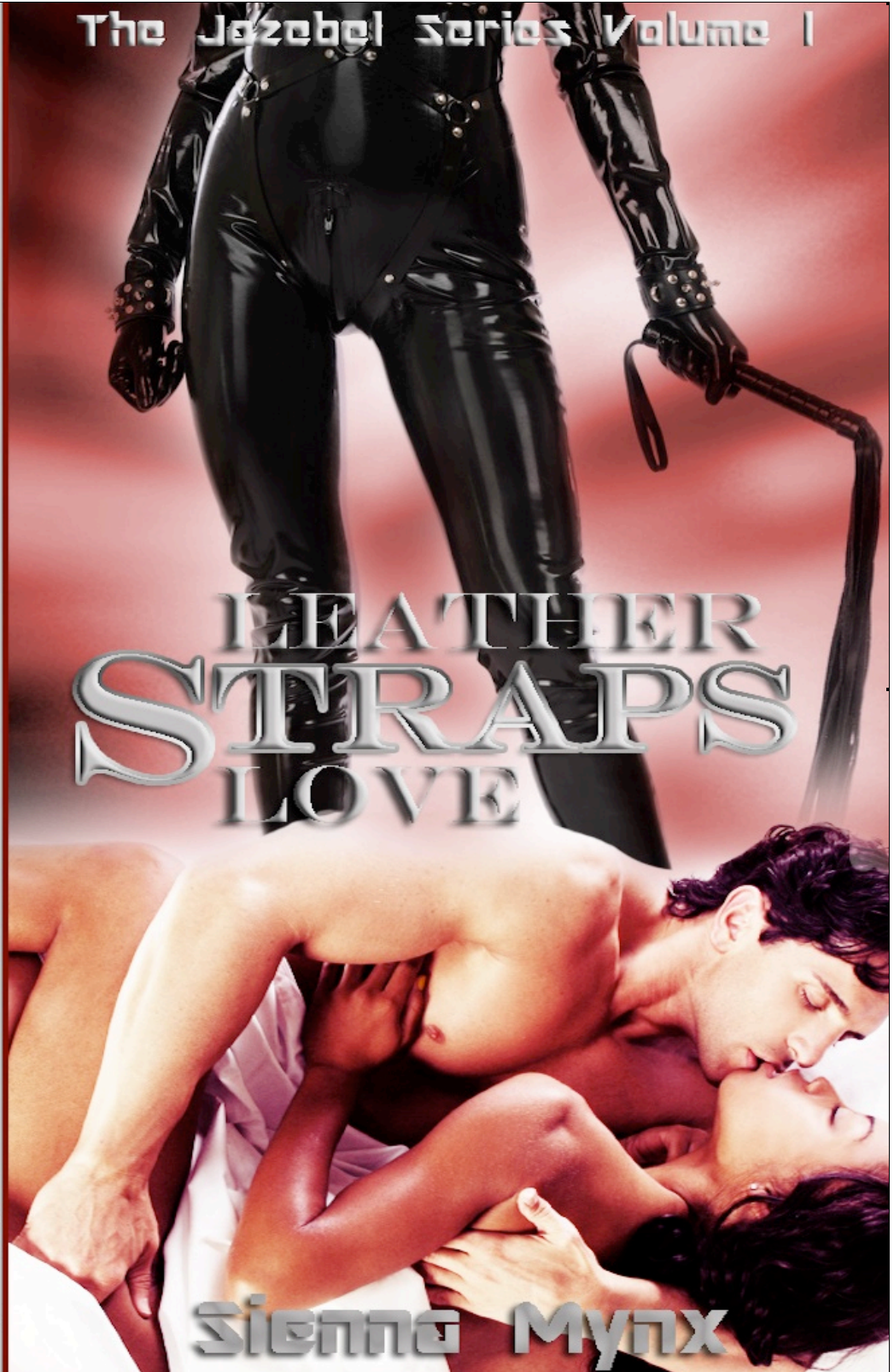


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The Jezebel Series Volume 1



LEATHER STRAPS LOVE



Sienna Mynx

The Divas Pen LLC Publication



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Alice's Lesson

Leather Straps

One

Rain crawled toward him on her hands and knees, peering through fallen locks of hair that covered her eyes. Her gaze was so intense; it boiled his skin with the heated promise of more as it made the slow climb from the base of his upturned cock to its arrowhead tip. Potent, her approach held him still, so very still. He barely allowed air into his poor, deprived lungs. The pressure eased once her eyes flittered away under the shadow of her lashes. What was she looking for now? He noticed how she scanned the room for something beyond his line of vision, possibly the Birchwood rod she'd used on him earlier.

So sweet was his suffering, his longing, his hunger for her that he knew she felt compelled to prolong it. Twisted silk scarves tied at each side of the antique bed's posts bound his wrists. He awoke to find himself that way. She'd sexed him out twice already, and he made the unfortunate mistake of giving in to exhaustion and drifting off to sleep. Now came the consequences.

He should end it.

He tugged on his restraints.

Her head turned. A slow-forming easy smile tugged at the left corner of her mouth. She crawled over his erect penis with her large, sexy breasts swaying. Her copper-glossed lips parted, and the pink tip of her tongue dipped into his navel. His cock was pressed down by her covering weight. Captive, he sipped a stilted breath through clenched teeth. Damn her for the tease! The room was so hot that rivulets of sweat slipped from his brow, soaking his lashes and dripping into his eyes. The summer night condensed into a swirling ball of heat in the tiny motel room located twenty miles outside of the city. It had a busted air conditioner and an acceptable expectation of privacy, as his dark passions required clandestine meetings in spots such as this, where they often met twice a week.

"Mistress permission to speak," he grunted. Summoning strength, he yanked down on his restraints. It was time for the game to end.

“Mistress, release me,” he said as he craned his neck and through the haze of his desire for her, glared at her treachery. He had used the safe word: release. She broke the binds of trust and respect by ignoring it and by forcing him to admit to himself that he wanted her to ignore it.

The tip of her tongue again traced a trail over the lower line of his sweat-slicked abdomen to the nest of dark pubic hairs, spry and wild, at the base of the cock. His double intake of air upon her descent was released in a slow hiss as his back bowed away from the bed. His cock jerked, tapping her chin, and she went lower. Rain chuckled. She wrapped her palm around his shaft and then gave a firm squeeze until the meat of it bulged between her fingers.

“Enough... en-nough... of this Mistress... Release me!”

The truth was Rain had no limits, and though he was once told that every man under her spell soon learned theirs, his would be a torturous first.

Carefully, she fisted his cock and eyed it appreciatively. The mushroom cap at its tip was an angry purple with a dollop of pre-cum in its dimpled center. Rain flicked her tongue and grazed the sensitive layer of skin. His hips gave way to a violent shudder.

“Mistress, I beg of you!” he grunted, pulling hard on his bindings. The headboard jerked and rattled but held him.

“You love to be in control, though you pretend otherwise,” she purred. “But you have no choice but to submit. You know my rules. Speak again, and I will punish you.”

Her lids fluttered shut as she rolled her tongue over the sensitive head of his dick. Relaxing her jaws, she watched him shiver as she let his veined thickness glide in and out of the wet warm cavern of her mouth. Her natural talent orchestrated the momentum of his hip thrusts; each upward push drove him deeper down her throat with ease.

“Jeeeeezzzzeee!” he groaned, reacting and thrusting too soon. Rain then released several inches and began to suckle so hard his dick cramped. His chest caved and pleasure rocketed through his hipbones, delivering rapid spasms through his jerking penis before he drifted into the dark abyss that was her control.

“Yes, Mistress...yes...fuck yeah!” he sang, despite his earlier protest. His head thrashed about. Her mouth pumped at his jerking erection until... the cool rubber blunt tip of a butt plug was inserted into his forbidden hole, and he gurgled back on a scream of untamed pleasure...

The phone rang.

Alice reached for the phone.

“Hello,” she shouted in the receiver. *Oh, how she hated being disturbed in the middle of her writing!* Her glasses slipped to the tip of her nose. She ripped them off, tossing the pair to the keyboard. The digital display of her clock flashed 11:45. Who in the hell would call so late? It could only be Naiya.

“What’s this I hear about you accepting the job at Gaylor Preparatory?”

“Naiya, do you know what time it is?”

“Answer me, Al. Did you or didn’t you accept a teaching offer from Gaylor?”

A man’s muffled voice could be heard through the receiver. Alice strained to decipher the meaning of the call within the covered conversation. She let her eyes roll in response. Naiya was with Tom. Tom Bowden, a guidance counselor at their school and the biggest mouthpiece on staff. Only Tom and the principal knew of her resignation. Now, so did Naiya. He was Naiya’s steady when she was horny, lonely, and bored enough to allow him in. That bastard gave her up probably in the afterglow of the wild monkey sex Naiya bragged about.

“Can we not get into this right now?” Alice asked. She squinted at her laptop screen. She’d been working on Rain’s naughty scene for two days. She could never get it just right, and now, two glasses of wine later, she was there... she was almost there.

“Did you or did you not accept the job?” Naiya demanded.

“It’s a good move for me. Manchester Hills is a sweet little town in West Virginia. I love the serenity. It’s less pressure, so I can write more.”

“Hold the phone,” Naiya groaned.

Alice sighed. She listened as her friend kicked Tom from her bed. A debate between the two could be heard before Alice finally lowered the receiver, slipped

on her glasses, and again began to peck at her keyboard. The laptop rested on her thighs, radiating heat. The keys her fingers continued to brush were rubbed off from her constant typing. Now she struggled for the next transition in Rain's scene. It was impossible. She couldn't channel the heat she'd felt just minutes prior. She loved Naiya, but sometimes she wanted to smack her friend for her constant interruptions. Naiya wouldn't hesitate to remind her that it was she who picked up the phone.

"Al?"

"I'm here." Alice released an impatient sigh.

"You said you were going to do it. You were going to focus, get out there and promote your work. You said—"

"I'm writing, Naiya. I'm doing—"

"Bullshit! You're writing because that's what you do. You aren't serious about it. You keep hiding behind your job, hiding behind that character. Hiding, hiding, hiding! Damn, girl. You got talent, and you're scared of it?"

"Are you done?"

"No! Meet me tomorrow. I have something to show you. It's important."

"Meet you? You're not coming to work?"

"No," her voice trailed as if she wanted to say more. Alice felt a ball of resistance form at her friend's vagueness. Naiya was up to something.

"I've been working on a project. Meet me tomorrow and I'll explain."

"But it's a teacher's work day. You have your lesson plans to get ready and—
—"

"Al, just do as I say. Oh, and cut off that laptop and go to bed. If you ain't getting none tonight, why should Rain? Night."

It was an odd ending for them. Naiya had been her best friend since their freshman year in college. They were connected on many levels. She was the only one that knew of her writing compulsion, and that used to be fine. But now? Now she felt challenged, mocked, ridiculed over the growing success of the erotic books she published anonymously. A month ago they had turned a corner. Naiya had started comparing her lack of a personal life to the risqué sexual exploits of her

fictional character. She tried to dismiss it, but Naiya had grown more insistent, and it was getting to be a bit annoying. She constantly pushed for her to be daring, to be more adventurous. The more Alice withdrew to her writing, the more Naiya pushed. It was as if there was a winning lottery ticket in it for her if she did.

You know why she pushes, Alice. Naiya's fearless; it's you that's the coward. What are you afraid of? A morality clause you've never read? Maybe it's the uncharted desires behind your mask? Or do you like living in your own shadow?

Alice dropped her head back and sighed. Most people didn't hear voices in their heads. She read somewhere once that Ernest Hemingway used to talk to people that weren't there. Being a writer, sometimes your inner mind can turn on you. She had to wonder about her sanity at times. How could Naiya understand? No one could.

When she was four, she'd sit her dolls down to tell them stories. At five she drew pictures in her alphabet tablet because she couldn't write complete sentences. When she turned six, she was putting her words under the pictures of dogs and frogs that were her best friends. Then at ten she was undressing Barbie and Ken and forcing them to sleep together and sneaking to read her mother's romance novels.

The computer was where she guarded her poems, short stories, and ideas under a password lock and key. She'd learned that lesson after her mother stumbled on some of her writings in junior high and had her in church on her knees, repenting.

Her life was her own. She spent eight hours out of a day with runny-nose second graders, then another eight hours with her glass of wine and her thigh-warming laptop. Life was on her terms. The naughty thoughts in her head were safely placed in a story where she could be free, with none of the risks. Couldn't get any better than that. Could it?

Sighing, Alice set the phone down and squinted at blurring lines on the computer's screen. A dull ache began to form behind her eyes. She was done. The mood was gone. Rain could suck her hero's dick until she got lockjaw, and Alice would still be unable to capture the scene. A waste.

Alice closed her laptop, and reclined in her favorite La-z-Boy. Her eyes fluttered shut, and the pressure building in her temples eased. With her legs warmly pocketed in a fleece blanket, she snuggled and relaxed under the warmth blowing from the air ducts. Her mind and thoughts began to fuzz over as the wine smoothed her frayed nerves. She always got anxious when a scene was beyond her fingers. The headache was just a symptom of it.

Remembering the relaxing exercises from her yoga instructor, she regulated her breathing. All of her muscles softened. In just under a month, she would have new surroundings, a new job, and a new start. That was her way to adventure. Naiya could never understand how good a feeling that was.

Despite her best efforts to resist, sleep came and went. She woke to a dark condo with a painful tightening at the base of her neck. Wincing, she rubbed the pinched nerve to ease the pain and bring some relief. Alice lowered the leg-rest to the chair, put her glasses back on, and stumbled through her dark condo. She made her way to the bathroom. When the light flickered on, she groaned. What time was it? Alice removed her glasses and moved to the sink to put water on her face. She never went to bed without brushing her teeth. Her grooming was part of the strict discipline she'd endured as one of nine daughters to her Jehovah's Witness parents. She picked up her pink toothbrush and layered it with paste. Her eyes lifted to the mirror and she stopped.

Her hair was all over her head. Naturally curly, she spent an extra hour a day straightening it with flat irons. Tonight it lay like a listless dark shroud on her shoulders. Her eyes were supposedly her best feature. She normally kept them under her glasses. But her lashes were naturally long and her irises a hazel brown. She was medium brown; the darkest girl in the Sands family. Her mother was so fair that many wondered of her ethnicity. Her father was a dark ebony man with stern and strong Nubian features. Alice had a mix of them both. Her nose was full like her father's; her mouth was supple and pouty like her mother's. She had her mother's eyes and hair but her father's righteous high cheekbones and round face. She could never decide if she was pretty—never decide if she was anything more

than Alice Sands, the sixth daughter of nine children and a schoolteacher. That was until she found Rain.

Focusing, she began to brush each tooth meticulously. She gurgled and spit in the sink, letting the tap run her sudsy spew down the drain. She washed her face and tied down her hair under a pink-checkered scarf. Russell said she was frigid, cold, unworthy of the effort of a man.

Maybe it's true, Alice. After all, he was your boyfriend. Who better to know if you have any warmth than the guy you've been sleeping with for the past two years?

Alice cringed. What did she know of desires but her fantasies? What did it matter at thirty-two? This was her life and she was content to live it as-is.

About the Author

Sienna Mynx is your naughty writer of Paranormal, Contemporary, and Historical Interracial Romance for readers that love the bad boy's but desire to be the women that tame them. A current resident of south of Georgia, Sienna Mynx has just emerged into the e-publishing arena. Her novellas reflect her thirst for romance told from with the diversity she craves in erotica. Look for more to come. Visit Sienna Mynx at <http://siennamynx.com>