

The Journal of Bleu_Light_Special: Bisexual Awakenings

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"I want to taste you," he said, the words wrapping around me like a warm mist. "I want to suck your warm, sweet juices until you scream for more. I want to make you beg...and then I'm going to plunge deep inside of you, plundering your wet, sexy body until you can't breathe...until you can't think."

My eyes widened, my body beginning to prickle. His words, so bold, so intimate, sent a delicious shiver between my thighs. What would he do then? Would he want me to taste him as well...to lick his 10" tool until it spewed his hot seed all over my face...down my throat? Would he flip me over on the floor and penetrate me from behind? Maybe he'll bind my arms and legs and take a slow, tortuous perusal of my body while I squirm beneath him in sensual agony.

I'd like that.

Sighing, I checked my watch and ran a comb through my long, auburn curls. Well, he'd better hurry then. He's the fourth one this morning, and I have to leave for work soon.

This Internet is going to get me fired yet...

January 1:

Dear Diary,

Has it only been six months since my first computer came through the door, a present for my twentyfifth birthday? It's hard to believe! How did I exist before it came into my life? I can still remember the maze of decisions that came with it...what hardware...what software...what server?

Finally I chose a cable server, a high-speed connection that had been praised by my boyfriend, Jess. Was he right? I have no idea. What is considered high-speed in a world where even the most modest connection can have you enjoying intimate communion from your bedroom in Tucson, with a man on the other side of the planet in mere seconds? It amazes me. No, more than that...it consumes me.

At first I isolated myself in my word program, keeping records, a journal, a few recipes. But then I began to "search" for more...information on this and that...bringing both great minds and small right into my bedroom at the drop of a hat.

Then had come the day when I'd discovered "chat".

It had been a modest adventure in the beginning, popping into various rooms devoted to hobbies, entertainment, talking to people who enjoyed the same television shows that I did.

Soon, however, it began to fill my mind, my dreary days with thoughts of my next connection... my next cyberspace "fix". My solitary existence began to fade into the distance, to fill with the faceless people that populated my nights. My life had become transformed from that of a little mouse in a frightening world, to that of a woman of consequence...someone to listen to...someone who counts.

And it was good. It was exhilarating...and addictive.

Then had come the day when I'd found the "adult" rooms and entered the world of men...tall men, short men, men who caressed me with their words as no others ever had...men who took me to dark places inside of myself, behind my innocent, blue eyes and sent me spinning into the unknown.

I live two lives now...two irreconcilable existences. By day I am Jillian, shy little store clerk at the local Z-Mart, but every evening, when all is said and done, I become "bleu_light_special", queen of the night.

January 2:

He touches me softly my long, auburn hair curled against the pillow, the dedicated passion of His fingers twining itself deep within my wet folds. I shiver at the thought of Him, at the promise of His body so close to mine. Moist swirls of delicious intoxication overcome me.

Anticipation...anticipation...

What marvels will He share with me tonight...what sensuous delights? What gilded cage shall I swing from for His pleasure? I don't know...I don't care.

His touch is my opium, his will my commandment. I pass the long hours each day waiting for his name to cross my screen once more. He consumes me.

Someday we'll have to meet...

January 3:

I think this internet is going to be the death of me yet. It's all I think about anymore...that, and the man who calls himself "the_captain."

It all started so innocently, so unremarkably. One day I had a bare desktop, and the next, there sat my new computer...virginal and untouched.

Do you know how hard it is to work when everyone who passes your way reminds you of some anonymous, intimate encounter? That man, the one with the rose tattoo on his left arm, could he be "trans_american_4u", the guy who tore my clothes off on the floor of his garage and sent me off at a million rpm's? Or that guy, the one with the red hair and the incredible biceps...is that "red_hot_daddy", the one who likes 'em young...really young?

My mind spins, and my work falters. I hear the manager over the loud speaker saying “Attention Z-Mart shoppers. For the next ten minutes, we’ll be selling pantyhose in the lingerie aisle for an incredibly reduced price.” I hear, but in my mind I’m thinking “Those would be so nice wrapped around my wrists, tied cleverly to the bedposts, wouldn’t they?”

Finally, it’s time to go home, to the blessed confines of my apartment, home to my cat and my computer...my life begins again. I am once more bleu_light_special.

Quickly I take a TV dinner out of the freezer and turn on my answering machine. A message from Jess awaits. He won’t be coming this weekend. His mother is sick...again. Oh well. Sometimes I wonder if it matters. Am I her surrogate, or is she mine...an interesting thought. Jillian Johnson would care, but not bleu_light_special. There are so many choices out there in the big, hairy world. Why quibble over a single man wielding a thermometer when men like “the_captain” await?

Quietly I feed my cat so that I may once more settle myself peacefully atop my empty bed, my keyboard resting on my warm, firm thighs before my monitor. I gently caress the power control and it comes to life, greeting me, welcoming me home. Carefully, I select a chat room to fill my evening while I wait. What will it be tonight? So many choices, so many men...my palms itch at the prospect.

Finally, I settle on the Bondage Room...Doms and subs, Masters and slaves cavorting and posturing for each other...a risqué fantasy, and it suits my mood tonight. “Yes, Sir. As you wish, Sir. On my knees, Sir?” Like an erotic mantra it swirls in my mind, as visions of stern Masters in leather-bound chairs rise before my youthful, all-seeing eyes.

I’m known here...known well, and in mere seconds the messages begin to fill my screen. Some are crude, some demanding...some know how to play the game and some don’t. And for some this is no game at all, it’s a way of life. No, it’s more than that...it’s life itself, and for this brief space in time, I become one of them.

Pensively, the heat building between my thighs, my full breasts beginning to ache with need, I scan their overtures, their profiles, searching for one who knows what I know...that tonight will be something special.

Then it happens, and the_captain’s screen name passes before me! I know that he will require nothing but my best performance. He’s the real thing. He won’t accept a fake, and I won’t disappoint him.

We’re linked in a way that only someone in this peculiar relationship can be. I can feel Him thinking. I can hear Him measuring the miles, forming the questions.

“What have you been doing with yourself today, Bleu?” He asks, as if He doesn’t know already.

“Nothing, Sir” I respond dutifully, the lukewarm passage of hours melting away into obscurity.

“Have you touched yourself today?” He demands to know. “I want the truth.”

I feel the hot curl of His words insinuate itself deep in my belly, His question eliciting a moist rush between my thighs.

“No, Sir. You told me not to, and I’ve obeyed.”

He pauses, and repeats once more my fatal shortcoming. “I’m looking for someone in real life,” He replies, bluntly. “You know that. I want to touch you with more than words.”

Now it’s my turn to pause, but quickly I hide my disappointment. “I’m sorry, Sir. ‘this one’ is available only online.”

Fearfully, I expect to see Him curtail the conversation at this point, to fade back into the maze of fonts that parade before me, but He doesn’t. Instead He allows the game to continue for another night.

“Are you hungry now?” He asks, “Does your body ache for what only I can give you? Would you like to touch yourself?”

I quiver. I know what comes next. I yearn for it...crave it. It’s something I need, and he knows it.

“Yes, Sir.” I type, my pulse racing, pounding in my head.

“Proceed then,” He demands, and I feel my nipples begin to harden.

Once more I begin my carefully composed dialogue. “I await Your arrival from the office, Sir. I wear only a thin, gold chain about my waist, and the collar that binds me body and soul to Your service. I reach out and relieve You of your briefcase, setting it aside as I lead You to Your favorite, leather easy chair. I want to touch myself, but I know I can’t. My body belongs to You now, and only You may give vent to my passions. And so I wait, kneeling on the floor between Your knees, my naked thighs spread wide, exposing my glistening sex, my hands resting atop them, palms upward in submission.”

Words...words...how can simple words squirm inside my belly like living things, writhing in wild abandon at the very core of my sexuality?

“Very nice, Bleu,” He comments, “You’ve been trained well. You know your place. Have you anticipated My arrival tonight?” He questions.

I lift my gaze to the monitor that conceals His muscled thighs. “Yes, Sir,” I reply. “What would You have me do, Sir?” I ask anxiously.

His words are bold now...commanding. “Open yourself, Bleu. Prove your willingness to please Me.” He demands.

I know what He wants...what I want. A good slave always does. I part my legs even wider...wider yet as my quivering hand slides beneath the elastic of my panties...until my

moist petals gape wet and quivering before His cyber-gaze. Then, pinching my labia between my thumb and forefinger I open my sex so that he may gauge my readiness.

His tone now registers His approval. "That's satisfactory, Bleu. Now entertain Me. I want to watch you pleasure yourself before Me."

Oh..He's good! He knows how to keep the game interesting. Quickly I rearrange myself atop the coverlet, sliding my panties down the length of my legs and off, my skirt hiking high around my waist. I'll have to type with one hand now, but I've become proficient over the months. This will do nicely...very nicely.

The distinction between reality and cyberspace begins to fade, a hot flush insinuating itself beneath my flesh. I feel my fingers penetrate the downy red fluff between my legs, a familiar thrill coursing through my body. Eagerly I begin to massage my throbbing bud for His pleasure, feeling the moisture begin to flow across my fingertips as the tension mounts. My breath becomes labored and my body begins to tense. More..more...

"Stop," he demands.

Stop? He wants me to stop! This is different...terribly different. How can I do what He wants when I need it so badly? How can He ask this of me?

"Stand up, " He orders, "and turn around. Bent over and straddle My thighs. I want to inspect my property."

I'm beside myself now. My body aches for fulfillment, but it isn't to be. My Master has commanded me to stop, and so I must.

He pauses once more, and I expect to feel His hand probing between my legs, feeding my hunger, but once more He surprises me.

"No," He says. "This won't do. How far are you willing to go for Me, Bleu? How desperate are you to experience the completion that only I can give you?"

Desperate? I've never thought of myself as desperate. Does He think He knows me that well already? Can He see, even through the haze of cyberspace how much I need Him...how much I need this? Again I feel the frustration build deep in the pit of my stomach. He won't leave me now, will He? I want Him to stay...to play the game...to fill the void I've carried all day. And suddenly the word slips quivering from my lips, mouthed silently as my fingers tap the keys.

"Anything."

What have I done? What will He demand now? But, in my deepest reaches, I know. I know even before He continues, before He seals my fate.

"Meet me at Gringo Pass in two hours. Wear a blue dress...full and short," He demands...not a request. He knows what He wants. I'm to obey without question.

I pause. "Should I bring my passport, Sir" I ask, my fingers shaking as I read the words they type. Have I lost my mind? Will He take me into Mexico, I wonder as I watch the local name for the Lukeville border crossing taunting me from the screen? What will He do then?

"No," He replies. "You're property now. Mine. Property doesn't require a passport."

And then, with two final words, He leaves me to my trepidation.

"Be there. You'll be watched."

I sit, stunned at what I've just said, what I've just done. He was nearby all along! What should I do? What will I do? I can hear the heavy echo of my own breath in my ears, the erratic pounding of my heart. I'm frozen in place, I'm sure that I can't move, but then I do. I rise and head for the bedroom...and begin to pack a suitcase.

Chapter 2:

The ride to Lukeville, along the Mexican border, is long and dusty. Alone on the barren highway that crosses the desolate reaches of the desert, it's hard to keep my mind from screaming that what I'm doing is wrong...so wrong. Shallow graves lie in the wastelands that surround me, filled with just such foolish people as I. They'll never be found...missed only on special days of remembrance...lost to the ages in unmarked interment.

The hours fall behind me and soon the sun has given up its perpetual demands on the parched earth. Night falls, and my isolation is complete. Strange lights appear in the sky over the Air Force gunnery range to the west. They seem to follow me, to mock me. Are they harbingers of my fate...testimonies to my folly? Have I lost all sanity on this wayward diversion to my safe, but boring life?

Finally, far in the distance I see the halogen lights that herald the border crossing. Their gravity takes hold and I'm drawn foreword. There's no turning back now. Like a moth to a flame...I'm their prisoner.

It nears. Now I can see the American crossing guards at Lukeville, their Mexican counterparts nearby on the Sonoita side. A parking place...where is a parking place, I wonder? And then I see it, a small turnoff to the left, tucked intimately beneath a copse of palo verde trees.

Numb, I pull my insignificant Beetle to the right and turn off the engine. I'm here. Now what?

A soft breeze, something unseen from the desert wafts gently through the trees, rustling their branches above me as I wait.

Suddenly a man, raw boned and huge appears in my rear-view mirror. His eyes are as dark as the western suit He wears, as sharp as the creases in his oh-so -expensive pants. He crosses the dirt-packed parking area and approaches my car. Could that be Him, I wonder, taking in his massive size and stern demeanor? He could crush me like a bug. What have I done?

Without hesitation He strides up to my window, His hand motioning for me to get out.

I obey. What else can I do?

“Give me your keys.” He demands, His voice low and husky. “Someone will take care of your car.”

Take care of my car? What does that mean? Then, reaching inside, He tucks them neatly behind the visor to await the mysterious “someone” who will soon claim them.

He turns, His eyes assessing me, undressing me in the variegated gloom of the shifting trees. They probe me, touch me, weigh and measure my acceptance.

“Lift your skirt.” He orders, as though we were not a mere 50 yards from the border guards. “Now.”

Trembling, I step back into the uneasy privacy offered by the shadows of the trees and lift my skirt to my thighs.

He waits.

I lift my skirt higher, higher until His eyes register that I’ve done his bidding satisfactorily. I expect some sign of appreciation for my body, I’ve been told it’s nice...but none appears. Instead a frown forms a furrow across his brow.

“Panties...panty hose.” He murmurs. You weren’t supposed to wear those.” Then, without preamble He thrusts his ham-like palm down the front of my dress. “And a bra,” He rumbles, his hand painfully squeezing my trembling breast. “You were told to wear a blue dress. Nothing was said about undergarments.”

He turns then, as if making up His mind about something, and gestures me toward a car parked about ten yards away. A Hummvee. Black. The kind that gentlemen drive...gentlemen with money...lots of it.

He flicks his finger in the direction of the vehicle.

“Get in.” He directs curtly. “I want to watch you walk.”

My knees tremble. I feel His eyes follow me across the hard, packed sand until I reach the SUV and open the door. Quickly I slide into the passenger seat and hear the soft click of the door latch behind me, dropping the curtain on this humiliating peep show. I wait, but not for long. In mere seconds He is beside me, my suitcase tossed like so much offal in the back seat, His long legs unfurling beneath the dashboard as the monster roars to life.

The inside of His car is impressive...black leather... custom interiors, I’m sure. This Hummvee has never seen battle, at least not the kind that makes the 6 o’clock news. The dashboard is alive with lights, reds, greens and golds that indicate things over which I can only guess. He reverses, makes a turn, then pulls forward toward the crossing point, toward

the only stop sign for a hundred miles in any direction...but He doesn't stop. He doesn't have to. Even the guards seem to know that, and they display their deference by stepping away as He passes. How many times has The Captain done this, I wonder? An established pattern is beginning to form, and I'm a part of it. Does one survive such a thing?

We drive silently through the small border village of Sonoita, then take a left-hand turn in the direction that a sign says leads to Puerto Penasco, an ancient shrimping port along the Sea of Cortez. In no time at all, we're swallowed up in the moonlit vastness of the desert, alone on a road that leads to the edge of the known world.

We drive in silence for about 20 minutes, long enough for my heart rate to calm and my knees to stop twitching, but then He slows. Are we there, I wonder, searching the barren scrub brush for a house of some sort? But no, we are on the side of the roadway, alone in a place that even the prairie dogs would shun.

In a cloud of dust He pulls off to the right and kills the engine.

"Get out," He orders, seeing the fear rise in my eyes. "And stand beside the car."

Slowly, I open the door and slip out into the desert. Is this where He defiles me, rapes and tortures me, then tosses my broken body out into this vast wasteland, I wonder?

I tremble once more, and feel the solidity of the fender supporting me from behind.

"Stand away," He says, knowing I can do nothing but obey. "Stand there, in the headlights."

I swallow hard and circle toward the front of the car. What will He have me do now? I don't have to wonder long.

"Pull up your skirt again," He orders. "And take those damned panties and pantyhose off."

Here? In the headlights? What if someone drives by...if someone sees? But, again I have no choice, so quivering, I slip my fingers beneath the elastic of my pantyhose, shifting awkwardly from one foot to the other as I slide them down the length of my thighs. A flush, red and hot rises and consumes me...and I turn away.

"No!" He commands sharply. "I want to watch you. Face me!"

Once more I turn back towards my tormentor. He is in command...the power is all His.

"Now the panties," He continues, His voice taking on a dusky tone.

I feel fear. I feel shame. I feel curiously aroused.

Slowly I peel the thin lace of my panties down to my ankles, the soft breeze caressing my pubic hair, until finally the wispy garment lies in the dust along with my pantyhose.

Without a word, He reaches out His hand for them and I hasten to obey. Quickly, I gather them into a tight ball and hurry toward the side of the car to place them in His outstretched

palm. Have I done well this time...have I finally pleased Him? I watch as He reaches into the car and removes my purse, stuffing my undergarments into it with disdain.

“You won’t be wearing them anymore,” He says abruptly. “But I won’t litter the highway with them either.”

Again, His eyes take my measure, but this time He reaches for me and presses my hips against the right, front fender, bending me backwards like some sacrificial offering, all stripped and ready for sacrifice.

It’s His hands now that lift my skirt, His hands that slide roughly over my pale, vulnerable flesh.

“Open your legs,” He demands, His fingers already probing where only one man has been before. “You’ve been around, haven’t you?” He questions thrusting his rough, thick fingers inside of me. “How many men have you fucked?”

I begin to shake...His touch...His touch. He smiles. “You like this, don’t you, Bleu? You like me inside of you like this. Answer me!”

“O-One, Sir,” I stutter. “Only one...just one time.”

“And you like this...”

“Y-Yes, Sir,” I lie...or am I lying? My fantasies come crashing around me, and I no longer know.

He probes me once more...hard...rough and I cry out. Again, he smiles, and I watch wide-eyed as He reaches into his pocket. What appears now brings me no consolation, for in his fist I see a knife, ivory handled, scrimshawed and large. A folding knife with a heavy blade...customized? It snickers open in the darkness, and I feel my bladder threaten to betray me. He hears me whimper, and it appeals to Him.

Then, with a sadistic smile, He strokes the flat of the blade along my inner thigh until I can feel a tiny trickle of urine escape along my quivering flesh.

He likes that too. He runs his fingers through it in satisfaction and smears it up and down my thighs. Tears well up in my eyes, I can’t control them, but still my tormentor escalates His abuse. This time He cuts the buttons from the bodice of my dress, exposing the pale pink film of my lacey bra, stretched over my taut nipples.

“Nice,” He mutters raising the knife upward along my body. Then, with a quick thrust He slides the knife against the tiny bridge of satin between my breasts and snips it cleanly in two.

I cry out in alarm, my voice lost in the vast emptiness of the desert. Then I hear a sound...far away, coming closer along the lonely desert track. A car. Has the cavalry arrived? He has to stop now, I think...doesn’t He? But He doesn’t. His eyes never waiver, never shift for a second as the car nears, draws parallel, then passes in the night. He knew...He knew. No one would dare stop Him...not The Captain.

Again the blade flashes, and again...and now I feel the straps give way and my breasts freed beneath His gaze. Then, brusquely He takes his left hand...tugs, and the bra comes free from its hiding place. I watch as He deposits it unceremoniously atop the car.

He takes my wrists, and pinning them far above my head along the cooling metal of the hood, He mutters "Stay," as if commanding His dog.

And I do.

I am at His disposal now, and He touches me, curling his fingers between my thighs, thrusting them deep into my belly. And then I feel it, the handle of His knife insinuating itself roughly into my vagina, and I gush once more. I'm wet, so wet...humiliatingly wet...and He knows it.

He smiles, a crooked smile that doesn't reach His eyes, then closes His mouth over my distended nipple. He bites...hard...harder, and I whimper. I'm on the edge of an orgasm so complete, so earthshaking that I can't control myself. Then my dignity shatters, and I fall with a shudder, whimpering, into a swirling abyss that I can no longer hold at bay.

Suddenly, I hear His zipper sliding softly in the silence, opening Him, freeing His sex. Then, with a lunge He grabs my hair and I am at once on my knees beside the tire, between His thighs.

"Open your mouth, Bleu. Do it!" He orders, thrusting His hips against my face. I feel His massive knob press unrelentingly against my lips until I obey. Then, once inside He plunges deep into my throat, engorging me with his monstrous tool, capturing me between His jutting frame and the ebony fender.

I gag...I choke, too much...too much, but yet He continues. I try to hold Him off with my hands, but He grabs my wrists and pins them to the metal behind me. He grunts...low and guttural...harder...faster until I can feel Him quiver deep in my throat. Another brutal thrust, and He fills me with His hot flesh...His molten seed until I gasp for air and feel the earth begin to swim about me.

Then He stops. He stares at me kneeling in the dust as he wipes His sex with my ruined undergarment.

"Clean yourself up," He orders, tossing me the flimsy shambles of my bra. "Then stuff it in your purse. We need to be going."

Soiled and tattered, I do as He says until I feel I have made myself presentable once more. The front of my dress will have to remain open, I have no choice, and my nipples brush shamefully against the loose fabric. I slip into the seat next to my Master, wondering if I've passed the test, if I've pleased Him.

"Don't sit on your skirt, Bleu. You're to sit directly on the seat. You need to get used to the feel of leather on your body now." He says. "And open your thighs. Always open...parted...never crossed unless you're told to...and your palms on the seat beside you. Upraised. Understand?"

Quietly I nod, sliding my skirt from beneath me and opening my body as I've been directed. I feel so vulnerable, so helpless...so curiously erotic. Will I soil the fine leather seat? I hope not, but in my condition, how can I help it?

We drive onward now, past the skeletons of saguaros, the scrambling disarray of Joshua trees until a sign appears in the gloom.

"Bahia la Cholla" it reads. Cholla Bay? I know that place. It's a remote suburb of Puerto Penasco, a small congregation of American expatriates convened on the distant edge of the Sea of Cortez in a remote bay along the coastline. But this isn't the way I remember. That road was graded, even paved in places. This one is crude, little used. It bears the traces of shifting sand and occasional flooding. Is this where He lives, I wonder? It must be, why else would we be here?

Time fades, and we travel through an electronic gateway until I spy the welcoming glow of a house in the distance. No...not a house, a hacienda. A huge, rambling affair standing alone against the black backdrop of the sea. It's old, if I'm any judge...almost ancient...something from another era. Its adobe walls and curved archways blend harmoniously with the heavily tiled roof, a dwelling made to last for many lifetimes, many centuries

As we make our approach, tiny lights begin to fill the window frames...soft, muted lights that do little to spoil the ambiance of the place. They push back the darkness as we enter the courtyard, pulling alongside the massively carved staircase that abuts the heavy oaken doorway.

Immediately He approaches the passenger side, my suitcase in hand, opening my door this time and waiting until I rise to join Him. Then, gesturing toward the portal, He follows me up the stairs to my fate.

The door opens, and a young woman, perhaps 18, dressed only from the waist down in white, bleached muslin pantaloons greets us. She's beautiful, I think to myself, accessing her proud breasts and slim waist. She's of Asian ancestry, possibly... but perhaps not. It's hard to tell.

Softly, she steps away to allow us entry, then motions toward another doorway, set into the far wall.

My Master nods silently, and leads me across the white, marble tiles, past the small trickling fountain that adorns the center of the room, and outward once more through a set of wide French doors into a private courtyard secreted in the center of the ancient complex.

Here I find a pool, luminous in the dark and shifting night, surrounded by a myriad of twinkling tiki lights, all flickering in the soft breeze. He motions now to a chaise lounge, low and sturdy, sitting by a companion piece upon which I surmise He will settle himself as well.

But no. Instead He turns, and in a whisper I hear his voice.

“Say nothing. Be careful,” He growls softly. “You don’t want me for an enemy.” Then, wordlessly, He leaves me to my own devices, alone beneath the starry sky. And so I sit, wondering what to do now, where to go...what is expected of me.

Minutes pass...how long I have no idea. Finally, I see a woman break free of the shadows on the far side of the pool.

Did I say a woman? Well, a woman she is, but like none that I have ever seen before. If the one at the door could be considered a woman, then this must be a goddess. She’s tall, this deity, perhaps 5’9”, with a tiny waist and large green eyes that set off her full lips and heavily tanned complexion. Her hair is black, the glossy black of a raven’s wing, woven into a heavy braid that hangs the length of her back and curls against her buttocks.

She’s naked...and magnificent. Her full breasts and slender torso flash in the dim light as she curves her body in a graceful dive into the pool before me, barely disturbing the surface in her passing. I watch as she nears, slipping cleanly through the clear, transparent water until she once more surfaces at my feet.

Then, in one, silken movement she stands dripping before me, nipples erect, a single silver ring adorning her left breast...her body is perfect. She reaches for a gauzy pareau, one of those South Seas garments that adorn the hips of island princesses, and ties it loosely below her navel. She smiles, and crossing the distance between us, she settles upon the chaise beside me.

“Hello,” she says simply, her voice softly caressing my mind.

“I’m the Captain. Welcome to my home.”

Chapter 3:

My name is La Dona Amora Isabella de Capitan. You may call me Amora if you wish. And you, my beautiful Bleu, do you still have a name when you turn off your monitor as well?” she jokes.

I find myself speechless. I don’t know what to say. If this beautiful, exotic creature is the Captain, then who was my tormentor?

Jillian...Jillian Johnson,” I murmur almost incoherently. “I...I...”.

She sees my confusion, and hurries to fill the gap between us. “You weren’t expecting to see a woman here, were you?” she smiles again, almost apologetically. There were times when I thought you knew...times when I was sure of it. Are you terribly disappointed?”

It’s my turn to speak now, but the words refuse to form in my mouth...in my mind. Did I know? Deep down in my heart, had there been some remote sense of kinship, a feminine bond between us? I wasn’t sure.

“But you acted...you spoke...”

“As a male, an “hombre”, correct? I confess to encouraging that impression...a small luxury I extend to myself,” she replied, her full lips curling against her pearly, white teeth. “I enjoy the company of women at times,” she confessed. “I enjoy their intelligence, their sensitivity, their smooth, firm bodies. Are you shocked?”

I knew I should be! I’d been deceived, deluded into a terrifying rendezvous in the middle of the night by someone who had misrepresented her sex, her intentions.

“Then you’re not a Master...not a Dom,” I burble inanely. This has all been a hoax! I’ve been played for a fool! This woman has used me as an object of amusement!

She reaches for me then, her hand softly stroking my arm as she gazes intently between the open folds of my gaping bodice. “Not a Master, no...but one who appreciates the sensuous response of a beautiful woman, certainly. The guests in my home are not bound by force, but by an abiding passion that they share freely and earnestly. They are treated well, treasured, and when their time passes they may go as they have come, neither harmed nor diminished by what is said or done in this place.

“Are you shocked?” she asks once more. “Are you horrified?” Her finger now traces the curve of my lip, her shell-like nail etching a patter that makes me want to extend my tongue, to lick her wandering digit as it moves against my delicate flesh.

“Did you think that passion has a gender, Little One, that only a man can light the fire between a woman’s thighs? Consider this, who better to know what kindles a woman’s desires than another woman?”

Her voice becomes hushed now, a siren song that lures me deeper under her spell. “So beautiful,” she murmurs, “So beautiful. Your skin is like porcelain, so fine...so pale, and your hair like the last scarlet flush of sunset. Close your eyes, Little One...close them and feel yourself drift away on the tide of my voice. There are places I can take you, my beautiful, beautiful Bleu...places that you’ve never been, places that will open your mind, your heart to another world.”

I feel her finger travel downward now, along my collarbone, between the valley of my breasts as she teases the fabric to one side.

“Where have your buttons gone?” she whispers suspiciously, “Did you remove them for me? No matter. We have no need for such conventions here at the hacienda.”

I hear the soft intake of her breath as she bares my flesh. I should stop her, I think...tell her that she’s made a mistake.

But I don’t.

Instead I wait, preening at the words of praise that blanket me, hungering for her approval as she cups her long, slender fingers beneath my breasts.

“Magnificent,” she whispers huskily. “So perfect, so milky white...and the delicate pink of your nipples...you are angelic...angelic.”

Her finger departs now, only to return wet...wet with what, I wonder behind closed lids? Then, gently she circles my aureole and I feel myself rise into the warmth of her palm.

This is a woman, I remind myself...a woman, not a man. Surely a woman has nothing to offer me...has she? And yet as I feel her tease my taut nipple in the moonlight, her voice stroking me, seducing me, it gives me pause.

Is she smiling now? I should open my eyes...stop her...but I can't. Could she be right? Is the true key to a woman's heart really another woman?

I feel her breath on my rigid flesh, the soft, pointed dart of her tongue as she flicks it back and forth against my nipple. Her hand slides upward along the inner curve of my thigh, raising my skirt, baring my pale flesh in the flickering light.

I gasp.

No misguided probe this, no perfunctory grope in the darkness. Instead I feel her warm fingers tracing the delicate folds of my labia, teasing them apart as she dips tantalizingly into the deep well of my sex.

Then, as quickly as it began, she pauses and I hear her moan of appreciation.

“Delicious, Little One. I knew you would be,” she says, her words muffled by the finger between her lips. “Open your thighs for me, Sweetness. Let me see you...let me please you once more.”

Again I think I should stop her. Am I ready for this? Am I? And yet, when she calls me “Little One” I feel as though I am indeed hers, that I want her touching me, her delicate fingers caressing me, her warm mouth devouring my...

She moves against me now, her motions soft and silken as she parts my thighs and slips quietly between them. “Wider, my Sweet,” she cajoles. “Wider.”

My heels touch the cool stones of the pool deck now, my legs parted until they rest on either side of the chaise beneath me. My skirt is furled about my waist. I am open...exposed...and hungering. But I haven't long to wait.

Amora gazes appreciatively at my offering, her green eyes sliding across my quivering flesh like tiny fingers.

I blush.

Then, straddling the chaise she brings her hands upward, stroking my inner thighs until I quiver beneath her palms. She watches in satisfaction as a tiny trickle escapes from between my intimate folds and makes its way along the fissure of my sex in anticipation.

“Soon, Little One, soon” she murmurs. “Women have the luxury of time...all the time we need...all the time we want...a bonus, you’ll find.”

I feel her probing my trembling slit now, her thumbs pressing deeply within, parting my sex like some ripe fruit, juicy and waiting to be devoured.

She pauses to admire.

Again a puzzled expression crosses her features, and I see her eyes flash, a brief menacing look that passes almost as soon as it appears. “Has someone...? No. Lay back, my beautiful Bleu. Close your eyes once more and let me make love to you.

Instinctively my body tenses, but as I feel the warm, tantalizing touch of her tongue circling the hard bud of my sex, I can do nothing but submit. Warm waves of pleasure wash over me, and I drift on a sea of passion such as I have never known. Surely neither Jess, with his thermometer, nor the Hummvee man and his scrimshawed probe have ever elicited a response such as this.

I feel myself flowing against her tongue, copious floods of passion passing between her lips as she strokes me with her all-knowing fingertips. A butterfly flickers back and forth in my belly, chased by a mad stampede of thundering beasts that threatens to overtake me. I shudder, my thighs tightening, closing as it carries me away, my discordant cries of passion rending the stillness of the night.

Her forearms hold me now, pinning me in place as I writhe beneath her, my fingers diving into her thick, black braid. I moan...a guttural ovation that sounds alien and apart from me. Stop...stop a voice whispers in my mind. But no...she doesn’t stop, and I’m glad. Relieved.

Finally it’s over and she raises her lips, slick now with my offering, and smiles. “You’ll be a pleasure to teach, my Little One. So responsive...so passionate! We’ll do well together.

So saying, she raises her hand and the young woman in the muslin pantaloons approaches. Has she been watching all along, I wonder?

“This is Elizabete...Liza. She’ll escort you to your rooms now. You must be exhausted. I’ll be along shortly to tuck you in,” she assures me, a twinkle in her eyes. “I have a brief matter that demands my attention before I retire tonight.”

And with that she turns and glides across the patio through the French doors and vanishes from view, leaving me to the delicate ministrations of her serving girl.

Chapter 4

My “rooms” as my hostess calls them, are nothing short of magnificent. My small studio apartment would fit in the closet alone. All about me are the trappings of opulence...Tiffany, Chippendale, Irish linens and Belgian lace, a gently flowing collage of color and tasteful understatement.

The boudoir itself is dominated by a large four-poster bed, sturdy and with a coverlet of white hand-sewn candlewicking. The window to the west is no window at all, but a wall of sliding glass overlooking a well appointed balcony, and beyond that the sea. There are no curtains here to sully the view, for none are needed. No huts clutter the shore in this place, no condominiums. Not a living soul exists for miles around if the roadway by which we've arrived is any testimony. Beyond this place only sand and sea hold reign. We are alone.

Liza places my modest suitcase on an ancient chest at the foot of the bed, hand carved and polished to a warm glow. "Shall I draw you a bath?" she asks, her eyes sparkling at the prospect.

A rush of embarrassment rises upward along my collarbone, burning against my cheeks. She knows. She saw everything. What does this woman think of me?

I choose to remain calm, collected.

"Yes, please," I reply, forcing the squeak from my voice. "That would be wonderful."

Quickly Liza leaves by yet another door, through a sitting room of sorts that boasts in its heart of hearts an enormous, rough-hewn fireplace. The furniture here is of a different ilk...massive and designed for comfort, for sensual dalliance, perhaps an intimate rendezvous before the flickering flames. My skin prickles. Will I lay atop these fluffy throw rugs with my lover? Is this to be my classroom?

I pass now through the far doorway and on into the bathroom...and the illusion is complete. Liza has filled the room with flickering candlelight, I see...scents of jasmine and sandalwood fill the air. Here a garden tub, blue-tiled as the sea, dominates the outer wall. Already the fragrant, swirling water calls to me, beckoning me to immerse myself in its welcome care.

She waits.

Then, heavy lidded the young woman approaches and begins to disrobe me. Surprised, I still her hands. "I can do this myself, Liza," I assure her. But she is not to be denied.

"But Miss. This is my job," she replies, her voice soft and insinuating. "The Mistress will be angry with me if I shirk my duties." Again she smiles, a winsome look that pleads for understanding.

"Alright then, if you must. But I'll talk to your Mistress and ask if I may spare you this task for the remainder of my stay. Would that be alright?" I question.

She looks disappointed, but she nods in acquiescence. "As you wish, Miss," she replies, fingering my belt. "Your bodice, Miss, it's missing all it's buttons. If you have them I'll be pleased to sew them back on for you," she offers.

My buttons. I haven't seen them since his knife sliced them from my breast on that forlorn strip of desert. He didn't seem to mind littering the dunes with them, I reflect darkly.

"They're gone, Lisa. I no longer have them, but I do have a question."

“Anything, Miss,” she replies, her hands lifting my one and only garment over my head. “It’s my place to make you as content as possible during your stay at El Capitan.

“ El Capitan...?” I ask. “Is that what this place is called? Why is it named that?”

“Why, Miss? This hacienda is called “Remordimiento del Capitan”...“Captain’s Remorse”. It’s very old. Some parts date back to the time of the Conquistadores. It has been named that for centuries, but most people simply call it ‘El Capitan’ now.”

Her eyes, so warm and golden, now take in my naked form, searching for a sign...any sign of offense. She passes her tongue along her lips, her fingers caressing the fabric of my dress in her hands. “But, you had a question, Miss? If I may be of service to you, please let me know. Your pleasure is my fondest wish.”

I pause. How do I ask this without raising suspicion? Finally I plunge headlong, hoping not to give vent to my fears. “That man, the one who brought me here...who is he?” I ask, controlling the quiver in my tone.

Her lips become taut now, and I see the same fear grow in her eyes as well. “He is named Carlos...Carl, but sometimes also ‘El Toro’ when he can’t hear...because of his exceptional size, Miss”

I nod in understanding.

“And what does he do here?” I ask, hoping that he has no position of authority in this place. “What part does he play in this household?”

Vehemently she shakes her head. “None,” she spits. “He is a servant, just as I am. It is his place to drive the cars, to keep them well serviced and run errands for the Mistress, nothing more. He is a chauffeur to a woman who never goes anywhere, never leaves her hacienda...a truly useless position! Why do you ask?”

I ignore her question and step toward the tub. Here Liza moves quickly, hurrying to take my hand, pressing it to her bare breast and steadying me as I step into the swirling water. “Would you like me to wash your body. Miss?” she asks hopefully. “Perhaps a warm massage would sooth your nerves after such a long journey?”

I shake my head. “No,” I reply. “I’m used to bathing myself. I think I can manage,” I laugh. “You must have other things that demand your time.”

“Oh no, Miss,” she contradicts quickly. “May I wash your back for you at least before I go?”

I’ve come to the conclusion that I must give in at some point, or this young woman will never leave me, and so I nod. “That would be wonderful, Liza. Please...just my back, and then I’m fine on my own, alright?”

Smiling, she strips off her pantaloons and takes a place behind me on the edge of the tub, her thighs bracketing my shoulders between them as she pours a warm, slippery pool of liquid

soap into her palms. This is more than I had bargained for, and I start to protest. But then her fingers begin their magic along the back of my neck... the curve of my spine, and I'm rendered speechless.

She grasps me between her thighs, holding me like a lover, and I smell the fragrant oils with which she has anointed her intimate furrows. My mind begins to wander, to drift with the passage of her hands on my flesh. So soft, so soothing.

She draws me back against her now, my head pressed against the softness of her belly, my neck curled against her smooth and shaven sex. Once more she fills her palms, but this time she begins to lather my breasts, circling each rounded orb, caressing each nipple until they harden like tiny pink rosebuds beneath her touch.

I sigh. This feels so good...so good...

Again she fills her palms, but this time she reaches deeper...deeper beneath the waterline, between my warm and waiting thighs. I feel her gentle breath in my hair, her soft hands probing my body...

And then the voice of my hostess intercedes.

"That will be all for now, Liza. Perhaps another time," she offers my erotic handmaiden.

Liza rises, her disappointment obvious, but she obeys. She is nothing if not an obedient servant. Then, taking my dress in one hand and her discarded pantaloons in the other, she walks naked from the room and vanishes beyond our view.

"She's taken a liking to you, I see," Amora smiles. "That's good. Liza is a lovely child...giving and sensuous. I was afraid she would be jealous."

She turns her attention to me now, her eyes alight with the vision of my pale flesh in the candlelight. "You've relaxed," she observes. "The tension has gone from your eyes. Perhaps a soothing massage will put your day to rest?"

She smiles again, and taking a heavy white towel from a nearby warming rack, she gestures for me to rise and display my pale and dripping body before her in the candlelight.

"You're more beautiful than I thought," she whispers. "You seem surprised! Hasn't anyone ever told you that before?"

I hang my head in embarrassment. I've never known how to take compliments. There have been so few in my limited world.

"Well, we'll have to remedy that, my innocent one. In my care you'll blossom. Do you believe that?"

I nod, more to placate Amora than anything, but somehow I believe her. She wraps me in the warm towel, running its stubby surface against my pink and molten skin.

She is clothed now in a thin sheath, something filmy and feminine that does nothing to hide the muted form of her body beneath. Again her perfection shames me in comparison.

“Do you like what you see, Little One?” she asks, releasing the shoulder-ties and dropping the flimsy barrier that separates us. “Would you like to touch me? Or, is it too soon?”

I see now how totally exquisite she really is. If I had been impressed by her perfection before, I am fully in awe of it now. Her breasts are full, heavy and voluptuous, but upright and proud...her nipples large and the color of dusky rose against her golden skin. Her body tapers smoothly into one of the tiniest waists I have ever seen, small enough for a man to span it with his bare hands. It would seem that her hips should be narrow then as well, but not so. Here again she excels with a womanly curve that excites and entices...that frames her smooth and shaven mound.

Oh, how I want to touch her! But I can't, not yet. I'm not ready, and I know it.

She smiles a knowing smile and leads me past the sitting room and back into the boudoir. Then, flipping the coverlet back, she lays me face down upon the smooth cotton sheeting. My eyes widen. My purse, I notice, has materialized beside the bed. Has Carl been here? Was he nearby while I dallied in my bath? I choose not to think of that now...not now.

Amora settles herself beside me on the firm, padded mattress, her fingers exploring the slow curve of my buttocks. “You're like a China doll,” she says in hushed tones. “So fair and perfect...so flawless. You would mark easily should our tastes run toward leather and restraints. We'll have to be careful.”

Leather and restraints! And then I remember. We met in the “Bondage Room”. That I would have a taste for leather and restraints would be an obvious conclusion for her. Again the rashness of my actions this night flashes through my mind.

“Raise your arms, Little One, and relax. You have nothing to worry about,” she says as though reading my mind. “We'll take things one step at a time. You are my treasure. Why would I wish to harm one such as you?”

And with that she leans forward and raises my arms high above my head, her hard nipples grazing my back. “For now this is enough,” she whispers in my ear. “Take them in your hands, Sweetness...grip them firmly while I relax your tired body.”

Grip them? What is she talking about? And then I know, for there beneath my palms, inset into the massive posts of my bed are heavy iron rings, the purpose of which I dare not wonder. I shiver...in fear or anticipation?

And then I feel her hands, so smooth and comforting, stroking the length of my back. The smell of almond oil wafts through the air and I lower my head to the soft downy pillow, luxuriating in the sensations that engulf me. Gently she touches me, her slick palms gliding seamlessly along my spine, curling against my waist, cupping my backside. I feel her knee between my thighs, and I understand her unspoken request, parting them for her pleasure and mine.

Immediately I feel her long, slender finger sliding smoothly between my buttocks, massaging the untried portal that puckers beneath her touch. She presses inward, and in an instant she penetrates my narrow, unyielding ring of muscle. Startled, I gasp.

She laughs, a low tinkle that brushes against my ears. "So tight! You've never had a man...here, have you?" She questions. "It would be interesting to watch you the first time...interesting to see the expression on your face as he thrusts deep inside your tiny passage. Would you try to resist, or would you beg for more. I wonder?"

Again she presses her unerring digit forward, deeper as she feels me squirm below, and then abruptly she withdraws. "Rest easy, Little One...no more for now. We have so many pleasures to share with one another," she sighs, "And we have all the time in the world."

Then, turning me onto my back, she once more oils her palms and begins to stroke my pale, glowing flesh. "Grasp the rings once more, my Sweet. Pretend that you are bound to them...that you are at my mercy. Pretend that your body is mine to do with as I wish. It's a most erotic frame of mind, don't you think?"

I try to smile, but I'm nervous. Will I someday be bound in earnest? Will I enjoy it then, I wonder?

But, I do as my Amora has directed, and once more I feel the cool iron of the rings in my grasp. They offer solidity now...security...something to waylay my awkwardness. This time my Goddess raises her leg and begins to straddle my pelvis, her shaven mound pressed intimately against my own.

She's wet. Even through my thin covering of pubic hair I can feel her juices blending with mine...a fact that seems apparent to her as well, and pleases her immensely.

"So quickly you learn, Little One...how quick to respond. The days ahead will be filled with endless pleasure for both of us, I think." And then, as before, she anoints my body with the fragrant oil, this time massaging it into my nipples, swirling it around my breasts until my eyes close and my hands loosen on the rings above me.

I feel her shift then, laying her body atop my own, covering me with her flesh as she presses her lips to mine.

A kiss...from a woman.

Should I be repulsed? Should I? But somehow I can't find it in myself to deny her even this small intimacy as I feel her tongue probing the yearning opening before her. Slowly it curls, like a living thing, like something with a mind of its own deep within my mouth...and I feel myself responding. She's good...so good. She tastes of chocolate and passion, sweetness and sin, and I fall immediately under her spell.

I feel her shift again, sliding her hand lower, between our bodies, foraging insistently within the moist union we have so recently formed. Her fingers probe, swirl, and my lips part in astonishment. She's so unerring, so precise. She knows how to touch me, and where. Perhaps

it does indeed take a woman to know how to lead another woman to the pinnacle. Could it be?

She continues, her hand drawing me out, driving me maddeningly toward the inevitable, but then she pauses.

Oh, please I scream silently. Don't stop...not now! But she does, and I feel her stretching, reaching toward the nightstand. The drawer whispers on will-oiled tracks and she holds something before me...something I've never seen before.

It's long, this thing, shaped like the penis of a man but larger. A dildo...a toy, but unlike any I have ever seen. This one is thick, perhaps 2 inches across, and has two heads, one at each end, both of them huge and formidable. It is translucent, and the candlelight filters through it like delicate fingers, but it is the extreme proportions of this monster that overwhelm me the most. It must be all of seventeen inches from one massive end to the other!

My eyes open wide, and my lover smiles once more. Wordlessly she draws her tongue against the glistening surface of this weapon, wetting it as she raises her hips above my own. Then, sensuously she closes her eyes, and in a single, fluid motion she imbeds one end into her own moist flesh, deep into her own vagina as I watch in amazement.

Here she pauses, slipping it in and out of her body as her juices flow between us. She sighs, a long, drawn-out sound as it penetrates her again and again... and then I feel her hands upon me once more.

Leaving this massive totem in place, she parts me, much as she did by the pool, watching with pleasure as my milky fluid oozes before her heated gaze. Again her wandering finger finds my core and she strokes the center of my passion, bringing me to the edge of nirvana. But now the script changes, the plot thickens as I watch her rub my juices on the unused portion of her appendage, the silhouette of which makes her sex appear similar to that of a man.

She captures my eyes, and with a quick thrust of her hips she impales me, deeply, with the weapon she bears between her thighs. I gasp...I squirm. Have I ever felt this full before...this tight? It's as though Jesse and his diminutive tool never existed.

We are joined now, body to body, sex to sex, fused by a two-headed monster that batters repeatedly within me. My hands loosen their grip, but she lies atop me once more and replaces them at their posts. "Hold tightly, Sweet One...hold fast," she whispers heatedly...and again she thrusts...harder this time.

Our bodies now begin to adopt a tempo, an erotic dance of liquid and fire. My flesh warms and I begin to respond, meeting her thrusts with ones of my own, welcoming the growing tension that this moment...this woman has to offer.

The friction between us builds, and just when I'm sure I can't stand another moment...another penetrating moment...she reaches between us and touches the spot that sends me into oblivion. I cry out in the night, my body wracked and trembling with an unquenchable urgency beyond anything I've even known.

She's like a demon now, hips thrusting, body lunging until, with a final feral cry she collapses atop me, her gasps ruffling my hair, her heart pounding against my breast.

Long moments we lay this way, until, finally her renewed strength allows her to roll to one side and slip her rigid tool from my weary flesh and hers. Dreamily she gazes at its surface, a white froth coating either end, no longer the pristine sculpture of moments before.

With pleasure she parts her lips, and runs her tongue along the shaft that so recently filled my intimate canal, licking with satisfaction until, with a final motion she pops the knob deep into her throat and sucks the remainder of my juices into her eager mouth. Then, turning it around, she takes her finger and slides it upward along the glistening surface, coating it with her own cream and bearing it toward my lips.

"Lick," she directs. "I want you to know what it's like...what I taste like."

She presses the slippery digit to my mouth, trailing the milky offering until, like a child trying some new cuisine, I extend my tongue and sample her wares. I am prepared to dislike it instantly, to tolerate it for her sake and hide my feelings as I have for Jesse and the chauffeur...but I find that this time I don't have to. If my flavor is sweet, then hers is like a fine wine, clean with a wildness that reflects her spirit and elan, something that could be bottled by only the finest vineyards.

She sees my pleasure and it brings her great joy. "Let me hold you, Little One," she says, dropping the toy between us. "Lie here in my arms, in my embrace until the morning sun warms us with its rays and the gulls are chasing their dreams far out at sea, and then I'll show you the hacienda and tell you the tales of El Capitan."

And so we drift off together. Another day passes... and a new life begins.

Chapter 5

Day has dawned clear and brilliant over the waking sea. I feel my lover's arms about me yet, as they have been the long night through, as they will be for many nights to come. She stirs, and I feel her fingers trail over my breast once more. "It's late," she says, "We've slept the morning away. You must be starving. I know I am."

She places a tiny kiss along my collarbone, then rises to greet the warm rays that creep into our chamber. My body still tingles from her love-making of the night before, and I find myself wishing that it was last night once again. But, there is a time for everything, Amora assures me, and we have all the time in the world.

Resignedly, I rise as well and don a thin silk wraparound with a sinfully low neckline that has been laid out on my nightstand for my use, tying it securely about my waist. Has Liza been here in the night, I wonder? Who else would have been so thoughtful with my morning apparel?

For Amora, there is a filmy, white confection, a sarong of sorts, clasped high on one shoulder by a massive brooch of turquoise and silver, leaving her left breast with its understated, silver nipple ring gloriously exposed.

I see now that we have indeed had company, for out on the terrace a feast of Belgian waffles, still warm and toasty, and an array of fresh fruit with whipped cream awaits. The smell of fresh-ground coffee assails my nostrils, and I find myself at once ravenous and hungry.

Our breakfast nook overlooks the white sand beach and the shifting breakers beyond. The breeze is brisk today, but warm, and it swirls sensuously beneath the flap of my dressing gown, caressing my naked flesh in its passing.

And then I remember. Today I learn the secrets of El Capitan! Today the shrouds of mystery drop away and all becomes clear. I pluck a ripe strawberry from the basket and listen anxiously for the tale to begin.

Amora, on the other hand, refuses to be rushed. With some sort of perverse delight she sips her coffee and gazes out at the whitecaps, prolonging my impatience until I can stand it no longer.

“You said you’d tell me today,” I remind her timidly. “About the hacienda...don’t you remember?”

Silently I watch as the very corner of her lip curls upward. She’s toying with me, I think. She has a captive audience for her tale, and she knows it. Then finally, abandoning her little game, she turns and runs her hand along my thigh beneath my clothing.

“Parts of this place are very old,” she begins, “With something of an infamous past. It would take long to tell, but even a beginning is something, don’t you think?”

Eagerly I nod, anxious for the tale to begin, cupping her hand as it trails languidly against my skin. A beginning, yes that’s something... at least for now.

I sit silently and watch her compose her thoughts, her eyes twinkling at my childlike enthusiasm. “Where to begin, she murmurs, drawing out the moment, and then she decides.

A slow smile claiming her beautiful lips, she turns her face toward the sea and begins to paint a picture of the Spanish explorers during the 1500’s, the “Conquistadores” who first landed in their galleons and claimed this land and its treasures for Spain so many centuries before. She speaks of conquest and slavery, the ruthless quest for both the riches and souls of those who lived here. Finally, she tells of “Cibola”, the legendary seven cities of gold for which the conqueror Francisco Vasques de Coronado slaughtered so many innocent men women and children...and of her ancestor, a captain in his army and an accessory to the bloody devastation Coronado committed in his quest.

She pauses now. The worst is over. The tale now takes a new twist. “Coronado never found his golden cities,” she says, a faraway look in her eyes. “They didn’t exist. But the young captain was never the same. Years later, after Coronado had met his Maker far to the south, the tormented Spaniard left the service of his country and chose to take up residence here in

the New World, a penance for his sins...and vowed never to see his homeland again. And so the west wing of El Remordimiento de Capitan came into being...'The Captain's Remorse'."

"He spent the rest of his life here in this place," she continues, "Shut off from the people who wandered these lands, shunning friends and his family in Spain. Then finally, one day a young Indian girl was washed up on the beach, the victim of a sailing accident. He was lonely... so lonely by then, and seeing her as a way to partially atone for his sins, he took her in and made her a member of his meager household. Before long a passion began to grow between them, and they wished to marry. But, as fate would have it, her faith and his were not compatible in the eyes of the church, and he was denied the rite of holy matrimony."

She sighs deeply. "Their love, by now, had outgrown the confines of accepted convention. And so, just before their first child was born, they made their own vows before their Gods, right here on the shifting sand, and turned their backs on a world that had failed to accept their union."

"And that, my Precious One, is how my family came to this place, and how the original hacienda came into being. I fear that many of his lineage have been unconventional as well," she whispers, her hand warming to its task once again. "Perhaps you've noticed?"

She smiles at the irony. Unconventional indeed! Why would one wish to be a part of the humdrum world about them with such a glorious existence within their grasp, I wonder?

Once more I feel her fingers ruffle the auburn fur between my thighs, and my passion begins to warm. Then, far out along the shore I spy a movement, someone strolling along this desolate stretch of beach. Who might have ventured this far away from hearth and home, I wonder?

I watch as he closes the distance, my appreciation growing as he nears. He's handsome, this young man, perhaps in his early twenties, and attractive in both his youthful innocence and his striking demeanor. He must have been fair at one time, I surmise, for even now his sun-streaked hair shows the pale essence of his lineage. But, if his skin has ever been ashen, it will never be again, for now it bears the bronze of many days, years perhaps spent beneath the desert sun.

I rise in appreciation, devouring with my eyes the firm smoothness of his body, clad scantily in a pair of severely abbreviated cut-offs. It's only now that Amora joins my preoccupation and waves in recognition.

"That's Kyle," she offers. "He lives here. He's part of the staff...my gardener. Would you like to meet him?"

Tentatively, I nod. I've never had much luck with men, and I'm sure this blond Adonis will be no exception. But, if he lives here, then it's best I be introduced.

Amora rises now, and waving she directs Kyle towards the stairs that lead up to our aerie. Lightly he takes the steps two at a time, with a familiarity that I'm sure he's learned from experience. Then, drawing abreast he takes his measure of our little party.

“MMM, breakfast,” he smiles appreciatively. “You don’t suppose Liza has any more of those in the kitchen, do you?” he asks.

“Perhaps,” Amora responds. “If that’s what you’re hungry for this morning.”

His expression changes now, and he looks with interest at my lover, his eyes caressing her rounded curves.

She, in turn, plucks a ripe strawberry from the basket and places it between her lips, taunting him, daring him to remove it from her possession.

It’s an old game...I can tell. Quickly he presses his lips to hers and the ruse falls by the wayside, the berry now forgotten as he swallows it whole and slips his tongue into her waiting mouth.

Silently she runs her fingers across the firmness of his jawline and frowns. “You haven’t shaved this morning,” she accuses. “You’re becoming a savage, Kyle. We’ll have to do something about that.”

His eyes become glazed at the thought, as though anything that involved Amora would be a welcomed treat. Then, slowly she slides her hand beneath the embarrassingly high juncture of his cut-offs and curls her fingers around his unseen member. He inhales sharply. I rise to give the two lovers some privacy, but Amora halts my retreat.

“You could do with a shave yourself, my Sweet. Perhaps my savage gardener here can accommodate you. I’d enjoy watching him try.”

I’m puzzled, but then Amora draws me back into my chair and directs me untie my robe. I’m embarrassed at first, hesitant to expose myself before this bronzed stranger. But then she gestures to Liza, and my robe vanishes to either side, my bared flesh warming before their eyes.

“No false modesty, my Sweet. I want to show you off. She’s perfect, isn’t she Kyle. Don’t you think so?”

If scrutiny were an art, then Kyle would be a master, for his eyes seem to miss nothing, not the tiniest freckle, not the smallest curve.

Amora looks on keenly now, as though forming the second act of this impromptu play. “Get closer, Kyle. Open her legs and drape them over the arms of the chair so that you may examine her more intimately. She’s quite beautiful, you know, exquisite in fact.”

A smile crosses the young man’s features. Has he done this before, I wonder? Am I the first, or just one in a long line?

With remarkable expertise he slips his fingers between my legs, then his palms, until my trembling knees fall to either side and I can feel his warm breath between my thighs. Firmly he grasps, and with gentle pressure he lifts first one leg and then the other, resting them on

the arms of the chair until I am fully exposed, and my most intimate portal gapes moistly before his eyes.

“You’re right,” he agrees. “She’s beautiful. So pink... so ripe, but I can see where a shave would help. May I?” he asks, running his fingers through my unruly thatch.

But Amora has already sent for the razor, and in a heartbeat Liza stands before him, the blade and the bowl of whipped cream from the table in her hands.

I cringe. Am I to be the entertainment at this brazen gathering? Am I to have his hands pass the razor over my sex, time and again until they’ve had their fill?

Amora sees my distress and comes to the fore. “Don’t be shy, Little One. We’re all shaven here. Would you like to see what Kyle looks like after he’s shaved himself?”

Then, turning with a nod, she directs her young gardener to remove the flimsy swatch of denim that binds his loins and share the secrets of his body with me.

Kyle is pleased at the turn of events, and rising quickly, is soon standing naked between my thighs, offering me the same intimate inspection that he so enjoyed only moments before.

Wide-eyed I stare at the beauty of this young man’s body. His uninterrupted tan and the smooth taper of his hips do much to highlight the prodigious erection that even now rises before me. He presses forward, inviting me to touch, to taste if I would, but then Amora shifts the scene once more.

“Kneel between her thighs, Kyle. Apply the cream and begin. I’m anxious to watch,” she says, drawing Liza into her lap.

Her young man is quick to obey, and in but a few seconds I feel the cool sweetness of the frothy cream being slathered between my legs, against my nether lips in wet profusion...and then the blade.

Nervously I glance at my hostess, but find no reprieve. Instead, Amora has lifted the skirt of her servant girl and is even now dipping a berry deep into a cream of another kind.

Slowly she pops it into her mouth and reaches for another, her eyes never leaving my foamy thatch, her fingers pressing each red fruit deep into Liza’s body with slow abandon.

Kyle seems competent at first, drawing the blade with a remarkable degree of expertise until all that remains is the thin fringe of auburn that highlights the very slit of my opening. Here he pauses, and slipping his fingers inside, he forces my lips outward so they might become more accessible to his ministrations. My nails curl into my palms. I mustn’t disgrace myself, I think, but what is the protocol here. Would it be unseemly for me to gush into this young man’s hand? Of course it would! Would Amora be angry? I must control myself...I must.

I glance once more at Amora, only to find her gazing heatedly at Kyle’s last gesture, and at his throbbing erection that now juts heavily between us. Is that jealousy I see fleetingly skimming across her features...could it be? Is she jealous of Kyle...or of me?

She sets Liza aside now, and taking the remainder of the whipped cream from the table, she closes the distance for a closer inspection. Then, with an impish grin, she drops her own clothing and presses closely against Kyle's buttocks, her hands circling his hips...and it's only now that I see the huge glob of white froth in her palm.

I watch, fascinated as she grasps his burgeoning pole with her slippery palms, squishing them forward and back until his shaft and scrotum are thoroughly coated and he squirms with unspent energy.

Kyle bites his lower lip, his control wavering, his hard member blossoming to incredible proportions as Amora continues to stroke and torment him with blatant intent. She presses closer, tighter, and it's plain that she has the upper hand here...this is her game, and she enjoys it.

It's my turn now, and she pulls Kyle behind...spreading her legs in a clear invitation...a reward for a game well played, perhaps. Then, dropping on all fours, she brushes her fingers against my smooth sex, enjoying the naked feel of my flesh, and begins to lick the errant splotches of cream from my oozing slit.

Kyle is in agony by now, his tool fairly bursting with need, and wastes no time positioning himself behind Amora's buttocks. Quickly he wraps his hands around her hips and thrusts himself massively inside of her belly. She sighs within me, her low rumble vibrating irresistibly as he plunges again, burying the full length of himself deep in her body, driving her face against my dripping core with rhythmic force.

Most men would expend themselves quickly, I fear, under such circumstances, but not Kyle. He's been taught by the best, and the best is what he gives. With a skill that belies his years, he reaches around Amora's slender hips and buries his fingers between her trembling folds, his talented digits drawing out her escalating moans as her climax nears.

I can feel her cries of pleasure now, deep in my body, following the line of her probing tongue as it thrusts pointedly into my wet and writhing core. I begin to tense...shuddering. Then like a chain reaction I spew against her face, my flow dripping down her chin in foamy disarray, my fist pressed tightly against my teeth to mute the volume of my cries.

But, what's this? Kyle, and my own trembling orgasm have sent my hostess into spasms of pleasure as well. She now drops to her elbows between my knees, reaching behind her to grasp the scrotum of her young lover, squeezing until he volleys his sperm deep into her body...a final act to her well-choreographed play.

Liza has followed out little play with great enthusiasm, her delicate fingers stroking the tender flesh between her thighs. Her eyes are glazed, and she leans in satisfied repose.

Breakfast has never been like this before, I muse. Will it ever be again? Somewhere, in the back of my mind I know the answer.

It will...

Chapter 6

Sated, we rest ourselves until the spirit moves us to begin our tour of the hacienda. It will take the remainder of the day, I surmise, for this place is grand and sprawling, the product of many years and many residents. I am anxious to know all, and I follow happily as Amora leads me through the courtyard and down a stone pathway toward a modest, Spartan dwelling on the far western edge of the property.

We enter carefully, pausing to allow our eyes to adjust to the darkness within, sparking a candle to light our tour into its almost windowless interior. Here the opulence of El Capitan is missing, giving way to the hard packed earthen floor of a peasant's hovel. It has been maintained, I realize, for above the thick adobe walls the thatched roof maintains its integrity and the place is immaculately clean.

"This," says Amora, "Is the original casita of the young capitan, Juan Sebastian. Despite the nobility of his birth family in Seville, Juan chose to live a life of impoverished penance here in this hovel, to atone for his part in the slaughter over Cibola. He and his wife spent their lives in isolation here, eventually giving birth to five children, all of whom returned to Spain except for the eldest son. He remained in this place to take up the banner of his father's guilt, changing his surname to de Capitan when the church refused to acknowledge his birthright.

As you can see, it is a meager casa, boasting none of the finery of its age...a place for a man to regain his pride, or lose himself in his sorrow. But they say he was happy here, living in isolation on the shores of the sea with his beloved wife, Maya. Perhaps he was...I hope so.

Amora turns now and leads me back to the main house, to an opulence that speaks to me of great wealth and indulgence. No hovel this, instead this place bears no allegiance to its origins, shunning them in favor of gilded ostentation and bold overstatement.

"This is the main house," Amora explains. "It was built in the 1600's by my ancestor, Luis Hernando de Capitan. It was during his time that the king of Spain ceded large tracts of land in the New World, along the northern coast of California to the Sebastian family. Vineyards, a cattle ranch and mines of precious metals now fell under their control. These, in turn, were given over to the only living member of the family in this part of the world, Luis Hernando."

"Unlike those who passed before him," she continues with an evasive smile, "Luis was not a reclusive man, much the opposite in fact. He used the great wealth that came his way to build a mansion, something to impress the peasantry in the now populated townships across the bay.

As you see, he had a passion for overstatement, curving the great marble staircases around this ornate, gilded fountain which dominates the entryway. Stained glass and crystal adorn this part of the house, imported from the far reaches of the world and brought by ship and ox cart to this spot for his pleasure."

"But, as I said, Luis rejected the reclusive lifestyle of his predecessors, and people from the outside world occasionally made their way across the bay and into his affluent hacienda, some of whom were never seen again."

If I'm startled now, I try to hide it. What does she mean..."were never seen again?"

Amora now leads me to an ancient door, heavy with age and thick, reinforced with heavy oak supports and iron rivets. Here she pauses, and we rest for a moment atop a red, velvet settee by the entryway.

I have a present for you, my Sweet. Something I've thought you'd enjoy for so long. But now you're here, aren't you? There is no longer a need to resist." she smiles.

Then, reaching into a velvet purse, she removes a jeweled collar and four matching cuffs, deceptively flimsy in appearance, but sturdy in the ways that count. My skin prickles. Am I to be shackled, I wonder? Has Amora taken this role of ours, this cyber play seriously?

Eyes wide, I watch as she adjusts them to my ankles and wrists, finally circling the lengthiest one around my throat with a muted click as tiny inset mechanisms secure solidly beneath her touch. A minute silver key hangs about her neck on an ancient-looking filigree chain...beautiful in its simplicity.

"This is very old," she says. "It was a gift from Juan Sebastian to his beloved Maya...the key to his heart. It's my most precious possession. I've had the locks on your bangles crafted to match," she explains, running the chain through her fingers.

"Your fantasy is now complete, don't you think?" she smiles sensuously. "These passionate restraints bear the mark of El Remordimiento del Capitan. I've been hoping you'd enjoy them from the first moment I met you in the 'Bondage Room'."

She turns then and adds one more piece. "I'd like you to don this as well, Little One," she adds, offering me a silken blindfold. "One can't really appreciate the full effect of Luis' curious tastes without it," she continues mysteriously.

What am I to do? My hesitancy is obvious, and I can tell that it disappoints her. "Do you wish to continue, Bleu? It's your choice, you know. Passion is a thing to be shared...or it is nothing."

I think back to my empty existence, to my lackluster days in Tucson, and I think, "Can this be worse?"

And so I don the mask, listening as she strikes a match to light yet another candle, and leads me downward along a flight of winding stone steps toward the dank underbelly of the mansion.

Have we traveled far, or have we just begun, I wonder as my feet cross the chilled expanse of the stone flooring. It's cooler here, and I can feel the damp air seep beneath my gown to lick my flesh with its clammy tongue.

Finally, we arrive, and I hear a heavy door swing wide on its cumbersome hinges before me. I reach up to remove my blindfold, but find my Amora has other plans.

“No,” she directs, “Leave it there. I want to give you the full effect of this place.”

So saying she guides me backward against the cold stone surface of a wall, raising my arms above my head as she presses closely against me.

A click...and then another. I try to move, but my arms are held fast. What’s happened, I wonder in panic? What’s come to pass in this loathsome place?

In an instant my blindfold is removed, and I take in my surroundings. It is a cellar of sorts, a dungeon if you will. It is constructed of thick stone walls, into which heavy iron rings have been anchored. It smells of mold and fear...age and debauchery.

Amora waits while I adjust to the dim light of the room, then approaches and runs her fingers along my trembling form. My robe is once more parted, and she gazes in satisfaction at my distended nipples and quivering abdomen. She reaches to my left at this time, and takes from the wall a rod... no, not a rod, but a crop...the type used to whip horses.

“Do you like this, my Sweet One? Is this what you crave?”

I cringe in earnest now as Amora weighs the cruel leather-bound instrument in her hands, deciding what comes next. And then she continues her tale...

“You see, Luis had a little secret...or a large secret if you will. His sexual preferences were, shall we say, as unorthodox as his other tastes.”

Fully into the fantasy, she slides the crop between my breasts as if judging how I might look with a welt or two adorning my fair skin.

“His ‘enamoras’ frequently found themselves in these rooms, chained to the walls much as you are. Here, in the thick silence, he indulged his whims with abandon, finding pleasure in their pain, release in their cries for mercy.”

She wets the crop with her tongue now, and slips it between my legs. “No one can hear you in here, Bleu, no one can save you if you cry out. Would you like that, Little One...would you?” she asks breathlessly, pressing her scantily clad flesh against my own.

No, never, I think, and yet a curious moistness once again begins to form between my thighs. But what would it be like, I wonder...what?

Amora extends her tongue and licks my cheek, the crop grazing my newly shaved sex. “What would you like me to do for you, Little One. Tell me, and it’s yours.”

I want to be released from this bondage, this much I know...but what else? And then it comes to me, Amora’s nipple ring...what would I give if I left this place with it imbedded in my own nipple instead? It would be a memory to last for a lifetime, wouldn’t it? Wherever I went I would forever bear the mark of this day...of this place.

Suddenly, I decide. “Your ring,” I whisper, afraid of my own voice. “May I have it?” I ask?

It is Amora's turn to be surprised now. She hadn't thought of that, and I can tell she's uncertain of the wisdom in my choice..

Slowly she touches it, caresses its warm, silver visage with her fingertips, and then in an instant she's decided.

"Are you sure of this, Little One?" she asks, the excitement in her tone rising to meet my own. "This is not an act that is easily undone, you know. You may be asking for more than you bargained for."

But, I've made up my mind, it's what I want, and I nod for her to proceed.

A pause, and then she smiles, a dark look crossing her eyes as she presses her body to mine. "I can feel your excitement, Bleu. You're so alive at this moment, It radiates from your pores...so deliciously perverted. Are you ready, my sweet...are you?"

Again I nod, my eyes transfixed as she releases the brooch from her shoulder, her gown dropping to the floor. Then, with the candle between us, she heats the sharpened portion of the pin in its flame. A drop of wax drips painfully against my breast and I wince, but I know this is nothing to what I will soon experience, and I tremble in moist anticipation. Silently, I press myself against the wall, steadying my quaking body for that which is to come.

Amora bends, setting the candle at my feet now, and taking her left hand she begins to tease the pale pastel of my nubby flesh to prominence, tweaking it painfully until it rises from my breast in swollen response. I've never seen it this distended, I think, but even at this it's not enough.

Her concentration is great now, and her tongue protrudes erotically from between her lips. She pinches my hardened flesh between her thumb and forefinger, her knee pressed tightly between my legs to steady me, and pulls my tortured nipple painfully outward until it resembles a tiny penis in the dim firelight.

I watch...I watch and time stands still. Closer she brings the sharpened tip of the pin to a point behind my taut and distended nipple, closer and closer yet until I feel it dig into my tender flesh, agonizingly burrowing beneath the skin in hot, tortuous thrusts that cause my screams to echo throughout the chamber.

The pin recedes, and a tiny drop of blood trails its way down the underside of my breast. She pauses but for an instant, and then lifting her hands, she slides the silver adornment from her own nipple and impales its shank into my own.

My head swims and the room spins about me. Have I passed out...have I died, I wonder? And then I feel Amora's tongue, stroking my breasts, licking the tiny droplets of blood into her mouth, sliding along my body like a mother cat nurturing her newborn. She kneels before me and parts my thighs, her tongue tasting the slippery byproduct of my fear. I am so ripe...so ready! Again I scream, yanking helplessly at my bonds as wave after orgasmic wave of primal delight take my mind and send me reeling into oblivion.

How can so much pain bring so much pleasure, I wonder, my body slumping against its shackles? How have I come to this place in my life? This is something I never thought possible, and yet, here I am.

Amora hastens to release me now, anxious to restore the circulation to my trembling wrists. I slump against her, physically drained, mentally exhausted...and she wraps her arms about me. I feel a tear trickle down her cheek...not mine, but hers. It's as though the torments of a few moments ago were her own, and that I've finally rescued her from them.

She rocks her body against mine, cradling me like a child that craves a soothing touch.

"Why did you have me do that?" she whispers. "What demon are you exorcising? Is your life so empty, little Jillian, that even this is a welcome release? I fear you'll break my heart before we're through, my Angel. I wasn't prepared for you."

Briskly she rubs my wrists, then shifts the subject to safer ground. "These iron rings," she explains, "can be found throughout the house. Not a bed exists, even in the newer sections that do not bear the mark of his sexual preferences. There are rooms in the main house where they are placed even in the walls and ceiling beams. He was truly an excessive man, a sadist for whom both male and female were equally desirable. It is perhaps fortunate for those around him that he succumbed at an early age to an unspeakable disease...the product of his own excesses...a poetic fate for a deserving man.

Gently, my lover clothes me once more, taking care to leave my bodice agape so that my throbbing nipple need not bear the friction of my gown. Thus satisfied, she gathers her own apparel from the floor and bundles it before her. "It must be time for lunch by now," she offers. "This foray has made me ravenous. There must be some connection between dining and debauchery, don't you agree?"

I nod my head to concur, for in fact I have never felt as alive in my life as I do at this moment. Perhaps the perception of pain and helplessness give one a better acceptance of life and all that it has to offer...could that be it?

We eat in the solarium this afternoon, a quiet place set atop the rest of the house and filled with tropical plants of all kinds and species. Queen palms and delicate orchids watch over us as we spoon a delicious lobster bisque from tiny patty shells tucked into a leafy bed laced with fresh, piquant cilantro. Has food ever tasted this good, I wonder as the flavors tease my tongue? Has anything?

The solarium, I find, is nestled above the east wing of the mansion and is part of Amora's private rooms. More modern, the sheer simplicity of the room offers a direct contrast to that of the main house. Here, all is light and airy, tasteful in its muted tones and timeless beauty. I am at once at ease. This is so distinctly a reflection of my hostess...this is Amora.

The glass walls continue seaward to enclose a large and inviting bedroom on the very tip of this rooftop retreat. Here the transparent walls are curtained with sheer, white chiffon that shifts in the noon breeze like gentle fingers across willing flesh. A telescope, ancient and brass stands on the balcony...a sentry over the waves beyond. One wonders how many ships at sea have paused, spyglasses raised to appreciate the view in return.

The bed itself is sunken into a dish of sorts, a rounded vision of beauty filled with dozens of pastel cushions, looking for all the world like delicate bubbles in a glass of fine champagne. Its embroidered coverlet hugs its full curves in a silken embrace, and I see at once that Amora has told me the truth about the rings. Even here, in this place so removed from the dungeons, are embedded the iron rings that so define this house. But, these were not placed here by Luis Hernando...not him.

The ceiling here is of polished copper, a dome that reflects this sumptuous resting place in all its glory. White, woven fans dot the perimeter, lazily stirring the air and shifting the filmy curtains like lovers embracing in the sunlight. All about are plants, plants and more plants. Foliage and vines of every shape and description, flowers of every color and persuasion proliferate in abundance. I could live here, I think...right here, and never want for the outside world again.

Amora slips from her recently donned pantaloons and throws herself with great abandon into the pit, bouncing joyously atop the well-padded mattress. Then, turning to one side she pats the coverlet and beckons for me to join her.

Gladly I accept, and soon I am beside her, my garment tossed and forgotten as I sink into the luxurious softness beneath me. She rolls on her back now, and bidding me to do the same she points upward at our images, reflected in the polished copper of the dome above. Such decadence, I blush, to be thus exposed, each beside the other, stretched and naked, shameless in our perusal of each other's bodies.

Her image holds my gaze, and Amora smiles. Then, taking her right hand she slides her index finger between her full and voluptuous labia, charging it with her juices as she begins to massage the turgid button of her desire. I watch, fascinated as she licks her lips. Her body arches, rising to meet her mounting urgency and I feel myself growing warm at the display.

I have never tasted a woman in my life, except for the brief sample on my lover's finger the night before, but now I wonder if perhaps this too is an experience that I should embrace. My body moistens, and in my mind I feel once more her tongue penetrating me, sipping my juices as I writhe in pleasure...and suddenly I know.

Yes, this is something I want...something I must try.

Amora takes my hand then, and places it within her own moist folds. "Will you pleasure me?" she asks, her eyes following my movements in the polished copper. "Will you touch me as I have you, bathing in the sounds of my of my cries as you bring me to the precipice?"

Heatedly I turn my head and gaze at her smooth perfection. Yes, I want to touch her, to drive her to a frenzied pitch with my body, to hear her call my name in the heat of passion.

And so, gently at first, I replace her hand with mine, dipping into the liquid pool that wells inside, stroking her engorged clitoris until I hear her sighs grow deep...deeper and I know she is my own. Once more I think of the fine wine which flows from her body, and I raise my finger to my lips and taste.

She watches...she watches...until finally, with gentle urging she cups my head toward her breast, sharing her heat as I continue to stroke her moist valley below. Lightly I suckle, taking her nipple between my lips and exploring the tiny indentations where once the silver ring adorned her flesh. The memory floods back once more, and I am emboldened by its passing.

What erotic satisfaction does she enjoy between my thighs, what sensuous delight? Again I wonder...what would it be like...what would it be like.

Suddenly, she stills my hand, and as if reading my mind, she guides my lips downward, downward until I can smell the clean, tangy essence of her intimate folds. Then, slowly, she releases her hold, and raising her hands above her head she grasps the iron rings, arching her hips upward...a token of submission...a gift between lovers.

If I was unsure before, the thought flees from my mind as I behold the beauty of her delicate femininity, the dewy folds of her ruffled sex. Oh how they were meant to be kissed, I think...to be teased and titillated until they burst forth with an unstoppable flow of honey. My mouth waters...my tongue extends...and finally I join with my lover in the forbidden pleasures of woman on woman.

If I have been deemed responsive, then Amora is passionate beyond all definition. For as soon as my wandering tongue passes over her hardened nub she begins to flow, no...to “squirt” her juices into my mouth, much in the way a man ejaculates his sperm from the very tip of his penis. But how could that be, I wonder? I’ve never heard of such a thing!

Curious, I part her nether lips and examine more closely, this time directing my attention to the flowing well below as I lap.

Again it happens! She groans, her muscles tightening and a tiny fountain splashes against my tongue once more. Amazing! Are all women constructed in this way, I wonder? Has some cruel twist of fate denied me this wondrous capability?

Amora moans, and I bend to my task once more. This time, however, she has an interesting twist in mind. My head, it seems is to remain where it is, but now she directs me to turn and spread my thighs above her face so that she too may share in this decadent dessert.

My flesh tingles...so many forbidden delights in so short a time! Wet and aching, I hasten to obey, and soon I feel her tongue again invading my quivering channel as I writhe above her.

Now she releases the rings and begins to control my movements, the thrusts and gyrations of my body above her hungry lips. Then, opening a tiny drawer built into the head of her bed, she removes a thin, jelly-like rod shaped like a series of connected balls, the like of which she lubricates by swirling it deep in my wet and flowing orifice. The sensation is wonderful, and I can’t help but wish I could reciprocate in some way.

But then, as it does so often with Amora, the action shifts and I find her parting my buttocks, her tongue laying on a trail of liquid where once only her finger had dared to explore.

I gasp and try to pull away, but she holds me fast. “Relax, Little One”, she murmurs. “Let yourself enjoy this. You’ll grow to love it as much as I do,” she promises. “I don’t want you to miss a thing.”

And then I feel it, the first rounded ball, pressing insistently against that tight ring of muscle as I try to control my response. How could something so small be so uncomfortable, I wonder as it pops into place?

...and then the second ball is presented.

This one is slightly larger than the first, smooth and seamless as the one before. I squirm. My body fights instantly to repel the invasion, but it’s hopeless. I’m filled once again, and more is yet to come.

Now the third ball attempts to force its way into my narrow passage, and my muscles revolt. Too much...too much I whimper inwardly, but yet Amora continues.

“You’re doing well, Little One,” she whispers, “but you must relax more to get the full enjoyment from this toy. This is but a small facsimile...imagine what it will feel like the first time a man presses deeply inside of you!”

My mind flashes instantly to the hugely engorged members of Kyle and Carlos...how could I stand it? How could I survive?

Another ball...the discomfort...the agonizing fullness overwhelms me. My muscles tighten once again...no more...no more.

My lover senses my resolve, and gently begins to stroke my clitoris with her moistened thumb. “Relax...relax my beautiful Bleu. Flow with it...enjoy it. I want you to have it all, Precious...everything.”

And with that she pushes the last ball home, filling me until I’m sure I could never do something like this with the massive tools wielded by men.

Panting, I try to adjust to this bulbous intrusion, wondering frantically what my lover has in mind for the next course. But for now she merely holds her palm behind the jelly-like rod, securing it in place while she plies her tongue against my trembling folds once more.

My muscles expand and contract around the invader, like tiny soldiers trying to repel a foreign invasion, but I begin to relax at last...her lips and tongue sending my mind along different avenues. Once more I feel my climax build, like a dam that can no longer hold back the inevitable force behind it. Then, just as it bursts, my lover slips the rod from my narrow aperture, one ball at a time, and my orgasm crashes around me. It pounds...it pounds and I feel the delicious emptiness that remains behind. Perhaps there is more to be said for this questionable pleasure, I think. But this is enough for now...quite enough.

We spend the remainder of the afternoon in decadent repose, holding and touching as we take turns with the telescope and Amora draws my attention to the various points of interest along the shoreline.

I question her about the village near Black Mountain, and Puerto Penasco far to the east, asking if we might visit there one day. To this she has no answer, growing silent in response.

She turns to me then, her mind far away and lost in thought. "I've never been there," she replies. "I never leave the hacienda. I thought you realized that...that someone might have already told you."

I recall then the words that Liza used when I asked her about the chauffeur. "...a woman who never goes anywhere," she'd called Amora. I hadn't thought much about it then, but now here it is again.

"Certainly you didn't mean to say 'never'," I breath..."just 'rarely', didn't you?"

Amora turns from me, weighing her words carefully, trying to preserve the dignity that seems so precious to her. "No, curiously I mean as I've said. I never leave this place. Like my ancestor, I've chosen my path, and this is where it's led me. I prefer not to venture out into the world, Little One. Instead, when I choose, I bring the world to me."

I try not to stare, wondering what to say. How could she live here, and never leave the grounds...and why? The question plays along my lips, swaying forwards and back through my mind like sea oats in the breeze. "Has it always been this way?" I ask finally. "Have you always been here, or is this something more recent?"

A pause...and another...

"When I was a child, this was all the world I could have ever wanted. I was happy here...very happy, and if I didn't have friends with whom to share my life it didn't seem to matter. I had the birds and the sea, the sun, the moon and the stars to keep me company. I read, I painted, I chased sea turtles in the lagoon. I spent long languid hours at one with the peace that El Capitan has to offer. Who could want for more?"

"And then?" I prodded. "What happened then?"

She laughed. "So serious, Bleu! It was not how you imagine it. I'm not recovering from a broken heart or hiding from the law...nothing nearly that dramatic. I finally left El Capitan at the age of 18 to attend a university in northern California...near my family's land holdings. I'd decided to be a wine maker, if you can imagine. I was going to become famous for producing rare and wonderful quaffs that the world would crave and covet beyond all else," she joked.

"But, as my first year away from El Capitan passed, I began to feel the coldness of the world beyond this place, an emptiness that I couldn't seem to shake as each day blended into the next. Finally, after a year I gave up my aspirations and returned to the life I loved... right here...and I've been here ever since."

I don't know what to say... how to respond. It seems a shame that one so totally filled with life should choose to be so isolated. I think of my own empty days back in Tucson and of the awakenings that being here has brought. Could I be like her, I wonder? Could I be like her,

and live closed off from the world around me? I can't imagine it. Eventually even the sounds of the gulls, the whispers of the sea wouldn't be enough. I'd have to be among people once again...even Z Mart shoppers if need be.

She strokes my cheek with her fingertips. "You look so sad, Bleu...so pitying. Do you think that I'm unhappy here, that my life is too limited? You couldn't be further from the truth. In fact, I'm the most fortunate person I know, because I know where I belong...where I'm complete. How many other people can say that?"

Looking at it from that perspective, I can't help but wonder if she's right. How many people spend their lives searching for the peace and contentment that Amora curls about her every moment of every day? How many realize when and if they're lucky enough to find it? Amora has done both. El Capitan belongs to her, and she to it...a perfect union...not something to pity.

It seems as though the more I get to know Amora, the more she amazes me. Her love of sensual pleasures is obvious in every move she makes, every whisper that she utters. It radiates from every pore and fills the room about her, and yet it only scratches the surface. When we make love, I'm sure that at least half of my attraction for her is my newness, the fact that I'm a recent addition to her perfect existence. Yet there are times when I catch her peering at me from beneath her lashes, stealing a look that makes me feel as though she's been waiting for me forever.

I wonder then, what will become of us when it's my time to leave? Could I stay as Liza and Kyle have? Would I want to? And if I leave, what will become of my beautiful Amora when I go? We have been physically together for almost no time at all, and yet I can't imagine it.

So simple, and yet so complicated...what shall I do?

Chapter 7

Slow days roll by for my lover and I. Life with Amora is good, and each passing moment seems to open another doorway from my tiny world.

There is a fly in the ointment, however, for I catch Carl peering at me whenever he is about and it fills me with dread. The words he spoke on the night of my arrival have not been forgotten, and the memory chills me even now.

I try to hide my misgivings from my lover, but she knows me too well by now. Each time my enemy passes, her glance shifts between us, and I'm sure she must know. I've begun to fear being alone on the grounds, for I can never anticipate when he'll appear. If Eden had its snake, then El Capitan has Carl...and one of us must go.

Then one day, as Carl is passing along the courtyard, Amora calls him to her side, and whispers seductively in his ear. Her hand rests against his chest, and I can see his eyes widen. A smile crosses his grim features, and he leers at me atop my balcony. Something is amiss. Anything that could make this monster happy, will do no one any good. What could Amora be thinking?

The evening nears, and the sun sets in a ball of flaming glory once more. Tonight, however, when I retire to Amora's rooms, she begins to shuffle through her extensive wardrobe to find something for me to wear...a seductive costume...something that says I'm there for the taking.

She settles, finally, on a pair of black, thong panties, lace appliqued with a delicate French motif. Over this she adds a sheer, black beach cover, something that highlights rather than conceals my endowments. Then, making sure that my collar and cuffs are attached, she finishes off with a pair of high, strappy heels... something I've never worn before. I don't understand! I look as though I should be adorning some street corner! This isn't something meant to stimulate Amora's palate, I'm sure...but whose?

Then something more peculiar occurs, for at this point Amora herself dons a costume more garish than my own. My elegant lover now bears a striking resemblance to the women who flash before me in the pornography ads on the Internet. Her raven hair is gathered at the nape by a heavy elastic band, giving her a severe and dominant look. Gone are her delicate fabrics and graceful pastels, replaced instead by a black leather bustier with the nipples cut away. She wears a matching crotchless thong and high heels...totally tasteless, and totally unlike my Amora. She finishes her costume with black, leather boots and a leather riding crop, then turns to inspect herself in the mirror.

I sit, speechless, waiting for her to tell me that this is all a joke, but she doesn't. Instead she turns and tells me that we have a date tonight with the chauffeur, and that I need to look my best for our encounter.

When all is done, she surveys her handiwork and nods. Then, taking a small black satchel, we make our way through the great hall, into the courtyard and across to the chauffeur's quarters above the garage.

I expect her to knock, but she doesn't. Instead she pushes the door open with her crop and enters the tiny apartment as though she has done this many times before. Then, approaching what I assume is the bedroom door, she forces it wide with the toe of her thigh-high boot.

To say that Carl has been waiting for us would be an understatement, for as we enter I see the prodigious bulge already forming beneath the small bikini briefs that are his only remaining garment. He sits at the head of his bed, a lascivious grin fondling my curves... planning my fate. How could Amora do this?

Trembling, my gaze takes in the room. The décor here is Spartan, utilitarian and mannish. The heavy furniture is dark, walnut perhaps, and the drapes are thick and somber. I see his chauffeur's uniform pressed and hanging in the closet, the contents of his pockets neatly laid atop his dresser. Keys...a billfold...coins, and then the knife. Its dull scrimshaw handle glows menacingly in the dim light, mocking me, terrifying me.

Amora sets her satchel beside the bed now, and taking from it a generous bottle of wine, she uses his knife to pry the cork from its seating.

“Bleu, bring us three glasses from the kitchen,” she directs, her eyes unwavering. “And hurry back, Dear...Carlos and I will be waiting for you.”

Hot tears flood my eyes. Do I mean so little to her? Does she realize how shamefully she is using me? Slowly, I cross to the small kitchenette and gather three wine glasses from the shelf above, wanting for all the world to dash them to the floor...but I don't. Instead, I do as I've been bidden, and return to place them at the foot of the bed.

Amora sits beside him now, her hand fondling the tumultuous growth that distorts his single, scanty garment. She pauses briefly, and taking the glasses in her hand, she fills one for Carl, then proceeds to do the same for each of us.

It's a good wine, I think, one from Amora's fabulous cellars. It's something to sip and appreciate, but not to Carl. Instead, he gulps his in an instant then runs the empty glass across her exposed nipples.

“That's good, Baby, but don't be stingy now,” he murmurs sloppily, thrusting his glass. It's then I realize that Carl has prepared for our “date” in more ways than one, and has already had a few drinks before our arrival.

Amora is quick to comply, and soon his glass is filled once more. Again he gulps, but now Amora takes his empty glass and sets it on the nightstand beside her own. An enigmatic smile crosses her features, and she turns her attention at this point toward the state of his arousal.

“Have you ever had a woman ride you?” she asks, caressing his prominence. “Have you ever had a woman take charge and drive you insane with her mouth...to give you pain and pleasure until you explode inside of her? Have you, Carl...have you?” she asks, watching his expression grow into a sloppy leer. “Well, I can do it to you, Carl...I want to do it.”

His eyes widen lustily, watching as Amora swings her leg across his hips and straddles him as a rider would a horse, pinning him to the bed beneath her. Then, grinding the slit of her panties against his throbbing groin, she offers him another glass of wine...hers... and rubs her nipples against his bare chest.

“Do you see what Bleu is wearing, Carl? Do you see her wrist and ankle cuffs?” she asks. “I have some for you as well...something to heighten your arousal, to hold you fast as I have my way with you,” she says, fondling beneath the band of his briefs.

“Oh yeah, baby,” he murmurs sloppily, watching her take the leather restraints from her satchel with her free hand. “Put 'em on me and let's get fucking, woman!” he responds crudely.

If Amora is insulted by his language, she shows no sign of it. Instead, she slides her body downward, taking the elastic of his garment between her nails and tugging until his massive erection springs forward and he groans in impatience.

“Oh Carl,” she rasps, grasping his thick, monstrous tool in her hands, “This is a day you won't soon forget...I promise.” She assures him.

Then, setting to her task, she secures the heavy, leather cuffs to his wrists, tossing the anklets toward the foot of the bed for me to do the same. In minutes, Carl is securely cuffed, hand and foot. It is only now that I notice the heavy ringbolts set into both the head and footboards, the ancient legacy of Luis Hernando....and make use of them.

“Come sit beside us, Blue,” Amora invites, tapping the mattress to her right. “Carl wants us both. Don’t you, Carl?”

Carl’s response is nothing if not enthusiastic. “Oh yeah...” he moans. “I want you both...oh yeah!” he grunts, his tongue wriggling obscenely in my direction. “Come sit on my face,” he orders, his mouth turned into a vile grin.

I’m repulsed, finding both his words and his actions obscene. I look to Amora for guidance, but to my dismay, I find her otherwise occupied.

My lover has once more remounted her steed, but now faces in the opposite direction, facing the foot of the bed, curving her warm thighs around his incredibly engorged tool. She licks her palms, pumping his rock-hard sex, watching as he nears the precipice. Carl’s eyelids narrow, his hips thrusting between her palms as she toils above him, until it looks as if he could fill us both with one massive ejaculation.

Then...in one fell swoop, Amora snatches the heavy elastic from her hair and twists it tightly around the base of his penis, robbing him of both the ability to complete the act, and the relative security of retreat. Pounding and erect he is, and erect he shall stay until Amora says otherwise.

“What in hell are you doing!” he yells. “Get that damned thing off of me!”

But now, it’s Amora’s turn to smile, and turning, she reaches into her satchel once more, bringing out something that makes even my eyes widen.

There, in her hand she holds my bra, the one that was cut from me by the roadside so many days ago. She tosses it atop his enraged form, and watches as the horror spreads across his face.

“You like terrorizing helpless little girls, don’t you, Carl?” she says, her voice low and menacing. “Perhaps it’s time to see just how well you yourself hold up under such abuse...don’t you think?”

He roars...he curses...he threatens her with all sorts of vile repercussions.

None of it touches Amora a whit. Instead, she silently leans over and gives his tortured penis a resounding flick with her fingernail. “All pumped up and nowhere to go, isn’t that so, Carl?” she purrs. Then reaching beneath his scrotum she presses her long, sharp fingernail against the delicate bridge above his anus. Harder she drives...and harder until she begins to burrow beneath his flesh...until his body begins to buck and he moans for release.

“Let me loose, you bitch!” he screams, his agony building, the veins on his penis rising in mottled torment. “You can’t do this to me! I’ll have the Federales on you...I will! You’ll spend the rest of your life in jail. Now let me GO!” he demands.

“The Federales?” she purrs, her composure a thing of beauty. “Friends of mine...I know them well. And what will they say about this bra, and what you did to my lovely Bleu?”

“Let me go!” he screams again, his voice echoing throughout the apartment. “Let me go and I’ll leave...I won’t tell anyone. I swear!” he whimpers. “Just take this thing off my cock before it kills me!”

Again Amora plies her nails, driving the one on her index finger deep into the wet eye of his throbbing penis. He screams in pain, his voice turning to sobs as she twists her nail within him. Then, just when I think she must end her ruse and release him, she surprises me once more.

This time she takes his knife, the one he used to terrorize me by the roadway, and slides her body downward until she rests between his knees.

“Was this how you did it, Carl?” she taunts. “Did you stick it here?” The chauffeur freezes, and I watch in horror as she slides the razor sharp blade against his inner thigh, shaving the hairs from his trembling skin in her passing.

“NO!” he screams. “I didn’t cut her! Tell her, Girl...tell her! I didn’t cut you, did I! Oh God, let me go...please let me go...” he begins to whimper.”

His engorged member is throbbing visibly now, the color darkening to a sick, deadly shade of purple...but Amora has no pity. Instead she grabs his sex painfully in her left fist, then brandishing the knife before Carl’s trembling eyes, she slides it beneath his penis and lays the blade against his pounding flesh.

Suddenly she speaks, her voice deliberate and chilling in tone. “Tell me, Little One, what would you have me do with this beast?” she asks. “Would you have me make a gelding out of him? I think I’d enjoy that!”

“Nooooo!” Carl screams, his hands struggling against his shackles. “Oh my God...oh my God...let me go, please! Bleu! Tell her to let me go! I’m sorry, so sorry...I swear! Just tell her to let me go and you’ll never see me again. PLEASE!”

I stand aghast, my tormentor prostrate and abased mere inches away...and suddenly I feel a wave of pity overtake me. Even consigned to a shallow grave in the barren dessert, he isn’t worth all this. I want it over. I want him gone...I want to move on.

Scowling, I shake my head, and Amora lays the knife atop his trembling belly...a twinkle in her eye. She knew all along! She knew I wouldn’t allow this man, or anyone to be so brutalized in my name. It was all a ruse, and she played the game to perfection.

Then, turning, she leads me to the door, leaving my enemy bound and trussed as we pass from view.

“Wait!” he screams. “Get this off me...get this off me!” But yet Amora guides me forward, turning only briefly to whisper menacingly, “I want you gone in an hour, Carl. Do you understand? And if you ever approach El Capitan again, even the Federales won’t be able to find your remains!”

The silence is overwhelming. I wonder what’s to become of Carl after we’ve gone, how he’s to meet his deadline in his present state. But I haven’t long to imagine the possibilities, for as we pass the front room I see Kyle, sitting in a deep chair...a devilish grin on his face.

“Have him pack a bag, then drop him at gringo Pass,” she directs, enjoying their success. “But make sure he knows that if he returns, it will be a ruse no longer.”

Then turning once more, we leave the garage and enter the security of the main house, Amora’s dark play completed, and my nemesis soon on his way to far off destinations.

But I know that someday I’ll wonder...would she have done it? Would she have sliced his manhood from him if I’d asked her to? Some jokes have a degree of truth embedded inside, I think.

Perhaps this is one of them...

Chapter 8

Hours flow into days, and days into weeks. The passing of time blends seamlessly into something uncountable as Amora and I explore the joys and passions of our lives together.

We spend our mornings in Amora’s “champagne glass”, touching, tasting and luxuriating in the sounds of each other’s sighs. We watch the tides and the ships at sea from her ancient spyglass, and wonder where they’re going and if the people onboard could possibly be as happy as we have come to be.

I’ve changed so much here...so very, very much. The passion that Amora so sensuously kindled has lighted the way for greater and more subtle changes deep inside. Where once I saw my life in shades of gray and brown, neutral shadows on a smoke-filled canvas, I now see it in the flowing pastels and rainbow arrays of my lover’s eyes. Jillian Johnson hasn’t gone, it’s as though she’s been reborn into a world she never knew existed... and I owe it all to Amora.

With the passing of days, I see a kaleidoscope of changes unfold in my lover as well. While her passionate nature remains blissfully strong, it seems to have deepened and found a home in me. The sun doesn’t rise, until we see each other...the sea and gulls are mute until we whisper softly in each other’s ears, and until we touch the world stands still. Where once a modem connected us, we are now joined by something more timeless and enduring. Our lives have become so emotionally bonded and intertwined...how can I tell her that I have to go?

I fight with this reality daily, the rising tide of it almost drowning me when I see her wondrous eyes speak of love and eternity in our intimate nest above the sea. But, Amora has set me free,

given me wings...and I long to test them in the world beyond. By giving her heart to me, she has sacrificed her own happiness...how can I tell her?

The answer is simple...I can't.

The Chinese believe that if you save a life, then it becomes yours forever. Could the same be said for a resurrection? If so, then my life truly belongs to Amora, for in almost every way I exist because of her.

And so I stay, bound in a gilded prison of my own design, whose bars are forged of love and devotion. And if I yearn for the destinations of those ships at sea, envying how the world embraces the passengers who stroll her decks, Amora will never know. I belong to her, and she belongs to El Capitan...and so here I will remain.

We spent today on the beach, strolling the white sand with our arms about each other as lovers so often do. The tide here is incredible, dropping away until the entire bay lies empty and within our reach. And so we shuffle ankle-deep in the tide pools, digging clams and snagging fat crabs for our dinner.

Finally, tired and hungry, we return to shore and settle beside the bonfire that Kyle has prepared for us above the high-tide mark.

Our stomachs rumble as we watch the sparks of our pyre circle skyward, vying with the first stars of the evening for a place in the heavens.

Finally, our feast is prepared, and we settle ourselves to eat. Liza has taken our "catch" and made a bouillabaisse of sorts. This she delivers with hot, crusty French bread and a fine, rosé wine. We attack our food ravenously, then stretch ourselves atop a colorful serape to watch the moonrise over the horizon.

A shooting star flares briefly, and then vanishes as Amora leans above me, her eyes gazing in adoration. I watch as the firelight flickers, sending hungry shadows across her beautiful face. I feel her touch once more, and my clamoring desire for the world beyond fades to a vague whisper. If only we could remain in each other's arms for every minute of every day, perhaps the outside world would cease to matter...but that isn't possible. Even dreamers must drift to earth some day.

My lover is gentle tonight, reticent in a way that I've never seen her before. Something has been left unsaid, and I wonder what it could be. But as I feel her lips brush softly against hollows of my throat I know that it can wait.

Slowly, she peels back the thin veil of clothing that covers my body, and begins to suckle my hardening nipple deep into her warm, wet mouth. My breath catches. The feeling never fades, always fresh and new with each encounter, vibrant with each overture.

Once more she stirs the butterflies in my belly...my pulse rising in response, my thighs embracing her slender waist. Has the passion of one woman for another ever been so sweet?

I feel the need to touch her tonight, to taste her fine wine upon my tongue once more. And so I coax my lover onto her back, her muted sighs curling against my ears as I trail my tongue over her body and come to rest deep in her wet and eager core.

“Yes,” she murmurs as I part her moist folds, drawing her tiny, turgid nub between my lips. “Oh...yes...” I feel her fingers in my hair, tightening around my auburn curls as her passion rises and overflows onto my tongue. So rich...so sweet, and for as long as time allows...all mine.

She lies quivering beneath me now, her body trembling with the aftermath of her flight. “Lay back, my Love,” she whispers. “Lay back and join me this time.”

So saying, she curls her body around mine, rolling to the side and continuing onward until I feel her weight upon me once more, touching my flesh with hers as she slips her tongue between my lips.

Then, smiling heatedly Amora rises, and rotating her body at right angles to my own, she positions herself between my legs, sliding one knee beneath my buttocks, and the other atop my belly, like two clothespins nesting together, her wet juices flowing against my naked sex.

It’s then she creates a final chapter in this seductive dance we’ve come to need so much. For now she parts my petals with the fingers of her right hand, opening her own with her left, and seals our inner folds together in a sensuous union made for us alone.

I feel her now as I have never felt her before, her sweet wine blending gently into my own, finding its way through the labyrinth of my body, deep into my wanting core.

Slowly, and then more rapidly she begins to move...rocking her body against mine as we swell against each other...sensing the friction build and the torrential waves of our heat increase. I can feel her so intimately now, her hard center thrusting urgently against my own, the wet, suction of our union echoing through my flesh.

My breath forms in ragged gasps, my lips parting wordlessly as my voice fails. Amora now thrusts faster...and faster yet until my very flesh cries for release. And then, just when I think I can stand it no longer, she plunges her fingers between us and the universe explodes.

I scream...and somewhere in the starry universe I hear my lover join me. Her body heaves, and our juices mingle, flowing one into the other, blending intimately as we seal our vows beneath the moonlit sky. Together we soar in weightless ecstasy, far above the unseeing world to a secret place that only we can share.

Finally, our passion spent, she drops beside me, her arms curled about me as though to protect me from what she’s about to say.

“Bleu” she whispers soulfully, “...you have to go.”

My eyes widen and my breath stills in my chest. What did she say? I have to...go?

“I don’t understand!” I burble inanely. “What are you talking about? Did you want me to get you something from the house?” I croak, refusing to understand her.

But, I did hear...I understood, and in her infinite wisdom, Amora knows.

Are there tears in her eyes, I wonder, for the tears in my own make it impossible to tell. She knows...she knows...and she’s setting me free. How priceless is a love that gives so much and asks nothing in return.

“You’ve grown, Bleu. You’re not my ‘Little One’ any longer,” she whispers, her voice trembling. “This hacienda is my home...I belong here, but it would be your prison if you stayed...and I would be your jailer.”

She pauses, as if searching for the strength to continue. “You’re so precious to me, Bleu, so very precious,” she murmurs, shivering against the inevitable chill of the night. “But, if I wait any longer I’ll lose the ability to say good-bye. Tomorrow you must leave me and go back to the real world...back to the people and places that wait to be discovered beyond the walls of my hacienda.”

Her body begins to shake now, wracked with sobs that she can no longer control. She gave me her heart, and now she gives me my life as well.

“Good-bye my precious Love,” she whispers shakily, pressing her lips against my hand. “I won’t be seeing you off tomorrow...I don’t think I could bear it. But always know that you take a piece of me with you wherever you go...and that for as long as I live you’ll never be alone.”

With that she turns, and stumbling up the pathway she fades beyond the dunes behind her sacred walls and vanishes from my sight for the last time.

I sit in shock, not wanting to touch the wound that remains behind. Should I run after her...beg her to let me stay? Every part of my being screams “Yes!”...but I know deep inside that Amora is right. Love is selfless, or it’s no love at all. On top of everything else, Amora has given me the one thing I couldn’t give myself...my freedom.

Sadly I return to my rooms overlooking the sea and spend the long night packing. Everything I touch reminds me of her, the pauses stretching longer and longer until finally I see the sun peek over the horizon for the last time.

Soon I hear a gentle tapping at my door, and hurrying I fling it open, hoping against hope for a reprieve...but it is not to be. Instead, I find Liza and Kyle, their faces somber and saddened as they come to help me with my bags.

To my surprise, my little Beetle awaits, sitting patiently as though the world had not been turned upside down in its absence.

Reluctantly, we make our way through the great hall into the courtyard and my bags are loaded. Our final farewells fall between us. Silently I raise my eyes one last time toward the

balcony, praying that Amora will share one last smile before I go...but I find it bare and empty.

Kyle now strokes my arm, and leaning through the window he whispers. "Don't worry, Bleu. I'll take care of her for you."

In his eyes I see the glow of his love for her...patient and abiding. Was it there before, I wonder? How could I have missed it? Then finally he retreats, leaving me to my thoughts as I put the car into gear and make my way down the dusty road.

The lonely miles to Gringo Pass fade quickly, and soon I find myself at the border crossing, waiting my turn to enter Lukeville once more.

Finally, I pull abreast of the shaded checkpoint and stop beside a young crossing guard. "Place of birth?" she asks routinely.

"Tucson," I reply, but in my heart I want to say El Capitan.

"May I see your driver's license and registration?" she continues, her mantra a fixture in her mind.

Slowly I reach above the visor to get the document she requires...but what's this? There, tucked neatly away among my paperwork, is an envelope with the gently flowing script of my lover penned delicately upon its pale surface.

My heart pounds, my palms shake, and as soon as the border guard waves me along I pull to the right beneath the palo verde trees where my adventure began so long ago, and eagerly remove the letter from its nesting place.

With tearful eyes I read:

My dearest Bleu,

Did you think I would just let you go without a final farewell? Even I haven't the strength for that.

I know that the days ahead will be hard for both of us, but at least I have my beloved El Capitan to help me heal my lonely heart.

I fear for you, my Precious Bleu...out there in the cold world without a place that warms your soul as this place does mine. So I've taken the liberty of setting up an account in your name at the Mission Bank in Tucson...the means to start your new life. Please accept this gift as a token of what you've come to mean to me...for it can only be a token. Your real value could never be counted in dollars and cents...only by the beating of my heart and the memories you leave behind.

Fly free, my beautiful dove. Always remember that you're loved and that my door will always be open to you...and that you'll always hold the key.

Amora

The key? What does she mean? And then her gift falls from the envelope and I know. There, in my palm lies the thin, filigree chain that Amora wore about her neck on my second day at the hacienda, and on it the tiny silver key given to Maya by Juan Sebastian...the key to his heart.

I slip it over my head, and feel it warm against my breast. Then, smiling I understand...as long as it's there, my Amora will always be with me, keeping me close until we meet again.

But until then, she's given me the world.

...and I plan to accept.

THE END