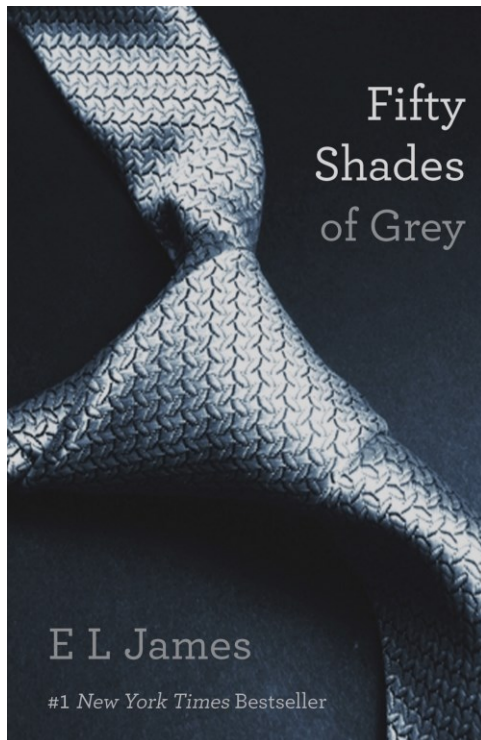


FIFTY SHADES OF GREY



Book Summary:

A young woman falls in love with a man who practices BDSM for sexual pleasure.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains aberrant sexual activities involving BDSM; sexual nudity; excessive/frequent profanity; and alcohol use.

Adult

By E.L. James

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5 /5

Aberrant Content
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
48	And for the first time in twenty-one years, I want to be kissed. I want to feel his mouth on mine.
58	I'm really quite drunk. Well, the object of the exercise was to get drunk.
59	<p>"No, José, stop—no!" I push him, but he's a wall of hard muscle, and I cannot shift him. His hand has slipped into my hair, and he's holding my head in place.</p> <p>"Please, Ana, cariño," he whispers against my lips. His breath is soft and smells too sweet—of margarita and beer. He gently trails kisses along my jaw up to the side of my mouth.</p>
69	For the first time in my life, I want to go to bed with a man. I want to feel his hands and his mouth on me.
73	<p>"I'd like to bite that lip," he whispers darkly.</p> <p>I inhale sharply, completely unaware that I'm chewing my bottom lip and my mouth pops open. That has to be the sexiest thing anybody has ever said to me. My heartbeat spikes, and I'm a panting, quivering mess... and he hasn't even touched me. I squirm in my seat and meet his dark glare. "Why don't you?"</p>
78	He lunges at me, pushing me against the wall of the elevator. Before I know it, he's got both of my hands in one of his in a viselike grip above my head, and he's pinning me to the wall using his hips. Holy shit. His other hand grabs my hair and yanks down, bringing my face up, and his lips are on mine. It's only just not painful. I moan into his mouth, giving his tongue an opening. He takes full advantage, his tongue expertly exploring my mouth. I have never been kissed like this. My tongue tentatively strokes his and joins his in a slow, erotic dance that's all about touch and sensation, all bump and grind. He brings his hand up to grasp my chin and holds me in place. I'm helpless, my hands pinned, my face held, and his hips restraining me. His erection is against my belly. He wants me. Christian Grey, Greek god, wants me, and I want him, here... now, in the elevator.
83	<p>He turns to Kate, pulls her into his arms, and gives her a long, lingering kiss.</p> <p>...Elliot continues to kiss Kate, sweeping her off her feet and dipping her in a dramatic hold so that her hair touches the ground as he kisses her hard.</p>
88	He leans forward and plants a brief, chaste kiss on my lips, leaving me reeling and my insides clenching at the thrilling, unexpected touch.
96	<p>"Does this mean you're going to make love to me tonight, Christian?"</p> <p>..."No, Anastasia, it doesn't. First, I don't make love. I fuck, hard. Second, there's a lot more paperwork to do. And third, you don't yet know what you're in for. You could still run from here screaming! Come, I want to show you my playroom."</p> <p>My mouth drops open. Fuck hard! Holy shit, that sounds so... hot.</p>
105	The Submissive will agree to any sexual activity deemed fit and pleasurable by the Dominant excepting those activities that are outlined in hard limits (Appendix 2). She will do so eagerly and without hesitation.
110	<p>"Come," he murmurs.</p> <p>"What?"</p> <p>"We're going to rectify the situation right now."</p> <p>"What do you mean? What situation?"</p> <p>"Your situation. Ana, I'm going to make love to you, now."</p> <p>..."I thought you didn't make love. I thought you fucked hard."</p> <p>...He gives me a wicked grin, the effects of which travel all the way down there.</p>

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	<p>"I can make an exception, or maybe combine the two, we'll see. I really want to make love to you. Please, come to bed with me. I want our arrangement to work, but you really need to have some idea what you're getting yourself into. We can start your training tonight—with the basics. This doesn't mean I've come over all hearts and flowers—it's a means to an end, but one that I want, and hopefully you do, too."</p>
111	<p>He leans down and kisses my lips gently, and he sucks at my lower lip. "I want to bite this lip," he murmurs against my mouth, and carefully he tugs at it with his teeth. I moan, and he smiles. "Please, Ana, let me make love to you." "Yes," I respond, because that's why I'm here. His smile is triumphant as he releases me and takes my hand and leads me through the apartment. ..."I assume you're not on the pill." ..."I didn't think so." He opens the top drawer of the chest and removes a packet of condoms. He gazes at me intently. "Be prepared," he says. ..."I thought you didn't let anyone sleep in your bed." "Who says we're going to sleep?" ..."Do you have any idea how much I want you, Ana Steele?" ..."Do you have any idea what I'm going to do to you?" he adds, caressing my chin. The muscles inside the deepest, darkest part of me clench in the most delicious fashion. The pain is so sweet and sharp I want to close my eyes, but I'm hypnotized by his eyes staring fervently into mine. Leaning down, he kisses me. His lips are demanding, firm and slow, molding to mine. He starts unbuttoning my shirt while he places featherlight kisses across my jaw, my chin, and the corners of my mouth. Slowly he peels it off me and lets it fall to the floor. He stands back and gazes at me. I'm in the pale-blue lacy perfect-fit bra. ..."Oh, Ana," he breathes. "You have the most beautiful skin, pale and flawless. I want to kiss every single inch of it." ...His kiss is demanding, his tongue and lips coaxing mine. I moan, and my tongue tentatively meets his. He puts his arms around me and hauls me against his body, squeezing me tightly. One hand remains in my hair, the other travels down my spine to my waist and down to my behind. His hand flexes over my backside and squeezes gently. He holds me against his hips, and I feel his erection, which he languidly pushes against me. I moan once more into his mouth. ...I want him so badly. ...He eases me toward the bed, until I feel it behind my knees. I think he's going to push me down on it, but he doesn't. Releasing me, he suddenly drops to his knees. He grabs my hips with both his hands and runs his tongue around my navel, then gently nips his way to my hipbone, then across my belly to my other hipbone. ...Seeing him on his knees in front of me, feeling his mouth on me, it's so unexpected, and hot. My hands stay in his hair, pulling gently as I try to quiet my too-loud breathing. ...His hands reach up and undo the button on my jeans, and he leisurely pulls down the zipper. Without taking his eyes off mine, his hands move beneath the waistband, skimming me and moving to my behind. His hands glide slowly down my backside to my thighs, removing my jeans as they go. I cannot look away. He stops and licks his lips, never breaking eye contact. He leans forward, running his nose up the apex between my thighs. I feel him. There. "You smell so good," he murmurs and closes his eyes, a look of pure pleasure on his face, and I practically convulse. He reaches up and tugs the duvet off the bed, then pushes me gently so I fall on the mattress. ...He lifts my foot by the heel and runs his thumbnail up my instep. It's almost painful, but I</p>

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	<p>feel the movement echoed in my groin. I gasp. Not taking his eyes off mine, again he runs his tongue along my instep and then his teeth. Shit. I groan. How can I feel this there? I fall back onto the bed, moaning. I hear his soft chuckle.</p> <p>“Oh, Ana, what I could do to you.” He removes my other shoe and sock, then stands and removes my jeans completely. I’m lying on his bed dressed only in my bra and panties, and he’s staring down at me.</p> <p>“You’re very beautiful, Anastasia Steele. I can’t wait to be inside you.”</p> <p>...“Show me how you pleasure yourself.”</p> <p>What? I frown.</p> <p>“Don’t be coy, Ana, show me,” he says.</p> <p>...“How do you make yourself come? I want to see.”</p> <p>...“Well, we’ll have to see what we can do about that.” His voice is soft and challenging—a delicious sensual threat. He undoes the buttons of his jeans and slowly pulls them down, his eyes on mine. He leans down over me and, grasping each of my ankles, quickly jerks my legs apart and crawls onto the bed between my legs. He hovers over me while I squirm with need.</p> <p>“Keep still,” he whispers, then leans down and kisses the inside of my thigh, trailing kisses up over the thin lacy material of my panties.</p> <p>Oh, I can’t keep still. How can I not move? I wriggle beneath him.</p> <p>“We’re going to have to work on keeping you still, baby.” He skates kisses up my belly, and his tongue dips into my navel. Still he’s heading north, kissing me across my torso. My skin is burning. I’m flushed, too hot, too cold, and I’m clawing at the sheet beneath me. He lies down beside me and his hand glides up from my hip, to my waist, and up to my breast. He gazes down at me, his expression unreadable, and gently cups my breast.</p> <p>“You fit my hand perfectly, Anastasia,” he murmurs and dips his index finger into the cup of my bra and gently yanks it down, freeing my breast, but the underwire and fabric of the cup force it upward. His finger moves to my other breast and repeats the process. My breasts swell, and my nipples harden under his steady gaze. I am trussed up by my own bra.</p> <p>“Very nice,” he whispers appreciatively, and my nipples harden further.</p> <p>He blows very gently on one as his hand moves to my other breast, and his thumb slowly rolls the end of my nipple, elongating it. I groan, feeling the sweet sensation all the way to my groin. I am so wet. Oh, please, I beg internally as my fingers clasp the sheet tighter. His lips close around my other nipple, and when he tugs, I nearly convulse.</p> <p>“Let’s see if we can make you come like this,” he whispers, continuing his slow, sensual assault. My nipples bear the delicious brunt of his deft fingers and lips, setting alight every single nerve ending so that my whole body sings with sweet agony. He just doesn’t stop.</p> <p>“Oh, please,” I beg, and I pull my head back, my mouth open as I groan, my legs stiffening. Holy hell, what’s happening to me?</p> <p>“Let go, baby,” he murmurs. His teeth close around my nipple, and his thumb and finger pull hard, and I fall apart in his hands, my body convulsing and shattering into a thousand pieces. He kisses me deeply, his tongue in my mouth absorbing my cries.</p> <p>...“You’re going to have to learn to control that, and it’s going to be so much fun teaching you how.” He kisses me again.</p> <p>My breathing is still ragged as I come down from my orgasm. His hand moves down my waist, to my hips, and then cups me, intimately... Jeez. His finger slips through the fine lace and slowly circles around me—there. Briefly he closes his eyes, and his breathing hitches.</p> <p>“You’re so deliciously wet. God, I want you.” He thrusts his finger inside me, and I cry out as</p>

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	<p>he does it again and again. He palms my clitoris, and I cry out once more. He pushes inside me harder and harder still. I groan.</p> <p>Suddenly, he sits up and tugs my panties off and throws them on the floor. Pulling off his boxer briefs, his erection springs free. Holy cow... He reaches over to his bedside table and grabs a foil packet, and then he moves between my legs, spreading them farther apart. He kneels up and pulls a condom onto his considerable length.</p> <p>...“Don’t worry,” he breathes, his eyes on mine. “You expand, too.”</p> <p>...“Pull your knees up,” he orders softly, and I’m quick to obey. “I’m going to fuck you now, Miss Steele,” he murmurs as he positions the head of his erection at the entrance of my sex. “Hard,” he whispers, and he slams into me.</p> <p>“Aargh!” I cry as I feel a weird pinching sensation deep inside me as he rips through my virginity. He stills, gazing down at me, his eyes bright with ecstatic triumph.</p> <p>His mouth is open slightly, and his breathing is harsh. He groans. “You’re so tight. You okay?”</p> <p>...He stays still, letting me acclimatize to the intrusive, overwhelming feeling of him inside me.</p> <p>“I’m going to move, baby,” he says after a moment, his voice tight.</p> <p>Oh.</p> <p>He eases back with exquisite slowness. And he closes his eyes, groans, and thrusts into me again.</p> <p>I cry out a second time, and he stills. “More?” he rasps, his voice raw.</p> <p>“Yes.”</p> <p>He does it once more and stills again.</p> <p>I groan, my body accepting him... Oh, I want this.</p> <p>“Again?” he breathes.</p> <p>“Yes.” It’s a plea.</p> <p>And he moves, but this time he doesn’t stop. He shifts onto his elbows so I can feel his weight on me, holding me down. He moves slowly at first, easing himself in and out of me. And as I grow accustomed to the alien feeling, my hips move tentatively to meet his. He speeds up. I moan, and he pounds on, picking up speed, merciless, a relentless rhythm, and I keep up, meeting his thrusts. He grasps my head between his hands and kisses me hard, his teeth pulling at my lower lip again. He shifts slightly, and I can feel something building deep inside me, like before. I start to stiffen as he thrusts on and on. My body quivers, bows; a sheen of sweat gathers over me. Oh my... I didn’t know it would feel like this, didn’t know it could feel as good as this. My thoughts are scattering... There’s only sensation... Only him... Only me... Oh, please... I stiffen.</p> <p>“Come for me, Ana,” he demands breathlessly, and I unravel at his words, exploding around him as I climax and splinter into a million pieces beneath him. And as he comes, he calls out my name, thrusting hard, then stilling as he empties himself into me.</p> <p>...I open my eyes, and he has his forehead pressed against mine, his eyes closed, his breathing ragged. Christian’s eyes flicker open and gaze down at me, dark but soft. He’s still inside me. Leaning down, he gently presses a kiss against my forehead then slowly pulls out of me.</p>
118	<p>Now I know what all the fuss is about. Two orgasms... coming apart at the seams, like the spin cycle on a washing machine, wow. I had no idea what my body was capable of, could be wound so tightly and released so violently, so gratifyingly. The pleasure was indescribable.</p>

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119	<p>He leans down and kisses me very gently at the corner of my mouth. “Demanding little thing, aren’t you? Turn on your front.”</p> <p>I blink at him momentarily, then turn over. He unhooks my bra and runs his hand down my back to my behind.</p> <p>“You really have the most beautiful skin.” He shifts so one of his legs pushes between mine, and he’s half lying across my back. I feel the buttons of his shirt pressing into me as he gathers my hair off my face and kisses my bare shoulder.</p> <p>“Why are you wearing your shirt?” I ask.</p> <p>He stills. After a beat, he shuffles out of his shirt, and he lies back down on me. I feel his warm skin against mine. Hmm... It feels heavenly. He has a light dusting of hair across his chest, which tickles my back.</p> <p>“So you want me to fuck you again?” he whispers in my ear, and he begins to trace soft kisses around my ear and down my neck.</p> <p>His hand moves down, skimming my waist, over my hip, and down my thigh to the back of my knee. He pushes my knee up higher, and my breath hitches... What’s he doing now? He shifts so he’s between my legs, pressed against my back, and his hand travels up my thigh to my behind. He caresses my cheek slowly, then glides his fingers down between my legs.</p> <p>“I’m going to take you from behind, Anastasia.” And with his other hand, he grasps my hair at the nape in a fist and pulls gently, holding me in place. I cannot move my head. I am pinioned beneath him, helpless.</p> <p>“You are mine,” he whispers. “Only mine. Don’t forget it.” His voice is intoxicating, his words heady, seductive as his erection presses against my thigh.</p> <p>His long fingers reach around to gently massage my clitoris, circling slowly. His breath is soft against my face as he slowly nips me along my jaw.</p> <p>“You smell divine.” He nuzzles behind my ear while his hand rubs against me, around and around. Reflexively, my hips start to circle, mirroring his hand, as excruciating pleasure spikes through my blood like adrenaline.</p> <p>“Keep still.” His voice is soft but urgent, and slowly he inserts his thumb inside me, rotating it around and around, stroking the front wall of my vagina. The effect is mind-blowing—all my energy concentrating on this one small space inside my body. I moan.</p> <p>“You like this?” he asks, his teeth grazing my outer ear, and he starts to flex his thumb slowly, in, out, in, out... his fingers still circling.</p> <p>I close my eyes, trying to keep my breathing under control, trying to absorb the disordered, chaotic sensations that his fingers are unleashing on me, fire coursing through my body. I moan again.</p> <p>“You’re so wet, so quickly. So responsive. Oh, Anastasia, I like that. I like that a lot.”</p> <p>I want to stiffen my legs, but I can’t move. He’s pinning me down, keeping up a constant, slow, tortuous rhythm. It’s absolutely exquisite. I moan again, and he moves suddenly.</p> <p>“Open your mouth,” he commands and thrusts his thumb in my mouth. My eyes fly open, blinking wildly.</p> <p>“See how you taste,” he breathes against my ear. “Suck me, baby.” His thumb presses on my tongue, and my mouth closes around him, sucking wildly. I taste the saltiness on his thumb and the faint metallic tang of blood. Holy fuck. This is wrong, but holy hell is it erotic.</p> <p>“I want to fuck your mouth, Anastasia, and I will soon.” His voice is hoarse, raw, his breathing more disjointed.</p> <p>Fuck my mouth! I moan, and I bite down on him. He gasps, and he pulls my hair tighter, painfully, so I release him.</p>

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	<p>“Naughty, sweet girl,” he whispers, then reaches over to the bedside table for a foil packet. “Stay still, don’t move,” he murmurs as he releases my hair.</p> <p>He rips the foil while I’m breathing hard, my blood singing in my veins. The anticipation is exhilarating. He leans down, his weight on me again, and he grabs my hair, holding my head immobile. I cannot move. I’m enticingly ensnared by him, and he’s poised and ready to take me once more.</p> <p>“We’re going to go real slow this time, Anastasia.”</p> <p>And slowly he eases into me, slowly, slowly, until he’s buried in me. Stretching, filling, relentless. I groan loudly. It feels deeper this time, delectable. I groan again, and he deliberately circles his hips and pulls back, pauses a beat, and then eases his way back in. He repeats this motion again and again. It’s driving me insane—his teasing, deliberately slow thrusts, and the intermittent feeling of fullness is overwhelming.</p> <p>“You feel so good,” he groans, and my insides start to quiver. He pulls back and waits. “Oh no, baby, not yet,” he murmurs, and as the quivering ceases, he starts the whole delicious process again.</p> <p>“Oh, please,” I beg. I’m not sure I can take much more. My body is wound so tight, craving release.</p> <p>“I want you sore, baby,” he murmurs, and he continues his sweet, leisurely torment, backward, forward. “Every time you move tomorrow, I want you to be reminded that I’ve been here. Only me. You are mine.”</p> <p>I groan. “Please, Christian.”</p> <p>“What do you want, Anastasia? Tell me.”</p> <p>I groan again. He pulls out and moves slowly back into me, circling his hips once more.</p> <p>“Tell me.”</p> <p>“You, please.”</p> <p>He increases the rhythm infinitesimally, and his breathing becomes more erratic. My insides start quickening, and Christian picks up the rhythm.</p> <p>“You. Are. So. Sweet,” he growls between each thrust. “I. Want. You. So. Much.”</p> <p>I moan.</p> <p>“You. Are. Mine. Come for me, baby.” His words are my undoing, tipping me over the precipice. My body convulses around him, and I come, loudly calling out a garbled version of his name into the mattress. Christian follows with two sharp thrusts, and he freezes, pouring himself into me as he finds his release. He collapses on top of me, his face in my hair.</p> <p>“Fuck. Ana,” he breathes. He pulls out of me immediately and rolls onto his side of the bed. I pull my knees up to my chest, utterly spent, and immediately drift off or pass out into an exhausted sleep.</p>
122	<p>I’m mesmerized, watching his long, skilled fingers as they find and gently press the keys, thinking how those same fingers have expertly handled and caressed my body. I flush and gasp at the memory and press my thighs together.</p>
126	<p>So you’ve just slept with him, given him your virginity, a man who doesn’t love you. In fact, he has very odd ideas about you, wants to make you some sort of kinky sex slave.</p>
129	<p>“Oh.” I stare at him dumbfounded as I stop breathing and everything inside me clenches tight. Ooh... that’s so nice. I suppress my groan.</p> <p>...More sex... yes, please.</p> <p>...Basic training! I want to fuck your mouth. Does that form part of basic training?</p>

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	<p>“Stop biting your lip. It’s very distracting, and I happen to know you’re not wearing anything under my shirt, which makes it even more distracting.”</p> <p>...“Well, as you’re sore, I thought we could stick to oral skills.”</p>
132	<p>I’ll get your biased, kinky-as-hell, distorted worldview regarding sex.</p> <p>...His lips lift slightly. “For me, too. I’ve never had vanilla sex before. There’s a lot to be said for it. But then, maybe it’s because it’s with you.” He runs his thumb across my lower lip. I inhale sharply. Vanilla sex?</p> <p>“Come, let’s have a bath.” He leans down and kisses me. My heart leaps and desire pools way down low... way down there.</p>
133	<p>“I know that lip is delicious, I can attest to that, but will you stop biting it?” he says through clenched teeth. “Your chewing it makes me want to fuck you, and you’re sore, okay?”</p>
134	<p>He strips out of his PJ pants and climbs in behind me. The water rises as he sits and pulls me against his chest. He places his long legs over mine, his knees bent and his ankles level with mine, and he pulls his feet apart, opening my legs. I gasp in surprise.</p> <p>His nose is in my hair and he inhales deeply. “You smell so good, Anastasia.”</p> <p>A tremor runs through my whole body. I am naked in a bath with Christian Grey. He’s naked.</p> <p>...His hands glide across to my breasts, and I inhale sharply as his fingers encircle them and start kneading gently, taking no prisoners. My body bows instinctively, pushing my breasts into his hands. My nipples are tender. Very tender, no doubt, from his less-than-delicate treatment of them last night. He doesn’t linger long and glides his hands down to my stomach and belly. My breathing increases and my heart is racing. His growing erection presses against my behind. It’s such a turn-on knowing that it’s my body making him feel this way.</p> <p>...He stops and reaches for a washcloth as I pant against him, wanting... needing. My hands rest on his firm, muscular thighs. Squirted more soap onto the washcloth, he leans down and washes between my legs. I hold my breath. His fingers skillfully stimulating me through the cloth, it’s heavenly, and my hips start moving at their own rhythm, pushing against his hand. As the sensations take over, I tilt my head back, my eyes rolling back in my head, my mouth slack, and I groan. The pressure is building slowly, inexorably inside me... Oh my.</p> <p>“Feel it, baby,” Christian whispers in my ear and very gently grazes my earlobe with his teeth. “Feel it for me.”</p> <p>My legs are pinioned by his to the side of the bath, holding me prisoner, giving him easy access to this most private part of myself. “Oh, please.” I try to stiffen my legs as my body goes rigid. I am in a sexual thrall to this man, and he doesn’t let me move.</p> <p>“I think you’re clean enough now,” he murmurs, and he stops.</p> <p>What! No! No! No! My breathing is ragged. “Why are you stopping?”</p> <p>“Because I have other plans for you, Anastasia.”</p> <p>What... Oh my... but... I was... That’s not fair.</p> <p>“Turn around. I need washing, too.”</p> <p>Oh! Turning to face him, I’m shocked to find he has his erection firmly in his grasp. My mouth drops open.</p> <p>...It’s so big and growing. His erection is above the water line, the water lapping at his hips. I glance up at him and come face-to-face with his wicked grin.</p> <p>...I realize I’m staring. I swallow. That was inside me! It doesn’t seem possible. He wants me to touch him. Hmm... Okay, bring it on.</p>

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	<p>I smile at him and reach for the body wash, squirting some soap onto my hand. I do as he's done, lathering the soap in my hands until they are foamy. I do not take my eyes off his. My lips are parted to accommodate my breathing. Very deliberately, I gently bite my bottom lip and then run my tongue across it, tracing where my teeth have been. His eyes are serious and dark, and they widen as my tongue skims my lower lip. I reach forward and place one of my hands around him, mirroring how he's holding himself. His eyes close briefly. Wow... feels much firmer than I expected. I squeeze, and he places his hand over mine.</p> <p>"Like this," he says and moves his hand up and down with a firm grip around my fingers. I tighten my hold around him. He closes his eyes again, and his breath hitches in his throat. When he opens them again, his gaze is scorching molten gray. "That's right, baby."</p> <p>He releases my hand, leaving me to continue alone, and closes his eyes as I move up and down his length. He flexes his hips slightly into my hand and reflexively I grasp him tighter. A low groan escapes from deep within his throat.</p> <p>Fuck my mouth... Hmm.</p> <p>I remember him pushing his thumb in my mouth and asking me to suck, hard. His mouth drops open as his breathing increases. I lean forward, while he has his eyes closed, and place my lips around him and tentatively suck, running my tongue over the tip.</p> <p>"Whoa... Ana." His eyes fly open, and I suck harder. He's hard and soft at once, like steel encased in velvet, and surprisingly tasty—salty and smooth.</p> <p>"Christ," he groans, and he closes his eyes again.</p> <p>Moving down, I push him into my mouth. He groans again. Ha! My inner goddess is thrilled. I can do this. I can fuck him with my mouth. I twirl my tongue around the tip again, and he flexes and raises his hips. His eyes are open now, blistering with heat. His teeth are clenched as he flexes again, and I push him deeper into my mouth, supporting myself on his thighs. I feel his legs tense beneath my hands. He reaches up and grabs my pigtails and starts to really move.</p> <p>"Oh. Baby. That. Feels. Good," he growls.</p> <p>I suck harder, flicking my tongue across the head of his impressive erection. Wrapping my teeth behind my lips, I clamp my mouth around him.</p> <p>His breath hisses between his teeth. "Jesus. How far can you go?"</p> <p>Hmm... I pull him deeper into my mouth so I can feel him at the back of my throat and then to the front again. My tongue swirls around the end. He's my very own Christian Grey-flavored popsicle. I suck harder and harder, pushing him deeper and deeper, swirling my tongue around and around. Hmm... I had no idea giving pleasure could be such a turn-on, watching him writhe subtly with carnal longing. My inner goddess is doing the merengue with some salsa moves.</p> <p>"Anastasia, I'm going to come in your mouth." His breathy tone is warning. "If you don't want me to, stop now." He thrusts his hips again. His eyes are wide, wary, and filled with salacious need—need for me. Need for my mouth...</p> <p>His hands are really gripping my hair. I can do this. I push even harder, and in a moment of extraordinary confidence, I bare my teeth. It tips him over the edge. He cries out and stills, and warm, salty liquid oozes down my throat. I swallow quickly. Ugh, I'm not sure about this. But one look at him and I don't care—he's come apart in the bath because of me. I sit back and watch him, a triumphant, gloating smile tugging at the corners of my lips.</p> <p>His breathing is ragged. Opening his eyes, he glares at me. "Don't you have a gag reflex?" he asks, astonished. "Christ, Ana... that was... good, really good. Unexpected, though." He frowns. "You know, you never cease to amaze me."</p>

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	<p>...“Well, you get an A in oral skills. Come, let’s go to bed. I owe you an orgasm.” Orgasm! Another one!</p>
138	<p>His erection is tamed but still substantial... wow.</p> <p>...He wraps me in the towel, pulls me into his arms, and kisses me hard, pushing his tongue into my mouth. I long to reach around and embrace him... touch him... but he has my arms trapped in the towel. I’m soon lost in his kiss. He cradles my head, his tongue exploring my mouth, and I get a sense he’s expressing his gratitude—maybe—for my first blow job?</p> <p>...He kisses me again, sweetly, passionately, before he stands back and stares at me. Then he takes my hand and leads me back to his bedroom, leaving me reeling, so I follow him meekly. Stunned. He really wants this.</p> <p>...I do as he asks, and he binds my wrists together with his tie, knotting it firmly. His eyes are bright with excitement.</p> <p>...I’m mesmerized by his tongue as it sweeps slowly over his upper lip.</p> <p>...He leans down and plants a chaste, swift kiss on my lips.</p> <p>“I’m going to kiss you all over, Miss Steele.” He cups my chin, pushing it up, giving him access to my throat. His lips glide down my throat, kissing, sucking, and nipping, to the small dip at the base of my neck. My body leaps to attention... everywhere. My recent bath experience has made my skin hypersensitive. My heated blood pools low in my belly, between my legs, right down there.</p> <p>I groan. I want to touch him. I move my hands and rather awkwardly, given I’m restrained, feel his hair. He stops kissing me and glares at me, shaking his head from side to side, tutting as he does. He reaches for my hands and places them above my head again.</p> <p>“Don’t move your hands, or we just have to start all over again,” he scolds me mildly. Oh, he’s such a tease.</p> <p>“I want to touch you.” My voice is all breathy and out of control.</p> <p>“I know. Keep your hands above your head,” he orders, his voice forceful.</p> <p>He cups my chin again and starts to kiss my throat as before. Oh... he’s so frustrating. His hands run down my body and over my breasts as he reaches the dip at the base of my neck with his lips. He swirls the tip of his nose around it then begins a very leisurely cruise with his mouth, heading south, following the path of his hands, down my sternum to my breasts. Each one is kissed and nipped gently and my nipples tenderly sucked. Holy crap. My hips start swaying and moving of their own accord, grinding to the rhythm of his mouth on me, and I’m desperately trying to remember to keep my hands above my head.</p> <p>“Keep still,” he warns, his breath warm against my skin. Reaching my navel, he dips his tongue inside, then gently grazes my belly with his teeth. My body bows off the bed.</p> <p>“Hmm. You are so sweet, Miss Steele.” His nose glides along the line between my belly and my pubic hair, biting me gently, teasing me with his tongue. Sitting up suddenly, he kneels at my feet, grasping both of my ankles and spreading my legs wide.</p> <p>Holy shit.</p> <p>He grabs my left foot, bends my knee, and brings my foot up to his mouth. Watching and assessing my every reaction, he tenderly kisses each of my toes, then bites each one of them softly on the pads. When he reaches my little toe, he bites harder, and I convulse, whimpering. He glides his tongue up my instep—and I can no longer watch him. It’s too erotic. I’m going to combust. I squeeze my eyes shut and try to absorb and manage all the sensations he’s creating. He kisses my ankle and trails kisses up my calf to my knee, stopping just above. He then starts on my right foot, repeating the whole, seductive, mind-blowing process.</p>

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	<p>“Oh, please,” I moan as he bites my little toe, the action resonating deep in my belly.</p> <p>“All good things, Miss Steele,” he breathes.</p> <p>This time he doesn’t stop at my knee—he continues up the inside of my thigh, pushing my thighs apart as he does. And I know what he’s going to do, and part of me wants to push him off because I’m mortified and embarrassed. He’s going to kiss me there! I know it. And part of me is glorying in the anticipation. He turns to my other knee and kisses his way up my thigh, kissing, licking, sucking, and then he’s between my legs, running his nose up and down my sex, very softly, very gently. I writhe... Oh my.</p> <p>He stops, waiting for me to calm. I do and raise my head to gaze at him, my mouth open as my pounding heart struggles to calm.</p> <p>“Do you know how intoxicating you smell, Miss Steele?” he murmurs, and keeping his eyes on mine, he pushes his nose into my pubic hair and inhales.</p> <p>I blush scarlet everywhere, feeling faint, and I instantly close my eyes. I can’t watch him do that!</p> <p>He blows gently up the length of my sex. Oh, fuck...</p> <p>“I like this.” He gently tugs at my pubic hair. “Perhaps we’ll keep this.”</p> <p>“Oh, please,” I beg.</p> <p>“Hmm, I like it when you beg me, Anastasia.” I groan.</p> <p>“Tit for tat is not my usual style, Miss Steele,” he whispers as he gently blows up and down me. “But you’ve pleased me today, and you should be rewarded.” I hear the wicked grin in his voice, and while my body is singing from his words, his tongue starts to slowly circle my clitoris as his hands hold down my thighs.</p> <p>“Aargh!” I moan as my body bows and convulses at the touch of his tongue.</p> <p>He swirls his tongue around and around, again and again, keeping up the torture. I’m losing all sense of self, every atom of my being concentrating hard on that small, potent powerhouse at the apex of my thighs. My legs go rigid, and he slips his finger inside me, and I hear his growling groan.</p> <p>“Oh, baby. I love that you’re so wet for me.”</p> <p>He moves his finger in a wide circle, stretching me, pulling at me, his tongue mirroring his actions. I groan. It is too much... My body begs for relief, and I can no longer deny it. I let go, losing all cogent thought as my orgasm seizes me, wringing my insides again and again.</p> <p>Holy fuck.</p> <p>I cry out, and the world dips and disappears from view as the force of my climax renders everything null and void.</p> <p>I am panting and vaguely hear the rip of foil. Very slowly he eases into me and starts to move. The feeling is sore and sweet and bold and gentle all at once.</p> <p>“How’s this?” he asks.</p> <p>“Fine. Good.”</p> <p>And he really starts to move, fast, hard, and large, thrusting into me over and over, implacable, pushing me and pushing me until I am close to the edge again. I whimper.</p> <p>“Come for me, baby.” His voice is harsh, hard, raw at my ear, and I explode around him as he pounds rapidly into me.</p> <p>“Thank fuck,” he whispers, and he thrusts hard once more and groans as he reaches his climax, pressing himself into me. Then he stills, his body rigid.</p> <p>Collapsing on top of me, I feel his full weight forcing me into the mattress. I pull my tied hands over his neck and hold him the best I can.</p>

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149	<p>No doubt he thinks I've succumbed to Mr. Grey's dubious sexual habits. Not yet, just his exceptional sexual habits, or perhaps sex is like that for everyone.</p> <p>... "Stop biting your lip, or I will fuck you in the elevator, and I don't care who gets in with us."</p>
150	<p>"You, defying me." He reaches down, cups my chin, and plants a swift, sweet kiss on my lips as the doors to the elevator open.</p>
153	<p>"I've never slept with anyone, never had sex in my bed, never flown a girl in Charlie Tango, never introduced a woman to my mother. What are you doing to me?"</p> <p>... "What's vanilla sex?" I ask, if anything to distract myself from the intense, burning, sexy look he's giving me.</p> <p>He laughs. "Just straightforward sex, Anastasia. No toys, no add-ons." He shrugs. "You know—well, actually you don't, but that's what it means."</p> <p>"Oh." I thought it was chocolate fudge brownie sex that we had, with a cherry on the top. But hey, what do I know?</p> <p>... "Why have you never had vanilla sex before? Have you always done... what you've done?" I ask, intrigued.</p> <p>... "One of my mother's friends seduced me when I was fifteen."</p> <p>"Oh." Holy shit, that's young!</p> <p>"She had very particular tastes. I was her submissive for six years." He shrugs.</p>
159	<p>Much better than He's got a Red Room of Pain, and he wants to make me his sex slave.</p>
176	<p>I flush at the memory of his hands and his mouth on me, his body inside mine. Closing my eyes, I feel the familiar delicious pull of my muscles from deep, deep down. I want to do that again and again. Maybe if I just sign up for the sex...</p>
187	<p>Quite frankly, I have a mind to run to The Heathman Hotel and just demand sex from the control freak.</p>
191	<p>I take preemptive action and launch myself at him. Somehow he moves, I have no idea how, and in the blink of an eye I'm on the bed, pinned beneath him, my arms stretched out and held above my head, his free hand clutching my face, and his mouth finding mine.</p> <p>His tongue is in my mouth, claiming and possessing me, and I revel in the force he uses. I feel him against the length of my body. He wants me, and this does strange, delicious things to my insides.</p> <p>...I'm tied, literally, to my bed, and I'm so aroused.</p> <p>He slides off me and stands beside the bed, staring down at me, his eyes dark with want.</p> <p>...He removes my shoes and my socks efficiently and slowly peels off my sweatpants. Oh, what panties am I wearing? He lifts me and pulls the quilt and my duvet out from under me and places me back down, this time on the sheets.</p> <p>"Now, then." He licks his bottom lip slowly. "You're biting that lip, Anastasia. You know the effect it has on me." He places his long index finger over my mouth, a warning.</p> <p>Oh my. I can barely contain myself, lying helpless, watching him move gracefully around my room. It's a heady aphrodisiac. Slowly, almost leisurely, he removes his shoes and socks, undoes his pants, and lifts his shirt off over his head.</p> <p>"I think you've seen too much." He chuckles slyly. He sits astride me again, pulls my T-shirt up, and I think he's going to take it off me, but he rolls it up to my neck and then pulls it up over my head so he can see my mouth and my nose, but it covers my eyes. And because it's folded over, I cannot see a thing through it.</p> <p>...Leaning down, he kisses me, his lips tender against mine, and his weight shifts off the bed.</p>

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	<p>...He shuts the door and shuffles around and unzips his pants. There's a thud on a floor, and he steps out of them, and I know he's naked.</p> <p>He sits astride me again. "Are you thirsty, Anastasia?" he asks, his voice teasing.</p> <p>"Yes," I breathe, because my mouth is suddenly parched. The ice clinks against the glass, and he leans down and kisses me, pouring a delicious, crisp liquid into my mouth. It's white wine. It's so unexpected, so hot, though it's chilled and Christian's lips are cool.</p> <p>"More?" he whispers.</p> <p>I nod. It tastes all the more divine because it's been in his mouth. He leans down, and I drink another mouthful from his lips... Holy crap.</p> <p>...I grin at his teasing, and he leans down to deliver another delicious mouthful. He shifts so he's lying beside me, his erection at my hip. Oh, I want him inside me.</p> <p>"Is this nice?" he asks, but I hear the edge in his voice.</p> <p>I tense. He moves the glass again and leans down, kissing me and depositing a small shard of ice in my mouth with a little wine. He slowly and leisurely skims chilled kisses down the center of my body, from the base of my throat to between my breasts, down my torso to my belly. He pops a fragment of ice in my navel in a pool of cool, cold wine. It burns all the way down to the depths of my belly. Wow.</p> <p>"Now you have to keep still," he whispers. "If you move, Anastasia, you'll get wine all over the bed."</p> <p>My hips flex automatically.</p> <p>"Oh no. If you spill the wine, I will punish you, Miss Steele."</p> <p>I groan and desperately fight the urge to tilt my hips, pulling on my restraint. Oh no... please.</p> <p>With one finger, he pulls down my bra cups in turn, my breasts pushed up, exposed and vulnerable. Leaning down, he kisses and tugs at each of my nipples in turn with cool, skilled lips. I fight my body as it tries to arch in response.</p> <p>"How nice is this?" he breathes, blowing on one of my nipples.</p> <p>I hear another clink of ice, then I feel it around my right nipple as he tugs the left one with his lips. I moan, struggling not to move. It's sweet, agonizing torture.</p> <p>"If you spill the wine, I won't let you come."</p> <p>"Oh... please... Christian... Sir... Please." He's driving me insane. I hear him smile.</p> <p>The ice in my navel is melting. I'm beyond warm—warm and chilled and wanting. Wanting him, inside me. Now.</p> <p>His cool fingers trail languidly across my belly. My skin is oversensitive, my hips flex automatically, and the now-warmer liquid from my navel seeps over my belly. Christian moves quickly, lapping it up with his tongue, kissing, biting me softly, sucking.</p> <p>"Oh dear, Anastasia, you moved. What am I going to do to you?"</p> <p>I'm panting loudly. All I can concentrate on is his voice and his touch. Nothing else is real. Nothing else matters, nothing else registers on my radar. His fingers slip into my panties, and I'm rewarded with his unguarded sharp intake of air.</p> <p>"Oh, baby," he murmurs, and he pushes two fingers inside me.</p> <p>I moan.</p> <p>"Ready for me so soon," he says, moving his fingers tantalizingly slowly, in, out. And I push against him, tilting my hips up.</p> <p>"You are a greedy girl," he scolds softly, and his thumb circles my clitoris and then presses down.</p> <p>I groan loudly as my body bucks beneath his expert fingers. He reaches up and pushes the T-</p>

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	<p>shirt over my head so I can see him. I blink in the soft light.</p> <p>"I want to touch you," I plead.</p> <p>"I know." He leans down and kisses me, his fingers still moving rhythmically inside me, his thumb circling and pressing. His other hand scoops my hair off my head and holds my head in place. His tongue mirrors the actions of his fingers, claiming me. My legs begin to stiffen as I push against his hand. He gentles his hand, so I'm brought back from the brink. He does this again and again. It's so frustrating... Oh, please, Christian, I scream in my head.</p> <p>"This is your punishment, so close and yet so far. Is this nice?" he breathes in my ear. I whimper, exhausted, pulling against my restraint. I'm helpless, lost in an erotic torment.</p> <p>"Please," I beg, and he finally takes pity on me.</p> <p>"How shall I fuck you, Anastasia?"</p> <p>Oh... my body starts to quiver. He stills again.</p> <p>"Please."</p> <p>"What do you want, Anastasia?"</p> <p>"You... now," I cry.</p> <p>"Shall I fuck you this way, or this way, or this way? There's an endless choice," he breathes against my lips. He withdraws his hand and reaches over to the bedside table for a foil packet. He kneels up between my legs, and very slowly he pulls my panties off, staring down at me, his eyes gleaming. He puts on the condom. I watch fascinated, mesmerized.</p> <p>"How nice is this?" he says as he strokes himself.</p> <p>"I meant it as a joke," I whimper. Please fuck me, Christian.</p> <p>He raises his eyebrows as his hand moves up and down his impressive length. "A joke?" His voice is menacingly soft.</p> <p>"Yes. Please, Christian," I beseech him.</p> <p>"Are you laughing now?"</p> <p>"No," I mewl.</p> <p>I'm a ball of tense sexual desire. He stares down at me, measuring my need, then he grabs me suddenly and flips me over. It takes me by surprise, and because my hands are tied, I have to support myself on my elbows. He pushes both my knees up the bed so my behind is in the air, and he slaps me hard. Before I can react, he plunges inside me. I cry out—from the slap and from his sudden assault, and I come instantly, again and again, falling apart beneath him as he continues to slam deliciously into me. He doesn't stop. I'm spent. I can't take this... and he pounds on and on and on... then I'm building again... Surely not... no...</p> <p>"Come on, Anastasia, again," he growls through clenched teeth, and unbelievably, my body responds, convulsing around him as I climax anew, calling out his name. I shatter again into tiny fragments, and Christian stills, finally letting go, silently finding his release. He collapses on top of me, breathing hard.</p> <p>"How nice was that?" he asks through his gritted teeth.</p> <p>Holy Hell.</p> <p>I lie panting and spent on the bed, eyes closed as he slowly pulls out of me. He rises immediately and dresses. When he's fully clothed, he climbs back on the bed and gently undoes my binding and pulls my T-shirt off.</p>
199	<p>This is the first time I have ever had sex in my home, and as sex goes, I think it was pretty damn fine.</p> <p>...You wanted to run to The Heathman for sex—you had it express delivered.</p>

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200	<p>“Wednesday,” he confirms, and he leans forward and kisses me softly. Something changes while he’s kissing me; his lips grow more urgent against mine, his hand moves up from my chin and he’s holding the side of my head, his other hand on the other side. His breathing accelerates. He deepens the kiss, leaning into me.</p> <p>...“You have dreadful sex hair.” In spite of my poignant sadness, I laugh. “It was good sex, not dreadful at all.”</p>
202	<p>“No, Kate, we don’t make love, we fuck—Christian’s terminology. He doesn’t do the love thing.”</p>
223	<p>“And right now, I want to peel you out of that dress.”</p> <p>...He’s so good at sex—even I’ve figured this out.</p>
224	<p>“You could be dessert,” he murmurs suggestively.</p> <p>“I’m not sure I’m sweet enough.”</p> <p>“Anastasia, you’re deliciously sweet. I know.”</p> <p>“Christian. You use sex as a weapon. It really isn’t fair,” I whisper, staring down at my hands, and then looking directly at him.</p> <p>...“You’re right. I do. In life you use what you know. Doesn’t change how much I want you. Here. Now.”</p>
226	<p>He leans down to kiss me but pauses before his lips touch mine, his eyes searching mine, wanting, asking permission. I raise my lips to his, and he kisses me, and because I don’t know if I’ll ever kiss him again, I let go—my hands moving of their own accord and twisting into his hair, pulling him to me, my mouth opening, my tongue stroking his. His hand grasps the nape of my neck as he deepens the kiss, responding to my ardor. His other hand slides down my back and flattens at the base of my spine as he pushes me against his body.</p>
231	<p>Christian is standing over me, grasping a plaited-leather riding crop. He’s wearing old, faded, ripped Levis and that’s all. He flicks the crop slowly into his palm as he gazes down at me. He’s smiling, triumphant. I cannot move. I am naked and shackled, spread-eagled on a large four-poster bed. Reaching forward, he trails the tip of the crop from my forehead down the length of my nose, so I smell the leather, and over my parted, panting lips. He pushes the tip into my mouth so I can taste the smooth, rich leather.</p> <p>“Suck,” he commands, his voice soft.</p> <p>My mouth closes over the tip as I obey.</p> <p>“Enough,” he snaps.</p> <p>I’m panting once more as he tugs the crop out of my mouth, trails it down and under my chin, on down my neck to the hollow at the base of my throat. He swirls it slowly there and then continues to drag the tip down my body, along my sternum, between my breasts, over my torso, down to my navel. I’m panting, squirming, pulling against my restraints that are biting into my wrists and my ankles. He swirls the tip around my navel, then continues to trail the leather tip south, through my pubic hair to my clitoris. He flicks the crop and it hits my sweet spot with a sharp slap, and I come, gloriously, shouting my release.</p> <p>...I didn’t know I could dream sex.</p> <p>...I had no idea that I could orgasm in my sleep.</p>
241	<p>So are you going to introduce Ray to the man you’re fucking?</p>
255	<p>Does the Submissive consent to:</p> <p>Masturbation</p> <p>Cunnilingus</p>

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	<p>Fellatio</p> <p>Swallowing semen</p> <p>Vaginal intercourse</p> <p>Vaginal fisting</p> <p>Anal intercourse</p> <p>Anal fisting</p> <p>“No fisting, you say. Anything else you object to?” he asks softly.</p> <p>I swallow. “Anal intercourse doesn’t exactly float my boat.”</p> <p>“I’ll agree to the fisting, but I’d really like to claim your ass, Anastasia. But we’ll wait for that. Besides, it’s not something we can dive into.” He smirks at me. “Your ass will need training.”</p> <p>“Training?” I whisper.</p> <p>“Oh yes. It’ll need careful preparation. Anal intercourse can be very pleasurable, trust me. But if we try it and you don’t like it, we don’t have to do it again.”</p> <p>...“And... swallowing semen. Well, you get an A in that.”</p> <p>...“So, swallowing semen okay?”</p> <p>...“Sex toys?” he asks.</p> <p>...I shrug, glancing down the list.</p> <p>Does the Submissive consent to the use of:</p> <p>Vibrators</p> <p>Butt plugs</p> <p>Dildos</p> <p>Other vaginal/ anal toys</p> <p>“Butt plug? Does it do what it says on the box?” I scrunch my nose up in distaste.</p> <p>“Yes.” He smiles. “And I refer to anal intercourse above. Training.” “Oh. What’s in ‘other’?”</p> <p>“Beads, eggs, that sort of stuff.”</p> <p>“Eggs?” I’m alarmed.</p> <p>“Not real eggs.” He laughs loudly, shaking his head.</p> <p>...Does the Submissive consent to:</p> <p>Bondage with rope</p> <p>Bondage with leather cuffs</p> <p>Bondage with handcuffs/ shackles/ manacles</p> <p>Bondage with tape</p> <p>Bondage with other</p> <p>Christian raises his eyebrow. “Well?”</p> <p>“Fine,” I whisper and quickly look back at the list.</p> <p>Does the Submissive consent to be restrained with:</p> <p>Hands bound in front</p> <p>Ankles bound</p> <p>Elbows bound</p> <p>Hands bound behind back</p> <p>Knees bound</p> <p>Wrists bound to ankles</p> <p>Binding to fixed items, furniture, etc.</p> <p>Binding with spreader bar</p> <p>Suspension</p> <p>Does the Submissive consent to be blindfolded?</p> <p>Does the Submissive consent to be gagged?</p>

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	<p>“We’ve talked about suspension. And it’s fine if you want to set that as a hard limit. It takes a great deal of time, and I only have you for short periods anyway. Anything else?”</p> <p>“Don’t laugh at me, but what’s a spreader bar?”</p> <p>...“A spreader is a bar with cuffs for ankles and/ or wrists. They’re fun.”</p> <p>...Spanking</p> <p>Whipping</p> <p>Biting</p> <p>Genital clamps</p> <p>Hot wax Paddling</p> <p>Caning</p> <p>Nipple clamps</p> <p>Ice Other types/ methods of pain</p> <p>“Well, you said no to genital clamps. That’s fine. It’s caning that hurts the most.”</p>
260	<p>“Come on, Anastasia, talking through all this, I want to fuck you into next week, right now. It must be having some effect on you, too.”</p>
262	<p>He kisses me passionately, forcing my lips apart with his tongue, taking no prisoners. My blood heats immediately, and I’m returning his kiss with my own passion. I want him badly—in spite of the car, the books, the soft limits... the caning... I want him.</p> <p>“It’s taking all my self-control not to fuck you on the hood of this car right now, just to show you that you are mine, and if I want to buy you a fucking car, I’ll buy you a fucking car,” he growls. “Now let’s get you inside and naked.” He plants a swift rough kiss on me.</p> <p>...“Turn around,” he whispers. “I want to get you out of that dress.”</p> <p>...He places his index finger at the nape of my neck and achingly slowly drags it down my spine, his fingernail grazing my skin.</p> <p>...His nose skims past my ear down my neck, and he trails soft, featherlight kisses along my shoulder.</p> <p>My breathing changes, becoming shallow, rushed, full of expectation. His fingers are at my zipper. Achingly slow, once more he eases it down while his lips move, licking and kissing and sucking their way across to my other shoulder. He is so tantalizingly good at this. My body resonates, and I start to squirm languidly beneath his touch.</p> <p>“You are going to have to learn to keep still,” he whispers, kissing me around my nape between each word.</p> <p>He tugs at the fastening at the halter neck, and the dress drops and pools at my feet.</p> <p>“No bra, Miss Steele. I like that.”</p> <p>His hands reach around and cup my breasts, and my nipples pucker at his touch.</p> <p>“Lift your arms and put them around my head,” he says against my neck.</p> <p>I obey immediately, and my breasts rise and push into his hands, my nipples hardening further. My fingers weave into his soft, sexy hair, and I tug very gently. I roll my head to one side to give him easier access to my neck.</p> <p>“Mmm...” he murmurs into that space behind my ear as he starts to extend my nipples with his long fingers, mirroring my hands in his hair.</p> <p>I groan as the sensation registers sharp and clear in my groin.</p> <p>“Shall I make you come this way?”</p> <p>I arch my back to force my breasts into his expert hands.</p> <p>“You like this, don’t you, Miss Steele?”</p> <p>“Mmm...”</p>

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	<p>“Tell me.” He continues the slow, sensuous torture, pulling gently. “Yes.” “Yes, what.” “Yes... Sir.”</p> <p>“Good girl.” He pinches me hard, and my body writhes convulsively against his front. I gasp at the exquisite, acute pleasure/ pain. I feel him against me. I moan and my hands clench in his hair, pulling harder.</p> <p>“I don’t think you’re ready to come yet,” he whispers, stilling his hands, and he gently bites my earlobe and tugs at it. “Besides, you have displeased me.”</p> <p>Oh... no, what will this mean? My brain registers through the fog of needy desire as I groan. “So perhaps I won’t let you come after all.” He returns the attention of his fingers to my nipples, pulling, twisting, kneading.</p> <p>I grind my behind against him, moving side to side.</p> <p>I feel his grin against my neck as his hands move down to my hips. His fingers hook into my panties at the back, stretching them, and he pushes his thumbs through the material, shredding them and tossing them in front of me so I can see... Holy shit. His hands move down to my sex, and from behind, he slowly inserts his finger.</p> <p>“Oh yes. My sweet girl is ready,” he breathes as he whirls me around so I’m facing him. His breathing has quickened. He puts his finger in his mouth. “You taste so fine, Miss Steele.” He sighs.</p> <p>Holy shit. His finger tastes salty... from me.</p> <p>“Undress me,” he commands quietly, staring down at me, eyes hooded.</p> <p>All I’m wearing are my shoes. I’m taken aback. I’ve never undressed a man.</p> <p>“You can do it,” he cajoles softly.</p> <p>I blink rapidly. Where to start? I reach for his T-shirt, and he grabs my hands, smiling slyly at me.</p> <p>“Oh no.” He shakes his head, grinning. “Not the T-shirt. You may need to touch me for what I have planned.” His eyes are alive with excitement.</p> <p>Oh, this is news... I can touch with clothes.</p> <p>He takes one of my hands and places it against his erection. “This is the effect you have on me, Miss Steele.”</p> <p>I gasp and flex my fingers around his girth, and he grins. “I want to be inside you. Take my jeans off. You’re in charge.”</p> <p>Holy fuck... me in charge. My mouth drops open.</p> <p>“What are you going to do with me?” he teases.</p> <p>Oh, the possibilities... My inner goddess roars, and from somewhere born of frustration, need, and sheer Steele bravery, I push him on the bed. He laughs as he falls, and I gaze down at him, feeling victorious. My inner goddess is going to explode. I yank off his shoes, quickly, clumsily, and his socks. He’s staring up at me, his eyes luminous with amusement and desire. He looks... glorious... Mine. I crawl up the bed and sit astride him to undo his jeans, sliding my fingers under the waistband, feeling the hair in his oh-so-happy trail. He closes his eyes and flexes his hips.</p> <p>“You’ll have to learn to keep still,” I scold, and I tug at the hair under his waistband.</p> <p>His breath hitches, and he grins at me. “Yes, Miss Steele,” he says, eyes burning bright. “In my pocket, condom,” he adds.</p> <p>I search in his pocket slowly, watching his face as I feel around. His mouth is open. I fish out both foil packets that I find and lay them on the bed by his hips. Two! My overeager fingers reach for the button of his waistband and undo it, fumbling a little. I am beyond excited.</p> <p>“So eager, Miss Steele.” His voice is laced with humor. I tug down the zipper, and now I’m</p>

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	<p>faced with the problem of removing his pants... Hmm. I shuffle down and pull. They hardly move. I frown. How can this be so difficult?</p> <p>"I can't keep still if you're going to bite that lip," he warns, then arches his pelvis up off the bed so I'm able to tug down his trousers and his boxers at the same time. Whoa. Freeing him. He kicks his clothes to the floor.</p> <p>Holy Moses, he's all mine to play with, and suddenly it's Christmas.</p> <p>"Now what are you going to do?" All trace of his humor has gone.</p> <p>I reach up and touch him, watching his expression as I do. His mouth shapes like a letter O as he takes a sharp breath. His skin is so smooth and velvety... and hard... Hmm, what a delicious combination. I lean forward, my hair falling around me, and he's in my mouth. I suck, hard.</p> <p>He closes his eyes, his hips jerking beneath me. "Jeez, Ana, steady," he groans.</p> <p>I feel so powerful; it's such an exhilarating feeling, teasing and testing him with my mouth and tongue. He tenses underneath me as I run my mouth up and down, pushing him to the back of my throat, my lips tight... again and again.</p> <p>"Stop, Ana, stop. I don't want to come."</p> <p>I sit up, blinking at him, and I'm panting like him, but confused. I thought I was in charge? My inner goddess looks like someone snatched her ice cream.</p> <p>"Your innocence and enthusiasm is very disarming," he gasps. "You, on top, that's what we need to do."</p> <p>Oh.</p> <p>"Here, put this on." He hands me a foil packet.</p> <p>Holy crap. How? I rip the packet open, and the rubbery condom is all tacky in my fingers.</p> <p>"Pinch the top and then roll it down. You don't want any air in the end of that sucker," he pants.</p> <p>And very slowly, concentrating hard, I do as I'm told.</p> <p>"Christ, you're killing me here," he groans.</p> <p>I admire my handiwork and him. He really is a fine specimen of a man. Looking at him is very, very arousing.</p> <p>"Now. I want to be buried inside you."</p> <p>I stare down at him, daunted, and he sits up suddenly so we're nose to nose.</p> <p>"Like this," he murmurs, and he snakes one hand around my hips, lifting me, and with the other he positions himself beneath me and, very slowly, eases me onto him.</p> <p>I groan as he stretches me open, filling me, my mouth hanging open in surprise at the sweet, sublime, agonizing, overfull feeling. Oh... please.</p> <p>"That's right, baby, feel me, all of me," he growls and briefly closes his eyes.</p> <p>And he's inside me, sheathed to the hilt, and he holds me in place, for seconds... minutes... I have no idea, staring intently into my eyes.</p> <p>"It's deep this way." He flexes and swivels his hips in the same motion, and I groan. The sensation radiates throughout my belly... everywhere. Fuck!</p> <p>"Again," I whisper. He grins a lazy grin and obliges.</p> <p>Moaning, I throw my head up, my hair tumbling down my back, and very slowly, he sinks down onto the bed.</p> <p>"You move, Anastasia, up and down, how you want. Take my hands," he offers, his voice hoarse and low and oh-so-sexy.</p> <p>I clasp his hands, holding on for life. Gently I push off him and back down. His eyes are burning with wild anticipation. His breathing is ragged, matching mine, and he lifts his pelvis</p>

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	<p>as I come down, bouncing me back up. We pick up the rhythm... up, down, up, down... over and over... and it feels so... good. Between my panting breaths, the deep down, brimming fullness... the vehement sensation pulsing through me that's building quickly, I watch him, our eyes locked... and I see wonder there, wonder at me.</p> <p>I am fucking him. I am in charge. He's mine, and I'm his. The thought pushes me, weighted with concrete, over the edge, and I climax around him... shouting incoherently. He grabs my hips, and closing his eyes, tipping his head back, his jaw strained, he comes quietly. I collapse on his chest, overwhelmed, somewhere between fantasy and reality, a place where there are no hard or soft limits.</p>
270	<p>"Miss Steele, you are not just a pretty face. You've had six orgasms so far and all of them belong to me," he boasts, playful again.</p> <p>..."I had a dream this morning."</p> <p>"Oh?" He glares at me.</p> <p>..."I came in my sleep."</p>
272	<p>"I'd like you to stay and use this." I hold up the second condom.</p>
273	<p>"I told you what I'd do. I'm a man of my word. I'm going to spank you, and then I'm going to fuck you very quick and very hard. Looks like we'll need that condom after all."</p> <p>...He holds his hand out, and I place the condom in his palm. Suddenly he grabs me, tipping me across his lap. With one smooth movement, he angles his body so my torso is resting on the bed beside him. He throws his right leg over both of mine and plants his left forearm on the small of my back, holding me down so I cannot move. Oh fuck.</p> <p>"Put your hands up on either side of your head," he orders.</p> <p>...Very slowly, he pulls down my sweatpants.</p> <p>...He places his hand on my naked behind, softly fondling me, stroking around and around with his flat palm. And then his hand is no longer there... and he hits me—hard. Ow! My eyes spring open in response to the pain, and I try to rise, but his hand moves between my shoulder blades, keeping me down. He caresses me again where he's hit me, and his breathing's changed—it's louder, harsher. He hits me again and again, quickly in succession. Holy fuck it hurts. I make no sound, my face screwed up against the pain. I try to wriggle away from the blows—spurred on by adrenaline spiking and coursing through my body.</p> <p>"Keep still," he growls, "or I'll spank you for longer."</p> <p>He's rubbing me now, and the blow follows. A rhythmic pattern emerges: caress, fondle, hard slap.</p> <p>..."Well done, Anastasia. Now I'm going to fuck you."</p> <p>He caresses my behind gently, and it burns as he strokes me around and around and down. Suddenly, he inserts two fingers inside me, taking me completely by surprise. I gasp, this new assault breaking through the numbness around my brain.</p> <p>"Feel this. See how much your body likes this, Anastasia. You're soaking, just for me." There is awe in his voice. He moves his fingers in and out in quick succession.</p> <p>I groan. No, surely not. And then his fingers are gone... and I'm left wanting.</p> <p>"Next time, I will get you to count. Now, where's that condom?"</p> <p>He reaches beside him for the condom and lifts me gently, pushing me facedown onto the bed. I hear the sound of his zipper and the rip of the foil. He pulls my sweatpants off completely and then guides me into a kneeling position, gently caressing my now very sore behind.</p> <p>"I'm going to take you now. You can come," he murmurs.</p>

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	<p>...And he's inside me, quickly filling me. I moan loudly. He moves, pounding into me, a fast, intense pace against my sore behind. The feeling is beyond exquisite, raw and debasing and mind-blowing. My senses are ravaged, disconnected, solely concentrating on what he's doing to me. How he's making me feel that familiar pull deep in my belly, tightening, quickening. No... and my traitorous body explodes in an intense, body-shattering orgasm. "Oh, Ana!" he cries out loudly as he finds his release, holding me in place as he pours himself into me. He collapses, panting hard beside me, and he pulls me on top of him and buries his face in my hair, holding me close.</p>
283	<p>Now please do not refer to yourself as "some woman I fuck occasionally" because, quite frankly, it makes me MAD, and you really wouldn't like me when I'm angry.</p>
287	<p>"It's the way I'm made, Anastasia. I need to control you. I need you to behave in a certain way, and if you don't... I love to watch your beautiful alabaster skin pink and warm up under my hands. It turns me on."</p>
288	<p>"A bit, to see if you can take it. But that's not the whole reason. It's the fact that you are mine to do with as I see fit—ultimate control over someone else. And it turns me on. Big-time. Look, I'm not explaining myself very well. I've never had to before. I've not really thought about this in any great depth. I've always been with like-minded people."</p>
290	<p>I become aware of his erection against my hip. He notices my wide-eyed reaction, and he smiles a slow, sexy smile.</p>
291	<p>He bends and, to my surprise, plants a gentle kiss on my lips.</p>
310	<p>The last time I wore this, he wanted to peel it off me. My body clenches at the thought. The feeling is just exquisite, and I catch my breath.</p>
313	<p>"I'm so glad you're here," he whispers. "I can't wait to get you naked."</p>
316	<p>He kisses me again passionately, then abruptly releases me, taking my hand and leading me to the kitchen.</p>
319	<p>"Good. Lift your arms over your head."</p> <p>I do as instructed, and he reaches down and grabs the hem. Slowly, he pulls my dress up over my thighs, my hips, my belly, my breasts, my shoulders, and over my head. He stands back to examine me and absentmindedly folds my dress, not taking his eyes off me. He places it on the large chest beside the door. Reaching up, he pulls at my chin, his touch searing me.</p> <p>"You're biting your lip. You know what that does to me," he says darkly. "Turn around."</p> <p>I turn immediately, no hesitation. He unclasps my bra, then taking both straps, he slowly pulls it down my arms, brushing my skin with his fingers and the tip of his thumbnails as he slides my bra off. His touch sends shivers down my spine, waking every nerve ending in my body. He's standing behind me, so close that I feel the heat radiating from him, warming me, warming me all over. He pulls my hair so it's all hanging down my back, grasps a handful at my nape, and angles my head to one side. He runs his nose down my exposed neck, inhaling all the way, then back up to my ear. The muscles in my belly clench, carnal and wanting. Jeez, he's hardly touched me, and I want him.</p> <p>"You smell as divine as ever, Anastasia," he whispers as he places a soft kiss beneath my ear.</p> <p>I moan.</p> <p>"Quiet. Don't make a sound."</p> <p>Pulling my hair behind me, to my surprise, he starts braiding it in one large braid, his fingers</p>

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	<p>fast and deft. He ties it with an unseen hair tie when he's finished and gives it a quick tug so I'm forced back against him.</p> <p>"I like your hair braided in here," he says.</p> <p>..."When I tell you to come in here, this is how you will dress. Just in your panties. Do you understand?"</p> <p>..."When I tell you to come in here, I expect you to kneel over there." He points to a spot beside the door. "Do it now."</p> <p>..."Place your hands and forearms flat on your thighs. Good. Now part your knees. Wider. Wider. Perfect. Look down at the floor."</p> <p>He walks over to me, and I can see his feet and shins in my field of vision. Naked feet. I should be taking notes if he wants me to remember. He reaches down and grasps my braid again, then pulls my head back so I am looking up at him. It's only just not painful.</p> <p>"Will you remember this position, Anastasia?"</p> <p>...The top button of his jeans is undone.</p> <p>"I'm going to chain you now, Anastasia. Give me your right hand."</p> <p>I give him my hand. He turns it palm up, and before I know it, he swats the center with a riding crop I hadn't noticed in his right hand. It happens so quickly that the surprise hardly registers. Even more astonishing—it doesn't hurt. Well, not much, just a slight ringing sting.</p> <p>...He shows me the crop. It's brown plaited leather. My eyes jerk up to meet his, and they're alight with fire and a trace of amusement.</p> <p>"We aim to please, Miss Steele," he murmurs. "Come." He takes my elbow and moves me to beneath the grid. He reaches up and takes down some shackles with black leather cuffs.</p> <p>..."We're going to start here, but I want to fuck you standing up. So we'll end up by the wall over there." He points with the riding crop to where the large wooden X is on the wall.</p> <p>"Put your hands above your head."</p> <p>I oblige immediately, feeling like I'm exiting my body—a casual observer of events as they unfold around me. This is beyond fascinating, beyond erotic.</p> <p>...He stands very close as he fastens the cuffs.</p> <p>...He steps back and gazes at me, his expression hooded, salacious, carnal, and I am helpless, my hands tied, but just looking at his lovely face, reading his need and longing for me, I can feel the dampness between my legs. He walks slowly around me.</p> <p>"You look mighty fine trussed up like this, Miss Steele. And your smart mouth quiet for now. I like that."</p> <p>Standing in front of me again, he hooks his fingers into my panties and, at a most unhurried pace, peels them down my legs, stripping me agonizingly slowly, so that he ends up kneeling in front of me. Not taking his eyes off mine, he scrunches my panties in his hand, holds them up to his nose, and inhales deeply.</p> <p>...He grins wickedly at me and tucks them into the pocket of his jeans. Uncoiling from the floor, rising lazily, like a jungle cat, he points the end of the riding crop at my navel, leisurely circling it—tantalizing me.</p> <p>...</p> <p>He walks around me again, trailing the crop around the middle of my body. On his second circuit, he suddenly flicks the crop, and it hits me underneath my behind... against my sex. I cry out in surprise as all my nerve endings stand to attention. I pull against the restraints.</p> <p>..."Quiet," he whispers as he walks around me again, the crop slightly higher around the middle of my body. This time when he flicks it against me in the same place, I'm anticipating it. My body convulses at the sweet, stinging bite.</p>

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	<p>As he makes his way around me, he flicks again, this time hitting my nipple, and I throw my head back as my nerve endings sing. He hits the other... a brief, swift, sweet chastisement. My nipples harden and elongate from the assault, and I moan loudly, pulling on my leather cuffs.</p> <p>“Does that feel good?” he asks.</p> <p>“Yes.”</p> <p>He hits me again across the buttocks. The crop stings this time.</p> <p>...Very slowly, he rains small, biting licks of the crop down my belly, heading south. I know where this is leading, and I try to psyche myself up for it—but when he hits my clitoris, I cry out loudly.</p> <p>“Oh, please!” I groan.</p> <p>“Quiet,” he orders, and he hits me again on my behind.</p> <p>...And suddenly, he’s dragging the crop against my sex, through my pubic hair, down to the entrance of my vagina.</p> <p>“See how wet you are for this, Anastasia. Open your eyes and your mouth.”</p> <p>I do as I’m told, completely seduced. He pushes the tip of the crop into my mouth, like my dream.</p> <p>...“See how you taste. Suck. Suck hard, baby.”</p> <p>My mouth closes around the crop as my eyes lock on his. I can taste the rich leather and the saltiness of my arousal.</p> <p>...He pulls the tip from my mouth, and he stands forward and grabs me and kisses me hard, his tongue invading my mouth. Wrapping his arms around me, he pulls me against him. His chest crushes mine, and I itch to touch, but I can’t, my hands useless above me.</p> <p>“Oh, Anastasia, you taste mighty fine,” he breathes. “Shall I make you come?”</p> <p>“Please,” I beg.</p> <p>The crop bites my buttock. Ow!</p> <p>...He starts small, biting licks of the crop against my belly once more. Moving down, soft small licks against my clitoris, once, twice, three times, again and again, until finally, that’s it—I can take no more—and I come, gloriously, loudly, sagging weakly. His arms curl around me as my legs turn to jelly. I dissolve in his embrace, my head against his chest, and I’m mewling and whimpering as the aftershocks of my orgasm consume me. He lifts me, and suddenly we’re moving, my arms still tethered above my head, and I can feel the cool wood of the polished cross at my back, and he’s popping the buttons on his jeans. He puts me down against the cross briefly while he slides on a condom, and then his hands wrap around my thighs as he lifts me again.</p> <p>“Lift your legs, baby, wrap them around me.”</p> <p>I feel so weak, but I do as he asks as he wraps my legs around his hips and positions himself beneath me. With one thrust, he’s inside me, and I cry out again, listening to his muffled moan at my ear. My arms are resting on his shoulders as he thrusts into me. Jeez, it’s deep this way. He thrusts again and again, his face at my neck, his harsh breathing at my throat. I feel the build up again. Jeez, no... not again... I don’t think my body will withstand another earth-shattering moment. But I have no choice... and with an inevitability that’s becoming familiar, I let go and come again, and it’s sweet and agonizing and intense. I lose all sense of self. Christian follows, shouting his release through clenched teeth and holding me hard and close as he does.</p> <p>He pulls out of me swiftly and sets me down against the cross, his body supporting mine. Unbuckling the cuffs, he frees my hands, and we both sink to the floor. He pulls me into his</p>

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	<p>lap, cradling me, and I lean my head against his chest. ...He stands behind me and grasps my hips, and then quickly lifts me backward so I'm bending forward, still holding the post. "Don't let go, Anastasia," he warns. "I'm going to fuck you hard from behind. Hold the post to support your weight. Understand?" ..."Part your legs." He puts his leg between mine, and holding my hips, he pushes my right leg to the side. "That's better. After this, I'll let you sleep." ...He bends down and kisses me along my spine, gentle featherlight kisses. At the same time, his hands move around to my front, palming my breasts, and as he does this he traps my nipples between his fingers and tugs them gently. I stifle my moan as I feel my whole body respond, coming alive once more for him. He gently bites and sucks me at my waist, tugging my nipples, and my hands tighten on the exquisitely carved post. His hands drop away, and I hear the now familiar tear of foil, and he kicks off his jeans. "You have such a captivating, sexy ass, Anastasia Steele. What I'd like to do to it." His hands smooth and shape each of my buttocks, then his fingers glide down, and he slips two fingers inside me. "So wet. You never disappoint, Miss Steele." I hear the wonder in his voice. "Hold tight. This is going to be quick, baby." He grabs my hips and positions himself, and I brace myself for his intrusion. But he reaches over me and grabs my braid near the end and winds it around his wrist to my nape, holding my head in place. Very slowly he eases into me, pulling my hair at the same time... Oh, the fullness. He eases out of me slowly, and his other hand grabs my hip, holding tight, and then he slams into me, jolting me forward. "Hold on, Anastasia!" he shouts through clenched teeth. I grip the post harder and push back against him as he continues his merciless onslaught, again and again, his fingers digging into my hip. My arms are aching, my legs feel uncertain, my scalp is getting sore from his tugging my hair... and I can feel a gathering deep inside me. Oh no... and for the first time, I fear my orgasm... if I come... I'll collapse. Christian continues to move roughly against me, in me, his breathing harsh, moaning, groaning. My body is responding... how? I feel a quickening. But suddenly, Christian stills, slamming really deep. "Come on, Ana, give it to me," he groans, and my name on his lips sends me over the edge as I become all body and spiraling sensation and sweet, sweet release, and then completely and utterly mindless. ..."I'd say you're thoroughly fucked and in need of sleep."</p>
333	Christian leisurely traces his fingertips down my cheek, and I feel it all the way down there.
346	<p>"I need to be alone with you." "What for?" "Because I'm going to spank and then fuck you."</p>
348	<p>Stepping forward so I am flush against him, I pull gently on his hair, bringing his mouth down to mine, and I kiss him, forcing my tongue between his lips and into his mouth. He groans, and his arms embrace me, pulling me to him. His hands find their way into my hair, and he kisses me back, hard and possessive. His tongue and mine twist and turn together, consuming each other. He tastes divine. ...His hand moves down to my behind. He pulls me sharply against him, against his erection. ..."I want you, and I want you now. And if you're not going to let me spank you, which you</p>

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	<p>deserve, then I'm going to fuck you on the couch this minute, quickly, for my pleasure, not yours."</p> <p>My dress is now barely covering my naked behind. He moves suddenly so that his hand is cupping my sex, and one of his fingers sinks slowly into me. His other arm holds me firmly in place around my waist. I suppress my moan.</p> <p>"This is mine," he whispers aggressively. "All mine. Do you understand?" He eases his finger in and out as he gazes down at me, gauging my reaction, his eyes burning.</p> <p>...</p> <p>Abruptly, he moves, doing several things at once: withdrawing his fingers, leaving me wanting, unzipping his fly, and pushing me down onto the couch so he's lying on top of me. "Hands on your head," he commands through gritted teeth as he kneels, forcing my legs wider, and reaches into the inside pocket of his jacket. He takes out a foil packet, gazing down at me, his expression dark, before shrugging off his jacket so it falls to the floor. He rolls the condom down over his impressive length.</p> <p>I place my hands on my head, and I know it's so I won't touch him. I'm so turned on. I feel my hips already moving up to meet him, wanting him inside me, like this—rough and hard. Oh... the anticipation.</p> <p>"We don't have long. This will be quick, and it's for me, not you. Do you understand? Don't come or I will spank you," he says through clenched teeth.</p> <p>...With one swift thrust, he's fully inside me. I groan loudly, gutturally, and revel in the fullness of his possession. He puts his hands on mine on top of my head, his elbows hold my arms out and down, and his legs pinion me.</p> <p>...He moves quickly and furiously inside me, his breathing harsh at my ear, and my body responds, melting around him. I mustn't come. No. But I'm meeting him thrust for thrust, a perfect counterpoint. Abruptly, and all too soon, he rams into me and stills as he finds his release, air hissing through his teeth. He relaxes momentarily, so I feel his entire, delicious weight on me. I'm not ready to let him go, my body craving relief, but he's so heavy, and in that moment, I can't push against him. All of a sudden, he withdraws, leaving me aching and hungry for more.</p> <p>..."Don't touch yourself. I want you frustrated. That's what you do to me by not talking to me, by denying me what's mine."</p>
357	<p>"One day I will fuck you in this elevator, Anastasia, but right now you're tired—so I think we should stick to a bed."</p> <p>Bending down, he clamps his teeth around my lower lip and pulls gently. I melt against him and hold my breath as my insides unfurl with longing. I reciprocate, fastening my teeth over his top lip, teasing him, and he groans.</p> <p>..."Come on, Miss Steele, you have a big day tomorrow. Sooner you're in bed, sooner you'll be fucked and sooner you can sleep."</p> <p>..."Don't you want to fuck?" he asks.</p> <p>..."I want you to make love to me."</p>
362	<p>He holds out his hand, and in his palm are two shiny silver balls linked with a thick black thread. "These are new," he says emphatically.</p> <p>..."I am going to put these inside you, and then I'm going to spank you, not for punishment, but for your pleasure and mine."</p> <p>..."Then we'll fuck, and if you're still awake, I'll impart some information about my formative years. Agreed?"</p>

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	<p>...“Good girl. Open your mouth.” Mouth? “Wider.” Very gently, he puts the balls in my mouth. “They need lubrication. Suck,” he orders, his voice soft. The balls are cold, smooth, surprisingly heavy, and metallic tasting. My dry mouth pools with saliva as my tongue explores the unfamiliar objects. Christian’s gaze does not leave mine. Holy hell, this is turning me on. ...Gently, he tugs them from my mouth. Moving toward the bed, he throws the duvet aside and sits down on the edge. “Come here.” I stand in front of him. “Now turn around, bend down, and grab your ankles.” I blink at him, and his expression darkens. “Don’t hesitate,” he admonishes me softly, an undercurrent in his voice, and he pops the balls in his mouth. ...I close my eyes tightly as he gently moves my panties to the side and slowly runs his finger up and down my sex. My body braces itself in a heady mix of wild anticipation and arousal. He slides one finger inside me, and he circles it deliciously slowly. Oh, it feels good. I moan. His breathing halts and I hear him gasp as he repeats the motion. He withdraws his finger and very slowly inserts the objects, one slow, delicious ball at a time. ...Once they’re inside me, I can’t really feel them—but then again I know they’re there. He straightens my panties and leans forward, and his lips softly kiss my behind. “Stand up,” he orders, and shakily I get to my feet. Oh! Now I can feel them... sort of. ...The balls pull downward and involuntarily I clench around them. The feeling startles me but not in a bad way. ...As I leave the bedroom, it becomes abundantly clear why he wants me to walk around—as I do, the balls weigh down inside me, massaging me internally. It’s such a weird feeling and not entirely unpleasant. In fact, my breathing accelerates as I stretch up for a glass from the kitchen cabinet, and I gasp. Wow... I may have to keep these. They make me needy, needy for sex. ...I sidle up to him, my blood thrumming through my body, and this time... I’m excited. Aroused. ...Reaching up, he grasps my left hand and he tugs me over his knees. I fall instantly, and he steadies me as I land in his lap. My heart is in my mouth as his hand gently strokes my behind. I’m angled across his lap again so that my torso rests on the bed beside him. This time he doesn’t throw his leg over mine but smooths my hair out of my face and tucks it behind my ear. Once he’s done, he clasps my hair at the nape to hold me in place. He tugs gently and my head shifts back. “I want to see your face while I spank you, Anastasia,” he whispers, all the while softly rubbing my backside. His hand moves down between the cheeks of my behind, and he pushes against my sex, and the full feeling is... I moan. Oh, the sensation is exquisite. “This is for pleasure, Anastasia, mine and yours.” He lifts his hand and brings it down in a resounding slap against the junction of my thighs, my behind, and my sex. The balls are forced forward inside me, and I’m lost in a quagmire of sensation. The stinging across my behind, the fullness of the balls inside me, and the fact</p>

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	<p>that he's holding me down.</p> <p>...He caresses my backside again, trailing his palm across my skin and over my underwear. Why's he not removed my panties? Then his palm disappears, and he brings it down again. I groan as the sensation spreads. He starts a pattern: left to right and then down. The down ones are the best. Everything moving forward, inside me... and in between each smack he caresses me, kneads me—so I am massaged inside and out. It's such a stimulating, erotic feeling, and for some reason, because this is on my terms, I don't mind the pain.</p> <p>...He pauses as he slowly peels my panties down my legs. I writhe on his legs, not because I want to escape the blows, but I want more... a release, something. His touch against my sensitized skin is all sensuous tingle. It's overwhelming, and he starts again. A few soft slaps, then building up, left to right and down. Oh, the downs. I groan.</p> <p>...He spans me twice more, then pulls at the small threads attached to the balls and jerks them out of me suddenly. I almost climax—the feeling is out of this world. Moving swiftly, he gently turns me over. I hear rather than see the rip of the foil packet, and then he's lying beside me. He seizes my hands, hoists them over my head, and eases himself onto me, into me, sliding slowly, filling me where the silver globes have been. I groan loudly.</p> <p>"Oh, baby," he whispers as he moves back, forward, a slow sensual tempo, savoring me, feeling me.</p> <p>It is the most gentle he's ever been, and it takes no time at all for me to fall over the edge, spiraling into a delicious, violent, exhausting orgasm. As I clench around him, it ignites his release, and he slides into me, stilling, gasping out my name in desperate wonder.</p> <p>"Ana!"</p> <p>He's silent and panting on top of me, his hands still entwined in mine above my head. Finally, he leans back and stares down at me.</p> <p>"I enjoyed that," he whispers, then kisses me sweetly.</p>
368	<p>I'm in this fantasy apartment, having fantasy sex with my fantasy boyfriend, when the grim reality is he wants a special arrangement, though he's said he'll try more.</p> <p>...I clamber out of bed feeling stiff and, for want of a better expression, well used. Yes, that would be all the sex, then.</p>
371	<p>He leans down and gently kisses me, and I can't help myself. I throw my arms around his neck and my fingers twist in his still-damp hair. Pushing my body flush against his, I kiss him back. I want him.</p> <p>My attack takes him by surprise, but after a beat, he responds, a low groan in his throat. His hands slip into my hair and down my back to cup my naked behind, his tongue exploring my mouth.</p> <p>..."I suggest you go have your shower, or shall I lay you across my desk now?"</p> <p>"I choose the desk," I whisper recklessly as desire sweeps like adrenaline through my system, waking everything in its path.</p> <p>..."You want it, you got it, baby," he declares, producing a foil packet from his pants pocket while he unzips his pants. Oh, Mr. Boy Scout. He rolls the condom over his erection and gazes down at me. "I sure hope you're ready." A salacious smile spreads across his face. And in a moment, he's filling me, holding my wrists tightly by my side, and thrusting into me deeply.</p> <p>I groan. Oh yes.</p> <p>"Ah... Christ, Ana. You're so ready," he rasps in veneration.</p> <p>Wrapping my legs around his waist, I hold him the only way I can as he stays standing,</p>

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	<p>staring down at me, gray eyes glowing, passionate and possessive. He starts to move, really move. This is not making love, this is fucking—and I love it. I groan. It’s so raw and carnal, making me wanton. I revel in his possession, his lust slaking mine. He moves with ease, luxuriating in me, enjoying me, his lips slightly parted as his breathing increases. He twists his hips from side to side, and the feeling is exquisite.</p> <p>I close my eyes, feeling the buildup—that delicious, slow, step-climbing build. Pushing me higher, higher to the castle in the air. Oh yes... His stroke increases fractionally. I moan loudly. I am all sensation... all him, enjoying every thrust, every push that fills me. And he picks up the pace, thrusting faster... harder... and my whole body is moving to his rhythm, and I feel my legs stiffening, and my insides quivering and quickening.</p> <p>“Come on, baby, give it up for me,” he cajoles through gritted teeth, and the fervent need in his voice—the strain—sends me over the edge.</p> <p>I cry out a wordless, passionate plea as I touch the sun and burn, falling around him, falling down, back to a breathless, bright summit on Earth. He slams into me and stops abruptly as he reaches his climax, pulling at my wrists and sinking gracefully and wordlessly onto me. Wow... that was unexpected. I slowly materialize back on the planet.</p>
374	<p>I’m not saying thank you for fucking me. Although, it was very...</p>
427	<p>He plants a soft kiss under my earlobe while his fingers tighten in my hair. Pulling my head back, he exposes my throat to his lips. His teeth skim my chin, and he kisses my throat.</p> <p>“I want you,” he breathes.</p> <p>I moan and reach up and grasp his arms.</p>
428	<p>“Lift up your arms.”</p> <p>I do as I’m told, and he lifts my camisole over my head so I’m topless in front of him. Not taking his eyes off mine, he reaches around and undoes the top button on my jeans and the zipper.</p> <p>“I’m going to have you in the bathroom, Anastasia.”</p> <p>Leaning down, he kisses my neck. I move my head to one side to give him easier access. Hooking his thumbs into my jeans, he slowly slides them down my legs, sinking down behind me as he pulls them and my panties to the floor.</p> <p>“Step out of your jeans.”</p> <p>Grasping the edge of the sink, I do just that. I am now naked, staring at myself, and he’s kneeling behind me. He kisses and then softly bites my behind, making me gasp. He stands and stares at me once more in the mirror. I try hard to stay still, ignoring my natural inclination to cover myself. He splays his hand across my belly, the span of his hand almost reaching from hip to hip.</p> <p>“Look at you. You are so beautiful,” he whispers. “See how you feel.” He clasps both my hands in his, his palms against the backs of my hands, his fingers in between mine so that my fingers are splayed. He places my hands on my belly. “Feel how soft your skin is.” His voice is soft and low. He moves my hands in a slow circle, then upward toward my breasts. “Feel how full your breasts are.” He holds my hands so they cup my breasts. He gently strokes my nipples with his thumbs over and over.</p> <p>I moan between parted lips and arch my back so my breasts fill my palms. He squeezes my nipples between our thumbs, pulling gently so they elongate further. I watch in fascination at the wanton creature writhing in front of me. Oh, this feels good. I groan and close my eyes, no longer wanting to see that libidinous woman in the mirror falling apart under her own hands... his hands... feeling my skin as he would, experiencing how arousing it is—just</p>

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	<p>his touch and his calm, soft commands.</p> <p>“That’s right, baby,” he murmurs.</p> <p>He guides my hands down the sides of my body, past my waist to my hips, and across to my pubic hair. He slides his leg in between mine, pushing my feet farther apart, widening my stance, and runs my hands over my sex, one hand at a time in turn, setting up a rhythm. It is so erotic. Truly I am a marionette and he is the master puppeteer.</p> <p>“Look at you glow, Anastasia.” He trails kisses and soft bites along my shoulder.</p> <p>I groan.</p> <p>Suddenly he lets go. “Carry on,” he orders and stands back, watching me.</p> <p>I rub myself. No. I want him to do it. It doesn’t feel the same. I’m lost without him.</p> <p>He pulls his shirt over his head and quickly takes off his jeans. “You’d rather I do this?” His gray gaze scorches mine in the mirror.</p> <p>“Oh yes, please,” I breathe.</p> <p>He wraps his arms around me again and takes my hands once more, continuing the sensual caress across my sex, over my clitoris. His chest hair scrapes against me, his erection pressing against me. Oh, soon... please. He bites the nape of my neck, and I close my eyes, enjoying the myriad sensations: my neck, my groin... the feel of him behind me. He stops abruptly and spins me around, circling my wrists with one hand, imprisoning my hands behind me, and pulling at my ponytail with the other. I’m flush against him, and he kisses me wildly, ravaging my mouth with his. Holding me in place.</p> <p>His breathing is ragged, matching mine. “When did you start your period, Anastasia?” he asks out of the blue, gazing down at me.</p> <p>“Yesterday,” I mumble in my highly aroused state.</p> <p>“Good.” He releases me and turns me around. “Hold on to the sink,” he orders and drags my hips back again like he did in the playroom so I’m bending down.</p> <p>He reaches between my legs and pulls on the blue string—What?!—and gently takes my tampon out, tossing it into the nearby trash can. Holy fuck. Sweet mother of all... And then he’s inside me... Ah! Skin against skin, moving slowly at first. Easily, testing me, pushing me... Oh my. I grip the sink, panting, forcing myself back on him, feeling him inside me. Oh, the sweet agony... His hands clasp my hips. He sets a punishing rhythm—in, out, and he reaches around and finds my clitoris, massaging me... I can feel myself quicken.</p> <p>“That’s right, baby,” he rasps as he grinds into me, angling his hips, and it’s enough to send me flying, flying high.</p> <p>Whoa... and I come, loudly, gripping onto the sink for dear life as I spiral down through my orgasm, everything spinning and clenching at once. He follows, clasping me tightly, his front on my back as he climaxes and calls my name like it’s a litany or a prayer.</p> <p>“Oh, Ana.” His breathing is ragged in my ear, in perfect synergy with mine. “Oh, baby, will I ever get enough of you?”</p> <p>We sink slowly to the floor, and he wraps his arms around me, imprisoning me. Will it always be like this? So overwhelming, so all-consuming, so bewildering and beguiling. I wanted to talk, but now I’m spent and dazed from his lovemaking and wondering if I will ever get enough of him?</p> <p>I’m curled on his lap, my head against his chest, as we both calm. Very subtly, I inhale his sweet, intoxicating Christian scent. I must not nuzzle. I must not nuzzle. I repeat the mantra in my head—though I am so tempted to do so. I want to lift my hand and draw patterns in his chest hair with my fingertips... but I resist, knowing that he’ll hate it if I do. We are both</p>

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	<p>quiet, lost in our thoughts. I am lost in him... lost to him. I remember that I have my period. "I'm bleeding."</p>
432	<p>He's standing there, naked, gloriously naked, with my blood on him... and we're finally having this conversation. And I'm naked, too—neither of us has anywhere to hide, except perhaps the bath.</p>
437	<p>He grabs me and pulls me onto his lap, sloshing water all over the floor. "I think we've done enough talking for now." He clasps his hands on either side of my head and kisses me. Deeply. Possessing my mouth. Angling my head... controlling me. I moan against his lips. This is what he likes. This is what he's so good at. Everything ignites inside me and my fingers are in his hair, holding him to me, and I'm kissing him back and saying I want you, too, the only way I know how. He groans, shifting me so I'm astride him, kneeling over him, his erection beneath me. He pulls back and looks at me, his eyes hooded, glowing and lustful. I drop my hands to grab the edge of the bath, but he grips both my wrists and pulls my hands behind my back, holding them together in one hand. "I'm going to have you now," he whispers and lifts me so that I'm hovering over him. "Ready?" "Yes," I whisper, and he eases me onto him, slowly, exquisitely slowly... filling me... watching me as he takes me. I groan, closing my eyes, and I revel in the sensation, the stretching fullness. He flexes his hips, and I gasp, leaning forward, resting my forehead against his. "Please let my hands go," I whisper. "Don't touch me," he pleads, and releasing my wrists, he grabs my hips. Clasping the bath ledge, I move up and down slowly, opening my eyes to gaze at him. He's watching me, his mouth open, his breathing halted, stilted—his tongue between his teeth. He looks so... hot. We're wet and slippery and moving against each other. I lean down and kiss him. He closes his eyes. Tentatively, I bring my hands up to his head and run my fingers through his hair, not taking my lips from his mouth. This is allowed. He likes this. I like this. And we move together. I tug his hair, tipping his head back and deepening the kiss, riding him—faster, picking up the rhythm. I moan against his mouth. He starts to lift me faster, faster... holding my hips. Kissing me back. We are wet mouths and tongues, tangled hair, and moving hips. All sensation... all-consuming again. I am close... I am starting to recognize this delicious tightening... quickening. And the water, it's swirling around us, our own whirlpool, a stirring vortex as our movements become more frantic, sloshing everywhere, mirroring what's happening inside me... and I just don't care. ..."That's right, baby," he murmurs. And I come, my orgasm ripping through me, a turbulent, passionate apogee that devours me whole. And suddenly Christian crushes me to him... his arms wrapped around my back as he finds his release. "Ana, baby!" he cries, and it's a wild invocation, stirring and touching the depths of my soul.</p>
443	<p>"I thought you wanted sex," I grumble. "Anastasia, I always want sex with you. It's heartwarming to know that you feel the same," he says dryly.</p>
455	<p>As soon as I'm out, he grabs me and holds me flush against his body. Suddenly his hand is in my hair, tugging it so my head tips back, and his other hand travels down to the base of my spine. He kisses me, long, hard, and passionately, his tongue in my mouth. His breathing is</p>

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	<p>mounting, his ardor. Holy cow, his erection... We're in a field. But I don't care. My hands twist in his hair, anchoring him to me. I want him, here, now, on the ground. He breaks away and gazes down at me, his eyes dark and luminous in the early morning light, full of raw, arrogant sensuality. Wow. He takes my breath away.</p>
457	<p>My blood sings in my veins, answering his call. "I want what you want," I whisper. He inhales sharply. "Here?" he asks suggestively, raising an eyebrow and smiling wickedly, his teeth trapping the tip of his tongue.</p> <p>Sex in an IHOP.</p> <p>His expression changes, growing darker. "Don't bite your lip. Not here, not now." His eyes harden momentarily, and for a moment, he looks so deliciously dangerous. "If I can't have you here, don't tempt me."</p>
478	<p>I stand paralyzed as he closes the distance between us, devouring me with his eyes. Holy shit, something's amiss—the strain in his jaw, the anxiety around his eyes. He shrugs out of his jacket, undoes his dark tie, and slings them both onto the couch en route to me. Then his arms are wrapped around me, and he's pulling me to him, hard, fast, gripping my ponytail to tilt my head up, kissing me like his life depends on it. What the hell?</p> <p>He drags the hair tie painfully out of my hair, but I don't care. There's a desperate, primal quality to his kiss. He needs me, for whatever reason, at this point in time, and I have never felt so desired and coveted. It's dark and sensual and alarming all at the same time. I kiss him back with equal fervor, my fingers twisting and fisting in his hair. Our tongues entwine, our passion and ardor erupting between us. He tastes divine, hot, sexy, and his scent—all body wash and Christian—is arousing. He drags his mouth away from mine, and he's staring down at me, gripped by some unnamed emotion.</p> <p>"What's wrong?" I breathe.</p> <p>"I'm so glad you're back. Shower with me. Now."</p> <p>I can't decide if it's a request or a command. "Yes," I whisper, and he grabs my hand, leading me out of the big room into his bedroom to his bathroom.</p> <p>Once there, he releases me and turns the water on in the far-too-spacious shower. Spinning around slowly, he gazes at me, eyes hooded.</p> <p>"I like your skirt. It's very short," he says, his voice low. "You have great legs."</p> <p>..."I want you now. Here... fast, hard," he breathes, and his hands are on my thighs, pushing up my skirt. "Are you still bleeding?"</p> <p>...His thumbs hook over my white cotton panties, and abruptly he drops to his knees as he tugs them off. My skirt is now rucked up so that I'm naked from the waist down and panting, wanting. He grabs my hips, pushing me against the wall again, and kisses me at the apex of my thighs. Grabbing my upper thighs, he forces my legs apart. I groan loudly, feeling his tongue circling my clitoris. Oh my. Tipping my head back involuntarily, I moan as my fingers find their way into his hair.</p> <p>His tongue is relentless, strong and insistent, washing over me, swirling around and around, again and again—nonstop. It's exquisite, the intensity of feeling—it's almost painful. My body starts to quicken, and he releases me. What? No! My breathing is ragged as I pant, gazing at him with delicious anticipation. He grabs my face with both hands, holding me firmly, and he kisses me hard, thrusting his tongue into my mouth so I can taste my arousal. Unzipping his fly, he frees himself, grabs the backs of my thighs, and lifts me.</p> <p>"Wrap your legs around me, baby," he commands, his voice urgent, strained.</p> <p>I do as I'm told and wrap my arms around his neck, and he moves quickly and sharply, filling</p>

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	<p>me. Ah! He gasps, and I groan. Holding my behind, his fingers digging into my soft flesh, he begins to move, slowly at first, a steady even tempo... but as his control unravels, he speeds up, faster and faster. Ahhh! I tip my head back and concentrate on the invading, punishing, heavenly sensation, pushing me, pushing me... onward, higher, up... and when I can take no more, I explode around him, spiraling into an intense, all-consuming orgasm. He lets go with a deep growl, and he buries his head in my neck as he buries himself inside me, groaning loudly and incoherently as he finds his release.</p> <p>His breathing is erratic, but he kisses me tenderly, not moving, still inside me, and I blink, unseeing, into his eyes. As he comes into focus, he gently pulls out of me, holding me steady while I place my feet on the floor. The bathroom is now cloudy with steam... and hot. I feel overdressed.</p> <p>"You seem pleased to see me," I murmur with a shy smile.</p> <p>His lips quirk up. "Yes, Miss Steele, I think my pleasure is pretty self-evident. Come—let me get you in the shower."</p> <p>He undoes the next three buttons of his shirt, removes the cuff links, tugs it over his head, and discards it on the floor. Taking off his suit pants and boxer briefs, he kicks them to one side. He begins to undo the buttons on my blouse while I watch him, yearning to reach out and stroke his chest, but I contain myself.</p> <p>"How was your journey?" he asks mildly. He seems so much calmer now, his apprehension gone, dissolved by sexual congress.</p> <p>"Fine, thank you," I'm still breathless. "Thanks once again for first class. It really is a much nicer way to travel." I smile shyly at him. "I have some news," I add nervously.</p> <p>"Oh?" He looks down at me as he undoes the last button, slips my blouse down my arms, and throws it on top of his discarded clothes.</p> <p>...I am thrown by his casual command but do as I'm bid, and he undoes my bra and unzips my skirt. He pushes my skirt down, cupping my behind as he does and kissing my shoulder. He leans against me and his nose nuzzles my hair, inhaling deeply. He squeezes my buttocks.</p> <p>"You intoxicate me, Miss Steele, and you calm me. Such a heady combination." He kisses my hair. Grabbing my hand, he tugs me into the shower.</p> <p>...And actually he's right. It feels heavenly, washing off the sticky Georgia morning and the stickiness from our lovemaking.</p> <p>"Turn around," he orders, and I comply, turning to face the wall. "I want to wash you," he murmurs and reaches for the body wash. He squirts a little into his hand.</p> <p>"I have something else to tell you," I murmur as his hands start on my shoulders.</p> <p>...He stills, his hands hovering over my breasts.</p> <p>..."I don't think so," he murmurs, and he kisses me gently on my neck to take the sting out of his refusal.</p> <p>I pout at the wall as he caresses my back with soap. "Will you ever let me touch you?" I ask boldly.</p> <p>He stills again, his hand on my behind. "Put your hands on the wall, Anastasia. I'm going to take you again," he murmurs as he grabs my hips, and I know that the discussion is over.</p>
484	<p>Kneeling by the door, I am naked except for my panties. My heart is in my mouth. Jeez, I thought after the bathroom he would have had enough. The man is insatiable, or maybe all men are like him. I have no idea, no one to compare him to. Closing my eyes, I try to calm myself down, to connect with my inner sub. She's there somewhere, hiding behind my inner goddess.</p>

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	<p>Anticipation runs bubbling like soda through my veins. What will he do? I take a deep, steadying breath, but I cannot deny it—I'm excited, aroused, wet already.</p> <p>...I glance quickly around the subtly lit room: the cross, the table, the couch, the bench... that bed. It looms so large, and it's made up with red satin sheets. Which piece of apparatus will he use?</p> <p>The door opens and Christian breezes in, ignoring me completely. I glance down quickly, staring at my hands, positioned with care on my spread thighs. Placing something on the large chest beside the door, he strolls casually toward the bed. I indulge myself in a quick glimpse at him, and my heart almost lurches to a stop. He's naked except for those soft ripped jeans, top button casually undone. He looks so freaking hot. My subconscious is frantically fanning herself, and my inner goddess is swaying and writhing to some primal carnal rhythm. She's so ready. I lick my lips instinctively. My blood pounds through my body, thick and heavy with salacious hunger. What is he going to do to me?</p> <p>Turning, he nonchalantly walks back to the chest of drawers. Opening one, he begins to remove items and place them on the top. My curiosity burns, blazes even, but I resist the overwhelming temptation to sneak a quick peek. When he finishes what he's doing, he comes to stand in front of me. I can see his naked feet, and I want to kiss every inch of them... run my tongue over his instep, suck each of his toes. Holy shit.</p> <p>"You look lovely," he breathes.</p> <p>I keep my head down, conscious that he's staring at me while I am practically naked.</p> <p>..."You are one beautiful woman, Anastasia. And you're all mine. Stand up." His command is soft, full of sensual promise.</p> <p>Shakily, I get to my feet.</p> <p>"Look at me," he breathes, and I stare up into his smoldering gaze. It is his Dom gaze—cold, hard, and sexy as hell, seven shades of sin in one enticing look.</p> <p>..."We don't have a signed contract, Anastasia. But we've discussed limits. And I want to reiterate we have safe words, okay?"</p> <p>Holy fuck... what has he got planned that I need safe words?</p> <p>"What are they?" he asks authoritatively.</p> <p>..."Don't start with your smart mouth in here, Miss Steele. Or I will fuck it with you on your knees. Do you understand?"</p> <p>"I am going to tie you to that bed, Anastasia. But I'm going to blindfold you first and"—he reveals his iPod in his hand—"you will not be able to hear me. All you will hear is the music I am going to play for you."</p> <p>...Taking my hand, he leads me over to the antique four-poster bed. There are shackles attached at each corner, fine metal chains with leather cuffs, glinting against the red satin. Oh boy, I think my heart is going to jump out of my chest, and I'm melting from the inside out, desire coursing through me. Could I be any more excited?</p> <p>"Stand here."</p> <p>I am facing the bed.</p> <p>He leans down and whispers in my ear. "Wait here. Keep your eyes on the bed. Picture yourself lying here, bound and totally at my mercy."</p> <p>...He's picked up something from the rack of whips and paddles by the door.</p> <p>...I feel him behind me. He takes my hair, pulls it into a ponytail behind me, and starts to braid it.</p> <p>"While I like your pigtails, Anastasia, I am impatient to have you right now. So one will have to do." His voice is low, soft.</p>

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	<p>His deft fingers skim my back occasionally as they work down my hair, and each casual touch is like a sweet, electric shock against my skin. He fastens the end with a hair tie, then gently tugs the braid so I'm forced to step back flush against him. He pulls again to the side so that I angle my head, giving him easier access to my neck. Leaning down, he nuzzles my neck, tracing his teeth and tongue from the base of my ear to my shoulder. He hums softly as he does, and the sound resonates through me. Right down... right down there, inside me. Unbidden, I groan quietly.</p> <p>"Hush, now," he breathes against my skin. He holds up his hands in front of me, his arms touching mine. In his right hand is a flogger. I remember the name from my first introduction to this room.</p> <p>"Touch it," he whispers, and he sounds like the devil himself.</p> <p>My body flares in response. Tentatively, I reach out and brush the long strands. It has many long fronds, all soft suede with small beads at the end.</p> <p>"I will use this. It will not hurt, but it will bring your blood to the surface of your skin and make you very sensitive."</p> <p>Oh, he says it won't hurt.</p> <p>"What are the safewords, Anastasia?"</p> <p>"Um... yellow and red, Sir," I whisper.</p> <p>"Good girl. Remember, most of your fear is in your mind."</p> <p>He drops the flogger on the bed, and his hands move to my waist. "You won't be needing these." He hooks his fingers into my panties and sweeps them down my legs.</p> <p>I step unsteadily out of them, supporting myself on the ornate post of the bed.</p> <p>"Stand still," he orders, and he kisses my behind and then gently nips me twice, making me tense. "Now lie down. Faceup," he adds as he smacks me hard on the behind, making me jump.</p> <p>Hastily, I crawl onto the bed's hard, unyielding mattress and lie down, looking up at him.</p> <p>..."Hands above your head," he says, and I do as I'm bid.</p> <p>Wow, my body hungers for him. I want him already.</p> <p>He turns, and out of the corner of my eyes, I watch him saunter back over to the chest of drawers, returning with the iPod and what looks like an eye mask, similar to the one I used on my flight to Atlanta. The thought makes me want to smile, but I can't quite make my lips cooperate. I am too consumed with anticipation. I just know my face is completely immobile, my eyes huge, as I gaze at him.</p> <p>Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he shows me the iPod. It has a strange antenna device as well as headphones. How odd. I frown as I try to figure this out.</p> <p>"This transmits what's playing on the iPod to the system in the room," Christian answers my unspoken query as he taps the small antenna. "I can hear what you're hearing, and I have a remote control unit for it." He smirks his private-joke smile and holds up a small, flat device that looks like a very hip calculator. He leans across me, inserting the earbuds gently into my ears, and puts the iPod down somewhere on the bed above my head.</p> <p>"Lift your head," he commands, and I do so immediately.</p> <p>Slowly, he slides the mask on, pulling the elastic over the back of my head, and I'm blind. The elastic on the mask holds the earbuds in place. I can still hear him, though the sound is muffled as he rises from the bed. I'm deafened by my own breathing—it's shallow and erratic, reflecting my excitement. Christian takes my left arm, stretches it gently to the left-hand corner, and attaches the leather cuff around my wrist. His long fingers stroke the length of my arm once he's finished. Oh! His touch elicits a delicious, tickly shiver. I hear him</p>

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	<p>move slowly around to the other side, where he takes my right arm and cuffs it. Again, his long fingers linger along my arm. Oh my... I am fit to burst already. Why is this so erotic? He moves to the bottom of the bed and grabs both of my ankles. "Lift your head again," he orders.</p> <p>I comply, and he drags me down the bed so my arms are stretched out and almost straining at the cuffs. I cannot move my arms. A frisson of trepidation mixed with tantalizing exhilaration sweeps through my body, making me wetter. I groan. Parting my legs, he cuffs first my right ankle and then my left so I am staked out, spread-eagled, and totally vulnerable to him. It's so unnerving that I can't see him. I listen hard. What's he doing? And I hear nothing, just my breathing and the pounding thud of my heart as blood pulses furiously against my eardrums.</p> <p>Abruptly, the soft silent hiss and pop of the iPod springs into life. From inside my head, a lone angelic voice sings unaccompanied a long sweet note, and it's joined almost immediately by another voice, and then more voices—a celestial choir—singing a capella in my head, an ancient, ancient hymnal. What in heaven's name is this? I have never heard anything like it. Something almost unbearably soft brushes against my neck, running languidly down my throat, slowly across my chest, over my breasts, caressing me... pulling at my nipples. It's so soft, skimming underneath. It's so unexpected.</p> <p>It's fur! A fur glove?</p> <p>Christian trails his hand, unhurried and deliberate, down to my belly, circling my navel, then carefully from hip to hip, and I'm trying to anticipate where he's going next, but the music—it's in my head, transporting me... the fur across the line of my pubic hair... between my legs, along my thighs, down one leg... up the other. It almost tickles, but not quite. More voices join, the heavenly choir all singing different parts, their voices blending blissfully and sweetly together in a melodic harmony that is beyond anything I've ever heard. I catch one word—deus—and I realize they are singing in Latin. And still, the fur is moving down my arms and around my waist, back up across my breasts. My nipples harden beneath the soft touch, and I'm panting, wondering where his hand will go next. Suddenly, the fur is gone, and I can feel the fronds of the flogger flowing over my skin, following the same path as the fur, and it's so hard to concentrate with the music in my head—it sounds like a hundred voices singing, weaving an ethereal tapestry of fine, silken gold and silver through my head, mixed with the feel of the soft suede against my skin, trailing over me... Abruptly, it disappears. Then suddenly, sharply, it bites down on my belly.</p> <p>"Ahh!" I cry out. It takes me by surprise yet it doesn't hurt but my skin tingles all over. He hits me again. Harder. "Ahh!"</p> <p>I want to move, to writhe—to escape or to welcome each blow, I don't know; it's so overwhelming. I can't pull my arms... my legs are stuck... I am held very firmly in place... and again he strikes across my breasts. I cry out. And it's a sweet agony—bearable, just. No, not immediately, but as my skin sings with each blow in perfect counterpoint to the music in my head, I am dragged into a dark, dark part of my psyche that surrenders to this most erotic sensation. Yes—I get this. He hits me across my hip, then moves in swift blows over my pubic hair, on my thighs, and down my inner thighs... and back up my body... across my hips. He keeps going as the music reaches a climax, and then suddenly the music stops. And so does he. Then the singing starts again... building and building, and he rains down blows on me... and I groan and writhe. Once again, it ceases and all is quiet... except my wild breathing... and wild yearning. For... Oh, what's happening? What's he going to do now? The excitement is almost unbearable. I've entered a very dark, carnal place.</p>

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	<p>The bed moves and shifts as I feel him clamber over me, and the song starts again. He’s got it on repeat. This time, it’s his nose and lips that take the place of the fur... running down my neck and throat, kissing, sucking... trailing down to my breasts... Ah! Taunting each of my nipples in turn, his tongue swirling around one while his fingers relentlessly tease the other. I groan, loudly I think, though I can’t hear. I am lost. Lost in him, lost in the astral, seraphic voices, lost to all the sensations I cannot escape... I am completely at the mercy of his expert touch.</p> <p>He moves down to my belly, his tongue circling my navel, following the path of the flogger and the fur. I moan. He’s kissing and sucking and nibbling, moving south, and then his tongue is there. At the junction of my thighs. I throw my head back and cry out as I almost detonate into orgasm... I’m on the brink, and he stops.</p> <p>No! The bed shifts, and he kneels between my legs. He leans toward the bedpost, and the cuff on my ankle is suddenly gone. I pull my leg to the middle of the bed... resting it against him. He leans over to the opposite post and frees my other leg. His hands travel quickly down both my legs, squeezing and kneading, bringing life back into them. Then, grasping my hips, he lifts me so my back is no longer on the bed. I am arched, resting on my shoulders. What? He’s kneeling up between my legs, and in one swift, slamming move, he’s inside me. Oh fuck! And I cry out again. The quiver of my impending orgasm begins, and he stills. The quiver dies—oh no, he’s going to torture me further.</p> <p>“Please!” I wail.</p> <p>He grips me harder. In warning? I don’t know. His fingers dig into the flesh of my behind as I lay panting, so I purposefully still. Very slowly, he starts to move again... out and then in... agonizingly slowly. Holy fuck—please! I’m screaming inside. And as the number of voices in the choral piece increases, so does his pace, infinitesimally, he’s so controlled... so in time with the music. And I can no longer bear it.</p> <p>“Please,” I beg, and in one swift move, he lowers me back onto the bed, and he’s lying on top of me, his hands on the bed beside my breasts as he supports his weight, and he thrusts into me. As the music reaches its climax, I fall... free-fall... into the most intense, agonizing orgasm I have ever had, and Christian follows me, thrusting hard into me three more times, finally stilling, then collapsing on top of me.</p> <p>As my consciousness returns from wherever it’s been, Christian pulls out of me. The music has stopped, and I can feel him stretch across my body as he undoes the cuff on my right wrist. I groan as my hand is freed. He quickly frees my other hand, gently pulls the mask from my eyes, and removes the earbuds.</p>
493	<p>“I’ve always wanted to fuck to it.”</p> <p>...“Well, it’s the first time I’ve fucked to it, too,” I murmur sleepily.</p>
497	<p>“I prefer what I have in mind.” He scoops me onto his lap.</p> <p>“You’d always rather have sex than talk.” I laugh, steadying myself by holding on to his upper arms.</p> <p>“True. Especially with you.” He nuzzles my hair and starts a steady trail of kisses from below my ear to my throat. “Maybe on my piano.”</p> <p>...He pauses his trail of kisses along my shoulder.</p>
503	<p>He gazes down at me, and suddenly, he pulls me into his arms and he’s kissing me, kissing me passionately. It takes me completely by surprise, and I sense his panic and desperate need in his kiss.</p>

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504	<p>He opens the door and, still grasping my arm, grabs what looks like a belt from the rack beside the door, then leads me over to the red leather bench in the far corner of the room. “Bend over the bench,” he murmurs softly.</p> <p>Okay. I can do this. I bend over the smooth soft leather. He’s left my bathrobe on. In a quiet part of my brain, I’m vaguely surprised that he hasn’t made me take it</p> <p>...“We’re here because you said yes, Anastasia. And you ran from me. I am going to hit you six times, and you will count with me.”</p> <p>...He lifts the hem of my bathrobe, and for some reason, this feels more intimate than being naked. He gently caresses my behind, running his warm hand all over both cheeks and down to the tops of my thighs.</p> <p>“I am doing this so you remember not to run from me, and as exciting as it is, I never want you to run from me,” he says.</p> <p>...“Two!” I scream. It feels so good to scream.</p> <p>His breathing is ragged and harsh, whereas mine is almost nonexistent as I desperately scabble around my psyche looking for some internal strength. The belt cuts into my flesh again.</p> <p>“Three!” Tears spring unwelcome into my eyes. This is harder than I thought—so much harder than the spanking. He’s not holding anything back.</p> <p>“Four!” I yell as the belt bites me again, and now the tears are streaming down my face. I don’t want to cry. It angers me that I am crying. He hits me again.</p> <p>“Five.” My voice is more a choked, strangled sob, and in this moment I think I hate him. One more, I can do one more. My backside feels as if it’s on fire.</p> <p>“Six,” I whisper as the blistering pain cuts across me again, and I hear him drop the belt behind me, and he’s pulling me into his arms, all breathless and compassionate... and I want none of him.</p>
508	Gently, he pulls me into his arms, burying his nose in my hair, kissing my neck.
512	If I’d kept my mouth shut, we’d have made love on the piano. No, fucked—we would have fucked on the piano. Well, I would have made love. The thought lies heavy and sad in my mind and what’s left of my heart. He has never made love to me, has he? It’s always been fucking to him.

Profanity	Count
Ass	12
Bitch	5
Dick	1
Fuck	124
Piss	4
Shit	104