

# Office of Kink and Karma: Without a Touch

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**Author's note: *Without a Touch* is a brief glimpse at the new life Emily and Josh share together after *Office of Kink and Karma: Touch Me* ends. If you'd like to read about how Emily and Josh met, please stop by [www.changelingpress.com](http://www.changelingpress.com) and pick up *Office of Kink and Karma: Touch Me* today.**

The cool breeze caressed Emily's skin as she stood on the balcony. The setting sun painted the sky brilliant shades of orange, pink and purple. The last dwindling rays helped fight the goose bumps rising on her arms while her floor length, sleeveless white silk gown did nothing to protect her from the elements.

Taking a deep breath, she let the sun's rays bathe her in the receding heat as she waited for her husband.

Husband.

Only hours ago she and Josh had been married in an intimate ceremony immediately followed by an over-the-top reception. With so many people milling about, drinking, laughing and enjoying themselves, she didn't even know who had attended.

Leaning against the balcony railing, she dropped her head, stretching the muscles of her neck. Several deep breaths later and she felt the tension of the day melting away as her muscles eased. After all the preparations and worries, she was relieved the wedding was over and she and Josh were now joined together.

A finger trailed down her back, flicking each button of her dress, opening the back as it skimmed the fabric. Smiling, she arched for him, waiting for his hand to make

its way to her ass. After all the buttons were released, the hands split the dress down the middle and slid along the skin of her back.

“Josh...” She moaned, aching for him.

*Maybe.* His voice sounded in her head; a whisper and a growl combined.

Oh, he’d decided to mind fuck her first. After six months together, she didn’t know if she’d ever get used to being with a powerful Psi Extraordinary who could make love to her with his thoughts, move things and undress her with his mind.

Opening her mind to him, relaxing and giving him control, she waited for his next move. She didn’t have to wait long. The ties at her shoulders were released with a quick tug, leaving her chest bare, breasts hanging, nipples puckered from the cool ocean air. Josh stroked her back, from the crack of her ass to her shoulders, fingers teasing the sides of her breasts. The warming sensation his mind created spread through her body until she felt as if a thousand hands touched her.

It wouldn’t be long. The feeling of skin on skin, even if only in her mind, turned her on like nothing else. Moaning as her nipples were tweaked and tugged, she pushed back, searching for her husband, but he wasn’t there.

“Josh,” she panted, “Josh, please.”

Emily’s dress fell to the floor, exposing her bare ass and pussy. The warm tingles covering her skin shifted, centering on her heat. Widening her stance, she spread herself further, silently begging for more. Josh obliged.

The fingers flicked her clit at a rapid pace, arousing her, sending skitters of pleasure over her nerve endings before slowing. Sensuous circles were traced on her lower lips, teasing the sensitive flesh. Yet more fingers teased the opening to her heat, gathering her juices and spreading them from anus to clit, lubricating her quivering flesh.

“Josh...” Her orgasm would roar through her soon. She just knew it.

*Right here baby.*

“But y-you’re not here.” She said the last word with a gasp as fingers plunged into her pussy, ramming into her body, causing her muscles to tighten. Her cunt rippled

and contracted around the invasion. Over and again the fingers pumped, in and out, stroking the sensitive walls of her heat. They found her special spot, the one which made her cry out in pleasure and cry out, she did.

“Josh!”

*With you baby. Come for me, love.*

The fingers made a “come here” motion, slipping along the bundle of nerves most men are convinced don’t exist. Her G-spot existed all right, and Josh’s mind had found it, again. Leaning on the railing, she panted and moaned as her pussy continued to be stroked, pleased and fucked. The flicking of her clit shifted to quick, tight circles, in time with the fingers in her pussy. Soon. Soon she’d come.

*You’re right. You will.* She could “hear” Josh’s smile.

Pressing back against the non-existent hands, Emily let the sensations his mind caused build and travel through her. As if he were aware of her acquiescence, the feeling of hands stroking her skin intensified. Her husband knew what pleased and aroused her most.

Moaning, she felt her orgasm build at the base of her spine and spread. The tingles of pleasure shot through her, occupying every inch of skin, blood and bone, awakening every nerve ending as it built. Any second now.

Her climax gained momentum, garnering speed and strength as it coursed through her veins before settling low in her stomach. The fingers increased their pace, thrusting, circling and flicking as her release neared. Then finally the dam burst and she shattered into a thousand pieces, pussy clenching and tightening around her husband’s “fingers” while he continued to fuck her through her climax. He brought her down slowly, easing his fingers in and out of her cunt until the last of the spasms subsided.

When Emily stood, she was surprised to find the honeymoon suite empty. Moving from room to room, she confirmed, Josh wasn’t in their suite.

“Josh?” She called out, hoping he was hiding.

*I’ll be up in a minute.*

“Up?”

*I'm downstairs. Paying the caterer.*

“Down...” Usually, when Josh mind fucked her, he was at least in the room,  
but...

*Yeah. If only he knew what was going through my mind...*

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