

Broken Toe, Mended Heart



Annette Mori

The door banged open, and Dillon's best friend Josey barreled into the luxury high-rise condominium in the heart of Seattle. Dillon looked up from her laptop, where she was sending an angry e-mail to her head of customer relations. Ever since her online bookstore had surpassed the sales of the *store that shall not be named*, their business practices had started to parallel the giant's, and that would not do. That would not do at all.

"God, I can't leave you alone for one second, can I? Let me see it," Josey demanded.

"It's not that bad." Dillon held up her foot for inspection. The toe nestled next to the baby toe was sitting at an odd angle, leaving no doubt she'd fractured the darn thing.

"Where're your first aid supplies? If I don't tape that up, you'll never attract a woman with a foot fetish."

"I don't want a partner with a foot fetish. You know I'd prefer a leather-clad Dom who knows her way around a pair of restraints, high-quality nipple clamps, and paddles. Supplies are in the guest bathroom." She pointed down the hall.

"And that's why I got us invitations to the party tonight. Lara Beck specifically asked if you were coming. I answered not yet, but maybe she could change that tonight," Josey called over her shoulder as she headed to the guest bathroom.

"You cheeky thing. I told you, I want nothing to do with that two-timing cheater. You don't know the first thing about my preferences in the bedroom. It's all about trust, and who can trust a person like that?" Dillon shouted out to the retreating form.

"I heard she's mended her evil ways, and now she's very upfront about what she can and cannot offer. Oh, and I have it on good authority; she's the best in Seattle. So give her a chance, and you'll scream her name like all the others who tout her sexual prowess. Although, I've never understood why

you prefer being the sub. It doesn't seem to fit." Josey carried a medium-sized white box with a red cross prominently displayed on the top.

"Sometimes all the pressure of running this business gets to me, and I prefer relinquishing all control. It's rather freeing."

Josey tilted her head while she lifted Dillon's foot. "Ew, Dillon, it looks like a fat little sausage or some guy's squat little dick."

"Just tape the damn thing."

"Only if you come with me tonight. If I go to the party without you, she won't let me in," Josey whined. "I have my eye on her assistant. She's adorable and apparently single. The only thing she's responsible for is setting up the parties. She's not into that...uh...scene. Not that there's anything wrong with it. I simply prefer good old-fashioned licking and fucking. Maybe a little voyeurism. I'll bet there is more than one person who'd love to see two of the richest women in America getting it on."

"Never going to happen. First, I'm not having any kind of sex with Lara Beck, and second, y'all do not understand the intense intimacy involved in BDSM. It's not something cavalier or meaningless to me, and I don't intend to share the experience with others. That would break the trust."

Dillon knew this was a bad idea the minute they pulled up to the Gothic-looking mansion that Lara had rented out for the evening. When the devil herself answered the door in her skin-tight leathers, Dillon groaned. A dazzling smile adorned her beautiful face, and Dillon couldn't stop the instant reaction that traveled to her pussy, causing a slight pulsation as Lara's eyes roamed over her body.

She'd met Lara before at the various charity functions that both high-powered women attended, but she'd never seen her in an entire Dom outfit—she reserved that for these special events. However, Lara was the consummate professional at more public affairs.

Dillon had allowed Josey to pick her outfit for the evening but wasn't able to complement the slinky dress with the right shoes. Her unfortunate accident earlier had made sure of that. Lara frowned when her gaze ended at Dillon's feet, but her smile quickly returned after Dillon crossed her arms and glared.

"I'm delighted you could attend, Dillon. I wasn't sure you'd have the nerve, even though Josey said you'd be here."

"Lara, charming as ever, I see. As usual, you don't know as much as you think you do," Dillon responded.

Lara smirked. "Oh, I understand far more than you give me credit for. I'm looking forward to spending more time with you later. Come in, and Chandra can get you a drink. She's quite the talented bartender—among other things." Lara winked in Josey's direction.

"I'd love a drink," Josey responded.

Dillon limped inside as Josey seemed to almost skip to the bar.

"Oh, I hadn't realized you'd injured your foot. Now I can see the bruising and swelling." Lara was nodding to herself. "You've always had impeccable taste. I wondered at your choice of footwear."

"Not that it's any of your concern, but I probably broke a toe today."

"Hmmm, I don't suppose that's the kind of pain that is fun at all. Is it?" Lara asked.

Dillon narrowed her eyes. Ignoring Lara's veiled observation, she responded, "Good. Then you won't take offense when we leave early."

Lara leaned back her head and laughed. "You are a hard nut to crack, Dillon. I finally persuaded you to attend one of my events, and already you've engineered a way to leave me panting for more."

"More?"

"Yes, more time with you. I won't take offense if you agree to come to dinner with me; otherwise, I'll believe your exit is personal."

Dillon almost hated herself for agreeing, but Lara Beck was irresistible in that leather outfit. She didn't think the famous financier would wear something like that in public where her reputation might take a beating.

Dillon grinned. "I would happily accept such a gracious invitation on one condition."

"What's that?"

"You must be adorned in your Dom outfit, complete with a flogger in hand, and I get to choose the restaurant."

Lara waved her hand. "Done."

Oh shit.

"I think you just lost round one," Josey whispered in her ear.

"Shut it," Dillon growled back.

Dillon hadn't wanted to be attracted to Lara, but there were glimpses of the confident woman that belied her reputation. Although she was the perfect hostess and had welcomed each guest with her usual charm, Dillon felt like Lara had paid her particular attention throughout the night. The evening had lasted longer than Dillon initially agreed to. Josey was her best friend, and since she was making inroads with Chandra—the reason she'd decided to come in the first place—Dillon relaxed and continued to sip her cocktail.

Chandra seemed like a sweet young woman. Perhaps she was a tad too young for Josey, but who was she to judge? Love did not have an age requirement and sometimes appeared in the most usual places.

Dillon had expected Lara to disappear into one of the private rooms at the mansion, but that had not occurred. At least it had not happened while she remained at the party. Dillon suspected the minute Dillon left, Lara would find a willing partner. That thought disturbed her more than she wanted it to.

After three weeks, Dillon's toe had healed sufficiently to squeeze into her stilettos. When the buzz from the front security guard announced Lara, she was ready to live up to her agreement to join Lara for dinner. She walked with ease to the lobby, nearly pain-free, and grinned when she saw Lara dangling nipple clamps in one hand and holding a flogger in the other.

"Touché. I'm impressed," Dillon remarked, and she was. Lara Beck was the perfect vision of an impressive Dom, and Dillon was almost ready to throw caution to the wind. To have that one-night stand.

"A deal is a deal. Shall we?" Lara led the way and gestured to a sleek black limousine.

After Dillon settled into the supple seat in the limo, she turned to Lara. "Let's get one thing straight. I'm not having sex with you tonight."

"Straight?" Lara arched her eyebrow. "I don't really do straight sex."

"You know what I mean," Dillon huffed.

Lara chuckled. "Relax. Surely you understand that you have all the power here. I do enjoy taking people to the edge, but I think you should know I haven't done that in quite some time. The rampant stories about me are quite overblown. I've had my eye on you for a while, Dillon, and my therapist...never mind, you probably won't believe anything that comes out of my mouth. A reputation follows a person and is very hard to change." Lara appeared uncharacteristically vulnerable.

"I heard that episode on Therapy Cafe. It didn't sound like you'd changed one bit. How can you possibly develop the kind of trust needed for the type of sexual intimacy I prefer? Didn't you say monogamy was unnatural or some such bullshit?"

"That episode aired two years ago. People can change with hard work and dedication. Do you know the first breakthrough came when I met you at that cancer fundraiser? I arranged an emergency session with my therapist the very next day. After that, I knew I'd met my match. I think I've shown a great deal of patience and restraint over the last year. Perhaps you can be open to the possibilities. That's all I ask."

The sincerity of Lara's words struck Dillon, but she wasn't ready to let go. "Have you been spying on me since that first meeting?"

"Not spying, but a good businesswoman is always prepared with as much detail as possible. I've collected a few bits and pieces along the way."

"Typical. No wonder your marriages have gone to shit. Besides the obvious problem of being the most famous lesbian bigamist in history, you seem to treat love as a business transaction."

The words were harsh, and Dillon regretted them almost immediately as she looked at Lara's crestfallen face.

"Hmmm, something else to explore with my therapist. Perhaps you are right. I need to think very differently about love if I'm ever going to find my happily ever after. I'm particularly good at sabotaging that. See, I've already done it, and we're only ten minutes into our date."

"Sorry, that was uncalled for."

"No, I appreciate your honesty. It's refreshing. The only other person who does that to me is my therapist, and I pay her well for that. You've offered yours for free." Lara grinned.

"You cheater," Dillon cried as she shook her head.

Lara had managed to clear out the famous restaurant. Obviously, she'd rented the place. Because far too few cars were in the parking lot for other customers to be inside.

"I don't believe you specified I could not make special arrangements for an extraordinary person. Don't you think you are worth the extra effort to provide an evening you won't forget?"

"Crafty. Well played." Dillon's resistance was waning. The smoldering looks and Lara's confident presence were one thing, but when Dillon added the fleeting moments of vulnerability and naked honesty, Lara's charms had wormed their way inside. She wanted to feel the intense sensation those nipple clamps were sure to provide or a well-executed flogging followed by a soothing feather-light touch.

Lara looked intently at her now, and Dillon was sure she could read the signals that leaked out. "There's not a thing wrong with wanting to experience the ferocity and intimacy that a loving exchange between two adults who trust one another can offer. I'll bet your friends don't understand, do they?"

"I tried to explain to Josey once, using the hot wax from a candle example. I'm sure every kid has done that. You know, stuck their finger in the burning drippings. I don't think she gets it."

"She doesn't understand why someone so strong and confident would want to relinquish control, right?"

Dillon nodded. "Were you always into it? Your two wives didn't seem to be the type to, you know, enjoy the scene. But I suppose looks can be very deceiving."

"I think they both enjoyed certain aspects. Light bondage is generally acceptable to most people. What specifically do you enjoy, Dillon?"

"Mmmm, you are a clever one. Getting the preliminaries out of the way to help pave the road."

Lara reached for the door handle. "I thought we'd already established the route with our earlier blunt conversation. In exchange for your candor, I agree to be completely open with you. And don't forget to leave the deception outside your own doorstep. Despite what your head tells you to

avoid, admitting what you want and need is the first step to an avenue of truth."

"Smooth." Dillon emerged from the limo. "Maybe I'll open up at dinner, right after you reveal your deepest, darkest secrets."

"I'll have none of those with you. I've already decided. I'm an open book. Ask me anything you want, and I'll be as forthright with you as I am with my therapist. I give you my solemn word on that."

The seriousness with which Lara made that declaration had Dillon worried. Lara was systematically removing all the barriers to an intimate encounter that Dillon somehow knew would satisfy all her wildest fantasies. She craved what Lara was offering on a silver platter. Lara knew how to set the stage. Get Dillon to openly share her desires and establish the rules beforehand. Most women were reluctant to talk about sex and would not readily admit to every hidden desire. Yes, that was an essential ingredient in BDSM.

All throughout dinner, Dillon had played the what-if game with Lara. What if, as two consenting adults, they agreed to an intimate encounter? What exactly would satisfy each person? Dillon wanted to keep it all in perspective and tried to put a box around the rules. If she agreed, she established the first rule. This would be a one-off, requiring more effort to develop the trust necessary to follow through with something that would not entail a repeat.

Lara had argued the first rule was something she wasn't keen on because she saw a future but eventually acquiesced that in her role as Dom, she had to agree to honor both a safe word and a safe rule. Besides, she'd challenged. They were just playing a game of what if, and it wasn't like Dillon agreed to an actual night of passion.

"I like to be in control, both in the boardroom and the bedroom. That's what arouses me, and I won't apologize for it. When a willing partner asks for a little build-up and a special combination of pain and pleasure, I'm happy to oblige." Lara shrugged.

"I've done a fair amount of exploration over the years. At first, I experienced shame for needing to feel the sting to get off. I thought there

was something wrong with me. But I've done enough reading to feel comfortable with my choices. After a fair amount of experimentation, I can rank my favorites. Hot wax tops the list, flogging is a close second, and nipple clamps are my least favorite. I also like being the recipient of orders, someone to take control and make the decisions for me."

"Good to know."

"I prefer an alternating approach. First, intense pain, followed by a light touch, penetration, and..." Dillon laughed. "Believe it or not, a little *vanilla* at the end makes it a truly exceptional experience for me. Some Doms find that difficult to achieve."

Lara smiled. "I think you will be amazed at my ability to switch on a dime."

"You know this is all just a what if..."

"Whatever you need to tell yourself," Lara replied with confidence.

The server approached the table, and Dillon laughed when she saw the array of fancy desserts surrounding a large plate of fresh pineapple. "So, you must have heard the claim that consuming certain fruits changes how a woman tastes."

"I can assure you, it's one hundred percent true. Depending on how flexible you are with the traditionally defined roles in BDSM play, I could consume enough for you to test the theory." Lara winked. Dillon laughed and skipped the other more decadent choices, preferring to dish up the pineapple and fill Lara's plate.

Neither woman had left any stone unturned as they discussed what would create the ultimate sexual experience. However, it was all still a game to Dillon, as she offhandedly gave Lara a safe word when Lara asked. Soon the evening ended. It surprised Dillon when she realized she didn't want the night to reach a conclusion, especially in her heightened state of arousal. All the sex talk had her ratcheted so far that she was almost to the point of no return. Simply listening to Lara's sensuous tones as she described not only her fantasies but what Lara believed she could do to meet Dillon's created an unbelievable high for Dillon.

Screw it. Dillon was so wound up by the time the limo pulled up in front of her building that she invited Lara for an after-dinner cocktail. When they reached the elevator, Dillon was in a frenzy. She implored Lara to touch her, using only her eyes.

She didn't believe the plea went unnoticed. Lara confirmed that when she casually remarked, "I'm not going to touch you, Dillon, not until I'm satisfied that is what you want or until I determine you are willing to receive what I'm offering. Completely without reservation."

Once inside her condo, Dillon made another plea. "I'm ready. You win."

Lara presented that dazzling smile. "No, Dillon, we both win. Go into the bedroom and get undressed. I want you to get on your hands and knees, doggy style, and if you peek, I'll punish you."

Dillon was panting. She wanted to feel the flogging. She ached for that first sting on her ass precisely as described at dinner. Yearning for the anticipation of what was to come had always enhanced the experience for her. "I won't peek."

"Yes, you will because you hope it will earn you a smack. But that won't be the punishment you'll get, so I'm going to reiterate my warning."

Dillon could feel the moisture soak her black silk underwear, and she knew that no amount of wiping would reduce the wetness. She hoped Lara would find the strap-on and use that at some point, only after a fair amount of flogging, pinching, and hot wax. Hot wax was her favorite, followed by an ice cube.

Five minutes had passed since she'd gotten undressed and was in position with her ass pointing to the ceiling. She detected Lara's scent and did exactly what Lara had warned her not to do—she peeked.

Lara smirked and waved her finger. She crossed the room and walked around the bed, looking at Dillon from every angle. "Oh, how I hate to deliver this punishment. You are so beautiful. I ache to touch you, but I wouldn't be a good Dom if I didn't stick to my word. So the next time I return, don't peek, and if I find you have moved even one inch from your current position, I'm leaving."

Dillon clenched her pussy and groaned. She didn't know how long she waited to detect Lara's perfume again, but this time she didn't peek. Lara rewarded her with molten wax meticulously dropped on her spine until the sizzling sensation reached her anus.

"Lay down on your arms, but keep your ass in the air. I want full access to your plump lips," Lara ordered.

Oh, God, she's going to drip hot wax on my pussy.

Even though she suspected what was coming, the intense pain from the hot wax to the sensitive spot sent her nerve endings into overdrive, and she winced, her body jolting out of control. She wasn't expecting the shocking cold that followed as the sensation of a single ice cube traveled from her vagina to the center of her back along the trail of hardened wax. She knew what was coming next. The feather-light touch, the tip of a tongue, or maybe the dildo. Any of the three would do her in—she was on the verge of exploding, and she suspected Lara knew that.

"Don't you dare come until I tell you to," Lara commanded.

Dillon clenched again and did her best not to fall over the proverbial cliff. It took every ounce of effort not to explode in pleasure when she felt Lara's soft tongue lapping the juices on her dripping-wet lips.

"Mmmm, sweet pineapple. How close are you, darling?"

Dillon groaned. She wasn't going to last long. "Close. Please, Lara, let me come."

Two seconds later, she felt the solid toy push into her opening, and the only word that came to mind was *Nirvana*. If Lara didn't let her come in the next five seconds, she wasn't sure what she could do to stop it, and then Lara wouldn't fuck her again. She really, really, wanted to discard her first rule that this would be a one-off.

Lara pulled out and plunged inside again slowly, expertly drawing out the building sensation. Edging was another sexual practice Dillon enjoyed, especially when her partner was as accomplished as Lara. Soon her rhythm increased, and Dillon knew she was losing control.

"Come for me, sweet Dillon," Lara directed.

Dillon exploded with a rush of fluid, and if she hadn't known this was possible based on her extensive reading, the flow would have embarrassed her. A satisfied expression appeared as she realized Lara had just taken her to such a height of arousal that she'd experienced her first female ejaculation. "Holy mother of God, can we revisit a few rules?"

"I'm not sleeping in the wet spot," Lara joked. She slipped the dildo out and commanded in a breathless whisper, "Turn around now. I'm going to properly kiss you."

Dillon flipped over, then moved to the side of the bed that was still dry, propping herself against the headboard. The sight of Lara with the strap-on over her leathers caused a fresh round of excitement, but Lara quickly divested herself of the dildo and approached the bed.

She was almost shy when she gathered Dillon in her arms as she straddled her body, still in the smoking hot leather suit. Dillon had admitted that after an intense session, she craved a gentle stroke, something that would help her settle. Perhaps that was an odd preference for someone who initially desired pain. She didn't know, and to her, it didn't matter because judgment had no place in the middle of anyone's version of love-making. Their kiss began tentatively and then amassed momentum until it reached a full crescendo of crashing tongues and deep-throated passion.

Dillon sighed when they broke apart. "I think, if it's okay with you, I'd like it if you lost the leathers. Not that I don't appreciate how amazing they look on you, but skin-to-skin, as you may remember, is another favorite of mine...you know afterward."

Lara looked into Dillon's eyes. "That would be more than okay with me. Dillon, please don't let this be the only time we share this..." A single tear escaped Lara's eye. "I'm tired of going from woman to woman, and I believe I've found my match with you. Sugar and spice are the perfect combination."

That's when Dillon knew that one lick would never be enough. She'd trusted Lara enough to have this heart-stopping experience. Finally, she would have faith enough to see where the relationship was headed. *Relationship*. She rolled the word around in her mouth, tasting every corner. Yes, somehow, she believed this was the start of something special. At least, she hoped it was, and her intuition in business and love was rarely wrong.

Note from the Author

The characters in this short story are from several different novels, *The Ultimate Betrayal* and *A Window to Love* (though not main characters) available on Amazon, Barnes and Noble, Smashwords, Bella Books, and the Affinity Rainbow Publications website. If you enjoyed the story and/or the writing style, I hope you will check out my other books from Amazon. Here is a link to my Amazon page:

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