



Irresistible Little Ivy (Littles of Rawhide Ranch #7)

Author: Ann Mayburn

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Description: Love at first sight isn't an uncommon occurrence at Rawhide Ranch.

Caleb just never expected it to happen to him.

But from the moment he lays eyes on beautiful, witty, spirited Ivy, he's hooked. Even her attempts to keep him at arms' length during her stay do nothing to deter him.

Every chance he gets, he lays claim to her, even if it's just for a few minutes of heaven with her in his arms, begging for her pleasure.

And when a spin of the bottle finally gives him the chance he's been waiting for, he has every intention of stripping every last bit of resistance from his bratty little girl until she finally agrees to be his. For good.

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CHAPTER 1

Ivy

With my breath in my throat, I stared at my empty suitcase atop my king-sized bed, then let out a long and loud burp.

Rubbing my stomach, I winced.

Darn anxiety-induced reflux.

My best friend Talia, a famous kink podcast host, laughed so hard she had to flop down on my bed next to the open suitcase.

Her dark spiral curls spread out on the chenille blanket that covered my bed as she smiled up at me. “Please don’t forget your medicine. I love you, but those burps of yours are astonishing. You’re like 120 pounds soaking wet, hearing something that aggressive come from a wide-eyed, sweet-as-pie strawberry-blonde woman is unforgettable. You don’t want that as a first impression.”

I sighed, turned, and tugged at the drawstring of my pale-gray yoga pants, staring at my open wardrobe across the room. If someone randomly walked in and glanced around the large and crowded space, they might have thought two people shared my closet. A corporate woman who could afford luxurious, yet conservative suits and dresses, along with a teenager with a black card and a taste for all things sparkly.

They would be wrong. This was my closet and it represented me perfectly. First there

was my responsible and driven corporate self who'd sacrificed everything for success. The stand-up young woman who'd raised her three younger sisters from the age of twelve on while her single mom had worked sixty hours a week. I'd missed out on a lot of things because I'd had to stay home and take care of my siblings. Eventually my mom got enough raises that she didn't have to work insane hours to house and feed us, but by that time I had already graduated and was in my sophomore year of college.

Full scholarship.

With honors.

"Speaking of first impressions"—I gestured to my closet—"what do I wear?"

"What do you want to wear?" Talia asked as she pet my grumpy old calico cat, Cleo. "More importantly, what do you feel good in?"

"This," I said gesturing down to my tank top and yoga pants outfit before pointing to my rack of suits. "Or those. When I put one of my suits on I feel powerful. Like it's armor."

"Understandable," Talia said while she continued to pet my cat, who was now making biscuits in my pillow with her paws. "So let's think of it like this. The point of your vacation is to attend Spirit Week at the Rawhide Ranch. The dress code is for Middles only, the Littles will have their own things going on, so the atmosphere will be different than our local Little-oriented clubs. Think like... you know, high school."

I crossed my arms over my small chest and frowned at her. "You mean the place where I had to focus only on my work so I could get a scholarship and get out? The place where I didn't allow myself to have friends, or a boyfriend? I was a virgin until

I was twenty-two.”

Talia sat up, and Cleo let out a rumble mew of complaint when the petting suddenly stopped. “Well, that was seven years ago, babes. Considering we met at a BDSM club, I’m pretty sure you’ve more than made up for your late start. There isn’t anywhere on your entire body that is pure and untouched now.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at that. “True.” I took a couple steps forward and ran my hand down the sleek side of a glittery purple dress. “But I feel like I missed out on so much fun stuff as a teenager, and I regret that I didn’t allow myself at least a little bit of a social life. Yes, my sacrifice has paid off in ways I can’t even begin to be thankful for. I’m one of the top app designers in the world, I’m pretty much my own boss and set for life, but I can’t get back my high school years. This week will be the closest I’ll be able to get a second chance at all the fun stuff I missed out on. I’ll get to do a sleepover, go to a homecoming game, participate in fun Spirit-Week activities as well as taking some classes. Oh, did I mention that one of those is an erogenous zone class with Dr. Joi and Dr. Ramsfield?”

Laughing, Talia pushed herself off my bed and joined me at my closet, her hands on her hips as she scanned the contents. “Yeah, you mentioned it about twenty times. I don’t mind, though. It’s cute to see you so excited. Unless we’re at the club, you’re usually so serious. It’s nice to see you all sparkly eyed like this.”

“If my eyes sparkle it’s just because my closet looks like a glitter bomb exploded inside.” I couldn’t help but smile as I ran my hands over my new outfits. “It was so much fun shopping for these clothes. I told the sales ladies that I was shopping for my niece, and we were the same size so I would try on the clothes I’d be buying her. And that my niece had a thing for 80s fashion. Then I showed them my black card and suddenly I had my own little harem of help all too eager to give my supposed niece a fabulous wardrobe.”

“Ohhh, love the new lingerie,” Talia said as she slid a hanger aside, revealing a sexy and strappy black teddy with dark-red roses embroidered along the bodice.

“My confidence boosters,” I said as I took it out of the closet and carefully placed the lingerie in my suitcase. “You know me. Beneath my suits I like to have something sassy on. Makes me feel powerful and a little naughty to know that if most people saw what I wore under my corporate image, they’d faint.”

“That’s because you can be a cold-ass ballbuster at work,” Talia said as she handed me more hangers with various cute skirts and pretty shirts for me to pack. “I should know. I didn’t last a week as your assistant.”

“You called me an uptight bitch,” I said in a dry tone as I folded a pair of decidedly 80s-looking hot-pink fishnet stockings and leg warmers.

Talia pulled out a pair of neon-orange lined in lime-green booty shorts. “Girl, what is up with all these bright colors?”

“The theme is the 1980s, I’m trying to dress the part.”

“Okay then,” she said in a doubtful tone as she handed me three bikinis in various neon shades. “Is there going to be a pool party?”

“Yep. They have a huge indoor pool and one of the nights they’re going to play 80s movies on a big screen on the edge of the pool. They’re going to have all kinds of floaties and rafts, so people can relax and watch the movie. And there’s going to be games, and a huge barbecue spread. Of course it will all be indoors because early spring in Montana is no joke, but it will still be fun.”

Talia grinned, then bit her full lower lip before returning her dark gaze to mine. “Please know that what I’m about to say is coming from my heart, okay?”

I paused in my packing, my pulse suddenly picking up as worry started to knot my stomach. “What is it?”

“Well, you tend to be a little closed off and you are difficult to get to know. Not that there is anything wrong with that, you are who you are, but if you only have seven days at the Ranch, and you want to spend it with a good Master, you might have to lower your inner walls a bit.”

My shoulders slumped as I nodded. “I know. My therapist said the same thing. That if I’m really going to let my inner teenager out, I needed to let her run free. She said I need to try to recognize my adult hang-ups for what they are and just have fun without overthinking everything. She told me I needed to be impulsive.”

Talia laughed at my no doubt sour expression. “Oh boy, you loath being impulsive.”

“I know,” I muttered dryly, resuming packing and holding up a few of my favorite collars. “And look, I’m bringing these so whatever Master I end up with can properly claim me.”

“What if they have their own collars?” Talia asked as she looked at me over her shoulder while getting more items from my closet. “Would you wear one of theirs?”

“Actually, it will work a little different for Spirit Week. Guys get a black class ring they wear on the middle finger of their right hand that has their name engraved on the inside. If they decide to claim a submissive for the week, they attach their ring to the submissive’s collar. Rawhide’s version of going steady.”

“That is adorable,” Talia gushed as she gave me starry eyes. “I am so jealous that you get to go. Please tell me you’ll wear some lucky guy’s ring by the end of the week?”

I turned away from her hopeful face. “I wish I could say yes, but that would depend. I

have no problem with casual relationships, as long as we've both had the proper STD tests and background checks. Since Rawhide requires both before a guest can even make a reservation, I won't have to wait to fool around for any test results to come back. I can go in there knowing that any single and willing man I meet I can fuck to my heart's content. But I'm not fooling myself thinking I'll find anything long term there. This is a vacation, and vacation romances rarely last. I will hopefully find someone I click with, and we can have fun together, then we'll go our separate ways and be fond memories for each other."

"Don't be such an unromantic poop." Talia stuck her tongue out at me. "You never know. Maybe you'll meet the quarterback and become homecoming queen!"

"Right," I said sarcastically then blew out a tension-filled breath. "Too bad I was never into the football guys in my high school. Either way, I'll be having a ton of fun, learning things, and hopefully having a lot of quality orgasms. Sounds like a win-win to me."

"That's my girl!" Talia said as she resumed lying back on my bed and petting my cat. "I wish I was going with you, but I have a conference I have to attend. Make sure you take notes for your classes so I can read them, especially the full contact ones. Having sex in a classroom, with everyone watching?" She fanned her red cheeks. "So hot. Make sure you volunteer as a test subject for all of your full-contact classes."

"You know I will. I wish you could come with me as well." I gave her a fond smile. "After all, you introduced me to the Middle lifestyle. I owe you."

"How could I not? You're my sister from another mister." She winked at me and tossed her curls back. "Besides, it's super fun having someone I can have sleepovers with who won't think it's weird that I sleep with a stuffed animal."

"And you really brought fun back into my life. I am so much happier now that I allow

myself to be immature and play.”

Talia fished a necklace out from under her shirt where a silver half heart dangled.
“Besties.”

I held up my necklace, stroking the other half of the heart charm with my thumb.
“Besties.”

Three days later

Large fat flakes of white landed on my head and shivers overcame me as I hustled up the long walkway to the steps leading to the front doors Rawhide Ranch’s main lodge. On either side of me, snow lay almost thigh deep, but the walkway had been cleared and salted. The lodge glowed in the darkness, looking like a divine refuge from the cold, solid enough to withstand any storm. Lovely and warm-cream twinkle lights twined about the large porch, chasing back the night. It was only 5:15 pm and the sky was already dark.

Spicy burning wood-scented the air and multiple chimneys on the various buildings billowed smoke into the crystalline air.

My teeth grew cold as I stared upwards at the entrancing night sky. Clouds sped past overhead, parting here and there to reveal a full moon. The shafts of light that pierced the clouds seemed to glow like silver. Snowflakes somehow still fell in such a picturesque manner that I felt like I was in a movie. The air seemed to glitter as a biting wind whipped ribbons of snow over the frozen crust of the drifts around me. That same wind cut through me like a knife and my body gave a convulsive shiver, breaking my fascination with the sky.

Now that I wasn’t mesmerized by nature’s glory, I realized I was freezing .

I mean, I knew it was going to be eleven degrees, but I didn't take into account the wind that snuck through my sweater and froze my skin.

Or what eleven degrees actually felt like.

Shoving my hands in my armpits, I hurried faster, the salt crunching beneath my low-heeled boots.

Stupid, stupid me had left her jacket in the airport bathroom. I'd been distracted by a flurry of texts from my department at work and had walked right onto the plane without it. That left me freezing in my pale-jade floral sweater and jeans. My sweet driver had offered his coat, but it was a quick walk to the lodge so I'd told him I would be fine. And I would have been if I hadn't stopped to stare at the sky like some slack-jawed fool.

The cold was so intense it was painful, and I walked even faster. By the time I reached the front porch, my whole body was shaking like I was having a seizure. The icy bite of the metal door handle hurt my hand, but I yanked it open and staggered inside a massive foyer decorated in a lovely western-meets-the-rugged-northern-woods vibe.

I would have appreciated it more if my eyes weren't tearing up and blurring my vision.

Wiping my eyes on the back of my sweater's sleeve, I startled as a smooth and slightly southern-accented male voice said, "Holy shit, you look like you have frostbite. Are you okay, miss?"

I still couldn't see anything, and when I attempted to speak, my chattering teeth made it difficult. "C-co-l-l-d."

“So I see. What are you doing out there without your winter gear?” He took both of my hands in his and I stilled as their warmth enveloped me. “Yep, frozen. Come on, let’s get you warmed up.”

The man, whoever he was, led me slowly over to a roaring fire. I might have shoved past him in my eagerness to get to the fireplace.

My eyes watered again, but this time they cleared up after I wiped at them.

“Thank you,” I managed to say past my clenched teeth.

“No problem,” was his slightly amused sounding reply.

The heat felt absolutely divine on my cold skin.

Feeling warm enough to rotate, I looked at where I was for the first time. Large dark reddish-brown leather couches, three of them, were arranged in front of the fire. In the middle a large light-wood table held an elegant bronze statue of two moose locked in battle. A pair of women sat on the couch closest to the door, their curious eyes locked on me. The blonde, wearing a pair of white furry kitten ears and a cream bodysuit, sat up abruptly as she took me in.

The blonde’s mouth formed an O before she said in English with a slight Hispanic accent, “Oh my gosh, Caleb, what happened? She looks half frozen to death. Poor thing still has snow in her hair.”

I brushed it away, my shaking hands no doubt making a mess of my hair.

“Don’t know,” the male voice that must belong to Caleb said from over my ear. “I was cleaning up the melted snow by the front door when she came in. I thought she was dead for a second there with her skin being so pale. Her lips looked kind of

purple.”

“They still look blue,” said the brunette sitting next to the blonde who also wore cat ears, but hers were black. “And her hands are almost purple. Miss, did someone do this to you? Did someone leave you outside on purpose?”

I shook my head, bits of melted snow dropping on my face from my hair. “No. I forgot m-my jacket. Then I got dist... distracted by the sky.”

The blonde frowned at me. “You got what?”

“Sky,” I repeated, sighing after a shiver subsided. “There is a full moon and it’s snowing. The sky was so beautiful that I didn’t realize how long I’d been out there. I’ve never seen anything like it.” A residual shiver moved through me and I rubbed my hands together as pins and needles sensations spread through my fingers. “I paused to admire the moon and I didn’t realize how quickly I’d get cold. I’m...” I managed to say through clenched teeth as I held my hands out to the fire again, “from Miami.”

The lovely brunette woman with the black cat ears repositioned herself on the couch to face us. “Oh yes, your tan totally screams Miami.”

There was a moment of silence before the women giggled and the guy behind me chuckled, his tone rich and deep.

The man finally came into my view and I found myself instantly drawn to his harsh features. He had high cheekbones and the kind of hollow-cheeked look that men with strong features sometimes get. Younger than me by maybe a few years, he stood a good five inches taller and wore a stylish tan suit that fit him well. Longish dark hair hung down over his forehead, partially obscuring his eyes, giving him a bit of a rebellious air despite the suit.

With a flick of his head he tossed his hair back from his face and returned my gaze. “Don’t mind Georgiana, she can be a bit blunt at times.”

“Hey,” the brunette woman who must be Georgiana protested while the blonde cat giggled. “I’m not that blunt. I am honest and I speak my mind. Something more people should be brave enough to do.”

Caleb ignored her and cupped my cheeks in his hands. His skin felt blazing hot, and I couldn’t help but sigh. Those long, elegant fingers of his stroked over my cheeks, then down my neck, warming everywhere they touched. When they brushed over my lips I looked up with surprise, not realizing my lids had lowered as the pleasure of his warm caress chased back the chill.

He smelled really nice, and there was a hint of roughness to his hands that made me tingle. My grandfather would have said Caleb had working man’s hands, something that didn’t go with the expensive suit and delicious cologne. He stroked his thumb over my cheek, and my breath hitched slightly as little pricks of electricity sparked beneath his potent touch.

I’d never felt anything like that before.

Maybe I did have frostbite.

Or maybe I was just really horny. I hadn’t had sex in a few months, I was in between partners and work had been insane. Jumping on the first man I saw was unlike me, so I gave myself a mental check and blew out a long breath.

My shivers had slowed and I could finally take a deep breath. “Thanks for warming me up, but I should be okay now.”

There was an almost reluctant look in his shimmering blue eyes as he let his hands

drop from my face.

Oddly enough, I almost instantly missed his touch.

It had been rather comforting in a protective way that I found highly attractive.

There was an undercurrent of dominance to Caleb. I seemed somehow attuned to pick that up in men. Like an invisible magnetic pull that made me want to soften. To relax and let him take over. To finally have a few blissful minutes of not being in control of everything all the time. For me, trust was a heady drug that I couldn't get enough of, and BDSM was the living embodiment of trust. I had to trust that my partner would respect my boundaries. I had to trust that my partner would look after my pleasure. And I had to trust my partner to own me, at least for a few brief moments, and allow me to completely let go of my control.

Something that took a great amount of effort on my part.

Caleb took a half step closer, the unexpected warmth once again blossoming within me. My nipples grew hard and I drew in a deep breath, taking in his cologne. Something woodsy and crisp. Though freshly shaved, he had the kind of beard growth that kept an almost permanent five o'clock shadow along his jawline.

"Didn't you bring a jacket?" he asked while the two women whispered together, watching us closely.

I turned back to face him, rubbing at the still numb tip of my nose. "Of course I did. But I lost it at the airport. I didn't know it was like negative a million degrees windchill outside. Never in my life have I been in weather this cold. How do you stand it?"

The corner of his mouth kicked up a smile, the shadows of the fire giving his strong

features interesting shadows as his sapphire-blue eyes glinted. “We know how to bundle up and we tend to stay indoors a lot.”

“Yeah?” More than aware of the women openly whispering about us had me taking a step away. “Well, I better get checked in. They’re bringing my bags straight to my room for me and I can’t wait to get into my jammies. Maybe after a warm shower. I could use a good soak to get the cold out of my bones.”

He smiled at me, his stance changing somehow so that he was almost looming over me. “That sounds like a good plan. Have the front desk call to have a bath started while you check in so it will be ready for you. I’d recommend the hot chocolate bath. They use a cocoa-based bubble bath, and you get a giant cup of hot chocolate and some cookies.”

“That sounds divine, thank you for suggesting it.”

He gave me a little mock bow. “Here at Rawhide we’re all about going above and beyond for our guests.”

“Caleb,” Georgiana sang out, “why don’t you offer to scrub her back.”

“Ignore her,” Caleb said with a grin and I couldn’t help but smile in return. “She’s had too much sugar. What’s your name?”

“Ivy,” I held out my hand. “Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you,” Georgiana said in a snide voice as she mocked me. “My name is Ivy, can I suck your dick?”

The laughter fled from Caleb’s face and a rather scary look took its place as he glared at the cat woman. “Georgiana, this doesn’t concern you. Please stay out of it. You’re

being rude.”

“I’m being rude?” The brunette pouted as she said, “You and Mason invited us here to spend the weekend—maybe longer. And now you’re obviously flirting with a woman right in front of us and you’re saying I’m being rude?”

“ You messaged us, asking us to meet you here at the fire,” the blonde said, her Hispanic accent deepening.

“I messaged you to meet me here to discuss a possible contract.” Caleb gave a tired sigh, then rolled his eyes in my direction before he said in an exasperated voice, “Mason and I contacted both you on behalf of Rawhide Ranch to see if you wanted to be judges in our Pet Parade and do a guest lecture series. You both live the Pet lifestyle, have a podcast with over five million viewers, a social media empire, and are extremely driven and talented.” He glanced over his shoulder as he said, “Don’t make our relationship sound like it’s anything more than business. You love drama, it’s part of your cat personas, I get it, but keep our relationship professional. If you want to film some drama for your social media, fine, I’ll play along, but do not talk to our guests in such a rude manner. It’s uncalled for and will not help you in our negotiations. In fact, Derek may decide he doesn’t want you to teach here at all if he believes you’re trouble makers.”

The women both looked down, whispered to each other, then Georgiana said, “You are correct. Forgive me, Ivy was it? I sometimes forget myself during negotiations. Some places anything goes... others”—she gestured to the busy lobby—“others have a more stringent code of rules for business. I misjudged you, Caleb.”

“We’ll discuss this in a moment,” Caleb said swiftly before dipping his chin in my direction. The firelight turned his face sinfully handsome as he drawled out, “Ma’am, I apologize for this. If you’ll go ahead and go over to registration, they’ll make sure you get into your room right away. Tell them Caleb sent you. Go on now, I need to

have a frank conversation with Georgiana and Petal. Leave your room number for me at the front desk.”

He was so well-mannered, his deep voice so smooth and velvety soft, yet I felt like he'd ordered me rather than requested. There was something in his tone, in the way that he looked at me right in the eyes, that told me he expected me to march on over to the counter like the good little girl he evidently thought I was. I took a step back, glanced around, then smirked at Caleb.

Sometimes, I loved being a brat.

Okay, most of the time.

Brats got to have more fun.

Placing my hands on my hips, I raised my eyebrows and said, “I’m sorry, you must be used to dealing with Littles. See, I’m a Middle. I don’t blindly follow orders. Quite the opposite. I do what I want and what I think is right.” I even added a snotty little tilt of my nose, waiting to see the man’s blue eyes darken with anger. Controlling men usually didn’t like mouthy brats who didn’t instantly fall to their knees in subjection. My submission had to be earned, not given. “At the moment, I need to thaw out a little more before I leave the lovely heat of this gigantic fireplace because I’m pretty sure my eyelashes still have frost on them.” I frowned and rubbed between my eyes. “And my head is starting to hurt.”

My body erupted in tingles as he slid his warm hands into my hair, cupping my still chilly skull and massaging lightly. Those long, graceful fingers of his worked pressure spots on my skull that had my knees going weak. Literally, I found myself leaning into him, surprised that the chest my forehead rested against was rock hard beneath the smooth cloth of his suit. I would have been embarrassed, but he was making the pain and tension of my hours of travel go away.

“You’re very good at this,” I mumbled, wondering if I was drooling as he worked my neck. “Don’t you have a conversation to have or something?”

“They can wait a moment.”

My head was as limp as a doll’s, and I instinctively followed his directions. Moving with him felt as natural as breathing, and soon my whole face was smooshed against his chest. I allowed myself to fully enjoy the sensation, already giving permission to my inner teen to come out to play. She was all about pleasure and reveled in his unique ability to make our body relax.

“That is so good,” I grunted as he pressed his thumb into a tense muscle at the base of my neck. “God.”

“I’ve heard that before,” he said in a soft and slightly arrogant voice that plucked at my nipples.

The hint of overconfidence irked me a little, even if it was deserved, so I said with a mock sad sigh, “It’s so lame that men with really good hands usually lack in other departments. What is it? Are you one of those guys who doesn’t believe in going down on a woman? Or do you have terrible rhythm in the sack? Maybe an issue with premature ejaculation? I heard wearing two condoms might help with that.”

The cat women gave little delighted gasps of shock, and the hands around my neck stilled.

“Santo Dios,” the blonde who must be Petal said, “she is brave.”

“Or stupid,” Georgiana whispered back. “Either way, it is very entertaining. The Littles I have met so far have been adorably sweet and submissive, but not entertaining. I think I like these Middles.”

“But still,” Petal whispered back, “Caleb has big hands. If he spanks her, she may not be able to sit down for a week.”

I eyed Caleb’s hands.

They were indeed big.

Perhaps it wasn’t the best idea to tease an unknown Dom at a sex-positive resort.

In fact, I was pretty sure I’d read somewhere that they had rules of conduct for guests.

“Um, I’m not checked in yet,” I said as I opened my eyes and ducked out of his loose grasp. “So I’m not breaking any rules by being a brat. And I’m not collared so you can’t complain to anyone about my behavior. I’m... I’m still a civilian.”

I thought Caleb might be mad, but instead he put his hands on his hips and chuckled. Softly at first, then a little louder with a headshake thrown in. His dark, silky hair slid over his tanned skin as he lifted his face to the high-beamed lodge ceiling. The light just seemed to love this man’s face, because every angle entranced me. He wasn’t super handsome, but he was fascinating. I found myself watching him raptly, waiting for his gaze to meet mine again. Wanting to feel that thrill of an unspoken and unacknowledged connection between us.

His laughter grew a little louder, but it still had an intimate quality to it. A sinister smile twisted his lips as his attention returned to me. Those hooded, sapphire-blue eyes of his bored into me like he saw into my soul. In my experience, only very powerful and older Doms had acquired that look. Either he had an old soul or a young face.

“A civilian, huh?”

My response was dumb, but I decided to brazen it out. “Yes.”

The power of his gaze flipped all these unknown switches inside of me, activating emotions and sensations I was unprepared to deal with. Looking into his eyes made me feel new things, ones I didn’t want to face. The feeling of something growing between us grew more powerful by the moment, and I took a step back, my gaze falling to the floor as I sought to regain my mental footing.

I couldn’t think staring into his deep blue eyes, not while my body went up in flames of lust.

The blonde stood up, her voluptuous frame filling out her catsuit. “Don’t let Caleb boss you around. Women look at him and they think, oh he’s such a nice, lovely-on-the-eyes gentleman. He is so polite and sweet, surely he does not have a mean bone in his body. A pretty face. It is a lie.”

Caleb snorted, the laughter on his face fading to a small smile. “I am a nice guy.”

“Yes, but you’re not simple,” Georgiana said as she remained reclined before the fire on the couch, the shifting light of the flames revealing her spectacular figure. “Caleb, you are a very astute businessman. And sneaky. You’ve refused to get distracted by any drama we have thrown at you. I try to flirt with you and you turn me down, I try to argue with you and you ignore me. I even tried to ruin your chances with a woman you are obviously attracted to, and you didn’t let me. It is annoying.” She crossed her arms and gave an adorable pout. “I need you off-balanced for our negotiations.”

Caleb shrugged, then took a step back from me, releasing me from his hold. “Sorry to disappoint.”

My shoulders dropped and I took a deep breath, freaked out by my attraction to this random guy.

Maybe I needed to get laid. I mean, I wanted to drag this guy back to my room and make him fulfill the unsaid promises in his gaze. But I'd promised myself I wouldn't rush into finding a partner. I had seven days and part of the fun would be being single. Even my inner teenager was picky about our partners.

Though she was totally on board with getting to know Caleb in a biblical sense. Consequences be damned. I'd never felt such an instant attraction to a man before. It was out of character for me, so of course my anxiety decided to make an appearance. My libido, the twisted thing that it was, decided to get even more aroused as I flushed from the center of my chest to the tips of my ears. I never understood why being slightly embarrassed was a turn on for me, yet it was.

Suddenly Caleb turned, his head cocked and his gaze resting on my face. "You have such a sweet blush, Ivy."

This man was dangerous to my sense of well-being.

I forced myself to not respond to his compliment and instead walk away. "I need to get checked in, shower, and eat. My flight got delayed, then I had to run to catch another one, and I rode this... small prop jet out here and that was scary. I've never been on a small plane that landed in the snow before. So, I'm just going to go to bed. Thank you for the welcome to Rawhide. Maybe we'll see each other around again since it sounds like you work here. I'll be here all week for the Retro Spirit Week and a couple days after."

"Homecoming?" I heard Georgiana say from behind me, "What Spirit Week?"

"It's a charity event," Caleb responded in a dry voice, "this year they are recreating the feel of the 80s. People dress up and role play like they're in high school back then or something. Mason knows more about it than I do."

Petal squealed as Georgiana said, “Oh my gosh, it all makes sense now. I’ve seen so many women in what I swore looked like 80s clothes. And hairstyles. I thought it was just something that people were into. But now it makes sense. Is this why you were trying to hustle us out of here? Because you didn’t want us to be here for Homecoming?” She tossed her head defiantly. “Well, your plan has failed. I am going to the owner right now and asking to attend Spirit Week. I know he will be thrilled to have us.”

“Hold on,” Caleb’s voice came from behind me, loud enough for me to clearly hear, “Ivy, I’ll be seeing you around.”

“Maybe,” I called over my shoulder, nearly stumbling as I got caught up in his gaze. “I’ve got plans to attend a lot of events, I won’t have much free time. Thanks again for warming me up and suggesting the hot chocolate bath.”

He merely grinned and I had to turn away before I tripped over something. It took a great deal of willpower to check into my room, knowing he was watching my every move. There were various large mirrors around the foyer and I could watch him without him knowing. Though it was hard to keep from laughing as the two women obviously ganged up on him after I’d left.

Right before I left the large lobby, he was looking at the ceiling as if praying for mercy while Georgiana shook her finger at him.

By the time I made it to my lovely room, decorated in cream, blush, and sky-blue tones, I was a tired mess of nerves and hormones. The sight of my suitcase filled me with relief, and I quickly unpacked then took a shower. I didn’t care how tired I was, I had a rule about showering after I traveled. Once I got out, smelling like my lemonade-scented soap and conditioner, I felt so much better.

Still horny as heck thanks to that unexpected encounter with Caleb, but better.

Food had been delivered to the table in the bedroom, and I quickly ate while watching the late-night news. Switching time zones sucked, and I needed to get to sleep so I could catch up with everyone else. With this in mind I grabbed my favorite vibrator from my suitcase, gave myself an orgasm that didn't nearly satisfy me, and fell asleep in an unfamiliar place dreaming of a man with sapphire eyes and a sinister smile.

CHAPTER 2

Caleb

I rapped on the doorframe leading to the office of my best friend and technically kind of my boss, Mason. He stood about a head taller than me, thick where I was cut, and made women drop their panties with his roguish smile. At least that's what the subs who were part of his unofficial fan club called it, his roguish smile.

Personally, I didn't trust that smile.

The more Mason smiled, the bigger a pain in the ass he was going to be.

Before he could launch into whatever he'd been planning to say, I held up my hand as he loosened his navy and orange tie from around his neck. His light-brown hair stuck up in clumps, and he had bags beneath his blue eyes. We'd both been putting in a ton of hours recently lining up talent to work at the Ranch as guest speakers, entertainers, and professors. Hell, I'd drawn up contracts for everything from a series of classes on baking erotic cakes, to securing a neuroscience professor and his staff for a new college course.

Vastly different people brought together under the umbrella of Rawhide.

When Eli and Georgie has finally admitted they needed help, Derek had let them interview interested parties. Mason and I had been thrilled when they'd asked us to join the Ranch's Event Planning team. While they would handle the weddings and holiday parties, as the newly created marketing and talent acquisitions department of

the Ranch, Mason was responsible for special events while I was Rawhide's new talent scout. We both worked on marketing and had more than a few people on the Ranch who lent a hand now and again. Eli and Georgie had our backs, giving us sound advice and helping out when we needed it. We worked hard, but it was worth it. Mason and I wanted to prove to Derek that he'd made a wise choice investing in us. And we wanted Eli and Georgie to know that they could trust us with their business.

So far, I think we'd done a great job. Every spot on the roster had been booked out for the next year, and we were close to landing a few contracts that Derek had showed personal interest in. It had taken more than a few seventy-hour work weeks, but I felt like we were at a point where I could finally take a breath.

I was exhausted.

Mason would probably flip out, he was an even bigger workaholic than myself, but I knew he'd understand. He'd just gotten back from a week in the Bahamas with his daughter, and he looked and acted well-rested. I'd handled everything while he was gone, including dealing with the high-maintenance cat girls. Those women could drive a saint to drink.

He owed me.

With this in mind, I bit the bullet and said, "I need the rest of the week off. No, make that the next two weeks."

Mason jerked his head back, his heavily gelled and messy hair barely moving. "Come again?"

Closing the door behind me, I moved through his large office to where he'd sprawled out on one of the sofas. The other sofa held his gray suit jacket and his shiny black

shoes. His laptop sat next to him on the dark-green corduroy cushion, the screen showing an image of the Ranch in the summer. I glanced out the window, the snowy emptiness stretching out before the second-story window. Here and there warmth glowed in the form of lights, but they seemed few and far between.

Leather creaked and I turned away from the window to see Mason approaching me. His tailored slacks were wrinkled, and he had lines on the side of his face that told me he'd fallen asleep on his sofa. Again.

His eyes grew wide as he said, "Man, I don't know if this is the best time. We've got a lot on our plate and a crazy amount of paperwork to do."

I tilted my head and gave him a look that called him on his bullshit. "Things are crazy because you made them that way. I warned you that we were taking on too much, I told you that I wouldn't be responsible for your over-extending yourself, and I told you I needed a break. Well, I'm taking it now. You can either find a way to cover for me by yourself, or you can hire an assistant or two. Derek has offered to provide us with a staff multiple times, and Eli has been wanting you to take on an interior design intern from Rawhide University. Take them up on their offers. Either way, I'll be off the clock at midnight which is in... a couple hours."

Mason wheezed.

I fought a smile as I said, "Oh, and Georgiana and Petal are your problem now. Good luck with those two crafty kitties."

"Nooo," Mason moaned and clutched his head. "They are so high-maintenance. In every sense of the word. Fuck, why do they have to be so good at what they do?"

Laughter burst out of me as I thumped my friend on the back, torn between concern that my buddy might finally have been stressed into a heart attack, and laughter at

Mason getting what he deserved.

“You can’t leave me alone with Petal and Georgiana, that’s unfair,” he said after he’d finally sucked in and expelled a couple breaths. “And there’s Spirit Week. I need you on the ground, making sure everything goes smoothly with the people we’ve brought in. This is the first event staffed strictly by people we’ve recruited for it. I need you giving these people some face time to reassure them that we’re here if they need us.”

“Oh, I’ll still be there. As an attendee.” I grinned at Mason and he stared at me with wide eyes. “I found a girl. She’s here for Spirit Week and I want to see if I can get her to spend it with me. I’m telling you, Mason, she’s something else. I saw her and just like—bam—instant attraction.”

He squinted, then held a hand to my forehead. “You don’t feel warm, but your eyes are kind of glassy.”

I smacked his hand away. “I don’t have a fever. Wait until you see us together, then you’ll understand. When I look at her my whole body feels like I’ve been hit by lightning and?—”

“You’re right,” Mason interrupted me, “you have been working too hard. Take some time off. I’m worried about you, buddy. You’re not acting like yourself.”

Ignoring him, I continued, “Mason, I’m telling you, there’s something between us. I don’t know what it is, I can’t explain it, but the feeling is electric. When I touched her, I swear my skin hummed like I was touching a low-voltage live wire. Not in a bad way, it felt... intense. And that was just from touching her face when I was afraid she had frostbite. Poor girl’s lips were purple.”

“Wait, wait,” Mason wandered back to the couch and slumped onto it with a defeated sigh. “Why did you think she had frostbite?”

I smiled at the memory of her indignant expression when I'd scolded her for not having a jacket. "She was distracted and forgot her coat. She didn't think it was a big deal and refused the shuttle driver's offer of having a jacket brought to her from the Ranch. Then she said she got distracted by admiring the full moon and spaced out a bit. By the time she made it up the walkway, she was frozen. In her defense, she's from Miami and she's never experienced weather like ours. You wouldn't know it, though. She has pale as cream skin and the prettiest blonde hair with hints of red. And her lips, man, when they weren't blue they were a very lush pink. Full, kissable, pink lips..."

"My, my, my," Mason drawled as he crossed one leg over the other and tapped his finger to his chin. "Look at you, all starry-eyed and shit."

"Fuck you." I moved his jacket and shoes to the side, then sat on the couch across from his.

Mason gave me a cocky grin that made me want to punch him. "Sensitive about her, aren't you. What does she look like?"

"Sexy," I said instantly. "Maybe late twenties or early thirties with a slender body. Except for her ass. She has a round, full ass." Mason grinned at me and I smiled back. "Yeah, you know I'm an ass man. Anyways, she also has this air of... I don't know... confidence about her. Like she knows who she is. I can't explain it. She's just very sure of herself and I find that sexy as hell." I realized I was babbling about her by this point but didn't seem to be able to stop myself. "Also, she's a brat. A funny one. I'll be laughing as I spank her fat little rear, that's for sure. She's petite, and pale enough that even a hint of a blush turns her cheeks pink. Hazel eyes, little more green than gold, and a smirk that makes me want to tie her up and make her scream out her orgasms. I swear she mouths off just to see what I'll do. Daring me to punish her."

I had to adjust myself and Mason rolled his eyes. "You like your subs sweet and

cuddly. Obedient rule followers. I can't even picture you with a brat."

"I never thought of topping a brat, until I met her." I held my hand up to just under my chin. "Little thing, only comes up to my chin, but her attitude—her confidence—makes her seem ten feet tall. She doesn't back down and she likes to poke the bear. Weirdest thing is, when she stood up to me, when she told me flat out her rules and boundaries, I liked it. I enjoyed how she was being honest, how she was clearly laying out how she felt, no mysterious bullshit. I like her, Mason, in a way I haven't felt in a long time. I want to take care of her. Discipline her. Watch her have fun and laugh with her. She is so funny, in an odd way, and we click."

"And you just met her," he drawled before letting out a sigh. "Caleb, maybe you need to slow down for a minute and think about this."

"I have thought about this. Yes, I just met her, but I have a feeling about her and I need to chase it." I shrugged. "I didn't get her last name, but I know she's here for Spirit Week. I'll attend the event, then I just need to find her and convince her to give me a chance. If I'm right, and the pull between us goes both ways, she won't be able to resist me for long. I'm going to make that Middle brat mine."

"Whoo hoo, Middles are usually full of saucy fun." Mason shook his hands as if they were hot, the thick silver cuff he wore on his left wrist catching the light. "You ever topped a Middle before?"

"Not that I can remember. Why?"

Mason smiled and shook his head ruefully. "Like I said before, you like your women obedient. I personally, find that boring but it seems to be what you enjoy. If this is true, you may not vibe as well with someone who is really in touch with their rebellious teenager side."

I let out a low hum. “Actually, I think I’d do well with that dynamic. It could be lots of fun, with the right woman. Yeah... I’d like to have a bratty Middle to call my own. I’d have so much fun punishing her. I wonder what she likes...”

Sighing, I let some of the tension that rode me ease away. Forcing my shoulders to drop, I took in a deep breath, then slowly let it out, my gaze going back to the window. I did my best thinking outdoors and found the solitude of the wilderness recharged my batteries. As a talent recruiter I spent a lot of time surrounded by large masses of humanity and noise. The deep silence of a snow-filled country night healed something inside of me. There were fewer lights out there now than before, and a darkness had settled over the vast landscape on this overcast night. More snow was on the way, and I wondered if we’d get buried one more time before the warmth of spring started to show up.

“Spirit Week starts tomorrow,” Mason said as he grabbed and opened his tablet. “I’m giving you a VIP pass. That, along with your relationship with the staff, should get you into whatever classes you need. As a talent recruiter you’ve interacted with all of professors and instructors at some point or another.”

My heart beat a little faster and anticipation had my blood rushing. “That’ll work. Look, I’m not going to stalk her or anything. I just want a chance to get to know her.” The memory of her feisty smile made my heart warm and my dick hard. “Wait until you see her. She lights up a room with her presence.”

“Uh-huh.” Mason looked up from the keyboard, his expression serious as he said, “I don’t need to tell you that asking myself or the staff for any information on her is strictly forbidden. For that you need to ask Derek directly. And I don’t need to mention that you must disclose to her that you work here before you become intimate with her. These are things you know and understand, correct?”

After an initial flash of offense, my logic prevailed as I reminded myself that despite

all his kidding around, Mason was a stickler for the rules and consent. He liked to make sure everyone was on the same page, and while it annoyed me, I respected his work ethic.

“Yes, yes. She already knows I work here. And I’m not going to be all weird. When have I ever taken time off in order to spend it with a guest? Never? Besides the fact that I would never do it, we have software that tracks my every move. You’d know if I was browsing Rawhide’s records where I didn’t belong. But I wouldn’t do that because I have ethics.”

My voice came out a bit loud by the end, but it did piss me off to have my integrity questioned.

Mason rubbed his face so hard it stretched out a bit before he slapped his cheeks, then let out a harsh breath. “Right, sorry, but it had to be said. Now, with that bit of nastiness over, let’s talk clothing and character. Who are you going as?” Sitting back, Mason recrossed his long legs in the opposite position as he gave me a critical look.

“What are you talking about?”

“Your character.” Mason held his hands out to me with his eyebrows raised. “This is a theme week, my friend. The good old 1980s. These people take their Spirit Week themes seriously. I’ve been working with a student council volunteer group that helps host this event. They have invested a lot of time and effort into making sure our events are up to their standards. When you walk into Spirit Week, you’re supposed to feel transported to whatever time period this year’s event is. I swear I have told you this before.”

“You have.” I sighed and placed the heels of my palms against my eyes. “Sorry, my brain is fried.”

Mason gave a heavy sigh, as if the weight of the world was on his shoulders and he had to explain something obvious to a moron. “If you don’t blend in fashion-wise, you won’t stand a chance of winning your fair maiden’s hand. And you need a haircut.”

I ran my hands through my hair, now reaching past my ears and down almost to almost my jaw. “I don’t like to get haircuts in the winter. You know this. It makes my head freeze.”

Rolling his eyes, Mason drummed his fingers on his knee as he returned to examining me. “What role are you going to play? You’re a Dom so you can pretend to be teacher if you want, but it might limit some of the social situations where you’d find your bratty Middle. You could be a Senior. Maybe one of the burnout crowd.”

“The what?”

“You know—metal t-shirts, muscle cars, sneaks out of class to drink and get high.”

I shook my head, pretending I didn’t see him smirk as I had to brush my bangs out of my eyes. “I rarely drink and even more rarely get high. Besides, it doesn’t matter what the state of Montana says about legalities. Drugs are absolutely forbidden on Ranch property and cause for immediate dismissal.”

Mason gave me an innocent expression. “No need to preach to the choir here. You do your job, and you do it sober and well.”

“Right, so you think I fit that role?”

Mason’s broad shoulders rose up as he shrugged. “I have no idea. That’s up to you to figure out. I will say that these role-playing crowds tend to build their own personas for the event. You might want to come up with some kind of role play that ties you to

her in some way. Like you're next-door neighbors or some shit. I don't know. That's for you to figure out."

Leaning back a bit, I grinned as I considered a bunch of different characters I could play with Ivy. "It'll need to be something original. Something she'll find fun. I could be her professor, or maybe her dad's best friend."

Mason shook his head. "You could, but that might work better for a Little. Try being like her tutor, or her older brother's best friend. Damn, I'm jealous of you now. You're going to have two weeks of fun while I slave away here, covering your ungrateful butt."

Not feeling sorry for him in the least, I grinned. "Yep."

"And she's a redhead," Mason said with a mock sigh. "You know I love redheads."

Something pinched in my gut and I gave him a hard glare. "Hands off, she's mine. Besides, she's kinda more blonde than red. But either way, hands off."

"No worries there. If she's a brat I have no interest. I have enough almost teenage drama to deal with at home from my daughter, thank you very much." He briskly clapped his hands together. "Speaking of which, it's time to head out. You coming with? I can hook you up with some clothes at my house. Everything you have is either corporate or grungy from working around the Ranch. If you're going to fit an 80s theme, burnout is your best bet. Luckily for you I have quite the collection of 80s metal band shirts and black hoodies. Add some jeans to that, style your hair a little different, and you'll be good. June has some magnetic earrings, you want one of those? The earrings are a pair of baby blue kittens, but I'm sure no one will notice."

"Ha ha. Who's cooking tonight? You or your aunt?"

When Mason had become a single father, his favorite aunt had moved in to help him with June when she was a toddler. Aunt Ginny ended up getting a job at Rawhide working in the catering division and stayed. Now she came over a few nights a week to Mason's place and fed us "proper" dinners. Proper meaning she buried you in good food until you were too stuffed to move.

Then she made you play, and lose, poker with her.

All the while she packed you even fuller with delicious desserts, thus rendering you unable to leave.

Or even move.

"Afraid it's just me tonight, my man," Mason said as he clapped my shoulder, pushing me ahead of him out of the office. "I'll meet you at my house and we'll work on your outfit. I'm sure June will love to help. She's been obsessed with John Hughes movies lately and 80s tv shows."

"Great, I'm getting dressed by an eleven-year-old."

"Yep." Mason locked up his office, then shrugged on the thick black coat he'd grabbed before we left. "See you soon. I'll have a beer waiting for you and steaks in the oven."

"Sounds good to me. Just promise me that I won't be June's dress-up doll. Last time I let her style my closet it took her three hours. I swear my skin was chafed from trying on things before she was done."

"And how many items did she find in your closet that had holes in them, or bleach stains, or no longer fit."

I grunted, unable to say anything in rebuttal. “Whatever. I have to go talk with Derek, but it shouldn’t take long. He’s been after me to take a vacation.”

Mason jingled his keys as we walked down the interior hallway. “Nice to have a boss encouraging you to have a life, huh?”

“Never thought my dream job would be at a sex-positive resort, but here we are.”

We both laughed and I waved goodbye before stopping by Derek’s office.

A quick knock later and Derek’s broad and tall figure filled the doorway.

“Come on in, my friend,” he said with a smile glinting through his salt and pepper beard.

“Hope I didn’t keep you from heading home,” I said as Derek led me into his office and over to a pair of high-backed chairs arranged before the fire.

“Not at all. Mason already texted me, you have my permission and blessing. Go enjoy Spirit Week. Your hard work was a big part of why we were able to pull off such an amazing roster of talent for this event. Our attendees have been thrilled so far, and we certainly benefited from the high profile speakers and guest lecturers. Tickets sold out to the public in fifteen minutes. And the VIP tickets in five.”

I let out a low whistle. “Wow. I didn’t know that.”

“We raised a lot of money this year, Caleb. Thanks in no small part to your efforts.”

Shifting back on my heels, I exchanged a smile with my boss. He owned Rawhide and had a heart as big as anyone I’d ever met. Some people might think the owner of a sex positive resort would be sleazy, but Derek was anything but. A genuinely

decent guy, an old-fashioned gentleman, and a shrewd businessman with a strong moral compass. I was glad I was working for him.

This Spirit Week charity thing was one of his babies, and all the proceeds went to a great causes like Rawhide University's Scholarship program that grew larger every graduating class. This year, in addition to the usual charities, Derek was supporting a small apartment complex that housed kids who had aged out of the foster system and were attending the University of Montana or the nearby community college.

Pride filled me and I answered him honestly as I said, "My pleasure."

Derek picked up his thick sheepskin jacket and shrugged it on. "Stop by the front desk. They'll give you your welcome packet and make sure you are registered for the classes you wish to take. I may have put a star next to a few that I think you should take. Heard a pretty redhead might be in them."

Blinking hard, I stuttered out, "I will. Um, thanks. How do you know she's a redhead?"

"I watched the security tape." He smiled at me, his eyes filled with warmth. "Could feel the chemistry between the two of you through the cameras. I'll be interested to see how things go."

"Thanks, again," I said as my excitement grew. "You really did me a solid. I had no idea how I was going to find her."

"Don't thank me yet. I merely gave you an opportunity to attend two of the same classes tomorrow as Ivy. The rest is up to you. I truly hope you enjoy yourself, and I want to remind you, as of midnight you're on vacation. No more working. Just have fun."

“I’ll try,” I said as he hustled me out the door.

CHAPTER 3

Ivy

Despite my earlier exhaustion, after I'd taken a shower and eaten a delicious chef salad, I woke up after only an hour's rest.

Lying in bed, I glanced at the clock and sighed when I saw it was barely nine. If I went to sleep now I'd be awake well before dawn. Flicking through the hundreds of channels available on the big screen on the wall, I put it on a twenty-four-hour weather channel and tossed the remote on the thick teal comforter of my bed. Turning on the brass lamp next to the bed, I grabbed the goodie basket that had been waiting for me on the side table when I'd arrived in my room.

The big, white wicker basket was covered in iridescent cellophane that obscured what was inside. It crinkled loudly as I placed it before me. A bit of excitement tickled in my belly and I embraced the sensation, allowing myself to feel joy over small things. Growing up without much, I appreciated the little touches that other people might not notice. Like the Rainbow Bright-themed name tag and the pretty velvet, peach bow.

After working at the bow for a minute, I finally got it off and pulled the cellophane back. My gasp of delight was real as I took in the bounty before me. The basket was filled with an amazing amount of retro toys, fashion, and jewelry. And I do mean filled. I let out a little squee as I picked up the brown and gray Pound Puppy stuffie with its big, sad eyes.

I hugged it to me, my eyes closed as my inner child squealed. I'd wanted one of these

so bad, but we hadn't had the money. My mom had barely been able to feed us. She'd tried and gotten me a cheap knockoff from K-Mart, and I'd loved it, but to have my coveted childhood toy in my arms took me to a new level of happy.

Crossing my legs and placing the stuffed dog in my lap, I dug back into the basket, pausing only to put on the jelly bracelets that were so neon they appeared to glow against my pale skin.

The vacation had cost a pretty penny, but Rawhide had so far exceeded all my expectations. My two-room suite looked out over a snowy landscape, revealing a rough natural beauty that was completely foreign to me. I'd been in snowy climates before, but all the places I'd visited had been cities. The view I had of a vast plain of snow fading into a forest was like something out of a fairy tale.

To look out and see such intense stillness, broken only by the wind, made me extra grateful for the gas fire burning merrily away in a river-stone fireplace setting.

I opened a box wrapped in fuchsia paper, then gasped. It contained all the vintage 80s perfumes I'd seen featured in old commercials. Yes, I watched 80s commercial compilations because they were funny. Many of them had not aged well, in often hilarious ways.

But the perfume commercials were something else. A gorgeous woman in lavish furs riding through a snowy Central Park on a magnificent horse. She is everything glamorous and so New York. Waiting for her is the ultimate cowboy. Hat and all. Or the one with a now famous actor in his undies. Meow.

I giggled as I came across a sampler of sex toys, putting them aside for the moment.

A round tube shape caught my eye and I jerked back. "No way."

It was my favorite sticky sweet, flavored lip gloss that I'd adored in high school. They'd discontinued it years ago, and I missed them. I could afford top-of-the-line makeup now, but nothing can compare to the peach- or strawberry-flavored lip gloss I'd loved. The jelly bracelets on my wrist glowed faintly as I picked the tube up and read the fine print. Disappointment filled me. This was a recreation, not the original formula. And they said improvements had been made.

Meh.

My shoulders hunched as I now screwed off the cap without much interest.

The sight of the familiar white roller ball renewed a flicker of appeal. One of the things I'd loved about the gloss had been the slightly rough feeling of the roller ball against my lips. I gave the bottle an experimental squeeze, grinning as the goo inside came up and coated the ball. The scent of strawberries hit me and I took in a deep breath.

It certainly smelled the same.

If not even a little bit better.

Rolling it over my lips, I immediately outlined them the way I had when I was in high school.

I had applying lip gloss down to an art.

Though now I had more lips to outline than when I'd been a teenager. I'd been cursed with thin lips, and one of the first things I did with my "me" money had been to get fillers. Not a lot, but enough that you could tell I had lips, and they had a shape. A very pretty shape, if I did say so myself. It was nice to be proud of my smile.

I came across a pack of scrunchies and tied my hair back with a pale blue one that had a slight shimmer. Cracking my neck, the sight of a brochure caught my attention. The booklet contained my personal itinerary on one side, and public events on the other. Right now there was a Middle subbie play group featuring crafts, snacks, and dolls. Pajamas were encouraged, but not lingerie. No Doms were allowed, and the group was rated Spirit Week public friendly.

Pausing, I found the little side bar explaining the rating system. This entire week had been dedicated to those living the Middle lifestyle. While there would be guest speakers, professors, and assistants of various BDSM and kink persuasions, those attending were expected to play the role of a Middle. That meant no diapers, no baby talk, and having a little bit of a sass was expected. Teenagers were kinda known for mouthing off.

Of course, what you did in private was your business, but in public you were expected to role play along with everyone else. It was like going to the Renaissance Festival. You had a much better time if you dressed the part of a lord, wench, lady, belly dancer... etc. Except here you could pretend to be Madonna or Annie Lenox and no one would bat an eye.

I was going as a “good girl tempted to go bad”. The one who starts out super pure and prim at the start of the movie, then ends up corrupted by some hot guy with really good hair. Thoughts of the man in the foyer flitted through my mind, but I paid them no attention. Or at least I tried not to. I could still feel Caleb’s long, artistic fingers against my cheeks.

No, nope. I was not going to fixate on the first hot guy I saw. Sure, he was certainly pleasant to look at and had nice manners along with good taste in suits, but I wasn’t here for a guy like that this week. I wanted to partner up with someone attending Spirit Week, and Caleb certainly hadn’t looked like he was dressed for the event. Then again, I hadn’t been wearing my 80s clothes yet, either.

It was about time to remedy that right now.

After putting everything back in the basket haphazardly, I climbed off the comfortable bed and went over to my collection of suitcases. While the staff of the hotel had offered to put everything away for me, I'd told them I'd rather do it myself. There were some intimate things I didn't want strangers putting their hands on. Now I regretted my initial distrust. I highly doubted I had anything in my luggage that the staff here hadn't seen a million times and could care less about.

Shaking off my rambling thoughts, I heaved a suitcase up on the dresser and opened it. A lovely, carefully packed array of sparkle, softness, scent and delight spread out before me. This particular suitcase contained just my jammies, undies, lingerie, and socks. Lots of thick socks because Talia had warned me my feet might get easily cold. Because of her advice I'd also included slippers that were more like mini boots with fluffy pink fur and purple stitching.

My mind began to... drift for lack of a better term as I sorted through my things, trying to decide what to wear. Excitement had me smiling as anticipation flowed through me like champagne. I had so many options of cute things to wear. Too many options. Where did I even start when everything was awesome in its own way?

Okay, I needed a robe for sure. My room was warm, but I had no idea how warm or cold the public area would be. Now did I want to go for the fuzzy blue one, or the velvety yellow one with ducks all over it? The latter was a remake of a vintage pajama set that had been popular for some reason in the 80s. Either way, the velvety material felt good beneath my fingertips as I pulled it out.

Laying it out on the bed, I tapped my lips as I studied the two-piece outfit. The top was a bit tight, as were the pants. Tonight I was more interested in comfort, so back to the suitcase I went. A long oversized t-shirt style set of pajamas caught my eye. Wonder Woman, the 70s version, held up her gold bracelets. The shirt itself was

made of thick cotton in a deep royal blue and the lady at the massive vintage fashion store in downtown Miami had assured me it was an original from 1980. They red booty shorts that I wore beneath I'd added for my own comfort. I did not like the thought of sitting in a public place with my bare bits if I could help it.

Call me crazy, but I had a clean bill of health and wanted to keep it that way.

Putting on a comfy bra, I quickly donned my pajamas and grabbed the soft blue robe. After some contemplation, I decided on wearing a pair of white tennis shoes and thick neon blue socks. If the floors looked clean enough I'd take my shoes off. But if people had tracked snow in there from outside, no thanks.

The hallway had a few people in it, and we exchanged smiles and hellos as we passed. A couple in maybe their mid-thirties, both fit yet exhausted, listlessly pulled their carry-ons behind them, and I inwardly winced in sympathy.

The intersecting hallways threw me off for a minute, and I wandered around before I finally found the elevator. Normally, I would have checked for an app on my phone with the layout, but phones weren't allowed at Spirit Week events. Everyone had been given an emergency number to give out to their loved ones, so if there was a problem, the staff could contact the guest right away.

Even knowing this, I felt strangely bereft without my phone and had to laugh at myself. Maybe unplugging a bit from the world would be beneficial. I certainly hoped so, because all I could think about was if I should go back to my room and check my email.

Instead of giving into my paranoia, I hit the button for the elevator once I found it.

A quick ride down to the main floor, ten minutes of wandering, and three minutes of being escorted by a nice staff member later and I finally found it.

The bright, energetic beat of 80s pop music came from behind the closed door. Made of smooth, polished chestnut planks, the door had no handle. I waved my hand over the panel and smiled as it slid open on silent hinges. Cool technology out here in the middle of nowhere. Then again, Rawhide was known for keeping up with the times and changing when needed. Probably one of the reasons they were still going strong after all these years.

Balloons in pastel shades hung from the vaulted ceiling with long, glittery silver ribbons dangling from them above a crowd of mostly women with a couple dozen men scattered about. The large space had ample room for the crowd of people in all their pajama glory. Whoever had designed the party knew their lighting. Instead of glaring overheads, warm and almost golden light gleamed softly from a multitude of sources. From chandeliers to wall sconces, intricate lighting created little pockets of shadows and intimacy among the more brightly lit play areas.

To my left, a group of women all threw their arms in the air as they sang karaoke along with whatever song was playing. I didn't recognize it, but they obviously loved it. Pausing for a moment, I applauded along with everyone else as the song ended and the women all took giggling bows.

Turning away, I scanned around, trying to decide what I wanted to do.

A few things caught my eye, then my heart came to a stop before thumping extra hard.

There, past a grouping of women doing knitting together, against the wall and sectioned off by tall screens, stood fashion-doll heaven.

Row after row of dolls lined one wall, all in their nude plastic glory. In the center stood a massive rack of doll clothing. And I mean massive. There had to be close to ten thousand outfit pieces arranged from formal to informal. On the wall to the right,

displayed in precise rows, were shoes, accessories, and pets. I spied a fuzzy white dog and knew it had to be mine. One of the freebies for Spirit Week was a personalized doll from the Doll Diva, and this must be one of the pop up stands.

The woman who owned it stood off to the side, helping a woman wearing a pink onesie select a pair of sparkling doll shoes.

I would like to say I demurely made my way to the dolls, but that would be a lie. In the past few minutes I'd lost all sense of decorum, my inner teenager rising to the surface. Sometimes I felt like the only time I was able to truly live in the moment was when I was in my Middle persona. My therapist liked to remind me that my inner teenager and my adult self were one in the same, but sometimes it was hard to remember what it had been like to be young. To really put myself in a past mindset and remember a time when I'd been full of curiosity and hope.

Coming to a stop before the doll case, I gaped in wonder at all the options before me. You had the obvious traditional, mass-produced dolls. Limited-edition ones, and more than a few that had been obviously hand crafted. Every style and taste seemed to be accounted for, from mermaid to Miss America. I have no idea how long I'd been standing there, staring, before a velvety woman's voice jarred me out of my trance.

Turning my head, I found a tall and lovely Black woman in a white prairie style nightgown gazing at the case. Her hair was held back from her high forehead by intricate braids with silver and gold beads at the ends. Stars made of diamonds dangled from her ears, and she had a gold septum piercing that sat just above the bow of her full lips.

An elegant beauty, until you looked at her feet and spied the fuzzy unicorn slippers.

"Those are awesome," I said in delight. "I love your slippers."

“Thank you,” she modeled them like a woman showing off a pair of two-thousand-dollar couture boots. “Are you having a hard time picking out a doll?”

I nodded, turning back to the case as a few new women stared along with me. “I am. I mean... there are so many. How do you choose?”

“Don’t ask me,” she said with a low laugh. “I’ve been here for twenty minutes and haven’t been able to commit to a doll. Which might be a reflection of why I’m still single. Hmmm, I’ll have to mention that to my therapist. Anyways, I was hoping you would have some kind of guidance.”

“Well, I’m stuck between two different dolls. One I always wanted as a child, and one I didn’t know I desperately wanted until I saw it just now. Which one do I pick?”

Raising her eyebrows at me, she said, “That is a tough one. I am torn between the siren and the elf model because they are both adorable yet slutty. Our preferences may be a little different.”

Laughing, I held out my hand. “Ivy, nice to meet you.”

“Mia,” the woman gave my hand a good squeeze before turning back to the wall. “So I looked at the outfits available and they are like designer clothing in doll size. Maybe you should go over there and see if anything inspires you?”

A slow song came on and someone began to karaoke it in a surprisingly nice voice.

“I don’t know, maybe I’ll wait a bit.” I sighed. “If it doesn’t speak to me right away, I should probably think about it, right?”

“What fun is that?” Mia asked as she steered me closer to the case. “Which ones are you torn between?”

“The one with the peach hair and fairy wings, and the blonde with the tan lines.”

Leaning down a bit, Mia whispered in my ear, “I’d go for the peach-haired fairy with the cool fantasy makeup. The blonde with the tan lines isn’t nearly as unique.”

“The blonde is pretty,” I protested.

“Then buy her when you get home. I bet there are a bunch on for sale online. The fairy doll is a one of a kind, made by a famous doll designer. You won’t find another like her.”

Acting impulsively was a skill I’d yet to master, and it almost physically hurt to say in a loud voice, “Ma’am, can I please have the doll with the peach hair and fairy wings?”

The woman took her down and I spent the rest of the night playing dress up with a group of subbies. We had a blast, eating our fill of the delicious snacks available, giggling over exchanging dirty stories, and basically acting like a group of teenage girls away at camp. It was fun, the good and energizing kind that always left me smiling. The sexual aspects of being a submissive Middle were nice, but the fun of being a teenager with an adult’s budget and freedom was even better.

When I made my way to the gymnasium the next morning, I was as nervous as my real first day of high school. With sweaty palms, I made my way down the crowded hallway, trying to see if I recognized any of the people around me from the night before. It was hard to say, because everyone looked different now. We were in our high school best, and most women had teased their hair and wore a ton of makeup. Myself included.

For my first day outfit I went with the classic jean jacket and matching acid washed short jean skirt. I’d added a pair of white thigh high tights then layered pink thigh

high fishnets over them. Both the tights and fishnets were held up by a sturdy pair of white garters. Instead of heels I'd gone with sneakers, and I'd teased my hair out into a lions mane of curls. Rhinestone earrings sparkled in my ears, and I wore fingerless white lace gloves on each hand.

I thought I might have overdone it with my look before I left my room this morning, but now I realized what I wore was tame compared to some people. I swear there were at least seven or eight women who looked almost exactly like Madonna. And more than one Debbie Gibson walked around in her signature black hat. Not to mention the dozens of Michael Jacksons that walked around. This place was crazy in the best of ways.

The crowd around me got denser as we neared the entrance to the gym where we'd get our welcome speech from Rawhide before dispersing to our classes. We could, of course not take any courses if we chose, but I'd packed my schedule with as many as I could get. The instructors were all famous in their own right and getting them all together in one place was nothing short of amazing.

The people in front of me abruptly stumbled and I almost went with them, but someone grabbed me from behind.

"Easy," said a man as he hauled me back by my jean jacket. "Don't want you going down like dominos."

As he released me, I turned to find a smiling, and very handsome man with blond hair, a tan, and perfect white teeth. The blue polo shirt that he had on complemented his eyes, and the white sweater he wore draped over his shoulders gave him that perfect spoiled-rich-guy appearance. He would look perfect in a magazine ad for selling yachts back in the 80s. I smiled in return, noting that he had a nice body beneath his polo shirt and white shorts along with old-school sports sneakers. All he was missing was a tennis racket to blend in on the court.

“Thanks for saving me,” I said as we resumed our shuffle.

“My name’s Adam, what’s yours?” he asked as he guided me through the crowd.

“I’m Ivy.”

If he was a Dom, he wasn’t the kind who gave off those invisible vibes that made me shiver.

Yet he wore his Dom ring, which would go on the collar of whatever submissive he claimed for the week.

Huh, maybe he just wasn’t my kind of Dom.

My own collar was empty and I intended to keep it that way for at least the first day.

I needed to be pickier with my men than my dolls.

We chatted as the crowd of people entered the gym. There were the typical basketball nets on either side of a regulation court, with risers pulled out on one side. I quickly scanned the risers, wondering if Caleb would be here. After I’d returned to my room, utterly exhausted, I’d had a confusing blend of sex dreams about him. When I’d woken up all hot and achy, I’d finished myself off thinking about being bent over a spanking horse and Caleb giving me a good, but not too painful or damaging, spanking.

“Here,” Adam said as he climbed a few stairs of the riser before me, “take my hand so you don’t fall. While I’d love to see what you’re wearing beneath your jean skirt, I don’t want to catch a glimpse while you’re taking a tumble.”

I grasped his hand, noticing how smooth and soft it was. “Thanks again. You’re just

saving me from falling all over the place, aren't you? Makes me glad I decided to wear sneakers instead of heels."

Adam grinned, a dimple appearing in his cheek. "Here, have a seat. If you're already sitting you're less likely to trip, right?"

"Ha, ha," I snarked and sat down as the spaces around me began to fill up. "What classes do you have?"

As we compared our schedules, I let out an internal sigh. Talking with Adam was more like talking with a friend than a potential Dom. He was really cute, but probably a Switch. Or just a gentle guy. Either way, we had no chemistry. He was someone's Mr. Perfect, just not mine.

Looking back over the crowd, I let my mind wander as Adam told me more about his financial genius. He was in banking or something. I don't know, I kind of stopped listening. Guys bragging excessively about themselves, while not inquiring about me, was a turn off.

Daydreaming about Caleb, I zoned out and stared into the distance as Adam droned on.

CHAPTER 4

Caleb

Glancing around at the huge group of people gathered together in our mock high school gymnasium (the actual gym of Rawhide University), I tried to do a mental calculation of how much had been raised and gave a low whistle when I reached my final guess. From my estimates, Rawhide should be able to sponsor over fifty kids' room and board for the next five years for free. And probably then some.

Spirit Week was in huge demand, even though tickets to the event were out of most people's reach. We're talking big money. Heck, I would have been dipping heavily into my savings to attend, but Derek had waived my fee. I wasn't broke by any means, but six figures for a ticket was a little much. Then again, maybe it was a matter of perspective. I mean, this week had sold out in fifteen minutes according to Derek. Judging by the size of the crowd, there were a lot of people who paid that fee without blinking an eye.

And the VIP tickets were a half mill each.

They'd sold out in less than five .

I couldn't help but laugh to myself. Who knew there were so many rich kinksters out there? Rawhide certainly had tapped into a hidden and very wealthy market who didn't mind shelling out the big bucks for a good experience. I could respect that. I mean, if I was loaded with money to burn I'd want to go to events like Spirit Week. This whole event had impressed me, and it hadn't even begun yet. Just the energy of

the crowd was enough to get my heart pumping.

People of all ages milled about as we all headed toward the risers on the far side of the gym. Everyone from groups of singles in their early twenties to a couple who had to be in their mid-seventies chatted and were obviously having a great time. I couldn't help but smile when I realized the older folks probably knew the authentic 80s vibe better than I did because they'd lived through it. For them, this must feel like reliving their youth. One of the things I enjoyed about Rawhide was the wide variety of ages and people who came here to have fun. Some very, very different people united by their love of kink and self-expression.

The women, both subs and Dommies, wore everything from 80s power suits complete with shoulder pads, to elegant gowns and furs like the old soap-opera stars, to punk, goth, emo, and even nerd. There was a good representation of preppies as well, and even a mustached guy who looked a lot like Tom Selleck. I was glad I'd decided to attend the event, even if things didn't work out with Ivy. The atmosphere was fun and energetic, charged with an undercurrent of sex that made everything just a little more enjoyable.

Most of the Dominant men wore suits of one kind or another. And there were a lot of Daddy types here. Shit, I wondered if Ivy wanted a Daddy instead of a Master. Only thing was I wasn't a Daddy. It just wasn't my thing. So what could I be to Ivy that might interest her? If anything, I was more like her big brother's best friend. The one her parents warned her to stay away from. The one she couldn't resist. Yeah, that would work. It fit the image I was currently portraying of a guy in jeans and a hoodie. I wore a faded Metallica t-shirt beneath, but the gym was cold so I kept the hoodie on.

Thankfully I wasn't the only one not sporting a suit. There were also a good number of guys dressed in the typical preppie and burnout looks, with a few goths and nerds here and there. It was kinda like the makeup of my old high school in an odd way. I

gave my head a little shake to snap myself out of my daydreams and focus on my competition. I was sure that I wouldn't be the only one wanting to collar the lovely Ivy. Her spunky personality and good looks would attract a lot of attention.

Across the room I spied Derek watching me and raised my hand in greeting. Derek gave his chin a subtle lift to the right, and I followed his line of sight to Ivy. My whole body tingled like I'd gotten a mild electrical shock as I took her in. She was even prettier in the light of day, and I couldn't help but smile as the crowd parted enough for me to catch a full glimpse of her. Her hair had been teased away from her face in big curls, and it gleamed more like rose gold than red in the overhead lights. She wore a pair of pink fishnet over white tights held up by garters, and a distressed jean skirt and matching jacket. Beneath the jacket she wore a couple thin, layered white and pink tank tops that revealed the slight curves of her chest. Small breasts, high and perky with nipples that tipped slightly upward.

I couldn't wait to get my hands on them.

The crowd around her closed again and I lost sight of her. She was so petite it was easy to miss her, even with her strawberry-blonde hair teased into a cloud. When the crowd parted, I realized she was talking to someone. A guy. My brain suddenly alerted me that the smile on her face, and the posture of her body, had been flirtatious.

Now, I wasn't a jealous man by nature. I'd had periods of my life where I'd dated multiple women, while they'd been dating multiple men. But once I committed to a woman, I became a tad possessive. Not enough to call the local police and a therapist, but I definitely grew protective. And I did not like other men hitting on my woman.

I almost marched over there, ready to cause a scene, when the screech of a microphone cut through me like a knife. Everyone in the gym clenched their hands to their ears, and the screech stopped, followed by a bit of static before a matronly

female voice said, “Hello Class of 1984, welcome to Spirit Week! If you could all make your way to the stands that would be wonderful.”

I followed the direction of the voice and found Professor Renard from the university wearing a blue floral dress, standing on a podium and speaking into a microphone. The crowd around me shifted, and I found myself being herded into a seat on the risers not too far away from where Ivy sat next to a blond guy in maybe his late thirties. He wore a blue polo shirt with the collar turned up, a white sweater draped over his broad shoulders, and had gleaming white teeth. Good looking, and he seemed to be into Ivy.

Not that I could blame him, but still, fuck that guy.

People grumbled and protested, but the seats weren’t too packed so that it took much persuading to get people to move so I could sit next to Ivy.

A hint of sweetness, cut with a musky undertone hit my senses as I leaned into her so I could say in a low voice, “Hey, Ivy, nice to see you again.”

She looked away from Captain Preppie, as my jealousy had dubbed him, and at me with a hint of confusion. Her lips parted slightly while her gaze traveled over my face, the amber flecks in her light green eyes clearly visible in the light shining in from the gym’s multitude of windows. Outside, snow still covered every surface and radiated the sunlight back into the massive space.

“Oh, Caleb,” Ivy said as she leaned back a little, still studying me. “You look very different without a suit on. And your hair...”

I gave her a brief grin and ran my hands over my heavily gelled and slicked back hair. “My good friend’s eleven-year-old daughter, June, styled it for me. She said it made me look like Jake from that old Molly Ringwald movie. Since June loves watching

old 80s movies, I figured I'd leave my styling in her expert hands."

She gave a double blink, then a genuine smile. "Well, June did an amazing job. You look like a totally different person."

"Thanks, I think?"

On the podium, the Professor Renard outlined the agenda for Spirit Week, going over each event. I was already familiar with them all. I'd studied the course last night before I caught a few hours of broken sleep. Captain Preppie leaned forward slightly and said something to recapture Ivy's attention, all while giving me a narrow-eyed look. Yeah, buddy, keep glaring. I'm not going anywhere.

Ivy's hand went up to toy with the edge of the collar of her denim jacket as she quietly giggled, and the little green and pink crystals embedded along the collar glittered when she turned to face the speaker. She'd painted her lips with some kind of super glossy pink lipstick that I wanted smeared all over my dick in the worst way. When her eyes finally returned to mine, I let her see how much I wanted her.

It must have worked, because her cheeks pinked up nicely, even beneath the makeup that she wore like a suit of armor. Not that it looked bad on her, just the opposite. The dark eyeliner made her eyes practically glow, and her hair positively flamed in the sunlight. And that lip gloss... fuck me.

"You are so fucking beautiful," I growled out as her lips parted.

Captain Preppie said in a slightly annoyed voice, "Hey, do you mind? I'm trying to listen to what they're saying."

Around us lots of people were talking in low voices, but Ivy ducked her head and whispered, "Sorry, Adam."

Of course his name was Adam.

Chief Lawson Berringer, the head of Rawhide's security was on the podium now, glaring at the audience as he went over the Ranch's rules. Number one being consent. He also reminded them that a staff therapist was available 24/7 if they needed someone to talk to and began his authoritative speech about the different areas of the Ranch that were off limits, and why. I'd received this same speech when I'd been hired.

Out of the corner of my eye, I snuck a glance at Ivy and found her studiously listening to everything Chief Berringer was saying.

Or at least she was trying to.

She kept glancing between me and Captain Preppie.

I hated to admit it, but he was a good-looking guy who was obviously interested in her.

Her leg accidentally brushed mine as she shifted and I moved subtly so our legs stayed pressed against each other. She froze but didn't move or protest. I grew hyperaware of her, of the feeling of her body against mine, of how close she was to me. Yet off limits. I looked away with a small smile as I gently chided myself for forgetting how much fun high school flirting could be. This wasn't a bar hookup where we both knew the drill, this was that fun "first time for everything" phase.

Playing hard to get was part of that for some people.

Captain Preppie leaned over and whispered something in Ivy's ear as he placed a possessive hand on one of her fishnet clad thighs.

Irritation flashed through me in a prickling wave as I grit my teeth against the urge to remove his hand from her body. Forcibly. Her soft laughter and whispers back only further aggravated me and I forced myself not to give the asshole the satisfaction of letting me know their flirting bothered me.

“Caleb,” a woman whisper hissed, “move over, let us sit by you.”

I let out an inner groan as Georgiana and Petal stood next to me, dressed up in an odd, yet sexy mixture of cat and high school student. While their well-honed bodies certainly rocked the short purple and black plaid skirt paired with a tied white shirt combo, it was their faces that caught my notice. Everyone around us was whispering and pointing at the two women who were preening beneath the attention.

Georgiana and Petal wore the full facial prosthetics that they were famous for. Their skilled application and cutting-edge prosthetics really made them look like a pretty feline/human hybrid. This look was not casually achieved. All of their drama and foolish behavior aside, the women were very intelligent and driven. Petal and Georgiana had both attended Special FX makeup schools, had worked on multiple movie sets, and were extremely talented. Each had even done bit parts in various projects and had learned some decent acting skills along the way. The two women, then known as Lisa and Ami, had created the cat characters of Georgiana and Petal during Covid lockdown.

They’d started their own social media instructional podcast and three million subscriptions a month later, they made their kink of choice their full-time gig. Hence the reason why I wanted them to do a guest lecture series at the Ranch. I had a feeling it would be well attended and Derek had given me the okay to do so.

But the women were in high demand and only took the jobs they wanted.

And Derek wanted them to do a guest speaker gig at Rawhide.

Seeing both of them preening beneath the attention certainly helped our cause.

The couple behind us grumped about not being allowed to have their cellphones so they could take a selfie with the women.

When Petal spoke in a hushed hiss, her white and pink robotic cat ears shifted gently with her words. “Caleb, come on. Please make room. Everyone is looking at us. We’re late because Georgiana decided to change midway through her makeup.”

Georgiana sported a pair of calico cat ears, and a wig that gave her red, black, orange and white hair. She gave me a pleading look that was oddly cute with her cat makeup. Sort of like the big-eyed kittens in those old velvet paintings you see in movies.

Ivy had gone stiff next to me, and I noticed Captain Preppie giving the women an appreciative look and inspiration struck.

I pointed to the empty space on the riser in front of Captain Preppie. “Ladies, you can sit there. We have no room.”

“Yeah.” Captain Preppie beamed at the women, his attention on them like a hungry dog spotting a giant Christmas ham. “There’s plenty of room over here.” He held out his hands to both women at the same time, flexing and giving them a blinding white smile filled with perfect teeth. “Here, let me help you.”

The women both smiled at him and batted their lashes, each holding his hand in turn as he laid on the charm.

On the stage, Grant Chambers explained the conduct expected in classes and went over the heat levels of each class. They ranged from “pure as the undriven snow” to “you filthy perv” where anything goes. The crowd laughed at this, and the dean thanked them again for their contributions, and went over the stories of some of the

students their donations would be helping. I glanced over at Captain Preppie, wondering what he did that afforded him a ticket to Spirit Week.

And I had to swallow back a laugh that left me coughing a little.

Captain Preppie was leaning forward so much he was in danger of falling into Petal's abundant cleavage exposed by her mostly unbuttoned white shirt. The girls were lapping up his attention, and I had a feeling Captain Preppie was going to get lucky tonight. Georgiana placed her hand on Captain Preppie's knee and said something that had the other man blushing.

Next to me, Ivy sighed.

I looked over, expecting to see her upset or mad, but she appeared more bemused than anything else.

She caught me looking at her, then leaned over and said in a whisper, "They are going to eat his poor, dumb ass alive."

"I was thinking the same thing," I whispered back. "Not that I object. As your older brother's disreputable best friend, it's my job to make sure no one messes with you. I have to chase the riff raff away, you know."

She gaped at me for a moment, then mouthed the words older brother's best friend, and giggled. "Is that who you are? Someone my older brother asked to keep an eye on me?"

"Yep," I said with utter confidence as I waited for her to protest, but she merely grinned. "Told him I'd keep an eye on you and keep you out of trouble. Little does he know that all I really want to do is corrupt you in every way possible."

She lifted her chin and gave me a defiant look that had a shiver of anticipation rolling through me and settling in my cock.

“Fine, then I’m your best friend’s bratty younger sister.” Her pretty lips twisted into a smile that was nothing but trouble. “Which means it’s my job in life to make you miserable. That’s what bratty little sisters do.”

I couldn’t help but smile at her devious little grin. “Be careful. I’m not going to put up with your shit like your brother does. You can’t charm me out of punishing you. That means no sneaking off to parties or skipping class.”

Her eyes positively twinkled at what was pretty much a dare. There was an event tonight called “Underage Bar Hop” where all the women got “fake” ids and went to a pretend bar. Then later tonight there was a “Friend’s Parents are out of Town” party in one of the conference rooms the staff at Rawhide had modified into a giant basement. There were couches, bean bags, pool tables, air hockey tables, old-school arcade games and a huge snack and drink bar.

“And,” I said in my best menacing voice, made all the more real by the jealousy clenching my gut, “if you go to the Submissive Sleepover tomorrow there better not be any funny business with boys. Understood?”

Her little chin lifted as she said, “You can’t tell me what to do, you’re not my dad.”

“No, I’m not.” I leaned forward so my lips brushed her ear as I whispered, “I’m worse.”

She gave me an exquisite pout as she said in a low voice, “That’s not fair. Everyone will be having fun except for me. It’s not like there’s going to be any boys there. The boy subbies are having their own sleepover on the other side of campus. It’ll be just us subbie girls playing together. You know, practicing how to kiss and stuff like

that.”

I studied her, then asked, “Practicing how to kiss on each other?”

“Yep.” She slowly licked her lower lip as she gave me big eyes.

The urge to shove my hand between her legs and see how wet she was tormented me as her green eyes darkened with desire. It didn’t matter that we were literally in a gymnasium full of people, I wanted to feel how turned on she was. Electricity danced along my skin as I laid my hand lightly on her fishnet clad thigh.

“Would you like that?” I asked softly as I trailed my fingertips back and forth on her supple leg, noting the way her breathing hitched as I rose slightly into my Dom space. “Might be nice to have your first kiss be with another soft, sweet, hot girl. Someone to break you in gently... because, Ivy?”

She stared at me as my fingers went an inch higher, now playing with her inner thigh as she obediently spread her legs.

Beautiful.

“Yes, Caleb?” she asked as she trembled beneath my hand.

“If I was to be your first kiss, I’d ruin you. I’d own that pretty, shiny mouth. I’d fill it with my tongue first, and then my cock. I wouldn’t be able to stop myself with a kiss, so it’s probably a good idea for you to practice first with girls.”

“B-ut... but,” she stammered as my fingertips dipped beneath her short skirt, dangerously high on her thigh now. “My brother would kill you.”

“Maybe, but he’s not here, is he?” Her thighs parted and she scooted forward slightly,

pressing her wet panties against the side of my hand. “Oh, Ivy, you’re just begging me to get us both expelled on the first day of school.”

I gave her clit a gentle fifteen-second massage before I pulled my hand away, then smelled my fingers.

She flushed a hot pink as I held her gaze and took another inhale. “I’m going to eat the fuck out of that little pussy of yours, Ivy.”

“Who says I’m going to let you?” she asked in a breathy voice as she rearranged her skirt and glanced around to see if anyone was watching. “You act like I’m yours already.”

I gently slid my hand around the nape of her neck, giving her plenty of time to pull away. When she didn’t, I tightened my grip and leaned forward, brushing my lips over her forehead, then down her cheek to the corner of her mouth. There I placed a soft kiss, enjoying how she reacted to me. Her body leaned into mine, her pulse slamming against my fingers resting against the side of her throat. And when she pressed her thighs together, a soft moan escaped her.

“Eyes on me,” I growled, waiting until she met my gaze. “Don’t make any mistakes, I’ll let you play and have fun, but you are mine, Ivy.”

A spark of mischief flared to life in her gaze as she gently pulled out of my hold and said, “Maybe. Class is about to start. I better get going since I really don’t want to be kicked out of school on the first day.”

“Let me see your schedule.”

She handed it over without complaint, her nipples still rock hard against her thin layered tank tops. People moved in a steady flow around us, while Captain Preppie

made his way down the stairs with a kitten on each arm. I couldn't help but smile at the way he was beaming like he'd won the lottery. Maybe for him, he had. For me, the real prize was handing over her schedule as ordered like a good little girl.

Glancing down, I saw that we only had two classes together, "The Art of the Tease" before lunch and "Erogenous Zones" after. I'd barely see her. Disappointment filled me, but I'd told Mason to sign me up for whatever classes I could get into. I probably could have accessed Ivy's information to see what she had signed up for, but that felt like cheating. It somehow seemed important that we start on an even playing field. That discovering who she was slowly was a sensual delight in itself.

We started to walk down the stairs together, catching up to the stragglers as Ivy gave a weird laugh.

"What?" I asked her with a grin.

She blushed, but met my eyes as she said, "Walking around with wet panties is not fun."

A low growl echoed in my words as I said, "You're just begging me to make you miss your first class."

She skipped ahead of me, light on her feet and graceful. "No way. I've been looking forward to this for months. You'll just have to wait until our next class together to try and kidnap me."

With that she ran off, and I put a hustle in my own step. I didn't want to be late for my first class, all about the latest in sex-toy technology. There was some really cool stuff on the market, and we had a toy inventor giving us a sneak peek at his new line. Maybe I'd find something new that Ivy would like.

CHAPTER 5

Ivy

I had to admit, my heart was beating so hard I swear my chest vibrated with each beat as I meandered into the “Art of the Tease” class. A world-class Dominatrix whom I’d followed online for years was going to teach it, and I was totally excited. Although, if I was being honest with myself, my excitement was more at the thought of seeing Caleb than the class.

Ugh, I promised myself I’d be patient, but I would not be adverse to wearing Caleb’s ring. In record time, the sapphire-eyed man had slipped through some crack in my walls and made himself at home in my mind. All morning I’d been obsessed with thoughts about him. Reliving our risqué play in the gym over and over again until I was a horned-up mess of hormones and need. Not that I didn’t have options for relief. There had been plenty of men and women who’d flirted with me and made their interest known. A couple even fit what I thought I’d been looking for in a partner for the week.

Instead of flirting back, I’d been friendly but polite. Making it clear that while I welcomed friendship, romance would not be in the cards. I wanted to explore this intense attraction between myself and Caleb a little more first. And see if he would actually role play the big brother’s best friend if I asked him to. The idea turned me on.

During the half-hour break, I’d run back to my room and taken a quick shower and changed undies. Now, refreshed with a super cute pair of frilly cream silk panties and

matching bra, I tried to keep from speed walking as I approached my next class. I was almost fifteen minutes early but planned on using that time to get my bearings before Caleb arrived. Being around him scrambled my brain, and I really was looking forward to this class. All my other classes had been amazing, but PG rated. This was my first “anything goes” course and I was more than ready for it.

When I entered the almost full classroom I automatically scanned it for Caleb, and found him leaning up against the wall, talking to a pretty Black woman with long gold and green braids. She wore a short purple leather skirt that showed off her beautifully muscled legs. Instead of a matching leather top, she’d favored a sheer black shirt that exposed a purple leather corset beneath. A thick, lilac leather collar encircled her neck, and the ring hung empty. Indicating she was clearly single.

Smiling, Caleb looped his finger through the ring of her collar and gave it a little tug. I couldn’t see what the other woman said, but his grinning response made me feel queasy. They had an obvious rapport, and I wondered if they’d just met or knew each other. The woman reached out and tapped the plain black ring on Caleb’s right hand. The thought of seeing Caleb’s ring on her neck sent an unexpected bolt of jealousy through me. It stung and I didn’t like it one bit.

My anger wanted me to march over there and shove the other woman away from Caleb, but I managed to control my impulses. While role playing a teenager meant I’d given myself a little more leeway with my emotions, it didn’t mean I got to physically assault people. Whatever age I might let myself indulge in didn’t mean I wasn’t still an adult beneath it all. And adults didn’t beat each other up over talking to boys. Especially a boy I really had no claim to other than “liking” him.

But man would it feel good to kick him in the shins.

Instead of rushing over and making a scene, I chose a seat in the middle of a group so there were no spaces open by me.

“Ivy,” Caleb called out, but I didn’t spare him a glance.

He tried again but I clearly ignored him, going as far as turning my back on him.

I waited for him to call again, instead he laughed.

The turd.

Pretending Caleb didn’t exist, I slung my backpack over the chair then took a seat. The urge to see if he was looking at me was strong, but I merely took my cherry-candy flavored lip gloss out of my pocket and applied it. I hoped he watched me do it, and I hoped he regretted blowing it with me.

Okay, maybe I gave in to my inner teenager’s need for revenge a little bit.

“Oh my gosh,” a female voice said from my right, “is that a Candi Kizzes lip gloss?”

Turning toward her, I found a woman a few years older than me, with ivory skin and teased light brown hair, snapping her gum with a bright smile. Her 80s look was amazing. She’d applied her black eyeliner with a heavy hand, but it went well with her equally defined blush. Big white-hoop earrings adorned her ears, and she wore an off-the-shoulder blue sweater with a white tank beneath that showed off her rather impressive cleavage. A thin black leather collar with a black ring hanging from the silver loop showed that she was taken. As did her big wedding ring.

Responding to the bubbly energy she gave off, I nodded. “It is, well almost. There’s a company online that makes an imitation of it that is dead on. This was in my gift basket.”

“I’m so jealous, I didn’t get one in my basket.” She pouted for a moment, then smiled. “I used to loooovvveee this stuff when I was like thirteen. I was just thinking

about it the other day at the store, but I couldn't find it anywhere. I thought maybe they discontinued it."

"Me too, but according to the label, this company recreated the formula, only better. I can give you the name of the brand if you want."

"Yes, please!" Giving a happy little giggle, she clapped her hands together then pouted. "Ugh, we don't have our phones, remember? Gotta keep it authentic and stuff."

I rolled my eyes. "Ugh indeed, I keep forgetting. I have a notebook in my backpack, I can write it down for you. Though I have to warn you, my handwriting may be hard to read. I work in the tech field so I spend most of my day typing."

She pulled out a little black notebook from her purse that said "Naughty Fun" on the front in gold lettering. "Just tell it to me and I'll write it down in here."

I gaped at her. "You have a little black notebook? Like the... ummm... dirty kind?"

She winked at me, her girl-next-door looks at odds with her wicked smile. "I sure do. It's kinda blank right now, but by the end of the week I hope to fill it with all kinds of fun stuff. Everything from where to get my favorite lip-gloss from my childhood, to fun new things for my Dom and I to try. Oh, and I have a special chart for which girl kisses the best." She winked at me, fun and desire making her brown eyes sparkle. "Wanna be on the list?"

A little tingle shot through me as she leaned forward slightly, clearly inviting me to do the same. This class was an anything goes class so kissing her wouldn't be against any rules. Yet I somehow felt like I should be asking Caleb's permission before I kissed her. Which was dumb because he'd been clearly into that woman he'd been talking to when I came in.

Asshole.

“What’s your name?” I asked her as I fingered the ring on her collar. “And would your Dom mind if I offered you a sample of my lip gloss to try?”

Desire softened her lips, making her eyelids heavy as she replied, “My name is Jennifer, and my Dom wouldn’t mind. He lets me play with girls.”

“In that case, Jennifer, would you like to kiss some of the lip-gloss off my lips? You know, to make sure the flavor is right? I’d hate to recommend something you may not like.”

“I would love to, beautiful girl,” she whispered back before slowly, carefully, licking the outline of my lips with the tip of her tongue. “Yum.”

An irritated man’s voice said from next to me, “I can’t leave you alone for five minutes, can I?”

I pulled back from a now worried-looking Jennifer to find Caleb glaring down at me. A quick glance around showed the woman who’d been sitting next to me had moved, and an irate Caleb stood in her place. The pretty Black woman in purple sat across the room, grinning broadly as Caleb crossed his arms and glared at me. I could feel his presence all along my body, and my hormones cheered his arrival.

He sat down next to me in the empty large chair with its curved surface for writing and leaned in my direction, getting in my personal space. “You were kissing that girl.”

I lifted my chin, my lips still tingling from her kiss. “I sure was, not that it’s any of your business.”

“Um,” Jennifer said hesitantly behind me. “I-uh do you know each other?”

Caleb leaned around me, his charming smile in place on his perfectly chiseled bone structure.

He was unfairly good looking.

Jennifer practically melted as Caleb said in his smooth as sex voice, “We’re role playing. I’m Ivy’s big brother’s best friend who is supposed to keep an eye on her. Of course I’m a bad influence and plan on corrupting her completely, so keep that in mind.”

Giggling madly, Jennifer gave my arm a soft slap. “Oh my gosh, you had me worried that either he was your Dom and you were in big trouble, or he was someone I needed to alert the staff about.”

Caleb and Jennifer laughed while I muttered that someone should alert the staff about Caleb, because he was a menace.

Clearing her throat, Jennifer made a visible gesture of shaking out her body. “Okay, big brother’s best friend who is going to corrupt her, got it. How fun!”

At the front of the class, one of the professors drew back a red velvet curtain with silver tassels, revealing the raised stage. On it sat two chairs and a sofa, all normal and unremarkable. Made of tan leather, comfortable with a scattering of corduroy cushions of various shades of brown. A large light wood table sat before the couch, with only the legs visible.

The rest of the table was covered in a thick black sheet.

There was no way of knowing what lay beneath, but my attention was drawn away

from the stage when Caleb leaned over and whispered, “Take off your jacket.”

“No, it’s cold in here,” I protested, but that was lie.

The room was nice and toasty, perfect for being naked in.

My imagination spun through all the ways I wanted to be naked with Caleb.

Even if he was a jerk.

“Shouldn’t you be sitting with your friend over there?” I said while returning my gaze to the stage.

“Jealous?” he asked softly, then scooted his chair closer to mine until we were practically touching. “No need to be. She’s a friend of mine from years ago.”

“Right,” I said as I tried to look over his shoulder at her, but he moved his head, intercepting my gaze.

The intense look Caleb gave me made my pussy clench as he said in a firm tone, “Ivy, let me make one thing very clear right now. I don’t play relationship games like that. I would never make you jealous on purpose. I’m a one-woman Dom and I think I’ve made my intentions pretty clear. I want you. And I don’t mean that in a casual way. I want to own, possess, and devour you, beautiful Ivy. My body lights up like I’m getting a low-level electrical shock every time I’m around you.” He trailed his fingertips over my arm, and no doubt caught my quick inhalation as my skin tingled. “I think you feel it too.”

Before I could respond, he encircled his hand around my throat, above the thick silvery chain with its empty silver ring. Pressing lightly on my pulse, he leaned forward and stroked his lips over my cheek in a feathery soft touch that had all kinds

of sensations exploding through me. Without a doubt he could feel how my heart had sped up, and when he gently bit my earlobe, I moaned as best I could with his hand on my throat.

Abruptly he released me, and I nearly fell out of my seat before I gathered my senses.

Standing, Caleb said, “Think about it. I’ve got to go, I’m helping out as an assistant for this class. If you’re a good girl, I might call on you for a demonstration. What’s your safe word?”

My mouth went dry as I said, “Tribe.”

“Got it. If I ask you if you’d like to play with me as part of a demonstration, you don’t have to safeword out. Simply say no. We aren’t under any formal agreement, other than the deliciously forbidden little sister and the man who wants to debauch her.” He winked then walked away, his bubble butt working his faded jeans. “Are you going to be a good girl?”

“No,” I replied with a slow smile.

The naughty girl part of me wanted to see how far I could push him.

To know what would happen if I went too far.

I needed to know if he could dominate me before I agreed to anything.

Without a doubt, I was a high-power pain in the ass. I needed a firm hand to make me feel safe and cherished. Screwed up but true. At least through BDSM I got my unconventional needs met in a safe way.

If I found a Dom strong enough to make me submit.

Smiling, Caleb ran his fingers down my cheek. “Good, I need a reason to punish you.”

His direct approach threw me for a loop, and next to me Jennifer gave a low whistle as he went to the front of the room, then whispered, “Girl, that was hot.”

“Yeah, it was,” I blew out a harsh breath. “Wow.”

Jennifer giggled but kept it quiet as the lights were dimming and people behind us began to applaud. We turned in our seats and craned our necks to see Dr. Ramsfield and Dr. Joi strutting their way down the center of the classroom like they were on a runway. In their late thirties, the husband-and-wife duo looked a bit like each other. Both had pale skin, jet-black hair, and silvery blue eyes that stood out in a rather astonishing way. They both wore black business suits, though Dr. Joi wore a leather harness beneath hers barely visible from the front.

Both Dominants, Dr. Joi and her husband Dr. Ramsfield had spent the last ten years touring the world and exploring the culture of kink. They’d pretty much seen and done it all and had written close to a dozen books on the subject. In addition to their academic work, they had a popular podcast and an upcoming reality show featuring them on a streaming network.

I’d been a big fan of theirs for years and seeing them in person turned me into a total fangirl. I applauded as hard as everyone else, wishing I could somehow let them know how much I enjoyed having them as part of my life. Even though we’d never met, I felt like I knew them. After all, I’d listened to them three days a week for the last four years.

On the stage, Dr. Ramsfield briefly held his wife’s hand, their gazes meeting for a moment before they both smiled at each other, then stepped apart.

My heart gave a little pang, wanting to have that kind of rapport with someone someday.

To share one brief look and smile filled with enough love to last a lifetime.

My romantic notions were shoved to the side as Dr. Joi snapped her fingers and a naked man with lovely, tanned skin, and a healthy dark erection, moved onto the stage next to the couple. He wore a pair of nipple clamps with silver bells, a thick silver chain around his waist, and that was it.

And his face was beautiful. A graceful mix of soft masculine, almost feminine, but not quite. The lines of his body were entirely masculine, with well-defined muscles and very little body hair. As my gaze traveled back up his body, I made a little involuntary noise of appreciation deep in my throat.

“Right?” Jennifer whispered next to me. “Yum.”

We snickered softly, but there were enough people in the audience that no one paid us any attention. They were all focused on the doctors explaining erogenous zones. I gave myself a little mental smack and forced my mind to pay attention. Caleb said I might be part of a demonstration, and I didn’t want to be clueless as to what I might be getting myself into.

As the couple began to demonstrate different techniques, I started to get turned on all over again. Not because of what was happening on the stage, but because I kept imagining doing all those lovely things to Caleb. I would blow his mind with pleasure. Be the best he ever had so he would never forget me when this week was over.

Damn, where had that melancholy thought come from?

Brushing it off, I focused anew as the woman Caleb had been speaking with earlier was brought on stage, now nude except for nipple clamps and a chain around her waist like the man. While Dr. Joi softly caressed and praised the woman, Dr. Ramsfield began to casually slap the submissive male's erect cock. Something the man evidently liked, if the copious amounts of precum wetting the tip of his erection was any indication.

I squirmed a little in my seat, then grew still as I realized that while I'd been distracted, Caleb had appeared on the stage. Dressed in his jeans and hoodie, he stood out from the two submissives being demonstrated on, and the Doms continuing their lecture. Unlike most people in the room, he wasn't watching the stage.

He was staring at me like I was the most interesting woman in the room.

My skin grew sensitive and my nipples drew into hard, uncomfortable points. It was almost painful, and I knew the only relief I'd get was if Caleb were to take them into his mouth. Lick the tip of my breasts, take away the odd sting of unfulfilled arousal. Or he could lay atop me, our bodies rubbing together as we kissed. I wanted to kiss him, so badly. Caleb broke our stare and I gave myself a little shake as he moved back into the shadows a bit to speak with one of the assistants standing at the back of the stage.

The class continued, and when I could tear my attention away from Caleb, I learned a good bit about the body's different erogenous zones and how to stimulate them. The doctors were both funny and educational, and I soon found myself as caught up in the class as everyone else. It was really, really nice to be able to sit back among my fellow kinksters and talk about sex like it was no big deal.

"And now," Dr. Joi said as she held her arms out to the audience, "we need some volunteers to help us demonstrate g-spot and p-spot orgasms." She glanced behind her with a smile at Caleb and a few other people now standing to the side of the stage.

“Rawhide has kindly supplied us with some of their best Doms and Dommes who know how to work that magic spot in a woman. They have generously agreed to help us with our demonstration and have a little bit of fun. Before you raise your hand, please keep in mind that this is a class on human sexuality and you will be exposed in front of everyone. For all you subbie exhibitionists out there I’m sure this isn’t a problem, but for some of you it would be a nightmare come to life being actually naked in front of all your classmates on the first day of class. There are options, so please speak up if you’d like to keep some of your body parts a mystery to the general public. Remember, you are a cherished volunteer. We want you to be comfortable.”

Dr. Ramsfield straightened his black suit coat as he joined his wife, their two demo submissives standing by obediently. “For our male submissives, we will need a few volunteers so we can demonstrate the “P” spot.” He winked at the audience. “For those that are unfamiliar with the term, I’m talking about prostate orgasms. Our Doms and Dommes will select their partner from the audience one at a time. If you are selected, your Dom will use you as part of their demonstration on how to find and work those magic spots. Now, I realize for some of you this will be your first time playing together, so after you’re selected you’ll have a few minutes with your Dom to go over boundaries, safe words, and expectations. Remember, honest communication is key to any good relationship, BDSM or otherwise. So don’t feel like you have to lie to somehow impress or please your partner. Tell them the truth about what turns you on, and what doesn’t, and you will both have a much better experience.”

“Also,” Dr. Joi added while joining her husband, “please do not feel pressured to perform for the class. Every one of you is uniquely different in what turns you off and on. We are well aware that not everyone reacts to stimulation in the same way, so if this type of play doesn’t do it for you, don’t punish yourself for not having an orgasm or being aroused. We learn as much from observing what doesn’t work as what does. Don’t beat yourself up if things don’t work out how you think they should.”

“Punishing you is our job,” one of the men next to Caleb said with a menacing chuckle.

Everyone laughed, then they began to go through the Doms, and when they came to Caleb my arm shot up, along with most of the women in the room. Who could blame them. He was the kind of man who just gave off an invisible sexual aura. Combine that with his razor-sharp bone structure, sapphire eyes, killer hair, and what I was hoping was a good body beneath his baggy clothes and you had a Dom women would fight over.

Including me.

My palms got a little sweaty as Caleb pretended to scan the room for a moment before he pointed to me.

Disappointed groans whispered around me, along with more than one woman calling me a lucky bitch.

Jennifer gave my butt a light smack as I stood from the chair and said, “You go girl!”

My heart pounded so hard I was sure my chest was shaking as I scooted out from my desk, thankful I’d worn a pair of white sneakers instead of the high heels I usually favored. While I could hustle across an office building in heels for hours, running around on gravel paths and grass lawns in heels was a whole different ball game. And truth be told, my feet were ever so thankful.

My mind nattered on about the benefits of sneakers as I approached the stage in a weird dreamlike cloud of anxiety and anticipation. I swear I didn’t even feel my feet hitting the stairs. It just seemed as if Caleb was on a conveyor belt and I was being pulled toward him by some invisible force. Even the noise of the room dulled to a background hum as I stood before him. I hesitated a moment, unsure if I should kneel

as some of the other subs were doing, look down at the ground, or meet his gaze.

Caleb must have sensed my unease because he took a step forward and said in a low voice, “Remember, use your safe word if you need it. Otherwise I’ll ignore all pleas for mercy. Have you ever had a g-spot orgasm?”

Heat rose to my cheeks as I glanced away and said, “I’ve tried on my own, but I don’t think I was doing it right... or something.”

“Don’t worry”—he stroked his fingers over my collar, startling me—“by the end of the class you’ll be begging me to put my ring on your collar.”

He raised an eyebrow at me, the challenge clear in his gaze.

I, of course, met his challenge with a tilt of my chin into the air. “Dream on.”

One of the Doms next to us gave me a disapproving glance, but Caleb merely drew me into his arms and kissed me on my head. “Come on, little Ivy, I’m about to rock your world in front of all these nice people.”

Stumbling a bit, I suddenly became hyperaware of everyone watching us. Normally I was a huge exhibitionist, I loved being admired and lusted after, but sharing my first time with Caleb like this left me feeling raw. Exposed in a way that was more anxiety than anxious anticipation. It was so bright in here and I became something I rarely was, self-conscious.

Right away Caleb stopped on our way to what appeared to be a padded and adjustable table with stirrups.

Oh God, stirrups.

“Wait,” I whispered and placed my hand on his well-muscled forearm. “I... um, that is I’m... the light is awfully bright in here.”

He gave me a puzzled look, his well-arched brows drawing down over his dark blue eyes, before his expression cleared. “Of course. We can use a privacy screen. It can be backlit if you like, allowing people to see the outline of our shadows instead of the real thing. They’ll be turning down the lights anyways. Every instructor here is aware of the use of good lighting to set the mood for a scene. Since we’re trying to make everyone comfortable and open to new ideas, they’ll put on the proverbial mood lighting for us. Might even get some music.”

“Oh,” I went to drop my hand from his forearm, but he grasped my fingers in his.

A little thrill raced through me at the sensation of his large hand enveloping my own.

“Anything else bothering you, baby? Let’s talk about it now. I’m here to take care of you, in every way. You just have to tell me what you need, okay?” He lowered his voice and my belly fluttered. “I’m in charge right now. The only thing I require of you is to enjoy yourself and mind your manners. No mouthing off or I’ll gag you, and I’d hate to do that. No, that’s a lie. Someday I’d love to do that, but right now I want you to be able to... express yourself.”

Something about the way he said that made me suspicious, but he merely winked at me. We’d reached the table by this point and he lifted me up, swinging me easily into a seated position with my legs dangling off the edge. The leather beneath my butt was cool, and I avoided looking at the crowd as Caleb instructed two men to bring a screen on stage. They brought up a series of panels with what looked almost like rice paper on them. While they set them up, another guy brought what looked like a light of some kind and set it up over to the side.

Some of the tension seeped from me as Caleb began to both rub my back and remove

my jean jacket. He had lovely fingers, slender and strong like an artist's, and I allowed myself to fall into his chest. The lights above dimmed to almost less than the strength of a candelabra, and the small light behind us turned on. It wasn't very bright, but I was sure our silhouettes would move about like some kind of shadow-puppet theater.

I giggled and Caleb stopped stroking my shoulders long enough to say, "What?"

"We're going to be doing shadow-puppet porn," I whispered to him with a choked giggle.

He buried his face in my neck and laughed, both of us giggling and snorting as quietly as we could before we finally got a hold of ourselves.

Caleb wiped a tear away from his eye before he paused, an oddly intense look tightening the skin around his eyes. He cupped my face in his hands and butterflies exploded inside of me, my hormones going crazy as he closed his eyes and kissed me. His lips caressed mine, coaxing them open, seducing me into kissing him back. He moaned softly and I made some noise in return, too busy wrapping my arms around his neck. I'd wanted to kiss him like this from pretty much the moment I'd met him.

Our tongues stroked against each other, slow and unhurried as Caleb ran his hands up and down my back, pausing to slide over my ass now and again.

When we finally broke apart, I was near panting, and Caleb's hands had a fine tremor to them as he rubbed my thighs. Pushing my skirt up, he stared at the two pairs of garters holding up both my fishnets, and my stockings. Then he noted the lack of underwear as he lifted the skirt further.

"Fuck me," he whispered so softly I could barely hear him. "Look at that beautiful

little pink cunt. You naughty girl, walking around like this, exposing yourself to everyone whenever you bent over. No wonder your brother sent me to keep track of you.”

I licked my lips, pretending to try to pull down my skirt. “Leave me alone.”

He suddenly had rope in his hands, and before I knew it my hands were tied and over my head.

“Be a good girl and place your feet in the stirrups, or I’ll place these clothespins on your nipples,” he threatened, holding up a pair of old wooden-style clothespins that would hurt like the dickens.

I liked pain, but not as much as those promised.

Like a good girl I did as he said, aware of the image we must be presenting to the audience. A stack of towels was placed on a nearby chair, and a large area rug was situated at my feet. I flushed scarlet as I realized they were making the area around me absorbent. I’d seen women squirt before, it could go really far, and I prayed if I did manage I wouldn’t get the room dirty.

Caleb rudely jerked my tank tops down, tearing them a little as he bared my breasts to the room and jerked my mind back to the present.

“Look at those,” he reached out and gently cupped one of my breasts. “Are you sensitive, or do you need a heavy touch, my Ivy?”

“I’m not your Ivy yet,” I goaded him, yelping when he pinched my nipple.

“You are,” he replied in a mild tone, pinching me even harder and making me moan. “I think you would have liked those clothespins. We’ll try them another time. And I’d

think long and hard before you mouth off again. While I may allow you some freedom, when I'm inside of you, any part of me, I want your complete attention. If I feel like I'm not getting it, I'll do something to make sure you are living in the moment. Sometimes you won't like what those things are."

Somewhere nearby a man began to moan, and the hair along my body prickled at the sound.

Caleb moved to stand between my now widespread thighs and pet the small patch of hair I kept on my mound. "You have a very full and puffy pussy, Ivy. And wet." His thumb grazed my clit and I jerked. "No, be still. If you move I stop."

I nearly keened in despair as I tried to not respond as he began to touch me. He started by taking his fingers and simply tracing the shape of my sex, dipping his fingers between my folds, tugging gently at the hood of my clit. I positively ached with need as he continued to play, forcing myself to stay still. When his thumb gave my clit a brief caress, my hips moved seemingly of their own accord.

"Bad girl," Caleb said before he gave my pussy a stinging slap. "Ahh, look at your cunt clench down. You want something to grab onto, something to fill you up, don't you, Ivy? Say it. Ask me to fill you."

That damn thumb of his was on my clit again, and I was lost in a storm of pleasure as I said, "Please, Master, I'm so empty."

His thumb stilled and I cried out in protest, only to have him press down firmly and nearly send me over the edge. "Why, Ivy, that was lovely. Because you asked so nicely, I'm going to give you what you want."

I forced my eyes open and my head up a little, anticipating seeing him unzip his pants. Instead he was rolling up the sleeves of his hoodie, displaying some serious

forearm porn. He must have led an active lifestyle, because the lightly furred skin of his forearms stretched tight over some sculpted muscle.

Taking two of his fingers, he slid them into me and began to stroke the top of my sheath. Right away my body clamped down on him, making Caleb's nostrils flare as he met my gaze. Electricity zipped through me and I found the sight of him fingering me perhaps the hottest thing I'd ever experienced. I throbbed, my nipples so tight they hurt as his fingers continued to rub and explore, studying my reaction. They moved a little deeper and I jerked against the table as he pressed and rubbed something that had me grunting.

Removing his fingers, he smiled down at me before licking them clean. "Just like I thought, delicious. Are you ready to cum, Ivy?"

Sweating by now, I nodded and pulled uselessly at my arms. "Please, Master."

He paused to rub his crotch, his thick and healthy erection clearly visible against the fabric. "Love it when you're sweet like this. Okay, you know how this works and you know to push out when you climax, right?"

I blushed but nodded. "I've got it."

He leaned in closer, nibbling on the sensitive skin on the back of my arm as he said, "I want you to let go completely, Ivy. The more you follow what your body naturally wants to do, the better it will be for you. Don't expect to flood the room. If I get a trickle I'll be happy. The only thing I want you to do is feel. I'll take care of you. Let me do that, trust me, and I will make you feel so good."

The devil couldn't have been more tempting than this man.

He could get me to do probably anything he wanted.

“Okay,” I said in a rough voice, “I trust you, for this.”

His pleased smile was accentuated by his fingers slipping back into me. Holding my gaze he began to rub and thrust, fast and hard enough that the bench shook beneath me with each move of his hand. I’d never been finger fucked this hard before, and at first I didn’t know how to respond. Then he switched his position slightly and I cried out.

Pleasure, super intense and all consuming, overtook me. My eyes snapped shut and I swear stars burst around me as he slapped my clit rapidly while pulling his hand away. I bore down and nearly passed out as my body bucked and arched, warmth streaming down over my buttocks. I moaned and shivered, nearly coming off the bench when his fingers returned, playing that part deep inside of me. This time I was an active participant, raising my hips as much as I could, tilting my body to make it feel even better. A steady litany of noises and words fell from me as I encouraged Caleb to keep going.

To never stop.

One orgasm rolled into another, broken here and there by Caleb’s all-consuming kisses and whispered demands. He told me all these filthy things he was going to do to me, how watching me come like this was driving him crazy. How badly he wanted to fuck me but how he wouldn’t do it for the first time in front of strangers. He slapped my breasts, pinched my clit, and bit my nipples so hard they hurt. And I loved every minute of it.

“More,” I whispered, panting and struggling to breathe.

Caleb gave weak laugh, his head resting on my chest as his hand idly stroked my quivering pussy. “Easy there, tiger. I realize this is a new sensation for you, but if we keep going you might have a sub crash and I don’t want that for you. There are

classes today that you wanted to attend, and I won't be the reason that you can't. So relax, my girl. You were so fucking beautiful. Sexiest thing I've ever seen in my life. Everything about you, every inch of your body, fascinates me. And the way you climax, how good it must feel, knowing I gave that to you? Watching you submit and beg so sweetly? Well, that's like a drug to Doms."

I startled as someone placed a blanket over me. Looking up, I found Dr. Joi untying me. She wore a pleased smile, and her hands were gentle as she rubbed my wrists before releasing me.

"Caleb, Ivy," she said in a low voice as Caleb tucked the heavenly soft blanket around me, "that was lovely. Thank you so much for sharing this moment with the class. I'm sure you've convinced more than one person out there to give g-spot orgasms a try. I know I'll be requesting a few from Dr. Ramsfield tonight."

With that she walked away and I giggled weakly, feeling drunk. "Oh boy," I breathed against Caleb's sweatshirt as I closed my eyes. "Wake me up in like two days."

Giving my back a brisk rub, Caleb stood, forcing me to sit on my own. He grasped my shoulders and studied my no doubt grumpy face. "You are so damn adorable when you pout. We get a three-hour break for lunch, so you have time to revive. Eat something, then take a two-hour power nap. I'll see you afterward and I expect you nicely rested."

I sucked in a deep breath then said, "You're not my Dom. You can't tell me what to do."

He merely laughed, then kissed my forehead. "You keep telling yourself that. I've got a few things that need my attention. I'll see you in Domme Susan's class. Cherry," he nodded to a smiling blonde woman wearing a polo shirt with the Ranch's logo on it, "will help you get back to your room in one piece."

The woman held up a fluffy white robe with a kind smile. “Here you go. And I already have a bath running for you in your room. You like the scent of peach and jasmine, right? And you’re a fan of vanilla ice cream with caramel sauce?”

I blinked, then nodded at her smiling face. “Um, yes.”

Caleb waved goodbye as the woman helped me into my robe, telling me about the snacks she had ready for me, and that my bed was turned down as well. Evidently the staff at Rawhide was used to doing aftercare, because before I knew it I was clean, full, and falling asleep in my comfy bed.

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CHAPTER 6

Caleb

I tried to politely move away from the group of women who blocked me from entering the classroom. All of them were single, beautiful in their own way, and keeping me from what I really wanted. While I was glad they'd enjoyed how beautifully Ivy had responded to me, the last thing I wanted to do was prick Ivy's jealousy.

Again.

"I see you're still wearing your ring," the blonde in a red and white cheerleader's outfit said in a perky voice. "And my collar is still empty. After watching you work that woman"—the blonde gave a little shudder, her eyes glassy with desire—"I knew I had to have you."

"Me too," a kind of familiar brunette wearing a gold lame dress purred. "You have a very good reputation, Master Caleb. I would be honored to wear your ring."

"That role play you did"—the blonde cheerleader fanned herself dramatically—"so hot. Big brother's best friend seducing the little sister. I was so turned on I masturbated watching you."

I quickly scanned the area, relieved to not see Ivy within hearing distance at the moment.

No doubt she'd take this situation the wrong way.

Unreasonable jealousy in a relationship was an instant red flag for me. Key word being unreasonable. In Ivy's case, I felt like she'd be justified at being a little pissed at the way the cheerleader was now openly pawing at me. Her hands wandered to my belt quickly. I took a step back as she yanked at the button of my jeans while attempting to grope me, frowning down at the blonde as her inviting smile wilted.

"Consent," I said in a crisp voice, "is a two-way street. I didn't invite you to touch me. Go to the Principal's Office and tell them you need a detention and a reminder about consent. Ask before you touch, always."

Red suffused her face and she stuttered before saying, "You can't send me to detention, you're not a professor."

Derek's deep voice came from behind us. "No, but I can, and I think after that little display you may find yourself spending the night in detention. And trust me when I say it will be the kind of night that you will never forget."

The sinister tone to Derek's voice had the cheerleader going pale, then kind of bouncing in place before squeaking out, "I'm so sorry, Master Derek. How do I get to detention, Sir?"

"I'll take you there myself," he said in a way that left no doubt about his displeasure.

Gotta love my boss. He always took care of his people. Both guests and staff.

The third woman, this one probably in her fifties and wearing one hell of a shoulder-padded black power suit, smiled at me with perfectly white teeth. "Master Caleb, do you offer private classes? My husband and I would be interested in learning more about your method. Like your submissive I've had issues achieving satisfaction from

that act.”

I gave her a tilt of my head as I said, “I’m sorry but I don’t teach. However, I can recommend that you stop by our library. Our staff has access to an outstanding amount of information, and they’ll be able to tell you if anyone at the Rawhide Resort can give you a hand. No pun intended.”

She laughed, a very pleasant sound, then reached into her jacket and pulled out a black and gold embossed business card. “Thank you so much. If you ever change your mind about private lessons, please let me know.”

“Though I wouldn’t count on it, will do,” I said as I slipped the card into the back pocket of my jeans.

At this point I was getting close to being late for class, and ignored various people trying to catch my eye as I entered the room. There were only a few desks left at the back, and Ivy was nowhere to be seen. I scanned the crowd for her distinctive mane of red-gold hair but didn’t see her at first. This was because sometime during the break between classes, she’d gone and changed into a flowing white dress with abstract primary color blocks along the hem. And her mane of hair had been tamed into braids on either side of her head. She turned slightly and I took in her perfectly made up face before she looked away again.

Very different than when I’d seen her last, sweat soaked and makeup smeared beyond repair.

And her lips. God, her glossy fucking lips. So full and pink. I couldn’t wait to see them swollen again from my attentions. Everything about her seemed fresh and clean, and I swore I could smell her baby powder-scented perfume from here. One would think the last thing I’d find Ivy was innocent and pure after what I’d done to her, but I did. There was an artlessness about her, an honest joy in life that many people lost

after childhood.

Her mischievous spirit, her spunk, her wicked imagination—all of these things blended together into a glorious and confusing mix of a woman.

A chime sounded in the hallway and from the speaker in the corner of the room, reminding everyone class started in five minutes. People took their seats, and while I considered asking one of the people sitting by Ivy to move, I didn't want to create a scene. I knew the Dominatrix teaching this class, and the last thing I wanted to do was piss her off.

After all, I was already on her shit list.

If Ivy hadn't been here, there was no way I would have attended.

Mistress Susan must have laughed her butt off when she approved my addition to the class.

She stood around six feet tall in heels, had an amazing natural hourglass figure, and was one hell of a sadist. With red hair shorn into a buzz cut and almost cat-like blue eyes she was, without a doubt, a beautiful woman. Unfortunately, I'd pissed her off the first week I'd started working here and she'd held a grudge ever since. The shibari artist she'd wanted to come teach at the Ranch had asked for way too much money for three simple classes. Yes, he was amazing at what he did, but it was my job to find talent that was both skilled and affordable. He wouldn't come down on his price, and we simply could not afford to blow a quarter of our budget on one man.

Even if he was a personal friend of Mistress Susan.

We were sponsoring more scholarships to our college than ever, and every dollar I could save could help someone have a better life.

Ivy took her seat as well, two rows away from the raised platform at the front of the room. We were on the second floor, and the late afternoon sunlight poured in through a row of windows on the west side of the room. That light caught Ivy's hair and it blazed in a way that had me entranced. Then she leaned forward so she could talk to the brunette woman with big white hoop earrings in front of her. I thought it was the same person who'd been sitting next to Ivy in our last class together, and I leaned forward into the aisle to get a better look.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sterns, do you mind moving so I can teach my class?"

Embarrassment had my cheeks going heated, no doubt much to Mistress Susan's amusement.

"Sorry about that, Mistress Susan," I said as I swiftly moved back into my seat.

I leaned back and looked up at her, towering above me as I was seated. She wore a pair of wicked-looking tan patent-leather heels. They went well with her tan 80s-style belted dress that showed off her tiny waist and impressive cleavage. Large pearl studs graced her ears but her nose was missing the usual septum piercing. Behind her trailed her submissive and boyfriend, Tyler, dressed in a preppie green sweater and tan pants. His light-brown and silver hair had been feathered back, and it looked like he'd grown a mustache since I'd last seen him. I thought it made him kind of look like my sixth grade science teacher. He gave a rueful shake of his head as he passed, grinning the whole way. No doubt he found it hilarious to watch me get my butt chewed by Susan. We'd had more than one beer together, and I liked the funny man and his easygoing nature.

Why he was attracted to a bitch like Susan I'll never know, but he was so I had to be respectful to his Mistress. And I was in her classroom, taking a class she was more than qualified to teach. The rules were very clear that it didn't matter if you were a Dominant, submissive, or whatever. The instructors or professors were the ones who

had the power to boot you from their class instantly, no questions asked.

Knowing Mistress Susan expected more of an apology than the one I'd given, I inwardly sighed and said, "Forgive me for not noticing when a lady has entered the room."

That mollified her, a little bit, and she dismissed me with a sniff then strolled past me. "Do try to pay attention, Caleb. There is much you could learn from this class on self-control."

That rankled a bit, and Tyler hid a smile as he followed his Mistress.

I glanced over at Ivy and found her looking back at me, clearly laughing behind her raised hand.

I subtly shot her the bird.

That only made her laugh harder.

Red faced, she shook her head at me and smiled so bright I couldn't help but smile back in return.

Her smile fell a little bit, then reformed into something softer.

Something infinitely more powerful.

The bell for class beginning rang and I turned my attention to the front of the room.

As much as I wanted to spend the entire class staring at my obsession, if Mistress Susan caught me spacing out, she would no doubt call me on it.

I was not going to give that woman any excuse to torment me.

The room grew dimmer as the sun began to disappear over the horizon, creating an intimate atmosphere that Mistress Susan furthered by sitting on a wide, black leather couch rather than sitting behind the desk near the wall facing away from the windows. Tyler sat on the floor next to her, and she idly ran her hand through his hair. Crossing her long legs, she gave everyone a friendly, happy smile.

I wanted to shout to everyone to be careful, that her smile was a lie, but I kept my mouth shut.

“Welcome to my class on edging and orgasm denial,” Susan said and I could easily hear her through the speakers at the back corners of the room. “I have always had a fondness for this particular kink, one that my submissive shares. Isn’t that right, Tyler?”

He grinned up at her, his affection open and easy. “I love whatever you love, my Mistress.”

She gave his cheek a sharp slap, a pink handprint appearing on his skin as she said, “Honest answers only, Tyler. You know I don’t like pretty drivels.”

He rested his head against her thigh as he said, “I both love and hate it. The orgasms are intense, the connection between us powerful, but the frustration is....”

“Exquisite?” Mistress Susan said with a small smile.

“Not quite,” Tyler replied in such a dry tone that everyone laughed. “More like the ultimate itch that I can’t scratch. And it just gets more and more intense and irritating until I think I’ll go out of my mind. But the relief is so, so good when you finally let me climax. I swear I come so hard I nearly black out.”

Mistress Susan gave him a dry look, the lines around her mouth deepening as she said, “You find my technique irritating?”

He immediately took her hand and placed a kiss on it. “Only in the best of ways.”

She smiled down at him with a sigh. “Thank you for being honest with me.” Turning her head at an angle that emphasized her pretty face, Mistress Susan looked at the class as she said, “See, that is what honesty in a BDSM partnership looks like. He said something that I could have easily taken offense to and punished him for, but that would be silly. We aren’t in a scene and my ego isn’t so fragile that a few words will have me in tears.”

The class laughed at this and I risked a glance over at Ivy. She seemed entranced by Mistress Susan, and I was reminded again that Ivy had a taste for women as well as men. I didn’t mind sharing her with another submissive, but another Dominant was a whole different thing. Ivy was mine. Period. No other Dominant would get the pleasure of her touch or taste.

“If you are going to Master, or Mistress”—Susan’s knowing wink was met with soft laughter—“the art of edging and orgasm denial you need honesty with your submissive. If they lie about being close, or that something turns them on, or that they aren’t into what’s going on, you are going to have a very unfulfilling scene. And as I’m sure we all know, nothing is more tragic than a lovely sex scene fizzling into boredom. The kind of sex where you come just so you can get out of there.”

“Coming in self-defense,” Tyler said with a grin at his Mistress.

“Exactly.” She ran her hands through his hair, her gaze on the class as she said, “And subs, don’t think you get out of any responsibility for the success of a scene. Even if your shared kink is to have you lie there and just take it, BDSM is nothing without the mental and physical connection between partners. You can’t pretend with BDSM,

it has bad consequences. Ask my friend who hated nipple play but pretended to like it for his girlfriend. He endured two years of it until one day he snapped and the truth came out. They broke up not long after. Please consider this as I continue with my lecture. At the end of my presentation, we'll do some hands on experimentation. I'll need volunteers, but only honest ones."

The overhead lights flicked on, dim but still enough to fight back the encroaching darkness. Mistress Susan was both funny and entertaining as she taught, and I found myself having a good time despite my earlier trepidation. She hadn't paid any more attention to me than anyone else, instead focusing on her instruction. I nodded along with what she was saying about overstimulation making nerves numb and found myself watching Ivy. She had a notebook open before her and appeared to be diligently writing down things as Susan lectured. I wondered what points she was highlighting, how her mind worked and what she was thinking. Maybe I could find some way to sneak a peek at her notebook. Or just ask her if she would mind reading me her notes, as my dog ate mine.

Music, a deep and sexy instrumental, came from the speakers, instantly changing the mood.

Everyone kind of shifted a bit as we all adjusted to the new sound, and I looked away from Ivy to the front of the class.

What I found had my gut clenching.

Mistress Susan smiled directly at me, and in the distance of my mind, tornado sirens wailed in warning.

"I often find it is best to teach my technique by instructing someone one on one with the class observing." Standing, she motioned to Tyler. "Have them bring in the chair, darling."

As Tyler spoke into his phone, Mistress Susan stood posed in her high heels, looking down at the class with narrowed eyes.

No, wait, looking down at me with narrowed eyes.

Inwardly I sighed and knew she was about to get her revenge on my turning down her guest speaker request.

“Caleb,” she said in a firm tone that had most of the submissives sitting up straighter in their seats.

It would have been amusing if that tone hadn’t been aimed at me.

Holding her hand with her pink manicured nails gleaming in the lights she said, “Please, join me on the stage.”

Her look dared me to say no.

Or maybe to say yes.

Either way, I was more than aware of Ivy watching me.

And like all foolish men trying to impress a woman, I didn’t want to appear to be a coward in Ivy’s eyes.

Besides, Mistress Susan would want me to use a submissive to experiment with. She didn’t share Tyler, and neither he nor myself were into men. I would ask, or insist, that it be Ivy. Mistress Susan might dislike me, but she’d never hurt Ivy and I wouldn’t touch anyone else. She couldn’t force a partner on me I didn’t want as it would violate the first rule-consent.

Standing from my seat, I quickly approached the stage and stood before the confident woman. I stood about an inch taller than her, but it felt like we looked square into each other's eyes. Sometimes, when two Dominants got together they could work together seamlessly. Other times, when two Dominants got together, it was like rams endlessly butting their heads together.

Guess which one Mistress Susan and I were.

"Can I talk to you, in private," I said in barely above a whisper.

She took off her microphone, handing it to Tyler who then began to give the class tips and tricks for negotiating a scene.

Mistress Susan practically hissed like a snake as she said, "What is so important that you had to interrupt my class?"

Leaning in a bit, I said in a low voice, "I'm guessing you'll be having me edge a submissive as part of the demonstration."

"You're partially right," she replied. "What's your point?"

"I would like to select my submissive, if you please," I said quickly, trying to charm her a bit.

She rolled her eyes. "Don't pretend to be all polite around me now, not after the last time we spoke when you told me I was a flake who had no concept of money or the real world."

I winced. "I apologize for that. In my defense, you said some rather disrespectful things about me as well."

She shrugged a little, but I caught a hint of guilt tightening the line between her eyes. “Maybe I did. You are free to choose whoever you wish, as long as they wish to participate. But after that point, you will do everything I tell you with the option of safewording out at any time. I will not have our personal situation disrupt my class any more than it already has.”

“Agreed,” I said quickly. “And I really like this girl, Mistress Susan. I’m not making this request to be a pain in your ass. My safe word is dog breath.”

She snorted and gave me a look that said she did not think very highly of my safe word. “Of course it is. Go see Tyler, he’ll set you up with what you need.”

I eyed Tyler over by a large restraint chair the staff had brought into the room while we were speaking. “Adjustable arms and legs? Padded gray leather seating and fur-lined cuffs? Looks custom made too. Nice.”

“Thank you,” she said with a sinister smile that had my gut clenching again. “I do hope you enjoy it.”

With that she turned, clearly dismissing me as she strode to the front of the room like she was a general approaching her army.

Ivy glanced at me but turned her attention to Mistress Susan as the older woman explained the chair that had been brought onto the stage, along with a cloth-covered rolling table. Shapes distorted the linen surface in rises and falls, and I couldn’t help but wonder what lay beneath. Whatever kind of toys Mistress Susan had provided me, I couldn’t wait to use them on Ivy.

She came so easily, and so hard, I wondered if I’d even be able to deny her very long.

But I was about to find out.

CHAPTER 7

Ivy

Mistress Susan stood before us like a confident 80s soap-opera goddess, her sexual appeal not dulled in the least by her age.

“I am going to once again remind everyone here that this is a fully adult class. We will be showing body parts, we will be playing with body parts, and we will be doing things with body parts that may make you squirm and blush.” She gave a soft chuckle then said, “Then again, considering this crowd, maybe not. Either way, this is your last warning. If live sexual acts make you uncomfortable, please feel free to leave without any hard feelings. I appreciate your honesty and your sticking to your own personal boundaries.”

She waited a moment, surveying the crowd with her cat-like blue eyes before nodding. “Well then, my adorable little perverts, let’s get started, shall we? I’d like to introduce you to Caleb, a Dominant and member of our staff who has decided to join in the fun of Spirit Week. Everyone say hello to Caleb.”

“Hey,” Caleb said in his smooth, deep voice that made my hormones purr.

He tossed his dark hair away from his eyes as he smiled and gave the room a wave. More than a few wolf whistles rang out, as well as women cheering him like he’d just scored a touchdown in the Super Bowl. Not that I could blame them. At some point Caleb had taken off his sweatshirt and the t-shirt beneath which bore the image of a skeleton with a mohawk and some band I didn’t know, clung to his well-defined

body.

I'd never noticed before how built he was. Not thick, but very defined and delicious. I couldn't see any tattoos on his forearms, but the way the muscles and tendons flexed as he waved was entrancing. He cut a perfect figure from his broad shoulders down to his slender hips. And he had some nice, thick thighs as well. The kind you only got from hard work.

I wonder if he got those thighs from riding horses and helping around the Ranch.

A working man's muscled body.

Rough and yearning for a woman's soft touch.

My gaze returned to his face and hot tingles washed over me as our eyes met.

"Normally I'd ask for another volunteer," she turned and I swear she was staring straight at me as she said, "but it appears Caleb has already selected his partner. Ivy in the lovely dress, would you please join us on stage, darling?"

I swallowed hard as she pointed right at me, anxiety rolling through me. I'd always been a good student, the teacher's pet in more than one class. Many of my teachers knew that I'd been practically raising my siblings and had helped me with tutoring and extra credit. It didn't matter that I was pretending to be back in high school, when Mistress Susan nailed me with her gaze I sat up straighter and tensed in anticipation.

"Come on, don't be shy," Mistress Susan said to me as she continued to point at me, making everyone turn in their seats to look around, "you know Caleb, don't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I responded immediately. "He's my big brother's best friend. My brother sent him here to keep an eye on me, but Caleb is really trying to corrupt me."

I don't know why I'd added the last part, but the gleam in Mistress Susan's eyes told me I'd pleased her.

"How delightful! Well then, I do enjoy a good role play. Yes." She clapped her hands together, her eyes sparkling as she said, "Would you like to play with us, Ivy?"

"Yes, Mistress," I managed to say through my suddenly dry lips.

Next to me, Jennifer made a squeeing noise that barely penetrated the fog threatening to descend over me. I was an exhibitionist, it was true, but I also got stage fright. Weird, but that was how my mind worked. The same thing happened when I was giving business presentations. Once I got going with my speech I was fine, but in the time leading up to the big event I was often a hot ball of anxiety.

This was no different.

"Lucky bitch," a female voice whispered from somewhere behind me as I smoothed my skirt.

Jennifer whispered louder, "Have fun! I love watching you two together. It's so hot. The way he makes your whole body shake is amazing and you have such pretty breasts with the pinkest nipples I've ever seen. Go get 'em!"

Her audacious cheer broke through my paralysis.

I made my way up the aisle, apologizing to people I bumped into and cursing my choice of white heels as I almost fell twice. The desks were pressed close together to fit as many people into the room as they could, and the class was full. More than one stranger had to actually help me, and I was a blushing and embarrassed mess by the time I made it to the front.

Mistress Susan gave me a head-to-toe sweep with her eyes, then said as she removed her microphone, “Come with me, lovely girl. We need to have a quick chat before we start.”

She motioned to me as Tyler came forward, explaining that the audience was expected to play along with the roleplay we’d established.

I followed her but stole a quick peek at Caleb.

He was watching me with a hungry expression that sent a hot pulse through the core of my body.

“Can’t keep your eyes off each other, I see,” Mistress Susan murmured close to my ear.

I jerked, startled, and would have fallen if she didn’t steady me.

“Sorry,” I whispered back, “I’m so sorry I should have been paying attention, Mistress.”

“For the moment, call me Susan. The role play switch is officially turned off. I want to make sure that you are okay with doing this presentation. If you aren’t, please let me know. This lesson will include edging to orgasm. Do you have any experience in edging?”

I gave her a small smile. “I do. Not to your level of expertise, I’m certain, but I have an ex who was into it. He was very skilled.”

She placed her hands on my shoulders and gave them a gentle squeeze. “Wonderful, wonderful. That will help immensely. I don’t want to tell you much more about what I have planned, but I’m asking you to trust me. What I’m going to request will seem

unconventional at first, but I believe you will be pleasantly surprised by the results.”

I searched her face but found nothing but honesty and a hint of laughter in her eyes. She was up to something, but whatever it was, she didn’t seem like a malicious person. And I’d read a couple books that her submissive, Tyler, had written and knew Mistress Susan was a sadist, but she was a sadist with a heart. Besides, Rawhide had an impeccable reputation in the kink community. If I wasn’t safe exploring here with one of their instructors, I wasn’t safe anywhere.

Plus, I liked Mistress Susan and wanted to see what her devious mind had come up with.

“I trust you. Are Caleb and I still role playing corruptor and curious young girl?”

“Absolutely.” She held both hands out to me, her bright smile warming me from the inside out. “We are going to have so much fun. You see, I was never a big fan of men preventing women from exploring the world. I know Caleb and I am sure that in the brief time you’ve known each other, Caleb has been overprotective of you.”

“Real life Caleb or big brother’s friend Caleb?”

“They are one in the same, aren’t they? With the way he is watching you, and the ‘back off’ vibes he’s sending me, I can tell you two have a strong connection. He wouldn’t want another man, or woman near you until he can get his ring on your collar. I must say, it’s nice to see him with stars in his eyes for once.”

As she said this, she fingered the empty silver ring hanging from the now navy-blue leather collar around my neck.

It went with my dress.

“Look at him,” Mistress Susan tilted her head in Caleb’s direction as Tyler continued to entertain the class, their laughter almost smothering her words. “He doesn’t like me touching you, even indirectly. Possessive, territorial, and primed to explode. He is a man who will be exceptionally fun to play with.”

When I dared to peek at Caleb out of the corner of my eye, I found him standing next to the restraint chair, staring daggers at Mistress Susan.

I discreetly gave him the finger as I said to her, “I’m sorry, he can be a caveman sometimes. Ignore him.”

The brat in me had added the last part and Mistress Susana burst out laughing.

“Yes, that’s the spirit. Keep that attitude going and I’ll show you how to enslave a man.”

“Enslave?”

“Oh yes. Once he experiences the pleasure I’ll teach you to share with him, he’ll be addicted to you.” We both glanced over to Caleb, who brooded at us with his arms crossed. “If he isn’t already. Either way, you’re about to blow his mind with pleasure. Enjoy!”

A thrill raced through me. Of course the logical part of me knew that her words weren’t literally true, but they thrilled me, nonetheless. I loved pleasing my partners. I was a giver, and I considered myself rather skilled in bed. Heck, I’d studied sex like I’d studied coding, and immensely enjoyed the results of my sexual research more than the tech.

But I was always up to learning new things, and I had a feeling Mistress Susan was going to give me one heck of an experience.

“Okay, back we go into classroom mode. I am once again Mistress Susan, and you are a student in my class, Ivy. You are aware that if you refuse my orders during an instructional demonstration you’ll be kicked out of my class and failed. So you must do whatever I say. Feel free to improvise as long as you stay in character. Most of all, have fun, because I certainly will.”

I shivered, suddenly glad I’d taken the time to put on some killer lingerie and taken a quick shower. The reality of what I was about to do settled into me, adding to the throb of my body responding to her authority. And to the feeling of Caleb devouring me with his gaze.

I turned to look at him, only to find Caleb glowering at me as Mistress Susan returned to the front of the class. Caleb narrowed his lovely eyes at me, but I gave him a bright and merry smile. Some adrenaline-seeking part of me enjoyed annoying him. I knew I might pay a price for poking at him, but I couldn’t help myself. I mean, he was going to edge me under Mistress Susan’s guidance anyways, I might as well have some fun with him.

“Ms. Ivy,” Mistress Susan said in a loud voice, startling me out of my staring contest with Caleb. “Come to the front of the class, please. The rest of you read chapter twenty-one and do the outline, quietly.”

From somewhere overhead came what sounded like the hum of a classroom, louder than the actual class before us. Interesting. It blocked out any comments from the class that might disrupt us—there was always at least one mouthy asshole in every group—yet it didn’t take away from the atmosphere.

Mistress Susan’s desk looked like most of the teachers’ desks that I’d stood next to over the years.

Though none of those sturdy wood desks had ever had a red leather flogger draped

across one corner.

I shifted on my heels before her, assuming what I thought of as the neutral submissive position. My hands at my sides, back straight, feet slightly parted and knees bent just a little bit. I held this position for all of a few seconds before my hands nervously smoothed down the silky synthetic fabric of my vintage dress. She sat on the edge of the desk and regarded me with a kind expression.

Mistress Susan's expression turned icy as she said, "Ivy, Caleb confessed about what he did."

I gave her a blank look, then glanced over to where Tyler and Caleb were speaking on the other side of the large platform, past the chair.

"He did?"

"Yes. He told me that he was the one who copied off of your test. I am so sorry you had to endure a day of being suspended, but we had to make sure who the real culprit was. To his credit, Mr. Caleb came to us and confessed."

"He did?" I repeated, sounding to myself like an idiot. "I mean. Wow, I'm so glad he did."

"Yes, but now I'm afraid we've come to the unpleasant matter of his punishment. Cheating is taken very seriously here at Rawhide. He could be put on academic suspension and he could have damaged your reputation forever. If you wanted to, you could push for him to be suspended."

"No," I said quickly, getting into the role and loosening up a bit. "That's okay. He's a good guy, he really is. He just... I don't know. I guess he's just stupid sometimes."

“Hey now,” Caleb called out from behind me. “I was tired because I had to pick you up from a frat party and save you from your drunk date.”

“I was fine,” I yelled back and heard some laughter even through the murmuring and white noise soundtrack. “I didn’t need you there.”

“Yeah, well while you were passed out sleeping, I was driving your friends back to their houses. I got two hours sleep, and no studying thanks to you.”

I actually felt slightly guilty as I sniped back, “I didn’t ask for your help.”

“No, you little idiot, you didn’t. Thankfully your friends aren’t as irresponsible as you. They called me once your boyfriend got so drunk he smashed a chair through a window. Great guy, Ivy. Nice choice. I was totally wrong when I said he was a psycho dickhead.”

His sarcasm prickled my temper, but before I could respond Mistress Susan said, “Enough. Ivy, you have a decision to make. Since it seems as if you both erred, I will give you a choice. You can either take a punishment together or face the principal.”

“I...” actual butterflies filled my belly as I thought about all the ways Caleb could edge me. “I choose the punishment.”

Tyler began preparing the straps of the chair and my arousal went up a notch.

“And you, Caleb,” Mistress Susan said in a sugary sweet voice that set my teeth on edge. “What do you choose?”

“Punishment,” he said as he met her gaze with a glare that practically screamed how he was going to fuck me into the nearest wall.

“Very well. Caleb, please remove your hoodie and shirt.”

I waited for instructions to remove some item of clothing, but she said nothing as I stood there, watching Caleb pull his shirt off. When his flat abs were revealed, whistles cut through the noise again and I couldn't help but agree. If I'd seen Caleb without his shirt the first time we'd met I would have dragged him back to my room with me. The man was built, and the bulge going on in his jeans begged to be explored.

He gave a little flex of his chest as he caught me ogling, and I merely fanned myself in return. His laughter had me smiling and I continued to take him in. No tattoos, which was odd in this day and age, just lots of smooth skin stretched tight over honed muscle. He had a little body fat, he wasn't ripped and lean, but it only added to his overall appeal. And he had dark chest hair that I wanted to rub my face against. His nipples were a pale dusky-pink color due to the pale nature of his skin, and I wondered if he had a pink cock as well.

The happy trail leading to his jeans also begged a great deal of exploration.

“Tyler,” Mistress Susan said in a loud voice, shoving me rudely out of my daydreams, “strap Caleb into the chair.”

Wait... what?

Caleb had the same thought, because he held up his hands and said, “Hold on, you're putting me in the chair?”

“Of course,” Mistress Susan replied with a smile that I could only describe as sharp. “This is a punishment, Caleb. Excuses or not, you cheated. Did you think I was going to put Ivy in the chair? Why in the world would I reward you like that? If this is too much, you're free to leave and go to the principal's office at any time. But Ivy will

still take her punishment like a good girl. Won't you."

Our earlier talk still filled my mind as I said, "Of course."

"See?" She gave him a triumphant smile as he huffed out a sigh, then gave a rueful shake of his head.

Caleb looked up, and the smile he gave me took my breath.

When he turned to Mistress Susan that smile vanished and he said, "I am yours to punish."

"Almost," she moved to my side and put her arm lightly around my shoulders. "Ivy will be doing the punishing, with my help of course."

"Um," I whispered, "I don't like to hurt people."

"Don't worry, darling. This will be very educational for you. Think of it as a personal master class in edging. You just get to practice on someone who has probably never been on the receiving end of the edging before. Imagine how good you can make him feel when he finally comes. He'll shoot the back of your head off if you let him release in your mouth, so I'd suggest your hand. That way you can watch him writhe with pleasure so intense it's painfully good."

I watched Tyler strap Caleb into the chair, the deep-gray leather restraints lined with soft black fur. There were similar cuffs on Tyler's ankles, but the adjustable legs would allow for movement while keeping Caleb restrained. Right now he was seated in a traditional style, with the back of the chair slightly tilted. I once again found myself wanting to lick and bite all that exposed skin, and my pussy clenched when I realized I could.

If I was edging Caleb, I could touch as much of him as I wanted to.

The idea left me feeling oddly heady and I sounded rather breathy as I said, “Let’s do it.”

Caleb blinked in surprise, then gave me a slow smile that sent all kinds of lovely feelings racing through my blood. Warmth settled over me as the lights dimmed slightly, giving a more intimate atmosphere. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed the lights of the classroom were almost completely off, leaving me feeling rather alone on the stage.

Well, other than the instructors and Caleb.

My skin prickled as Mistress Susan whispered in my ear, “Go ahead, he’s all yours. Touch him as you wish. I’ll let you play a bit before we start. Who knew all of that muscly goodness lay beneath his suits.”

Who knew indeed?

I walked across the stage, vaguely aware of the class watching me, and approached Caleb slowly.

He was mine.

All mine.

The thought made me smile, and Caleb frowned in return.

“That smile,” he said in a low voice as I drew closer, “is nothing but trouble.”

“Trouble of the best kind,” I agreed as I bopped the tip of his nose with my finger.

“How does it feel to have our positions reversed?”

I loved the arrogant twist to his smile as he said, “Savor the flavor, baby. This won’t be happening again anytime soon.”

“That,” I murmured against his lips, “would be a shame because I think you are really going to enjoy this.”

He groaned softly, “Ivy, anything you do to me I’ll enjoy, I have no doubt about that. But this little act of rebellion will have consequences. I promise you.”

Little did he know being put in my place only turned me on.

At least in the bedroom.

In real life anyone who tried to do that was in for a rude awakening.

But here, in the safety of doing this scene with Caleb, I could be me.

And it felt so freeing.

So good.

My smile was genuine as I pulled back and looked down at Caleb, placing my hands on the chair behind his head. “Relax, you’ll have fun. I promise you . Now, what’s your safe word?”

He shook his head, a warmth in his gaze reaching deep inside of me and stroking places I didn’t know existed. “Dog breath.” He grinned and I couldn’t help but smile back as he said, “You are so fucking beautiful. Go ahead, Ivy, do as you worst. I’m yours. Just remember, before you get too carried away with the edging, that there will

be consequences.”

“I can’t wait.”

CHAPTER 8

Caleb

Out of all the things I thought I'd be experiencing today, being restrained and sensually tortured wasn't one of them.

Seems like Ivy was bringing all kinds of new experiences into my life.

Sure, I'd messed around with being tied up before, but it just didn't do it for me.

Or at least, usually it didn't.

Right now, my dick was rock hard and aching thanks to the gorgeous woman giving me a look that promised all kinds of dirty things. Mistress Susan leaned over Ivy's shoulder to whisper into her ear for a little bit before Ivy nodded. To my left, Tyler wheeled over the cloth-covered table with a big smile.

While Mistress Susan continued to whisper to Ivy, Tyler lifted the cloth so the women could see beneath it, but I couldn't.

That I didn't like. I was used to being in control, to being the one calling the shots and setting the scene. This change of roles unbalanced me a bit and I found myself pulling at my restraints. Of course I knew all I had to do was say the word and they'd be removed at once, but the stubborn part of me wasn't going to give Mistress Susan the satisfaction. I'd take my punishment, deserved or not, because Ivy was delivering it.

Ivy gave an adorable little clap and jumped a bit, her heels clacking on the stage. Mistress Susan stepped back and Tyler joined her, both of them leaning against the edge of her desk as they watched us.

I was by no means sexually sheltered, but I'd never been the focus of so many people's attention in a sexual situation like this before. Sure, I'd experienced an orgy and all the fun that came with it, but it was with a select group of friends in a private setting. Here I felt exposed and out of place. The only one restrained and shirtless in a room full of clothed people.

Ivy tilted her head to the side, studying me as she slowly approached, her hips swaying with each step.

The scent of her baby-powder perfume reached me before her breath tickled my neck as she said, "If at any point you feel like this is too much and you want it to stop, just let me know. No safe word needed, okay?"

I turned my head so my lips brushed along her jaw as I replied, "Isn't that my line?"

She giggled, backing up slightly as she ran her hands over my shoulders and chest with a rather greedy gleam in her eyes. "Not today. Today you get to put your trust in me. I promise I won't hurt you too bad. And if I do, you'll like it."

Her sassy attitude made me itch to spank her, but I loved it. "Bring it on, little girl." Louder I added, "You may have me tied up and at your mercy, but I'll never beg. I've known you your whole life, Ivy. You don't have what it takes to make me beg. You're just an inexperienced little girl."

Ivy smiled bigger, clearly getting into her role as she said, "I'll make you beg, you deserve it after cockblocking me. Any guy who tried to talk to me, you chased away. Leaving me sexually frustrated as hell. Well, now you're the one who is going to

know what it feels like to be unsatisfied.”

I stared hard at her, fighting a smile as I really got into my role. “You think I don’t know what frustration feels like? All those times you spent walking around in front of me in your tiny bathing suits, asking me for back rubs and flirting with me. Every time I spent the night you’d find the smallest pajamas you owned and parade around in front of me. All those hugs where I pretended not to notice that you held on a little extra longer than you should. I wanted to give you what you were begging for, a hard fuck, but your brother would have killed me. You were too young, but you’re not anymore, are you? You’re all grown up, aren’t you, Ivy.” I held her gaze, owning her even though I was the one in restraints. “You think you can make me beg? Good luck.”

Just as I intended, that certainly fired her up and I thought I heard subdued laughter from the class.

I swear sparks flamed in her eyes as she leaned forward and caressed my face as she said in a loud and clear voice, “Either you beg, or you don’t come.”

My competitive side, driven by the testosterone raging through me, had me giving her a cold smile as I whispered back, “Consequences.”

“Now,” Mistress Susan said as she lightly ran her fingers through Tyler’s hair as he knelt at her feet, “he is yours to enjoy, Ivy. Any part you wish to touch, to taste, are available to you. Start with his mouth. He seems fascinated with yours.”

Ivy flushed a little as she hesitated before taking a seat in my lap. I angled my head toward her, more than eager for a taste of her lips. When her mouth met mine it was bliss and I fell almost instantly into her, closing my eyes and absorbing the feeling of her mouth on mine. She kissed me slowly, softly, and I followed suit as she ran her hands over my body like she couldn’t get enough of me.

I had a moment to think about how I was glad I hit the gym on a regular basis before her lips moved away from mine and found my neck. That area of my body had never been particularly sensitive, but when she teased my skin with sharp little bites my hips bucked of their own accord.

Ivy, the bold little thing she was, reached between us and rubbed her hand over my erection. “I’ve never really seen one before, Caleb.”

Her eyes went large and liquid, innocence shining in them despite her kiss-swollen lips and reddened cheeks.

I licked my lips, tasting her gloss on them and had to clear my throat before I answered. “You’ve never seen what? A cock?”

She nodded, all wide-eyed innocence, and damned if that didn’t turn me on. “Yeah. I don’t know what to do. Will you let me experiment with you?”

“Absolutely.”

Off to the side, Mistress Susan laughed and said something to the class, but I paid them no mind. This was indeed the first time Ivy would get to touch me, and if she wanted me to tell her what to do, I was more than happy to oblige. Even though I was the one who was currently restrained, Ivy still gave me power over her. Beneath the attitude, she really did have a submissive heart.

Kissing her way down my neck she reached my chest, sliding easily down my body to kneel between my spread legs. The length of my cock hurt as she rubbed it through my jeans, confined and wanting out. Looking up at me through her lashes, she licked her lips as she began to unbutton my jeans, then slowly lowered the zipper.

All of my attention was on her slender, pale hand with her sparkly red nails as she

lowered the zipper, then reached inside my white boxer briefs. When her hand closed around my girth, she made a little sound of approval and gave me a squeeze. That one motion had me seeing stars, and I lifted my ass as much as I could while she shimmied my jeans down my hips far enough to expose my pelvis.

“Mmmm,” she said with a playful smile as she rubbed my aching dick. “You are so hard. Is this normal? To have a man feel so firm?”

“I’ve only ever been like this around you,” I replied honestly. “You make me harder than any other girl ever has. You drive me crazy.”

“Sure,” she replied while continuing to delicately stroke my shaft through my briefs in a light, teasing motion. “Like I believe that.”

“You should. Take me out of my underwear and you’ll be able to see how hard I am. How much precum has dripped out of my dick just from having you kneel between my legs. You look so fucking pretty down there. And I cannot wait to feel your lips around my cock. The first time I kissed you, I knew I couldn’t ignore you any longer. Little sister or not, you taste too good to give up.”

Half her mouth cocked up in a smile and she leaned forward, gently biting my dick. “And what do I taste like?”

I had to clear my throat before I could say, “Cotton candy and some kind of fruit maybe? I don’t know how to label it, but underneath all the sweetness I can taste you. And you taste... I can’t even describe it. All I know is I can’t wait to taste all of you. You have no idea how long I’ve fantasized about you. I’m obsessed with you.”

She stood up and glanced over at Mistress Susan who gave her an encouraging nod. With that Ivy took a step back, leaving me with my erection straining against my underwear. I swear you could see my dick move slightly with the rapid beat of my

heart. When I'd told her I was obsessed, I'd meant it. Being this close to her and not being able to freely touch the object of my desires sucked.

Then Ivy began to slowly remove her dress and I changed my mind.

This woman could do whatever she wanted to me and I'd beg for more.

With a soft swish of fabric the dress fell into a puddle around her feet, revealing a lacy navy blue bra and panty set that highlighted her slender figure. Then again, she did have a nice, rounded ass that she flashed me as she gathered up her dress and set it neatly to the side. I inwardly smiled at that action, making note of everything she did. When I got my hands on her after this, I'd used everything I'd learn during our encounter to send her so deep into sub space she'd float for hours.

And I'd be there with her. Holding her, cuddling her, keeping her safe and warm in my bed. I could already feel her exhausted body slumped against mine, her muscles relaxed and a smile on her face even in her sleep. Without a doubt I'd soon join her in the best sleep of my life, curled together on a cold late winter night.

My daydream was interrupted by a sensual, deep bass-filled music coming from the speakers. Before me, Ivy began to unbraid her hair, letting the now wavy red hair fluff out around her face. In her heels, she began to move to the music, and I admired her toned, yet still soft body. When she turned and pressed her full ass, exposed by her thong, against my dick, I thrust up as best I could, wishing I could bury myself between her cheeks.

At some point, I was going to spend some serious time playing with those soft, white orbs.

Ivy leaned back, and I suspected she had some kind of dance training as she ground against me.

Or maybe she took yoga.

Either way, she undulated against me in a way that let me know she was going to be an amazing fuck once I got her beneath me. The position put her neck by my mouth, and I turned my head so I could lick along her pulse. She stiffened for a moment, then her moan vibrated through her throat and against my lips. That's right, sweetheart, the heat cuts both ways between us. I gave her a small, possessive bite and she shuddered, reminding me how easily she came.

I wondered if I could make her come while cuffed to a chair.

The lights dimmed around Ivy and I, leaving us more in the shadows than exposed to the room.

Glancing over at Tyler who was standing over by the light switch, I saw him give me a wink before rejoining Mistress Susan who had gone quiet at this point, watching Ivy do her thing.

I couldn't blame her. Ivy was a sight to behold as she moved to the music, her elfin features soft with pleasure as she cupped her own breasts and rubbed herself against me. Turning abruptly, she adjusted something on the chair so I lay back a little and my legs were spread wider. Curious, I watched her as she adjusted me to her pleasure, then smiled as she danced her way onto my lap.

Her panty covered sex settled over the underwear and she placed her hands on my shoulders, settling herself. With her calves curved over my thighs and her legs spread over my hips, she appeared both delicate and crazy hot. The dim lighting made her hair glow while obscuring her features, highlighting the image of her body rather than the detail.

I reminded myself to thank Tyler later. While I enjoyed fulfilling her obvious love of

having sexual encounters in public, I didn't want to share her body with strangers. Not when I'd barely had a chance to explore it myself. And what a tight, flexible little body it was. I looked down, trying to see the pouty lips of her sex through her lacy panties, but it was obscured as she rubbed her clit against my cock.

Damn, she was not holding back.

I watched her face, noting how her nipples had beaded into rock hard circles beneath her bra, how her fingers were curling into the muscles on the back of my neck. Her jaw went tense, and her hips rocked against me in a rapid motion.

"Does that feel good?" I said in a low voice meant for her ears only. "It must because you are soaking my underwear. After you come, you'll take me out and suck me clean. Understood."

"You"—she shuddered, so on edge I could feel it in the way her body moved oh so sensually against mine—"you aren't in charge."

"Come on, Ivy," I cajoled. "I'm offering you an orgasm. Is that a horrible thing?"

"I..." She tried to focus on me, but her lovely eyes were showing the signs of slipping away from the real world and into subspace.

"Just say yes, Master," I urged her. "Do what I tell you and I promise you'll come so hard."

She slowed down for a moment, then that mischievous smile of hers that I loved so much began to appear. I knew by now it meant she was going to misbehave, but so far I'd enjoyed it when she did. And I'd meant it when I'd told her I would keep a mental tally of her transgressions and there would be consequences. Nothing too terrible as we hadn't outlined rules or even really negotiated, but I did plan on letting

her know that even if I found her irresistible, I was still her Master.

“I don’t need to call you Master to come hard,” she said with a saucy smile that begged for a spanking. “You’re tied up and at my mercy.”

Little did she know the restraints were breakaway, most classroom restraints were for safety reasons, but I let her cling to her illusion of control.

“Ivy,” I lifted my chin, motioning her closer. “Kiss me.”

She started toward me, then stopped and said, “I’m only kissing you because I want to. So I can tease you.”

“Of course,” I leaned up as much as I could so I could capture her lower lip in a quick, nipping bite. “Whatever you say.”

She smiled as she rubbed her cheek against mine in a surprisingly affectionate gesture. “You feel so good, Caleb. Why does touching you feel so different? I mean, it almost seems like I’ve had a couple shots whenever I’m in your presence. I get all distracted and the only thing I’m able to focus on is you.”

Her words warmed my heart and I rewarded her with a nuzzle in return, my lips brushing along her temple as I said, “You belong to me, simple as that. Your body knows it, even if your brain is still catching up on the fact.”

She stiffened a little against me and I pulled back a bit, realizing I was rushing things.

“You’ve always been mine, Ivy. Why do you think I chased all those limp dick losers away from you? Every inch of you belongs to me, just like every inch of me belongs to you.” I placed a kiss on the shell of her ear while whispering, “While you can make out with other pretty little female submissives, your orgasms belong to me. You

only have them when and where I allow them. If I want you to come on a girl's face, you will. But otherwise every time you come I want it to be with me."

She ground against me and had an orgasm right there on the spot.

Oh yeah, we were compatible.

With her face buried in my neck, and her hands roaming over my torso, she ground her way through a rather nice climax, her moans soft and warm instead of the broken and screaming orgasms I'd given her.

They were probably mildly satisfying, but now that she knew what I could do for her, I was hoping she'd give me a chance to take charge.

I'd fucking love to get her little bubble butt strapped into this chair.

"Give me your mouth," I urged. "And ride me. I don't care how sensitive you are."

She surprised me by reaching between us and arranging my cock so it pointed straight to my belly button. The head and a good three inches poked out of the top of the white boxer briefs I wore, and rested against my tensed abs. Even in the dim lighting I could see the way the tip glistened and Ivy must have seen it as well. She began to move off of my lap, and before I could protest, once again knelt between my legs.

Except this time she grabbed my dick and plunged her mouth down over the head.

I made some kind of choked growl that had been jerked from deep in my chest as her skilled mouth closed over my tip and sucked. My toes curled when she pumped my shaft, one hand holding her hair pulled back and allowing me a stellar view. My underwear was still mostly on, but I could have cared less. I could feel her hunger as she worked me with her mouth and it made me want to fuck her through the nearest

wall.

“Get up here,” I ordered, “slide those panties over and ride me.”

She released my dick from her mouth with a pop, and I bit back a moan of disappointment at the loss of suction. “Nope.”

“What?” I glared at her. “I want that pussy on my dick, now.”

She laved the head of my cock with her tongue, her eyes holding mine the whole time. “No. Then I’d fail the class, and I can’t have that. I have to tease you, not please you. And my pussy is so good you’d come right away. Don’t worry. There’s only five minutes left. I’m sure you won’t be begging by the end of it. Right?”

I locked my jaw and clenched my teeth as she proceeded to show me that she could not only deep throat but hold her breath for a very long time. When Mistress Susan announced the three minute mark I was shaking, and when she called out two, I let out a steady stream of moans and swearing. My balls were drawn up so tight they ached, yet my dick was in heaven as she worshiped me.

Without warning she released me and climbed on my lap, fastening her hot and wet mouth to mine. I paid no attention to the faint taste of my precum on her tongue, instead losing myself in kissing her. We were both sweaty by this point, and her body slid against mine as she straddled me, her slit pressing against my cock. Even through her panties I could feel how soaked she was, and I gave her as much of a rock with my hips as I could.

She moved so the head of my cock pressed against the section of her panties guarding her hole from my penetration.

Pressing her hands on my chest, she leaned back and whispered, “Beg me.”

The countdown had almost reached its end, thank God, because another minute of being almost inside of her would have me promising my soul to the devil for a taste of her. Her hair flared around her in waves as she pressed her hips down, those damn panties stretching around the overly sensitive skin of my dick.

As the countdown finally ended, I smiled as Ivy fell forward, clearly exhausted.

She placed a series of lazy kisses along my neck, then let out a deep sigh before whispering, "I'll see you at Josh's party tonight, okay?"

"If you think I'm letting you leave this room without my dick inside of you, you've lost your mind," I told her with complete sincerity.

She placed her fingertips on my lips and leaned up so I could see her expression. "Caleb, please. I need a few hours to myself. Today has been intense and I need some rest, okay?"

My whole body ached with the need to fuck, but I ignored the pounding in my groin. Or at least I tried to. With her hot, wet pussy pressed so close to me I had to clench my hands into fists to keep from ripping free from my restraints. The bell rang, and with a sigh Ivy rose, then took off her heels with a wry smile. She slipped back into her dress, with the help of Mistress Susan. When she finished dressing, she finally looked at me again. Tyler had placed a blanket over my lower half but had whispered that his Mistress wanted me restrained until Ivy left the room. He said it was for my own good but I doubted it.

Blowing me a kiss, Ivy said, "I'll see you at the party. Remember, Josh doesn't want a bunch of people there. His parents are out of town, and we'll be down in the basement and there is only so much room. I promised Jennifer I'd come with her and I really want to go. So can you please meet me there?"

I, of course, nodded at once, “I’ll be there. Might run a little late because I have a previous engagement I can’t miss, but I’ll be there.”

Her little wave goodbye was adorable, and I went to return it, then sighed when the restraint held.

I followed Ivy’s slender figure out the door, waiting for Tyler to remove the restraints for me. He and Mistress Susan appeared to be having a serious conversation with a weeping man, so I started to work the safety pull when a woman’s hand covered mine. I followed the hand, covered in lace gloves, up to a white leather bustier and then into a beautiful and familiar face. Arched dark brows, pouty lips, and big brown eyes, she had a rounded figure that made a man think of grabbing her tight and holding on.

“Hey, Mia,” I said to a woman I’d made out with a few months ago in Rawhide’s bar inside the Dungeon.

Back then she’d been here for a leather conference and had a thing for white leather. Now I guess she was here for the 80s party and once again wore white leather. This time she resembled a heavy metal groupie with her dark hair teased into a silky halo around her face. Silver bangles jingled on her wrists as she began to undo one of the restraints.

“Poor Master Caleb, let me get you free and I’ll take care of you.” She released one of my hands and bent down to my foot. “You can come wherever you want inside or on me.”

“Thank you, Mia,” I replied as kindly as I could then lowered my voice as a few people lingered here and there, “but no thank you. I’m spoken for.”

“But you’re still wearing your ring,” she glanced at my right hand. “That means

you're available."

"I know, and I'm realizing how much of a problem that is. While I thank you for your offer, I must decline," I told her as she removed my other restrained hand.

As soon as both of my hands were free I reached beneath the blanket, forcing my engorged dick back into my pants. It was an unpleasant experience to say the least, but I managed to have myself covered by the time I was completely free. Tyler joined us, shooing off Mia and handing me the rest of my clothes.

As I dressed, Mistress Susan joined us and gave me an actual hug. Then, to make things even more surreal, she complimented me on the way I'd handled things. In her books, I was worthy of the title Master.

Whoopee.

I didn't say that aloud, but by the time I got out of the classroom, I only had three hours before the party started. That gave me enough time to jerk off in the shower and get a few hours of rest. And fuck if I didn't need it. Ivy had worn me out today, first with getting her off, then with teasing me until I nearly broke. The memory of her grinding her clit against my cock through her panties would forever be seared perfectly into my memory.

When I exited the room, I was surprised to find a group of around seven guys lingering in the hallway. A few I recognized from the class, but I didn't really know any of them by name. They all turned as one as I came out of the classroom, making me pause.

"Can I help you?" I asked as I glanced around the still busy hallway.

An older man wearing a varsity football jacket came over and held out his hand.

“Name’s Charlie, my wife and sub Jennifer is friends with Ivy. My friends and I were impressed with the way you held out back there. And even more so when you let her go. She’s with Jennifer right now, getting pampered at the spa. We thought that while the girls are busy, we’d give you some advice about what’s going to happen tonight at Josh’s party. We’re on the Spirit Week committee and we work with the Ranch to help brainstorm ideas for the event.”

Another man, this one in his early thirties wearing a beat up baseball cap and an Aerosmith t-shirt joined us. “I came up with a few ideas for tonight, like spin the bottle.”

Charlie tilted his head and gave me a small grin. “You ever hear of the game called seven minutes in heaven?”

I laughed and nodded. “Might have even played it a time or two.”

“Well, we’re going to give you a hell of a lot more than seven minutes,” the guy in the baseball cap said with a big smile. “And we’re not going to shove you in a closet. There will be a big couch in there, along with some other fun stuff, but no lights in keeping with the closet theme. You have that room for as long as you need to get your ring on that pretty submissive who obviously adores you. We all hope that when you come out your balls are drained to dust and that pretty girl is wearing your ring.”

Rubbing my face with both hands, I laughed and looked up at the ceiling, “Well, I’m not going to turn down an offer like that.”

Beaming at me, Charlie leaned forward and whispered, “Rail the hell out of her, Caleb. That little cock tease is begging for a hard spank and a harder fuck. My Jennifer is strong-willed like Ivy and needs a firm hand to make her happy.”

“But not too firm,” baseball cap guy added. “Thing with Middles is you need to

recognize they are becoming adults and give them a little more freedom to make mistakes.”

I chuckled then made a point of looking at my watch. “Thanks for the advice, but I have to go take care of a few things.”

“Of course,” Charlie said as he started to make his way back to his group of friends. “Just know, we’re all rooting for you.”

“Thanks,” I replied in what I hoped was a normal voice.

What the hell had my life become? I was getting ready to go to a party supposedly in the basement of someone’s house, and I was excited as a kid about it. Shit, I couldn’t remember the last time I’d been this excited about anything. Working in the entertainment business as a talent scout took me to a lot of what people would typically think of as being fun events. But for me they were work, and my free time and work time seemed to mingle until I wasn’t sure where one started and the other ended.

When had I last been to a party where I didn’t feel like I needed to be “on” for it? Where I didn’t feel like I had to network or try to impress someone. True, I wasn’t going to a traditional party, but I knew it wouldn’t only be about sexual gratification. It would be about hanging out. Talking and getting to know each other. Then drinking games and the adult fun would begin.

I walked a little faster, a smile plastered across my face as I realized that soon I’d finally get to experience my own personal seven minutes in heaven.

CHAPTER 9

Ivy

I held on to Jennifer's arm as we went down the stairs leading to "the basement". From what Jennifer said it was actually a basement-level conference room, but the staff had totally redone it so it looked like someone's giant 80s basement. I'd dressed for the event, wearing a pale-blue off-the-shoulder half shirt, white flared skirt, and a belt made of gold chains. With Jennifer's help I'd teased my hair out into a mess of feathered curls held in place by tons of product. When I turned my head, my helmet of hair did not move. It was impressive.

When we were ushered through the "door" of the basement I froze in place for a moment, then giggled in delight. I stood a few stairs up, so I got a little bit of a bird's-eye view of the room. I'd expected neon, lots of black and white, and bold colors. Instead there was a lot of brown. Brown wood paneling on the walls, brown couches, shades of brown in the shag rug, and more wood in the form of heavy furniture scattered about. There were dart boards on one wall, a pool table, old-school video games like Pac Man, and a monstrous box of a television in the corner played vintage MTV.

There were neon bar signs along the walls and two kegs in the far corner along with a tower of red plastic cups and bags of chips on a folding table next to them decorated with balloons and streamers.

Across the big room there was a bar of sorts along the wall, and a large crowd around it making their own drinks. Music thumped in the air, a great dance song about love

and pain, and I put a shimmy in my step as I followed Jennifer, and her husband and Dom, Charlie, down the stairs. They'd invited me over to their suite to get ready, and I'd had a grand time with Jennifer. We hadn't just acted like two silly teenage girls, we'd been two living-in-the-moment carefree girls. Full of laughter and anticipation, our world blissfully uncomplicated.

I'd done Jennifer's hair as well, and I followed her high and slicked-back ponytail through the crowd to the bar area. She wore a black leather skirt and bright-gold blouse with heavy makeup and big gold hoop earrings. Paired with shiny black heels and sheer black thigh-highs and she had the vintage/glamorous look down pat.

Charlie made a drinking motion then headed off to the keg, leaving Jennifer and I to ourselves to make our mixed drinks at the bar.

She gave me a flirty little nudge and smile as she poured some vodka and said, "I'm drinking a slutty redhead, what about you?"

I laughed, my skin warming slightly and my nipples tightening as a soft, gentle desire hummed through me. Jennifer was hot, and she'd already been clear that she'd been given the green light to "play with me" if the mood struck us. Charlie was a very easygoing Dom, and I liked that about him. Jennifer was all bright laughter and fun. If a man had tried to control her too much, her spirit would have been easily broken and she wouldn't be the bright light she was now.

Plus, there was no denying she was a beautiful, if a bit older than me, woman. Maybe in her early forties, she had the kind of body that took work and dedication, along with a naturally sultry beauty. While I couldn't wait to see Caleb again, I had to admit passing time kissing Jennifer would not be a chore. In fact, I could use some rejuvenating girl time after the hurricane that was known as Caleb.

Another glance around showed he wasn't anywhere I could see, so I smiled at

Jennifer and said, “I’m going to have a panty dropper.”

Giggling, Jennifer stirred her drink in her red plastic cup as she said, “I’d have to be wearing some to drop any.”

I finished pouring my poison of choice as I smiled over at her. “Bad girl. You mean to tell me if I took you into a dark corner and slipped my fingers under your skirt, I’d feel nothing but pussy?”

She bit her lower lip, then released it to take a sip of her drink before responding. “That’s what I’m saying.”

I laughed then took a drink of my own before we moved away from the makeshift bar and toward the area where the pool table was. The lighting was dimmer over here, and there were couches pushed up all along the walls. Already couples, and more, were making use of their soft surface. No sex, but lots of hands down pants and under shirts.

I looked away from the people making out to Jennifer. She stood a few inches shorter than me, even in heels, and her smile had a mischievous edge as she looked up at me through her lashes. I’d made my drink strong, so when I took a second sip I sucked in a soft breath, then blew it out.

“Yikes. Maybe I should have added a little more mixer.” My face involuntarily scrunched up as the concoction burned in my belly. “Oh boy.”

“Strong?” Jennifer asked as we watched the crowd around us. “How long has it been since you’ve had drunk sex?”

“Too long,” I said with a sigh. “Work keeps me busy and when I play at the local clubs, I keep my wits about me. I know I’d be safe here, but Rawhide has rules about

getting shitfaced. And I don't want to break the rules for real and get kicked out."

Jennifer nodded as she took a smaller sip of her own drink. "Right. Well, how about this. Do you want to get really buzzed and make out on one of those couches?"

My pussy gave a soft throb as I grinned, "I would love to. But it looks like all the couches are taken."

She looked over my shoulder, then shook her head. "It's getting crowded in here. I can't even see across the room anymore. Mind if we find an area less occupied?"

Someone jostled me from behind and I almost spilled my drink. "No problem. The couches are pretty popular, let's go over by the bean bag area. It doesn't seem as crowded."

Jennifer held my hand as we threaded our way through the crowd, but I froze before we'd gone too far. Caleb was here, looking as hot as ever in a black t-shirt that exposed his well-defined arms and broad shoulders. He'd skipped shaving again, and I couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to kiss him. Would I get beard burn? In the low golden light his hair appeared blacker than black, and I wanted to brush it off his forehead.

As if reading my thoughts, he tossed his hair out of his eyes then turned to someone behind him. I couldn't see who it was, but it had to be a woman. I knew this by the feminine hands sliding over his shoulders, and the orange painted nails digging into his back. Possessive anger flooded me and I growled.

"Oww," Jennifer complained as she let go of my hand. "What the heck?"

"Some bitch is touching my guy," I said into her ear loud enough to be heard over the music. "Look!"

She followed my pointing finger then gaped at me. “That skank!”

I was about to march over there when Charlie materialized before us. I swear he just appeared out of nowhere, and when he crossed his arms and frowned at us, I almost didn’t recognize him. Gone was the jovial middle-aged man indulging his beautiful wife. In his place stood a no-nonsense Master in every sense of the word. His dark brown eyes were steely as he looked between us, and my anger wilted before his disapproving frown.

The urge to kneel rattled around in my brain, but Jennifer’s indignant, “Move, Charlie,” kept me on my feet.

“No, little Miss, I will not move. You two were about to do something very stupid.” We both started to protest, but he held up his hand, his face that of a man enduring great hardship. “Spare me. I know you, Jennifer, and Ivy it was pretty easy to read the violence in your expression. I don’t care what girl was touching what guy, if either of you started a fight there would be dire consequences. Like a lifetime ban from Rawhide.”

My mouth hung open a little and I flushed as I closed it. “Shoot, you’re right. Sorry, Charlie.”

Jennifer giggled. “He hates it when people say that.”

I started to apologize but Charlie waved me off with a small smile. “Don’t worry, it doesn’t bother me when anyone other than Jennifer says it. When she’s in need of discipline, she’ll say it in a way that just sets my teeth on edge.”

Moving closer to her husband, Jennifer gave him a kiss on the cheek. “And you always give me what I need. I love you.”

I looked away as they gently kissed, somehow feeling like I was intruding on something more intimate than sex.

After a few seconds, Charlie cleared his throat and said, “Come on, you two. We’re going to distract all that sparkly energy and booze churning inside of you with something a little more fun than starting a fight.”

I downed the rest of my drink somewhat defiantly, setting the empty cup on one of the tables we passed. Behind me I thought I heard Caleb call my name, but I ignored him. I was tired of women pawing him everywhere we went. Yes, I realized that I was silly to even think considering we had no kind of commitment to each other, but the idea of wearing his ring on my collar became more appealing by the second.

“Spin the bottle!” a woman shouted from nearby. “We have a few spots left.”

Jennifer squealed and dragged me over to a big circle of people sitting on the carpeted floor. In the center an almost black glass beer bottle lay on its side, the infamous bottle. I’d never personally played this game, but I’d seen it in enough movies to get the gist.

The game was already in progress, and I had a great time hooting and cheering with everyone as the bottle spun and spun. It was about to be my turn when I finally saw Caleb. He was scooting into a newly vacated spot across from me, his eyes locked on me. I smiled at him and gave a little wave, giggling as he smiled back. His hair had been once again slicked back, revealing his gorgeous deep-blue eyes.

“Your turn!” Jennifer said, all red cheeked from making out with a hot guy dressed as an 80s rock star across the circle.

All too aware of Caleb watching me, I gave the bottle a spin, both hoping it did and did not land on him. The bottle whirled... then slowed down until it pointed at...

Caleb. Jennifer practically shoved me into the center of the circle, where Caleb was already crawling forward a bit to meet me in the middle. I expected maybe a gentle kiss, some tongue, nothing more. What I didn't expect was for him to grab me by the back of the head and mouth fuck me into submission.

We broke apart and I moaned in disappointment, only coming back to reality as I realized everyone was laughing. A few more people later and it was Caleb's turn to spin. Charlie appeared behind me, whispering something to his wife that I couldn't hear above the cheering. There was more than one tipsy woman begging the bottle to land on her. Hussies.

The bottle spun and spun, before coming to a rather abrupt stop on me.

"Oh ho ho!" Charlie said behind me in a loud voice, "Lookie lookie, a double pick! You know what that means!"

The group around us all yelled as one, "Seven Minutes in Heaven!"

I gave Jennifer a confused look and she leaned in and whispered, "It's the grand prize. If two people are picked more than once, they win seven minutes in heaven." She pointed to a door across the room. "Your own private make-out closet."

I laughed and met Caleb's eyes, who stood up and held his hand out to me with a big grin. "Come on, Ivy. We did a double spin, now you have to follow the rules."

Swallowing hard in both anxiety and anticipation, I took his hand as he helped me up. "I don't believe it! What are the odds that it would land on us twice?"

Caleb seemed to look behind me at Charlie with a mysterious smile as he said, "What are the odds? If fate and luck brought us together, I'm not about to waste this opportunity. Come on."

He dragged me across the room as the now sizable crowd cheered us on. When he reached the door, he opened it, then scooped me up into his arms bridal style. I squealed, clutching to Caleb's shoulders while the crowd cheered even louder as he carried me into the dark room then set me on my feet. I held up my hand, still able to see it faintly in the sliver of light coming in from around the door. Outside the music was back on, and people occasionally roared with laughter as I stared at Caleb.

"Hey there," I said, suddenly feeling shy as we both stood close enough that my hard nipples brushed his chest.

"Hey there," he replied with a smile.

I tried to study his face as best I could in the gloom. "You know, just because you got me in here doesn't mean you'll get lucky."

Caleb chuckled and ran his hand down my cheek. The deep, almost melodic sound washed over me and I suppressed a shiver. It was totally unfair that I was so attracted to him. And to be honest, the thought of being locked in here with Caleb for "seven minutes of heaven" didn't make me mad at all.

I caught just a glimpse of his smile as he continued to chuckle but held out his hand to me. The studs on his wrist cuffs flashed momentarily before disappearing into the dim light. His hand captured my wrist, pulling me with him as I tried to keep from stumbling in the dark.

"Hey, how big is this closet?"

"Pretty big. It's more of a room than a closet. There's a couch back here. Let's get you off your feet. Don't get me wrong, I want you to keep the heels on, I just want you on your back. I have seven minutes with you, and if you think I'm going to waste them after that little stunt you pulled back in class, you're crazy."

My body gave a huge throb of desire even as I protested, “It was the assignment and?—”

“Save it,” he commanded with a slight accent to his voice I couldn’t place. “Down you go.”

He picked me up as if I was as light as a feather and gently laid me down on what felt like some kind of maybe leather couch. The surface was cool beneath my heated skin, and the walls around us vibrated faintly with the bass from the speakers in the main room. A pillow was pulled from beneath my head before I could get my bearings and thrust beneath my hips. A gasp of protest escaped me as Caleb held my legs wide, exposing my panty-clad pussy to the cool air.

“I can still feel you moving against my mouth, coming against my tongue,” he whispered in the darkness, my eyes only able to make out the faint outline of his body. “Never seen a woman respond like you did. Raw and honest.”

Thankful for the darkness hiding my blush, I retorted, “I’ve had better.”

He slapped my pussy, hard, and I yelped. “Don’t lie to me. No one melts on my tongue like that, multiple times, because you’ve had better. And I know you loved those g-spot orgasms. You begged me for more. No woman who has had better begs so sweetly.”

“I have!” I protested even as my hips wiggled at the memory of that man’s demanding mouth on my core.

He audibly sniffed, and I flushed scarlet, insecurity blending with this weirdly powerful desire. “You smell so good, I’m sad I won’t be able to eat that tonight.”

“Wait, what?” I said as I sat up in my elbows.

“Did you really think there would be no repercussions for your actions? For leaving me with an aching dick?” he gently grasped my right ankle in his hand, rubbing his thumb over the strap of my heels. “Beautiful, you should know better than that.”

Dread mixed with need had me trying to scoot a little closer, something harder to do as his surprisingly strong hands held my legs spread apart.

“I was just?—”

Another slap and I moaned even as embarrassment sent a flush of heat through me.

“Love the way you melt for me,” he murmured as he removed one hand from my leg and placed it on the panel of my panties separating his hand from my pussy. “I can feel your heat, your wetness, how much you want me. You respond to me like a beautiful instrument. That kind of power is a heady thing to have, but I won’t abuse it. Our safe words are still the same, and if you say tribe we stop. No questions, no punishments, no harm or foul.”

Slowly I laid back onto the couch, something settling within me despite my slightly tipsy state. “I agree, Caleb.”

“Woman, I want to fuck you so bad,” he leaned forward, his weight pressing into me as I wrapped my arms around his neck, marveling at the muscle I felt there.

He was freaking ripped.

I couldn’t help but marvel as I shoved my hand beneath the soft cloth of his clothing, finding the smooth skin of his body beneath. His lips found my collarbone in the dark, exposed by my crop top, and began to kiss me softly. The sparks of sensation that raced through me had me pausing my exploration of a world-class muscled back to rub myself against him.

Pulling back with a groan, he made me release my hold on his back as I made a protesting noise.

“You are far too distracting. Maybe that attraction cuts both ways, eh? I lose myself with you, little Ivy. You are dangerous indeed.” His sigh held true regret as he rubbed his thumb into the hollow of my hip. “You left me high, and certainly not dry. Didn’t matter how many times I jerked off in the shower, my brain was filled with you.”

Without any warning he slipped his thumbs over the sides of my panties and wiggled them off of me. And I won’t lie and say I protested. No, I lifted my butt off the couch to help him like the good little submissive I was. Argh, it was so annoying that I responded to him like this. I couldn’t help it. The man was truly addictive in all the best and worst ways.

When he touched me I went to a whole other level.

Closing my eyes, robbing myself of even the brief hint of his outline, I gave myself over to his hands on my legs pulling them wide again. With his right hand he traced the outline of my thigh, stroking me with a deft touch that had me slowly relaxing. I thought that once he had my panties off I was as good as fucked, but this bastard suddenly wanted to take his time.

Still, I didn’t protest when he brushed his thumb over the small patch of curls covering my mound, before lightly brushing the hood of my clit.

I began to lose control of my body again, began to sink into that place where the only thing that existed was the agonizing pleasure this man skillfully built in me. I might have no idea who he was in the real world, but here-in the dark-he was my Master.

Soft, velvety lips brushed over my knee and I suddenly developed new nerve endings in that area.

The swipe of his tongue a moment later had me stiffening and my pussy began to throb with the beat of my heart. I couldn't handle these new feelings, yet I wanted more and more. My neck rolled on the couch as his thumb returned to my clit, giving me light caresses that had me chasing his touch with my hips.

The slap he gave my pussy had me yelping loudly.

The laughter that rolled out of him held a positively devious tone that made goosebumps race up my arms and down my back.

Settling into my pussy in a burn that confused even me.

Somehow this crazy hot jerk commanded my body in a way I'd always craved.

But he didn't abuse that power, and he always respected my boundaries.

I could just... relax and let him take control.

The thought had me positively melting. Another sensation I'd never experienced before settled through me as profound relaxation had me loose in his hold. Caleb paused in his worship of my leg, giving one last kiss before he lay my leg gently on the couch. His weight shifted and for a long moment there was the sound of clothing being removed so I didn't mind his absence. I wanted to feel more of him, all of him.

With that in mind I sat up and whipped off my shirt.

Fuck it, he'd seen me naked and orgasming before an entire classroom of people.

What was being caught naked on a couch compared to that?

The atmosphere changed as the heat from Caleb's body caressed against me. Even

with my eyes closed and my arms laced over my head, I could feel him. The energy of my body was drawn to his in the darkness, making me wrap my arms around him and pull him down to me.

Or at least I tried to.

Making a deep sound of regret, Caleb pulled my hands from his rock solid, and very nude ass, to pin them over my head.

Even knowing he was like a million times physically stronger than myself, I gave a weak struggle that made my clit tingle.

“You can be so sweet once you decide to behave,” Caleb nearly purred as he rubbed what felt like the thick head of his cock against my very wet pussy. “Almost makes me feel bad for what I’m about to do.”

“What?” I croaked out, my throat suddenly dry, my mind torn between focusing on the erection pressing slowly into me and his words.

“You let those guys out there think you’re available. You’re not.”

He pushed in further and the walls of my pussy squeezed him in welcome. “I’m not?”

“No. You’re my girl. Mine. Got it?” he sank in further and I lost myself in him, marveling at how damn thick he was. “You’re going to wear my ring and take my cock.”

Our bodies came together for a moment as he lay atop me, almost fully in me and boy he was a lot to take. Not that I minded. He wasn’t wrong when he said I couldn’t get enough of him. My whole body felt like it was filled with erotic sparkles, my nerves exploding with his devastating penetration. I wrapped my hands into his thick hair

and lifted myself enough to kiss and lick his neck, loving how he groaned deep in his throat.

“You make it hard for a man to be strong, but like I said, I owe you a punishment. In this case, a punishment fuck.”

Finally, he was all the way inside of me and I wrapped my legs around his lean waist. How had I ever thought this tall, long-limbed man wasn't also as well-muscled as an athlete. Heck, maybe he was, I didn't care right now. The only thing I could focus on was the insane amount of endorphins flooding me as Caleb ground into me.

The orgasm I'd been craving was almost within reach as he stilled, then withdrew in a swift motion that made an almost embarrassingly wet sound.

He lifted me, his movements efficient and firm, in control in a way that totally turned me on.

“Hold on to the back of the couch and spread your legs.”

I did as he said, going further and tilting my ass out in a wanton display that he couldn't see, but probably felt as he reached out to touch my butt.

“Good girl, so eager for her man. Wet like ya fell in a puddle,” he nearly groaned, his voice thickened by his accent. “You have no idea how damn sexy that is to me. You drive me crazy, Ivy. Now, be a good girl and keep holding on to that couch. I'm going to make you scream so loud, and for so long, everyone will know you're taken.”

I rested my forehead against the couch as he slowly explored the shape of my back while he ground his cock between the globes of my ass. Falling further into the dark, velvet-lined world of my submissive heart I slowly rocked back into him, my pussy

no doubt wetting his balls. Giving my ass a brisk smack that had me yelping, he pulled back and lined up the head of his rather large dick against my opening.

Tension filled me as I waited, holding my breath, wondering what it would be like when he fully unleashed himself on me.

Caleb was a big, athletic man. While I may have some extra padding, he could break me if he wasn't careful. Trouble was, I didn't want him to be careful.

I was a lot sturdier than I looked.

Turns out I didn't have to worry one bit, because Caleb drilled into me a moment later, hard enough that the couch thumped against the wall. Then he grabbed my hips and fucked me into the first of four screaming orgasms. My world became a hot, liquid haze in the dark, our bodies slick with sweat as he made ride him, then fucked me on my side, then from behind again. I could feel him getting close, felt the change in his energy as he'd approach his own orgasm and it would set me off like a trigger.

Then he'd hold back, panting as if he'd been running a marathon and growling under his breath like an animal while I came with him inside of me.

Always inside of me.

Be it tongue, fingers, or cock, Caleb had to be inside of me somehow when I climaxed.

I let out a hoarse cry, my voice breaking and my sighs sounding rough. Time had ceased to exist long ago. I was merely existing, following Caleb's unspoken commands as he wrung me completely dry. No kidding, I was pretty sure I'd need an IV for rehydration after this. Caleb had scrounged up a thin blanket from somewhere, and I was gripping the edges as he lazily rocked his hips into me.

The man had moves that drove me crazy.

“One more,” he coaxed in the darkness, an incubus incarnate. “Your pussy feels amazing when you orgasm. Like the velvet fist it is. Give me one more, love.”

Stars burst between my eyes as he plucked and strummed my clit with his first two fingers. I wrenched my head to the side, biting into my arm as the pleasure became pain, then turned to pleasure again. My poor brain was tapped out, overloaded on endorphins and rendered pretty much useless. I was operating more on instinct than thought.

That instinct had me scooting so I could reach the muscled forearm next to my head. Without thought, I began to nibble at the muscle, softly at first, then harder as he began to rut into me again. When I came, I bit down, not hard enough to break the skin, but hard enough to bruise.

Caleb shouted some kind of nonsense that I couldn’t make heads or tails of, too caught up in my mind blowing into glittering bits. I hung suspended in that sparkly darkness for a long, long time. Everything was so lovely, so peaceful. I could feel my place in the universe and it was divine.

The delicious darkness I was surrounded in fractured a bit as I heard something odd.

My thinking mind took a few minutes to come back online as I lay against Caleb’s chest, his heart racing against my ear.

Poor guy, I’d given him quite the workout.

Maybe he’d need an IV as well.

“Hydration,” I croaked, then tried to unsuccessfully clear my throat. “We need

hydration. Maybe an IV.”

Caleb laughed, the unexpected movement jolting me on his chest before his arms tightened around me. “I’ve just had an Ivy, one is enough, thank you. Trying to keep up with two of you would kill me. I already need to start training for a triathlon to satisfy you.”

“Hey,” I gave his hard bicep a weak push with my fingertips. “Be nice. It’s not my fault you give me such amazing orgasms. Who wouldn’t want as many as they could get?”

“Mmmm, love that I do that for you,” he purred, his voice all rumble against my ear.

An odd sensation moved against my lower body, and I realized his legs were trembling ever so slightly.

Now it was my turn to laugh. “Are your legs shaking?”

“We’ve been at it for almost an hour, yeah my legs are a little fatigued.” He shifted slightly and his bicep jumped beneath my cheek. “Don’t worry, I’ll up my cardio so we can really see how many times I can wrench an orgasm from that delicate little pussy of yours.”

I sat up a little bit, my tangled hair falling over my shoulder. “We’ve been back here for an hour?”

“Yep,” he said in a totally smug voice. “Had a little bit of foreplay before the main event.”

As blissed out as I was, I couldn’t even be mad.

In fact, I wasn't even sure why I cared.

That is, until I realized that by the sounds of it, the party was going as strong as ever outside this dark haven.

Embarrassment made my pussy give a weak flutter that had Caleb making a deep grunt.

“Don't tempt me. I want to get you back to my room and take care of you. I wasn't easy on you, but I'm not going to apologize. Everyone out there needs to know you're mine, and that I'm yours.” He briefly made a collaring motion around my throat, causing my heart to speed up. “As soon as I can see, I'm putting this ring on your collar.”

“Sounds good to me,” I said as he kissed my forehead.

Little happy butterflies stroked through my belly as I snuggled into Caleb, and he made a contented sound low in his throat as he stroked my back with his wonderfully calloused fingertips.

EPILOGUE

Caleb

I waited on the cream-painted front porch of my two-story house on the outskirts of the Ranch in Rawhide's housing development, Rawhide Ridge. The place had only been completed six months ago, and it still had that new house smell. Situated across the street from Mason's place, my home had sweeping views of the mountains from my backyard that took my breath away every sunrise and sunset. I'd lucked out with a corner lot and had an extra big backyard that gave my dog plenty of room to run around.

At my feet Shirly, my golden doodle/who the hell knows what mutt of a dog sat and panted in anticipation. With short, curly golden brown hair and weighing only about thirty pounds, Shirly was an odd-looking dog. Fully grown at four years old, she still had a puppyish look about her. I'd rescued her from a shelter with Ivy right before Christmas.

I'd been with Ivy for well over a year now, long enough that Shirly knew when Ivy was coming to town. My normally couch-potato dog would suddenly become all sassy, prancing around the house while I cleaned. Maybe that was it. I only deep cleaned before Ivy came to stay. Considering that had been at least once a month wasn't too bad.

Despite living in separate states, we were together more than we were apart. Thanks mostly to Ivy's ability to do her job remotely at the Ranch. And I spent one week a month at her place in Miami, sometimes more if my schedule allowed it. We made

our relationship work and, while it wasn't easy, Ivy was totally worth the effort.

The sun hung low in the sky, and the air cooled rapidly while I rocked in my chair and drank my coffee from a dark-green mug that had a picture of the cast of the Golden Girls on it. Believe it or not, the mug was one of my prize possessions. Ivy had gotten me hooked on a bunch of 80s TV shows and movies, hidden gems that I'd grown to love. Mostly because of her. Whenever we were able to get together, we always spent time watching a few shows. Usually after we'd done an intense scene together.

Yep, my girl's version of aftercare included watching reruns of Family Ties and Who's the Boss .

A black SUV pulled up to the curb, and I burst out laughing when Ivy waddled out.

She wore at least two layers of clothing, and a pale-yellow puffer jacket that covered her from head to almost toe. Massive white mittens adorned her hands, and she swore as she tried to grab her purse with them on. To complete the look, she also wore a pair of sparkly pink hiking boots and fuzzy pink earmuffs.

Fuck, she was too adorable for words.

I jogged up to her, ignoring her scowl as I twirled her into the air.

"Put me down," she fussed, then moaned softly as I kissed her full lips.

The delicious hint of cherry swirled over my tongue as I licked at her mouth like she was candy.

"I missed you," I said as I set her down, aware that my neighbor's kids didn't need an eyeful if they happened to be looking outside. "Welcome back."

Shirly, unable to restrain herself any longer, launched off the porch and circled Ivy as I set her down. My woman walked over to the sidewalk, coaxing Shirly along and out of the street. I couldn't help but smile, knowing Ivy loved my dog maybe more than I did. Living in a condo in Miami had limited her pet options.

When she'd spotted Shirly in her cage at the shelter, it had been mutual love at first sight.

While the driver and I unloaded her suitcases, I grinned as I watched Shirly get belly rubs from Ivy.

Once everything, and everyone, was inside, I moved the suitcases into the foyer by the white-painted stairs, then turned and scooped up my woman.

"Honey," she sang out softly, "I'm hommmeeeee."

I kissed her again, sampling the sweetness of her. "You sure are. And you're mine for the next three weeks. I'd say you'd packed lightly, but I got a giant box of women's clothing delivered to my house yesterday."

"Well, you told me to bring more of my stuff with me next time I visited, so I did." She grinned. "Don't worry, I'll leave you some closet space."

"Brat," I muttered as I kissed her smiling lips.

She wiggled out of my arms, then began to take off her deep winter gear while I laughed to myself. It was 55 degrees outside, not forty below, but Ivy never wanted to be unprepared for the weather again. The jacket came off, revealing a familiar outfit, one that Ivy knew drove me wild. Nothing obscene, but the sight of her in an off-the-shoulder silk blouse always did it for me. The material shimmered against her pale skin, the color somewhere between a deep ruby and purple.

The fact that she wasn't wearing a bra was blatantly obvious, and I stared at her nipples, clearly outlined by the fabric.

Lifting my gaze from her chest, I found her smirking as I growled, "Excited to see me, baby?"

"It's just cold outside," she pouted as we went into the kitchen after removing our boots at the door.

"Well then, it's a good thing you have an amazing man who has some hot chocolate waiting for you on the stove."

She gave a happy squeal and went to the cabinet where I kept the mugs, taking out her favorite E.T. -themed cup. It was vintage, something I got for her for Christmas that I'd found while I was in Nevada on business. The moment I'd seen it in a thrift store window, I'd known she'd love it.

After the first deep drink of the warm milk, Ivy let out a sigh. "Oh, that's so much better. It is freezing out there."

Laughing, I ran my thumb over the gold chain that symbolized my collar in public. A lab-grown diamond heart the size of my pinky nail dangled in the hollow of her throat, and I had to admit it sparkled more than most real diamonds. Ivy had a thing about unethically sourced diamonds, but still loved the glitter so the lab-grown ones had been a good compromise. I didn't give a shit, really, as long as she was happy.

Because Ivy made me very, very happy.

I gave her forehead a kiss as she snuggled into me, knowing my girl always needed some cuddle time after we'd been apart for a while. "I have a surprise for you."

She perked up right away. "You do?"

“Yeah.” I set my mug down and leaned back on the black marble counter behind me, smiling at the way Ivy’s cheeks pinkened up. “It’s in the den.”

She turned and started to head towards the large living room just off the kitchen, but I stopped her.

“No, not that way. Upstairs.”

She tossed her gorgeous hair over her bare shoulder and I had to restrain myself from screwing her on my kitchen table.

Never in my life had I seen a woman more beautiful, smart, and interesting as my Ivy. “Just go upstairs, babygirl. Where the second guest room used to be.”

The green in her hazel eyes seemed to light from within as she grew even more excited. “Used to be? What did you do? Is it a sex room?”

I burst out laughing. “No, babe, sorry. We’ll still have to reserve one of the Dungeon’s play rooms at Rawhide if you want to play with some equipment other than what I have in our toy closet. Sorry.”

She lightly smacked my arm, then entwined her fingers in mine. “You goof. Okay, let’s go see this surprise. I have a few surprises of my own in my luggage.”

I let my mind wander into dirty territory as I followed her bubble butt up the stairs. The jeans that she wore cupped her ass cheeks perfectly, and I had all kinds of plans for her bottom brewing in my depraved mind. She had a bounce in her sock-covered step as she nearly skipped down the hallway, pulling me behind her.

Ivy loved surprises, and I was about to blow her mind.

She opened the door to the formerly bland room that used to house a king-sized bed,

dresser, armoire and two side tables.

Now it was a perfectly replicated TV room/den that would have fit in on any of the 80s shows she used to watch.

The walls had been painted polo green, and the carpet was a lush navy shag. Thick and comfy plaid couches formed an L shape along the wall, and a huge dark rectangular wood coffee table sat before it. I'd sacrificed authenticity a bit by having a massive flat screen on the wall instead of a traditional big tube TV, but I did have a VHS player. A complex entertainment system with large speakers faced the sofas, and a couple vintage 80s paintings adorned the wall above one of the couches.

A bookcase and rows of empty shelves filled the far wall. Warm lighting shone from above, with a golden tone that gave everything soft shadows. Pillows of various sizes in jewel tones that matched the plaid were piled on the couches, and a plant in a macrame holder hung near the windows.

Ivy moved into the room, her hand to her mouth as she took in the framed movie posters on either side of the television. They were from two of her favorite movies, and I felt so damn pleased with myself at her obvious delight. She glanced over her shoulder at me, stars sparkling in her eyes, before she went over to examine the collection of VHS tapes occupying the dark wood cabinet beneath the flat screen TV.

I leaned in the doorway, smiling as she kept thanking me as she discovered one detail after another. I had Hayleigh, Chef Connor's wife, design the room for me. Despite being a Little instead of a Middle, she'd done an amazing job. I'd found most of the vintage items on my own, and it had been fun hunting for treasures for my girl while I traveled for work. Made me feel closer to her even when I missed her something fierce.

But she was mine for the next three weeks, and the thought made me nearly giddy.

“Ivy,” I said as she tried to open a locked cabinet door, “I made this room for you, so you can have your own space. Anytime you want to be alone, come in here. If the door is closed, I’ll know you need some private time. I wanted you to have someplace you could relax and recharge. I thought you’d enjoy this. And if you want to invite me inside, I have some fantasies that I’d like to throw by you.”

She stopped jerking at the locked doors and smiled at me, slowing standing and walking in my direction. “What kind of fantasies?”

“Are you inviting me in?”

“Yep,” she said with a grin. “Now tell me what you want.”

I carefully traced my fingers over her face, knowing she loved the sensation. “I want to seduce you. I want to corrupt my friend’s sweet little sister. To break down her resistance. To make her want it so much she can’t say no. Would you play that game with me, Ivy? Sit on the couch and watch a movie. Fend off my wandering hands until you finally give in. And when you do it is so good. You don’t want to like it but you can’t say no.”

She gave a little wiggle. “That’s hot. Yeah. Go make some popcorn. I’m going to get into character. I saw a movie that will fit the mood.” Giving my shoulders a push she said, “Go, go, if I don’t feel you inside of me soon, I’ll die.”

“Can’t have that,” I laughed and did as she bid, returning about ten minutes later with a bowl of popcorn.

The door was closed, so I did a quick little knock then opened it. Ivy quickly pulled a blanket that had been draped on one corner of a couch, over her lap. She’d turned off the overhead lights, leaving only the table lamps, but it was enough to allow me to see her bright blush. On the screen, the classic *Nine and a Half Weeks* played one of the sex scenes.

“It isn’t what you think!” Ivy said as I looked down, noticing her jeans and shoes on the floor. “My pants were wet from the snow and I was frozen. I wanted to warm up with this heated blanket. I-I didn’t know what was on TV. And what are you doing here? My brother isn’t even home and it’s a snow day.”

“Your brother asked me to come keep an eye on you,” I said as I ate some popcorn. “Move over, this is the good part. Watch how she responds to him.”

“Put a new movie on,” Ivy grumped as she moved just enough for me to squeeze in on the large couch. “I’m not one of those pervs that enjoy this kind of thing. I just happened to turn on the TV and this was playing. It’s not my fault. I would never pick something so... so dirty. I mean look at what they’re doing to each other! Yuck.”

“That’s because you’ve never done this kind of thing,” I nodded to the screen before I placed my dark sock-clad foot on the table. “If you had, you’d find this a lot more entertaining. Instead you’re like a person who has never eaten cake, watching a show about cakes. You have no idea what you’re missing.”

The chin tilt of her inner brat appeared before she said, “I know plenty. I had a boyfriend over the summer.”

“Right,” I said snidely, “the one you met at camp.”

“We kissed,” she said, making me irrationally jealous.

“Yipeee.” I set my popcorn down on the table, then stole another handful before I said, “Bet he had no idea what to do with his tongue.”

“And, and we made out,” she said with a triumphant smirk, crossing her arms beneath her braless breasts.

I would clamp those before the night was over.

Maybe a little rope.

Nothing too harsh, Ivy wasn't into heavy stuff, but enough to add a little pinch.

When I didn't respond, she sat up straighter then flinched back a little as I leaned over to turn on the light next to the couch.

I'd been without her for too long, I needed to see her as night began to fall.

When I drew back and settled into my seat, Ivy was giving me a longing-filled look.

My girl had missed her Master.

Then those pretty eyes of hers narrowed slightly and I braced myself for whatever nonsense was about to come out of her pretty mouth.

Tossing her head back, she said, "He touched my breast."

"But did he make you come," I countered, grabbing my popcorn and resuming my eating.

Really into her role playing, my lovely Ivy sputtered. "You-you can't ask me that."

"Sure can, just did." I licked some salt off my fingers. "Did he suck your soft, wet pussy and make you come all over his lips. Soak his chin, make him insane to fuck you?"

She went to hit me, but I caught her hand and easily held it in place.

Sometimes my girl liked it rough, so I gauged her reaction as I jerked her arm up and

held it in place. “You hit me, and I’ll hit you back.”

The bow of her upper lip twitched, but she lowered her arm. “You’re disgusting.”

“Well, I guess that answers that question. No woman whose had the pleasure of coming from being licked and sucked would call me disgusting. They’d be wondering if I knew how to make them come. They’d want to know if I was the kind of guy to go down on a girl and make her shout his name. A man who enjoys going down on a woman.” I leaned forward a little bit, invading her personal space. “Ivy, do you even know what it feels like to have a man who knows what he’s doing work your body?”

I held her tight, trapping her against me with my legs and arms. She gave a little struggle, but it was mostly wiggling her butt against my erection. I gave her neck a sharp bite and she gasped in alarm.

“What are you doing, Caleb! Let me go. This isn’t funny. And you know I haven’t.”

I gave her neck a long lick, making her arch with a moan. “That’s right, you haven’t. Do you want to?”

She froze, her entire body vibrating with tension. Ivy loved being tempted to be bad. In real life she’d never given in, but here-in the safety of our role play, she could. I loved being the ultimate temptation for her. Heady stuff for a Dom like myself.

“I won’t tell anyone,” I coaxed as I ran my lips over her ear, barely grazing the skin, smiling as she involuntarily shivered. “Come on, Ivy. You’ll still be a virgin afterwards. I promise.”

“How,” her voice caught when I tightened my grip on her arms, restraining her, “how can you make me orgasm without sex?”

I smiled against her hair, my gaze on the sturdy coffee table that held a few surprises. “I have my ways. I could explain it, but you would be better off experiencing it.”

Suddenly she struggled, almost getting free before I had her restrained again. “Let me go, I’m not a slut.”

“No one said you are,” I soothed her, easing my grip on her arms so I could stroke her soft skin. “I’m offering to make you feel really good, no strings attached. No one will ever know. Your brother and parents are at a wrestling tournament four hours away. They won’t be back for a long time.”

Bit by bit she softened against me. “We really shouldn’t. This is weird. We grew up together.”

“Sure did. And I’ve watched you grow into a very beautiful girl.” I pressed my erection against her ass, loving the soft give of her body. “Trust me, Ivy. I just want to show you what it feels like to come. Aren’t you curious?”

“A little bit,” she whispered, her face tucked against the couch. “But I should only orgasm with my husband. I’m waiting to orgasm until marriage.”

I snorted against the top of her head as she shook with a silent giggle.

“Little girl, I guarantee you that your future husband isn’t resisting the urge to jack off in order to save himself for marriage.”

“Oh,” she said through a suppressed laugh, “you are just horrible.”

“You have no idea how horrible I can be,” I lied. She knew exactly how kinky I could be and she loved it. “But, I can also be very, very good. Let me be good to you, Ivy. Let me treat you right.”

Those words came from the bottom of my soul, role playing or not.

“Okay,” she whispered. “But just this once. And you can’t tell anyone, ever.”

“Awesome,” I said as I abruptly sat up with a grunt and placed her on her feet standing next to the couch. “Lie down on the coffee table.”

I’d surprised her so much she broke character. “I’m sorry, did you say lie down on the coffee table?”

“Yep.” I gave her a gentle push. “Down you go.”

“Why”—she held my hands as I positioned her how I wanted her on the six foot by four foot table made of dark, dense wood—“am I lying on this cold, uncomfortable surface instead of the nice, soft couch?”

“Because I can’t trust myself with you on a couch. I’ll fuck you for sure. Won’t be able to stop myself.”

She sat up on her elbows while I pulled out one of the drawers of the table. It was filled with various ropes and restraints, almost all of them new. I didn’t want Ivy to see everything inside, so I grabbed what I wanted and closed it before she could get a good look. When I held up four straps with padded cuffs at one end, and a clip on the other, Ivy giggled.

“Oh my god, please tell me this table doesn’t have hidden restraints. Caleb, is this a sex table?”

I smiled at her as I hit a hidden switch on the interior of the table’s front leg. Big, solid eyebolts slid out of the wood at six different points along the side of the table. And two on top and bottom for good measure. Ivy enjoyed being restrained, and I happened to know a local guy named Colton Reed who made the most exquisite sex

furniture that could pass for normal decor.

Part of the perks of working at a sex-positive resort.

Giggling, Ivy allowed me to restrain her hands, then shook her head a couple times. She closed her eyes and blew out a big breath, then opened them and frowned at me. The laughter still danced in her hazel eyes, and little lines crinkled around the corners, but her mouth had a decidedly pouty edge to it.

“What in the world are you doing? Why are you tying me up?” she mock struggled. “Stop that!”

“Nope,” I said merrily, easily dodging one of her kicks as I pulled the restraints, making her lay flat against the wood with her arms slightly over her head. “I’m not stopping until you’re familiar with what an orgasm feels like. That way, when you touch your little pussy tonight, maybe slip a finger or two in, you’ll know what you’re doing thanks to me.”

I saw her toes curl in her pink fuzzy socks. With a few tugs, and a little help from Ivy, I soon had her properly restrained. I pretended not to see her stretch and rub her legs together. She’d had a long day, and the journey from Miami to Rawhide wasn’t a short one. I should know, I made it at least once a month to go visit Ivy.

Hopefully I could talk her into spending more time here, with me.

I turned the movie back on, keeping the volume down and turned off the light next to the couch. With only the light of the TV illuminating the room, I took Ivy in and rubbed my dick with a sigh. She was such a pretty little thing, and the black satin panties she wore set off her pale skin beautifully.

Shadows painted her body as I captured her mouth in a kiss, leaving her legs free. If she got sassy I’d secure those as well, but I wanted her to be comfortable. She

rewarded me by wrapping them around my waist as she ground her pussy against my stomach.

Needing to feel her, I reared back and tugged off my shirt, both of us sighing when we were finally skin to skin.

A missing piece of my heart.

“See,” I whispered against the firm skin of her upper chest, “I can be gentle. I can be soft and tender. You don’t have to be afraid. Nothing I’m going to do is going to hurt you. This is all about making you feel good.”

Sighing in contentment, she then tried to give me a grumpy look but failed as she said, “What if you can’t? What if I can’t?”

I gripped her shirt in both hands, then paused, “Are you attached to this?”

“Nope,” she said with a big smile.

Fisting both sides, I gave the flimsy material a good yank and it shredded in my hands. Ivy gasped in outrage, her breasts thrusting up as she wiggled beneath me. I leaned forward, pinning her body beneath mine as she bucked a little. Her hard nipples rubbed against me, tempting me.

I dipped my head down, capturing one peak between my lips, sucking it hard and fast until she was moaning and pulling at her restraints.

“Caleb,” she protested. “Come on. Please stop messing around. I need... I need something. I’m all achy down there.”

Fuck she made me so hot, and I couldn’t help but place three of my fingers over her panties, pressing against her pussy lips. “Do you hurt down here?”

“Yes,” she whispered as I easily found her hard clit and began to rub her in quick circles. “Oh yes, like that. Holy cow, it feels so good.”

Pausing to tweak her nipples, pinching them just a little harder than normal, I slid my thumbs into her panties and pulled them down her legs. Though I did pause for a moment to admire the bare skin of her mound. She’d had some kind of expensive wax job done while she was in Hong Kong, and the result was a silky smooth and bare pussy.

“Look at this pretty little cunt,” I murmured as I knelt at the end of the table, her pussy on display for me like a meal. “So pink and swollen for me, and I’ve barely begun to play with you. Making you come will be easier than I thought.”

Spreading her legs wide, she lifted her hips in the shifting blue light of the TV, half her face in soft shadows. The way her full lips parted as I stroked my finger down her slit made my dick leak precum. I’d jerked off twice today already in the hopes that I could hold out and please her before I had my reward.

I leaned forward and she abruptly tried to close her legs. “Wait, what are you doing?”

“I’m going to eat that delicious pussy, that’s what I’m doing,” I replied as I began to force her legs apart. “Open for me. Come on. Let me taste you.”

“No way!” she squealed, clamping her thighs together. “That’s too much. I won’t like it. I mean that’s so embarrassing to have someone’s mouth down there!”

Having played this game with her before, I knew exactly what to do. Pinning her hips down, I put my weight on her legs and shoved my tongue into the tiny gap between her thigh and her sex. My tongue was long and flexible, and she kept her legs closed for all of three seconds. Then my girl was arching up into my mouth, little sobbing noises wrenching from her as I sucked on her clit.

The weeks apart must have been difficult for her as well because she exploded in seconds, her moans turning to screams as I continued to eat her. Holding her thighs apart with my hands, I tilted her pussy up a little and admired my handiwork.

“Look at that,” I said in a teasing tone, knowing embarrassing her made her hot, “one sloppy little pussy, all shiny and wet.” I pressed my thumb against the entrance of her body. “That felt good, didn’t it? But it’s not enough. This greedy pussy wants more.”

I continued to almost penetrate her with my thumb, and Ivy began to beg in earnest. “Please, I need... I don’t know what I need, but I need something. Please, Caleb, take care of me. Make it better.”

I stood and removed all of my clothing, then walked over to her face with my dick leading the way.

“What are you—” was all she managed to get out before I shoved myself rudely into her mouth.

Her happy moan and instant sucking was all the reward I ever needed for staying celibate while she was gone. The feeling of having her mouth on me again was beyond good, bordering on divine. Damn, she was as hungry as I was, her moans sounding almost pained as I began to thrust in and out of her mouth. The urge to come almost caught me unaware, and I wrenched myself away with a groan.

My cock bobbed up and down to the beat of my heart, and a strand of her saliva glistened as it dripped from the tip.

I made sure that drip landed on her cheek.

She glared at me until I gave her pussy a hard slap.

“Shit!” she yelped. “Ow!”

“Don’t be so dramatic,” I returned to my position between her legs. “I bet I could spank you to orgasm if I wanted to. But let’s do something else instead. You had your first orgasm, now we can play for real.”

Her eyes grew wide and for the next twenty minutes I focused on edging Ivy until she was practically snarling at me.

“Fuck me,” she bit my neck hard enough to bruise, then released me with small growl. “Please, please fuck me, I hurt so bad.”

“Mmm,” I kissed her sweaty brow.

Not long ago I’d put towels beneath her for her comfort, and I was glad I had. Playing with her body, bringing her to the edge of orgasm again and again, had left her a wrung-out mess. Her makeup had smeared off long ago, and her constant writhing had worked up a sweat. So far she hadn’t used her safe word, and I was about out of patience.

Torturing her was like torturing myself.

I knew her tight, wet pussy would be incredibly hot once I got inside of her. She’d grip me tight, squeezing me, creaming all over me, making me see stars as she came. And she would come, almost instantly. Hell, I probably would as well. Seeing her worked up like this was a fantasy come to life.

The movie had ended and static filled the screen, exposing her body to me in a rather surrealistic way.

I’d placed a mask on her not long ago and kept my touch on her constant so she never felt alone.

I slowly licked around and around her clit, my head pillowed on her thigh as she

trembled and jerked every once in a while. Tension filled her, and when I finally gave her distended bud a good swipe, she'd let out a choked cry and beg me for my cock. Copious amounts of moisture wet her inner thighs and I knew I'd be able to slip right into her.

It was too much.

I had to have her.

Standing, I squatted down next to her and removed her wrist restraints.

She rubbed her wrists and stared up at me, her breasts trembling with the rapid beat of her heart.

I almost took a step back as she abruptly shifted off the table into a standing position, before attempting to push me back on the couch. At first I resisted, then decided to give in. Ivy had definitely earned her ride.

"I don't know what you did to me," she snarled, "but you're going to fix it. I'm going to fuck you and you're going to fuck me until I don't hurt anymore."

I sat back, spreading my thighs and adjusting my dick before motioning to her. "Come on, little girl. Take what you need. Ride my cock and come all over me."

Ivy all but leapt on me.

Didn't have to tell my girl twice.

Grabbing my aching dick, she placed the tip at her entrance and arched with a moan. "Fuck, I love how the head of your cock always stretches me. It feels so good."

I bit my tongue, willing myself not to go off as her scalding hot pussy began to

envelop my dick. She arched her back, her breasts thrusting against my chest before she collapsed into me and held me tight. I wrapped my arms around her as she sank all the way down, our hearts thundering together. When she placed her head on my chest I held her even tighter, connected to her in every way possible. My girl was home and she'd missed me as much as I missed her. I could feel it coursing through me as clear as day.

The she started to glide up and down on me and I didn't think about anything but the sensation of her riding me. With the TV at her back, she was an outline of highlights, the gleam of her hair, the pearly whiteness of her skin that now had a slight blue tint to it. On the screen the movie started again, and in the sudden darkness Ivy began to kiss me.

The position ground her clit against my abs and she began to ride me hard. I held on to the back of her head, keeping her mouth on mine, making her kiss me through her orgasm as she pulsed around my cock. Using my superior strength I easily kept her in place, letting her come but not letting her having an intense release. Her little dissatisfied grump against my lips let me know she was onto my game.

Especially when I began to play with the globes of her ass.

"No," she said firmly even as her pussy squeezed me tight. "No butt play. Not tonight. Save it for tomorrow, okay?"

"Mmmm"—I pulled her hair hard, wrenching her head to the side so I could bite at her neck—"I'm going to have that sweet ass available to me for three whole weeks."

She shifted her hips on my still hard dick, beaming to ride me again. "Yeah, I might be able to stay longer. Like maybe for two months."

I rubbed her clit with my thumb. "I'd love that."

“I love you,” she gasped as her eyes closed and she leaned back, gripping my thighs. “So much.”

Like any sane man presented with a perfect pair of breasts, I wrapped my hands around her slender back and held her to me as I feasted on first one nipple, then the other. Ivy began to rotate her hips while her hands ran over my shoulders and neck, nails occasionally prickling.

I smacked her ass, hard. First once side, then the other, repeating the motion until she cried out. Then I stopped and moved my hand to her clit, rubbing it briskly as she began to bounce on me. With my other hand, I groped the now hot flesh of her ass, enjoying how each squeeze of my hand made her pussy grip me hard.

My eyes closed of their own accord and Ivy whispered in my ear, “Lie back, my beloved Master. Let me ride the cum out of you.”

“Fuck yeah,” I sighed, stretching my arms out over the sinfully soft fabric of the big couch. “Drain me, baby. Make me proud.”

Ivy placed her hands on either side of the head and made me see stars. She did this little twisting thing with her hips that had me bucking up into her, wanting more of her tight cunt. I grabbed her ass and forced her into the rhythm I wanted, ignoring her breathy little laugh of delight. Ivy moved perfectly in tune with me, our bodies practically dancing against each other. I lost myself in her, my balls drawing up tight as I gave myself over to her. She ground down, her pussy fluttering around me, drawing out the first surge of cum as she found her release atop me.

We held onto each other for a long time afterward, just cuddling and reluctant to part.

“Is there like... moist towelettes or something in that magic coffee table? I need to freshen up but I’m lazy,” Ivy muttered against my neck.

I laughed, which made my cock twitch inside of her. “No, I didn’t think about that. But the bathroom is right across the hall. I can carry you there with my dick still inside of you so you don’t drip on the carpet.”

She managed to push off my chest to give me little smirk. “That is very considerate of you.”

“It is.” I sighed and reached over and pulled open the door on the side of the table next to the couch and pulled out a towel. “No moist towelettes, but I do have this.”

We both quickly cleaned up, and I led her down the hall to the master bedroom, and then bathroom. A quick shower later and I had my very sleepy woman tucked into bed next to me. She was practically catatonic, but still managed to spoon my dog and hog the bed at the same time. Ivy was literally half my size, but she took up three fourths of the bed.

Truly astonishing.

A huge smile covered my face as I slid beneath the covers, then fought my dog for my pillow. Some people said I spoiled Shirly, but Ivy truly treated my dog like she was a human. It was cute, but right now I wanted my woman.

“Go,” I whispered to my dog, pointing to her special heated bed next to my own. “Sleep. I love you.”

Shirly resisted at first, then got up with a grumpy whiny growl that clearly said I was an asshole.

“Give me a break,” I told my dog’s shadowy figure as I got comfortable in my bed with my woman. “I don’t feel bad for you, at all. You have a freaking memory foam mattress in your dog bed along with your own personal stuffed animal collection. You are not exactly suffering. Besides, you can snuggle with her while I’m at work

tomorrow. You know it'll take her a few days to get adjusted to our time zone."

Shirly's tail gave a few happy thumps before she settled in for the night.

Ivy woke up a little as I moved her into my arms, her happy sigh loud enough for me to hear.

"It is so good to be back in your arms, Caleb. I love you so much," she whispered in the dark and wiggled her bottom against my already hard dick. "I'm exhausted, but you can fuck me to sleep if you want."

I gave her ass a pinch through the covers. "Be good. I want you to be able to walk tomorrow. We need to go grocery shopping, and Derek and Sadie want us to stop by. She has some herbs for you or some shit. I don't know. Plus the mirror you ordered for the bathroom came in at the art gallery in town. So behave."

I could almost feel her pout as she said, "Fine."

A few moments of silence went by, broken only by the constant low whir of my bedside fan.

"You know," she said into the dark, her hair still slightly damp despite a quick blow-dry, "you've been having me fuck myself with that big dildo every time we'd video chat each other. I know I didn't do it on camera, but you also know that out of view I was following your directions. It's not like nothing has been inside of me. I can take it."

Groaning, I pressed my cock between the naked globes of her ass. "Stop tempting me."

"Come on," she whispered and raised up her leg, moving it back to hook over my hip and opening herself to me. "Just the tip."

Laughing, I reached between us and rubbed the head of my dick between her wet folds. Her bare, wet folds. They felt so silky and good against the sensitive tip and the need to be inside of her began to grow stronger by the second. I'd only had a taste, nowhere near my fill.

"I'm doing this," I said as I pulled her close, then began to sink into her, "because I want to. Not because you want me to."

"Whatever you say," she moaned low in her throat as I nearly bottomed out inside of her, "Master."

The End