huff. "Not my fault Cornelia doesn't know her asshole from a thesis statement..."

Monique tuned them out and instead paid attention to the messages popping up on her phone. They had emerged from a dead zone. The only message of note came from June, the woman in charge of Monique's business that Friday and Saturday, the busiest time of the week for work. Wish I didn't have to be away right now. Yet when her busy fiancée said she scored them a private villa on one of the most beautiful mountains in the country for the whole weekend... well, a woman didn't say no to that. She and Helen wouldn't have time for romance on that scale until after the new year. The holidays would be nothing but entertaining Helen's fussy parents and managing Christmas parties on behalf of the whole family. They planned on going to Hawaii in early January, but...

Still, Monique didn't like being away from work when it was the busiest. June was a capable hostess and manager in her boss's absence, but it would be the last busy

weekend of the year, and Monique knew how to milk the most money from clients. Her business would need the extra funds to sustain the closure between Christmas and New Year's so her employees and staff could go home for the holidays. Some would remain behind to tend the Manoir she owned and have their own Christmas festivities but, well, Monique was a control freak at times.

She may be in a submissive relationship with her Domme and fiancée Helen, but that didn't stop her from being a control freak.

"Relax," Helen said, rubbing Monique's arm. "This weekend is all about relaxing." She leaned in and whispered into her fiancée's ear. "In more ways than one."

Monique couldn't suppress a grin. When she caught Eve's eye from across the car, she politely sat up straight and pursed her lips.

They reached the holiday villa in another twenty minutes. The driver produced the invitation from Jem Mercier, the owner of the villa, to the security guard. Helen had scored the invite a week ago, stating that she was taking her fiancée and sister on a getaway to ease the tension growing at Warner Manor. The weather was making everyone moody. The holidays stressed Monique out... not to mention the wedding plans. It also didn't help that Eve was finishing up a semester at grad school and experienced such hormonal mood swings lately that one of her maids quit.

"Madam," a graying butler said as he opened Monique's car door and helped her out. The driver opened the doors for Eve and Helen. "Welcome to Winter Villa." The butler tipped his outdoor hat to the Warners and escorted them inside.

It was a quaint villa. Well, quaint compared to the manor they came from. Quaint compared to Monique's place of work and weekend home. The villa was only three stories tall, with the third story sectioned off and styled for the year-round help, consisting of the butler, a chef, and a maid. Jem Mercier and her girlfriend Gwenyth

lived here for a week at a time, but they were away for the weekend.

Three stories, a handful of bedrooms, and a spacious study that was cozy enough to keep out the winter chill. Monique was grateful to sit in front of the roaring fireplace and let the butler handle her luggage. I'm simply glad to be out of that damned car. She accepted a small drink of brandy to bash away the last of her nerves.

"You'll be in the second room from the right," the butler said, pointing to the staircase in the foyer. "Miss Warner will be across the hall."

"Great," Eve mumbled as she poured herself a glass of brandy. "I can hear these two going at it all night."

Monique shrugged. "Probably."

Eve offered an exasperated look. Although she was used to Monique making references to kinky sex with Helen, Eve still made faces. The grossest thing Monique could do was infer that Helen Warner had sex. Sometimes it became a fun game to play when she was bored, and Eve was restless.

This would be a fun weekend, indeed.

"Talked to the chef in the kitchen," Helen said, sitting in a chair across from Monique, although she also addressed her sister behind her. "Roast and all the trimmings for dinner."

Before Monique could express how salivating that sounded, the butler loudly walked by the study and threw open the frontdoor. "Get the Fourth Room ready, Bernadette," he told the maid. "We've got more guests."

The Warners gave each other perturbed glances. Oh, brother.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Chapter 2

Kathleen

“Whose car is that?” Kathleen asked, pointing across the dashboard of Ira’s Ferrari. “I thought Jem and Gwentyth weren’t going to be here this weekend.”

Ira parked the car and brushed a layer of frost off the rearview mirror. She followed Kathleen’s gesture and shrugged. “Maybe it’s a car they keep here. No big deal. We’ve got the place all to ourselves this weekend.”

She flashed Kathleen a mischievous grin. The heat lingered in the car, even though the engine had been off for a minute. With a sly smile, Ira took Kathleen’s hand and started guiding it toward her thigh.

“Patience, babe.” Kathleen swatted her hand away playfully. She checked her blonde French twist in the mirror, pretending Ira wasn’t the most attractive person she’d ever laid eyes on. “Keep our friend in your pants—for now. We can do all that later, okay?”

She opened the door, stepping into the frosty air. Although it was only three, the sky was already dimming with twilight pressing in, and the bare, skeletal trees blocked what little sunlight remained. Kathleen could imagine the villa being more picturesque in the summer, but Jem had insisted that this place was the most romantic in winter. Not that Kathleen cared—she was happy to get away and spend uninterrupted time with Ira, especially after weeks of traveling apart for work.

“My baby is going to freeze standing out here.” Ira curled an arm around Kathleen, sharing her thick jacket and scarf. Kathleen was dressed in a wool vest, jeans, and boots, but she had to admit that even without snow her bones were brittling. Best to go inside.

Ira pulled their bags from the back of the car, offering to carry both. “Do you want my hand turning blue and freezing off?” It was only a few yards to the front door. Somehow, Kathleen would live fine without Ira’s chivalry. I may be a billionaire heiress, but I know how to carry my own stupid bags. Even if hers were heavy. She had packed... a few things. Because the thought of borrowing Jem and Gwenyth’s was gross.

The butler met them at the front door. “You must be Misses Allen and Mathison.”

Ira shook the butler’s hand. “We heard you were expecting us.”

Something odd flickered across the butler’s face. “Yes. Ms. Mercier informed me that you and the others would be arriving.”

Both Ira and Kathleen stopped cold in the warmth of the foyer. “The... others?”

“Kathleen!”

She spun around to discover her best friend Eve lounging dramatically in the doorway of the study. What the hell? The last time they had seen each other was three days ago over lunch. Eve hadn’t said anything about being at the Winter Villa this weekend!

Yet there she was, draping herself across the door with a dumb grin on her striking face. Cheekbones made of razor wire cut into the air as Eve opened her mouth once more. “Fancy seeing your fair ass here. Oh, and you brought Mathison with you.”

Ira looked like she was about to stand on a landmine. The last person she wanted to see on this weekend getaway was Kathleen's best friend, a woman constantly threatening to kill her and feed her remains to designer dogs if she did anything to hurt Kathleen. Eve is all talk, no bite. Mostly.

"This must be hell," Ira muttered under her breath. "We must've skidded off the road on the way here and died."

Kathleen shook her head in disbelief. "What are you doing here?"

"Should be asking you that. We were here first."

"We?"

Two more figures appeared behind Eve – her sister Helen, who glared at the butler, and Helen's fiancée, Monique, who looked thoroughly amused by the whole situation.

"There's been a... scheduling mix-up," the butler explained. "Ms. Mercier invited you all to stay, though I didn't realize the invitations would overlap."

Nobody mentioned the elephant in the room... that Jem had probably done this on purpose. Exactly the kind of prank she enjoys playing.

"Bernadette will take your bags to your room," the butler added. A stout maid in a crisp uniform stepped forward to collect their luggage. "You'll be staying at the other end of the hall. I hope that provides enough space for... everyone."

The man's voice dripped in apology. It would have to, working for someone like Jem. She was a trickster, an occasional womanizer, and loved playing every practical joke she got away with. Arranging for multiple friends to stay at this villa on the

same weekend was right up her alley.

Monique gestured toward the study with a hearth-warmed smile. “We’ve got a fire and some brandy in here. Won’t you join us? You two look dreadfully cold.”

Probably a good thing that someone like Monique was here first. She was a natural hostess, pleaser, and so good at diffusing situations that she could probably work for the police – when they weren’t hassling her place of business, anyway.

Ira shrugged and followed Monique into the study, but Kathleen lingered in the foyer, exchanging a look with Eve. Her friend’s mischievous grin said everything. This was supposed to be a romantic getaway. Now it’s a social disaster.

“Throwing some wrenches into your plans, eh?” Eve teased.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Kathleen shot her a scheming smile. “I was hoping for a weekend-long fuckathon. So, yeah, this complicates things.” She thought back to Ira’s earlier attempts at seduction in the car. Kathleen had wanted to wait until they arrived at their room. Now, they would have to find some other time—and try to keep quiet. Where was the fun in that?

“Come on, Katie,” Eve said, using Ira’s pet name for Kathleen. “Let’s have some drinks and make the most of this prison of ours for the weekend.”

They entered the study, where Ira was already pouring drinks. Kathleen took her glass and settled onto the couch by the fire, letting the warmth seep into her bones. Still, she couldn’t help wishing that she was warming herself with Ira’s body instead—in a bed or a closet. They were not above that.

“If it’s any consolation,” Helen said from across the room as she skimmed the bookshelves, “we’re having roast for dinner.”

Kathleen’s stomach rumbled at the thought.

“Indeed,” the butler confirmed, appearing in the doorway. “Bernadette, be sure to set eight places for dinner.”

Ira raised an eyebrow. “Eight? But there are only five of us.”

“Uh-oh,” Kathleen muttered.

As if on cue, Bernadette announced another car pulling into the driveway.

Chapter 3

Jamie

“Holy crap, this place is gorgeous!” Jamie pressed her face against the glass, taking in the sight of the purple sunlight descending behind the trees. A light snow blanketed the treetops. It didn’t stick to the ground, but the driver still slowed down. “Who did you say is letting us borrow this place?”

Etta, her girlfriend, put her cell phone away, finally freed from the dead zone they passed a mile back. “Jem Mercier. Someone I’ve been doing business with lately.”

Jamie nodded. She only recalled Jem because she came by the house one night for dinner, and Jamie had to be on her best hostess behavior. While Jem and her girlfriend Gwenyth were an exceptionally laid-back couple, Jamie always fretted about her manners and not embarrassing her CEO girlfriend. Lots of well-to-do people did business with Etta Coleman. Having a girlfriend who could be as uncouth as Jamie was sometimes a liability.

Thankfully, she was a patient woman. She had to be because Etta dragged her work with her wherever they went.

“Put that away,” Jamie scolded, smacking Etta’s phone out of her hand. “You said that it would be all about us this weekend.”

Etta cleared her throat and looked at the seat across from them.

“Uh, don’t mind me,” said Natasha, Etta’s receptionist-turned-temporary assistant, accepted Etta’s phone and finished typing a message on her boss’s behalf. “It’s all relaxation for you two. I’m here for the sights, the booze, and my overtime.”

Jamie sighed dramatically and sprawled across the seat, landing in Etta's lap. "You really brought all that work?" She shot Natasha an apologetic look. "No offense!"

"None taken."

Etta smoothed Jamie's hair. "I told you, it's the busiest time of the year. We've got to wrap everything before Christmas, or we won't get a moment's peace over the holidays. But if all goes well, I'll take the whole week off between Christmas and New Year's." She kissed Jamie's forehead. "No calls, no emails, just us."

"That sounds about as rare as a solar eclipse," Jamie teased, making a face. "You taking a whole week off? Happens so rarely that I've gone blind."

Etta flashed perfectly white teeth at her girlfriend. "I thought you were blinded by my dazzling good looks, not my schedule."

"Ha, ha."

"Incoming call from Hong Kong," Natasha said, holding out the phone.

Jamie shot a look of betrayal at her friend.

True, Jamie and Natasha were friends, going back to when Jamie started working for Etta. Usually, Natasha was the 9-5 receptionist in Etta's executive office, but she was currently between personal assistants and desperately needed someone to fill in this weekend. I don't want Etta working while we're on vacation... but this is how it is. Etta only stopped working when she was too tired to keep going... or when Jamie convinced her with feminine wiles. She was only human, though, and couldn't be on call for sex 24/7. As much as I want to be...

Jamie reached into her bag, fingering the sapphire-studded collar inside its container.

Maybe this weekend, Etta would want to take her frustrations out the old-fashioned way...

The car came to a halt, twilight already casting the landscape into darkness. Jamie couldn't see much of the villa through the falling snow, but she was sure it looked as gorgeous as Jem's photos had promised.

Not that they needed to borrow a villa. Etta owned a penthouse in the city if they wanted privacy. They also had a house in the hills. Hell, they could go anywhere they wanted. But they both knew this weekend wasn't about luxury—it was about them. Their first Thanksgiving together had gone sideways, with Etta missing half the meal due to work. Jamie had sat at the table with a cooling turkey and mashed potatoes, the cats curled around her feet. She loved Etta, but she wanted—needed—more than apologies for the holidays.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Etta helped Jamie and Natasha out of the car, handing their luggage to a waiting housekeeper. She turned to the driver to relay instructions about coming to pick them up Sunday while a butler greeted them at the front door. Inside, Jamie heard voices.

They hadn't taken two steps into the foyer when a familiar group of faces appeared.

Jamie's stomach dropped. What the fuck?

There stood her friends, Monique and Helen, along with Helen's sister Eve, who looked sharp as ever in a three-piece suit and flawless makeup. Kathleen Allen, the elegant philanthropist, waved from across the room. Jamie knew her well—Kathleen had even adopted a kitten from the litter Jamie discovered on her property. And then there was Kathleen's partner, Ira Mathison, standing beside her with an easy smile.

"You didn't tell me there would be others here." Jamie accepted a kiss on the cheek from Monique. "What is going on, Etta?"

Etta's sharp gaze took in the scene. Dressed in her immaculate business suit, she looked much more formal than the others. Helen wore a beige sweater dress and winter leggings while Ira had opted for thick trousers and a turtleneck. Etta's expression darkened. "I thought this was supposed to be a private weekend."

A murmur of agreement rippled through the room.

Etta turned to the butler. "Care to explain this?"

The butler gave an apologetic shrug. "Ms. Mercier only told me that there would be

guests this weekend. I didn't find out how many until a few hours ago. I believe you are the bulk of it."

"Eight of us," Ira muttered. "Looks like we're having a fucking party." They poured more drinks for the newcomers.

Natasha, who had been trailing behind Jamie and Etta, stopped dead in her tracks.

Eve's eyes lit up at the sight of Natasha. "Well, well, well," she said, swirling her drink. "Look who showed up."

Natasha's cheeks turned the pinkest hue Jamie had ever seen. Those two go back. Eve was notorious for flirting with Natasha whenever in the office, and though Natasha always turned her down, Jamie knew her friend had a soft spot for Evelyn Warner.

She's single, so what's stopping her?

Jamie slumped into a loveseat by the fireplace, glancing at the mismatched gathering. It was clear now that everyone had been fed the same story: Jem Mercier had promised them a private weekend at the villa. Except privacy was the last thing any of them were getting.

Etta threw off her jacket and slouched beside Jamie. "I'm going to wring Jem's neck." She took the glass of brandy Ira offered and downed it in one gulp.

After taking the glass back, Ira said, "I had a double as well. By the way, did you know that we're having roast for dinner?"

"Hopefully nobody's a vegetarian," Kathleen quipped.

"Nobody here is a vegetarian."

Everyone looked at Monique, sitting by herself next to the fireplace. She shrugged. It was her business to know the preferences of every elite person in the area. Especially those into kink.

Which every last one of them was into.

Jamie sighed as her stomach growled. Whatever game Jem was playing, she didn't care anymore. She just wanted to eat!

Chapter 4

Monique

"I need to speak with you. Privately." Helen's breath was hot in Monique's ear, sending a quick shiver down her spine. "Come." Her hand wrapped around Monique's wrist. Nobody paid them any mind as Monique rose from her seat and followed her Domme out of the study.

This is either good or bad. On a night like tonight, Monique had a hard time telling. She could safely say she was a bit irate too.

"Where's the nearest private room?" Helen asked the butler. "My fiancée and I need to make a call."

The man pointed to a room across the hall. "The guest office, ma'am. It should be unlocked. You are free to use the landline if you wish."

Helen placed her hand protectively on the small of Monique's back. "That won't be necessary. When's dinner? We'll only be a few minutes, but I don't want to miss it." The damned roast. Monique could faintly smell it there in the foyer.

“Dinner should be in about thirty minutes, ma’am. Would you like me to put you in contact with Ms. Mercier? Although she may not be available at this time.”

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“No, thank you. I’ll chew her out later.” Helen guided Monique across the hall, her pace rough and fast. The woman was taller than Monique, and it was moments like these that made her feel so overpowered... in a good way. I’m being herded. Lovely. She liked it when her Domme took absolute control. She contained a smile. Monique liked where this was going.

The room was dark when they entered, and it remained dark after Helen latched the door behind them. As soon as Monique’s eyes adjusted to the faint light coming through the windows, she felt Helen’s hand touch her stomach, drawing her into a backward embrace.

“I can’t believe the number of people here,” Helen muttered into her ear, hold as firm as a vise. “And I thought I was taking a chance bringing my sister with us. At least she would keep to herself...”

Monique shifted to find more comfort. “I had a feeling you were a bit ornery, ma’am.” Monique knew Helen had likely wanted her the moment they arrived. Finding this many people around must have disrupted Helen’s plans. “I’m sorry I couldn’t take care of you earlier.”

“Oh, the feeling is usually mutual, isn’t it?” Helen’s hand grasped Monique’s breast through her crimson dress. A warm, thick fabric—perfect for leaving the bra behind. Monique had thought the weekend would be private, with only Helen’s sister off doing homework.

The lack of a bra meant Helen’s fingers quickly found a hardened nipple to pinch. Monique squirmed, grinding her ass against Helen’s thighs. Here we go...

“Tell me what you want, ma’am.” This was their escape—a weekend dedicated to cranking up their Dom/sub dynamic. Nothing excited Monique more than knowing Helen was pleased with her service. There was a reason Monique ran the best BDSM house in the nation—bold enough to say it was the best. There was also a reason she knew who among her elite clientele were vegetarians and who weren’t.

Helen hissed in her ear, the words making Monique’s pulse race. Jokes about produce flickered in Monique’s mind, but they quickly evaporated.

She had a task. Her knees hit the carpet, the rest of her crawling toward the chair where Helen made herself comfortable and wrestled her winter-lined leggings free from her thighs. Monique patiently waited for the leggings to be in her hands, Helen’s flats kicked aside and her legs spread open. If there was one thing this woman loved, it was to relax in a chair while her sub ate her out. Anywhere, anytime, ma’am.

Helen was already wet.

“Yes, that’s what I want.” Helen tugged on Monique’s dark curls as her mouth found the length of her Domme’s slit. Monique’s tongue trailed along the underside, savoring Helen’s delectable taste. Her lips teased where Helen’s entrance met her clit—a spot Monique had discovered by happy accident drove her Domme wild.

“Keep that up, and this will turn into a quickie.”

Monique pulled her lips away long enough to whisper, “Is that not what you want, ma’am? We’ll have plenty of time later... after dinner.” She knew the weekend would be full of couples doing exactly what she and Helen were planning—hours spent in pleasure.

It’s why we came, after all. Monique’s bag contained more than clothes and toiletries—plenty of toys for the weekend. Batteries were removed, of course. Only the

freshest ones for my getaway.

“You know what I mean, Princess.” Helen gathered Monique’s hair into a firm grip, exposing the back of her neck. “I assume you’ll want some pleasure too.”

Monique teased Helen with her tongue, inhaling her intoxicating scent. God, I could get drunk on this. She slipped her hand between her legs, stroking her slit beneath the dress. She needed to get wet—fast.

“I have faith in you, ma’am.” Monique tried not to sound too cheeky. She truly did have faith in Helen, who had proven time and time again that she could go all night. Helen simply needed... the right encouragement.

“Nevertheless, I’m charging you with keeping me under control.”

Big order, but I’ll take it. Monique slid her lips down Helen’s mound, controlling her breathing. One hand gripped Helen’s thigh, massaging her softly as the Domme groaned.

How long has she been waiting to take me like this? Monique tasted the essence of her girlfriend’s arousal. How was she so calm earlier, chatting with everyone like nothing was going on? Monique bet Helen had planned to throw her down on their bed and ravish her before dinner—if not for Jem Mercier’s mix-up, piling three groups of friends into one villa.

Honestly, Monique could believe it was either negligence or mischief on Jem’s part.

Helen wasn’t the silent type when it came to moments like these—she knew how much Monique craved validation. She needed to know her Domme was pleased. Tell me I’m doing a good job. Tell me no other sub compares.

“You’re fucking amazing,” Helen murmured. “Consume me, Princess.”

Was there anything better than being at the beck and call of a woman like Helen Warner? She took care of Monique, cherished her, and knew exactly how to make love to her. Helen understood what Monique needed, physically and emotionally. In return, Monique devoted herself fully—thinking of ways to please and serve.

Even punishment, when warranted, was part of their dynamic. Though Helen hadn’t needed to punish her for a long time. They were so in sync that Monique could read her Domme’s desires with a glance.

She opened her eyes, gazing up into the dark, knowing Helen was watching her.

She choked a little.

“Careful, Princess.” Helen’s voice was smooth, with that familiar edge that sent a thrill down Monique’s spine. She adored being called Princess—equal parts cherished and submissive. When Helen called her “Wolf Queen,” though... that was something else entirely.

Monique pulled back, sundered by the heat lingering on her face. “May I speak?”

“Of course.”

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

With her hand still wrapped around Helen's thigh, Monique grinned. "I'm glad you didn't wait, ma'am. I would have offered myself in the car... if it weren't for..."

"Don't remind me of her right now, please."

"Of course not. Just know that I want you too, ma'am."

"Naturally. Otherwise, you wouldn't be doing this, right?" Helen took Monique by the back of her head and pushed her toward the center of her current universe. "Don't forget why you're here, Monique."

Monique could never. Her need to please Helen was as great as her own need to be pleased right now.

Helen guided Monique farther, pressing into her lips and letting out a low moan when Monique's tongue made contact. Helen wasn't the type of Domme to hurt her by being rough; instead, she was content to lean back and let Monique do the work. The vibrations of Monique's kisses along her slit sent sparks through Helen's body, while Monique's hands roamed expertly, one clutching her like a prize while the other introduced itself to Helen's entrance. She wouldn't let it in, though. Not without her Domme's express permission.

"Are you ready?" Helen tugged on Monique's curls with enough force to make her gasp. "I hope you are. Because I'm going to take that sweet pussy of yours very soon."

Monique muffled a groan, heat blooming between her legs in anticipation. I want her

inside me. Merely tasting Helen's essence on her tongue was enough to drive her mad.

"Go. Now."

Monique obeyed without hesitation. She existed to obey.

She leaned against the nearest wall, skirt hiked around her waist as Helen slid between her legs. Helen's strong hands roamed over Monique's body, caressing and claiming. Me.

"This damn dress," Helen grumbled, struggling to access Monique's breasts. "Why are you wearing this?"

"Because you liked it," Monique whispered, breathless. "Don't you remember? You said it perfectly accentuated my figure."

"It does, but I would like to get closer to your figure, and this thing won't let me."

Finally, after much muttering and pulling on Monique's dress, Helen had yanked the hem up over her breasts. She laughed to find her braless; she cursed to find her wearing underwear. How dare Monique keep things the way they were supposed to be outside of sex?

Yet Monique knew how this worked... understood how their relationship functioned. Unless she was ill or otherwise disinterested in sex, she had to be ready to go. That meant she wore a pair of underwear that was easy to pull aside.

"Look at you," Helen growled, her index finger lazily rubbing Monique's clit between two inviting folds. Monique shuddered, whimpered, and melted against the wall. "All that for me. I don't dare let you have any of it."

“I would never,” Monique said between gasps of delight. Helen’s finger came precariously close to entering her more than once. “It’s all for you, ma’am. You did it, so it’s only right that you get to take it as your spoils.”

“My spoils?” Helen pulled her hand up and touched the corner of Monique’s mouth. “Taking the princess metaphor a bit too far. You’re making me think you’re locked in a tower, lustful as hell, and without another woman’s touch for years...”

“Then you come along, raid my kingdom, break-in, and fuck me hard in my bed as I’ve been praying for all these years. Yes, Helen. Yes. Fuck me.”

“What do we say?”

Monique’s lip twitched. “Fuck me, please, ma’am.”

Helen hoisted one of Monique’s legs, wrapping it around her waist as she rubbed two fingers in Monique’s wetness. “No, Princess. Beg for it.”

There were voices out in the hallway. Had a half hour passed already? Was everyone heading to dinner? Did Jem show up with a huge gotcha to her guests? Did Monique give a shit?

Certainly not. She was needy, she was pinned against a wall with her Domme between her legs, and she had a set of talented fingers begging to enter her.

“Please, ma’am,” Monique whimpered, attempting to sound as vulnerable as possible. She imagined herself that princess in the tower, watching her kingdom burn miles away while the general knocked down her door and stood before her bed. Her core ached to be touched. Her breasts begged for attention. Her mouth wanted to be kissed again and again. She imagined herself, as this princess possibly facing her death but also beholding many paths to salvation. I would strip myself bare and beg to be taken

by her, the worthy woman who has won my kingdom and my body. Even if this princess weren't made a queen under the regime, she would still gladly give up everything if it meant sexual relief for the first time in years. "Fuck me now."

"I will." Helen's finger pushed into her, making Monique groan into her shoulder. "But you have to be quiet. Can't have the other guests hearing what you sound like when I take you. That's only for me to enjoy."

"Yes, ma'am." Monique tried to keep her eyes open, but they were rolling far into the back of her head from the relief Helen offered. Even though only her finger was inside Monique, she opened, her arousal betraying everything she kept to herself. "I'll be quiet, Ms. Warner."

"Good. Because if you make a sound loud enough for them to hear, I will stop this whether you've climaxed or not. Do you understand?"

Monique nodded. She no longer had any words.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

She also had no more bearings... for Helen thrust into her, filling every crevice of her being with half her hand.

The woman told her to be quiet, so she was quiet... but they weren't quiet. Helen grunted into Monique's throat, and every thrust of her wrist slammed Monique against the wall. And the sound they made together! If Monique could hear it, then certainly the others could hear it. They better be getting off on it. The thought thrilled Monique. She had more than a streak of exhibitionism in her.

"Relax and hold still, Monique," Helen warned her. "I'm going to finish you."

She closed her eyes, welcoming Helen into her, deeper, harder, faster. Helen's arm hammered against Monique's thighs, touching her innermost place, stretching and taunting her sensitive flesh on the outside.

I'm gonna die. Between not being able to moan and the swell of an orgasm inside her, Monique might yet pass out from overstimulation. Helen knew. She knew every inch of Monique's body, including what angle she needed to take her at... if she wanted to push her over the edge. She did that now. She held one leg high up, after all, giving her the access necessary to make Monique soundlessly orgasm.

"Helen!" that blip of a shout was all she emitted, and it was into her jacket, muffled, but still intense. Climax claimed her, shaking her thighs, her abdomen, and her breasts as they bounced for her Domme's visual pleasure. The cold air made them hard. The heat she created with Helen was enough to make her forget about it.

"Claim me," Monique whispered into her ear. "Please, ma'am, claim me."

No greater thrill. No greater honor.

...Than feeling her Domme lose control.

“Monique.” Helen sounded famished. Controlled, but famished. Helen wasn’t getting hers now, but she would later. This indulging was her foreplay for bedtime when she would doubtlessly lose herself all over Monique. “Oh, fuck...”

She quivered when Helen thrust deeply enough to have all of her. The way she filled Monique wasn’t just for her pleasure – Helen surely enjoyed it as well, saving this for later.

Helen’s hand remained within Monique, panting for lost breath. As her posture softened, however, she had no choice but to withdraw from Monique and ease her foot back onto the floor. Monique instantly missed the strength and power impaling her to the wall.

“God, that was what I needed.” Helen held herself against said wall as Monique pulled down both of her skirts. Where did I put her leggings? Damnit. They’re over there. Monique would have to fetch them before Helen absentmindedly walked out there with her sweaterdress barely covering her ass!

“Thank you, ma’am.” First, she quickly kissed Helen, smiling at the cozy feeling this warmth gave her pleased folds. “I couldn’t have begged for better.”

“I daresay not. I’ve probably got carpal tunnel. You’ll have to reward me for that later.”

Helen pulled her into a loving embrace, tenderly kissing Monique’s skin and nuzzling against her cheek. Monique giggled, gaining the courage to ask if she should go wash herself up. I need the courage in case she tells me to.

“What do you want, my naughty nymph?” Helen tipped Monique’s chin up with her eager fingers. “I’ll let you decide. Do you want to parade around knowing you’re still wet for me?”

Monique bit her bottom lip. “I like the idea of everyone else knowing how much I want you. That I belong to you.”

“Then don’t wash up. We should go join the others before they miss us and start guessing, though.”

They left the office together, informing the butler that someone should turn on the heater in the office.

Chapter 5

Kathleen

“They want us to have Christmas in New York City,” Eve said, slamming back her third brandy of the hour. “They spend the whole year in Wyoming and think we’re going to gallivant around NYC for the holidays. Who wants to spend Christmas snowed in like that? I don’t.”

Kathleen pretended to be listening intently, but in truth, the words barely funneled through her brain. She was busy staring at her partner, currently amusing herself with a game of chess against Etta Coleman. Finally, someone to play chess with. Ira was always bothering Kathleen to learn how to play, but she wasn’t into those kinds of games. She much preferred body games to ones that asked her to use most of her brain.

“At least your mother wants to spend Christmas with you,” Kathleen said, sighing. Her whole body was crossed. Her legs. Her arms. Her eyes if she stared at her partner for too long. “Nobody can get mine to leave Europe. My father and I are going to the

Mathisons' for Christmas. Not my first holiday without her, but..."

The door opened, admitting Helen and Monique back from their sojourn. Eve made a face to shock the ages as they walked by, sitting on the once-empty loveseat.

"What?"

Eve leaned in, whispering into Kathleen's ear. "They totally did it. The perverts."

"How can you tell?" Helen and Monique always looked like that—smitten and absorbed with one another. Tell me I look like that with my partner and I will kill you. She couldn't even imagine it. She saved the puppy faces for private. A nice reward for Ira when she was good.

"Oh, I can tell," Eve continued. "I unfortunately know all about it by now."

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“At least some people around here are getting laid.”

“Tough break about your romantic weekend.”

“Yeah, yeah...” Ira should be knuckle-deep in her at this moment, going to town on Kathleen’s pussy as they waited to be called down for dinner. Then she would be knuckle-deep in the bath. Then in bed again. All fucking night. Or at least that was the fantasy Kathleen concocted in her head. I was going to break out the collar after the bath...She hadn’t submitted to Ira in a good month. She better stick it in the right hole first, though. The one that had been screaming for Ira’s fingers ever since they got in the car four hours ago...

“Hey, speaking of getting laid...”

Kathleen already knew where this was going. “No, I have no idea how you can bag the hot chick over there.”

Etta Coleman’s secretary sat in a corner, going through her boss’s business phone so Etta could “relax” with a game of chess. If being hunkered over, squinting her big brows, and snarling like an ogre could be called “relaxing.” It was a good thing Ira was not easily intimidated. Otherwise, she wouldn’t be winning right now.

“At any rate, I know all about this woman.” Eve had pined for Natasha for months. Pushing over a year now. Apparently, she was the butch Domme’s type. And gay, which was a bonus. Yet no matter how many times Eve asked the pretty blond out, Natasha declined. To Kathleen, that meant Eve needed to pack it in. She wasn’t getting that pussy anytime soon. No point in making the girl uncomfortable.

“Everyone,” the butler said in the doorway, “dinner is served.”

The smell of roast hit them before they even entered the dining room. An eight-person table was set, no place cards available. This meant the competitive types had a silent contest to see who got to sit at the ends. Haha, not Ira. Oh, Ira was competitive, but she didn't get into pissing contests. She was the type to wait in the shadows for an opportune moment. Let CEO ass-kickers Helen Warner and Etta Coleman have a battle of the wills!

Suited Kathleen fine. She didn't want her girlfriend posturing like an idiot anyway. She did that fine on her own time.

By some hilarious twist of priorities, Kathleen ended up on the other end of the table, between Eve and Ira. Behave yourself. She sent that thought to Eve, who sat diagonally from Natasha and was already counting her lucky stars.

Courses of food came out. Roasted meats, potatoes, vegetables... all spiced and tenderized perfectly, so everything practically melted off forks and tongues. Thankfully, this meant everyone's mouths were full and thus too busy to have awkward conversations. The minor words that came up were mostly Etta and Helen chatting.

That didn't stop Kathleen's partner from finding ways to communicate with her.

“You're hot,” the text on her phone said.

Her mother used to ride her ass for texting at the dinner table. Too bad Mommy Dearest wasn't coming home for Christmas. Naughty Kathleen would have to make do with texting her hot partner and occasional Domme next to her.

“You're not so bad yourself.”

“Aw, shucks. You think so? Warner and Coleman are both dressed better than me. I feel so woefully underdressed for a night I thought would be nothing but relaxing with you. We didn’t even bring a third wheel, the fuck!”

They exchanged furtive glances around the corner of the table. Kathleen held in a smile. Ira didn’t even bother.

A new text popped up on Kathleen’s phone.

“Watch the eye-fucking.”

“Mind your own business.”

“How dare you. There is nothing more interesting than watching you and your girlfriend eye-fuck at the dinner table.”

“Talk to somebody, for the love of God. I can’t be your only friend here.”

Eve put down her phone and pretended her dinner was the most delicious thing ever.

“Are we alone again?”

“I dunno, are we alone at all this weekend?”

“I hear we have our own room.”

“Oh, good, so the others can hear us going at it.”

“Sweet! We’re still hooking up this weekend?”

“If you, Warner, and Coleman manage to not get into a pissing contest. I saw the

empty bottles in the study.”

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“Unlike them, I know how to pee standing up. I win.”

“I’m sure at least one of them could figure it out. Probably Etta Coleman.” There were rumors that she identified as non-binary like Ira, but Kathleen’s partner was the first to tell her that one shouldn’t make assumptions based on how a woman styled and carried herself. “Or maybe Helen would surprise us. Oh, never mind. I’m not interested in finding out.”

“Weird. I kinda am.”

Kathleen snorted into a fork full of roasted carrots. A few people glanced at her, but their end of the table mostly kept to themselves. Etta and Helen were talking about an article in *The New Yorker*, God help them all.

Chills went down Kathleen’s spine as Ira slipped her hand beneath the tablecloth and caressed her knee.

“Excuse you, Mathison.”

“Forgive me, Ms. Allen. I find myself unable to keep my hands off you. Your beauty is so exquisite that I’ve fantasized about fucking you ever since we got here. Because I thought I would get to. Right away. Good Lord, I’ve missed you.”

Kathleen was trapped between wanting to smile and roll her eyes. Ira’s brand of flirtation could be silly.

“To be fair, I assumed I was going to spend this weekend riding your face.”

“Oh ho ho! Tell me more about my face!”

“It’s the most beautiful one in the room, I’m sure, my prince.”

She had to wait for Ira to gather her bearings and reply, hand squeezing Kathleen’s knee even harder. “You flatter me, my queen.”

Kathleen glanced around the table, making sure nobody was watching her blush with naughty thoughts. Her nipples tingled beneath her shirt. As for the rest of her? It ached for Ira to touch her, with any part of her body. Fingers, mouth, tongue...

“What else would I say to the only one allowed to dominate me?”

“I’m glad you’ve missed that as well.”

“I’ve thought about it at least once a day since we last played like that.”

“Only once a day?”

“I’ve been a busy woman.”

“As long as busy means thinking about me as you touch yourself.”

“Who else is there to think about?”

With a devil-may-care grin tugging at her face, Kathleen slipped her hand over Ira’s knee... and pushed it higher.

Since reuniting two days ago, they had sex twice. Two quickies that were supposed to help them get by until that weekend. No role-playing. Not even a hint of kink. Just quick, vanilla sex that was at least as rough as they were horny. We had video chat sex

twice while we were separated. Not the same. Kathleen would take a quick make-out session overonlywatching Ira touch herself any day of the week. What's the point of having that glorious prosthetic if I can't feel it?

Oh, she was feeling it now. Letting her fingers tease Ira's zipper and feel her tremble beneath layers of clothing.

Ira was a master of control. She continued to eat, paying Kathleen no mind as her girlfriend massaged her beneath the table. At first, Kathleen was content to merely feel the warmth of Ira's body heat. Then she ached to touch skin, and within seconds, she had her hand slipping beneath the waistband of Ira's pants.

Then the silky hair below her navel. Never mind what she was packing beneaththat.

Holy shit, I need this now.

Kathleen got up and excused herself, citing a need to use the restroom. But instead of the washroom, she found the butler in the hallway and asked him for a comfortable place to make a phone call. He directed her into the office.

The cold, dark office.

She turned on a lamp by the couch before grabbing her phone from her pocket. "Get your ass in the office across the hall. Now."

"What should I tell them?"

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“If you have to tell them anything, say you need to grab something from your suitcase. Or tell them you’re coming to fuck me in the office, I don’t care.” Kathleen switched off her phone and shoved it in her front pocket.

She went to work.

This had to be fast. It had to be good, but fast. No way in hell was she waiting a few more hours before it was socially acceptable to disappear to the bedroom!

No way was she dealing with everyone else up there on the second floor too, possibly listening to them fool around. I don’t know how insulated these walls are. She hated having sex in places where others might hear – especially if those people knew her personally.

So while she waited for Ira, she braved the idea that her partner would be the only one to walk through that unlocked door. Braved it, because she was undressing in preparation.

It was damned chilly in that room but Kathleen unbuttoned her shirt, pulling it open to reveal her breasts. She jiggled things around until both were pushed prettily up, with one button giving them the final boost to look beyond perky. Then she leaned back, kicking off her boots and pulling her pants down to the floor.

By the time Ira finally walked into the office, Kathleen was nearly naked and spread open on the couch.

“Wow. Is this safe to do after eating?”

Kathleen pushed her hand down her slit, spreading it open so Ira could see everything. Not that there was anything here Ira hadn't seen before... "You haven't had dessert yet."

"Oh, I haven't had dessert in over a month."

Ira locked the door behind her, a grin radiating warmth toward Kathleen. Good, because it's freezing in here. Kathleen could tolerate a lot of things, but icy air wasn't one of them.

"What if everyone hears us?" Ira removed her belt and let it drop to the floor. Her forest green sweater came next, but only halfway – enough for Kathleen to see how much Ira had been hitting the gym lately. Get over here, or I swear to the fucking sky... Ira was deceptively strong. Though she wasn't "big" like other muscular women, her toned body made for the best surprises during their bedroom escapades.

"Sorry, too cold," Ira muttered, pulling her sweater back down. "Someone should turn on a heater in here."

Kathleen patted the top of her slit. "I've got some heat right here for you, babe."

"Oh boy, bad jokes and calling me babe? I have me a real winner." Grinning, Ira knelt between Kathleen's legs and ran her hands along her partner's thighs. "My word, you are warm down here."

"Told you. Now do something with it."

This was the crux of their relationship. Kathleen, a Domme in her "real life," had no problem ordering Ira around when the moment called for it. Like now, when her body shook in the great and mighty need for Ira's touch.

Not just her fingers, which now traced slow, teasing lines along her folds, but her tongue too – so dangerously close to giving Kathleen exactly what she wanted.

“I can’t tell if I should commend or punish you for not waiting.”

“Commend me, babe.”

Ira smirked. Right now, Kathleen Allen was in charge – and Ira Mathison would love every second of it.

Well, of course she would like it. What red-blooded American was going to turn down the opportunity to get all up in her business? She was a goddess, as Ira often told her.

“All right, lovely.” One finger tortuously pushed between her folds and rubbed against her clit, dipping down into Kathleen’s famished body. She shuddered, slipping down the couch as Ira leered at her through glaring hazel eyes. “I’ll do what you want for now. As soon as I’ve ensnared you, though, you’re following my whim.”

Kathleen didn’t doubt it. She also didn’t doubt that she would be hungry for that. Why does she think we’re doing this first? Kathleen knew how to play their kinky game.

“Ah, fuck me,” she mumbled, leaning back on the couch as her hands fished for Ira’s soft hair. Her head was firm beneath Kathleen’s touch, but the short waves of hair textured her fingers in a way that was almost better than the tongue rolling against her clit. Almost. She was still a red-blooded American woman too.

At first, Ira was gentle. After all, this was not her idea. Usually, if it were her idea, she’d spare no expense getting Kathleen off as soon as possible. That was assuming her sole purpose for going down on Kathleen was to get her wet enough for part two.

When Ira moved her tongue from Kathleen's clit to her opening, Kathleen wondered if that still wasn't her end game.

Goodbye, world.

It was amazing how easily Ira's tongue filled her. Kathleen only jokingly referred to herself as a size queen, but she was usually content with whatever took her over—if it was big, that was a bonus. When it came to tongues, however, things changed. Ira had taught her that, like anything else, tongues often followed the same rules of size vs. skill. And Ira knew how to fill her, to soothe her, and to send her over the edge from what she did with her whole mouth.

“You're going to kill me,” Kathleen murmured, arms crossing. “You better have that thing in your pants ready after all this effort.”

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

The growl against her pussy told her she needn't have any concerns.

“Make me come, baby.” Kathleen moved her hands over her breasts, reveling in feelings above and below. “Make me come all over your face.”

She thought she heard Ira laugh down there. Still, she did not pull away from Kathleen or otherwise relent. If anything, she went at her harder.

Her tongue wrapped around Kathleen's clit, lips pursing, cursing, and taking over every inch of her folds. Fingers stroked her opening, caressing the sensitive nerves around the edge before entering her. Kathleen groaned, one hand shooting to Ira's head and pulling her hair.

When she caught sight of Ira's eyes, narrow and determined, gazing back at her... Kathleen said fuck it and began thrusting her hips against Ira's face.

With every passing second, another part of her was filled by Ira's fingers—fingers that curled, searched, and found her innermost places. Kathleen contained a yelp of pleasure as Ira pounded them into her, unrelenting in passion against this pivotal spot.

Her lips around Kathleen's clit and the arrogant look in her eye only sent Kathleen over the edge.

“Oh my God!” Orgasm tore through Kathleen. Oftentimes, when she found herself in this position, she stopped caring if anyone could hear her. Who gave a shit if the other guests—who weren't even supposed to be there that weekend—heard her getting the fuck of her life? Who cared if they found out how good her relationship was?

Kathleen always had something to prove. Tonight, she was proving to the world that Ira Mathison, lover extraordinaire, knew how to fuck her to oblivion.

Ira continued to touch Kathleen through her orgasm, watching her convulsions as every shudder claimed Kathleen's body. Her core released more than orgasm—it released every bit of sexual frustration within her. The frustration translated into her dominating personality. Yeah, that got all over Ira's face too.

“Shit, that's hot.” Ira backed her face away, but her fingers remained inside Kathleen. “Both literally and figuratively. Good job, my darling.”

Kathleen exhaled but did not dare close her legs. Ira was standing, unzipping her trousers while grabbing a long and slim case from her deep sweater pocket. At this point, Kathleen knew what was in there: the rod that went into this particular packer that Ira must have chosen for quick and efficient sexy times.

“That's a good look on you,” Kathleen said. “I should come on your face more often.”

Ira put one knee on the couch as she loomed over Kathleen, the overpowering scent of “Kathleen Allen” accompanying her partner's face coming closer. Their kiss was also laced in this delicious trap. I don't taste so bad if I do say so myself. Her favorite way of sampling her own taste was like this—on the lips of her beloved.

“I was under the impression you do that quite often, Ms. Allen.” Ira kissed her throat, lining her now-ready prosthetic with Kathleen's opening. She had to stay focused, as there were important things to say.

“As I said, Mathison, not often enough. Now, fuck me good.”

Ira pulled her lips away, tentatively penetrating her. Drive me crazy, why don't

you?She touched Kathleen enough to make her relax open, but her body ached to have Ira fill her right here, right now. Kathleen was exposed on this couch in a friend's house. Anyone could come through that door at any moment. They would see her pushed on this couch, taking her Domme's favorite extension of her sexuality as she claimed Kathleen for everyone to hear and see.

Kathleen wasn't one to put on a show of sex in front of others, but she was into the idea of being caught like this. And that was how she knew her headspace had gone from aggressive to submissive. That, and the hand gently curling around her throat. The weightlessness of it told her she was not in danger. The tension in Ira's grip, however, told her she was now someone's plaything.

"I don't mind having you all over my face, darling," Ira said with the deep, domineering voice she saved for flirtation and, well, sex. "But you have to understand I do it for more than your pleasure. I get a lot out of it, you know." She emphasized her point by easily pushing into Kathleen, reaching far, far into her body, and making her gasp. Thank you, thank you, thank you! This was the fullest, the most connected she had felt with her Ira in many weeks. Their quickies since reuniting a few days ago were too fast to fully appreciate how good Ira felt inside her.

"I missed seeing you like this, Katie," Ira said softly, using the only real term of endearment that made Kathleen shiver. "Katie" was what she called the submissive inside of her. Now here she was, coming to the forefront of her headspace and begging her Domme to use her in ways she hadn't been used in one long, soul-draining month. "I know you've missed feeling me like this, too. What do you say for finally getting what you want?"

The ability to speak on command was lost for more than a few seconds. "Thank you..."

"Thank you, what? Don't be rude."

Ira's firm tone washed over her, easing Kathleen into her role as Ira's obedient submissive, born for the sole purpose of serving her every need. "Thank you, Ira."

"That's right." Ira lifted her hips, taking Kathleen's with her. She whimpered, soundless words falling from her lips as she squeezed her eyes shut and Ira pierced her against the couch. "Now you're going to come again. And so will I."

I sure fucking hope so!

Ira thrust into her once, hard, pushing deep into her and showing how much mastery she had over this moment. Kathleen didn't have to think. She didn't even have to move. Her role was to lie there with her legs spread wide open and take whatever her Domme offered, urging her to release her own pent-up energy. Ira pulled Kathleen's leg higher against the back of the couch, spreading her so open that she slammed in and out of her with almost no friction.

It was torture. It was bliss.

"Ira..." Within seconds, Kathleen already felt another orgasm within her. The grunts in her body and the sound of Ira's desire did not help. It all overwhelmed Kathleen, guaranteeing she would fulfill Ira's wishes... assuming that was what she wanted. "I'm gonna..."

"Come for me, my sweet." Ira sounded slightly crazed. In control, but enjoying every second of this. It had been over a month for her as well. "I want you coming so hard that you can't let me go."

She could do that. She could really do that.

"Ira!" Her body betrayed her wish for silence. Between her vocal cords screaming inside her mind and her wetness nothing more than a melody to her senses, Kathleen

was going to come so hard, indeed. “Fuck me, please!”

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

She was pushed over the precipice when Ira changed her pace, going from long, arduous thrusts to quick motions that continuously stroked every inch of Kathleen's center. She moaned so loudly that Ira had no choice but to cover her mouth, muffling cries of climax that would have been loud enough for anyone else to hear.

Stifled, Kathleen released everything. The month of loneliness, the weeks of sexual solitude, and the soul-crushing desire to have this person be one with her in the most delightful of ways.

She opened her eyes in time to see Ira's bearing down upon her, overtaking her ability to think about anything but the pleasure she was giving Ira in turn. Ira growled in appreciation and completely turned the tables on this naughty tryst in an office that belonged to neither of them.

Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod...Kathleen's mind blanked out, succumbing to endless pleasure as her orgasm refused to abate. Instead, she was trapped in a cyclone of unyielding desire, her body unable to come down from its high. The plateau she endured challenged her ability to stay within herself because all she wanted was to escape to another world where nothing mattered but this pleasure and how Ira gave it to her.

For she was taking her there. The woman had a mission, thrusting into Kathleen with such determination that Kathleen did not doubt for a single second that she belonged to Ira. This was it. This was her reason for being alive at this very moment. No matter what happened outside of this office, they would always have this. They may be crowded out in the house, but they found their slice of paradise in this room...

The sound exploding from Kathleen's body brought Ira to paradise with her.

Kathleen felt her climax before hearing it, as often was the case with making love. Yet this time it came a whole two seconds before, as if Ira couldn't even feel it for herself at first.

That's how good I am.

And the sound she made? Kathleen nearly died from the rough, animalistic noise emanating from her throat. She felt like she was being caught and claimed by the most basic of all human desires. Sex and love. She would revel in both.

As Ira's thrusts slowed, she released Kathleen's mouth and leg, letting her collapse onto the couch and catch her breath. Slowly, she came down from her high, her long, arduous orgasm dissipating through her body until she could function again. "Oh my God," she whispered, opening her eyes to see Ira struggling to stay over her. "That was the best. I haven't come that hard in forever."

"Forever is a long time," Ira said, breathless, her hips struggling to pull back. Where do you think you're going? Kathleen was greedy and possessive when it came to sex. Ira wasn't going anywhere. "Unless you mean a month is forever."

In truth, "forever" went back to two or three weeks before they were separated. What? She can't pitch a no-hitter every time we fuck. Winning the game by the seventh inning stretch and smacking some home runs out of the park was enough for Kathleen. In fact, she was pretty sure she couldn't survive coming that hard every time she had sex.

"I love you, Katie," Ira said, fingers losing purchase on the back of the couch. "But I need my packer back."

“No, you don’t.” Kathleen’s nails ran along Ira’s sweater, indulging in the strength that took her to heaven and back. “It’s going to stay right here inside me forever.” Ira underestimated the strength of Kathleen’s Kegels.

“Fantastic. My girlfriend’s sex drunk.”

“Doesn’t take much these days.”

As reality settled back in, Kathleen released her hold on Ira and let her pull away. The worst part. Not just because it marked the end of their lovemaking, but because damnit if Kathleen didn’t hate this renewed loneliness that crawled up her legs. Or maybe that tingling sensation was from having her legs up in the air for so long. Hm. Possible.

“That is one of the hottest things in the world.” Although as wiped out as Kathleen, Ira still managed to have a diabolical smile as she sat back and smacked the inside of her girlfriend’s thigh. “Hope Jem doesn’t use this couch much. You’re a mess!” Kathleen did not give a single shit right now. Endorphins were too powerful. “You’re amazing, my love.”

Ira finally joined her on the couch, carefully putting herself away as she sighed against the plush leather and leaned against Kathleen’s shoulder. She gradually closed her legs and pulled her shirt back down. “That took two people to make happen.”

“Don’t I know it.”

They waited five more minutes, cuddling together on the couch, nibbling one another’s lips, and whispering the words they had wanted to say over the past month. By the time they realized how long it had been since they left the dinner table, they were rushing to put their clothes back on, Kathleen wondering where the nearest bathroom was.

“Think they missed us?” Ira asked when she emerged from the small water closet attached to the office. “I bet our dinners are cold.”

Kathleen linked her arm with Ira’s and snaked fingers along her hand. “We ate dessert first, didn’t we?”

“You didn’t eat anything.”

Kathleen kissed her cheek and whispered, “Later. In bed.”

Indeed, their dinners were quite cold when they got back to the table.

Chapter 6

Jamie

If there was anything Jamie Joy did not understand about the elite world, it was the parlor games they played for a lack of anything else to do—and from too much after-dinner booze.

Helen Warner was up for the latest round of charades. Jamie sat in the middle of the couch, between Etta and Monique, watching in wonder as the blond femme held up two fingers and began dancing around like an idiot. This is the least composed I have ever seen her. Also, the drunkest.

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“Singer!” Monique called. And that’s the loudest I’ve ever heard her speak.

When Helen shook her head, everyone went back to the drawing board.

“Politician,” Etta said. “Dancing fucking monkeys.”

Of course, those two would be on the same wavelength. Jamie had a feeling that two separate lovers of Monique Grant would have to think the same way. No wonder Helen and Etta were such close pals during dinner.

After nodding, Helen commenced holding up her fist and acting like she was going to punch herself.

“Oh man,” a half-drunk Ira said into their glass of cognac. “I can’t remember their fucking names. I’m... I’m too tipsy.”

“It’s on the tip of my tongue.” Kathleen slapped her partner’s thigh in excitement.

“That’s not all on the tip of her tongue.”

Kathleen smacked them so hard that Ira almost dropped their glass in surprise.

“Raymond Mitchell,” Etta said, on the verge of a yawn. “Next.”

Jamie patted her girlfriend’s leg. Someone’s getting sleepy. When it came close to Etta’s bedtime, she had a habit of growing an attitude that did not make her the life of the party. It made Jamie feel like she had to apologize for her every five minutes.

Except they were with friends – or at least Helen and Monique were friends. And Natasha, Jamie supposed.

Natasha, who got up from the corner she was working in and approached her employer with trepidation. “What should I do about the charts due on Monday?” she whispered, kneeling next to Etta’s seat. “Do you want them done tonight or tomorrow?”

“Tonight would be better, but don’t tax yourself.”

“I think I’ll go up to my room and work on them.” Natasha went back to the desk she worked at, gathered her things, turned down a glass of cognac from Eve standing in the corner, and left the study.

Eve put the glass down with a huff. Even though she said nothing, everyone knew what she was thinking when she crossed her arms. Poor Natasha. Or is that poor Eve? No, it was definitely poor Natasha, who was working herself ragged with overtime. During dinner, Natasha confessed she took on this extra work so she could buy her parents a vacation for Christmas. Sex, even with a stunner like Eve, was probably the last thing on her mind. She could probably use it.

“You’re up, Coleman.” Helen tossed Etta the bowl of paper. “Time to be a thespian.”

Etta caught the bowl but handed it to Jamie without a second thought. “Think I’m going to pass.” She finished her glass of cognac and turned down the fresh drink Eve still had in her hand. “I’m tired. I’d rather turn in early and get an early start tomorrow.” She looked at Jamie. “We’re going for a walk in the woods bright and early.”

Jamie forced a smile. Fuck you, Etta. Mushroom hunting. Etta Coleman wanted to go mushroom hunting because she was a weirdo who liked plants a little too much.

Everyone else smiled politely, although Ira muttered something into their glass that made Kathleen hide a laugh in her hand. Monique intervened by saying, “Still learning about mushrooms, Etta?”

“Naturally.” Etta stood, straightening out her jacket and smoothing out her trousers. “Jamie’s become quite good at identifying the poisonous ones. Sometimes I wonder if she’s trying to get her inheritance a bit too early.”

Jamie laughed, uneasily, and Monique was the only other person to smile. Probably because they were the only people in that room who understood Etta’s dry humor.

“By the way, I would appreciate you coming with me for a moment.” Etta held her hand out to Jamie. “I need to speak with you about tomorrow. I won’t keep you from socializing too long.” Her wink was almost genuine.

Jamie took her hand and was helped up. She sent Monique an apologetic look before joining her girlfriend in the empty—and cold—hallway. I miss the fireplace already. She hoped their room had one and that it was stoked already.

“Yes?” Jamie asked as soon as they were alone. “I thought we already had our plans solidified for tomorrow...”

Etta took her hand and dragged her across the hall. Uh oh. Jamie recognized that brute strength. Her heart leaped in her throat as Etta made sure the coast was clear before opening a door and hauling Jamie inside.

It looked like an office. One with a locking door, if Jamie heard what her girlfriend was doing correctly. A single light turned on in the corner. “Etta... what is...”

She kissed Jamie with the strength of a woman with a point to prove. Jamie stumbled backward, against the wall, her body reacting in the only way it knew how—with

instant arousal. Fuck that! Her brain wanted an explanation first!

“Excuse me.” She pushed Etta away. “Is there something I can help you with, ma’am?”

“Oh, right, sorry.” Etta opened her jacket pocket and pulled out her girlfriend’s sapphire collar. “I need you to put this on.”

“Hold up.” This was happening too fast, even for Etta Coleman, the woman who used to pay Jamie to be sexually available to her at all hours of the day. Now she collared her when she wanted to enact those scenarios. They weren’t a lifestyle BDSM couple, but they had the collar to dictate when they were having a scene. “First, what is going on, and second... did you go through my purse to get that? Because that’s where I last left it.”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“I plead the Fifth on the second question.” Etta cleared her throat, caught. “As for the first... well, can you blame me, Jamie? We were going to have a romantic time this weekend, and here we are, trapped with two other...”

Jamie put her hands on her hips. “Two other what?” Oh, she had a good idea of what Etta was about to say.

“Two dominant types.” Etta was hilarious. She was so used to being in complete control wherever they went. Jamie was often the only person in the world—besides Monique, perhaps—who could make Etta behave when she got too uppity for her own good. Trapped in a house for a weekend with two others known for being Dommies in the city’s kink scene? Two Dommies with big reputations? With women who submitted to their desires, whether it was lifestyle or scene by scene? Etta Coleman probably had the hardest, angriest nipples in the house. How the fuck was she going to assert herself when she couldn’t even put her hands all over her girlfriend without embarrassing the both of them?

Etta was a woman who kept her kink behind the scenes. She barely went to the kinky club unless business dealings happened there.

Yet Etta Coleman didn’t say “two dominant types.” Instead, she said, “Two very sexual couples.”

“Everyone’s been behaving themselves tonight...”

Etta looked around the office. “You’re kidding, right? Use your senses, Jamie.”

She put her arms down in a haughty huff. “What are you trying to...” Her deep breath caught her by surprise. In her nostrils was a heavy perfume that she thought she left behind in the study. That’s Monique’s perfume...

“Yes. There’s been a lot of hanky-panky in this room since we got here. We’re lagging.”

“One couple hardly means...” Jamie went for the couch, but she stopped short, gasping in strange horror as she saw... well, she dared not repeat what she saw staining the couch.

“I told you. Hanky-panky.”

Etta encircled Jamie’s abdomen with her arm. She lowered her hand from her nose, tearing her eyes off the crime scene before her. “That’s disgusting!”

“Is it?” Etta’s voice was low and husky, the exact tone that sent excited shivers throughout Jamie’s body. The longer she gazed at the mess the previous couples left behind, the more she realized what her girlfriend wanted. Sure enough, Etta pushed up against Jamie’s ass in due time. “Because it only serves to remind me of what I need to do to you.”

“Need?” Jamie didn’t protest as the collar wrapped around her throat. The moment she clasped it, she had to obey Etta. Etta was going to fuck her right here, without a doubt. Normally that wouldn’t worry her too much, except when Etta was like this... with a collar that made her infallible and the absolute master of Jamie’s destiny... oh God, who knew what she would do!

“Yes, my flower.” The moment the collar clasped around her throat, Etta lifted Jamie’s skirt, grabbing her thighs, her stomach, and the brunt of her unsuspecting pussy. “I need us to outfuck everyone else in this house.”

Wow, that was direct, even for her!

“You’re crazy,” Jamie said, although her lack of breath betrayed how hot this was already getting her. Between Etta stroking her slit through her silk underwear, and snaking her hand down her generous cleavage, she was about to come undone then and there. “I knew we were going to have a lot of sex this weekend, but...”

A shriek echoed in the room as Jamie was pushed over the back of the couch. Her knees scrambled onto it, just as her hair tumbled down the side of her face and threatened to brush against the soiled ground. Even with underwear on, she still felt exposed. She felt even more exposed when Etta pulled aside said underwear.

“Your girlfriend has needs that surpass simple sex.” Etta felt Jamie’s bare skin, her other hand bunching up the skirt and tugging it whenever necessary. “Now, I need you to not say a single word except for what I want to hear you say. Understand?”

Jamie nodded, her lips wetting within her mouth. “I understand...ma’am.”

She was not surprised that Etta spanked her. She was, however, surprised that it was so hard and so... invigorating. Jamie’s knees dug into the leather couch. I wonder who was here before me. And she wondered if the idea of coming all over someone else’s mess was getting Etta as hot. Yes. Definitely yes.

Etta spanked her again, the shrill sound of skin hitting skin in Jamie’s ears. It was a miracle she could hear over the pumping of her blood.

“Tell me, Jamie.” The way Etta’s voice clawed her back made Jamie whimper, her insides relaxing and releasing the arousal her girlfriend craved to see run down her thigh. “If you could have anyone in this house fuck this pretty bud of yours, who would it be? There’s a good selection out there.”

Her hand was poised above her ass. Jamie, swallowing, lifted her head and tried to find her voice. “You, ma’am. I only want you to fuck me.” She sounded pitiful. Probably because for the briefest moment she imagined one of those other Dommies fucking her. No, that’s wrong. But she didn’t doubt that Etta planted those images in her head. She wanted Jamie to think about Helen Warner tying her up and nibbling her nipples. She wanted Jamie to imagine Ira Mathison throwing her down on this couch and going at her until she screamed for mercy. All right, hot stuff, let’s not make me feel like I’m mentally cheating. Too late.

However, Etta wanted her to think about these things because she yearned to prove that she was better than them. She needed Jamie to admit that her girlfriend, Etta Coleman, was the hottest, most dominating, the absolute best in this group of fuckers and suckers.

She could do that right now. Except it wouldn’t mean a damn thing until Etta had her ultimate way with Jamie.

“Again, ma’am,” she said, core heating in preparation. “I want you to fuck me.”

“Is that so? Why do you want me? Not that I don’t want you, my flower, but it won’t hurt you to convince me.”

Wow, she was direct tonight. For some reason, knowing she was fighting that much insecurity made Jamie hotter. Etta would prove her worth as a woman and Domme, and she was doing it with nothing more than her body. Holy shit, I’m ready.

“Because...” She couldn’t believe she was saying this. She couldn’t believe she was about to debase herself like this. Yes, I can! Wouldn’t be the first time! “You’re the only one who can satisfy me.”

“Hmm.”

“I’m serious, ma’am.” Jamie reached back, pressing dangerously close to her opening. She pulled herself open in front of her girlfriend. “You’re the only one who can satisfy that.”

“You can be more honest, my flower. Tell me exactly why you need me to fuck you. Don’t dance around it. Don’t be ashamed of your body.”

Oh, fuck you. Jamie pulled her hand back to the couch and bowed her head, garnering the courage to say what was on the tip of her tongue. “Because you’re the only one who is kinky enough, ma’am.”

Jamie had no idea how kinky the others were. Well, that wasn’t true. She knew how kinky Helen was because she had seen her perform with Monique at the club. As for Ira, they seemed like the kind either compensating for something or completely bolstered by what they got up to behind closed doors. Let alone with another Domme like Kathleen, who saw it fit to submit to the likes of Ira. Fact of the matter was nothing, well, mattered. This was about fueling Etta’s ego so she would fuck Jamie long and hard. Sometimes I love these games. Sometimes they drove her crazy. Tonight? Both thoughts claimed her.

At the end of the day, however, Etta was still the kinkiest woman Jamie had ever been with. In the early days of their relationship, she was constantly amazed at how far Etta would go, how she could take the most mundane sex act and spice it up using nothing but her hand. And even though she knew to expect it now, Jamie was still often taken by surprise.

Taken, always. Surprise, always.

“You need it kinky, huh?” Etta tapped her ass. “Tell me why.”

Jamie braced herself for more self-debasement. “Because I’m so used to kink that it’s all that can satisfy me... ma’am.”

“Are you a kinky girl, my flower?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Etta pushed two fingers against her opening and spread it apart, opening her body to the cold air of that office. She’s going to ruin me. Didn’t she always?

“I see. You really do need a Mistress to satisfy you, don’t you?”

Oh, fuck her.

“Jamie.” Her voice, although tender and loving, did not make Jamie feel any different as Etta leaned down and kissed her cheek. The smooth texture of Etta’s trousers rubbed against her leg, making her tremble in anticipation for the rest of Etta to touch her. “You’re gorgeous tonight. I don’t tell you enough.”

She told her at least once a day, but Jamie agreed – once a day wasn’t enough.

“Seeing you on this couch like this has got me so... bothered.” Etta dropped her composure for one split second, letting lust take control as she slid her hand along Jamie’s slit. Oh, shit. When Etta pulled away, she smacked Jamie’s ass, forked those fingers around her opening again, and watched as she became wetter. Knowing Etta became more powerful from it made Jamie even more aroused. “Your nectar is getting all over my fingers, my flower.”

“Golly gee, ma’am, I have no idea how that could be happening...” Jamie was still fantasizing about getting fucked. This time solely about Etta, the only Mistress with the ability to satisfy her.

“Don’t be mouthy.” The tap on her ass was a warning shot. “Or I’ll stuff that mouth full of something that will shut you up.” Before Jamie could say she was okay with that, Etta continued. “And not give this beautiful pussy what it deserves.”

Jamie braved being alittlemouthier. “What does it deserve, ma’am?”

Finally, she was wet enough for Etta to sink her fingers in.

Jamie pushed forward, knees digging into the couch as one hand shot between her legs and took over Etta’s job of spreading her nether lips apart.

"Me."

She thrust her hand forward. Jamie gritted her teeth, clutching the back of the couch and bracing her legs wide open. "Oh, fuck me," she whimpered. Suddenly it no longer mattered that someone got to this couch before them. All that mattered was having her body visited by the woman she loved and craved to dominate her.

"You were right, my flower." Etta grabbed Jamie’s long, curly hair and yanked it hard enough to raise her head. "You need a woman as good as me to pleasure you."

She didn’t have to tell her!

"So, I guess that means I can do whatever the fuck I want now." Etta yanked hard, forcing Jamie on her fingers as she involuntarily leaned back, crying out loud enough to echo in the room. "And I want to fuck you until you scream."

Etta Coleman was the kind of woman who kept her promises.

"Oh, my God!" Jamie muffled her mouth with the leather couch as Etta drove into her, sinking her fingers as deep as they could go into Jamie's angled body. They both knew how volatile this position was from plenty of experience over the past year they had been together. Etta could reach parts of Jamie they didn't even know existed!

"Is this what you wanted, my flower? Is this the kind of fucking you've been craving?"

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

"Yes, Mistress..."

"Louder. I want them to hear how good I fuck you."

"Yes, ma'am!"

Etta was a beast. The kind of wild animal who took what she wanted—and she wanted Jamie. Specifically, she wanted her body, the validation her cries of release provided, and the way Jamie held onto her through her climax. When it came. Until then, Jamie was on the receiving end of a woman who would take nothing less than catching her, pinning her to this couch, and taking her from behind as the animal kingdom intended.

It made her feel small, vulnerable, and oh-so-good.

"Fuck me, Mistress!" Jamie gasped in reverie, her whole body shaking against the couch. "Please, fuck me more! Give it to me!"

She shrieked as Etta spanked her the moment those fingers hit Jamie where it mattered most. "You would like that, wouldn't you, my delicate little flower?"

"Oh, God, yes!"

"Do you want to come? Do you want to lose yourself all over the hand of the only Mistress who can ever satisfy you?"

"Yes! Please!"

"And do you want me to make you mine?"

Jamie sucked in her breath, her body shaking on Etta's. "Yes, Mistress! Make me yours!"

Etta grabbed both of Jamie's hips and pulled her back, forcing her fingers as deep as they could go before going at Jamie as if it were the last chance in their mutual life.

Oh my God, I am a fucking sex toy right now. Those were Jamie's favorite moments when wearing the collar. Love and romance existed outside of this blue band around her neck. Right now, her sole purpose was to serve her Mistress, and she best did that by existing and being as sexually available to her as possible. This meant letting Etta fuck her on a stranger's couch to prove she was the best in the house.

That especially meant that.

It also meant opening herself up to her, taking whatever she gave. Her thrusts, her passion, the satisfied moan she made when Jamie came.

"Etta!" She matched Etta's thrusts, willing her to discover what was still left to plunder in such an eager body. That's when Jamie felt the closest to her, physically. Even when turned away. Even when looking at the carpet instead of the eyes of her lover. "Oh, my God!" Etta continued to penetrate her from behind, the sounds of their skin like a thunderous drum in Jamie's head, all through her orgasm.

When Etta finally pulled out, Jamie let out a breathy moan and collapsed onto the couch, her knees wobbly as they carried her down to the floor. She didn't want to look too desperate, but Etta had a way of making her feel things, making her feel like there was nothing else for her but to come for her, and only her.

She sat there with her arms on her knees, her hands together and her eyes closed as

she tried to catch her breath. Etta knelt next to her and ran a hand through her hair. When Jamie looked over at her, she saw that gorgeous smile. Etta gave her a peck on the lips before standing up again and helping Jamie up to her feet.

"Not too bad," she said, smug.

Jamie looked over her shoulder, her body aching for more. "Please fuck me again..." she whimpered. "I need it, ma'am."

"I'm sure you do." Etta pulled down Jamie's skirt, however. "Later. For now, you can be content with that."

Except she wasn't content. That was the problem!

Chapter 7

Natasha

Natasha had worked in worse environments. Really, being cooped up in a cozy study with a fireplace on a cold December evening was far from the worst environment. The only things making it awkward were the irate couples who all thought they had this place to themselves for a weekend... and the six and a half feet tall single woman manning the bar in the other corner.

She's so tall! Natasha knew that Eve was one of the tallest women around, but she never paid attention to how commanding a woman with the last name of Warner could be. It's because she's not wearing three layers of clothing. As the fire continued to roar through the evening, more of Eve's clothing fell off her body. First her black jacket, now draped across the back of the nearest loveseat. Then her royal purple vest, wherever it went. Now she stood with only a white blouse to grace her lean torso. Black slacks ran down the length of her supermodel legs.

Not that Natasha was staring. Natasha never stared. Especially not at Eve when she wasn't looking back.

Charts, dumbass. Natasha turned back to work spread out before her. She had commandeered a small table in the corner of the study and made good use of the high-speed Wi-Fi on Ms. Coleman's work tablet. The boss was currently engaged in a game of charades. And by "engaged," Natasha meant Etta looked drolly on while the rest of the guests attempted good sportsmanship.

Natasha liked charades. That didn't mean she was in a hurry to join in. Not only did she have a ton of work to make a dent in, but the types of things these rich people wanted to act out required a graduate degree to understand. Natasha may have been in the top five percentile of her university class, but it was just a Bachelor's. Was good enough to get me this job. That's what she told herself when she didn't want to admit how much her looks played a part in getting hired.

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

There were charts to analyze, quantify, and put together in small reports that Ms. Coleman would hand out at the next board meeting. Natasha had a background in graphic design that allowed her to do this menial task with little effort. However, even a bit of effort was almost too much right now.

The only way she could concentrate on her work was if she stopped being in the same room as Eve Warner.

Natasha rose from her seat and went to her boss. “What should I do about the charts due on Monday?” she asked, kneeling beside Etta’s seat so she could lower her voice. “Do you want them done tonight or tomorrow?”

“Tonight would be better,” she was quick to respond in her usual gruff manner. “But don’t tax yourself.”

Natasha nodded. “I think I’ll go up to my room and work on them.” It was probably colder up there, but at least she could put on her pajamas and curl up beneath the covers of her guest bed. Maybe play some music too. I’ll need the music to drown out all the lovebirds in this nest. Natasha went back to her table and cleaned up her materials. And my thoughts.

Halfway out of the room, Eve approached her with a glass of cognac. The wordless invitation was there. Not the first time Eve offered her a drink that night. She was offering everyone an endless supply of drinks.

“No thanks,” Natasha mumbled, forcing a small smile of appreciation on her way out.

Sure enough, it was cold in her room. An unlit fireplace offered promises of warmth, but Natasha played with the heater instead. Something softly clanked to life as she grabbed a quilt off an armchair and wrapped it around her at a desk.

Charts. Charts were easier to comprehend now that she had some privacy. No distractions. Just her, a thousand-dollar tablet, a binder full of printouts...

And a head full of naughty, naughty things.

Natasha had no idea where those images came from. Certainly not from her subconscious! Just because a girl suddenly had sex on the brain did not mean she was a nympho.

Why am I thinking about her? Natasha concentrated on a graph showing the steady increase in profits with some investor. Get yourself together, Natasha. True, she had never been in Eve's vicinity for this long before. Usually, they only saw each other at the office, and that was for ten-minute intervals. Intervals full of flirting, but manageable intervals, nonetheless.

The longer Natasha stayed around someone like Eve, the more she realized she had a type.

Until now, Natasha had only dated one type of woman. This "type" consisted solely of women like her: femmes. While Natasha didn't openly identify with her label, she did take it to heart. Frilly things. Feminine things. Pretty things. That was her. When she wasn't threading her fingers through her long, strawberry-blond locks, she was shopping for big purses, high heels, makeup, and the cutest designer dresses her budget allowed. Basically, Natasha was a glutton for all things feminine. While she didn't find masculine women unattractive, they rarely did anything for her.

She liked soft curves. Giggles. Hair that went on for miles right along with a strong

pair of lean legs. Her last serious fling was a Midwestern gal with auburn hair down to the small of her back. She always wore it up in a loose, flirty bun. Our favorite kind of date was going to the spa and spoiling ourselves silly with pedicures and facials.

Eve was a different kind of woman. At the same time? Not different at all.

There was a dark femininity about her. No, not sinister. Lovely dark. Mysterious? Perhaps. Eve Warner wasn't a woman most would call mysterious, though. More like brash and brazen. Beautiful. Bold. Beyond compare. When a woman was one of the richest butch lesbians in the country, she truly was a legendary Diamond Dyke. Eve wore a lot of diamonds. Diamond rings. Diamond earrings. Diamond-studded watches. Her clothes were the same designers as her more feminine, heterosexual friends, but they were cut drastically differently and accentuated various parts of her body. Those collars were meant to show off the length of her neck and the crop of her hair. Those pants gave her the illusion of more hips and the promise of the longest legs. Her heels gave her a gait that was rivaled only by master seductresses. Jamie often talked about meeting women like Eve at the local sports club and seeing them train, both in cardio and strength. Eve worked as hard on her appearance as Natasha did on hers. The outcome? Too radically different to comprehend.

"Okay!" Natasha leaned back in her chair, hands on top of her head. The quilt fell to the floor. "She's hot!"

Not exactly a new revelation but admitting it out loud like that helped Natasha put the whole thing aside and get back to work.

She took a bathroom break an hour later. Unfortunately, she was in one of the few rooms that didn't have its own guest bath. Price one had to pay when she was hired help. Natasha recalled the bathroom across the hall and chose the ten o'clock hour to visit it.

Five minutes later, she emerged to find ascene.

A maid giggled at the other end of the hall. She was young, perhaps twenty-two, and had a healthy tan that glowed beneath her simple black uniform. The woman was also ridiculously short compared to the giant looming over her and making her laugh.

“You get used to it,” Eve said after the maid touched something on the taller woman’s hip. “At first it hurts a lot because of where it is. Anywhere that has a good chunk of bone is going to hurt like the devil. Totally worth it. You want to see more? It goes on a good way.”

More giggles. That maid was going to send herself into a fit at this rate.

Natasha, meanwhile, couldn’t figure out why her cheeks were on fire.

Blushing?Probably.Didn’t take much to make her blush these days. Definitely wasn’t jealousy. Nope.

Because why would Natasha be jealous that the hot woman who always flirted with her would be flirting with someone else? Someoneyounger?

“See?” Eve pulled her pants out farther from her hip. “Wraps down my thigh. I’ll have to be careful for the rest of my life that I don’t stretch it out too much. Good thing I like to work out.”

The housekeeper stifled a squeal.Hussy!What was Eve showing her? A tattoo? She had a tattoo on her hip? Her thigh? Why hadn’t she ever told Natasha that? Why hadn’t she ever offered to showhera hot tattoo?

Eve glanced up and caught Natasha looking in their direction. “Garnet Rose Studio is who did it. Hardest place to get an appointment. Of course, I got one the day after I

requested a consultation.”

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Were women any different from men in this regard? Always flaunting...

“Excuse me,” Eve put her hand on the maid’s shoulder. “I’m keeping you from work.”

The housekeeper was not happy to shuffle away and get back to her duties. It may have been night at a winter villa, but seven important guests demanded careful attention. Doubtlessly, the maid was needed downstairs to make sure the wet bar stayed stocked and all messes cleaned up promptly. How kind and thoughtful for Eve to consider this on the maid’s behalf.

Even more thoughtful of her to bridge the gap between her and Natasha with a few lazy strides. With legs that long? Accomplished in as little as seven steps.

“Fancy running into you here.” Eve leaned against the wall, body acting as a barricade – not that Natasha had to move more than a few feet to walk around her. “Roam the halls much?”

Natasha had two options. She could continue to be her standoffish self around Eve... or she could let her guard down a teensy bit. Wouldn’t want to give her the wrong idea. “Sometimes. You flirt with every woman you come across or only the cute ones?”

“Close.” Eve didn’t flinch. “I flirt with every woman who looks open to being flirted with.” Her eyes narrowed at Natasha.

Don’t take the bait. Don’t take the bait! “So, you think I’m open to being flirted with

all the time, huh?”

“That would be the interpretation, yes.”

Natasha shifted from one foot to the other. Eyes averted. The only thing she managed to do was bite her lip. That was a habit she picked up to the sun when she was in college and determined to have the hardest face in her sociology class.

“But...” Eve did a half-turn. “If you don’t want me to flirt with you, I won’t. If that’s the case, you will also be happy to know that I won’t be coming by your office anymore. Helen decided she should take that chore over from now on. I’m sure you understand.”

Vaguely. All Natasha knew was that Eve’s sister was the fiancé of Ms. Coleman’s ex-girlfriend. In some circles that would make them enemies.

Natasha wasn’t paid to know that kind of information. She was paid to know who was coming by the office that day and field any calls coming in. Anything more than that and she risked getting called nosy and having her Christmas bonus lowered. As it was, she was looking forward to sending her parents on a nice trip for their upcoming thirtieth anniversary.

Now Natasha was presented with two possibilities. She could let things go, and Eve would probably disappear from her life. The flip side to that was... Eve would disappear from her life, rarely to flirt with her again.

They weren’t even at work right now!

When she first started working for Ms. Coleman, Natasha had to sit through half an afternoon’s worth of HR drivel. Most of it was about how bad it was to fraternize with coworkers – especially Ms. Coleman, ahem, not that it stopped her from opening

a flirtation with Natasha shortly after she started working – and clients. However, as Ms. Coleman had told her in their one-on-one at the end of the day, Natasha would soon find herself in a unique situation. “Forgive me, Ms. Gaige, but you are a conventionally beautiful woman, and you are young. There will be many unscrupulous people who come through that door to make you uncomfortable with their advancements. Please know that you are under no obligation to return such flirtations. If you are made to feel uncomfortable, let me know, and I will deal with it. Your comfort and ability to work in peace are a priority.”

Natasha was able to handle the rich old men – and some of the young ones – without much issue. It was the women her little gay heart was never prepared for.

Even if she was pretty sure she wasn’t interested in romance, let alone sex. Earlier relationships had taught her that. Or was she the type who only got the urge around very select people... that she had been exposed to multiple times?

“You won’t be coming by anymore?”

Eve shrugged. “Family business, dear. Don’t have much control over it. I’m but a pawn in my family’s games. It’s amazing I have as much freedom as I do.”

“I suppose.” Natasha could shrug too. “Too bad. I was starting to look forward to you coming in and making me feel special.”

Was that spit choking Eve’s throat? Ha!

“Special, huh?”

“What, you think it’s easy being a pretty girl like me?” Natasha tossed her bushy blond locks over her shoulder. “Every day all these rich men come in and act like they are the best thing to ever happen to me. Do you know how many flirt with me? I

could have my pick of billionaires. Even when I was dating men,” she didn’t mention that was as little as a year ago, “I turned them all down. You know why? I was waiting for a woman instead. A woman who could compete with those pretentious fuckers and show me what it’s like to really be flirted with.”

She knew she had pushed some powerful buttons. What Natasha didn’t expect, however, was that she would soon find herself against the wall, staring up into Eve’s bright blue eyes.

Eve and her sister were giants of genetics in any world, let alone the one Natasha had started working in two years ago. Not only height, either – anyone could say that the Warners were infamous for being over six feet tall. Monique was the first addition to the family who didn’t come anywhere near that height at a petite five feet. No, what shocked whole rooms into silence was the ridiculous Scandinavian genes that would make the ignorant think that blond hair and blue eyes were dominant. Like the pair of eyes Natasha stared into now. Big. Bright. Icy blue. Natasha knew lots of women who would pay big money to have contacts that made their eyes that color. To actually see real ones? Glowing? Gazing? It was enough to make even the most low-libido lesbian’s knees buckle beneath the pressure.

Cheekbones that could slice the air she breathed. Ears as long as they were dainty. Perfectly groomed hair that looked so effortless Natasha almost bought that Eve didn’t spend an hour a day on it. And that was from the neck up.

Anyone who told Natasha that she was an “exotic” beauty had never met a Warner.

“You still don’t know what it’s like. If I think I have a real chance, I won’t back down. You’d have to slap me.”

An excuse to touch those smooth cheeks? Dare Natasha be tempted?

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“Men, women... we’re not too different in the end,” Eve continued. “When we want a woman, it’s with the same amount of fervor. We women are merely conditioned to hold our passion back. You think my mother didn’t try to smack the flirtatious nature out of me? You should’ve seen me in high school.”

I should have, yeah. Natasha had accepted her desire for girls when she was a mere sixteen. There was no way she would have been able to turn Eve down back then like she was accustomed to now.

“I bet you got all the girls.” Was she trembling? Natasha better not be trembling.

“Sometimes. There certainly are a lot of pretty heiresses out there right now who will never admit to having slept with another girl, let alone this one. I’ve forgotten them, though. Women who won’t own up to who they are don’t interest me. Unlike you. Everyone knows you’re gay too, and you’ve never denied it.”

“Why would I deny it?” Truth be told, Natasha never openly told anyone but Ms. Coleman and later her assistant Jamie (now girlfriend and HR could suck it) that she was gay. She didn’t believe Ms. Coleman was the kind to spread that information around. It was probably one of the others in the office who overheard me. Natasha had to shoot the boss down in the executive office break room as some guy waltzed in.

“Maybe it’s because of my world of privilege,” Eve began, “but it takes balls we weren’t born with to be open about that sort of thing. So, I admire a woman of any appearance who completely owns who she is.”

Any appearance?

Eve leaned against the wall. No wonder. Not only was another maid approaching, but Eve's best friend Kathleen was rushing by with her partner, en route to their room. Good thing the guest suites were padded enough that Natasha didn't have to listen to it. I'd die. And blush. Like now. Fuck.

"Happy couples. Hmph."

Okay, that made Natasha chuckle.

"Don't you get sick of it?" Eve's arms were crossed. "Everyone is pairing up in this world. I'm telling you, my sister and Monique are only the tip of the iceberg. After their wedding in February, there are going to be a lot more coming up."

"You know something about those two that I don't?"

"Huh? Oh my God, them?" Eve laughed. Nay, guffawed. "The day Kathleen marries anyone will be a cold one in hell. She'll marry me first. In fact, she's more than once drunkenly implied we should get hitched."

"Have you two...?"

"No. Trust me, I've tried. Many times."

Yeah, that was too good to be true. Natasha always wanted to hear about more heiresses coming out, but it rarely happened. Eve was the highest profile one. Also, one of the most reviled, based on the gossip Natasha unfortunately heard here and there.

Once the coast was clear, Eve said, "So, anyway, what I meant by appearances is that women like me," she gestured to her hair and clothes, "don't have much choice about coming out if we want to express ourselves. I admire you more feminine types for

owning it.”

“You think I own it?”

“Of course I do. Don’t you think there should be more femme lesbian representation?”

Eve gave her a cursory glance. Hot damn those lashes. Eve sure knew how to use makeup to her advantage. Natasha felt like a bumbling mess in comparison. “I think we should have all the representation. Every kind of lesbian and bisexual girl. Let’s take over the media. You, me, everyone.” Her hand grazed Natasha’s. “Wouldn’t mind getting papped with you in Miami.”

Natasha played with a chunk of her hair. “I’ve never been to Miami.”

“Hm? That so? It’s a fun place. Going there in February for the bachelorette party.”

Natasha glanced at her. “Do you actually like me? Or do you flirt with me because you flirt with everyone who pings your radar?”

Maybe it was the words. Maybe it was the tone. Either way, Eve snorted incredulously. “I would never flirt with a woman I wouldn’t want to take things to the next level with.”

The words were out of Natasha’s mouth before she could check them. “I was hoping you would say that.”

“Uh-huh. So, she does like me.” Eve may be crossing every limb she had, but her casual posture was more than inviting. “Why are you always playing hard to get, then?”

“What can I say? I’m a romantic at heart. I want a woman to work to have a piece of this. And...” No. Now wasn’t the time to open the can of worms about the “ace” label. In her experience, people didn’t even try to understand it. The nuances. The shifting parameters. How a whole group of attractive people could keep Natasha perpetually turned off while one lucky woman made her do a double-take... and she wasn’t sure how she felt about that.

Eve’s eyes went up, then down. Up. Down. Up. Down. Face. Tits. Hips. Ass. What piece was she thinking of taking? Even Natasha was impressed that she had said something like that. It’s like admitting I want her too. Her lips twitched. Suddenly, poor Natasha was hyper-aware of her body and what it looked like. Oh, God, Eve couldn’t see the cellulite, could she? That didn’t show up through a dress, right? Or the fact her breasts weren’t as perky without a bra as they used to be? Would someone like Eve care about that? In Natasha’s experience, hungry women like Eve fell into two categories: those who loved every part of every woman’s body, and those who could make a girl cry with one mean comment.

“Time to cut the crap.” Whoa. Where did that growl come from? And how could Natasha hear more of it? It went straight to her stomach and lit a fire in her thighs! For the first time in years! “Do you want to do it or not?”

It certainly wasn’t romantic, but for a woman who declared herself a romantic, Natasha sure didn’t care about such things now. Sometimes blunt and direct talk was more arousing than the flowers and bullshit.

Chapter 8

Monique

“Did you hear that?”

Helen sat up, three chains hanging from her hands. Monique was halfway tied up, her arms hooked behind her back and her ankles twisting to gain purchase on the bed.

“No,” Helen said, going back to strapping up her fiancée. “What was it?”

Monique shifted on her legs, trying to reclaim the tenderness she felt only a few moments ago when Helen started tying her arms behind her back. The chains Monique packed in her suitcase were her favorite for traveling. They fit nicely into any nook and cranny, and airport security didn’t think “kinky” at first glance. No, that judgment was saved for whatever sex toy or vibrator she managed to get in there. Or handcuffs. Handcuffs were great for trips in the car, no matter where they were in the world. Pretty soon she’ll have Topped me on every continent. That included Antarctica.

“I thought I heard some moaning.” Monique quickly went back on her words. “I mean... not the fun kind. The creepy kind.”

Helen tugged on the chains. They were loose enough around Monique’s wrists that she could release herself from them at will... but why would she? A woman like her preferred the pressure of, ‘You belong to me, and I get to do whatever I want to you.’ When Helen laid her down on the bed, straddling her hips as she removed her

dress, Monique swooned.

“I think this place might be haunted.”

The sweaterdress Helen wore that day dangled from her hand. For a woman about to toss it over the side of the bed, she now looked like she didn't know what to do with it.

“That's a bold statement,” she said. “What gives you that idea?”

“Ooooh.”

“There it is again.” Monique craned her head toward the bedroom door. “It's a ghost.”

“Either that or my sister thinks she's cute... again.”

“Now, Helen.”

“She was rough on Halloween.”

Monique rolled her eyes. Eve, with one too many drinks in her system that Halloween, came home with the bright idea to throw a sheet over her head and wander around her sister's wing of the manor making ghost noises. Helen was so weirded out by it that when she erupted from her chambers the door went right into her sister's face and nearly broke her nose. At least it sobered her up.

“Let's not talk about your sister right now.”

Helen planted both hands on either side of Monique's head, lowering her nose until they both touched.

“I did the right thing dragging her up here, right?”

The hell did I just say? They weren't having a role-play scene, but Monique didn't dare talk back to her Domme when they were making love. Ruined the fantasy for her and Helen.

“I think you did what was best for your family,” she said. “She's been stressed out lately. I never went to grad school, but I can imagine it being tough, especially since she seems to take it seriously.” Most of their fellow millionaires and billionaires went to grad school as a matter of course and scooted by with the bare minimum of effort and donations. Not Eve. She was determined to get good feedback so she could prove to her sister that she was ready to take on responsibilities in the family business. But this meant the clashing of a dominant, no-nonsense personality with the rigid world of graduate business school.

“So, I did the right thing making her disconnect for a weekend?”

“You did the right thing.” Monique winced as a chain dug into her wrist. “Now, dear, I would greatly appreciate it if we could continue. I'm about to turn into a pumpkin.”

Helen nipped her lips. “It's barely ten-thirty.”

“By the time we're finished, it will be the midnight hour.” Helen's ability to go again and again was incomparable. Especially when compared to the other Dommess in the house. Well, I only know about Etta. For all Monique knew, Ira held the record for most consecutive orgasms.

“Hey, there, Miss Cloudy Eyes.” Helen patted Monique's face to get her attention again. “How about we focus on me? I need attention.”

“Of course, dear. I wouldn't dream of giving anyone but you attention.”

Helen sat back up, her muscles flexing with every subtle movement. Tease me some more, why don't you? Seemed like Monique rarely got to see her fiancée like this. Even when they made love, Helen was either naked in the dark or wearing almost all her clothes. It was Monique who ended up nude or nearly naked by the time Helen took her.

“Nobody but me, huh? What are you implying, Monique? That you’ve been thinking about someone else tonight?”

Page 21

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Monique wanted to roll her eyes again but instead focused on the far-off ghostly sounds she heard once more. “I wouldn’t say that at all.”

“Well, there are a few other capable dominants here tonight. You’re human. It makes sense, I suppose.” Helen patted Monique’s legs, so they opened around her.

Glad I didn’t put my underwear back on after getting out of the bath. A bath laced with luxurious bubbles and plenty of cuddling. The woman knows how to bathe with her lover. I almost fell asleep. Again. Wouldn’t be the first time Monique fell asleep in Helen’s arms during a bath, especially after sex.

“I swear I didn’t think a single naughty thought about them, ma’am.” Monique knew how to play this game. In fact, she rather hoped it would end with her getting just punishment. As good as it felt having that dominating quickie in the office, Monique could go for something a bit more... involved. “I only have eyes for you.”

“That’s what you say, but I know for a fact that you know the touch of at least one of those women. Not to mention...” Helen snorted. “Hearing that spectacle earlier...”

“I could’ve anticipated that.” Monique knew how Etta Coleman worked, in more ways than one. They were better in the bedroom than as a couple. I much prefer Helen’s brand, though. Cool, confident, unbothered... even if another Domme was dragging her girlfriend into another room to fuck her brains out as loudly as possible.

The whole house had heard Jamie screaming. Monique would have been jealous except she was still placated from earlier.

“You’re trying to tell me that it didn’t even get you the littlest bit worked up?”

“Why, Helen?” Monique lifted her hips, guiding her thighs toward her fiancée’s. “Did you get worked up again hearing that? Or were you thinking about her fucking me like that?” She smiled, unleashing the devil from within. “Because she has.”

“Now, my princess...” Helen’s voice was laced with warning. “No need to be so ornery. You’ve already won me. I still want you.”

Monique’s smile widened. “You want me even more now.”

“I’m not that kind of woman.”

“Yes, you are. Every woman is that kind of woman.”

Helen grinned back at her. “I think you want every woman to be that woman.”

“Perhaps. Can you be that kind of woman for me, Helen?”

“For you, my dear, I’ll be any woman you want and then some.”

The smile on Monique’s face could have torn her apart. “Prove it.”

She wasn’t sure what she had asked for, exactly, but she was pretty sure she was going to appreciate it.

“Now, now.” Helen pulled Monique closer to her, her firm body pressing against Monique’s skin. Through her winter leggings, of course. Helen wasn’t the type to get naked in fewer than five seconds. She liked to... draw things out. Another thing Monique greatly appreciated. “You don’t get to tell me what to do, sweetheart. Especially after you’ve been fantasizing about other Dommies. And right before

Christmas? I think you want to break my heart. Instead...” Helen reached into Monique’s purse, perched on the far side of the bed. What goodies are you going for, dear? “I’ll break your body.”

Demure vibrations hit Monique’s thigh. Uh oh.

When the tiny vibrator struck her clit, she nearly bolted away from Helen and toppled over the side of the bed.

“Ah!” The pulsations were intense, and she knew that was on the lowest setting. Yet it rubbed against her, sending wave after wave of vibrations through her body – well, mostly her center. Monique involuntarily released her arousal all over her skin, much to Helen’s amusement.

“The one thing I’ve gathered from you in the time we have known each other, Monique,” Helen said, trailing the vibrator up her fiancée’s abdomen and to the base of her breasts, “is that you’re very, very easy to arouse. All it takes is the promise of aggressive sex, and you’re like a rocket ready to pop off.” To prove her point, Helen rested the tiny vibe on top of Monique’s breast, letting it stimulate her already sensitive nipple until she moaned, legs shaking, arms jerking in their chains. “No wonder you let your mind stray to other Dommies.”

I don’t...Shit, she had almost forgotten what they were doing.

“Do you confess?” Helen moved the vibrator to Monique’s other nipple. “Or do I need to torture you some more?”

She glanced at the state of her body, seeing two peaked nipples that begged to have Helen suck them. She would, too, if Monique behaved and did as she was told. Just tell me what to do... I will do it. Monique was never not putty in Helen’s hands.

“I confess...” She bit her lip, feeling her nipple nearly bruise beneath the weight of those vibrations. “I was thinking of another woman.”

“I don’t have to ask which one. I know. A woman never forgets her previous Dommies and how good they made her feel.”

Wasn’t that the truth?

“Tell me, my princess,” Helen said, voice low and grating. She held the vibrator up, still going, struggling helplessly to touch any patch of skin it could. “How do I compare to her?”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Monique wavered between fantasy and reality. Most people didn't want to hear the answer to that question. They couldn't handle it. But Helen wasn't like most women. Usually, when she asked a question, even during a role-play, she wanted to hear the truth, for better or worse.

"She was stricter than you, ma'am." That was the truth. The thing Monique liked most about being in a relationship with Etta was that she knew how to stimulate Monique's need to serve and be controlled. The only problem was that she didn't know how to live that life forever. Almost as if that's how I am. She wasn't like Jamie, who had a more domineering personality. "You give me a lot of leeway with your orders."

"Is that so?" The vibrator returned to Monique's nipple, arching her back as she gasped. "Did her being strict with you turn you on? Did she reward you well?"

"Yes, ma'am..." Monique closed her eyes. Her head was close to the edge of the bed, and with one minor adjustment, her hair spilled over. "Whenever I obeyed, she rewarded me."

"With what?"

"Sex."

"What kind of sex, Monique? I want to know what rewards you obey so well for."

She whimpered, feeling the vibrator move from her nipple to her cleavage, then to her other nipple. "She would go down on me, sometimes."

“And?” The vibrator pushed harder against Monique’s nipple. So hard that she lost more of her arousal to her thighs. Helen chuckled to see it.

Once the pleasure subsided, Monique said, “She’d fuck me.”

“Let me guess your favorite position.”

Helen moved as if she were about to flip Monique over and take her from behind. Jolts of anticipation struck her, and it had nothing to do with the vibrator.

“Kidding.” Helen sat back, stroking Monique’s slick thighs. “I’ll tell you what. Do what I say, and you’ll get an even better reward than she could ever give you.”

Monique sighed in relief. “Yes, Mistress. What is your wish, ma’am?” Those words were almost too hard to say. Breath was too precious.

“Oh, I am a woman with simple needs, Monique.” The vibrator rubbed against her folds. “Impress me with how hard you come from this, and I’ll reward you.”

Another shot of that ghostly sound hit Monique’s ears, but she ignored it. “Yes, ma’am. I’ll prove myself worthy of your reward, Ms. Warner.”

That wouldn’t be hard to accomplish. Not when the vibrator lingered on her clit before slipping halfway into her spread opening.

There were many layers of vulnerability, and Monique felt like she was experiencing all of them at once. Her open legs shook around Helen’s hips, inviting her to look deep within, past her skin, past her hair, past the wetness spilling from her with every tiny, climactic convulsion.

Then there was how Helen drank her in, her hand rubbing Monique’s breast, lips

curling in need – but laced in restraint – to suck her. When she finally succumbed, Helen wrapped both lips around her lace-covered nipple and lashed her tongue against it. Monique shuddered as the first hard wave of orgasm crashed into her.

“Oh, God!” The vibrations below and the sucking above combined to take her to a plane of reality that she didn’t even know existed. It was the power of machine, unrelenting and perpetual, and the passion of her Domme – almost as unrelenting and perpetual. Helen’s human limitations were nowhere to be seen right now.

Helen lifted her head and whispered into Monique’s ear as she began to ride out her orgasm. “Show me what I get if I choose to reward you.”

She wanted a show. Monique was hopped up enough on her orgasm to do that.

“Shit!” She didn’t usually curse during sex, but sometimes the situation called for it. Like when her whole body was being taken over by her desire to fuck this woman and show her how worthy she was. “Helen! Please!”

“Please, what?” The vibrator remained lodged inside her, forcing Monique to live through another orgasm as it instantly claimed her. “As hot as you are right now, I need better than that.”

“Please fuck me!” Monique wanted to clutch her, but her bound arms made that impossible. The chains dug into her back. The soreness spreading through her was exactly what she needed to know that she had done well. “Please, Mistress!”

That was blunt. But Monique was crazed, and when she got that way, she came dangerously close to losing her manners in front of her Domme. The woman liked it, though. Whether she said she would or not, she always rewarded it.

“Why do you want something like that, hm?” Helen drove the vibrator deeper, thumb

and forefinger following. Monique cried out, legs jerking in the air as her frustration exploded. It was orgasmic, and yet it wasn't good enough. She wanted to feel Helen fill her with more.

“Aren't you getting all the pleasure you need right now?”

Monique tried to answer, but her words were a mess of pleasurable noises.

“I see. Fact of the matter is, you're always hungry for more. Are you ever satisfied?”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Monique thought about the good feelings Helen had given her so far that day. Not only in the office but right here, using her mouth and fingers to make her come multiple times. Yes, I want more. I'm still not satisfied.

"No, ma'am!" The vibrator buzzed within her, threatening her inner walls with more stimulation. She was so wet by now that Helen struggled to keep her fingers and the toy inside her. "Please! Satisfy me!"

"You're loud." Helen pulled the vibrator out and tossed it onto the other end of the bed. When the vibrations finally subsided in Monique's body, she realized so much of the tension in her core came from her undying need for her Domme to pleasure her more directly. I think I might actually be dying.

"You want the whole house to hear us having sex?"

The words fell from Monique's lips before she could control them. "Yes!"

"Very well." Helen perused the purse of plenty once more. God only knew what Monique had packed! My favorites. All of them. Most women brought their phone, makeup, and wallet, but no, not her. Not the madam of a house of ill-repute. Monique had thrown in chains, a vibrator, and...

Yes, that was a strap-on. Her favorite one, of course.

Monique continued to hold her legs open, counting all the prayers she had uttered over the past five minutes.

“Be loud so everyone knows how well I fuck the insatiable woman,” Helen said.

The sound bursting from Monique’s throat when Helen effortlessly thrust into her sounded almost inhuman. Like a roar, but more feminine, the lioness succumbing to what she wanted all along. Helen hooked her hands beneath Monique’s knees and pushed them up, taking her with every drop of energy she had.

She held up her end of the bargain by being as loud as she dared. Feeling Helen fuck her—hard, deep, and rough enough to stretch her—made that easy enough. I’m the happiest woman in the world when I’m fucked by this woman. She knew how to angle into her, how to stroke her sensitive core, and how to go at the right speed to see her breasts shake for her—but not so fast that she ran out of energy too soon.

Besides, there were other ways to send Monique Grant to the moon.

“Oh!” Helen lurched forward, shoving Monique halfway off the bed. She held her down by the abdomen with one hand, steadying her, keeping her safe as she thrust into her and watched her head dip toward the floor. “Holy shit, Helen!”

“Holy shit is right...” Her hands grabbed Monique’s breasts, her strap-on continuing to reach deep within her. “You are so fucking hot.”

Those were the words she said, yet Monique could barely parse them. The blood was rushing to her head, making her woozy to the point of heightening her senses while also threatening to knock her out.

She had to come. She had to come now, and hard.

“Take me, Helen! Please!” The more she begged, the more she wanted it.

“Oh, I am.”

She didn't have to finish her thought. Monique knew what she was thinking. Right now.

Feeling new pulsations—not from the vibrator, but from Helen—sent Monique through new experiences. The blood in her head, the woman inside her, and the thoughts swarming her body conspired to make her come the hardest yet, her body urging Helen to go as fast as she dared. With what little sanity she had left, Monique concentrated on riding out her orgasm, channeling the climactic energy to her inner muscles that inspired Helen's release.

“Come for me, Helen...” At least pretend.

Her hands snatched Monique's shoulders, pulling her onto her strap-on as everything that was once dark was now hot, burning light.

“Helen!”

No matter how many times she cried that name, it never felt wrong or too tired. How could it be when it only brought Monique closer to Helen's heart? As she groaned in approval and left her fiancée spent for the second time that day, Helen eased Monique back onto the bed and curled two delicate arms around her.

“Monique.”

Her effort to cry her name was instead a mere, breathless whisper. Monique snorted in amusement, her senses returning to her the longer she stayed in Helen's arms.

“Do you think anyone heard us?”

Helen slapped her hand against her forehead. “I have no idea. I don't care. I'm too satisfied to care.” She lowered her hand, looking at Monique through languid eyes.

“Are you satisfied, Princess?”

Monique kissed her bare chest, feeling like a spoiled princess as she remained tight in her embrace. “I am very satisfied, Ms. Warner. Probably too satisfied to keep going tonight.”

“Unfortunately, me too.”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“Unfortunately? Isn’t it a good thing if we agree on that?”

“I suppose so.”

The sound reappeared. Outside of the room but penetrating enough to enter Monique’s ear. What in the world is that? It was getting on her nerves.

“I think you might be right, love,” Helen said, rubbing Monique’s arm. “I think this place might be haunted. I don’t even believe in that sort of thing.”

“You know what I do believe in?” Monique turned against her, inhaling Helen’s musky scent as her hand dipped into her leggings and lovingly touched her favorite toy for them to share. “Moments like these. I don’t care if our plans were disrupted this weekend, Helen. We’re together, making love, and that’s all that matters.”

“Indeed. Besides, we have our whole lives to make plans. We’ve still got Christmas coming up, and then our honeymoon after the wedding...”

“Don’t skip over the wedding, Helen. That’s the most romantic thing of all!”

“I wouldn’t know much about it. I’ve never been married. And you’ve done the planning.”

“Oh, don’t remind me.” Monique squeezed her chest. “I’m loving this weekend for getting me away from that. You think your sister is stressed out? At least she’s doing grad school and not planning a 500-person wedding.”

“Now, Monique... be fair.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Helen was quiet, her body relaxing into a doze as Monique breathed on her skin. She was content with joining her... until she heard that strange sound again.

“Oooh.”

The moment she realized what it was, Helen also opened her eyes and cursed her blasted luck.

Chapter 9

Kathleen

There was one way to beat the cold, especially in a guest room with a gas fireplace on the fritz. And that one way was to take a shower, put on pajamas, get under the covers, and go down on the hottest pussy in the house.

Such was Kathleen’s lot at ten that night. Well, I told her I would earlier. She wasn’t a woman to go back on her word unless she had a damn good reason. And, really, being so cold that she only wanted to get beneath the covers and fool around was a good reason.

It was supposed to be one of those relaxing moments together. Kathleen wasn’t in a hurry to get Ira off. If anything, she was looking forward to enjoying this evening as much as she could. Didn’t we come up here with the intent of romance? Some women would argue whether getting a mouthful of hair was romantic, but Kathleen didn’t care what those women thought. All she knew was that she got a huge kick out of bringing Ira to the edge and then pushing her back again.

Tonight wasn't about edging, however. Kathleen's tongue and lips only cared about bringing Ira relaxation. Meanwhile, she would enjoy it as well.

"You're gorgeous down there," Ira said, amazingly in control for someone who had been getting it good for the past ten minutes. Then again, her voice was laced with desire. She just wasn't about to ram her crotch in her girlfriend's face and break her nose for the sake of an orgasm. Thank God. I need some warning for that, thanks.

Kathleen raised her brows and looked her girlfriend in the hazel eyes. The comforter covered the top of her head, but she could still see some things... like the haughty look radiating from Ira Mathison, the only one who would tell Kathleen she looked gorgeous eating her out.

She eased off, taking a deep breath as she grinned and delicately massaged Ira's mound. "I'd like to think I look gorgeous no matter what I do for you."

"Well, yes."

Ira brushed the hair out of Kathleen's face. For a moment, they shared a level of intimacy that made her blush. She loved Ira and told her as much all the time. Ira loved her and took good care of her, in and out of the bedroom – or office, she supposed. Yet having her hair brushed out of her eyes like that while she rubbed her nose along Ira's musky body made her feel like a silly girl again. Some people have that power, I guess. It could be such a pain in the ass.

"I'm serious." Ira did an admirable job sounding as such while her girlfriend nuzzled her nose in untamed body hair. "You look gorgeous all the time. Why would now be any different?"

Kathleen kissed her partner's thigh. "Your mood sure has changed from earlier."

“Oh, that? You mean when I was doing exactly what you wanted? Excuse me.”

“No, excuse me, my prince.”

“She’s calling me a prince!”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“I do that all the time.”

“Not on a whim like that.” Ira gathered a chunk of Kathleen’s hair into her hand and gave it a gentle tug. “After earlier, I didn’t think you would care to do things like that.”

“I was being facetious. Hm. And now you’re being mouthy, but not in the way that benefits me.”

“Shut up.”

“Chop-chop. Back to lickin’.”

Sometimes Ira could be so...so... exasperating. Kathleen knew she did it purposely to get on her girlfriend’s nerves, but sometimes she was too much!

At any rate, Kathleen knew how to get back at her.

She wrapped her mouth over her again, eyes never leaving Ira’s as her tongue danced circles around her clit and her hand teased her relaxed entrance. Ira cursed in ecstasy. Yeah, she thought she liked this now?

Kathleen stretched a mouth as far as she could, determined to cover the entirety of Ira’s mound, hair and all. I’m going to do it. By God, I will show her...But Kathleen wouldn’t be able to do it unless she figured out where to rest her tongue for the next few minutes.

Then she brought out her teeth and grazed the sensitive skin of Ira's slit.

"Fuck!" She never admitted to loving Kathleen's teeth on her. Indeed, if Kathleen weren't as experienced as she was in the art of pleasing a partner who lied back and enjoyed her oral sex... she wouldn't even dare.

However, she trusted herself. Ira trusted her. That's all that mattered as she drew her teeth up and down Ira's nether lips, tongue and hand doing the brunt of the work. Ira became simultaneously more relaxed and stiffer as her wetness covered Kathleen's tongue and promised more to come. If Kathleen knew what she was doing.

Oh, I do.

The moment Kathleen closed her eyes so she could enjoy this, Ira made the strangest sound. A pained moan came from the depths of her soul.

Kathleen stopped. "You okay?" she asked, pushing back the bed covers so she could get a better look at Ira, who blinked a thousand times before bringing herself back to reality.

"Yeah? Why the hell wouldn't I be fine?"

"You made a weird sound."

"Huh? I thought that was you."

Kathleen heard it again. It was coming from outside their room. "What the fuck is that?"

If Ira cared, she sure as hell wasn't going to show it. She put her hand on Kathleen's head and pushed her back down. "Busy, Katie. We're too busy to give a shit."

I have half a mind to bite her. Yet Kathleen couldn't say no to finishing the job she started. She blocked out any sounds other than her heavy breaths and Ira's steady ones coursing through her body. Besides, she would much rather feel Ira's heat and taste what made her so...her. Kathleen's teeth and tongue agreed, stimulating Ira in unison.

"I'm gonna come if you keep that up." Finally, tension entered Ira's voice. Kathleen rewarded her excitement with a hum on her lips. A hum that got her more wetness and a shudder in the body beneath her. "Yup. Definitely gonna come. You better be ready, Katie."

If Kathleen weren't ready, she would have stopped, wouldn't she?

Don't hold back. Oh, boy, would she have loved to hear that come out of Ira's mouth...

Instead, they both had to make do with what soon surged against her mouth.

"Hang on, babe, I'm..." Yes, yes, I know. I can tell, thanks. Ira's thighs swelled with heat, and her pussy pulsed in the impending climax. Not to mention the way her fingers dug into Kathleen's scalp!

The best thing about going down on Ira? She was a silent screamer. Sure, she may have gasped or grunted, but most of the time her orgasms were as soft as she was during the act itself. She let her body speak on her behalf.

That was fine with Kathleen, who was happy to let it happen.

She felt the moment Ira relaxed under her, breath coming out in long sighs. Her body sank into the mattress, no longer in the mood to fight the sheets. Kathleen pulled her head away from Ira's pussy to find it glistening.

“Fucking hell,” Ira muttered, collapsing into her pillow. “That was fantastic.”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Kathleen decided it was too cold outside of her comfy bubble, so she relegated herself to Ira's thighs, where she pressed her cheek against skin. "You always know how to sweet-talk me."

"I'd ask you to get up here and cuddle with me, but you seem pretty cozy down there."

"Indeed I am. Although I suppose we should go to bed soon."

"Why?" Ira slammed her arm down onto the bed, sighing. "We're not doing anything tomorrow except hearing about Etta Coleman's mycological discoveries." She snorted through flared nostrils. "Or her pussy discoveries, based on that bullshit earlier."

Kathleen buried her face deeper into Ira's body. Her hair tickles. "That was hot."

"I knew you were getting turned on."

"I mean, once I realized what was happening, all I could think about was sex again, so..."

"Oh, my slutty nymph. What a treasure you are to me."

Kathleen laughed. Earlier, in the study, she and Ira began hearing what sounded suspiciously like Etta fucking her girlfriend Jamie in the other room—assuming the girl screamed like that, and Etta herself could sound like a pack of wolves on the prowl. Shivers went down Kathleen's spine then, and they went down it again now.

Even though she had been thoroughly fucked by her partner earlier, she still got wet listening to that young woman take her Mistress like a pro. Adyingpro, but a pro, nonetheless!

Wonder how that Domme fucks. Either she was a total stud, or Jamie Joy was that easily entertained on the other end of a woman's lovemaking. This is Etta Coleman we're talking about. She could be a virgin, but I don't doubt she'd know what to do once in the thick of it.

"What in the world are you thinking about?"

Kathleen dug her short nails into the hair growing at the top of Ira's thigh. "Aw, someone who wants to know what I'm thinking after sex."

"You know I'm in love with you, then." Ira chuckled. "Because I think you are the only woman I've asked that in my whole life."

"It's because you know I'm thinking about sex. Or at least you. You and sex."

"Uh-huh. Are you joining me up here or not? I'm itching to hold you in these arms." Ira flexed her biceps, which appeared out of nowhere to impress her girlfriend.

"No way. It's actually warm down here."

"Kathleen Marguerite Allen." Ira pulled back the cover, exposing Kathleen to the cold air that did not affect her. "Get your hot ass up here and cuddle me, damnit!"

"Oh my God." As chills—and not the sexy kind—overtook her, Kathleen heaved herself up the bed and landed in Ira's hold. She pulled the covers behind her, but they didn't quite make it up. Neither of them missed how Kathleen's nipples suddenly speared her T-shirt. Again, not in the sexy way. They're gonna freeze off. Then I'm

suing Ira. She grinned at the thought. She would be made to pay with oral sex at least once a day and a deep fucking every other. Oh, and she would fully submit to me once a week!

“There, that’s not so bad.” Ira readjusted them both until Kathleen was snugly in the crook of her arm, their legs entwining. “And neither are these.” Ira’s hand reached around and squeezed one of Kathleen’s breasts.

“You’re so whiny and grabby.” Kathleen didn’t mean that. Well, maybe she meant that tonight, but Ira only acted this way when she was in the mood to give Kathleen a big, hard time. “It’s because you’re such a mama’s kid.”

“Let’s leave my mother out of this, please.”

“As you wish, my prince.”

Ira pressed down upon her, kissing Kathleen’s lips with languished certainty. “I love it when you call me that.”

Their kiss ended when Ira couldn’t stand that position any longer. She leaned back, stretching both arms above her head as if she were the luckiest asshole in the universe. She probably thought she was.

“Ira.”

“Yeah?” She was already half-asleep.

“You deleted those pics I sent you off your phone, right?”

“Which ones?”

“You know which ones.”

“No, I’m afraid I don’t know if you mean the ones of your hot snatch or you dressed up like a hot teacher with your titshanging out. They were separate occasions, and thus warrant different discussions.”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“Please tell me you deleted those. I sent them to you in moments of utter weakness because I got so horny when we were apart.”

“I deleted them, don’t worry.”

“Thank God.”

“You know those things still exist on some server somewhere, right?”

“Shut up, Ira.” Kathleen patted her chest. “Besides, let’s think about how well I fucked myself both of those nights. Thinking about you, of course.”

“Of course. Who else would you think about? I’m the only one who makes you make that sound when I get all up in your business with my Avalon.” She referred to her preferred line of packers that let her live the kind of life she liked best.

Kathleen winced. She knew that involuntary sound. The one she emitted when her pussy wasn’t quite ready for the width of the tip when Ira first thrust into her. “I’ve told you why I make that sound.”

“Ah, yes, but I need you to tell me again. Tell me how great my strap is, Katie.”

Kathleen slipped her hand between Ira’s legs and tenderly stroked her soft flesh. “I have no complaints.”

“One of these days I’ll use it to make you sound like Coleman’s woman when she’s screaming in another room.”

“Maybe that’s something only Coleman can do.”

“If I ever get drunk enough to wife-swap with Etta Coleman, then I’ll count on you to let me know.”

“Who said we had to be drunk?”

“Fine. If she gets drunk enough to take you on.”

“Like you’d let her.”

Ira shrugged. “That woman could probably use a Domme in her life.” She wagged her eyebrows much too easily for a woman wiped out after two orgasms. “What do you say, Kathleen? Wanna spank Etta Coleman?”

“Not really.”

“You are no fun.”

“I think this is your passive-aggressive way of telling me you want to fuck Jamie Joy, or whatever her silly name is.”

“I mean... if I were single, and she was single, and she approached me, do you think I would say no? She’s hot.” Ira laughed. “And apparently a screamer.”

“You are too much. If you want a screamer, order me to the next time you collar me.”

“Oh, my darling.” Ira stroked her girlfriend’s long blond strands, fingertips digging into Kathleen’s neck. “You already do.”

Before Kathleen could say anything, she heard that sound again.

“What the fuck is that?”

“What?”

“You don’t hear that?” In truth, Kathleen had heard it throughout her lovemaking with Ira but had managed to ignore it while caught up in the moment. Yet now she couldn’t hear anything but that again. It was overpowering Ira’s heartbeat, for fuck’s sake.

“I vaguely hear something that sounds kinda... spooky.”

“Oh, my God, don’t start that.” Kathleen didn’t believe in hauntings, per se, but as a child, she was often petrified of any horror movie that hinged on religion or the afterlife. The Exorcist still gave her nightmares every Halloween. “If I weren’t freezing and lazy, I would send you out there to find out what the hell is making that obnoxious sound.”

“Me? Why me?”

“Because you win the gender games in this case. Big masc has gotta go out and protect their woman from the bad things.”

Page 28

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Ira rubbed her face with the back of her hand. “You are the definition of a pain in my ass.”

Kathleen opened her mouth but was once again cut off by the rudest sound imaginable.

This time it wasn’t ghost moans. It was a name. As shouted by a woman on the verge of sheer ecstasy.

“Helen!”

“Are you kidding me?”

“Aren’t they way down on the other end of the hall?”

“I swear, Jem needs to look into the insulation around here.”

“Jem needs to look at their calendar more often!”

“Helen!”

Kathleen buried her face in Ira’s chest. “I guess Monique didn’t want to be outdone by her friend Jamie.”

“More like she didn’t want to be outdone by her ex-girlfriend’s new squeeze.”

“I forgot about that.”

“Ah...” Ira wrapped both hands behind her head. “What a threesome that would be.”

“Is your mind so in the gutter today that you can’t stop thinking about other people having sex?”

“Why stop thinking about it? We can hear it all over this house.”

“This was after you made me come on Jem’s couch.”

“Which I’m sure Etta Coleman took over after we were done.”

“This is one fucked-up group of people.”

As the sounds of crazed sex continued down the hall, Ira sighed. “That’s what happens when you put a bunch of Dommies in a house together like that. They’re gonna outdo each other. This isn’t the club where you can leave your ego behind or blow it up to Mars... honor is on the line here.”

“I’m a Dommie and I think that’s bullshit.”

“Lovely, you’re a femme. This is a masc thing.”

“Excuse me? Helen Warner is not masc. She’s as femme as me.” Kathleen would categorize Etta as “masc,” though. The woman definitely wasn’t femme, and nobody mistook her for anything but “fairly butch,” whatever that meant these days. “Until a few months ago, Helen and I would be on the same wavelength everywhere we went.”

“Helen only takes female partners, unlike you.”

“What’s that got to do with anything?”

“You travel in different worlds. I think I understand her mindset more than you.”

“Oh, and you would know about that?”

Ira lowered one hand to stroke Kathleen’s shoulder. “You give me too much credit if you think I’ve been sitting here not fantasizing about dragging you out in front of those people and fucking you until they understand I’m the top Domme around here.”

On one hand, Kathleen wanted to roll her eyes at how silly that was. On the other? She understood. Ira wasn’t like other dominant types who strutted their stuff around. She didn’t overpower rooms or take over small groups. Ira was the kind of person who worked behind the scenes and let her reputation speak for itself. Ira Mathison cared most about what her girlfriend thought, and Kathleen thought she was very, very much the prince of the surrounding jungle. There’s a reason she’s my prince and no other is.

“Good God, they’re still going. How much can one woman take?”

Kathleen couldn’t answer Ira’s question. Somewhere, on the other end of the hall, one woman was single-handedly taking the fuck of her life. I can admire that. She could also admire the person on the other end of it. It took someone with great stamina and strength to put an experienced sub like Monique through the wringer. Then again, Kathleen knew firsthand how intense those two were. I saw them perform one night. It may or may not have been the hottest show I’ve ever seen at the club.

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

“Oh, for the right woman...” To the sounds of one begging to be fucked and then for mercy, of all things, Kathleen moved her hand down Ira’s thigh and touched her again.

“Katie...” Ira addressed her, but attention was on the moans and cries filtering through their wall. “Are you getting turned on by this?”

“On what, sweetie? The sex or your pussy?”

Although nowhere near wet yet, Ira twitched beneath her touch. “Yes.”

The moans intensified. If Monique wasn’t dead, she was probably halfway there. Knowing that someone was doing that to her... It reminded Kathleen of the way Ira took her in the downstairs office. Had anyone heard that, well... their brains probably melted too.

“As I said earlier,” Ira pushed her hand between Kathleen’s legs, touching her slit through thin fabric. “My slutty nymph.”

“I’m only slutty for you, my prince.”

“Fancy that. I’m only slutty for you, my goddess.”

Kathleen grabbed her harder, making her intentions clear as she rose and bared her teeth at Ira. “Let’s have slutty sex.”

“Now hold on. Give your prince a chance to get their shit together.” Ira meant her

body, or what she probably wanted to reintroduce to their bed. “They’ve had a busy day.”

“So have I.” Kathleen shut up when she heard Monique climaxing in the other room. She sounds like she’s... Words failed Kathleen. All she could think about was having sex so good that she’d scream Ira’s name, begging her to keep going, crying that she was the only one in the world who could satisfy the biggest slut in the house. That’s me!

“Oh, ho.” Ira removed her hand from Kathleen’s slit to show off how wet her fingers were. “I think you like what you’re hearing over there. What is it, Katie? Imagining it’s you?”

She bit her bottom lip. “Maybe.”

Ira slipped her hand back between Kathleen’s thighs, this time tearing aside her underwear and going straight for her sexual jugular. “Why imagine when you can live it?”

“Why not indeed, Ira?”

Their gentle kiss and tender, mutual touches were peppered with the cries of a woman losing her mind down the hall. She has to run out of energy at some point. Hasn’t her pussy worn out yet? Kathleen wasn’t sure even she could go for Round 2 so soon after their erotic tryst in the office a few hours ago. If she thought her core was satiated then...

“Down,” Kathleen growled, pushing Ira back onto the bed, whose hand remained between her legs, guiding Ira’s movements with precision. “I let you take me earlier. Now I’m going to take you.”

“Hey, do whatever you want.” Ira extended her arm toward the lump of clothing amassed on the other side of the big bed. It was her pants, her boxers... and the Avalon, of course. “Just do me the honor of letting you have the ride of your life, darling.”

Kathleen sat up, pulling down her underwear and lifting her T-shirt far enough to free her breasts. While she put on a show, Ira fidgeted with her implements, preparing herself to lay back and let Kathleen do all the work. Again.

“It’s my turn to make some noise.”

And as Kathleen rode her lover with abandon, the sound of her voice filled the room, overpowering even the remnants of Monique’s ecstasy from down the hall.

She straddled Ira’s hips. “Enjoy yourself, my darling.” Ira grabbed her thighs but did not commit beyond that.

Not until Kathleen started to sink, slowly, agonizingly taking Ira into her and feeling the exquisite way she made her feel. Ira was just lying there, and already Kathleen was convinced she was the most in love she would ever feel in her life.

Because while Ira may have been “just lying” there, she looked into Kathleen’s eyes, smiling softly as she watched Katie have her way with what made their sex life unique.

God, I love riding cowgirl.

She started slow, making sure everything fit within her at the right angle before moving back and forth. Ira sucked in her breath but did not make any other sound. She watched Kathleen intently, though. So intently that Kathleen wondered if Ira was the one controlling things after all. Ira had an intrinsic way of making her think she

was in control until the very last moment.

No, right now, Kathleen was definitely in control. She controlled how fast, how hard, even how deep as she raised her hips and felt the Avalon slide halfway out of her. She further tortured herself by forcing the tip up and down within her, stretching more than her imagination. All of her. She wasn't merely forging a path for Ira to take her. Kathleen was opening herself up to all of her, gripping the Avalon until it was pertinent to release it again.

Kathleen opened her eyes to find Ira sucking in her breath with every movement. "Holy fucking shit," she muttered. "Are you trying to get off or kill me?"

"Why?" Kathleen could not betray how much she wanted to go wild riding her right now. "Going to come already?" It didn't take much.

A frustrated groan spread through Ira's throat, forcing her to close her eyes as her grip on Kathleen's hips tightened. "Quite the opposite, I'm afraid."

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:35 pm

Kathleen didn't know what that meant, but hell, she didn't care. There's me, there's her prosthetic... well, time to ride into the sunset!

She lifted herself off Ira, made sure she was ready, and then took that motherfucker for all she was worth.

As a Domme, this was one of Kathleen's favorite positions. Time and again over the years, she got the best orgasms from straddling a pair of sturdy hips and humping as hard as she could. It was free. It was wild. It gave her so much control that she didn't know what to do with herself half the time. Other than come. Again. And fucking again.

Well, Ira was sturdy. Toned, striking, and with a scent to die for. The way she looked at Kathleen – in that adoring, look at you go kind of way – told Kathleen that she was a stunning creature worthy of this moment. The more she grinded against Ira's hips, swallowing her whole within her own body, the more she wished for Ira to give her the same thing she gave her earlier in the office.

“Come with me, baby.” Her hands splayed across Ira's chest, giving her enough leverage to up her speed and pound herself toward the bed. Ira flinched in pleasure but did not react otherwise. “I need you...”

Her fingers dug into Kathleen's hips again. “What do you need? Say it.”

Kathleen stilled, nearly overcome with the orgasm threatening to explode within her. “I need your O-face.”

“Why?”

What a time to play games! “Because...” Kathleen made sure her girlfriend had a good view of her breasts as she leaned back and braced herself against Ira’s bent knees. “Because I fucking want it, Ira.”

“Good enough for me. You’re a helluva bargainer.”

“I always get what I want.”

Ira smirked at her. “Yes. You do.”

Kathleen closed her eyes again, enjoying the quivering sensations of thrusting down to meet Ira’s upward movements. Fuck me. Ira’s wandering hands went from her hips to her thighs, to her lower legs, and all Kathleen could think was that time stopped for each movement. She wasn’t inspired to be loud, but she was definitely inspired to...

Well, to come.

“Fuck!” Orgasm took her by surprise, rattling her bones and making her eyes roll back in her head. Ira thrust upward, hard, piercing her deep within and forcing her to have a stronger climax when she was least expecting it.

An orgasm like that would usually make Ira come with her, but it was a miracle that she stayed as composed as she did as Kathleen rode through her plateau. As she started coming down from her high, Ira pinched her girlfriend’s flesh, reminding Kathleen that she had yet to relieve her pressure.

“Oh...” Kathleen eased forward, wincing as Ira’s prosthetic refused to accommodate her movements. On the plus side, she was now so wet that she slid off with almost no effort. “How did you do that?”

“I told you.” Ira didn’t let her rest. She grabbed Kathleen’s arm, hauling her body into her lap, lips searching for a nipple and making Kathleen shudder in renewed pleasure. Oh fuck, not so soon! Was that what she was thinking earlier? Kathleen’s body begged for rest, but to say she wouldn’t let Ira fuck her again...

“Don’t bet on me giving you what you want so soon.”

She pulled Kathleen onto her lap again, this time making the cowgirl take her in reverse. Kathleen nearly blacked out as her partner spread her legs over her waist and directed the prosthetic into her. Easily. Kathleen cried out as Ira slowly rocked in and out of her, hands running up Kathleen’s sides and hooking beneath her breasts.

“You’re gonna have to work harder than bobbing up and down to get me to come again, Katie.” Ira’s voice was both poison and an aphrodisiac in Kathleen’s addled brain. She whined, her whole body shaking as Ira pulled out of her and then slammed back in again. “You’re gonna have to want it.”

“Oh, my God...” Only one thought entered her mind. The last time Ira went three times... the third time took for-fucking-ever. What the fuck have I done, letting her come twice today already? She had created a monster!

Kathleen was tired, sore, and at the whim of the Domme quickly claiming her sub.

“You’re going to keep taking it until I finally come. I don’t give a fuck if you’re about to pass out. You started this. You want it.”

Kathleen shuddered. “I know...”

Ira sat up enough to take Kathleen into an embrace, legs opening wider over Ira’s hips. Oh my God. Holy fucking hell! She didn’t have a choice, did she? The more she let go of the control she once claimed, the easier it became to bear what this Domme

was doing to her.

Ira was going to fuck her until she literally could not anymore.

“Goes without saying,” Ira growled, pinching both of Kathleen’s nipples. “Be as loud as you want. It’s that kind of weekend.”

Once again, Kathleen didn’t have a choice. The cries fell from her lips as easily as the pleasure played her for a fool.

She had no idea when one knockout bout of delight began and the other ended. From the moment Ira took her over, thrusting into her with such power that it made the room spin, Kathleen was consumed. By pleasure. By the room. By her. She lived in perpetual bliss – or was it hell? – where she was never allowed to “finally” come and be done with it for the night. As long as Ira was still needy, Kathleen had to be available to her.

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

I don't know how she hasn't come yet! Surely, Kathleen's perpetual pleasure would get it out of her. Kathleen's core was permanently clenching, doing its fucking damndest to stimulate Ira in return. Oh, not only her body! That blasted ego, too! It became a mission. How hard and how often did Kathleen have to come to get this Domme to come?

That wasn't the "worst" part.

No, the biggest source of Kathleen's carnal mayhem came from the mirror hanging in front of her.

For a guest room, this place had a huge mirror hanging above the antique dresser, granting a perfect view of the large bed and any hanky-panky going on. I can't look away... She looked so spent, her face scrunched in continuous carnality as Ira thrust into her so hard that her thighs turned red and her breasts bounced with the force of a quake beneath her feet. Even if she managed to close her eyes and shut out the truth of how she looked, she could not escape the sounds of her cries begging for relief. Or was it the sound of Ira pounding her from below? Either way, that sensational sound of hot skin and wet flesh made Kathleen sob in desire.

"Please come!" she eventually cried. "For the love of God, Ira!"

No matter how much she begged, however, Ira did not give her what she wanted. Eventually, she slowed her thrusts, holding herself deep within Kathleen as she collapsed backward into her Domme's embrace, breathless.

"You want me so badly that you scream it to the rest of this house?" Ira hissed into

her ear. One hand mauled her breasts. “You really are my slutty nymph.”

Oh, no. Kathleen was a goner when she started getting off on Ira calling her names. “I’m here to make you come, Mistress.” The world crashed down around her. The more she fell into her role of Katie, the sub of Ira Mathison, the more she wanted to debase herself for her Domme’s sake. “I don’t want anything else.”

“If you can make me come, then I will certainly reward you, my sweet.”

“Please... I’ve already come so much...” It was almost unbearable.

“I know. That’s why if you can make me do it, you’ll get what you want so much.”

“I don’t know what to do...” Kathleen had clenched her, massaged her, and even screamed at her to come. Nothing worked! “Use me however you need to...”

“I will.” Kathleen flew forward, landing on her hands on the end of the bed, her body dislodging from Ira’s long enough to warn her that she was unprecedentedly stretched. A torrent of her arousal emerged, running down her skin, down Ira’s, and making her so wet that she was almost useless.

Oh, hell yeah.

She was brought up on her knees, legs spread and her head pushed into the bed. Ira lined herself up, her strength unbridled as she held Kathleen's face to the bed with one hand and her hips still with the other.

“You’re mine, Katie. No one else can have you.” That was the last thing Ira said to her before driving her to the end.

Kathleen screamed into the bedding, her cries of pleasure driving her brain to a

higher place as Ira pounded her until she barely felt like a person anymore. Fuck, I asked for this...

Coincidentally, those were the only words she could speak as well. “Fuck me, Ira! Fuck me!” Too bad the bed muffled most of those words.

It could not muffle hers.

Whenever Kathleen was put into this position, her sole purpose becoming her Domme’s pleasure, the only things Ira called her were dirty words that made her embarrassed and out of the solar system turned-on at the same time. After the month I’ve had, I need to feel like this. She needed to give up her humanity occasionally. The only person she trusted with that endeavor was Ira—the only woman who could help her escape reality and give her seemingly simple tasks instead of asking her to save or change the world.

Making her come should’ve been one of those easy tasks. Except right now Kathleen was so beyond herself that all her brain registered was Ira’s prosthetic spearing her cunt and those filthy words making her feel both liberated and debased.

“Oh, God!” That was the only entity capable of helping Kathleen as Ira firmly grabbed her hips and began impaling her. Hard. Loud. Intense. Ira broke her open and made her spill her soul time and again. Yet another orgasm claimed Kathleen, and she shrieked, tears forming at the corner of her eyes.

Finally, after what felt like a million years and half that much pleasure, Ira squeezed her ass and shouted along with Kathleen.

It was both relieving and toxic to feel her burst. As Ira slowed down, Kathleen collapsed onto the bed, her mind finally going blank and her body spent. There was nothing left except the warmth of her Domme still inside her.

Ira fell over her, breathing against Kathleen's sweat-covered back. Their hearts thundered together, and Ira gently nuzzled the back of her girlfriend's neck. Kathleen closed her eyes, basking in the afterglow of being ravaged. Her legs shook, and her arms would not support her for a while. She had given herself completely to her lover, and she knew that Ira was equally satisfied.

They collapsed, on opposite sides of the bed, Kathleen nursing her thighs and Ira panting in borderline pain. "I swear to God, woman," she eventually growled. "If you try to fuck me again, I will boot you out of this room and you can go get your kickseewhere. I bet Coleman could still use someone to help her with Jamie."

"No problem." Kathleen rolled over. "Good fucking night." She pulled herself up to the pillow and promptly passed out.

Chapter 10

Natasha

The thing about agreeing to go into Eve's room wasn't that sex was on the table... but that Natasha must work her way up to it. Have an out in case she decided it wasn't for her.

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

And to get a few things sorted with the woman Natasha had become attracted to those past few months.

“So... you’re... maybe asexual...” Eve considered those words with a glass of sparkling water in her hand. After offering Natasha more alcohol from the stash in the guest room – and being rebuffed, again – she changed tactics with something bubbly but non-alcoholic. Natasha wouldn’t say no to hydration, but she insisted on them both having (most of) their wits about them. Currently, they sat on a pile of linens and pillows in front of the gas fireplace that offered a soft orange glow to the somewhat dark room. Natasha was warm enough to take off her sweater. Eve was halfway to getting naked, and her guest had to put the kibosh on that... for now. “Well, don’t I feel silly?”

Natasha had to choose her words carefully. Too many people misunderstand me. Natasha sometimes blamed herself. After all, how she described her sexuality was something she always intended to be private – something to help her make sense of the world and her romantic destiny. There were times when she even wondered if she might be aromantic, but after watching many of her female friends find love (sometimes at the flip of a dime) she realized that she merely wanted something more. Something deep. Something real enough on the outset that even if she jumped into bed with someone, it wasn’t without big cause.

“You shouldn’t feel silly,” Natasha said, remaining supine on her pile of comforters as she sipped her glass of unflavored fizzy water. “It’s not like I share this with everyone. I’ve just decided to share with you why I’m not always in the mood to respond to your very overt flirtations, Ms. Evelyn.”

“Oh, God, don’t call me Evelyn. That’s what my mother named me. Eve is the name I carved for myself.”

“Duly noted.”

“Well... I’m glad you told me, though. I wouldn’t want to bother you. Unless you were interested and it was a flirty game we played. I will say, I greatly enjoyed my anticipation of seeing you when I...”

Natasha had to interrupt her. Now. “Who said I didn’t enjoy the anticipation as well? You know libido isn’t a super-defined thing, right?”

“I admit it’s not something I’m personally familiar with.”

“Nor am I in a hurry to get to it most of the time. If I were to be in a relationship again, let alone one where I have sex, I imagine it to be a long courtship, you know? Not only to ensure we’re both happy but because that’s how I like it. Too often I jumped into things because I thought I had to or I couldn’t let an opportunity pass me by. Turned out I like a lot of build-up. With someone I could see myself spending some quality time with.” She attempted to lean closer to Eve, who had physically distanced herself since Natasha’s confession. “I’m not a one-night stand type woman, Ms. Warner. So, if that’s all you want from me, I shall thank you for the conversation and see myself back to my room.”

Eve considered all of this while Natasha felt quite chuffed that she had established such a powerful boundary. It was one thing for a beautiful heiress like Eve to flirt with her for the past few months, but that was all they could be should Eve have no true intentions for Etta Coleman’s receptionist. I’m sure there are plenty of other women who enjoy her company. Like that. Let them have Eve if all the spoiled woman wanted was...

“All right.” Eve interrupted Natasha’s thoughts without missing another beat. “I shall inform you of my intentions. Because I think you’ll find that my relentless attraction to you is quite genuine. Perhaps I didn’t see certain parts of your identity coming, but do you think it bothers me? Certainly not.”

“Nor am I someone to conquer, mind you.”

“Of course not! Conquer you... what kind of woman do you takemefor?”

“My apologies.”

Eve sighed, hand touching her chest. In the glow of the firelight, Natasha found her even more beautiful. She also found Eve’s words to be quite promising, though she needed to hear more before she made up her mind.

Natasha wasn't a total novice when it came to relationships, after all. She had a few friends she occasionally spent the night with before realizing she wasn't meant for that life – and those encounters were wonderful but never intimate. As Eve so succinctly put it, it took a long time for her to be okay with having sex with someone she wanted to care about. That's why Natasha liked the build-up to these things because she genuinely enjoyed being with people. But she wanted something more than friends with benefits, and that was where it got hard. She didn't know how to tell someone "Hey, let's make this romantic", especially if they didn't share the same lower libido or interest in a relationship. So, she did what she could to make do with what she had. She had fun with her friends, but she was always waiting for something else.

“I can’t promise you the sun and the moon,” Eve said, her profile striking the air as she tilted back her head and leaned into the cushions before the fireplace, “but I promise you my honesty. I think you’ll find that while I enjoy casual relationships as well, deep down, I’m not much different from my sister. We’re both hopeless romantics dreaming of ‘the one.’ Well, Helen’s found hers. At least she’s way older

than me. Makes me feel like I still have time.”

“Do you mean that?” Natasha cautiously asked. “You’d like something long-term?”

“Well, compatibility is very important in these things,” Eve explained. “For the right woman, I can wait. I can enjoy quality over quantity. It’s about the romantic connection first and foremost. Intimacy is more than the feverish sex everyone around us instantly jumps into. I like a good cuddle, you know.”

Natasha couldn’t help but grin. “Me too.”

“I’d invite you to cuddle with me, but I don’t want to give you the wrong impression.”

“What wrong impression would that be?”

“Why, that I am only using it as a ruse to feel you up and kiss you.”

Natasha sat up straight, turning her gaze toward Eve. Her voice was even but firm.

She said, "I wouldn't object to the first part."

Eve was taken aback. "And what would you say about the second?"

"If you were to kiss me," Natasha admitted, "I would not object to that, either."

The way Eve looked at her now – her eyes bright and hopeful – gave Natasha a thrill like she hadn't felt in a long time. She set her glass down and leaned closer to Eve, who reached over and put her glass aside. For a moment, they merely stared at each other in the firelight. Natasha couldn't believe she was doing this. She hadn't been in a position like this for quite some time. But she did nothing to stop the inevitable when

Eve's hand reached up and touched her cheek, her fingers moving down to stroke her neck.

Eve leaned forward until they were so close, Natasha could feel the other woman's breath on her lips.

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

"Are you sure?" Eve asked.

Natasha nodded, her voice low. "Yes."

With that, Eve pressed her lips against Natasha's.

She gasped softly at the touch, savoring the feeling of Eve's mouth on her own. The other woman's hand moved from her cheek to the back of her head, fingers running through Natasha's hair as she deepened the kiss. A surge of heat hit her everywhere. A pleasant tingle ran down her spine as Eve's tongue brushed against her bottom lip. Natasha parted her mouth and whimpered as it slid inside.

Eve pushed Natasha down onto the cushions, enveloping her.

Natasha wrapped her arms around Eve's shoulders and pulled her closer. Their bodies pressed together as Eve's hips rocked against Natasha's, sending another jolt of sudden excitement through her. Well, well. Perhaps Natasha had been ready for this after all. An attraction to Eve had been there, of course, but she wasn't sure she could give the heiress what she desired in the bedroom, let alone with any intense frequency. Eve seemed the type to pursue at least a weekly thrill if not more. Would she be happy with Natasha? Would she be satisfied?

Would Natasha?

Why am I wondering this while she's kissing me? Now was not the time to worry about the future! Now was the time to indulge in a sudden surge of arousal that Natasha hadn't felt in a year!

No, no. They had to sort this out now. Before Natasha lost her mind and went back on her boundaries. And whose detriment would that be to? Her own!

“I’m sorry.” Eve backed off when Natasha showed the first sign of interruptive resistance. “I got too into it. Sorry.”

That was the last thing she should be apologizing for, but that was neither here nor there when Natasha said, “I think I want to sleep with you tonight.”

“Oh, youthink?”

“I only have one condition.”

Eve quietly anticipated what Natasha had to say.

“If we sleep together tonight, we’re dating. We’re giving it a real go. Maybe it won’t pan out, maybe we want different things from life, but... you know...” She blushed. “You have to be serious about it. And patient. You might find I am not always this into it. And that what I want in bed can suddenly change.”

“I like an adventure.”

“Promise.”

Eve loomed over her, digging her elbow into a thick pillow as they came close to kissing again. “As far as I’m concerned, you’re already my girlfriend. We’re sealing the deal Evelyn Warner style.”

Natasha whimpered again. God damn she’s hot. It had been too damn long since Natasha remembered what it was like to want to have sex. Not just to make her partner happy. Not just because it was what she should do. And not just because society had

drilled into her that her only use was the sexuality she brought to the table. She wasn't like Eve, who embraced who she was and shared it with the world. But maybe Natasha wouldn't mind partaking in what Eve served. At least for tonight.

"I thought you said you didn't want to be called Evelyn."

"See, it's fine if I call myself Evelyn. You shouldn't call me that, though. Especially not in bed. Please don't make me think of my mother being mad at me when I'm in bed."

"This isn't a bed, though."

"Okay, but like, it's a bedroom! And I'm thinking I might get to see you naked in a few minutes!"

"Would you like that?" Natasha giggled. "You still have yet to grope me."

"Darling..." Eve snorted into the modicum of air between her and Natasha. "I've been dying to see you naked for months. It will be the highlight of my year, I guarantee it."

Natasha pushed herself up far enough to tug her pullover halfway up her torso. Eve's eyes didn't miss a second of it.

"You are eager, aren't you?"

Natasha smiled, her cheeks flushed with excitement as Eve's hand moved lower, sliding under her shirt and tracing slow circles on her stomach.

"It's been a while," Natasha said as Eve's hand moved up to cup her breast. "I mean, I think I remember how to do this."

Eve laughed softly, leaning down to kiss her again. She squeezed Natasha through her bra, gently stroking her nipple with her thumb until it was hard and sensitive. Natasha moaned against Eve's lips, her own hands roaming up and down her back, feeling the softness of her skin.

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

"God, you're so hot," Eve murmured as she broke the kiss. "I can't believe you're here with me right now."

Natasha smiled, her heart fluttering at Eve's words. No one had ever genuinely called her hot before. Not in a way that made her feel good, anyway.

"I'm glad I am." Natasha reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, pulling her lingerie away from her chest while keeping it tucked beneath her pullover. Eve's eyes widened slightly, her breath catching as she took in Natasha's exposed breasts. "I think I've been wanting this for a while, too."

Eve kissed her again, eagerly grabbing Natasha.

"You have the most beautiful tits I've ever seen," Eve whispered against Natasha's lips. "I can't wait to put my face in them."

Natasha let out a soft gasp of surprise at Eve's words. "So, what's keeping you? A written invitation?" God, was she getting wet? This was moving quickly. Was Natasha ready for this? Did she trust Eve when she said they were dating as of tonight?

"Maybe that's what I need," Eve said. "To show me you're serious about this. Because I also don't want to be jerked around, darling."

Natasha swallowed, her heart beating faster at Eve's words. She wasn't entirely sure if it was out of excitement or nervousness.

"Okay, I'll write you a letter."

"You... will?"

"Yeah. I'll write you a letter and tell you all the things I want to do to you."

"Like what?" Eve asked, her voice low and husky as she got into the moment. Her thumb and forefinger lightly pinched Natasha's nipple. Yup, I'm wet. And getting more eager for that hand to touch her elsewhere!

"Well, first I'd start with kissing you," she began, her voice trembling in excitement. "I'd kiss your lips and then work my way down to your neck..."

Eve moaned softly as Natasha continued, describing what she would do to her in detail. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sound of Natasha's voice.

"And then I'd kiss your breasts," she murmured, "and suck on your nipples until you were begging me for more."

"So, what I'm doing right now? Wow. You're a real original Dickinson." Eve grinned right into Natasha's cleavage. Finally, she had stuck her face there.

Natasha could barely believe this was happening. But as Eve's hand moved lower, sliding into her pants and underwear to cup her ass, Natasha knew this was no dream. This was better than any fantasy she could have imagined to get her going with anyone, let alone the Evelyn Warner, a woman Natasha never imagined was this thoughtful in bed.

"I can't believe you're mine tonight."

Natasha shivered at her words, goosebumps rising on her skin as Eve's fingers slowly

slid from the back to the front. She moaned softly, her breath coming in shallow gasps as Eve continued to touch her. Only now she found the warmest place between Natasha's curvy thighs, where the denim of her jeans strained against her spreading legs so Eve's hand could reach in farther, touch her deeper.

"Do you like that?" Eve asked. "Do you like it when I touch you like this?"

Natasha nodded, unable to form words as pleasure threatened to reintroduce itself to her. She gripped the linens beneath her, arching her back as Eve's finger teased her entrance.

"Not only tonight, right?" Natasha asked before succumbing to the sex crashing into her like tumultuous waves from the sea. "You're not going to use me to get what you want and bail?"

Eve hesitated. Yet her precarious touch between the legs kept Natasha suspended in arousal instead of crashing back to boring reality. "I'm going to get what I want," she growled. "But I am not going anywhere. When I say you're mine, I mean it."

"As long as I'm yours, too."

"Of course you are. If we're doing this, we're doing this right. No one-sided relationships in my house."

"I'm not an object."

"That's why I said 'house' instead of 'home.' That's also why I've stopped touching you now that you're getting mouthy."

Natasha whined again. "Don't do that, though."

"What?"

"Stop touching me. I don't want to stop."

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

Eve grinned. "Oh, really?"

"Yes, really." Natasha's breath came in short gasps as Eve slowly slid her finger inside, teasing her clit. "I want you to keep touching me. Please, don't stop."

"Hmm... well, since you asked so nicely."

Natasha moaned as Eve continued to touch her, slowly moving her finger in and out. The sensation was incredible, sending waves of euphoria through her body as Eve expertly worked her to the edge of orgasm. But Natasha didn't want to come yet. Oh, no. Not yet.

Eve murmured against Natasha's ear, "I can't wait to watch you come."

Natasha groaned at her words, her breath coming in short gasps as Eve worked her magic. It had been so long since she'd felt this good, let alone with someone who could make her feel this way for the first time in forever. But as Eve continued to touch her, she could feel her orgasm building inside her, threatening to overwhelm her at any moment.

"Come for me, Natasha," Eve whispered in her ear. "I want to see you come undone."

Natasha closed her eyes, her body tensing as she teetered on the brink of release. And then, with a moan of joy, she came, her orgasm washing over her like a tidal wave. Her body trembled as Eve continued to touch her, prolonging the sensations until she was temporarily spent.

"That's it," Eve said, kissing her lips and gently stroking Natasha's hair as she came down from her high. "This is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Natasha slowly opened her eyes and looked up at Eve, who was smiling down at her with a look of pure adoration in her eyes. This is exactly what I needed. A night of passion with someone who truly cares about me, with promises of more to come at our own pace.

"God, that was amazing," Natasha finally managed to say.

"The pleasure was all mine." Eve grinned. "Anything to take your mind off silly concerns that seem pressing but aren't."

"You did more than that." Natasha brushed Eve's hair out of her face. "You made me feel something I haven't felt in a long time."

"Oh? And what's that?"

Eve kissed her again, their bodies pressed close together as they lost themselves in each other's embrace.

Like that, Natasha had an epiphany.

She pulled away from Eve and stared into her eyes, suddenly struck by the realization that this was what she wanted all along. This was the type of connection she craved, the type of intimacy she desired. Not just physical, but emotional. Something real and lasting. Someone to share her life with, to grow old with. Oh, god, she was moving too fast!

What should she do? Besides panic?

"What?" Eve asked.

"I, uh..." Natasha composed herself before Eve could sense something was amiss. "I think... I think I'm ready for bed."

"Sure. Let me go wash my hands."

Natasha nodded and watched as Eve got up from their pile of linens and disappeared into the bathroom. She took a deep breath and tried to calm her nerves. As she lay there in the aftermath of her orgasm, Natasha couldn't help but wonder where this relationship would take them. Would they last? Or would they fall apart like so many before them? Only time would tell. But for now, she was content to enjoy the moment and see where it led them.

Although... perhaps she should find something out about Evelyn Warner before this went any further.

"Whoa..." When she returned from the bathroom, Natasha had stripped down to the underwear barely covering her hips and rear. She had even lost her bra, currently piled on top of her jeans and pullover as they littered the floor. "You are... Jesus."

Natasha raised her eyebrows.

"I mean 'Jesus' as an expression of shock and admiration, not like literally Jesus... I mean you're... a woman for one thing... and very much not... the son of God..."

Natasha wanted to encourage her to keep going because she could safely say that this kind of dialogue had never happened before. At least not when she was almost naked.

But there were other things to do. Like approaching Eve halfway across the room and catching her unawares by grabbing the front of her sweater and yanking down her

head.

"You know what I think?" Natasha purred as Eve struggled to regain her balance.

"You're the kind of woman who needs to be put in her place sometimes. Say, in bed?"

"Are you trying to imply something, ma'am?"

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

Natasha leaned forward, whispering, "Yes. And don't call me that."

With a growl, Eve grabbed Natasha and pulled her closer, savagely kissing her. Natasha moaned softly, pushing her posture straight as Eve touched her. This is exactly what I need, Someone who will play my games for once.

They stumbled toward the bed, tripping over each other's feet until they fell onto the mattress with a loud thud. Eve landed on top of Natasha. They wasted no time getting rid of their clothes, tearing at Eve's other garments until they were both completely naked. Natasha lay back against the pillows and spread her legs, inviting Eve to touch her. As fingers slowly slid between Natasha's thighs and stroked her, Natasha moaned, thrusting her hips as Eve's fingers entered her again.

"You're so wet," Eve murmured, thrusting her fingers deeper inside Natasha. "I love it."

Natasha closed her eyes, letting the pleasure wash over her as Eve continued to fuck her. She writhed, gasping as she feared she would suddenly reach climax again before setting out to accomplish what she wanted in this bed. Eve didn't stop, though, increasing her speed and ferocity until Natasha was begging for release.

Natasha came again, crying out Eve's forbidden full name. She didn't care. Eve didn't care. Natasha could call her by her entire legal name and neither of them would care!

"That's it!" Natasha shoved Eve off her the moment she had even a bit of her wits about her. "Ooh, you know what I want?" Eve landed on her back, head halfway between both pillows as Natasha straddled her and pinned both of Eve's hands above

her head. The slack-jawed response she garnered shot an arrow of love straight to her heart. "I want to give you a piece of your own medicine. Several months of you coming into my place of work, looking at me like a piece of meat, playing with my head, and making me question everything I had come to think about myself..." Natasha bared her teeth to show Eve that she meant business. "Has anyone treated you like their doll of the minute, Eve?"

It took her a moment to respond. "Why, not in a long time."

Natasha slowly meandered her gaze down the length of Eve's naked body, taking in her satisfyingly small breasts and the deep navel that invited her tongue to come in and play. But it was the surprised countenance that did Natasha in. No, Eve was not used to having the tables turned on her. She was part of a circle of Dommies. Even Natasha knew that, as much as she tried to stay out of her boss's personal pursuits for her sanity.

Well, that simply wouldn't do. If this lasted more than a few dates, Natasha needed to know that Eve could get it as well as she took it. Natasha could not be with a well-to-do heiress used to getting her way unless it resulted in humbling Eve as much as she deserved.

"Good. Then I hope you enjoy every second of this."

Eve's eyes widened when Natasha bit her lover's bottom lip before pulling away. "I've been fantasizing about this since the day we met, actually," Eve admitted. "Now that I have you here, there's no holding back, huh?"

"That's what I like to hear."

With that, she sucked on Eve's neck, trailing down to her collarbone. Then lower. She paused at her breasts, teasing her areolas with a wicked tongue before continuing

down to that flat but responsive stomach. Eve gasped as Natasha reached her navel, swirling her tongue around it before dipping inside. She continued lower still until her face hovered above Eve's pussy.

Natasha looked up at Eve and sneered as if she had won the long con. "I've always wanted to try this," she purred, gently licking Eve's clit. God, she tasted amazing! The sweet nectar of arousal flooded Natasha's senses as she licked Eve's pussy, wanting nothing more than to make her come over and over again, if only for the power that would give her.

As if to punctuate that thought, Natasha slid two fingers into Eve, feeling how tight and warm she was. She thrust deeper inside, curling those fingers upward until she found the soft spot she searched for. Eve cried out in unexpected ecstasy, gripping the sheets beneath her as Natasha offered something new, something different.

"Are you gonna come for me now?" Natasha asked, looking up at Eve through hooded eyes that knew how to play the game. "Come all over my fingers?"

Eve nodded frantically, unable to speak as she teetered on the edge of climax. With one final flick of her clit, Eve crumbled as an orgasm ripped through her.

Natasha sat back, watching with satisfaction as Eve writhed beneath her. It was incredible to see this woman, usually so strong and in control, reduced to a quivering mess of carnal bliss. Natasha had never felt so powerful before, so in command of sex. And she loved it.

When Eve finally recovered from her climax, she opened her eyes and stared up at Natasha with a look of awe and adoration that made one's heart flutter.

"Where did you learn to do that?" Eve breathed, barely able to catch her breath.

Natasha shrugged. "What, like it was hard to figure out? With you? You scream how you want it with one wiggle of your ass."

"Good God! What have I gotten myself entwined with?"

Natasha wasn't letting her come down from heaven that easily. This was her chance. Her moment to claim that last part of Eve that thought she was the master of this relationship's destiny.

"Roll over and find out, Miss Warner."

As if by instinct, Eve did as instructed. No matter what kind of game they were playing, there were certain things a person could not ignore. And one of those things was Natasha's tone when she was getting ready to make someone her playground.

This was exactly what Eve wanted. Someone to take control. To dominate her. To make her feel weak and vulnerable and utterly at their mercy. Ha! Yes, Natasha was sure of it. This was what Eve had been wanting every time she came into the office and looked at the receptionist with a plea in her beautiful blue eyes.

And Natasha was more than happy to oblige. As soon as Eve rolled over, Natasha jumped her, landing her thighs on Eve's ass and hanging on to her shoulders. Eve yelped into the pillow but did not ask to stop.

"I am so going to enjoy this," Natasha said as she slowly grinded against Eve's ass. Her body was the perfect type to complement Natasha's stately curves, particularly her thighs, which had caused her unfortunate problems in the bedroom before. But not with Eve, who was flatter in all the right places. Natasha fit against her like the perfect puzzle piece meant to complete this moment before the night was over.

"I don't know why you waited until now," Eve admitted between heavy breaths. "But

I'm glad you finally decided to show me who's boss."

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

"You're telling me," Natasha said as she grabbed a handful of Eve's short hair, pulling her head back. Eve cried out as Natasha continued to ride her ass. It was intoxicating, feeling Eve respond to her movements. The power that came from dominating her, taking control, and showing her who was in charge. It was something Natasha knew she had dreamed about before. With this woman, no less.

Deep in the night, when half asleep, thinking back to Eve's latest visit to the office. I would ride every part of her until she begged for mercy. Such simple dreams to lure her into the deepest, most blissful melancholy of sleep.

The bed shook beneath them as Natasha continued to fuck Eve, her breathing becoming more ragged with every smack of the bed against the wall.

Natasha released her hold on Eve's hair, sitting up slightly as she moved one hand between Eve's thighs and fingered her slit. Eve was loud, thrusting her hips upward against Natasha's fingers as they pleased her again. God, it was such a turn-on watching her lose it like this, knowing that Natasha was responsible for making her feel so good. Had anyone done this for Eve before? Let her relinquish power? In a safe place with someone who wouldn't hold it against her later?

"Damn..." Eve begged, her voice hoarse from crying in ecstasy. "Fuck! Keep doing that!"

Natasha couldn't deny Eve anything when she sounded like that, desperate and vulnerable and totally under her spell.

"Ahh, yes." Natasha reveled in the sudden tightness of Eve's pussy as she was

penetrated once more. "I want you to come for me, Miss Warner. I want you to come all over my fingers and let me feel how wet you are."

Eve moaned as Natasha continued to finger her, bringing her closer and closer to another orgasm. Her body tensed, her breath coming in short gasps as she teetered on the edge of release.

Eve came undone, jerking up against Natasha's thighs as she succumbed.

"Oh, god... oh, my god..." Eve panted as she collapsed onto the bed. "That was amazing. You're amazing."

Natasha held back a deviant smile, proud of what she had achieved tonight. This was exactly what she'd hoped for - to show Eve that she was as capable of taking control. That she could make her feel things she'd never felt before. That she could give her pleasure in ways she'd only ever dreamed about. Judging by Eve's reaction, Natasha had succeeded.

She kissed Eve's shoulder, savoring the warmth of her skin and the faint scent of sex that lingered on their bodies.

"Are you tired?" Eve asked. "I mean, if you need to rest, we can-"

Natasha cut her off. "I'm not leaving this room until tomorrow morning," she said. "And I hope you aren't either."

Relief was evident from both Eve's languid body language and her soft smile. "Of course not. I'll stay here until Christmas if you'll have me."

"Christmas? We barely know each other."

Eve laughed, and Natasha hid her grin as she hopped off that sweaty body. She wanted to hear that laughter again, so she kissed Eve's back, slowly making a steady way up to her neck.

What if this is forever?

Natasha was content with that until she remembered who she was with.

“So, where do you want to go on our first official date?” Eve quipped as they lay side by side on the bed. While Eve folded her hands behind her head, Natasha stared at the ceiling, wondering What the hell have I done? “Simple, like dinner? Or we could go to the museum in town. They’ve got the new Nordic Christmas exhibit everyone is raving about.”

Natasha had to say something before Eve asked her what was wrong. “Yeah. Sure.”

She feigned fatigue to get out of more pillow talk. Eve curled up behind her after Natasha turned over onto her side. She should have been too cold to sleep on top of the covers naked, but...

Eve was quite warm. Natasha had to give her that.

“Do you think anyone heard us?” she whispered.

Eve was not quick to reply. “I want to say yes, if only for my ego, but I also know that you don’t want to hear that, so...”

“What if they heard me howling like a freakin’ ghost?”

“Did you? I hadn’t noticed.”

Natasha pulled the pillow over her head and groaned. She had opened up a can of worms with this one.

Chapter 11

Jamie

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

“Please,” Jamie whimpered, her body on the verge of giving up. “How much longer?”

Etta sat in the corner of their room, drinking God knew what as she took in the sight before her. Namely, her girlfriend, Jamie, strung up to a hook in the ceiling with her clothes torn away and a spreader bar keeping her bent knees apart.

The woman had been an insatiable animal all night. If taking Jamie in the office like that hadn’t been enough, she then dragged her upstairs for morefun.

First, she tore Jamie’s clothes and tied her to the hook, having her drink as they listened to Helen and Monique make intense love down the hall.

That was the part that drove Jamie wild. Not only being fucked by the gorgeous Etta. Not only being watched by her girlfriend. But to be told that Etta couldn’t get enough of her, that she wanted to blow Jamie’s mind. Tonight. Tomorrow. Forever.

When Kathleen Allen and Ira Mathison started going at it next door for an ungodly long time, Etta thought it appropriate to bring out the nipple clamps and watch Jamie wiggle in frustration while someone sat and had her drink.

If before was about Etta asserting dominance, now was about asserting Jamie’s arousal for the scenarios around them.

“You’ll stay like that until you’re ready,” Etta revealed. She had finished her drink and now stood, refilling it at the wet bar in the corner of the playroom. Or was it a bedroom? Shit, Jamie didn’t know. “I want to make sure my flower doesn’t lose her petals too soon.”

Sometimes she took the floral metaphor too far.

On the other hand, this was the hardest they had played in a long while. They usually didn't get too kinky in their love life. Kissing, cuddles, hard thrusting between the legs... well, sometimes that felt kinky, and Jamie remembered that their whole relationship started because Etta wanted to pay her to be a temporary sub. Well, temporary soon changed to permanent, and here Jamie was, being reminded that her girlfriend loved exploring her Domme side at least once a week.

Usually, though, she didn't take it this far.

"Have I told you tonight that you're beautiful?" Etta stood in front of the bed, hand in her pocket as she drank her latest round. "You were lovely in the limo today. But I think you might be even more beautiful like this, with your body bare and ready for me."

Jamie looked her in the eye. She wanted to say something testy, but... that look in the pupil silenced her. Not because she was ever afraid of her girlfriend, but because Etta had an uncanny way of making Jamie's legs tremble and her heart defer to her. What else do you do around a powerful woman like her? Jamie could never say no.

"You told me earlier," she admitted. "You've told me a few times today."

"I'm sure I don't say it enough, though." Etta held the rim of her glass up to Jamie's lips, helping her take a sip before finishing the drink for herself. The alcohol burned. I need it, though. Jamie needed to relax so she could better take whatever Etta wanted to give her.

Probably not only her body, although Jamie assumed that it was coming at any moment.

“I need to tell you more often, though. I like it when you’re confident. If telling you you’re beautiful—which you are, of course—makes you more confident, then I’ll be more than happy to tell you fifteen more times tonight.” Etta grinned. “You’re beautiful.”

Jamie smiled wanly back at her. It would’ve been bigger, but her strength was in reserve. “What do you think is most beautiful... right now?”

Their eyes locked as Etta considered her question. They stayed locked until they began wandering up and down Jamie’s naked, pinched body. The spreader. The clamps. The hands strung up above her. There wasn’t a region of her body that wasn’t currently enjoying the pleasures of pain and discomfort. Once upon a time, they bothered Jamie, but she quickly acclimated. Now she was proud to call herself Etta Coleman’s submissive girlfriend... when the time was right.

The time was right tonight.

“Naturally, all of you is beautiful.” That was too diplomatic of an answer. “Although, if I had to pick the first thing turning me on right now... it’s those clamps, my flower. They make your nipples look divine. And I can only imagine how good they feel pinching you.”

She had no idea. Jamie was rather numb to it now, but when she jostled the slightest, here came the pinching pain that Etta knew she desired. It would’ve felt better coming from her fingers, though.

“Then of course there’s the way you’re waiting for me.” She said this, and then a long, arduous wail erupted in the other room. Now that sounds painful. It sounded like poor Kathleen was being forced into multiple orgasms. Haha. Forced. Multiple orgasms. Before she got into kink with Etta, Jamie would’ve thought that was an oxymoron.

When they both finally heard Ira erupt in a loud, equally arduous torrent of relief, Etta looked away with a smile trying to crack on her face.

Impetuous Jamie would've teased her at home. With the binds and clamps off. With the collar off. "Like what you hear in the other room? Yeah, let's go watch." Etta didn't take Jamie to the local BDSM club enough. Jamie didn't even know about its existence until after she moved in with Etta, who did not care for exhibitionism, making her girlfriend scream in private notwithstanding. She also admitted to not being much of a voyeur, which was what the club catered to, but the few times she took Jamie? I had no idea watching other people have sex—let alone kinky sex—could be so hot. The intricate binds. The deference. The lust and power exhibited at every turn. People on leashes and crawling on their hands and knees, shirtless and kowtowing to a woman's unbridled sexuality. Lots of the elite went there to hook up and watch others get off. Sure, there were private rooms aplenty—and Etta took Jamie to one of those exactly once—but if Jamie went to the BDSM club, she was hoping for a display, whether it be on the stage or in a shadowy corner.

I saw so much oral sex. She may have even been inspired to indulge in it as well, but Etta declined. She didn't like showing off in front of others. I don't get it. Her body is hot enough to intimidate me...

So, to see Etta enjoying the raucous, bawdy sounds in the other room threw Jamie off."

"Forgive me, my flower," she said, face straight again. "That caught me off guard."

Jamie sighed. "Me too." Then, braving her irritation, "Too bad we couldn't watch it. I would've liked to see how another couple goes about their business in the bedroom."

"Would you?" Etta crossed her arms after putting down her empty glass. "That

surprises me, my flower. Last time I took you to the club, you seemed... embarrassed.”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

“Forgive me, I wasn’t prepared for something like that. Now I think I might be.”

“Well, it’s too late. I think they’re done in there. Although...” Etta scratched her chin, smiling. “What position do you think they were in, my flower?”

Jamie grinned back at her. Her shoulders started to hurt, but she could ignore it—for now. “She was doing her from behind, of course.”

“Oh? What makes you so sure about that? Were you able to see something that I couldn’t?”

“Hardly. I could tell from how she sounded. She was kind of muffled like her mouth was against the bed.”

“Very nice.” Etta approached, flicking one of the clamps. “Is that what you would like me to do to you, Jamie?” Her voice practically melted in Jamie’s ear. “Do you want me to take you down from your binds, flip you over, and take you for myself like that? Like an animal? Like a...” She leaned in closer, breath hitting Jamie’s earlobe. “Beast?”

She shuddered, remembering how Etta bent her over the couch earlier. God, that was so good! Jamie wouldn’t lie. That was one of her favorite positions. She liked any position that let Etta take total control and treat her like the eager vessel of desire. The woman knew how to hump!

“Maybe...” Jamie bit her lip. “But that’s how you did me earlier, ma’am. I’d rather switch it up a little. Know what I mean?”

“Of course. I was thinking the same thing.” Etta brushed her hand against Jamie’s thigh. “There are so many ways for me to take my beautiful rose. Sometimes it’s nice to ask her opinion, though.”

“I am happy with anything, ma’am.” Jamie experienced that ache deep in the pit of her stomach. Her frustration from earlier was still in dire need of being sated. She needed Etta to kiss her. She needed Etta to fuck her, like this, from behind, on the bed, whatever. Above all, she needed to feel Etta inside her, proving how much she desired to have her body, mind, and soul. I want to feel how much she loves me. No other woman had ever fucked her the way Etta did. It wasn’t simply rough, intense, and passionate. It was full of unbridled love—the kind of sex a woman could only have with the one she wanted for life—and determined to make her feel it.

“Let’s switch these out.” Gently, Etta removed the nipple clamps, blowing cool breath against one. The heavy clamps fell to the floor. Etta grabbed the bag she brought whenever they traveled. Inside, along with a few other goodies, were crystal-stringed clamps that didn’t pinch as hard but still made Jamie feel that sting of pain and pleasure.

Etta kissed them for luck before clamping Jamie’s hard nipples.

“There. Beyond beauty.” Etta stepped back, admiring the way the crystals twinkled in the light as they dangled between Jamie’s breasts. “Have I told you tonight that you’re beautiful?”

Gimme a break.

Jamie’s thought was cut short when a whining wail came from across the hall. It was not the first time she heard it that night. In fact, she heard it off and on ever since they came to bed an hour ago. What the fuck is that? At first, Jamie was able to ignore it. Then it intensified. Or maybe Ira and Kathleen had overpowered it. I wouldn’t mind

listening to some of that instead.

“Do you hear that?” Jamie asked as Etta wrapped her tongue around her ear. Jamie wanted to give in to her kiss, her touch, but it was nearly impossible with that other distraction going on. “That’s not the first time I’ve heard it.”

“Ignore it, Jamie.” That wasn’t an order.

“Etta...” Her tongue was deep in Jamie’s ear, hand squeezing the underside of her breast. “I think someone else is having sex.”

“No shit. They can go forever, you know.”

“Who can?”

Etta stood back, a look of disbelief on her otherwise composed face. “You don’t know who that is? You must be smitten with me this weekend. Or weren’t paying attention in that car ride.”

“What?”

She shook her head. “Never mind. Don’t pay it any mind. Unless it turns you on.”

Well, if it was sex... “If I could, I would listen to all these people go at it all night.”

“Remind me of this the next time I suggest we watch erotic movies in the evening.”

“That’s different.”

“How so?”

Jamie blushed. “You can’t smell porn.”

“Oh, my sweet, sweet flower.” That devilish grin on Etta’s face almost killed her... especially when she put her hands on either side of Jamie, bringing her forward. “You really are a naughty girl. I’ve gotta take you back to that club.”

“Yes. You do. Etta, you have turned me into a big pervert. I wanna watch other people fuck and bang until they pass out. The more moans, the better!”

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

“You know, we could make that happen on our own time. Like right now.”

“Don’t remind me, ma’am. Unless you’re about to make it happen.”

“Oh, I could. Or I could torture you some more until you’re so far gone that I have no choice but to fuck you.”

Great.

“You know, earlier... I was pretty jealous of those other women, wasn’t I?”

“You don’t have to tell me, ma’am.” Boy, didn’t Jamie feel that earlier. Etta was going to fuck her until the other Dommies knew her sexual prowess. If only Jamie got the full brunt of it. “And now they’ve tried proving it to you. Do you think it’s a coincidence those others have been so loud with their subs tonight? Our neighbors alone almost broke that bed.”

“I don’t doubt it. You sure are hung up on those two over there, though.” Etta pressed her thumbs against the inside of Jamie’s thighs, on the verge of pinching them like her nipples were pinched. “Could it be you’re thinking of another Domme, my flower?”

“What? No...” Jamie shook her head as hard as she dared. “I would never, ma’am. You’re the only Mistress for me.”

“Nevertheless, I’m sure hearing a woman get it like that has you wondering what it feels like... from them.” Etta’s thumb brushed against Jamie’s wet slit, sending a

wave of shivers throughout her body. Jamie moaned, willing Etta to sink her fingers into her and attempt to give her sexual relief. “Every dominant does it differently, as I’m sure you know. I wonder how Kathleen Allen would make short work of you.”

Jamie didn’t. Okay... maybe she did. A little. Come on, I’m human! She would never flirt with Kathleen, let alone respond to any advances she might throw Jamie’s way, but she had glanced at her more than once that night. This was someone who didn’t care much for women who dressed like they were about to head to the corner country club. You know, like Helen. She had also seen Ira around before, sporting their business suits, but tonight they wore that sweater and a pair of jeans that were more function than style. They were here to be comfortable. That was how they dressed on their days off. Sometimes, Etta would strut around the house in jeans and a hoodie, but... that was rare. I love someone in jeans. She also caught a glimpse of the toned body Ira hid beneath their sweater when Kathleen played with the hem of it, her fingers scratching her partner’s ribs.

Shit, shit, stop thinking about them...

If they were single, Jamie would have probably responded to either Kathleen or Ira’s hypothetical advances. She was happy with Etta, but... she couldn’t deny how handsome Ira was... and how well they could please their icy girlfriend. Plus, they’re good enough to dominate another Domme. Jamie’s eyes glazed over. Kathleen Allen didn’t seem the type to be satisfied with mediocre sex.

“My flower,” Etta’s voice suddenly cut in. “You’re drooling. If I knew you wanted them that badly, I would’ve suggested we wife-swap tonight.” Her voice was humorous enough to tell Jamie that she didn’t mean it. “Uh, Jamie...”

She snapped out of her fantasy. “I’m sorry, ma’am! I promise I wasn’t...”

“Shh.” Etta put her finger on Jamie’s lips. “Don’t be ashamed. It’s perfectly natural to

let your mind wander to other people. I am sure you've thought of many others while we've been together. I'm secure enough to know that doesn't mean you'd sleep with them. But..." Her fingers cupped around Jamie's slit, stroking her clit ever so lightly. Sighing, Jamie closed her eyes. "It does make me a tiny bit jealous. How could it not? You're mine, my flower. No one else could ever have you. I'll spend the rest of my life making sure you're perfectly satisfied, both in and out of bed. Even if that means letting you imagine others doing God knows what to you and making a mess of your beautiful body."

She had such a way with words. Yet Jamie giggled, reassuring Etta as she had been reassured. "Only you could make me beg for that, ma'am."

"That's what you say until you've got some other Domme trying to make you theirs. We're all animals, my sweet." One finger pushed into her. Jamie trembled, her binds shaking above her head. "We dominants will use you as props to outdo each other whenever our desires get in our way. That's what this whole night has been about, for fuck's sake."

Jamie could barely contain herself. Between her girlfriend's finger fucking and the thought of other Dommies sniffing around her, wanting to drag her away and fuck her – maybe even in front of Etta – Jamie was ready to fully explore different realms of ecstasy. I'm gonna scream the loudest tonight. "All right, ma'am, you've caught me. I've been fantasizing about them all night." What a lie. Yet now she could convince herself otherwise – for Etta's sake.

"Go on." Etta sank her finger deeper, taking Jamie past the second knuckle. Jamie gently grinded against her, imagining it was not only Etta's finger but some other dominant's. This is either gonna be awesome or my utter demise tonight. Who knew what Etta had planned?

"Tell me more about what this Domme is doing to you in your head."

Where to begin? Jamie didn't know much about Ira – or even Helen, for that matter – beyond what she saw around their social circles. She knew Ira was a Domme with a reputation for hard and fast sex, at least until they started dating Kathleen. Amazing how women can soften someone. Even another Domme.

She also knew Ira was an attractive key player in the family business. Jamie would be impressed that Ira wasn't even thirty yet, but the same could almost be said about Etta, who was self-made, not an heir like Ira. So, my girlfriend is better already. Or at least more impressive. If Jamie was going to play the evo-psych game, that was way more important!

So Ira was handsome. They were a Domme. And they were successful in business to the point nobody questioned the nepotism that helped them succeed. Oh, and they were handsome. And funny. And handsome. I guess I think someone's handsome.

When it came to these sexual situations, that's all Jamie cared about anyway. A sharp, distinguished face, good hair, nice clothes, and the confidence to carry one's self as a Domme in private life. I mean, did I mention that Ira bagged a badass Domme?

"I don't know what you're thinking, Jamie," Etta said, dryly. "But whatever you're thinking is working on this end. Fuck, you're wet."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Go deeper with whatever you're imagining."

"Are you sure?"

"I gave you an order, didn't I?"

Yes, she sure did. And Jamie knew by now that she did not disobey one of her Domme's orders. If Etta told her to fantasize about another person, then that's what she did!

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

She wasn't sure what she was fantasizing about, exactly. Everything was a giant blur of sex, flirtation, more sex, and the sounds of other people making love in the most hedonistic ways possible. There were many entering her mind and leaving again. They all wanted her. She wanted all of them. No matter what she did, what she said, or where she went in her mind, these other people tracked her down and fucked her.

Etta helped her with that in the real world. As soon as she and Jamie's hips found a rhythm, Etta slipped in another finger and fucked her harder.

"That's it, my pretty flower," Etta growled into her ear. Jamie opened her eyes enough to see her girlfriend draw a strap-on from beneath the bed, the dark silicone smooth and shining in the dim light. Oh, my God. Jamie's core clenched as she imagined Etta going at her until they were both done. Please. Pleeaaaaase!

"Come for me, Jamie."

With permission granted, Jamie threw herself back into her fantasies, where she was the most desired woman in the world wherever she went. People couldn't keep their hands off her. Women were furious that they couldn't be her – or do her, too. Jamie only had to walk three feet in the halls of Jem's mansion and find herself pinned against the wall, someone having their way with her until she came.

It was the stuff of horror in real life. In fantasy land, where Etta finger fucked her, Jamie was in absolute heaven.

"Oh..." Etta was deep within her, both fingers filling her just right as they hunted down her not-so-elusive G-spot. Jamie slammed her hips down, letting the nipple

clamps bite her breasts and the spreader keep her legs apart for Etta's touch. This was almost hotter than Etta having her way with her in the office downstairs. Almost. "Oh!"

She came, crying out in surprise as her inner walls squeezed Etta's fingers. That hand wasn't enough to contain how turned on Jamie was that night.

It got on her hands. On Jamie's thighs. All over the bed beneath her, and certainly on the spreader bar keeping her legs apart. Etta stilled her fingers, coaxing the last of Jamie's wetness out before pulling free and whistling at how hot she was.

"Damn. Thinking about other people gets you going. You don't do that often."

Jamie opened her eyes. Etta's strap-on pointed at her, unused. What I would give to play with that thing right now. God knew Etta deserved it after what she made Jamie's body do.

"I wasn't thinking about one person..."

"Oh?" There was a bite to Etta's tone.

"Heaven's no, ma'am. I thought about everyone I knew taking turns with me."

Etta stepped back, the smile fading from her face. "That so?" She unclasped the spreader bar from Jamie's legs, tossing it onto the floor. Jamie's legs pushed together, reveling in how good it felt to not be forced apart any longer. "My delicate flower wants to be the town pony. How does one reconcile that? In the bedroom, no less?"

"I have lofty goals, ma'am."

"Uh-huh." Etta wasn't playful any longer. She dropped Jamie from her binds and

watched her fall to the bed, the comforter absorbing her fall – although it couldn't stop the clamps from pinching her nipples even harder. "You might have taken it too far, Jamie. I'll have to show the world who owns your ass."

Good. Jamie didn't need reminding, but she also didn't mind her Domme putting on a show mostly for her sake.

Etta finished undressing, letting her trousers hit the floor, her shirt following, and her underwear almost landing on Jamie's face. Seeing Etta completely free made Jamie antsy for her rough way of loving.

Except Etta didn't take her right there. Instead, she tossed herself onto the bed, making Jamie jump a whole inch, her weightlessness confounded by her bound wrists.

"Get over here," Etta growled. "Put your pussy on my face."

That didn't sound like the kind of thing a Domme looking to teach her a lesson would say. Jamie wasn't going to disobey, though. She pulled herself over to her Domme, her Mistress, her lover. She straddled her sore thighs over Etta's face and lowered herself, gasping when hands clasped on her hips and brought her nub down onto eager lips.

She cried out when Etta slapped her ass as her tongue wrapped around her exposed clit. All right, I see where this is going... Jamie spread her bound hands on Etta's abdomen, feeling the soft skin, the ticklish hair trailing down toward her loins. Etta wasn't the hairiest woman around, but she was enough to incite Jamie's imagination. She loved letting her fingers wander through Etta's dark hair in search of her pussy. Ready, waiting, calling to Jamie's mouth. The strap-on was even still left to the side, giving her full clearance.

Pretty obvious what Etta wanted, wasn't it?

"Fuck..." Her hips grinded against Etta's mouth, rubbing her clit and opening all over her tongue. Etta's hands squeezed her, pulling her closer. Jamie was afraid her girlfriend would suffocate. Whatever, she's a big girl who knows her limits.

The crystal strings of the nipple clamps draped across Etta's stomach as Jamie slowly leaned forward and ran her tongue along the hidden mound beneath her face. The heady scent of lust—for her, no less—hit her before she sensed anything else. Even though Etta shuddered beneath Jamie's spread legs, she persisted, almost unaware, willing herself to take more of Etta's pleasure into her control. It wasn't her first time doing the sixty-nine tango, but every time Jamie had to reorient herself to taking it at a new angle. When they started dating almost a year ago, one of Etta's favorite things to ask for was Jamie's oral services. And boy, did I fine-tune those.

Yet it was difficult doing it this way. Or should she say... a challenge. Not only did she have to contend with bound wrists, but there was the matter of her pussy being invaded time and again by Etta's experienced tongue. Etta filled her as easily as her fingers did—not as deeply, but more than satisfactorily. It was even worse when her tongue pushed against Jamie's clit, savoring it, clinching it between her lips until Jamie started crying in exquisite agony.

Jamie forgot herself as she dipped her finger into the depths of her girlfriend's body.

Etta pulled her lips away to mutter, breathless. "What are you doing?"

Jamie touched her tongue to her lips, savoring Etta's taste, and replied, "Giving my Mistress what she wants."

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

Etta didn't say anything to that, but when Jamie lowered herself once again, Etta's tongue met her halfway. It danced around Jamie's clit, tickling its sensitive edges, making her shiver. And if Jamie had to do the same with Etta's pussy, then she would, even if it made her out of sorts. She was going to enjoy her Mistress's pleasure, despite it being so intimate that she felt like her heart would burst.

Etta's taste coated Jamie's mouth, and she savored every bit of it, relishing in the moans she pulled from Etta. She couldn't be sure if it was because of how she ate her out or the fact that she was pleasuring her in the first place. Either way, Jamie was doing well by her Domme... if certain sounds were to be trusted.

“Come for me, ma’am. “She wanted to feel Etta all over her skin. She wanted to orgasm the exact moment Etta did. She imagined her face covered in her girlfriend. Etta didn’t do that often. “Come all over my face.”

Etta stopped devouring Jamie’s pussy long enough to push her hips off and say, “Fuck that. I’ve got better plans.”

Thank God. Etta pushed her into the bed. Etta rose, pulling Jamie’s legs over the edge until her ass nearly hung off. With the strap-on dangling from her hand, Etta stalked to their bag, pulled out a few yards of silk rope, and returned with only one purpose. Jamie saw it in her eyes.

“Sit still and obey,” Etta said. “If you sit still and take what you deserve, I’ll make sure you get the satisfaction you want. Understand?”

Jamie nodded. Fuck yes.

Etta bent Jamie's knees and pulled them up. The silk rope wound around her ankles, tight, keeping them far apart and her pussy fully exposed. Oh, shit. Arousal claimed Jamie, anticipation on the verge of killing her if Etta didn't save her soon. She clutched her bound hands to her chest—until Etta tore her bindings apart, wrapped her arms beneath Jamie's hips, and retied the binds. I can't move!

“Look at you. Such a sexual creature, whether you intend it or not.” The way Etta spoke nearly stole the breath from Jamie. Yet her chest rapidly rose and fell, the crystals spreading across her skin as if she were a valuable gift meant to be nothing more than an elaborate, expensive sex toy. Yes! Once Jamie hit that headspace, there was no stopping her. She would get down on her knees and beg for anything... assuming she could move at all.

She sucked in her lips and whimpered, “Are you going to fuck me, ma'am?”

Etta appeared uncomfortably excited as she gripped the strap-on, taunting Jamie. “I will if you promise to think of no one but me while I use you.”

Use me. Etta wasn't even playing. She saw Jamie as nothing but a useful sub right now, and fuck! Jamie was ready for that kind of fury. This was a woman so wound up that she wasn't about to hold back. Did that frighten Jamie? Once upon a time, that would have scared her, but now she knew she had nothing to fear. Etta would take good care of her. She would push her to limits she barely knew she had, but Etta would also save her.

“You're the only one, ma'am,” Jamie said, still whimpering. “You're the only one I want for the rest of my life.”

She didn't intend to be so sappy, but how could it be helped? It was those kinds of moments that reminded her of how much she loved Etta.

“My sweet flower.” Those hearty growls made Jamie’s eyes roll back into her head. Etta pulled apart her nether lips, spreading her opening, teasing it with the strap-on as it pushed in.

“You’re the only woman I want.”

She thrust into Jamie.

Overpowered. That was the only word to describe what Jamie felt at that moment. This wasn’t her girlfriend entering her for lovemaking—for their mutual pleasure. This was her Domme taking back what was hers and driving Jamie to the rim of madness. Her intense, determined thrusts not only reached deep into Jamie’s body but shook her to the point the crystal chains rattled on her skin.

Her mouth fell open, her breath caught in a torrential storm between her chest and throat. So caught off guard. So caught unaware that Jamie had no idea how to parse the sensations overtaking her body and rebranding her as the property of Etta Coleman.

It wasn’t just her loins she claimed. It was her abdomen, her breasts, her throat, her cheeks, her mind, her heart, her arms and legs... her soul. From top to bottom, Jamie was coerced back into Etta’s possession. No longer was Jamie allowed to wander and lust after other people. No other could dream of touching her. What Etta wanted, Etta took. If she wanted Jamie’s pussy, fine. She could have it whenever she wanted. But this? This was Etta reaffirming that every part of Jamie belonged to her now... and forever.

Of course, it helped that it felt damn good!

“Do you feel that? Do you feel it inside you?” Etta held the strap-on in Jamie, pushing as far back as she could go while her hands claimed Jamie’s hips. “That

sensation is what I give to you. It's how you know you're mine."

Her voice thundered in the room—or maybe that was Jamie's perception as she tried to parse a million sensations at once.

"Yes..." she said, meekly. "I feel it..."

"You feel what?"

She gasped. "My belonging to you, ma'am."

"And you know that you belong to me?"

"Yes! I belong to you, ma'am!"

"You're mine to do whatever the hell I want to, right?"

"Yes!" She nearly sobbed, her body shuddering in delight even though she tingled in sweet anguish. "Don't stop!"

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

“Oh? You don’t want me to stop?” Etta’s hands moved up Jamie’s stomach, snatching the bottom of her breasts and squeezing them until the clamps almost popped off her nipples. “Why’s that? Tell me why you need me right now.”

Hell, where to begin?

Jamie spat out the first thing to come to mind. “Because I need you to fuck me.”

Etta snorted. The woman was close to climaxing, and yet here she was, taking her time to fuck not just Jamie’s body, but with her head too. “Am I the only one you want?”

“Yes! You’re...”

Apparently, Etta didn’t need more words. Or she was so overcome with lust that she couldn’t help but drive back into Jamie, fucking her with such strength that she perpetually cried out and slammed her eyes shut to the blinding lights around her.

Etta didn’t need her to say more words, but that did not mean she stayed silent.

She called her names. Filthy, nasty names that would piss Jamie off to hear in any other situation. Yet when Etta got her so hot and bothered, this was the only cure for her sexual ailments. The last thing Jamie wanted to be called was something nice. She wanted a long, hard ride that left her unable to walk the next day. She wanted to be ridden so wet that almost anyone could come up and take her, no matter their demeanor or lack of inhibitions. She wanted to be told that all of this made her nothing more than filthy words that no one called a respectable woman. Because

Jamie wasn't respectable. She had sex for money for a whole six months. With this woman. A woman whose first conversation with her was to offer her said money in exchange for said sex.

In these moments, Jamie would always feel like Etta's...

"Oh, shit!" That mere thought made her explode, the core of her body so warm and stimulated that the good feelings spread through her quickly, staking every inch of her until she was shuddering out of control beneath Etta's body. While Etta continued to fuck her through her orgasm, growling, grunting, and urging her to come harder while she screamed in ecstasy, the clamps took Jamie to new heights. The filthy words falling from Etta's lips reminded her of her place as a fucktoy. As soon as Jamie came down from her high, Etta could go back to being her loving girlfriend. For now, her body only existed to please her girlfriend.

Jamie had never felt as small as when Etta finally came.

She also had never felt as loved as when Etta lowered her forehead and touched it to hers, riding out her climax with her eyes gazing deep into Jamie's.

She said something. Probably a variation of "I love you," but Jamie was on another planet, her mind completely focused on the feeling that they belonged to one another.

She crashed from her high as quickly as she soared to it. One moment she was riding in nirvana, and the next she was back on Earth, exhausted, spent, and oh so used.

Etta collapsed, gasping for breath. No wonder. Jamie was so clamped up that there was no way she was letting Etta get away from her anytime soon. She asked to have her hands untied, and the moment Etta lazily freed her, she wrapped her arms around her girlfriend's shoulders and sighed.

“That was a lot of screaming,” Etta mumbled into the comforter. “Is your throat okay?”

No. It wasn’t. Jamie would be lucky to speak the next day – let alone walk.

Etta eventually got up, grinning, bringing her fingers to her lips and licking herself from Jamie’s skin. God, that is always so fucking hot. If she weren’t so spent between the legs, Jamie would beg Etta to fuck her again. There was something about a woman confidently tasting herself that got Jamie hot again.

“Well, that was good.” Etta ripped the binds before collapsing onto the bed next to Jamie. “I think I’m done for the next three days.”

“Lies,” she said sleepily. “You’ll be fucking me again tomorrow. Or at least my mouth.”

Etta chuckled. “What a tragedy that would be, indeed.”

Jamie closed her eyes and rolled against her girlfriend. As she was about to doze off, however, she heard that haunting howl and groaned. “I get it now,” Jamie mumbled. “Oh, Lord, tomorrow is going to be awkward.”

She received a pat on the shoulder. “At least the focus will be off us.”

“Seems like the last thing you want.”

“Maybe. We’ll be mushroom picking anyway.”

Jamie groaned again.

She stepped out of the shower an hour later, ready for bed. After yawning heartily,

Jamie finished wrapping a robe around her body and put her hair up in a tight, wet knot. She eventually needed to blow-dry her hair, but first, she wanted to kiss Etta.

She found her, all right. In their room, wearing pajamas. Etta swiped through screens on her tablet, muttering beneath her breath.

“Why did I listen to her? I needed work done this weekend...”

Jamie wrapped her arms around Etta from behind, her strong scent overcoming the senses that were previously commanded by shampoo and body wash.

Page 44

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

“What’s wrong?”

“Natasha said she would finish these charts for me tonight, but I see they haven’t been done. Or at least there are no new updates to my cloud.”

Jamie backed off and looked at the blank tablet. “You told her to take the night off.”

“Not quite. I told her something else could wait until tomorrow.”

“You’re overworking her.”

Etta rolled her eyes. “Not this weekend I’m not...”

“What does that mean?”

“Nothing. I shouldn’t say anything more.”

“Well, if you need her to do it that badly...” Jamie snatched the tablet from her hand and walked toward the bedroom door. “I’ll talk to her. Assuming she’s not in bed yet.”

Jamie opened the door and stepped into the empty hall.

“Wait!”

Too late. Jamie was two doors down across the hall, where Natasha was staying in another guest room. Surprisingly, the door was unlocked.

“Ho God!”

Jamie stopped in the lit doorway. There, in the guest bed, was not one person, but two.

“What are you doing?” Natasha hissed from beneath the covers. Beside her, Eve got over her embarrassment and curled her hands behind her head. She was naked. They were both naked. “Get outta here!”

Natasha picked up a book and flung it at Jamie, who leaped back into the hall and slammed the door shut behind her.

Etta stood in their guest room doorway, looking smugger than usual.

“Told you.”

Jamie stole into their room and nearly threw herself beneath the covers. “What the hell, Etta! You knew and didn’t tell me?”

She joined her on the bed. “You didn’t give me time. Someone was determined.”

“Was that the...”

“I figured it was Natasha making those sounds a while ago. Remember the Fourth of July picnic where she got smashed and told us that she moans like a ghost when she’s having sex?”

“No!” Jamie had been a bit smashed too. How could I forget something like that, though?

“Oh. Well.”

“But I thought she didn’t care for Eve...” The woman was at Etta’s office occasionally, and used such opportunities to flirt. Although Natasha said she found Eve attractive yet intimidating, Jamie didn’t expect anything to happen if Natasha hadn’t accepted a date aftermonths. “I’m confused.”

“I was talking to Helen earlier, and she said she brought her sister on this trip because she’s suffering from a lot of stress. I brought up that she and my secretary kinda go back. Helen and I may or may not have fanned some flames... I thought Natasha would get her work done first...”

“I can’t believe it. My girlfriend, the matchmaker.” Jamie jumped off the bed and went to the vanity to comb out her hair. After it fell from her twist, she continued, “Surprised you didn’t try to get front-row seats.”

Etta shrugged. “I was a bit preoccupied. With you.”

“Matchmaking me with your pussy.”

“Yes.”

Page 45

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

Snarls and tangles pulled at Jamie's scalp as she ferociously combed. "Is there anyone in this house who wasn't fucking like an animal tonight?"

"Out of everyone who came here tonight?" Etta grinned. "No. And who would have it any other way?"

Chapter 12

Gwenyth

A woman who was not used to having one of her homes invaded was also a woman who had no choice but to sit in the front hall while her girlfriend tried to smooth things over with three sets of irate guests.

What an idiot. She didn't doubt that Jem planned this whole thing. She liked shaking things up with her friends to see what would happen.

She was not disappointed with this weekend's results.

"Jem, you big pile of..." Ira put a firm, warning hand on Jem's shoulder. Every guest milled around the front hall, waiting for cars to pick them up. Or, in Ira's case, waiting to give Jem a piece of her mind before getting in her car and driving off with her girlfriend. "You told us we would have the house to ourselves this weekend. Do you know how hard it is to have a romantic getaway when there are other guests up your ass?"

"What? Really?" The way Jem waggled her eyebrows made Gwenyth lower hers. I

love her, but she can be a pain in the ass when she's like this. Every Christmas she found someone new to play a holiday prank on. Gwentyth was glad her turn for such things was over.

"Don't suppose y'all were literally up each other's asses because that could be..."

"You idiot!"

"I'm serious..." Gwentyth turned her head, not surprised to find Kathleen and Eve standing near her, talking quietly – but not enough. Kathleen continued, "I haven't been able to walk since Friday night. I spent all of yesterday in bed, and my everything is still sore..."

"I don't wanna hear about your naughty bits," Eve muttered back. "Think about me. I finally got that hottie in bed, and now she won't talk to me. Says we had some fun but now she's going home. Fuck my life. Thought I could at least take her on a proper date..."

"Oh, excuse me regarding your plight, but you're not God's gift to every woman." Kathleen winced as she turned and shuffled toward the coat rack, grabbing a scarf she almost forgot. "And here I thought I hadn't missed my girlfriend that much."

"Jem," Ira hissed, poking her friend in the chest. "After this weekend I feel like I need a pack of ice on my crotch. I don't know whether to thank you or kill you."

Gwentyth sighed, turning her attention to Jamie and Natasha standing on the other side of the entrance hall.

"Once again, I'm sorry about walking in on you like that..." Jamie's face was almost as red as her winter coat, evoking a young and pretty Mrs. Claus. "I had no idea!"

“Don’t know how.” Natasha looked away, her blush taking over her fair complexion. “She went down on me for forty-five minutes, Jamie! I felt like I was dying!”

“To be fair, you sounded like it too.”

That was Monique, walking by with her Domme hot on her heels. Helen snatched their coats off the wall and helped her fiancée put hers on. Monique fluffed out her hair and slithered into her vintage fur coat. Natasha looked at them, horrified.

“You heard me?”

“Everyone heard you, Miss.” Helen tried to smile as she plucked her winter cap off the wall and put it on her head. “You weren’t as loud as Miss Joy was all night... nor were you as passionate as Ms. Allen... but, uh...”

“That’s enough, Helen.” Monique spared both Jamie and Natasha a friendly smirk. “Let’s not shift the blame for all the noise on one person. We were all a bit... excited.”

Gwenyth uncrossed her legs and shook her head. What, did they have an orgy in my house? It wasn’t her house in name, but she had been with Jem for over five years and felt like she could say my house. Especially when it came to unruly guests.

“Let’s be honest,” Helen muttered, as she and Monique moved to the front door. “Miss Joy was the loudest of us all.”

“Shush.” Monique buttoned up Helen’s coat for her. Since she was a good foot shorter than her fiancé, it looked almost comical to watch her stand on her tiptoes and show Helen affection like that. “Some women scream, Helen.”

She opened the door, where their driver waited for them on the other side. The man

noded, entered the front hall, and picked up the heavy bags the couple brought with them.

“Perhaps you should scream more often, my dear. Could be good for us.”

“For us, she says.”

They stepped out, Helen calling for her sister.

Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 2:36 pm

“Fuck,” Eve mumbled, quitting her conversation with Kathleen. “Guess that means I’m not getting her number after all. See you later.”

With the Warners gone, that only left Etta and Ira’s parties, both of whom were creating a stink with Jem. Except for Kathleen, who sat next to Gwenyth on the bench and commented on the lovely house.

“Thanks,” Gwenyth said. “I’m sorry about the mix-up. I knew Jem said she was letting people over while we were gone, but I had no idea that it would be all at once.”

“No worries. We found a way to make it work.”

“What? Orgy or swinging? Tell me all about fucking Helen Warner.”

“Excuse me. What makes you think it would be her?”

Gwenyth held up a finger as she began counting off the sets of genitals staying in her house. “Because Monique Grant likes the familiar, so she would only go to bed with Etta Coleman, her ex-girlfriend whom she’s still good buddies with. That means her sweetie Jamie would be fucking your partner Ira while you get Warner’s hot bod. So? How was it? We’ve both seen her half-naked, girl. We also know she knows how to party.”

Kathleen twisted her nose. Gwenyth assumed it had to do with images of sleeping with Domme Helen Warner but, alas, Kathleen spat, “Ira and her? If she screamed that much from a few thrusts from Coleman, then she would’ve lost her voice getting it

the way Ira gave it to me.”

“So I hear. Word on the grapevine is that you were moaning nonstop for half an hour.”

“You really wanna know? I can’t walk.”

“I heard that too. Congratulations.”

Ira, flummoxed with Jem’s half-assed explanation, picked up her suitcase and collected her girlfriend. “Let’s get out of here, Katie. It’s a long drive and I want to get started.” She finally acknowledged their hostess. “Good morning, Gwentyth. Sorry your girlfriend is such an asshole.”

Gwentyth waved a hand at Ira. “You get used to it.”

“Uh-huh. C’mon, Kathleen.”

Huffing, she pushed herself off the bench and followed Ira to the front door. “Don’t order me around like your sub. You’re being a dick, Ira.”

She swung the door open, forgetting to put on her jacket as she stepped out into the frozen air. “All the better to fuck you the way you like, Kathleen.”

“Don’t remind me.”

The door closed again.

“Well, I for one had a pleasant weekend.” All smiles, Etta Coleman shook Jem’s hand and took a coat from Jamie’s. “Don’t know if you know this, but you have fantastic mycological specimens around here.”

“Uh, yeah, sure.” Jem grinned in return. The woman is a genius until it comes to flora and fauna. The first thing her girlfriend would ask later would be, “What’s mycology?”

Jamie cleared her throat. “Yes, it was...” She hiccupped, clearing her throat again. Her voice was so weak that Gwentyth wondered if she required a lozenge. “Thanks for having us.”

As Etta Coleman and her company departed, Gwentyth stood up from her seat and approached her partner, who smiled like the idiot she was.

“Oh, sounds like everyone had a delightful weekend.” She wrapped an arm around Gwentyth’s shoulders and kissed her cheek. Nice touch. “I’ve been told that there was much merrymaking. Also, our butler is quitting.”

The butler threatened to quit every few months. Even so, Gwentyth made a note to increase his Christmas bonus with or without Jem’s approval. “You’re too much, baby.” She sighed into Jem’s embrace, letting her rock them back and forth. “Those poor people all thought they were going to have a quiet weekend.”

“Who the hell wants quiet? That’s boring. Oh, and...” Jem backed away. “I have it on good authority that the office is a mess.”

“That’s...” Gwentyth slapped her hand against her cheek. “Jem.”

“Come on, Gwenny.” She swept her up in a hearty embrace, Jem’s perfume almost too much to bear when they were this close. “I say we resolve for next year. You, me, and us taking back every room in this house for ourselves.” She whispered into Gwentyth’s ear. “Let’s start with the office. Right now.”

She had to be kidding. Yet Gwentyth knew that she wasn’t. Jem never kidded about that.

“Merry Christmas, baby,” she purred, escorting Gwentyth into the office. “Hope you like your present.”

Gwentyth had a feeling these antics were more of a present for Jem, but she would play along with it. She always did.

THE END