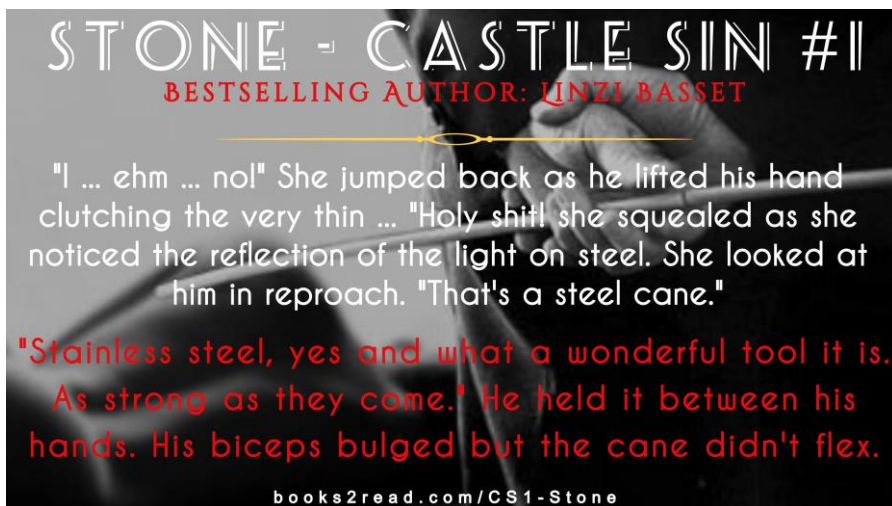


STONE: EXCERPT 2



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"Oww!" Peyton cried out at the stinging pain on the outside of her left thigh following a quick flick of his wrist. Her eyes dropped to the offending object in his hand. She took back a tentative step.

"What the devil was that for?" she grumbled, refusing to drop her hands from covering her supercharged girly parts.

Dammit! Why can't I react the same way Savannah does to impact tools?

Heat lined every vein in Peyton's body, spurred on by the searing pain from where the thin cane had connected with her skin. It sparked arousal as far as it traveled.

"Your blabbering is going to get you into all kinds of trouble, sub, and your brattiness ... well, let me put it this way. Unless you learn to curb both of those, you'll spend the next seven months either on all fours or on your back with legs spread wide open."

The offending cane rat-a-tatted against his jeans. She bit back a moan as her clitoris throbbed in tune with its threatening thuds.

"I know Dom Evans well enough to realize he gave you an order. Care to enlighten me what it was?"

"I ... ehm ... no!" She jumped back as he lifted his hand clutching the very thin ... "Holy shit!" she squealed as she noticed the reflection of the light on steel. She looked at him in reproach. "That's a steel rod!"

“Stainless steel, yes and a wonderful tool it is. As strong as they come.” He held it on both ends between his hands. His biceps flexed but the cane didn’t budge. His grin turned evil at her wide-eyed and horrified look. “As you can see it doesn’t bend.” He walked closer forcing Peyton to retreat step for step. “That means this beauty can take ...” his chuckle was as deep as it was threatening, “or should I rather say, give a decent beating without bending.”

“Oh, fuckity fuck,” Peyton wailed as her back connected with the rough stone wall. Her hands lifted automatically to ward Stone off who didn’t stop until he pressed into her. Her skin sizzled everywhere they touched. She blinked rapidly, unable to prevent her nipples from turning hard as stones and poking into his chest like steel bullets.

“And it’s perfect for temperature play too, little dove. Just imagine how it will feel iced or warmed up ... yes,” he crooned as he watched her pupils dilate and her chest heaved with each labored breath she took.

“Y-yes what?” she breathed. Up close, she became entranced with the warm glow in his eyes. They were the glimmering color of emeralds, sparkling like the light of the morning sun on a fresh sheen of morning dew. That churning, passionate green that the ocean turned during a storm.

“I was right about you.” He smiled as she bore back into the unyielding wall that now dug painfully into her skin when he lifted the cane and trailed the cold edge over her cheek.

Peyton couldn’t breathe. It felt like a hand clamped around her chest and squeezed. All because of his closeness, of what she perceived to be the message he portrayed with the point of the cane following the line of her chin, her throat to track over the upper roundness of her breasts. Which of course raced up and down with every breath she took. Could it be, or was she allowing her imagination to run away with her?

She blinked up at him. Her breath caught in her throat at the heated look in his eyes. This wasn’t a Dom looking forward to training a sub. This was a powerful Master who knew exactly what he wanted.

And god help her, that look promised all kinds of pleasure and pain, heaven and hell. Her insides coiled. It staked a claim—on her!

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