“Babe?” Cass took off her sunglasses and squinted into the dimness of the club. It took a minute for her eyes to adjust to coming out of the bright sun. “Why the heck is it so dark in here?”

“Don’t turn on the lights.”

The sensual sound of Rebecca’s voice seemed to waft through the air straight into Cass’s heart. If anyone allowed her, Cass would spend all day telling you how everything about her wife turned her on. Everything. And, right now, it was the soft yet firm request coming from somewhere inside the club. Cass couldn’t see Rebecca, but she could feel her.

“Where are you?”

“Come in and shut the door, Cassidy. Make sure it’s locked.”

Cass grinned. That sounds promising. It had confused her when Rebecca texted her to come to the club. They had everything they needed at home, so it was rare for Rebecca to request Cass’s presence anywhere else. In fact, Rebecca usually used yoga as an excuse to get away from Cass for a while. Yeah, Cass knew that she had been wearing her wife out during this pandemic. Who could blame her? Rebecca Cuinn-Giles even made staying in pajamas all day sexy.

Cass had tried to tone it down a bit, though. When she found out Rebecca had lied about stubbing a toe to cover up limping from being over-sexed, they had a long talk about being open and honest with each other. That’s what Rebecca had always needed in their relationship. Cass realized it was what she needed as well. She didn’t want Rebecca to endure sex. Cass wanted it to always be pleasurable. She never wanted to be the source of pain for her wife.

“Usual place?” Cass called out, still unable to find Rebecca in the dark.

“No. Come to the stage and sit down at the table.”

Was Rebecca on the PA system? It sounded as though Rebecca’s voice — as beautiful as it was — was surrounding her. Cass found herself wondering if Rebecca could sing. Then, a jolt of excitement filled her. Was that what this was? Was Rebecca going to surprise her with a performance?

“I can’t see a thing, Babe.”

“That will change. Just find your way to the only table that doesn’t have chairs on top.”

“Wanna tell me what this is all about?”

“Cassidy.”

Cass grinned again. Mistress did not allow questions. Once you were given an order, you were expected to say “yes, ma’am” and get your ass in position. Sometimes literally. After a stumble or two, Cass finally found her table and sat down. There was a single red rose, a glass of chocolate milk, and a protein bar. The rose was a bit out of place since Rebecca never got Cass flowers, but the other two things meant one thing. It was about to get HOT in here!

“Face the stage, Cassidy.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“For the past few weeks, you’ve had your way with me.” Rebecca’s voice echoed in the dark. From her place in the shadows, she watched the proud and roguish smile that graced her wife’s sexy, angular face. Rebecca regretted not having her leather crop with her. “Today, you do as I say. If you move from that chair, this is over. Do you understand?”

Cass’s libido kicked into high gear. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Do not speak or move unless I give you permission. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Drink your milk and eat your protein bar, Cassidy. When and if I’m ready for you, you’ll need your strength.” Rebecca nearly lost her composure when Cassidy downed the milk and ate the protein bar in two bites. If she were honest with herself, Rebecca would acknowledge being nervous as hell right now. The two of them had been in this club countless times. There wasn’t much they hadn’t done in this club. But Rebecca was about to do something outside of her comfort zone. The only way to do that with any semblance of confidence was to bring out Mistress.

Mistress pressed a button, filling the air with sultry music. With another flick of a switch, a spotlight came on, focused on center stage. In the center of that stage was a shiny, silver pole. Still engulfed in the dark, Mistress watched Cassidy’s eyes widen with shock — and maybe a bit of confusion. The couple talked about everything. . .

except this. Now Rebecca/Mistress was about to reveal, well, quite a lot to her younger lover. She'd have some explaining to do later. Much later, if this turned out the way she hoped. With that thought, Mistress dropped her robe and walked into the spotlight.

Cass's eyeballs nearly popped out of her head when she saw the pole on the stage. She almost swallowed her tongue when she saw her wife sashay out of the shadows in her mask. Mistress was taking no prisoners today in her black bustier, thigh-high boots, and — oh fuck yeah — thong. It took every fucking ounce of control not to crawl up on that stage and beg Mistress to do anything and everything she wanted to Cass. Then Cass remembered that if she moved or said anything, it would all be over. Not willing to chance it, Cass bit her lip and held onto her chair for dear life.

Cass's skin tingled all over her body as she watched Mistress grab the pole. Her blood pressure spiked when Mistress curled a leg around that pole and did a spin. Her pussy clenched with every climb, twist, pull, and bend. Mistress performed the most sensual pole routine Cass had ever had the pleasure to witness — and she had seen a few. Nothing she had seen before, though, came close to making her as wet as she was right now. She squirmed in her seat, searching for relief from the pressure building up inside her.

"Stop moving, Cassidy." Mistress steadied herself to make the one move she had been working hard on. It was an advanced move, but she was reasonably confident she could pull it off. Rebecca tried not to think about how many hours she spent practicing this move. Or how many times she fell off the damned pole while trying it. But it was the one move she knew Cassidy would go crazy over. With that in mind, Mistress hoisted herself up on the pole and gracefully moved her body into the beautifully vulgar jade split.

Cass's fingers tightened around the seat of her chair. Even if all four legs came off the floor, it didn't count as getting up if her butt was still on the chair, right? She imagined all the things she could do to Mistress while she was in that position, and her mind begged Mistress to release her. To let her dive face-first into the heaven in front of her. Come on, Baby. Let me in there. Cass's legs began to shake, and her fingers were stiff from the death grip she had on the chair. There was no way she was going to risk having this opportunity taken from her. But it was getting harder and harder to sit still.

Cass's eyes followed every move Mistress made on that pole. They wandered from the elegant hands wrapped around the pole like they wrapped around the dildo Cass used on Rebecca. Then her eyes gravitated to the wonderfully full tits that threatened to spill over the top of the bustier. Of course, every time Mistress spread her legs, Cass's gaze traveled to the apex of those legs. She could imagine how wet and ready Mistress was for her and ached to bring them both relief. Cass's mouth watered with

anticipation. Surely, Mistress would release her soon if she was feeling half of what Cass was feeling. How long is this song!?

“Come to me, Cassidy.”

The words were barely out of Mistress’s mouth when Cass jumped up on the stage. Even through her eagerness, Cass knew the rules. She got as close as she dared to get — close enough to feel the heat radiating from Mistress — and awaited her next instructions.

“Did you enjoy that?” Mistress asked.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Are you wet, Cassidy?”

Cass’s hand moved to her crotch, adjusting the prize she held in her pants—a prize she would give Mistress over and over again when she was allowed. “Yes, Mistress,” she managed to choke out.

“What do you want to do to me, Cassidy?”

“Everything, Mistress.” Cass knew this game, though. She wouldn’t get away with that answer. ‘Be specific, Cassidy, or we do nothing.’ “I want to taste you while you’re on that thing, spreading your legs.”

Mistress’s legs buckled. That was certainly specific. Mistress began unhooking her bustier and had a moment of fear. She had never tried any of these moves naked. Good thing Cassidy had great hands. And tongue. Mistress reached up to release the ribbon from her mask. That was one of Cassidy’s demands. The mask could be worn during the foreplay. But when they fucked or made love, the mask had to be off. Cassidy needed to be able to see Rebecca’s face. And Rebecca needed no barriers between her and the woman she loved.

“Are you ready for me, Cassidy?”

“Oh, yeah. Um, yes, Mistress.” Cass looked around. “No whips today?”

“Do I need one?” Cassidy’s eyes fell on Rebecca’s now naked breasts, and she shook her head. “Finish undressing me.”

Cass wasted no time in obeying the demand. She knelt, hooking her fingertips onto Mistress’s thong. “May I leave your boots on, Mistress?”

Rebecca nodded her consent, smiling when Cassidy leaned in to breathe in Rebecca's scent as she discarded the tiny bit of fabric. When Cassidy remained on her knees in front of her, Rebecca tugged on Cassidy's shoulders.

"Come here, Cassidy."

Cass blinked. She had been so focused on Rebecca's glistening sex that she barely registered the gentle tug. The move didn't happen often, but it was Rebecca's expression that concerned Cass when it did.

"Hey." Cass tipped Rebecca's chin up until they were eye to eye. "I don't want to ruin the moment, but what's going on in here?" she asked, tapping Rebecca's temple gently.

Rebecca smiled and raised a brow. "I'm not sure how to be more obvious than being naked and spreading my legs for you, Cassidy."

Cass cupped Rebecca's face in her hands. "Baby," she began, knowing full well she was going off-script. Mistress would be upset, but maybe Rebecca would understand. "That day you left me, you told me I deserved more. That I was too good for this world."

"Cassidy."

"Hang on. Please?" Rebecca reluctantly nodded. "When you said that, you were afraid of hurting me. Since then, you've shown me your world. A world I'm honored and privileged to be a part of. There are times when I'm on my knees in front of you, and it brings you nothing but pleasure. Yet, there are moments — like just now — when you have the same look on your face you did that day. I thought we exorcized all those demons, baby."

"We did." Rebecca sighed. "Why do you insist on having these conversations when I'm at my most vulnerable, Cassidy?"

Cass looked down at Rebecca's naked body. The contrast of the black leather boots against Rebecca's smooth, creamy skin almost broke Cass's resolve. In a flash, Cass was as naked as Rebecca, offering her own vulnerability.

Cass stepped close again. "You're always the most open with me when there are no barriers between us."

"This isn't how I imagined this would go. I thought I'd dance for you, and you'd be so turned on you'd fuck my brains out."

“I could do that, baby. I could make you forget how to breathe. But that would last for as long as I was thrusting inside you. Once that orgasm faded, we’d still have this hanging over us.”

Suddenly feeling extremely exposed, Rebecca crossed her arms in front of her breasts. She thought about making a quip about how Cassidy could just keep making her come, and the problem would be solved. But the concern in Cassidy’s gaze killed that glib response.

“Perhaps I’m not emotionally equipped to be Mistress,” Rebecca said softly.

“I call bullshit on that. Everything you do to me — the whips, the restraints, the demands — none of them carry the weight of you seeing me on my knees. How much of that is your past?”

“Would you believe me if I said none of it?” Rebecca sighed again when Cass shook her head. “I don’t know, baby. That’s the truth,” she said quickly when Cass gave her a look. “Sometimes, it just hits me how strong, determined, and independent you are. It reminds me of how I used to be before… everything. Being on my knees broke me. I don’t want that for you. I never know when it’ll affect me or why.”

“Have I ever given you the impression that I’m not happy with you or our love life?” Cass asked carefully.

“No. Of course not.”

“Becca, being on my knees in front of you isn’t me submitting to your power over me. It’s me submitting to our love.” Cass closed her eyes for a minute, trying to find the words to make Rebecca understand. Then she got to her knees and ran her hands up Rebecca’s thighs to her hips. “What do you see in my eyes, baby?”

“Want,” Rebecca whispered.

“What else?”

“Love.”

Cass nodded. “Reverence, need. A yearning that never goes away. Baby, this is me showing you that your love brings me to my knees. There’s no fear. No sense of shame. No worry that if I don’t comply, you’ll hurt me without my consent. I want to be worthy of being here in front of you like this, taking in the scent and sight of everything you gift me with each day.” She leaned in and kissed Rebecca’s mound gently. “Being like this with you is a reward, not a punishment, baby.”

Rebecca wiped away a tear that escaped from her traitorous eye. She palmed Cassidy's cheeks. "I love you, Cassidy."

"I love you, too, Rebecca."

"Show me."

That roguish grin flashed again. "My pleasure."

Rebecca gasped when Cassidy's tongue hit her clit. "Definitely my pleasure," she managed.

Cass tore her mouth away from her favorite spot long enough for one request. "Do that last move again, baby. Let's see how long you can hold it."

Rebecca laughed. "Is that a challenge?"

Cass lifted a shoulder and winked. "Maybe. Hurry, though. I'm starving." She watched in awe as Rebecca did as asked. "How the hell do you do that?"

"I assure you, baby, it's not easy. So, if you have plans, now is a good time to get them done."

The jade split was a move that demonstrated a leg hang from the pole. Normally, it was a hands-free move. But when she felt Cassidy's mouth on her again, Rebecca had to grab onto the pole to keep herself from falling. The twitching of her leg matched each stroke of Cassidy's tongue.

"Baby," Rebecca panted. "I can't. . ."

Cass's hands went under Rebecca's ass, holding her up as Cass feasted. As much as she was enjoying this powerful and flexible move from her wife, she knew Rebecca wouldn't be able to sustain it for long. Not the way she came. By the time Cass was done with Rebecca, everything around them would be deliciously soaked.

"Grip the pole, baby, and pull yourself up. I want your back resting against it with your legs over my shoulders."

"Cassidy. . ."

"Are you doubting my ability to hold you up, babe?" Cass flexed her muscles.

Rebecca chuckled. "Fine, but if you drop me, I'm bringing out the flogger."

“As tempting as that is, I would never drop you, baby.” Cass did a half squat to help her wife get into position.

And there it was. Rebecca’s sweet wetness, ready to be taken to the next level. Cass dipped her tongue inside, coating it with Rebecca’s essence. So good. She ran her tongue up to the spot Cass knew Rebecca wanted it. She took the bundle of nerves between her teeth and gave it a gentle nip, causing Rebecca to cry out in pleasure. When Rebecca began to move her hips, Cass gave her everything she needed. She devoured every morsel Rebecca gifted her with. Cass’s own pussy pulsed with every sound Rebecca made. Every move. Every grip of Cass’s hair to pull her closer. Cass was so close, and the way Rebecca’s sex clenched around Cass’s tongue told of Rebecca’s readiness.

“Cassidy!”

The sensation was mind-blowing. Too much. Too little. Too. . .everything. Rebecca wanted it to stop and continue forever at the same time. She wanted to let go and hold on, to pull Cassidy deeper and push her away. Rebecca gripped the pole above her, her thighs threatening to clamp around Cassidy’s head. The pressure built inside Rebecca. Her body, her pussy, her heart, her soul. As it did every single time she was with Cassidy. The overwhelming build-up came flowing out of her in a rush. Rebecca heard Cassidy’s eager moan, and the dam threatened to break again.

Cass took a glorious moment to bask in the beauty of Rebecca’s orgasm. Then she reached up and tapped Rebecca’s fingers. “Let go, baby.”

“What do you think I just did?” Rebecca gasped.

Cass laughed. “Your hands. Let go of the pole, and trust me.”

“I do.” Rebecca released her death grip on the pole, faltering only slightly when Cassidy let Rebecca’s ass fall. Her legs dropped into the crook of Cassidy’s elbows, and she could feel Cassidy’s hand between them, positioning the dildo. With a quick thrust, Cassidy was inside her.

“Hold on to me, baby,” Cass grunted as she thrust again and again. She got into a rhythm of lifting Rebecca and then slamming her back down on the strapless dildo. She reveled in the pain from Rebecca pulling her hair and the pleasure from fucking the woman who held her heart.

“Fuck!” Cass ground out as the orgasm built up like a volcano ready to erupt.

“Come with me, Cassidy!”

“Right there, baby! Give it to me, Becca!”

And Rebecca did. She gave Cassidy everything. It was like this every time with Cassidy, yet each time they were together, it felt new and exciting. Even when Rebecca thought she had nothing left to give, Cassidy proved her wrong.

“Son of a fuck!” Cass was breathing hard, and her legs threatened to give out after the intense orgasm. She gently withdrew from Rebecca and helped her get her footing on the stage.

“That’s a new one,” Rebecca laughed.

Cass’s brows furrowed. “We’ve fucked standing up before.”

“True. One of my favorite positions. Never with a pole, though. But I was talking about the ‘son of a fuck’. I’ve heard all your phrases, baby. Multiple times. That one was new.”

Cass grinned. “Just trying to keep it fresh.”

Rebecca stood on her tiptoes and kissed Cassidy deeply. “You’re very good at that,” she confessed against Cassidy’s lips.

Cass eyed the pole, then looked down at her wife. “As are you. I only have one question.”

“Which is?”

“When are we getting one of these installed in the Pink Room?”