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# Once a Cuckold, Always a Cuckold

By Alexandra Noir

Sprawled on the bed doggy-style, Karyn watched herself in the full-length mirror opposite the bed. She gripped the sheets, her streaked blonde hair a damp veil around her face. Usually, she enjoyed watching the jiggling mounds of her ass when she was being fucked hard, but although Aiden gripped her hips until they left deep red marks in her flesh, she barely felt him inside her. It wasn't because her pussy was dripping wet and aching to be pounded to the hilt. It was Aiden.

She uttered a few halfhearted moans, none of which elicited a fresh burst of energy or enthusiasm from him. Aiden's expression seemed more distant than usual, his pace distracted despite the fact that he'd only been fucking her for a few minutes. Something about him was different today, even more so than in recent days. Karyn couldn't quite pinpoint what it was. Not once did he meet her eyes in the mirror. Not once did he smile or smack her ass.

Today, he was as engaged as someone watching a porno through a sheet of tinted glass.

Her eyes slid toward her husband kneeling obediently by the side of the bed. Today, she had inserted a larger butt plug into Doug's ass before he assumed his traditional pose of subservience. He had knelt on the carpet and raised his ass high into the air, spreading his cheeks wide to display his shaved asshole and balls.

Karyn had inspected his asshole closely before heavily lubing it with her fingers. She enjoyed the way Doug squirmed when she worked each finger into his hole down to the knuckle and pumped him to ensure he was open and ready. When the lube started to drip out, she inserted the clear butt plug and admired his gaping hole. Today she had selected a size larger than what she usually used. If she felt in a generous mood, she might trail her long, blood-red nails over his shaved balls, but only to tease them and get his cock even harder.

Hands behind his back, his cock a rigid flagpole dripping with pre-cum, Doug's position allowed him the perfect vantage point to watch Aiden pumping Karyn. Aiden's cock was thick and meaty, his large balls smoothly shaved and lubed until they gleamed like fleshy marbles.

By the tension in Doug's body and his eager expression, Karyn could see that he was hungrily awaiting his opportunity to engulf Aiden's balls in his mouth. If Doug behaved well, she might even allow him to lick her juice from Aiden's cock before licking her gushing pussy clean of Doug's salty jizz...if he behaved himself. Doug had been celibate for six weeks, and she savored how badly he was craving the feel of his jizz squirted wherever she directed it...be it her pussy, her mouth, her ass, or anywhere else she felt appropriate.

Today, she doubted either of them was going to hit the jackpot. Karyn moaned again for effect, but it just wasn't happening with Aiden. She thought about playing with her clit to heat up the action, but that was supposed to be Aiden's job. He did what she told him, but he wasn't even fingering her clit or her asshole. She would have to order him to tongue fuck her ass as punishment for his lackluster performance.

Perhaps later she'd reward Doug by allowing him to eat her ass after Aiden jizzed inside her, assuming he was going to come anytime soon. She loved it when she squatted above Doug's face, spread her ass, and squirted hot jizz into Doug's mouth. Once he swallowed her juice, he cleaned her pussy and ass with his tongue.

Karyn looked at her swaying tits brushing the sheets. Perhaps some additional stimulation might help.

"Doug, play with my nipples. Get them hard."

Without a word, Doug crawled toward the end of the bed and knelt before her. He didn't quite meet Karyn's eyes as he reached for her full breasts. Holding one in each hand, he squeezed and caressed them. His fingers sharply tweaked her nipples until they hardened into bullets.

The sensation sent shivers of pleasure through her body. Her pussy tightly clenched Aiden's cock. Maybe now she could finally come. Hard and fast was always better than slow and drawn out. She looked at

Doug's lowered head. His cropped silver hair and almost porcelain complexion sharply contrasted Aiden's striking mixed Asian features.

Karyn was immediately attracted to Aiden when she and Doug met him on a business trip to Singapore a year ago. As Doug spent so much time in client meetings, Karyn had plenty of opportunities to do some sightseeing. Ironically, she'd spotted Aiden dining alone at the upscale hotel restaurant where she was to meet Doug for dinner that evening.

She'd worn a slinky off the shoulder short black dress and strappy heels that complimented her signature bitch red lips and nails. At forty-seven, blonde and green-eyed, she was still a sexy woman with a voracious sexual appetite to rival any woman half her age.

At fifty-two, Doug was a head-turner in an Anderson Cooper type of way, but he'd always been reserved and formal. He and Karyn were about as opposite as possible for a couple, yet they'd clicked on a blind date arranged by one of Karyn's Wall Street friends back in the day. Early in their relationship, Karyn discovered an interesting contrast to Doug's business and private personality. A beast in the boardroom, aggressive and confident, he was a subservient lamb in the bedroom whose only objective was to please her in any way she desired.

To Karyn, it was like hitting the jackpot at a casino. A typical "married with children" life had never appealed to her. She was naturally and openly dominant, a trait which frightened most men but immediately attracted Doug. Though sexually creative, they eventually reached the point where Doug could no longer satisfy her all her fantasies. As they were always open and honest with each other, they explored the option of introducing another man into their relationship.

Over the years, Karyn had enjoyed several bulls and Alpha males. Doug's extensive travels had offered the best opportunities to indulge in endless erotic adventures in as many locations as possible with no unnecessary baggage or strings attached. Yet the liaisons never lasted more than a few weeks. Neither she nor Doug understood why. With Aiden, she thought she'd finally found something more permanent. Was she too demanding? Was he becoming bored despite the variety and novelty she continued to provide in the relationship?

Karyn sighed. She'd been circling Aiden all evening after noticing a few interested glances her way. She guessed him to be no more than thirty-five. Handsome, obviously fit, he was beautifully dressed and moved with a style that indicated a certain refinement. Eventually, Doug noticed the mutual attraction and approved. They'd been without a bull for a few months and Karyn was feeling restless and moody.

When the waiter next appeared to check on them, they had him send a glass of champagne to Aiden's table. Aiden raised the glass in a salute and came over to their table. After a few more glasses of champagne, they developed an interesting synergy, particularly when they discovered that Aiden was also from Los Angeles. Conversation about coincidence turned inevitably to sex, though Karyn noticed even then that Aiden artfully avoided discussion about his personal life. Regardless, both she and Doug were intrigued by him and proposed a trial arrangement.

That night, Aiden spent the night in their hotel room. While Doug knelt naked on the floor, hands tied behind his back with one of Karyn's black seamed stockings, Karyn rode Aiden on the floor in front of him. Doug was positioned between Aiden's legs, his eyes fixed on Aiden's juice-slicked cock vigorously impaling Karyn. Hands clenched on Karyn's spread ass, Aiden's fingers simultaneously fucked her asshole. Doug's face was so close to Karyn's bobbing ass that he could have easily extended his tongue to taste her damp, sweaty cheeks. It was an unforgettable night in a fabulous suite overlooking a panoramic vista of the city.

A sharp tweak to her nipples brought Karyn back to the present. Fond memories were fine, but glancing at Aiden's distracted expression, she knew something had permanently changed. She glanced into the mirror and saw Aiden's flushed face and tightly closed eyes. He uttered a garbled cry and started thrusting.

Though Karyn finally felt a surge of pleasure, she was almost relieved when Aiden finally jizzed inside her and quickly pulled out. He got off the bed almost immediately, but Karyn's focus turned to Doug, who crawled behind her and began enthusiastically licking her pussy.

"Make sure you get every drop," Karyn said. "And when you're finished, I want you to tongue my ass."

Doug silently complied while keeping his hands behind his back. Hands were never permitted. Karyn writhed on the bed, savoring the dexterity of her husband's mouth and tongue. Her mood quickly faded when Aiden abruptly walked out the bedroom. Though Doug never lost his stride, the enjoyment was gone for Karyn.

"That's enough, Doug. Why don't you run my bath now? I'd like the lemon oil this time."

He backed off the bed and hurried into the bathroom. Karyn sank onto the bed and stared at her reflection. When she heard the water running, she got up and slipped into a black silk kimono robe. She went to find Aiden.

Standing naked in the kitchen, Aiden was already soft. Karyn had never seen this happen so quickly. He thirstily gulped down a bottle of water. He glanced at her, then turned away.

"What's wrong, Aiden? Please talk to me. You're clearly upset."

"I need to go home, Karyn."

For a moment, she thought he was joking until she saw the seriousness in his eyes. She sat on one of the breakfast table chairs and stared at him.

"Why? What happened?"

"You know it hasn't been the same over the past few weeks," he said with a tired smile. "Come on, Karyn. You don't need to massage my ego. I can read you so well. Neither of us has been really enjoying it. I know Doug hasn't either."

Karyn felt a pang of guilt. Had her feelings been that obvious? She felt a genuine affection for her bull and the thought that the relationship might be over upset her more than she realized.

"Look, it's been a year. I get it. Maybe we just need a break."

"It's more than that. I can't do this anymore."

“What?”

Again, that elusiveness. The same look he had at the hotel restaurant. The same reticence of mind, if not body.

“What are you talking about, Aiden?”

He sighed. “At the time, our arrangement was what I needed. You and Doug were what I needed. Something different. Something to take me away from the series of obligations my life had been up to that point.” He paused and stared out the window as though glimpsing into his past.

“It would help if you talked about it, Aiden. You’ve never confided in us. So much of your life is still a mystery, which has always bothered me. How do you expect us to react if we don’t know what’s wrong?”

“There are reasons why I haven’t talked about my life, Karyn. Let’s just leave it at that. What I can tell you is that things have changed. I’ve changed. And I can’t continue anymore.” Karyn felt as though the floor had just fallen beneath her.

“And it’s over for you just like that?” she asked. “No discussion. No explanations? You turn everything off like a light switch?”

Aiden glanced sharply at her. Clearly, she’d touched a nerve.

She almost didn’t notice Doug standing at the kitchen entrance.

“Your bath is ready.”

“Why don’t you go ahead, Karyn,” Aiden said, walking from the kitchen. “I’ll take a shower in the guest bathroom.”

“Aiden, wait,” Karyn said, rising from her chair. “We need to talk!”

“When I get back tonight. There are some things I need to do so I’ll be out a while.”

Karyn stared openmouthed at his retreating back. When she followed Aiden to the bathroom, he locked the door and immediately turned on the shower.

“Aiden?” she said, knocking at the door. “Aiden?”

All she heard was the sound of rushing water.

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Sitting in the swirling water of the jacuzzi tub, Karyn rest her head against a cushioned spa pillow. Fragrant candles wafted a lemon scent complimenting the delicious citrus steam rising from the bubbling water. She sipped a glass of chardonnay and glanced at Doug sitting opposite her in the tub. Their legs casually intertwined, he also sipped on a glass of wine.

“Did you try calling Aiden again?” Karyn asked.

“Several times,” Doug said. “I can’t believe he left without either of us seeing him.”

Karyn frowned. When Aiden refused to open the bathroom door, she decided to leave him alone, expecting to talk with him after her bath. Later, when Doug went to the kitchen to get the wine, he noticed the empty driveway. He went outside to find Aiden’s car gone. Despite several calls and texts, Aiden had yet to answer.

“I don’t understand,” Karyn said. “He told me we’d talk when he got back tonight. Why would he lie?”

“I should have mentioned it sooner,” Doug said. “I’ve noticed the change in him as well. But I honestly thought he’d talk to you if there was anything on his mind.”

“I did notice. Now I wish I’d said something sooner. His...performance has been lacking for a while. Almost as though his body was here but his mind wasn’t.”



Doug looked at her. "I could tell you weren't satisfied. I have to admit I wasn't happy about it. But it wasn't my place to point it out. As your bull, it was his responsibility to pleasure you. I know you didn't enjoy tonight."

Karyn's gaze drifted to the large window. The master bathroom location was private enough so that she and Aiden could engage in sessions either in the tub, the shower, or on the floor. She enjoyed it when Doug stood outside the window and watched her and Aiden fuck in the tub. Sometimes Aiden would position her pussy and ass against the jets while he shoved his cock deep into her mouth. Her favorite position was to ride Aiden on the seat. The bubbling water only enhanced her pleasure as she bobbed in time with the flow. When Aiden got particularly aggressive, the water sloshed over the edge of the tub.

If Karyn was in a particularly generous mood, she allowed Doug to masturbate while watching them and jizz all over the glass. Afterward, she and Aiden watched him lick the window clean. Other times, Doug kneeled in the corner of the shower while Aiden soaped her ass and fucked her doggy style. It was an incredible turn on to grab her ankles and look backward at Doug. If she smiled, that was his cue to crawl toward her and spread his ass in front of her so she could soap fuck his hole while Aiden pounded her. Sometimes, she played with his rock hard cock, but only until he was on the verge of coming. Doug always performed better when she prick teased him.

She sighed. She missed the early days when the three of them were more daring and experimental. But like any relationship, it seemed impossible to maintain the heady spark of novelty indefinitely.

"No," she said. "It hasn't been good for a while. Did he mention anything at all to you?"

Doug shook his head. "I never expected him to. Maybe we should leave him alone for a while. I'm sure he'll reach out to us."

Karyn stared out the window at the dusky sky. On a balmy summer evening like tonight, they could have had a session in the pool. They had no immediate neighbors, the huge, beautifully landscaped yard designed for maximum privacy. One of the features that had initially attracted them to the gorgeous contemporary home was its seclusion.

Rumor had it that a well-known porn mogul had once owned the property. She and Doug never managed to find out who he was, but the house was apparently used in several movies. The thought turned them both on as they toured the house for the first time. Each imagined the scenarios that must have played out in each room, particularly the tub they lay in now. She and Doug made an offer, and even though there was a bidding war, they were determined to own the house.

Karyn smiled. From the day they moved in they'd been happy...until now.

"Penny for your thoughts," Doug said.

"Just remembering when we bought the house."

Doug grinned. "We could have made a few movies of our own. I don't know why we don't consider it."

Karyn's cellphone trilled from a nearby chair. She and Doug both started at the sound. She rose, her body slick from the oily water, and carefully reached for it. Her initial eagerness faded as she answered.

"Hey, Nikki. No...you're not interrupting anything. Just having some wine with Doug. Tonight? You know, we'd love to, but Doug and I already have plans. How about Friday? Does that work? Great! Sorrento's at 8. See you then."

She hung up and slunk back into the tub. Doug refilled her wine. She drank almost half of it in a single gulp.

"You're really upset by this, aren't you? You never fob your sister off like that."

"Something doesn't feel right about this," Karyn said. "I can't explain it... but I don't think Aiden's coming back."

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After two weeks, Karyn and Doug finally accepted that Aiden had vanished from their lives. His number was no longer in service, and all emails to his address bounced back. Not one for social media, he lived more under the radar than most.

Parked outside a luxury high rise a few minutes from their house, Karyn waited for Doug to return from the lobby. The building faced the ocean, and a spectacular sunset washed the horizon in shades of gold and bronze. She stared wistfully at a west-facing thirtieth-floor apartment. She recalled watching the ocean so many times from the balcony after one of their sessions.

Usually it involved Aiden bending her over his knees on the couch and soundly spanking her, the sound of her soundly slapped flesh filling the room. As the couch faced the balcony, sunlight streamed over it and washed them in buttery light. Karyn found it a huge turn on to feel both the warmth of the sun and the heat of Aiden's hands on her body. Doug knelt in front of the couch watching until she summoned him.

When Karyn's ass cheeks glowed from Aiden's handprints, he pushed her onto the floor and positioned her on her hands and knees. Doug retrieved a bowl of ice. Aiden rubbed one cube at a time onto Karyn's ass until the ice melted and trickled down her thighs. Doug then licked the wetness from her skin.

Karyn shuddered. There had been similar spectacular sunsets in Singapore. She was wet just thinking about those days in the hotel. It was hard to believe it had only been a couple of weeks since she'd last seen Aiden.

A tap at the window startled her. She rolled it down. The sunset reflected in Doug's sunglasses.

"Concierge confirmed Aiden's apartment is for lease."

"What? When did he move?"

"Apparently, Aiden never returned to the apartment. A team of movers came to pack everything up a couple of days after we last saw him."

Doug got into the driver's seat of the Mercedes. As he pulled into the traffic, Karyn glanced at the apartment once more before a cluster of trees blocked her view.

"I can't believe he'd disappear like that," she said. "Not a word. Nothing. Why would he do that?"

Doug reached for her hand and squeezed it. "Feel like dinner? Maybe a drink?"

"I don't know...I'd really like to get away from here. Maybe just drive up the coast somewhere."

Doug headed for the freeway. "You got it."

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By the time Doug pulled into quaint beach town on the coast highway, they'd been on the road for over two hours. They hadn't intended to drive so far north, but the night was mild and clear and a full moon cast the ocean in a quicksilver veil. For a while, they parked on bluff overlooking the coast and simply enjoyed the view.

"Hungry?" Doug asked.

"Yeah," Karyn said. "Let's drive around and see what we can find."

Doug followed the main road into the town. A sleepy surfer community, it consisted of charming beach cottages, endless board shops, and a surprisingly eclectic collection of cafes, bars, and restaurants.

The road ended at a small fishing pier. Doug parked in a nearby lot. He and Karyn strolled around the pier and enjoyed the invigorating sea air. The lights of a passing container ship glittered in the distance.

"This is wonderful," she said. "I've forgotten how gorgeous the coast is."

Doug put his arm around her. "Too much time in the city. We need to get away more often."

They continued their exploration. Though all the restaurants and cafes looked interesting, some punchy music from a bar resembling an old western saloon at the end of the boardwalk caught her attention. Several Harleys and other bikes filled the small parking lot. A couple of burly bikers stood outside smoking.

Karyn eyed them appreciatively. Never mind stereotyping. Beards, bandanas, and tattoos...something about their roughness appealed to her. She'd heard of a television show featuring bikers but had never watched it. Now she wondered what she might have missed.

"Feel like a drink?" Doug asked. "This could be...interesting."

Karyn smiled at her husband. He was better than radar in sensing her moods. Though casually dressed in jeans and tank top, she figured she'd fit right in.

"Want me to come in?" Doug asked.

She turned toward her husband. Though casually dressed, he exuded too much CEO to blend into the biker scene.

"I think I'll be fine."

"Okay, I'll check out that little Greek place. Call me if you need me."

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Dark. Neon lights. Pool tables. Biker memorabilia crowded every corner. Picnic benches instead of tables. Loud conversation and laughter. Bad to the Bone blaring from a vintage jukebox. When Karyn entered the bar, she felt as though she had time warped to a different dimension. Bikers and women of all shapes and sizes crowded around the bar. Some looked like ordinary people simply into the life, while others were the life.

All eyes swivelled toward her. Some were appraising, others approving, while a few were almost threatening. Though the attention gave her a high, Karyn sensed a distinctly unnerving energy. She'd always manage to feel comfortable in almost social situation, but in this dark netherworld, she felt out of her league. Still upset by Aiden's defection, she wondered if she should allow more time to think about the next step.

She headed back toward the entrance.

"Maybe a drink might make it easier."

The voice instantly stopped her. A low purr. Velvet on bark. Karyn turned. Somehow she wasn't surprised to see him. Tall and muscular, he was built like a wrestler without the bulk. Piercing blue eyes, cropped salt and pepper hair, beard and moustache. Vividly colored tattoos rippled from his arms. T-shirt and jeans beneath a studded leather vest and chaps. He was the sexiest, most sensual man she'd ever seen.

But it was his dimpled smile that captivated her. Dazzling, white, bright as the sun. If she'd been a wax doll, she would have melted on the spot.

He laughed and held out his hand. "Roman."

Karyn took his hand. His grip was steel, his fingers lingering as he released her hand. The connection was electric, instantaneous.

"Karyn," she said.

"See, that wasn't so hard. Can I get you that drink now?"

She laughed. "Okay, but only if you can guess what I like."

Roman stepped a closer and gave her a searing once over. Towering over her, Karyn felt like she stood in the path of tsunami, so intense was his presence. She noticed a couple of envious glances from some of the women at the bar. Right now it was all she could do not to squeeze her thighs together to stem the wetness gushing onto her panties.

"Hmmm," Roman said. "You're definitely not from around here. I'd say you're a city girl. Successful. Hungry. Wine drinker. Maybe the occasional martini."

Karyn smiled. "Bingo."

Roman laughed. "Am I good, or am I good?"

"You win a gold star," she said.

Roman took her arm and guided her toward the bar. Karyn noticed how the others respectfully moved aside to make room for them. The bartender, a bald mountain of a man wearing mirrored sunglasses, approached.

“Whisky. The lady will have a dirty martini.”

Karyn smiled a little nervously. Intuitive or psychic? Or was she that transparent?

After the bartender served them, Roman led her to a reasonably private table toward the rear of the bar. He sipped his whisky and smiled.

“So, I’ll get right to the point. What brings you here? You don’t look like a surfer chick to me.”

Karyn savored her martini. It was better than she expected considering their location.

“Okay,” she said, realizing that she had no other option but to be blunt. “I’m in an unconventional relationship with my husband. It doesn’t work for most, but it does for us.”

“Now how did I know that?” Roman said. “No way would any one man satisfy you.”

His eyes bore into hers. Karyn felt the heat rise to her face. She wasn’t used to the sensation of not being in full control and it both frightened and aroused her.

“I’ve had several bulls and Alpha males over the years.”

Roman nodded as though she’d just given him a recipe for brownies.

“I bet you have. And you’re looking for a new one.”

Karyn stared at him. “Since you seem to be able to read my mind, why don’t you continue?”

Roman took a deep slug of whisky and leaned forward. Karyn stared at the intricately detailed tattoos on his bulging biceps. She realized they were illustrations of his life.

“Each has a story to tell,” he said, noting her glance. “And there are so many stories on the road. As for yours, Karyn, I see it in your eyes. You

like being on top. Figuratively and literally. Your men do what you say. No discussion. But the fact that you're here tells me it's not enough anymore even though you think it is."

Karyn suppressed a shudder. She never expected such insight. "Go on."

"Your husband waiting somewhere?"

"He's...at a restaurant. He's..."

"Waiting for your call like a good submissive."

Karyn started to rise. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea..."

Roman grabbed her arm. She felt his iron strength. An image of his hands on her body flashed through her mind. He gently, but firmly, sat her back down.

"No need to fight it, Karyn. You're not the first. Won't be the last. But most haven't come close to you. This will make things...very interesting."

Karyn gulped down the rest of her martini.

"Got a place around the corner," Roman said. "You want an Alpha? You're gonna get one."

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Suspended in the leather harness, Karyn felt the warmth of the sandalwood candles flickering around her. Her wrists were tied above her head until her breasts were poised high, the restraints a gentle bite against her skin. From her position, it was difficult to see most of the dimly lit dungeon in the basement of Roman's house.

The candlelight cast shifting shadows against an array of whips, restraints, and other paraphernalia displayed on black painted walls and inside glass cabinets. A double-dildo fucking machine gleamed sinisterly from one corner, while an examination table complete with stirrups and straps stood beside a bed fitted with manacles. Low, sonorous music oozed from concealed speakers.



Karyn shifted as much as the harness allowed. Her legs were spread wide and strapped high against her body, fully exposing her gaping pussy and ass. Metal clamps teased her engorged nipples, adding to the excruciating pleasure of the suede flogger gently slapping her body.

She gasped and moaned from electrical jolts of searing pleasure. Her skin glistened with sweat, her juice literally gushing from her aching pussy to the point where she thought she'd squirt. Wearing only his leather chaps, boots, and a studded collar, Roman circled her like a hungry predator, alternately slapping her with the flogger and trailing its black dildo handle across the curves and valleys of her body.

His huge, thick cock quivered like a cobra about to strike. Karyn watched feverishly as he stood between her legs and teased her engorged clit and lips with the head. She moaned and writhed, but as soon as she tried to thrust against it, Roman pulled away.

From a large cage facing the harness, Doug watched on all fours, a ponytail butt plug inserted into his ass. He was rock hard, the head of his dangling cock gleaming with pre-cum. Roman glanced at Doug, who kept his eyes lowered.

"Hungry?" Roman asked.

Doug nodded. Roman chuckled and approached. Sticking his cock into the cage, he positioned it short of Doug's mouth. Roman knelt and wiped Doug's pre-cum with his finger, then stuck it in Doug's mouth. Doug nursed it like an infant.

"Good boy," he said.

He returned to Karyn and trailed his nails up and down the sensitive flesh of her inner thighs. With every jerk, he increased the pressure of his nails until they left faint red trails down her skin. Karen felt her juice ooze. She was starving animal waiting to be fed but tormented by its keeper.

Roman knelt in front of her pussy. Encircling her damp thighs, he stuffed her pussy into his mouth and began to violently tongue fuck her. He inserted the flogger handle deep into her juice-slicked ass until only the straps were visible. Karyn screamed and bucked, her body swaying in

the harness. She yanked uselessly at her restraints, her thighs jerking against her body. Roman nipped, licked, and sucked her swollen flesh until it felt raw.

Without warning, he rose and grabbed her ass. His fingers dug deep into her flesh as he impaled her pussy with his cock. He let out a guttural cry with each ruthless thrust, the movement of his cock mimicking the movement of the flogger handle imbedded in Karyn's ass. The roughness of Roman's chaps abraded her inner thighs. With each gasp, Karyn tasted the sandalwood candle smoke wafted by the swinging harness. Tears streamed down her eyes, smudging her makeup.

Roman's eyes bore into hers. The more she reacted, the harder he drove into her. Liquid heat throbbed from her aching core, her gushing wetness hot and scorching. Her body felt like a separate entity moving rhythmically against Roman's relentless thrusts. She had never before experienced such intense physical sensations and was overwhelmed at how her body responded to his aggression. Though she'd chosen to be dominated before by her bulls and Alphas, none had ever taken command of her like this.

The pressure of her impending orgasm rose like a tidal wave cresting toward shore and abruptly exploded. Karyn's eyes flew open, her body arching from the agonizing pleasure sparking from every cell. Her wrists hurt from the friction of the leather restraints, her nipples sore from the pinching clamps. Though she tried to cry out, her voice caught in her throat. The blood rushed to her head so violently she thought she'd pass out.

Roman's pace never faltered until he threw his head back and cried out like a wounded animal. He pumped his jizz deep into Karyn, but withdrew it while it still twitched from his orgasm. Even before she could catch her breath, Roman straddled her face and thrust his cum and juice-slicked cock into her mouth.

Karyn gagged as it penetrated her throat. His cum tasted hot and salty. She clamped her lips around it and tried to suck without gagging. Roman grabbed her head and mouth fucked her. A tendril of panic roiled within Karyn. She could barely breathe. Finally, Roman withdrew his cock. Karyn coughed and gasped for air.

Roman strode toward the cage and unlocked it. Reaching inside, he grabbed Doug's face, raised it, and wiped his cock dry on his mouth.

"Go!" he ordered.

Eyes lowered, Doug crawled toward a quivering Karyn. He stared at the creamy rivulets of jizz dripping from her pussy onto the flogger straps. Kneeling, he started licking her pussy clean. Karyn jerked and twitched as he thrust his tongue inside her hole.

Roman approached and pushed Doug aside. He looked closely at Karyn's pussy and probed it with his fingers, pausing to pinch her tender clit. Karyn whimpered and squirmed. He twisted the flogger handle still inside her ass.

"Feed it to her."

Doug removed the handle from Karyn's ass and crawled toward her. He rose slowly and straddled Karyn's head. Opening her mouth, he guided the handle inside. Dazed, she sucked it. When Roman approached, Doug turned away and crawled back to the cage. Roman smiled and stroked Karyn's face.

Body burning, her senses numb, she could only stare at him with glassy eyes. Compared to all her previous experiences, nothing and no one came close to what Roman had subjected her to. Her pussy, ass, and mouth felt completely violated. The blood roared in her ears, her heart a drumbeat in her chest.

Roman studied her expression with amused interest. Karyn wondered how many other women he had dominated in the harness...or the bed...or the examination table. Her body already tingled at the thought.

Finally, Roman removed the flogger handle from her mouth. He bent close to her face and stroked her sweat-tangled hair.

"That was only a warm up, Karyn. Let me know if you think you handle more. You know where to find me."

He smiled, kissed her forehead, and walked out of the dungeon.

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Neither Karyn nor Doug spoke on the drive back home. Dawn cast the sky with a peachy glow, promising another glorious day. Early bird surfers dotted the beaches in the hopes of catching some waves. Karyn watched them paddle out, longing to feel the coolness of the water on her body.

Though every inch of her flesh throbbed, she knew they'd be returning. It was a situation that pushed the boundaries of their comfort zones, but their experience with Roman was far more satisfying than they'd ever experienced.

Roman was nowhere to be found after she and Doug showered and dressed. As they left his house, she found a phone number scrawled on a post it note stuck to the front door. She looked at it and slipped it into her purse.

"Want to talk about it?" Doug asked.

Karyn reached out and squeezed his hand. "I want to come back."

He nodded thoughtfully. "You sure, Karyn?"

She nodded.

"You don't mind the drive? You know it's going to be on his terms from now on. You okay with that?"

Karyn stared at a cluster of seagulls dive-bombing the water and smiled. Aiden was already a distant memory. She knew Roman was a wild card Alpha who could end the relationship at any moment. But the wait, and the experiences to come, were more than worth it.

"I'm okay with it."