

STONE: EXCERPT 1



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If Peyton had been embarrassed to stand bare ass naked in front of roughly a hundred people, she turned into a glowing lobster when Stone walked around her. Her breathing faltered as he brushed his palm over her ass cheeks, the indent of her waist, the soft under slope of her breasts and finally rolling and pinching her aching nipples between his fingers. It was a shock to feel the effect of those tugging fingers all the way to her clitoris which now throbbed incessantly. She sucked in her stomach as his fingers trailed over her belly, to play squiggles on either side of the nub, which she was relatively sure was so swollen, it must be twice its normal size. It took all the willpower she possessed not to orbit her hips and tilt it into his hand, to force a touch over the pulsing nub.

"Nice body, sub PJ. Perfectly proportioned." His lips flattened as his fingers encountered the soft fluff of hair covering her mound in a thin landing strip. He ignored her squeal as he pinched his fingers

around a couple of hairs and yanked them ... *he fucking ripped them!* ... from her body. "Another instruction you chose to ignore, I see."

The smile that curved his lips upward caused a chill of trepidation to course down her spine. It was a grin of such wicked evilness, she could feel every hair covering her labia shrink back into their follicles.

"Bend over, legs straight and grab your ankles." His voice held a hint of amusement as he waited. The Beast growled in pleasure as her eyes shot to his, narrowing as her lips pursed into a tight pinch.

"I'm not—"

"Dom Evans, please assist this trainee into position."

The dark order still hung low in the atmosphere when a large body slammed into her from behind, grasped her wrists and bent over, forcing her to follow suit. Before she could blink, her wrists were cuffed to her ankles.

Peyton felt her ears go red. There she was, head between her knees, ass up in the air with her naked pussy spread open to a hundred people! Oh, good lord, the embarrassment!

"Hmm ... let me see what else I'll find."

She cringed at the deep rasp above her. If not for fear that she'd topple over, she would've jumped out of the way when his warm hand cupped one of her ass cheeks. His huge paw completely covered it.

Holy shit! Imagine that hand spanking—

Her eyes met his sparkling ones. She shook her head. He chuckled.

Crack! Crack!

"Owww *fucking* oww!" Peyton screamed as he did exactly what she was about to envision. Pain seared from where he was rubbing what she was sure was her bruised ass to her brain. Only, it got hijacked by the heat surging through her veins to set her loins throbbing.

Noo! Not now, she wailed in her mind. She squeezed her eyes shut, not wanting to witness the glaring proof of her arousal on her labia that glistened with the juices that oozed from between her lips. In the position she was in, she could smell her own lust.

"Well, well, just look at that." A hard boot kicking her foot, prodded her to open her eyes. Her cheeks burned with shame as she looked up at him, well aware of the view he had; one *she* did her best to avoid looking at. "Not me, little dove. This," he said and tapped her labia with his fingers. Tell me what you see."

"Oh lord, you're not serious," she said in a thin voice.

“You will learn that I never say anything I don’t mean. Now, I’m waiting.”

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