

The Wheel of Fortune

Monette Michaels

Dedication

To my fellow Love Lust and Laptops gals.

Brendan Cooper adjusted the gaudy vest across his chest and the saber in his belt for what had to be the hundredth time that evening. Yes, he represented The Sultan's Favorites Sex Toys. Yes, he'd been asked to host a sex toy party at this exclusive Halloween party at Dacre House. And, yes, the sheik costume was appropriate ... but he didn't have to like it—any of it.

If he hadn't been the classic starving, deeply-in-debt, just-out-of-the-military graduate student, then he wouldn't be here. But he was ... so he was.

The best part of this gig was all the sales he'd made tonight; the worst was he'd been as horny as hell the whole evening from observing—and listening to—his clientele testing toys and then using the ones they'd purchased.

The party host had thoughtfully provided tented chaises in the library for sex play. And Brendan had had a front row seat for every single second of the evening's sexual activities. While he'd "scened" in BDSM clubs, he really wasn't into being a voyeur; he liked *his* sex games to be private. But a job was a job, and he needed the money this one provided.

It had been a damn good thing the sword on his belt was plastic, or his stiff dick could've been lopped off several times throughout the evening. The fact he hadn't taken himself in hand and alleviated his arousal was a testimony to his strength of will—and aversion to jerking off surrounded by strangers.

"Mr. Cooper."

Brendan startled and turned to find Mr. Benoit, the sepulchral-looking aide to the owner of the house, standing right behind him. The man was unnerving as all get out and moved so quietly that he'd surprised Brendan several times during the evening. If Brendan hadn't known better, he would've sworn the man transported from room to room like something out of Star Trek—or maybe he floated through walls like a ghost. The man was just not ... right.

“Yes, Mr. Benoit?” Brendan rearranged the anal plugs, from smallest to “oh-my-god” huge, to give his hands something to do. He wasn’t too proud to admit this guy spooked the shit out of him, and as a former Marine, he’d always prided himself on his courage in the line of fire.

“Has your evening been successful?” Mr. Benoit looked around the room as if he were doing a barracks inspection. The guy reminded him of his drill sergeant during basic training; Sergeant York had the same eerie way of sneaking up on you just as you were about to do something stupid.

“It’s been great.” His regional sales manager would be thrilled—and Brendan would get a huge check about mid-November, just in time to buy books for the spring semester. “Lots of people in and out, and using, well, um, enjoying the atmosphere your boss created.”

“That’s good.” Mr. Benoit picked up a pair of Japanese clover nipple clamps and one of the silicone anal plugs in purple, size large. “I’d like to purchase these.” His lips twisted into what might have been a smile. “My wife has a birthday coming up.”

“Um, sure.” Brendan was shocked the guy had a sex life, let alone a kinky one. He wasn’t sure who’d be on the receiving end of the products, pun not intended, but he was damn sure not going to ask. “Cash or credit?”

Mr. Benoit handed over a Black American Express card. “No need for a bag. I’ll just take them back to my quarters. My wife wanted to visit your sex toy party, but she got tied up.” The man chuckled.

Okay, there was such a thing as too much information. But TMI had been happening all evening. The guests were very forthcoming about their sexual proclivities. He’d been invited to join in several ménages after he shut down. He’d declined. He liked his sex kinky, one-on-one, with him in control.

“Mr. Benoit,” he handed the man his card and a receipt, “when should I shut down? The crowd visiting the library seems to have thinned out in the last hour or so.”

The aide chuckled, a deep, bass sound belying his thin body type. “Yes, the private rooms are where most of the action is now. That will go on all night.”

Maybe Brendan would check out the action and find himself a hot woman to play with and bring her back to the library. After all, he had toys and his choice of tented chaise sofas, which had been cleaned after each bout of sex.

“Stay open for another hour or so.” Mr. Benoit shoved the clamps and plug in the pocket of his black formal jacket. “We’re closing down the entertainment in the ballroom in the next fifteen minutes. Some of the entertainers and servers have expressed an interest in purchasing sex toys. After that crowd dies down, feel free to grab some food and beverages in the bar area of the ballroom. Catering services will continue on through the night and into the morning.”

“That’ll work.” He didn’t have to rush home. There were no classes tomorrow, and no one was waiting for him at his apartment.

As the man turned to leave, he paused. The smile on his face was sly this time. “You’re also welcome to join the late-night festivities. Several ladies have commented on your impressive sword. You never know, you just might meet your destiny tonight.” The man winked and then left the room.

“Jesus, he gives me the willies.” Brendan shook off the strange feeling Benoit created and then moved around the display tables, re-stocking in anticipation of the next wave of buyers. He set out more free condoms and antiseptic wipes so the interested buyers could test a toy before buying. Most of his customers had been like Benoit: they knew what they wanted and how to use them.

As he neatened his pile of receipts and made sure his cash drawer was organized, he came across the half Tarot card, The Wheel of Fortune, which Benoit had given him six hours earlier upon arrival at Dacre House. The man had said something about destiny, Brendan’s destiny. Right then several groups of food servers and dancers entered the room, chattering excitedly and moving for the display tables, so he didn’t have time to ponder Benoit’s words.

Brendan was very busy for the next hour. Lots of sales and lots of risqué sex talk, though this crowd was taking the toys and finding rooms to play in. From what he’d overheard, a lot of them had also made hook-ups for the evening and the half Tarot cards had something to do with those.

What was he missing out on?

The room was empty of customers for the moment, so he pulled out the half Tarot card from his cash drawer and stared at it.

The Wheel of Fortune.

The half-card depicted a half of a wheel with pie-shaped sections and in each section was the image of a woman with varying facial expressions. His half had been split vertically, giving him only one side of the woman’s face at the top and bottom with two

full faces between them; the woman's expression at the top was joyful, while the one at the bottom had a look of despair.

The woman's face looked familiar. Then it hit him. The face on the card was that of one of his classmates who worked the Computer Help Desk with him, Abby Hart. He'd lusted after the petite blonde since they'd shared an IOS programming class last year. He was fairly sure every other heterosexual male in the Computer Science program wanted her too.

Abby was scary smart, had a great sense of humor, and possessed a body made for sin—and she was sweet. Too sweet for what he'd like to do to her curvy little body.

Plus, she treated all of the guys she worked with equally, showing no favorites. One night over beers, he and a few of the other computer science majors had tried to figure out whether she had a boyfriend or liked girls. The consensus had been she wasn't a lesbian and that she had to be dating someone and was faithful. So, she was hands off.

“Brendan?” That voice had haunted his wet dreams—and his waking ones too.

“Abby?” He did a double-take. Yes, it was really her and— “Oh, wow, you look...” *hot, perfect, sexy* “...like you should've been helping me sell Sultan's Favorites toys this evening.”

Lame, Brendan, really lame. Where's your vaunted Dom persona?

Abby's husky laugh went straight to his dick, and he resisted the urge to readjust his erect and oh-so-fucking-hard cock.

Her laugh always made him hard. He'd once thought he'd come during a shared shift at the Help Desk just listening to her laugh. He'd had to excuse himself and jerk off in the restroom so no one would notice his erection.

“I do look like I should've been in the harem all night instead of that cage above the ballroom floor.” Abby smiled and then belly-danced her way to him.

She stepped and pointed her toe, setting the bells on her ankle bracelets to ringing. Then she undulated her hips and stomach and the coins on the sheer scarf around her hips jingled. With each step and wiggle toward him, she also clicked little cymbals attached to her fingers. *Brring. Brring.*

Brendan shut his mouth and checked to see if he had any drool on his chin, because she was drool-worthy. A tiny blue bra top and bikini panty with sheer blue harem pants and the purple scarf with coins around her hips were all she wore—oh, and the bells at her ankles which reminded him of ankle cuffs only noisier. The Dom in him wanted to

take her to one of the tented chaises, strip her bare, bind her, and give her so much pleasure she'd never look at another man.

"I'd like that, Brendan."

Fuck, had he said that out loud? What the fuck was wrong with him?

Did you listen, dumbass? She wants us to dominate her.

Was Abby his hook-up? Was Mr. Benoit a psychic or something?

"Do you have a half Tarot card?" he asked.

She smiled and pulled a card tucked in her blue panties and handed it to him. It was the mate to his card.

A frisson of preternatural awareness ran down his spine. It was the same feeling he'd often had during battle just before something important happened. On the battle field, the warning had saved his life. Was the feeling now telling him his life was about to change for the better? Because being with Abby could only be good.

"Brendan, don't you want me?" She sounded—and looked—forlorn, like the woman at the bottom of the card. That wouldn't do.

He moved toward her and took her hands in his, removed the finger cymbals, and tossed them on the table. He placed her hands on his chest and then, cupping her sweet ass with his hands, pulled her into his body against his throbbing erection. "That's for you. Every time I see you ... hear you ... think about you, I get hard."

Abby's mouth formed a perfect O and then she sealed her fate by moving in and placing a tiny biting kiss on one of his nipples peeking out from behind the ugly vest.

"I feel the same way about you," she whispered into his chest. "Feel me and see."

Brendan groaned and slid his hand between their bodies and then slipped his fingers under the tiny pair of panties she wore. He rubbed a finger over bare pussy lips and found her... "God, you're soaking wet, sweetheart."

He pulled his hand out and brought the fingers wet with her juices to his lips and sucked them. "God, I'm gonna eat you up."

"Please." She stood on her tip-toes and nipped his chin and licked it. "I want you so much."

Brendan wasn't sure what he'd done to deserve this change in fortune, but he wasn't about to turn it aside.

“Go to the chaise with the purple hangings. Take off all the bells and jingling things, take off the sheer pants, leave the bra and panties on,” he wanted to take those off himself, “and then sit and wait for me.”

“What are you going to do?” She rubbed her tiny hands over his chest and he rumbled deep in his throat. He liked her touching him ... way too much.

He picked up one of her so-distracting hands and placed a kiss on the palm. “I’m locking the damn door, ’cause I don’t do public sex...” He slapped her bottom with his other hand and was happy to see her eyes dilate with arousal. “...and then I’ll take my harem girl in every way I desire.”

And his desire meant he’d visit every orifice before the night was over. Sultan’s choice on where he decided to take his final pleasure.

“God, I knew you’d be like this.” She kissed the hand that held hers. “I always sensed dark depths under your quiet demeanor. Every shift, I’d notice your erection.” She stroked a hand over the bulge in his pants and licked her lips. “I’ve stayed awake many a night and masturbated, thinking about your big, strong body, about how large your cock is, about you fucking my mouth and then making me scream with pleasure as you put this big boy in me.” She squeezed his cock through his pants.

Brendan growled at the feel of her hand on his hard-on, at the mental images of her naked and fingering herself.

“Abby, get your ass to the chaise now,” he gritted out between clenched teeth. It was all he could do not to tear her costume off and fuck her on the floor with no preliminaries. But he wanted this first time with Abby to be long, drawn out, and excruciatingly pleasurable for both of them.

Her coins and bells jingled and rang all the way to the chaise as he locked the library door and turned off the overhead lights, leaving only lamps to light the room. He moved a floor lamp closer to the chaise where Abby sat watching him with hungry eyes.

With the light coming through the sheer purple silk, he’d have just enough light to see Abby’s body and the expressions on her face as he took her over and over again. The way he felt right now, he could fuck her all night.

“Lie down, Abby.” His voice was more guttural than he could ever remember. She brought out the alpha-animal in him. All his sexual relations in the bedroom were Dom-sub. He didn’t do vanilla sex, which was one of the reasons he’d never made a move on Abby. She’d looked to be strictly a vanilla girl.

But looks had been deceiving, and she had a hidden sub side—and a very good Dom-radar. Thank you, lord.

*

God, it was gonna happen.

Abby had wanted to be with this man for a long time. But he was older and so controlled, and she hadn't known how to approach him. She'd always been able to pick out the Dom in any room, probably a result of being raised in a non-traditional household. She and her siblings "knew," once they were old enough to understand what sex was, that a locked door meant mom and dad were playing sex games. Since she'd had a wonderful childhood and her parents had a happy marriage and still did, she figured BDSM sex was just another choice to make in life.

She'd made that choice. And while she'd played both privately and at an invitation-only club off campus, she'd never found the "one" Dom who she'd want to be with forever. She wanted what her mom and dad had.

When she'd first seen Brendan, her gut, her heart, and her soul all agreed—this was the man, her Dom.

But how did a proper submissive girl approach a Dom and tell him she was his perfect sub and mate?

Thank God for this party.

"Abby. Stand." Brendan offered his hand and she placed hers in it, glad for the help, because her knees were the consistency of pudding.

He released her and then pulled her panties down. "Step out." She did. Then he unfastened her bra and took it off. His gaze heated as he scanned her slowly from top to bottom and back. "You are so perfect."

And his words and the look in his eyes made her feel so.

Brendan caressed her arms, then moved his hands over her breasts and down her body along the outside of her torso and settled them on her hips. She shivered with excitement as his calloused fingers sent chill bumps racing over her skin.

"Are you cold, little one?"

His Dom voice was lower than his normal speaking voice—a voice that already had the ability to make her wet just from hearing him. Even now the moisture from her pussy coated her labia and her inner thighs.

“No, just excited.”

“Good.” He smiled. “Do you have any hard limits?”

“No scarring me. No needles. No scat. No golden showers. No humiliation. No sharing me with other men. Moderate pain only.” She inhaled sharply as she realized this was going to happen and then her mind went numb.

“That’s good enough to start.” He walked behind her and stroked her back, moving her hair aside to place a kiss at the top of her spine.

She moaned and trembled.

“I won’t hurt you, baby, just push your limits a bit tonight. We’ll go over a complete limits’ contract later.”

Later? He wanted to be with her beyond tonight. It was all she could do not to squeal in excitement.

“You’re pleased.”

He read her well. Her dad was like that with her mom. This boded well for their future.

Brendan nibbled along her shoulder and up her neck. When he reached her ear, he bit her lobe lightly, then sucked on it. He reached around and pinched her nipples hard. She inhaled and then exhaled on a gasp at the pleasure-pain that shot straight to her clit. She moaned as he rolled her nipples between his thumb and finger.

“Let’s clamp these and begin to play.”

“Yes-s-s,” she breathed through the pinches of pain. Her body felt like an over-wound watch, ready to spring loose. She might come from his breast manipulation alone. “I’m close, Sir.”

“Don’t come.” He teathed her shoulder and released her nipples.

She whined at the loss of his touch. The need to come ebbed.

He walked around to face her. He selected some tweezer nipple clamps from the table to the side of the chaise. He put one clamp on her nipple and slid the little ring up, tightening it until she closed her eyes and clenched her jaw against the moan of pain.

“Good girl.” Brendan released a bit of the tension and the pain subsided somewhat. She let out a breath and then he clamped the other nipple in the same manner. He tugged on the chain connecting them and she took rapid breaths to control the urge to cry out. “No sound. What an obedient sub.” He kissed the tip of each tightly clamped nipple.

“You will not speak unless it’s to tell me you’re close to coming or to use your safe word which will be ‘pumpkin.’ Do you understand?”

She nodded.

“What’s your safe word?”

“Pumpkin, Sir.” Her throat was so tight with nerves and excitement she could barely get the words out. She hadn’t been this aroused ... ever.

“Use it if you need to.” Brendan swept her into his arms. His strength was a turn-on in itself. He placed her on the chaise with her head hanging over the top end slightly. “Don’t move.”

She nodded and then watched as he collected an assortment of toys from the tables and returned to her.

“Abby,” he kissed her lips, “are you okay with being tightly bound? You may speak.”

“Yes, Sir. I like being tightly bound.” A lot.

Brendan smiled. He put cuffs on her wrists, ankles, and thighs just above her knees and a bondage belt around her waist. Then with a combination of leather straps, he bound her to the chaise with her hips elevated and her ass and pussy wide open to anything he wished to do to them.

“You look so beautiful.”

He licked and suckled her labia and clit, again and again, but never stayed long enough in one spot to take her over the top. She hissed and tried to arch into the touch to get the pressure she needed.

Brendan slapped her pussy. “None of that. You may make noises, but you can’t come.” He lapped at her sex, humming under his breath. “You taste wonderful. I’ll enjoy eating you for hours, but not tonight.”

She whined and then inhaled sharply as he shoved a finger into her pussy and moved it to her anus and rubbed her juices over the tiny pucker. “Have you ever taken a man here?”

“Yes-s-s, Sir.” She loved having her ass filled while her lover fucked her.

“Let’s get you ready for my cock.” He rubbed some very cold lube on her asshole and then used his fingers to prep her. “Okay, push out, little one. This is a medium plug and I want you to take it, love.”

She nodded, inhaled and then exhaled, relaxing her asshole as much as possible. There was no pain until the bulge in the plug attempted to go through the tight anal ring.

“Push against it. That’s a girl. It’s in.”

Hell, yeah it was. Every inch of her rectum throbbed around the intrusion. But as she adjusted, her pussy clenched around an aching emptiness; she wanted his cock in her now.

Brendan stood by her head. “You will lick and suck my cock until I tell you to stop. Then I’ll fuck your mouth until you swallow my cum. Then it’ll be your turn to come ... and come again and again my love.” He placed a squeaky toy in her hand. “If you get uncomfortable and need to safe word out, squeak that.”

Then he walked behind the chaise and angled her head. “Take my cock.”

Abby began by licking the head and then sucking him in and out of her mouth. He was long and thick; it was the largest cock she’d ever sucked. His taste was briny and somewhat fruity, and she loved it. She was in her own little world, loving his cock, when he pulled the chain to the nipple clamps. She gasped around his cock, and he groaned.

“That felt good. Let’s do it again.” He tugged, she groaned, and her ass clenched around the plug. Her pussy felt so empty and she tightened her vaginal muscles to assuage the ache. She wanted his cock down there.

“Stop sucking.”

She stopped. He held her head steady for his thrusts. He took her rough and fast. She swallowed against the gag reflex and was rewarded with a “Good, little one. So good.”

“Fuck, baby. I’m coming.” His roar of completion was quickly followed by hot spurts of cum down her throat. She swallowed as fast as she could. Finally he was spent and pulled out of her mouth.

Abby took deep gasping breaths as Brendan crooned praise into her ear and caressed her face and hair. “That was wonderful, little one.” He brushed a kiss over her swollen lips before thrusting his tongue into her mouth for a deep, claiming kiss. He tasted of mint and something earthy. She could become addicted to his taste.

When he broke off the kiss, he checked her bindings. “Can you feel your hands and feet?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Now is all about you.” He caressed her body lightly with the backs of his fingers, just enough to tease her, but not enough to add to her arousal. Then he moved to her bottom and turned on a vibrator in the anal plug.

She inhaled sharply as the pulsations seemed to enter her very bones. Then the sound of a Hitachi vibrator filled the air. When he touched the vibe’s head to her labia and clit, she screamed and tried to get away from the too-strong vibrations. “Too much. Too much.”

“Hush.” His order was stern and he slapped her ass hard.

She couldn’t move away from the painful pleasure the powerful vibe caused. Her teeth chattered, her hands clenched, her toes curled, and her body throbbed as every nerve in her seemed to tighten all at once ... and then exploded. She screamed, moaned, cursed, and then devolved into mindless mumblings. If she hadn’t been tied down, she would’ve arched into the vibrator while pushing it away at the same time. She wanted it, but she didn’t.

Brendan gave her no choice ... and she loved him for it. He kept the Hitachi on her clit, not letting up for what seemed like forever. She lost count of the orgasms after three; they ran into one another. Finally, he pulled the all-too-efficient vibe away.

Abby trembled as mini-spasms seemed to travel up and down her body.

“Prepare, little one. Ice pack.”

She shrieked as he placed and held a towel-wrapped ice pack on her over-stimulated pussy. “Ohgod, ohgod, ohgod.”

When he removed the ice, he licked her labia and clit. His mouth was hot in contrast to the ice. As he suckled and teathed her over-sensitized tissue, a different climb to orgasm occurred; this time it was slow and inexorable. She strained to reach the peak, but couldn’t. It was torture. It was wonderful.

Then Brendan used the Hitachi again. “Two more times, sweetheart.” He tugged on her nipple clamps. She moaned. “Then you’ll take my cock in your pussy and then I’ll come in your ass.”

“Can’t. Too tired, Sir.” She wasn’t positive she was even still in her body. She was sure the last orgasm had her floating over her physical body looking down. Was she dead?

He removed the clamps and she screamed as the most powerful orgasm yet, fueled by the main line from her nipples to her clit jump-started a series of never-ending orgasms.

“That’s my girl.” Brendan leaned over and shoved his cock inside her pussy and began to fuck her, hard and fast, shooting her pleasure into the upper atmosphere.

She moaned constantly now. Words were beyond her. The pleasure was too much, bordering on the knife edge of pain she liked and craved. No man had ever pushed her this far.

“Gonna take your ass now.” He grunted, pulled out of her still-spasming pussy and then removed the anal plug.

She watched with dazed eyes as he lubed her and then himself. She liked seeing him stroke his own cock with his large hand. He was big all over and made her feel conquered and protected at the same time.

“Push out, baby.” She inhaled and blew out a breath as he inserted the crown of his cock head into the opening stretched by the plug. He slowly pushed in, then halted, letting her relax until he could push in even farther. It took four pauses, but she finally felt his balls against her ass. Then he began thrusting, slowly at first, then more rapidly.

And as he shoved his cock into her ass, he murmured, “So tight. Feels so good. You take me so beautifully. Could live in your ass forever.” As he fucked her ass, he fingered her clit and thrust two fingers in her pussy. “Come again, baby. Come now.”

Abby would’ve sworn she couldn’t come again, but his cock rubbed nerve endings that had never been rubbed before, and his fingers and thumb revitalized her clit and pussy. So, when he told her to come, she did. “Brendan!”

As if in response, Brendan came also. “Mine,” he roared. He pummeled her ass so hard it shook the chaise. “You ... are ... fucking ... mine.”

Finally, he slumped over her and peppered kisses over her face and shoulders as they both shuddered against one another.

Brendan nuzzled her neck and whispered, “Let’s get you loose, sweetheart.”

He released her and then scooped her into his arms and carried her to another chaise where he lay her down and joined her. Spooning her, he held her close and then pulled several silk throws over them.

As Brendan kissed her shoulder and back, Abby sighed with pleasure. He was a post-sex cuddler. He liked to force orgasms. Her dream Dom.

“I’m so glad you were here tonight. You’re the best thing that has ever happened to me.” Brendan kissed the edge of her jaw. “You’re moving in with me.”

It was an order, not a request.

“Yes, I am.”

Thank God, her Uncle Benoit had helped to create this meeting. Brendan never would’ve made the first move. So, she’d taken Fate in hand.

~The End~

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About the Author

An attorney by profession, Monette realized that she had stories to tell. So, she semi-retired and began writing novels in the late 90s. She has been published since 1998 first as Monette Michaels and later as Rae Morgan. Her Security Specialists International series and Prime Chronicles books, written under the Monette Michaels pen name, are top sellers. As Rae Morgan, she writes the slightly sexier Coven of the Wolf Series and other non-series novellas and books.

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