

At the Dungeon Master's Hand by Jennifer Cole



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Book #1 - Le Club d'Esclavage Series

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Fantasies begin at the threshold of Le Club d'Esclavage

Natalie Buchanan has been working non-stop for six weeks. Determined to enjoy a rare weekend off, she winds up at the mysterious Le Club

d'Esclavage.

Natalie had read about the bondage club, and although she'd been mildly curious about submissive pleasures, she never imagined she'd set foot inside. And now that she has, the erotic atmosphere of domination and submission sends her scrambling for the exit.

Before she can escape, she's approached by a leather-hooded, bare-chested man who whispers a deep, sultry, "You are mine..."

Warning: this title contains the following, explicit sex, graphic language, bondage, BDSM, use of sex toys, anal sex.

Excerpt

Natalie sat with her two best friends in the back seat of the taxi. She'd tuned out their mindless chit-chat blocks ago and now watched the bright streetlights whiz by. The pleasant, cool night air of late September teased her skin through the open windows.

As a copy editor, she'd been working twenty-four-seven with the magazine's newest client, preparing an expansive layout feature for the next issue. A lot was riding on the spread. If successful, this project would be a huge stepping-stone in her career. Since Midge Patterson's retirement three months prior, Natalie'd had her eye on the unfilled copy chief's position and, come hell or high water, was determined to make it hers. She'd been biding her time and had proven herself more than capable in her four years with the highly successful magazine.

This was her first weekend off in six weeks and now, Natalie really needed to let loose. She intended to make the most of it. Having been cooped up in her office for so long, she'd almost forgotten there was a big old world outside the confines of those four, cell-block-grey walls. Truly, she would have liked nothing better than to be at home tonight, curled up in the corner

of her cozy sofa, finishing off the romance novel she'd started more than a month ago. Or watching the M*A*S*H series she'd purchased on DVD three months ago, and had yet to open.

But, oh no, she'd allowed Megan and Dani to drag her out to God knows where, to do God knows what. She loved her two best friends with all her heart. The trio had known each other since first grade, and now, after her parents' passing four years earlier, they were the only family Natalie had left. After twenty-three years, she trusted them with her life, although considering some of the messes they'd dragged her into, she wasn't sure why. Natalie was the sensible, levelheaded one in their trio. She'd had to study hard for good grades, worked several part-time jobs to put herself through college, and dedicated every spare moment to her career. Executive editor was definitely in her future.

Despite coming from old money, Megan was thrifty, organized and focused. She managed a trendy clothing store in a popular mall, primarily to feed her shopping addiction. As a clothes-horse, Megan couldn't pass up the employee discount, even though she could afford to pay three times the price for the products. With a politician father, parties were the norm of her everyday life, and good times hummed in her blood. Megan was always 'game on' in the name and pursuit of 'fun'.

Dani was a stereotypical blond, which would be fitting if she weren't a brunette. She was fun-loving, naive, and innocent to a fault. Her family didn't have the money for Dani go to school, so she worked the day shift at her parents' local coffee shop. She loved her job and her customers adored her.

With Megan's lust for adventure and all things odd, and Dani's natural instincts to follow Megan's lead, it never failed the three would generally find themselves somewhere 'weird' and usually in trouble. And Natalie knew tonight would be no exception.

"Okay, Meg." Natalie finally broke into their conversation. "Where are you taking me?"

Her friends giggled excitedly.

Dani reached over, grabbed her hand, and gently kissed the back of it. "Nat, you really need to take a load off. You're going to get all wrinkly before you're thirty if you don't let go of all that stress."

Megan was still giggling beside her. "Dani's right, Nat. Now that the Marsden project is finished and on its way to print, it's time you let those gorgeous curls down and cut loose! Hell, we haven't spent any time with you since you were assigned that account. So tonight, you are ours."

"Well, for a little while anyway." Dani wagged her brows.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Natalie asked nervously, glancing from one to the other. "Oh God, what are the two of you dragging me into?"

Neither one answered.

Megan and Dani resumed their chatter and Natalie once again tuned them out, wishing she were sitting in her apartment, enjoying complete silence and working her way through a bottle of red wine.

From the window he watched the growing crowd below.

Initially he'd opened the club as a lark, just to stir up shit at City Hall. He honestly never thought he'd be issued a permit to open a BDSM club within the stuffy city limits. Once he had the permit in his hands, he'd worked day and night, opening Le Club d'Esclavage within four weeks, nearly a month ahead of schedule.

As he remembered the uproar the grand opening had caused, he didn't try to stop his lips from curling in amusement, especially since, as the owner, he had no desire to be in the public eye. His best friend Troy, a well-established and experienced Dom, had the ability to manipulate the media and maintain the position as front man of the operation.

Its appeal lay in being 'new,' so he'd expected the club to do well in the beginning, as an attraction for the curious, of course. However, he had no idea it would still be considered the place to be a year later. He felt bad for the owners of the three mainstream nightclubs who had closed their doors due to the lack of patronage. Every week his clientele increased to the point they had to start taking reservations for the private playrooms on the second floor.

The club generated more money than he'd ever imagined, however, he had no need for it. Once the employees' wages and the day-to-day operating expenses were paid, whatever was left went to local charities. Anonymously.

"We're here!" Megan and Dani squealed in unison.

Natalie, who hadn't been paying attention, looked out the window at a lengthy queue. Climbing out of the taxi she glanced up at the neon sign and gasped.

"Oh...my...God," she finally said. "We are not going in there." She stood shaking her head, gaping at her two friends giggling beside her.

"Damn straight," Megan replied as they each linked their arms with Natalie's and headed for the front door, bypassing those waiting in line.

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