

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

J.W.
McKENNA

DELICIOUS
BLACKMAIL

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Delicious Blackmail

ISBN 9781419911156

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Edited by Mary Moran.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication: June 2007

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DELICIOUS BLACKMAIL

J.W. McKenna

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Chapter One

The doorbell rang just as Janet Mann was finishing her workout in front of the TV. She was sweaty and tired but pleased with herself. As she approached her thirty-seventh birthday, it was becoming harder to stay in shape. The doorbell bothered her because she knew at this time of day—close to eleven in the morning—it would probably either be a salesman or a religious fanatic. For a moment she debated just pretending no one was home.

She rose and grabbed the towel from the arm of the couch. Flicking off the TV, she moved toward the front door, flicking her blonde hair back and wiping away the sweat from her neck and face. She peeked through the peephole and was shocked to see Frank Ramon, the CEO of Springfield Mills, her husband's employer.

She opened door at once, panic rising in her voice. "What? Has something happened to Bill?"

Frank, a tall, handsome man in his early forties, put up a placating palm. "No, no! Nothing like that! Your husband's just fine." He was dressed casually in tan pants and a blue polo shirt with the company's logo on it.

Relief washed through her. "Well then, what brings you out here? I mean, Bill is still at work—isn't he?"

"Yes, of course. I need to talk to you about something." He stood there expectantly and it took Janet a moment to realize he wanted to come in before he would discuss it.

"Oh! Please come in." She stepped aside and he entered, giving her a short nod. "Can I get you some coffee?"

"That would be wonderful, thank you." He followed her to the kitchen. There was enough left for a cupful so she poured it for him and placed it in front of one of the stools that lined the counter. She stood on the other side waiting. He got the message and sat down, keeping the counter between them.

"Aren't you having any?"

"No. I've already had two cups. That's enough for me today." She waited.

"I'm sure you're wondering why I came out."

"Yes."

He sighed. "Well, no doubt you're aware of the difficulties our company has been facing."

Oh no, she thought. *Is Bill going to get laid off?* She steeled herself for the news.

"If it weren't for the damn Japanese dumping steel on the market, we'd be fine. I'm sure Bill has outlined the problem for you."

"Yes, he said they are trying to control the market, run Springfield and other American mills out of business so they could grab market share. But you've been petitioning Congress to do something, haven't you?"

"Yes. We hope they will impose tariffs that will level the playing field. I mean, we're all for competition—we can handle that. We just can't handle unfair trade practices."

Janet nodded, wondering where this conversation was going. Why would Frank come to her with all this?

"As you know, we've had to lay off about eighteen percent of our workers in the last two years just to stay afloat. The board is up in arms, the stockholders are angry with us and I'm just hoping we can hang on until we goad Congress into action."

Janet couldn't stand it any longer. "Please! Are you trying to tell me Bill is losing his job?"

He looked at her for a long moment then said, "I'm not sure yet."

Her mouth came open in surprise and she could feel the blood pound in her body. *What will we do?* She didn't work and their savings might carry them for a few months. After that...

He went on. "You see, the workers have taken the brunt of the cutbacks. Administration has remained intact. But the board is under pressure to reduce headquarters staff as well. You know, share the pain."

"Oh no..." she said softly. Bill was a project manager, one of about fifteen working out of headquarters.

"Yeah. I've been resisting the board on this. I've been keeping it under wraps while I tried to get them to back off. Well, last week I got the edict—I have to lay off three people or else I'll lose my position. And the new CEO they hire will come in and do it anyway."

"But not Bill! He's been there longer than you!"

"I know! It's a very tough choice. There's no 'fat' to cut. Every person contributes to the success of Springfield. I'm not really sure how we're going to manage once the cuts have been made."

Janet was still confused. "But why tell me? Why not talk to Bill about this?"

"That wouldn't do any good. I mean, if he's the one I have to lay off, it won't help to warn him. I came to you because I wanted to see if you could come up with a reason to keep him on."

Her brow furrowed. "Me?" She launched into her support of Bill. "Well, for one, he's a long-time loyal employee. I mean, he practically runs that place! He's been there for fifteen years. He expects to retire there..." She couldn't understand why he would ask her. Surely he must know all this!

Then she caught his expression. It was a frank appraisal of her. She knew she looked good, even if she was hot and sweaty at the moment. Frank wasn't the only one

who gave her the eye or joked about how she kept herself in shape. But the circumstances seemed so inappropriate here she was taken aback. She stared at Frank, her brain not comprehending.

"I really don't understand all this."

"There are fourteen people at headquarters including myself. There's also an IT guy Howard Baines, whom I absolutely cannot lay off since he keeps the computers up and running. I don't know if you're aware, but it's very hard to keep a good IT man around."

Janet just stared at him.

"Since I'm not going to lay off myself, that leaves twelve people. Nine men, three women. I have to lay off three of them. Who should it be? That's what I wrestle with every day."

"And you come to me, why? Because you think I can help you decide? It's easy. Don't pick Bill. He will keep your company running, making sure your projects get done on time. Without him, you'll start missing deadlines."

"I wish it were that easy. I have others who could step in and fill Bill's job if it came to that. The problem is Bill is one of the older workers. He's, what, almost fifty now?"

She colored slightly. "No, Bill is only forty-seven. You know that."

"Statistics show that older workers cost companies more money. Not only in salary but also in healthcare costs. The board would probably be pleased if I chose Bill."

Janet felt a flush creep up from her chest into her neck. It was clear to her now what he was getting at and yet he wouldn't come right out and say it. It was so aggravating! Janet was tired of playing this stupid game. She made one more effort to get him to speak up. "So why don't you lay your cards on the table? What is it you want from me?"

He allowed his glance to drop to her breasts before returning to her face. "I want you to give me a reason not to put Bill on the list."

"Dammit! Just say it!"

"No. You have to say it."

She sighed, exasperated. "If I agree to fuck you, you'll allow Bill to keep his job. Is that it?"

"Wow, that's an interesting suggestion. I wouldn't have thought of that myself," he said. "But you do add another element to my decision-making process, that's for sure. I'll have to think about it."

"And what's to keep me from telling Bill about your little unauthorized visit here today? Not to mention your coy suggestion."

"I'm sure you could gauge his reaction. He'd probably march down to the office and punch me out. Or maybe even shoot me." He gave her a thin smile. "Because I have to make this decision tomorrow, I've arranged to have two security guards in place. If an employee made a scene, it would make my job of deciding whom to lay off that

much easier." He paused. "Of course if he didn't know about it, things would go much more smoothly..."

"And what if the board were to hear about this? You're talking about blackmail, sexual harassment. I doubt you'd have your job for long."

"Well, it really was your suggestion, wasn't it? But you could be right. That is, if they believed you. It might seem to be the anger of the wife of a disgruntled employee talking."

"He's not a disgruntled employee!"

"He would be if he's laid off."

There it was, naked blackmail, in all its ugliness. If she told Bill or the board, he would be fired and Frank would take his chances with the fallout. The irony was, Janet had always liked Frank. She had found him to be funny, caring and easy to get along with. Not like some bosses. She had considered Bill lucky to have Frank as a CEO and had told him so more than once.

"How could you? We've had you and your wife over to dinner! We even went sailing together a few times!"

"Yes, my wife. I'm sure you heard about our divorce. Very sad. She got the house and the kids, and I got an apartment near the mill."

"Well, don't take your anger out on us! We don't deserve this!"

He sighed. "I don't like following these orders. I fought the board tooth and nail to prevent it. I gave them all the arguments you just gave me. But in the end, they say the perception is just as important as the cost savings. Workers have been cut back nearly twenty percent, administration has to take its cuts too."

She stood fully erect, her eyes flashing. "You're a monster. A despicable monster!" She grabbed his coffee cup and poured the contents into the sink. "Get out of my house!"

"Very well." He stood. "I'm sure Bill can find another job, although probably not with another steel firm—those jobs are hard to come by now. And you're still young. You could probably go back to work. What were you before you married Bill anyway?"

Janet could feel the blood rush to her face. She had been a cocktail waitress when she had met Bill ten years ago and she was sure Frank knew it. "Fuck you, Frank. Get out of my house."

He nodded and headed for the door. "Please give me a call before ten a.m. tomorrow and let me know of your final decision. After that, I'll be busy calling the three employees in to give them the bad news."

"Wait!" A sudden thought burst in her brain. "Are you approaching all the wives like this? You know, to fuck you or see their husbands fired?"

He didn't speak, he just stood by the door, leveling his gaze at her.

She pressed him. "Are you going to try and get Brenda and Susan and Dorothy and the others to agree to this madness?"

Again, he just stared at her. She began to think about it. She had seen them all at the last company picnic. Brenda was a dull, plain woman and Susan was fifty pounds overweight. Dorothy seemed a bit of a lush—she had gotten a little tipsy and her husband had had to take her home early. Janet couldn't pick out too many beauties from the wives of the headquarter staff. In fact, she could remember many of the husbands coming over to flirt with her. Had she really been the prettiest woman there?

Reality began to dawn on her.

"This is just about me, isn't it? You're not approaching anyone else. You don't want them. In fact," she continued, "you wouldn't dare go to anyone else. Word would get out... We would all march on the board and get you fired. If we all told the same story, they'd probably believe us. So this is just about me."

Frank just stared at her, same as he did before. Finally he spoke. "You have the power to control your future. Only you."

He gave her a quick smile then left. Janet stood in the living room and stared for a long time at the closed door.

Janet debated for hours whether to tell Bill. She knew he would be furious. At one point during that bleak afternoon, she went to the bedroom and opened the drawer to Bill's nightstand. Nestled there was his pistol, an ugly .38 that he kept "for burglars". Since Bill's son Andy was grown and living on his own in another state, Bill didn't have to worry about keeping it locked away.

She picked it up and felt its weight. She didn't know much about guns but she knew it was fully loaded—she could see the noses of the bullets in the chambers. Janet wondered if Bill would be so angry as to take the gun down to the factory and shoot Frank. If he did, then she'd lose her husband for sure. She quickly unloaded the gun and hid the bullets in her underwear drawer.

Could she really consider what Frank was demanding? Janet had actually been attracted to him, as hard as it was for her to believe now. He exhibited a quiet strength, which she had always found sexy. She remembered one incident while sailing in Frank's boat. Mary, Frank's wife at the time, had been on deck with Bill while she and Frank had gone below to fix lunch. Bill was enjoying being in control of the sleek craft and Mary had been helping him with the rigging.

In the tight quarters of the galley, a sudden shift in wind caused the boat to tip. She had bumped chest first into Frank. She was immediately embarrassed and apologetic, but she couldn't deny the heat she had felt from the encounter with his broad chest. It resonated in her loins, which had shocked her. She had always been a faithful wife, but in that moment, she felt a visceral attraction to him. She couldn't help but make a mental comparison between that fit, robust man and her thin husband with his little pot belly. Frank had placed his hands on her upper arms to steady her and she remembered he had left them there a couple of seconds too long. And she hadn't protested.

It was innocent flirting really. But it had given Janet a thrill. Her lovemaking that night with Bill had been especially satisfying. She had quite forgotten about it until now.

Clearly Frank had developed some strong feelings for her too. Did that contribute to his divorce? Had he been carrying a torch for her all these years? Her mind drifted to Bill. They were both on their second marriages. They had met twelve years ago. After dating two years, she had agreed to marry him. Bill had been a comfortable choice and she hadn't any other prospects at the time.

Sure, she supposed she loved him, but the passion had waned over the years. She couldn't remember the last time they had made love. At least two months ago. They had fallen into a rut it seemed. He would come home, give her a peck on the cheek, grab a beer and sit in front of the TV. She'd call him for dinner and they'd talk a little about their days as they ate. Lately, he'd been complaining quite a bit about the cutbacks at work. Afterward, he'd return to the TV and she'd putter about until bed.

Not very passionate. But very safe. Wasn't it? She wondered how their lives might change if Bill lost his job. It would be hard for him to find another one at his age. Frank had been right—Bill probably could never find work in the dying U.S. steel industry, which would mean a middle-age career change. What would he do? Who would hire him? They had maybe three months of savings. She would have to go back to work, a prospect she did not relish. Recalling those days of serving drinks to grab-ass businessmen in a smoke-filled bar sent a shiver up her spine.

Bill, who was already a subdued man, would probably become more despondent and morose as the months went by with no job prospects. Their predictable marriage might easily crumble under the strain.

Her mind drifted back to Frank. He was a rich, powerful CEO of a major company. Even if he were fired over this episode of sexual blackmail, he could probably land on his feet somewhere else. His skills as an executive manager would be in demand.

She wondered what he might be like in bed...

She caught herself and shook her head. How could she even think about such a thing! What was wrong with her! Bill was a loyal husband and she should be ashamed of herself!

"It's blackmail!" she said aloud. "He's an asshole."

Ah, but it just wasn't that easy, was it? Frank stirred something in her, something long repressed and forbidden.

Don't go there, she warned herself.

She went back and forth over the next few hours. Tell Bill, don't tell Bill. Agree to Frank's terms, don't agree. Keep his "suggestion" to herself, alert the police and file a sexual harassment charge. Each time she veered from option to option, she found it really wasn't so much a matter of right and wrong—in that case, the decision would be easy. No, it came down to a battle between her ego and her libido.

The ego wanted to fight Frank, challenge him, get him fired, make him suffer for even suggesting such a horrible thing. But her libido found the whole idea stimulating. Certainly naughty. And not the least bit boring. That was it, wasn't it? She was attracted to the cad. Why? Maybe it was because he was risking his career for her. Her! He believed she would not report him because deep down he sensed she desired him too.

What other man in her life had gone out on a limb for her like this? Certainly not her first husband David, who had seemed so nice at first but, after they were married, had turned out to be an indecisive man who left all of life's difficult decisions up to her. It became so aggravating she'd had to get out. She had wanted a "real man" but settled on Bill. He was another safe choice who didn't cause any sparks to fly. At least not lately.

Frank, despicable as he might be, made her feel desirable. Like a throwback to another era when a man rode into town, swept up the woman he wanted, threw her over his saddle and rode out again. Her life had been filled with safe, boring men and suddenly along came a rogue, a cad, a bounder—but one who excited her like no one else.

By three o'clock, she couldn't stand it anymore. She went to her bedroom and fished her vibrator out of her nightstand—Bill didn't even know she had one!—and brought herself to a quick and satisfying climax. As her toy buzzed against her, nosing into her wet opening, she imagined it was Frank's hard cock teasing, probing, and she came again.

Chapter Two

Janet did not tell Bill. Not that night and not by the next morning when he headed off to work, distracted as usual. Not because she had already decided but because she knew it would set their lives on a course she could no longer control. She wished she could confide in him. That they could sit down and have a conversation about it, discussing the pros and cons without anger.

"How was your day, dear?" he would say.

"Well, I had the strangest proposal today, hon. Your boss dropped by. He wants to fuck me. And if I agree, he won't have you fired."

"Really? You don't say. Why would he have me fired?"

"Seems the board is pressuring him to lay off at least three of the headquarters' staff to match the layoffs the workers have had to endure."

"Wow. I'd heard rumors about that but I didn't think they were true. So what do you think we should do?"

"The way I see it, we have three choices. I can refuse and take our chances that you won't be among those laid off. He might be bluffing, you know. Or we can go to the board and the police and try to have Frank fired. Or..." She trailed off.

"Yes," Bill might say, "you can fuck him and guarantee that I'll keep my job. Hard choices. What would you like to do, dear?"

"Well, I've always been attracted to Frank. I mean, he is a good-looking, wealthy man. And secretly, you know, I'm kinda flattered. I mean, I'm the only wife he's approached."

"You know I'm behind you no matter what you want to do, sweetheart. If you really wouldn't mind sleeping with Frank, it would make our lives a lot easier. I really just have one question – is this a one-shot deal or an ongoing thing?"

Janet sat up straight on the couch suddenly, her fantasy talk with her husband shattered. She pulled the edges of her robe tighter. The morning coffee churned in her stomach. *My god – we didn't discuss that!* Frank had been so obscure that she hadn't thought it through. At the time, she supposed it would be a one-time occurrence but now she wasn't so sure.

She checked her watch. Nine-forty. She had to call within the next twenty minutes or Frank would assume she rejected his offer. But this seemed like a pretty big complication. Why hadn't she thought of it?

There was really nothing to do but call him and ask. She forced herself up from the couch and dialed the office number, her fingers shaking. She sat on a kitchen chair and

tried to compose herself. Disguising her voice in case Jenny, the receptionist, recognized her, Janet got her to put her through by pretending to be Frank's insurance agent.

"Yes?" Frank's voice came on the line, startling her and sending little shivers down her spine.

"It's me, Frank."

His voice instantly relaxed. "Ahh, Janet. So nice to hear from you. To what do I owe this pleasure?"

"I've been thinking about your offer."

"My offer? I think you are mistaken. It was your suggestion."

Janet realized Frank feared the conversation was being recorded.

"Relax, Frank. I'm not taping this."

"Of course not. Now how can I help you?"

"Your, uh, 'the suggestion'. I was thinking you were referring to a one-time deal. Is that what you meant?"

"No," he said simply, sending another wave of chills down her spine. What wasn't clear was whether they were chills of danger or anticipation. She looked down and found she was squeezing her thighs together. She forced herself to unclench.

"If you make your decision today and Bill's name isn't on the list, then once would be enough it would seem to me. You lose your leverage."

"No. There's been a slight change over here. After much last-minute lobbying, the board has agreed to let me lay off just two positions for now, but wants me to closely monitor the situation. If our productivity doesn't meet certain targets, I'll be forced to lay off one more in the future."

Dammit!

Good!

The two conflicting emotions rocked her. What was happening to her? Why did it seem so thrilling to be forced to give in to this horrible man?

Because it's exciting. It's naughty. And he desires you... And you desire what he offers...

Boring old Bill would never think to treat her this way. As if he couldn't wait to have her. That he would risk his career to have her. It made her feel in a way she hadn't felt in...well, forever.

"Well?"

She took a deep breath. "Okay," she found herself saying. Part of her was shocked and part thrilled. "But this can't get out of hand."

"Of course not. Meet me at the Hotel Rincana on Route 9 at noon tomorrow. Ask for Mr. Ayers."

"But! But that's Saturday! What will I tell Bill?"

"I'm sure you'll think of some excuse." He hung up.

Janet sat there, holding the phone, wondering what she was getting herself into. The bigger question was, was she doing this to save Bill or to save herself? As she stood, she realized she desperately needed the relief her vibrator could provide.

* * * * *

Janet pulled up in front of the old hotel and sat in her car for ten minutes before she moved. It was not quite noon—in her worry not to make Frank think she was standing him up, she had arrived early. Or had she hurried due to the anticipation? She had to admit, her pussy had been throbbing all morning long and her nipples seemed tender. Bill had easily accepted her explanation that she would be out shopping with friends and merely waved to her from his spot in front of the TV, tuned into a sports pregame show. She supposed he actually looked forward to spending the day without her around to nag him for watching mindless television.

She checked her watch. Five 'til. Taking a deep breath, she got out and walked inside. Her legs felt stiff and she imagined everyone would be staring at her, secretly knowing she was some sort of slut here for a tryst.

But the only person in the ornate but aging lobby was the bored desk clerk.

"Yes, can I help you?" He was elderly, probably in his seventies, almost completely bald.

"Y-Yes," she managed. "I'm, uh, supposed to meet a Mr. Ayers."

"Ahh," he said, giving her a smug little smile as if he knew why she was here. "Yes, Mr. Ayers has already arrived. Room 212. Up the stairs and to the left."

She followed his directions, certain he was staring at her back. And why not? She *was* a slut and a whore. Cheating on one's husband was just that, even if she tried to tell herself that blackmail forced her hand. Yet somehow this felt less as if she were being forced to and more as if she wanted to.

She climbed the stairs, holding on to the old walnut railing so she wouldn't fall. Her legs were weak. But her pussy was alive with anticipation.

Dammit, she told herself. Stop looking forward to this!

Reaching Room 212, she knocked. It opened almost at once and Frank's smiling face appeared. He was dressed in jeans and a white golf shirt with thin blue stripes. He stepped aside and gestured for her to enter.

"Janet! What a pleasant surprise!"

"Knock it off, Frank—you forced me to come."

He did something unexpected that startled her and made her lower her guard. He reached up with his right hand and cupped her cheek. The gesture was so gentle and tender she found herself pressing into his palm. She had to catch herself and remember why she was there.

"Please. Don't be nice."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm here to save my husband's job. That's it. So let's get it over with."

"Oh come on. You know it's more than that. You've known ever since that day you bumped into me on the boat."

She looked up, startled to see how beautiful his gray-green eyes were. "You, you remembered that?"

"How could I ever forget?"

"So this...all this stems from that one day?"

"That and other times I saw you. I've desired you for years, Janet."

"Is that what broke up your marriage?" She hated to ask but she had to. Was she a homewrecker as well as a tramp?

"Of course not. That marriage was coming apart for years. You had nothing to do with it."

Janet breathed a sigh of relief. "Good."

"No, this is about you, Janet, and what you need. And what I need from you."

He stepped close and she could feel his strength rippling through her. It made her hot and weak. He put his arms around her and she didn't protest. His hands felt good on her back. He dropped them to her waist and she rested her head against his shoulder. Her breasts pressed against him, not unlike that time on the boat. Only this time it seemed to last forever. For a moment Janet allowed herself to believe this wasn't wrong. She had been living a lie for years, bound by her loyalty. Now she felt emotions that had long been denied her.

My god, is this how it's supposed to feel?

She put a hand on his broad chest and with some effort pushed him back. "What do you mean, what I need? This is all about you. You're the blackmailer."

"Technically, yes. But it's really about seeing a beautiful, sexy, hungry woman going to waste. I had to do something to save you from that dull existence."

Before she could protest, he brought his lips down and kissed her. She surprised herself by responding hungrily, as if he knew how lonely she had been in her marriage. He kissed as a man should kiss—forceful but gentle at the same time. Her body tingled. They kissed, locked in their embrace, for several minutes. Finally he pulled away.

"See, it's not so bad being blackmailed."

She caught her breath. "Y-You're being very kind, I must admit. I was afraid coming here."

"Afraid of what? Me?"

Janet waved her hand over the room. "This. You. The whole thing. I've never been unfaithful to my husband before."

"Janet, I've known Bill for years and I have to say, I just don't see the two of you together. Forgive me for saying that."

"What do you mean exactly?" She knew, but she wanted to hear him say it.

"He's an introvert, a drone. Yes, he's competent at his job, but he seems to go through life in a daze. Whereas you, my lady, you are a breath of fresh air. A real live wire who yearns for something more."

"Well, thank you, I guess. I'm not sure how you could tell that from the few times we all were together."

"Oh trust me, I could see it. I saw a wonderful, exciting woman being held back out of loyalty to a dull husband."

"He's not so dull," she said, coming to his defense even as she agreed with Frank.

"Hey, this is me you're talking to. You can speak your mind here."

"He's a good man," she said lamely, realizing it was a backhanded compliment.

"He doesn't deserve you."

"Oh? And you do?"

He kissed her again. "Yes, I do." Bending down, he swept her up into his arms. She felt like a teenager again and giggled. He eased her down on the queen-sized bed.

"Is it safe to assume you're on the Pill or will you be insisting that I wear a condom?"

His concern made her smile. She nodded. "I'm safe." Then she added, "You are a despicable man, Frank Ramon."

He tipped his head. "Yes, I know. At your service." He unbuttoned her blouse and she watched him, feeling the heat rising from her loins to her chest. God this man turned her on!

I am a horrible wife!

The good girl in her made one final effort. "I shouldn't be doing this, you know. This will lead to nothing but trouble." Even as she said it, she smiled, for that was the same thing her mother had told her more than once many years ago.

"'Nothing but trouble'—that's me all right." He flipped open the sides of her blouse, exposing her lacy bra. "Ohhh nice. Did you wear that just for me?"

"This old thing?" She smiled again. Of course she had worn it for him. She was such a slut.

"Can't wait to see if the panties match."

"Maybe you'll have to force me." The words just came out. She meant it as a joke, but at the same time, she realized she enjoyed being the helpless maiden about to be ravished by the handsome cad. That's what she realized about her situation. She had been forced. It was out of her hands. So why did it feel so good?

Frank pulled her into a sitting position and yanked off her blouse. She gasped with the suddenness of his actions. He owned her and he wasn't going to stop. God! Her pussy contracted and grew wetter. He was a stark contrast to Bill, who made love

gently—and often too quickly. His lovemaking lacked power and drama. She was getting that in spades today.

He reached around her and unsnapped her bra, roughly pulled it from her shoulders. Her breasts fell free and she hunched her shoulders instinctively to cover her nudity.

Frank wouldn't have any of it. He gripped her shoulders and growled, "Don't be shy. You know you need it like this. You want to show off for me."

Her mouth dropped open. God he was pushing her buttons! He eased her back down on the bed and unfastened her skirt. He slid it off her then it was his turn to gasp in surprise. She was wearing a garter belt and stockings above her matching panties—not pantyhose.

"Ohhh baby," he breathed. "You really know how to turn me on."

"I don't like pantyhose," she said as if that were the only reason she had worn such a sexy outfit.

"You're wet," he said, and she tried to close her legs, suddenly overcome with embarrassment.

He slapped the inside of her left leg, causing her to suck in a quick breath. "Don't be shy. Remember?"

"Yes, sir," she said in mock terror. But she *was* a little afraid. Frank seemed to be Bill's opposite—rough and hard and decisive. He was impossible not to obey. Janet opened her legs again.

"Yes, you definitely are wet. Is that for me?" he teased her.

She closed her eyes, too embarrassed to answer.

Frank was unfastening her garter snaps. He rolled down the left stocking smoothly, touching her leg all over as he went. She shivered. There was no doubt in her mind that her wetness was growing. He tossed the stocking to the floor and moved to the other leg. In seconds she was bare, her garter belt hanging loose above her lacy panties.

"Let's get this off," he said, pulling her upright again. He fumbled for the catch and pulled it free. Now she was dressed only in her panties.

"What about you?"

"Don't worry about me. I like to see you naked while I'm dressed. Maybe I'll keep you this way."

It sent chills through her, even if she didn't quite understand him. Would she be naked, eating dinner while he sat across the table fully dressed? Or might he insist she be naked in the living room while they ate popcorn and watched a movie?

His hand touched the hot core of her and she jumped. She could smell the scent of her own arousal and chided herself. *God! It shouldn't be this easy to blackmail me.*

Then another part of her responded, *Oh come on! You're only fooling yourself. You know you want this.*

Frank moved up and kissed her, holding her body tightly in his arms.

"This is so wrong, you know," she whispered.

"I know. But I hated to see a woman living a life of quiet desperation."

"So you blackmailed me."

"I just pushed you in the right direction."

"And now you have me. What are you going to do with me?"

He kissed her gently but she could feel his strength just under the surface.
"Everything."

Chapter Three

Janet never experienced the intensity of lovemaking she felt with Frank that afternoon. Both David and Bill were pleasant, competent lovers, like a cup of coffee on a cool spring morning or a ride on a tire swing. But Frank was a shot of one-hundred-year-old brandy, a rocket to the moon. He didn't pleasure her body as much as he owned it. His lips and hands were everywhere, setting her skin on fire and making her cry out with desire. And his cock! It was an extension of his personality—forceful, demanding, a little bit cruel and very, very kind.

She felt turned inside out. Her orgasms didn't come so much as crash upon her—her mind screamed, her body ached, her toes curled. He did things to her she had only imagined could be done to a woman.

He made her turn her mouth into a sexual orifice. Sure, she had had oral sex several times in her life but never in the way Frank demanded. He was both gentle and forceful. He taught her how to love his cock. Her pussy spasmed with need, her breasts ached for his touch. When he was done and her mouth yearned to taste his sperm, he pulled back, leaving her hungry for more.

Then he turned his attention to her body, her pleasure. Tit for tat. He kissed her until she thought her body might melt. His lips were both soft and hard and he made her head swim. He made love to her breasts with his tongue, his hands, until she could feel her pussy leaking all over the bed, begging for his cock.

And when his mouth dipped down to her hot core, she gasped and came for the first time as soon as his tongue touched her sensitive clit. Then again. Each one causing her to cry out and beg for mercy. And more. He knew how to pleasure a woman. She couldn't imagine how any woman could let this man go. He was an animal in bed.

When he finally loomed over her, his hard cock a spear pointed at her sex, Janet thought she couldn't possibly stand any more. Her body tingled, her breath came in shallow gasps. All doubts about what she was doing had vanished. He was all man and all sex.

Then he entered her and she cried out as another orgasm shook her. Just like that! The mere presence of his cock in her grasping cunt made her shudder with desire. And that's how she thought of it—a cunt. Not a vagina or a pussy or any of those polite words, no, he was fucking her cunt like a beast. When he began to move inside her, she held on for dear life. His cock felt huge inside her, like an obscene presence with just one purpose—to make her lose her mind. She came again. And then again.

He sped up and Janet thought she might die from fucking. How many women can say that? She became aware of her own voice rising in cadence but making no sense. It was, "Uh, uh, uh, oh! Oh! Oh! OH! GOD! GOD! GODDAMN SON OF A BITCH!"

Another orgasm took off the top of her head and her brains seemed to scatter out all over the pillow.

When he finally climaxed, it was as if she could feel each individual sperm cell shoot into her. *Wow! Bang! Crash!* She came for the last time and completely passed out.

When she became aware of her body again, Frank was still over her, his cock still inside her. Thankfully he had stopped moving. She had survived riding The Beast.

"Goddamn son of a bitch," she breathed.

"That's right. You are one sexy bitch," he said, smiling.

"Really?" She wondered if she had kept up with him. At times, it hadn't felt like it.

"No, really. That was wild. You are a very hot woman."

She smiled. "So does Bill get to keep his job?"

"Yeah. For now. But I'm not giving you up so don't get any ideas."

"Well, I am a married woman. I'm not sure I can do this regularly. I mean, for one thing, I'll die." She laughed. Could she survive a steady diet of Frank Ramon? And how had he gotten like this?

"To tell you the truth, I'm not like this with anyone else." He seemed to realize how that must've sounded since he hurried on. "I mean, in my life before this."

"I can't believe that."

"It's true. There's just something about you. You bring out the beast in me."

She felt inordinately flattered. "Aw, I bet you say that to all your girlfriends."

"You think I have a lot of girlfriends?"

"A lover like you? If word got out, they'd be camped on your doorstep."

He had the decency to blush. "Ahh, come on."

"No, seriously. If I were Mary and married to you, I would have never let you go."

"Well, Mary was...more reserved in bed. If I had tried to make love to her like I did to you, well, she probably would've called the cops. Or her priest."

Janet laughed at the image. "Her priest?"

"Yeah, she was quite religious. I'm more of a hopeless pagan."

"How did the two of you get together?"

"Oh I don't know. When I was younger, I thought she was the safe, proper choice. My, uh, appetites didn't develop overnight."

"Where *did* you learn to make love like that? God, I thought I was going to die."

"Like I said. You bring it out in me."

"I'm flattered. But now I must go. Bill is probably wondering where I am."

He rolled off the bed and sat on the edge. Janet got up and walked bow-leggedly to the bathroom. She sat on the toilet and wiped the copious fluids from her reddened pussy. But it wasn't complaining—the damn thing almost purred. She washed then came out and began getting dressed.

"This isn't over, you know." He lounged on the bed, still naked.

She felt a thrum of something she couldn't quite define. A belonging, as if she had somehow become his. It made her breath quicken. "So you've said."

"I'm going to make love to you again. You know it and I know it."

She stopped, her bra half on. *No!* her mind said. *Shut up,* her id responded. "It could get complicated."

"I don't care. I've been waiting for you all my life."

"That's just your dick talking."

He laughed. "Doesn't matter. In this, my dick and my brain are one." He tapped his limp cock then the side of his head and gave her a coy grin.

Janet chuckled and resumed dressing. "You talk like you own me."

"I do."

It was a flat statement yet she knew it to be true. She was married to Bill, but after that amazing lovemaking session, she would have to have more. Her pussy clenched and she could feel more of his sperm oozing from her. It certainly belonged to him now. *Where your pussy goes, the mind must surely follow.*

"I don't know," she said, trying to convince herself.

"This started with blackmail, I know. That was just an excuse to break through your barriers. But it's become something else now. I can tell you with some certainty that the next time I show up for you, you'll welcome me into your arms. And your pussy."

"Hush. You don't know that." Satiated as she was, she believed she could resist him. Give her a few days to think about it however, and all bets were off. She had started making love when she was seventeen. That's twenty years of men. Some were competent, some were clumsy, some—like David and Bill—were comfortable and maybe a bit boring. But no one was dangerous like Frank. Doesn't a woman need a little danger now and then?

He grabbed her arm and drew her to him. She felt his nakedness against her hot skin. "I'm not ready to let you go yet."

She stopped, her panties in her hands. "You can't be serious." She looked meaningfully at his limp cock.

"There are other ways to make love."

"Oh no, my pussy's too sore. You ruined me, I think."

He stood and took her into his arms. She felt small and helpless and it seemed just right. She enjoyed it and it scared her a little. Janet knew she could lose herself in this man. She tried to push him away. It was like pushing a wall.

"You shouldn't go home without a shower. Come." He plucked her panties from her hands and tossed them on the bed. His hands found the catch of her bra and it joined them. She was naked again. Naked and in the arms of a dangerous lover.

"I really should be going," she said quietly.

"I'm going to soap you and wash you all over."

Her eyes closed and she could *feel* his soapy hands on her, the water pouring over her. She gave a little shiver and melted into his arms.

"But Bill..." she said, her voice tiny now.

"Fuck Bill."

They spent a long time in the small stall washing and stroking and touching each other. Her body felt abused and alive at the same time. Janet was torn between her need for him and her conscience, which demanded she go home immediately. But his hands on her body pushed those thoughts away.

They dried off with thick hotel towels and she returned to the bed to pick up her underwear. Frank grabbed her and held her close, telling her she couldn't go yet.

"I insist," she said, her voice sounding hollow. "We just showered. I'm all clean."

"Then I'm going to dirty you all over again."

God! This man! He was incorrigible. "Frank, really..." she said then his lips were on hers and he pulled her tight to him, the shaft of his suddenly hard cock rubbing against her sex. Her body swooned, her pussy gushed.

What a slut! she told herself.

She didn't stop him as he eased her down onto the bed and kissed her bruised lips. His hands plucked at her tender breasts. His cock knocked at her wet entrance and she spread her legs for him.

I'm such a bad wife, she thought.

Their lovemaking was slower this time, more languorous, for which she was grateful. They'd had the main course, this was dessert. Still, she managed to climax once before she felt him stiffen. This time his cock throbbed but his sperm supply was greatly depleted. Not that it mattered. Feeling his organ inside her spasming made her come again. She held him close.

Finally they separated. "Now I'm all messy again," she teased.

"I like you messy. I want to keep you messy. I want to mark you."

That startled her and gave her another shiver. "Mark me?"

"Yeah. Maybe just a spanking at first so I can see the imprint of my hand on your ass. Later a nice tattoo or some small gold rings."

"Oh pshaw," she said, trying to cover the heat she felt. "That's ridiculous."

"Oh it will happen. Trust me."

"Yeah, like I could explain that to Bill."

"Doesn't matter. Bill doesn't matter. Only you and I matter."

"That's your lust talking."

"True. But it's talking the same language as your lust."

"Look, don't get any ideas. I'm married."

"Yes, you are. For now."

She rose, feeling disconcerted. "I have to go."

"Of course. I'll let you. But one day, I won't."

Janet felt as if she couldn't breathe for a moment. She didn't dare think about having a man like Frank in her life full-time. God, she would die! Or their sex would pale and become ordinary. The intensity couldn't be maintained. This was pure lust, that was all.

She got up and began to dress, feeling her wetness mixed with his seed. She looked down at herself and was not surprised to see red marks where he had clutched her breasts, arms and thighs. Was that a hickey on her breast? They had all better fade quickly or how would she explain them to Bill? She laughed to herself—as if he would notice her.

Frank watched her dress, a certain sadness in his eyes. As though he couldn't bear to see her body hidden. Her skin felt hot. She could imagine herself kept by him like a rare pet. She would wait for him to make love to her, naked and anxious.

She gave her head a little shake. *Stop that!*

"Thanks," she said when she was fully dressed. "I had... It was, uh, nice." God, that sounded so lame! It embarrassed her.

He just watched her, bemused. He looked like a lion in repose, his soft chest hair glinting in the light. Her gaze dropped to his cock one last time. She had to force her eyes away. Dammit! What was happening to her!

"Bye," she said, and almost ran for the door.

"Janet," he called when she had her hand on the knob. "I'll be in touch."

She could only nod and then she was gone.

* * * * *

"Hi, hon, how was shopping?" Bill was in front of the TV as usual watching baseball.

"Fine."

"What did you buy?"

Your fucking job back. "Nothing. Just window shopped."

He craned his head around at her. "You were gone four hours and you only window shopped?" His voice was incredulous.

"Yeah. Couldn't find anything I liked." Boy, what a big fat lie *that* was! What was she supposed to say? *Oh I found the perfect item – it's long and fat and it makes me come a dozen times!*

He returned to his game, merely shaking his head as if to say, *Women!*

So much for the suspicious husband. She had half a mind to strip off her clothes and show him her reddened skin, her well-fucked pussy. *He's ruined me for you,* she

wanted to shout. It was sad but true. She knew, sure as she stood there, that she and Frank would be making love again soon.

Chapter Four

The days passed by and there was no word from Frank. Had it merely been a one-time fling for him? Slam, bam, goodbye, ma'am. What was worse was how she felt. As if she needed him, yet he was forbidden—she was married! It was a bad combination and preyed on her insecurities. Had he lied to her when he said he owned her? Or was that just talk, something to say to an employee's wife to make her stick around for seconds? And why was she even considering seconds? What was wrong with her?

She had just decided she hated him and would spit in his eye if she ever saw him again when the doorbell rang one afternoon about one-fifteen. Could it be? No, of course not. She ran to the door and stopped just before opening it to compose herself. She peeked through the peephole—Frank!

Her plan to spit in his eye and throw him out vanished. She threw open the door. "Well, it's about fucking time," she said.

"You got that right." He grinned and came into her arms. They kissed like long-lost lovers and Janet's anger melted away. God, his lips made her so hot!

"Wait," she said, quickly closing the door behind him, an awkward feat with his body in the way. "What if the neighbors see?"

"I don't care. Let them see. One day, I'll parade you naked down Main Street, telling everyone this is my girl."

Janet swooned. She felt owned again, just as she needed to be. "Where the hell were you?"

"Oh more boardroom drama. I've been busy putting out fires."

"Don't tell me they want to lay off more people."

"No, thank god. It's still too early for that. But now that we've reduced HQ staff, we're having trouble processing everything. I told 'em."

Janet nodded but she didn't want to hear about work. She wanted to hear about them. And yet she couldn't shake the scolding voice of her conscience. She allowed it to speak for her.

"Frank..."

"Yes?" His lips kissed her neck.

She fought to maintain control. "Dammit, Frank, we need to talk."

He pulled away with effort and looked at her, his head tilted sideways. "No we don't." He held up a hand before she could speak. "Oh I know what you're going to say. That this is wrong, that you're married, etcetera, etcetera."

"Well, yeah..."

"I don't care. I've wanted you for years and now I have you. I'm not about to let you go."

"But we can't just ignore Bill! If he found out, there would be trouble."

"Yes, I imagine there would be. But in the end, you would be mine."

Janet shivered with the thought. The idea that Frank would own her body and soul was almost too much to bear. Bill was comfortable, like an old pair of slippers. But Frank! Well, Frank was sex personified. To use the same analogy, Frank was a pair of red stiletto pumps that made a woman walk like a hooker, hips swaying. Frank was dangerous.

She tried again. "But really, Frank! I don't want to hurt Bill."

"I think it's quite the contrary. You sacrificed yourself for him. He still has his job. Think of how hurt he would've been if you'd told me 'no'."

"That's not nice! You make me sound like a whore."

"No. I don't think of you that way. I think of you as an incredibly sexy woman who was going to waste being married to that drone. I'm sorry, but that's how I see it."

"I married that drone. I love him."

"You mean, you loved him. He can't possibly excite you now."

"Women aren't like that. We just don't leave someone because the thrill fades. Why, if what you say is true and we wound up together, who's to say the same wouldn't happen to us?"

"It won't. Trust me on that."

"Easy to say now. I can remember when Bill..." She paused. She couldn't remember when Bill had as much passion as Frank.

"What? When Bill made you feel like you did with me last time?" He barked out a laugh. "Ha! I doubt that."

She colored. "Well, maybe not, but he did please me...uh..." It sounded so lame, even to her.

Frank laughed again. "I'll show you pleasure." He bent down and picked her up in his arms.

"Frank!" she protested, but her stomach was doing flip-flops. This is what she had expected when she was a young girl, imagining her married life. Some man would love her so much he couldn't stand not to touch her, to take her. "But, Frank..." she added weakly, glancing out the windows. She imagined the neighbors were all on their porches, tsking and shaking their heads.

He ignored her protests and carried her into her bedroom. "No!" she said when she saw her marital bed. "Not here!"

"Yes, here." He tossed her down. She tried to get up but he was on her, kissing her face, her neck, the soft hollows of her collarbone. Janet melted.

"Oh please..."

His fingers deftly unbuttoned her blouse. She let him. There was nothing she could do, she told herself. He was stronger, more insistent. His unrelenting desire for her body made her wet with desire.

God, I'm horrible!

For several minutes no words were spoken. Only the rustle of clothing as Janet allowed herself to be stripped. When she was naked, her body felt hot and she gazed at him while he quickly shucked off his own clothes. His body was magnificent. Not like Bill, who had let himself go with middle age.

Then Frank was on her and she hugged him close, smelling the manly scent of him, an odor quite different from Bill's. She was a slut, a whore, a very bad wife. And she didn't care, not right now. Recriminations would come later. For now, her body cried out for the release only Frank could give her.

When his hard cock touched her wetness, she gasped. But he didn't press it in. Instead he teased her, rubbing it up against her until she couldn't stand it anymore. "You bastard," she finally gasped, and he laughed.

"Tell me you're mine."

"No," she said, her teeth gritted.

Again that sweet cock, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing. "Tell me you want me."

"Nooo." It was becoming harder to concentrate. She didn't even know why she was being stubborn. Here she was naked on her own bed with another man and she was playing hard to get?

"Tell me you'll do whatever I want with you."

Rubbing, rubbing. The tip of his hard cock was slippery with her juices. Her vagina seemed to suck at it.

"God, Frank."

"Tell me."

"Okay! I'm yours! I'll do what you want. Just fuck me, dammit!"

He plunged into her, causing spots to explode in front of her eyes. Her head tilted back and the orgasm hit her body all at once, from her groin to the tip of her head. She made incoherent noises and her mind went to other places, as if it were on a giant rubber band, stretching away from her. Then she came back to her body, to that delicious pumping and knew she was going to climax again. Frank was grasping her shoulders, thrusting hard into her. Her legs were around his thighs, pulling him into her with each stroke, her eyes half open, her mind blasted with neurons all firing at once.

"God, god, god," she muttered, not even aware she was speaking. "Oh god, god, god..."

The second orgasm hit her and she went off again, lost in a twilight world of sensations and pleasures. Even now, in the depths of her thrill, she knew she would do anything for this man if he would fuck her like this regularly.

Frank sped up and Janet knew he was close. She hung on, feeling the heat in her loins, the hard shaft rubbing against her clit, the oncoming train of another climax and when he thrust deep into her and she felt his seed spill, she shuddered with the power of another orgasm, her body shaking, tears flowing from her eyes.

For a long time, they clung to each other. Finally he sank down and rolled to the side.

"God...damn." His voice was hoarse.

"Yeah." She had no words to describe what he did to her. Why was it so good? She had no answer. It just was. Frank had ruined her and it had all started with blackmail. Delicious blackmail.

"You really are a cad, you know," she said, gently running her fingers along his cheek.

"Yeah, I know." He turned and kissed them.

"You fucked me in our marital bed. That's just not right."

"No, it's not. Tell Bill that I apologize."

She laughed at the incongruity of his statement. "Like he'd even notice."

"See? That's what I'm talking about. You're wasted on him."

"You think? You think I'm just too sexy for Bill?" She was fishing for a compliment but she couldn't help herself.

"Oh yeah." He propped himself up on one elbow and leaned in to kiss her. "And you know it too."

"But what are we going to do? I can't sneak around like this forever."

"I can't tell you what to do in this case. I can in other areas but not this."

"Are you saying you don't want me to leave Bill?"

"I'm saying I can't make that decision for you. And I won't pressure you. I mean, other than coming over to fuck you regularly. If you want to go on the way we're going, that's fine with me. I can live with it."

"Really? You don't want me all to yourself?" She was disappointed.

"Of course I do. But I'm not going to tell you to divorce him. That's a big step. You have to think about it for a while."

Janet nodded. "Yes. I will. Bill's a good man..." She always found herself describing him as if he were a scoutmaster not a husband. "I just don't know how much longer you and I can go on like this. I think even Bill might start to get suspicious."

"Yeah. Well, you can always tell him you saved his job."

"Oh stop. He wouldn't like that at all. He might very well punch you in the nose."

"Yeah, I know." He stood and began putting on his clothes. She sat up and watched him.

"Just like that, you're leaving? Slam, bam, thank you, ma'am?"

"Yep. It has to be this way for now. I have to get back to work. But someday..." He let the promise hang.

"Someday you'll make an honest woman out of me?"

He smiled. "Someday, I'll own you completely."

The way he put it made her body tremble. As if she were his property. She wasn't sure how she felt about that. Part of her objected—but another part swooned. What kind of modern woman was she anyway?

"And if you 'owned' me, as you say, what would that mean?"

He stopped, his belt undone, his shirt untucked. "It means, my good woman, that you'll give yourself to me without question. I will own that pretty body of yours. I will do with it what I want, when I want to."

His words made her wet again, yet she still wasn't sure. "I'm not sure I want to be owned. I'm a modern woman."

He crawled up on the bed and kissed her, taking her breath away with the forcefulness of it. "I think you'll learn to love it," he said after he pulled away. "I'll be your caveman."

He got up again and finished dressing. She was still naked.

"Wait," she said as he was about to leave. He turned. "What about what you said the first time? That you'd like to mark my body—you were kidding, weren't you?"

"No. We could start with a small gold ring here and there. Or maybe a tattoo. I want to own you and that would be the proof." He grinned at her and left before she could respond.

She lay there, her body slowly cooling, and thought about how it would be to be possessed by Frank. Would it be too much? Would he scare her with his intensity? Right now, she didn't worry. He was a rich dessert in a land of bland dinners. Wouldn't do to have too much of him.

Chapter Five

"Bill, do you still love me?" Janet was sitting on the couch next to her husband, who was watching Thursday night football. Janet always hated the fall for it meant Bill could watch football, baseball, golf and hockey. More reasons to ignore her. And when she would protest, he'd look at her incredulously and say, "But it's the *playoffs*!" or "But it's the *Ryder Cup*!" as if that explained everything.

He turned three-quarters toward her, keeping one eye on the game. "Of course I do, honey." He puckered his lips for a kiss.

Janet sighed. "You pay more attention to that TV than you do me."

A commercial came on. He muted the set and turned fully toward her. "What's wrong, hon? You seem out of sorts."

"I'm bored with all this. You go to work all day and you come home and watch TV. I feel ignored."

"I'm sorry." He put his arms around her. For a moment it felt good and Janet thought maybe they could rekindle their romance. He kissed her on the cheek. Instead of feeling warmer toward Bill, it only reminded her of Frank.

Then the commercials ended and Bill let her go, turning his gaze to the set. Janet grew angry.

"Bill! I swear, if you don't stop ignoring me, I'm going to go out and fuck someone else!"

The words just slipped out before she even had a chance to think. She was suddenly embarrassed and afraid she might give herself away.

Bill stared at her as if she had grown another head. "You really mean that?" In his eyes, she could see his confusion. "What brought all this on?"

She was on dangerous ground now and realized she had better tread lightly. "Oh nothing. It's just that we've gotten into a rut. You don't pay attention to me like you used to. And I try to keep myself in shape and everything! I should just start eating and get fat!"

"Oh no, honey! Don't feel that way!" He did something that pleased her—he shut off the TV. He turned to her and took both of her hands in his. "I know I've been distracted lately. What with all the crap going on at work—I really thought I was going to lose my job!"

Janet blinked back tears, thinking how close he had come.

"And so when I come home, I just want to relax and zone out. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to ignore you like this. You're the best thing that ever happened to me."

Oh god, she thought. I'm a horrible wife.

"That's nice to hear," she said, tears beginning to leak from her eyes now. "You don't know how lonely I get around here all day."

"Maybe you need a hobby. Or a job..."

The words stung her. "A job?"

"Well, I just mean..."

"You want me to go back to work in some bar? So we can earn a few extra bucks?"

"No! Not that! Make it a hobby then! I was just thinking you could volunteer or something. Do something that would keep you busy so you don't feel so alone all the time."

"I feel alone because my husband ignores me!" She felt her anger growing even as she knew she was being irrational. She couldn't help it.

"Janet, calm down! I'm just offering some suggestions. I can't be here all the time and when I come home, I'm exhausted and need some down time. Surely you can understand that."

And I need a man who will fuck my brains out, Janet thought. She reined in her anger. "Yes, I understand. We seem to be at cross purposes."

"Yes. But I admit I could be paying more attention to you. I apologize for that. I've been worried about work so much... I was thinking, if I lost my job, what would we do? Where would I find a new one? It could mean we'd have to sell the house and move. I've just had a lot on my mind."

Janet wanted to tell Bill that his job was safe, he shouldn't worry. But that would never do. He'd start asking questions. He would be devastated to find out she'd been fucking Frank to keep his job. Of course, that's how it all started. Janet knew deep down she could tell Frank she was done and she doubted he would retaliate by firing Bill. It had started as blackmail but it had evolved into something else. Now she needed what he gave her, even as it scared her.

"But didn't they lay off some people recently? Doesn't that take the heat off you?"

"Yes, for the short term. But with the steel industry the way it is, I think it's only a matter of time before we all lose our jobs."

"Then what would you do? Have you thought about it?"

"I think I've been trying to avoid it. That's why I've been zoned out in front of the tube. I can let my mind think about something else for a change."

"Oh Bill..." She drew him to her and hugged him. He hugged her back and she felt his shoulders shake. He was crying!

"I'm sorry," he said into her shoulder. "I've just been so worried!"

"It's going to be okay. We'll figure out something, no matter what happens."

Janet believed at that moment that if she told him she was fucking his boss in order to save his job, he might actually be grateful instead of devastated. But she wasn't about to do that.

She realized just how much Bill needed her. How could she hurt him?

He pulled away and wiped his eyes. "Sorry. I'm not supposed to be the weak one."

"Oh? And I am?"

"You know what I mean. I'm supposed to go to work every day, earn a living, be the man of the house."

"That's rather old-fashioned, don't you think?"

"Yeah, but I was never happier than the day you quit your job at that horrible bar. I felt great knowing I made enough money for both of us."

She paused, now embarrassed that she had gotten her back up about finding another job. "You know, Bill, maybe you're right. Maybe I should get another job. Just to bring in some extra money so we'd have a cushion...you know."

He nodded. "It might be a good idea. Just for the short term, until I know what's going on at work." His eyes were wet and he looked like a puppy dog. "But I don't want you to go back to any bar."

"Where could I go? I'm not exactly trained in anything." She hadn't gone to college and it had always embarrassed her.

"Don't rush into anything. Just look around, see what's out there. I'm sure I'll be okay for a few months. It's just if they come around for another round of cuts..." He couldn't go on.

Janet checked her watch. It was barely nine. "Come," she said. "Let's go to bed early. I think you could use a back rub."

His eyes lit up. She felt so sorry for him. Carrying all that weight of the world on his shoulders—no wonder he clammed up and watched TV when he came home! Janet felt like a real heel at the moment and she was determined to make it up to him. But could she give up Frank?

For a moment she felt like Scarlett O'Hara. *I'll think about it tomorrow.*

They went to bed and Bill stripped down and lay on the sheets. Janet couldn't help but mentally compare her husband to Frank. Where Frank was hard and fit and powerful, Bill was soft and white and weak. But she had married him, for good or bad. She took off her clothes, leaving her bra and panties on, and climbed up on his back. She found the oil in the nightstand and squirted a little into her palm. As she worked it into his back, she could hear him softly groan.

Using her hands gave her mind time to wander about what a mess she'd made of things. It wasn't her fault and yet it was. She could've said no and damn the consequences. She could've been loyal. Now she was embroiled in an affair—one she didn't think she could give up.

Damn it, Frank! How am I supposed to go on? I can't leave poor Bill and I can't imagine how dull my life would be without you.

She kneaded Bill's back, working down to his legs. He moaned with pleasure, telling her how good it felt. When she asked him to turn over, his cock was semihard. Janet couldn't help but compare it to Frank's and found it wanting. Nevertheless, she leaned down and took it into her mouth. It stiffened and she smiled to herself. She pumped him until she could tell he was about to come and didn't want to waste it. Quickly stripping off her panties, she mounted him and eased herself down over his shaft.

"Oh Jan. That's so good," he moaned.

"Yes," she said, feeling a little let down at how...well, *average* it seemed inside her. When she had nothing else to compare it to, Bill was a more than adequate lover. But now... Well, that's a different story.

She moved up over him, encouraging him as he began to thrust from underneath. It didn't take long. Within seconds, he erupted into her and sank back into the sheets. Janet pretended to climax as well, even though she hadn't come close.

Frank had ruined her.

Chapter Six

Friday, they met at the same hotel as before. This time they arrived at the same time and came in together. Janet hadn't wanted to but Frank dismissed her concerns. It was as if he were exerting his control over her and she was helpless to resist.

She had made up her mind to talk about this affair and what it was doing to her and her marriage. When she left the house, she had been determined to put a stop to it. Now in his powerful presence, she found she was beginning to waver.

Frank paid the elderly desk clerk and received a key. Janet thought the old man had winked at her just before he turned away to his newspaper, as if he knew she was a cheater. They went up to Room 224, down the hall from the site of their first tryst, and he unlocked the door. Janet braced herself for "the talk".

"Frank," she said, turning to face him as soon as she was through the door. "We need to talk."

"We will," he said. "But first, I have to see you." He began unbuttoning her blouse.

"No, Frank, wait!"

"I promise you, we'll talk. I know you have some things on your mind. So we'll talk. But I simply must see your beautiful body first."

How could she resist that? So she allowed him to strip her. She had not worn stockings today so her clothes came off quickly. He pulled the covers off the bed and eased her down.

"Really, Frank. I'm distressed here."

"Okay." He lay down next to her and began running his fingers over her body. "Talk."

God, he was making this difficult! He was still fully dressed and she felt naked and vulnerable. Yet she knew if she insisted he remove his clothes as well, they would be making love within seconds, all thought of talking lost.

"Frank, I had a talk with my husband..."

His fingers stroked the side of her neck, moving down to her breast then circled the nipples.

"Stop that! I'm trying to say something here."

"Okay." His hand moved away but only to her arm where it rested like an inviting presence, just waiting for the chance to pleasure her again. She took a deep breath and tried to concentrate. Why did he have to be so sexy all the time?

"He's very worried about his job. He thinks he dodged a bullet during the layoffs and that he might be next."

"Did you tell him his job is secure thanks to you?"

"Of course not! And don't joke about that!"

"Sorry." She could tell he didn't mean it.

"Anyway, we began talking about our financial situation. And it makes sense if I got a job."

"A job? Like as a cocktail waitress?"

"No. Not that. I mean something else. Something I could do during the day while Bill is at work."

"And what about us?"

"There is no us, not really! This is just blackmail, remember?"

"You don't really believe that, do you?"

His hand had returned, stroking her breast, her side, moving down to her hip. She squirmed away but he reached over to her other hip and pulled her close again.

"I don't know what to believe! I'm a married woman, dammit!"

She didn't feel much like a married woman lying there naked, her pussy announcing her availability by lubricating her warm passage. *If he touches my clit, I'm lost*, she thought.

"So let me get this straight. Bill is worried about money. So instead of telling him that his job is secure because you're making love to me, you're going to go out and get a job you don't need?"

"You really think I'd tell him I'm fucking you? You can't be that crazy."

"No, but he's going to find out eventually. When you become mine."

"I'm not yours! I may never be yours!"

His hand was roaming again, making gooseflesh appear where his fingers touched, causing her to squirm. She could smell the odor of her arousal and felt like a terrible person.

His hand moved down and forced her legs apart.

"Wait," she protested weakly, "we're not done talking yet."

"Talk. I'm just checking something out." His fingers found the loose flap of skin of her labia and he pinched it.

"What? What are you doing?"

"I think a small gold ring would look great right about here, don't you?"

Janet was completely flustered. "What? No way!"

"I could have it inscribed. Something like *Mine*. Simple and straightforward."

"Stop that! What I'm trying to tell you is that I'm going to be working. We won't be able to do this anymore."

His fingers pinched the other side and she gasped. "Or maybe a matched set. What do you think?"

Janet sat up and closed her legs. "I don't think you're taking me seriously, Frank."

He reached up and pinched her left nipple, just enough to make her gasp. "Eventually, I'd like to see some small gold hoops here too."

Janet became exasperated. "Oh? And where would the tattoo that says 'Frank's Slut' go?"

He half turned her and lightly slapped her rump. "How about right here?"

"Stop it, Frank, just stop it!" She sat all the way up and leaned against the headboard, breathing hard. But it wasn't fear that caused it—it was lust and she knew it. Furthermore, Frank knew it too.

He sat up and Janet could see the enormous bulge in his pants. She had to turn away, but in her mind, she saw Bill's smaller penis from the other night. She knew unless she regained control over her emotions, she would soon be on the receiving end of Frank's large cock.

"I'm just telling you that I have to end this. I can't go on."

"Why not? Because of your loyalty to a dead marriage?"

"It's not dead! Part of what caused it was Bill's worry over his job. You should've seen him the other night. He practically cried."

"So what kind of a job do you think you'll get?"

"I don't know. Something in retail maybe. I'm not going to waitress again, not even in a nice family place." She shuddered from the memory of aching legs, bad tippers and lecherous bosses.

"How much do store clerks get?"

"I don't know. Probably minimum wage, I guess. Maybe more."

"And you'd work about how many hours a week, do you think?"

Janet shook her head. "I haven't thought it through. I'd guess twenty hours or so."

"Okay. Let's do the math. Minimum wage is about six-fifty an hour. Times twenty hours, that's one-thirty. Minus taxes, you're looking at about one hundred a week or four hundred a month."

It didn't sound like very much the way Frank put it. Nevertheless, Janet tried to sound defiant. "Yeah, about that. So we could save some money in the event Bill loses his job."

"Well, I know exactly how much Bill is getting paid. It's a little under four thousand a month take-home. So you'd have to work about ten months to add one month of Bill's salary to your savings. Of course, you'd have to subtract the cost of working, including car or bus transportation, clothes and other expenses. Make it a year for each month of what Bill earns."

Tears came to Janet's eyes. "What else can I do? I don't have any skills."

"Yes you do. Your skill is here with me. You are the best lover, the most exciting woman I've ever had."

"Yeah, fat lot of good that does me." Then an inkling of what he was getting at flowered in her mind. "Hey...you're not saying what I think you're saying..."

"Sure. I'll pay you to fuck me. Two hundred a week, twice what you could make at any menial job."

"That's obscene!" She jumped up and began to dress. Frank made no move to stop her.

"You think I'm some kind of whore? Here to fuck you whenever you crook your finger? You bastard! And I thought you were a nice man!"

"I am a nice man. I'm offering to help you out. In exchange, I get what I want. To me, it's a win-win."

"I'm not a prostitute," she spat, yanking her clothes on, her face hot with anger. "Just because you forced me into this doesn't mean I have to put up with your insults!"

"I'm not insulting you. I'm telling you that you are the most amazing woman I've ever known and best lover I've ever had. If you have to get a job to help out Bill, I'd rather hire you myself. I'd prefer to make love to you for free. But I certainly don't want you getting some crappy job and not having any more time for me."

Janet was too mad to listen to his logic. She tucked in her blouse and headed for the door. Frank got up and grabbed her arm before she could open it. "Please, just look at it from my viewpoint, all right? I'm not hiring you as my prostitute. I'm simply offering you a way to explain how you're getting your money to Bill. You could tell him you got a job at a dress shop and turn over the money to him every week. It's up to you. The alternative to me is that I lose you. And I don't want to lose you."

It did make some sense, but Janet was in no mood to think of it in any other way. He offered to pay her for sex. Pay her! Damn him! She shook off his arm and left, slamming the door behind him.

She fumed all the way home. Inside, she yanked off her clothes and put on her exercise outfit. Putting in a tape of the most energetic workout, Janet stood in front of the TV doing kicks, bends and stretches until she was exhausted and sweaty.

Then she took a long shower, washing away the sweat and Frank's fingerprints. They seemed to burn where he had touched her. *That bastard! How could I have ever thought he was a nice man?*

When Bill came home, she had prepared his favorite dinner—meatloaf and mashed potatoes with string beans on the side. A bland dinner, she reflected, but that's all right. Bill may not be flashy and slick but he's solid and dependable.

"How was your day, dear?" he asked.

She froze for a second then hurried to cover up her gaffe. "Oh it was fine. I went around looking for job openings."

"Really? Did you find anything promising?"

"Not yet, but I'm thinking I could probably find something in retail. You know, at some upscale woman's clothing store or something."

"That sounds good. But just make sure it's something you enjoy doing."

Janet closed her eyes, thinking about Frank above her, thrusting into her, making her weak with passion. She shook herself. "Yes, that's what I was thinking too. I know I don't want to go back to waitressing."

"No, I agree." They sat and ate silently for a while.

Bill spoke up. "Have you thought about how much you might earn? We'd want to make sure it's worth it."

"Um, not really." She didn't want to use Frank's numbers, the bastard.

"Cause if it's just minimum wage, it might be better if you just stayed home."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it'd hardly be worth the effort to get there. And you'd come home all tired and cranky like me and then there'd be two of us bitching about our jobs!" He tried to make a joke of it but she knew it was true.

"I'm not sure what I can get. I probably can't earn more than, uh, one hundred dollars a week after taxes. I mean, unless I worked full-time."

"No! I don't want you to do that. Part-time is fine."

There came another silence as they ate. Janet finished and cleared the dishes. They went into the living room but Bill didn't turn on the TV.

"One hundred a week?" he finally said. "That's not much."

"You don't think so?"

"I just don't know if it'd be worth it."

"Well, I'll certainly try to find something that pays better."

"If you can't, just forget the whole thing. We'll make do. I should probably start dusting off my resume and sending it around though."

Janet sat up, alarmed. "Why? Have you heard something?" Did Frank get mad and retaliate already? She couldn't believe he'd do that.

"No, no. Nothing new. Just the same old rumors. But we're not stupid. We can all see the handwriting on the wall. When you've got the Japanese selling steel for less than it costs us to make it, well, we know we're in trouble."

"I thought Congress would do something."

"They can't really. It's a global economy. If they impose tariffs, the Japanese or the Chinese might retaliate and impose tariffs on goods they sell here. And our trade deficit is huge with those guys. No, we're kinda stuck. I think we're all going to have to accept lower wages or we're going to go out of business."

The news was crushing to Janet. "So you might lose your job anyway?"

"Yeah, eventually. So I'd better jump before I'm pushed."

"How long do you think you've got?"

"I don't know. It could be a few years, it could be a few months. It just depends on when the company decides to pull the plug. Already we're hearing rumors that scouts for Springfield are checking out land along the Mexican border. They can get labor there for one-fourth the cost here."

"So I'd better find a job that pays pretty good so we can boost our savings."

"Well, I don't want to worry you. It's just that in light of our conversation the other day, I want to make sure I'm not just keeping all this stuff to myself. I feel much better when we can discuss it."

She nodded, distracted. *My god, she was thinking. It's worse than I thought. And maybe Frank has been doing more for Bill than even I realized.*

* * * * *

Janet called Frank the next day shortly after Bill left. "Hi," she said when he came on the line. "It's me."

"I was wondering if I'd ever hear from you again."

"I think I might owe you an apology. Bill told me about the situation with the company, that it's worse than he let on. Is it true that you're looking for land along the Mexican border?"

"He told you about that?" His voice was sharp.

"He said it was only a rumor."

"Ah, well. You can't stop rumors."

"But is it true? Are you thinking of moving some operations to Mexico where the labor is cheaper?"

"Janet, I can't talk about that. The board would have my head. Not to mention the S.E.C."

That was all she needed to know.

"Okay, that's fine. I don't want you to lose your job. But this tells me we have a limited window here, doesn't it?"

"I can't talk about the internal operations of Springfield Steel other than to say I've done what I can to save jobs."

"I know. And I want you to know that I appreciate it." She took a deep breath. "And if the offer is still open, I'm in. But for two-fifty a week."

"Really?"

"Yes. I'll have to come up with some excuse about how I'm getting the money. I'll look around for a nice dress shop and say I'm working there."

"You understand under this new situation, I'm going to demand more."

Her breath caught in her throat. "What? What do you mean?"

"I want to own you."

"You can't! I'm married!"

"We can work things out. I don't want to jeopardize your marriage. Not right now anyway."

"I don't know what you could 'work out'. I'm not getting a tattoo!"

"No. Not yet. But we can do other things. Fun things. Things that will make you melt with pleasure."

"I don't want to melt," she said, but it was a lie. His words struck a chord in her. She realized she was heading down a dangerous path.

"It means you'll have to be available to me whenever I want you."

"Not when Bill's around!"

"Sometimes even then. You'll have to come up with excuses. Tell him you're working."

"You're going to get me into trouble. If I lose my marriage..." She didn't know how to finish that statement.

"Don't worry. I'll be discreet. But I'm looking forward to having you at my beck and call."

"Didn't you have me that way already?"

"Yes, but not like it will be. I'll call you Monday morning." He hung up.

Janet replaced the phone and sat very still on the couch. Her pussy tingled but her stomach roiled uneasily. *I'm going to get in so much trouble*, she thought.

Chapter Seven

Frank called at nine-thirty Monday and told Janet to meet him at his apartment in a half-hour. He gave her directions and said, "Now here's what I want you to wear..."

Janet was taken aback. "You're telling me what to wear?"

"Yes. Consider it an order from your new boss."

That familiar little tingle went through her. She licked her lips and breathed a little heavier into the phone.

"Put on some slippers or sandals and that satin robe you had on the boat the last time, the blue one?"

"Yes," she responded, curious now. "What else?"

"Nothing else."

"What? You want me to drive across town naked?"

"You won't be naked. You'll have a robe on."

"But what if I'm stopped?"

"If I were you, I'd obey all traffic laws." He hung up.

Janet paced the floor, worried about what she was getting into. At the same time, her body betrayed her. This was the most exciting, stimulating, terrifying thing she had ever done in her life. She felt alive and close to the edge. Frank was pushing her already and she wasn't sure how she felt about it.

In the end, she cheated. She slipped on a strapless sports bra and a pair of shorts underneath her robe before leaving the house. She drove across town very carefully. When she arrived at Frank's apartment complex, she parked near his unit and looked around to make sure she was alone. Then she slipped off her robe, discarded her bra and shorts, leaving both on the floor of the car. Quickly, she put her robe back on, feeling a shiver of fear and arousal run through her.

Janet got out and pulled the sash tighter before locking the car. The keys went into her side pocket. She hurried up the steps to his door and knocked. She wondered how he was going to be able to get away for these little trysts on a regular basis. He's supposedly tied up trying to save his company, how can he fit her in? Would he really pay her for a full week's "work" if he only saw her a couple of times? Or would he demand she come over at night too?

The door opened and Frank smiled at her. "Hi, come on in."

She scooted past, hugging the robe tight to her. "I'm so embarrassed—" she began, but Frank cut her off.

"You aren't making a good start at earning your money," he said, shaking a finger at her in mock anger.

"Wh-What do you mean?" She unfastened the robe and flashed him. "See? I'm naked underneath."

"Come here." He led her to a spare bedroom he had turned into an office. Janet was confused. Frank picked up a video camera from the desk. "Through that window you can see the parking lot." He rewound the tape and ran it. It showed Janet, sitting in the car, clearly removing garments. The camera zoomed in on her naked breasts and she flushed.

"Well, yes! I couldn't drive across town like that! I might be arrested!"

"Yes, but if the owner of a dress shop asked you to do a task and you refused, wouldn't they fire you—or at least dock your pay?"

She put a hand on her hip. "What are you going to do, fire me?"

"No, but I will punish you."

"What?" This didn't sound fun anymore. She started to leave.

He put a hand out to stop her. "Don't worry. I'm talking about a little spanking. I think you'll actually enjoy it."

"A spanking? That's a little, uh, kinky, isn't it?" For some reason, Janet felt her loins twitch and her ass became more sensitized in anticipation. Was she looking forward to this? What the hell was wrong with her!

"Sure, it's a sexual fetish, you might say. All part of the job duties here."

"You make it sound so ordinary. Do this or what? You'll fire me? Or am I simply an employee who could be easily replaced?"

"Oh no, you're one in a million."

"Yeah? How so?"

"You're a natural submissive, waiting to be set free."

"A...a...what?" Is that what she was? It didn't seem right and yet it made her wetter.

"Submissive. I've known it since that day on the boat. And the sad thing is, you're married to a man who doesn't recognize it."

Janet realized her mouth had come open. She gathered her thoughts. "And you do?"

"Of course."

Was that what was wrong with her marriage? Did she really want a man to "own" her, to be strong and masculine? Bill wasn't any of those things. He was simply comfortable. Okay, a little boring too.

"So if I take this 'job', part of my duties will be to be your little sex slave?"

"You put it so well!"

She shook her head. "This sounds too kinky."

"How about this. Give me a week. If at the end, if you're not enjoying yourself, you're free to go. You can go get your dress shop job and we'll part friends."

"And what about my husband? Will he still have a job if I go?"

He tipped his head. "Your husband will have to take his chances with the rest of us."

"But if I stay, you'll do everything you can to protect his job?"

He gave a little nod of his head. "Of course. That was the original deal."

"All right." She shrugged off her robe, kicked off her sandals and stood defiantly nude. "Where do you want me?"

She was determined not to enjoy this. She would put up with his little fetishes for a short time then call it a day and go home to her husband. This could easily get out of hand!

Frank led her to the living room where he had her place herself over his knee. She felt faintly ridiculous yet it did cause that familiar tingle in her pussy. Was she really a submissive? Was that why Frank turned her on so?

The first slap was laughably soft on her firm pale cheek. She wiggled her ass at him as if to say *Is that all you've got?* The next blow was harder and she settled down.

Whack!

"Ow!"

Whack! Whack!

"That hurts!"

"It's supposed to."

"How many are you going to do?"

"As many as I feel like doing."

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Her ass began to turn red. She could feel the heat. Now she was wiggling in earnest, trying to cool off the sting. *Whack!*

"Please!"

Whack! Whack!

"Please what?"

"Please stop!"

"Call me 'Sir' or 'Master'."

"What!?"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Okay! Okay! Sir!" God! It was almost surreal.

He kept spanking her with his open palm. Her loins boiled with lust and she knew she was dripping wet now. Surely he could see that. What would he think of her?

When he finally stopped, Janet's eyes were blurred by tears. "Ow, ow, ow! You hurt me!"

"No I didn't." His hand returned to stroke her hot bottom. She sucked in her breath. Her feelings were all jumbled. Then his fingers went down between her legs. She tried to close them and he slapped her ass again, sharply. Her legs came open immediately, giving him access to her most private spot.

"Ohhh you're so wet."

Janet flushed with embarrassment. She didn't know why—he had seen her naked before. He had touched her there many times, even fucked her. But somehow it was different now. There had been a power shift—and it made her extremely wet.

His finger was quickly coated with her juices and she ached to have him touch her clit. One touch and she would climax. "Please," she said.

"Please what?"

"Please touch me there. You know."

Another slap pushed her pleasure away. "Ow! What did you do that for?"

"You didn't say 'Sir', and you asked for something submissives are only supposed to wait for."

"Well, I didn't know!"

Slap!

"Sir!"

He stroked her bottom, soothing her.

"This is getting out of hand..." she started.

"Shhhh." He stroked her. His fingers returned to her slit. She opened her legs more for him, trying to encourage him to let her climax. "That's a good girl. Open yourself for me. That's what I like."

Janet began to bite her lip, trying to keep from begging Frank to touch her in that one special spot. She rotated her hips up to bring her clit in contact with his fingers but he pulled away each time.

"Oh god."

"That's right. I own this body. I can do what I want to it. If I want to prolong your pleasure, I will do that. If I want to spank it or mark it, I will do that."

She found herself nodding. Anything to be allowed to reach her release.

"Here, sit up on my knee." He made her rise and face him. She straddled one knee and sat down, rubbing her wet slit against his pants. She thought she might be able to bring herself off that way.

He brought his sopping wet fingers to her lips and told her to open them. She tasted herself and found it sweet. Meanwhile, she continued to rock back and forth against his leg.

"Shhh, stay still," he said, holding her in position. She pouted, the frustration evident on her face. She liked it better when he simply fucked her hard and fast.

It was difficult being made to wait. She realized he was teaching her to be submissive. Or was he simply allowing her natural submissiveness to flower?

He touched her breasts. She offered them to him. Her nipples were fully erect and eager. Was that a product of the spanking or from his simple touch? She tilted her head back and reveled in the sensations. As jobs go, this wasn't too bad, she decided. It certainly beat some boring old retail job, waiting on demanding customers.

Although, come to think on it, Frank was being quite demanding.

Suddenly he pinched her nipple.

"Ow!" She shrunk back.

"Sorry. Just seeing how sensitive you are."

"Well, I'm pretty damned sensitive!"

"Uh-oh."

"What?"

"You didn't say 'Sir'."

Janet eyed him for a long moment. "So that's how it's going to be, huh?"

"Yes. I want you to experience your submissive side. Trust me, you're going to enjoy it as much as I do."

"I don't know. It seems, well, unusual." She paused. "Sir."

He smiled. "Good girl."

"I think you're getting off cheap. Sir."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Two-fifty a week? I should charge five hundred a day!"

"No. You're not a whore. You're my secret lover. We're both getting a good deal. We're both getting what we want."

Janet had to admit that was true. At least the sex part was true for her. She wasn't so sure about whether or not she was submissive. He had told her she was and that he could tell. And it did stir strong emotions in her to give in to him. He was so powerful and Bill was so, well, ordinary, the contrast was startling.

She began to rub against his leg again, feeling the friction there. She decided to play along a little. What could it hurt? "Please, Sir, may I come?"

Frank nodded. "That's better, my little slut. Ask for permission. I'll let you come. In just a minute." He pulled her to him and she frowned, her pussy still unsatisfied.

"You're still dressed."

"Yes. I like to see you naked while I'm dressed. Maybe I'll take you out sometime like this."

She recoiled. "No! I'd be arrested! And Bill would surely find out. That would ruin your little party. Sir."

"I want you to do something for me," he said, kissing her on the cheek, making her melt into his arms. She waited. "I want you to go into the bathroom and fetch me my razor, shaving cream and a wet towel."

She sat up. "What?"

"I'm going to shave you here," he said, grabbing a handful of the soft tawny hair between her legs. "Oh you'd better bring some scissors as well. You'll find them in the medicine cabinet."

"I can't do that! What would Bill say?"

"Just tell him you decided to shave to be more sexy for him. Might improve the marital relations."

"You're...you're going to get me into trouble." Yet her body thrilled with the idea of Frank shaving her pussy. It was such a statement of ownership. But what about Bill?

"You're asking for more punishments. I'm being lenient this first day. But I won't tolerate disobedience."

She rose, her body trembling, and went into the bathroom. She had never felt so aroused! Not since, well, since that first day with Frank in the hotel room. Once out of sight, she debated bringing herself to a quick climax but believed Frank would somehow know. She found the items and wet a towel then returned to the living room. He was sitting on the couch waiting, a bemused smile on his face.

He had her lie down on the couch, her legs in his lap. He forced one to the floor, the other up over the cushions, exposing her pussy to him. It buzzed with anticipation.

"Don't cut me."

"I won't. Shhhh."

He began by snipping the hairs with the small scissors, carefully catching the loose strands and putting them on the coffee table in a neat pile. She watched fascinated as he trimmed her most private spot. How would she explain to Bill that after ten years of marriage she suddenly decided to shave it? Her heart beat loudly.

Frank was finished trimming, leaving mere stubble on her mound. He dampened the area with the wet towel and squirted a little shaving cream into his palm. She gasped when he began spreading it onto her skin. It wasn't that cold but it represented a transfer of power that took her breath away. She was a helpless little girl being "forced" to give in to the big bad man. Janet licked her lips.

Frank took the razor and began to shave her carefully. He made her move her legs wider until she was showing him everything. Her stomach did flip-flops and she held her breath to keep still.

Little by little her naked skin emerged. He moved down between her legs, getting every hair along the wet folds of her pussy. She thought she might be able to come just

from that. Her mouth came open and she felt dizzy. Her labia slipped out of his grasp and he pulled away immediately so as to not cut her.

"I need some help here," he told her. "Grab this and pull it aside for me."

She was made to facilitate her denuding. It was embarrassing and very, very sexy. Janet held the skin away from the razor as he slipped it down along her slit. First one side then the other. When he was done, he wiped the area clean. She stared at herself. She looked like a little girl again. Was that what Frank liked? Little girls?

She brought her gaze up to his and they just eyed each other silently.

Frank seemed to read her thoughts. "No, I'm not trying to turn you into a little girl. I like to make you do things for me that signify ownership. Besides," he said, gently pinching her naked labia, "it will make it so much easier to put in a small ring here."

She gasped and pulled back. "No." But her body was on fire. She wondered what it would be like now to fuck him. Would she be able to tell the difference, now that her hair was gone?

He gave her a little slap on the outside of her leg. She jumped.

"No, what?"

"No, Sir."

"I want you to keep it like this for me, okay?"

She nodded, afraid to disobey him.

"Now," Frank continued. "About your punishments."

"What? You spanked me already."

"Yes, but you've been challenging me at every turn. Another punishment is in order."

"I haven't been—" She realized she was challenging him again so she closed her mouth. Janet had trouble letting go of herself as Frank wanted. She was a modern woman and yet he was pushing her buttons. Right now she would agree to just about anything if he would fuck her. She could see the bulge in his pants and wanted to free his beautiful cock. She forced herself to wait. Let Frank control the pace.

"I'm glad you're bare here. It's the perfect place for your punishment."

"What!?" Janet tried to close her legs but Frank was still in between them.

"Relax. Just a few slaps with my bare hand. But it will help focus your mind."

A few slaps? There? Janet was confused. Her mind said one thing, her pussy said quite another. It weeped, it tingled, it cried for release.

But wait, her mind said, *this isn't right.*

Shut up – you're not the one he's going to slap! Was that her pussy talking?

The mind shut down. Janet lay back and watched, her body alive with sensations. His hand went up, her eyes followed it. Down it came.

Slap!

It didn't hurt so much as startle her. And there was something else. Her pussy, which had been quietly waiting its turn, suddenly came alive. *Wow!*

Maybe it was kinky but it sure felt good. Well, good and bad. Naughty. Depraved.

Hit me again!

Slap! Harder this time. Her pussy wept with the pleasure and pain. Janet knew her juices were flowing freely now. The bare skin made a lot of difference, she noted.

Slap!

He held up his hand and she could see her wetness on his fingers. "Oh god," she breathed. "Oh my god." She looked down and could see the faint pink outline of those same fingers across her mound. Her clit looked like a wet marble, trying to free itself from its fleshy prison.

Slap! Slap!

Janet thought she might actually die from being kept on the edge of release. Was that possible? Would police find her body later with a big smile on her face, her pussy sloppy wet and still twitching?

Slap!

"Oh please, Sir," the word just came out automatically. He was a "Sir" now. He held her pleasure in his hands, even his fingers.

"Are you beginning to understand now what I want from you?"

"Yes, Sir."

Slap!

"And what is it? I want to hear you say it."

Slap!

Her body was shaking. "Uh, obedience? And nudity?"

He laughed. "Yes. Both. And more."

"But, Sir, I'm still married..."

Slap! Slap!

"Of course you are. You have to trust me. Can you learn to trust me?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good." He moved back, leaving her there, spread wide, her pussy burning with need. She wanted him to slap her again. Or rub her clit. She wanted to cover herself. She wanted him to fuck her. Janet took a breath and let it out, trying to control her emotions. It was up to him. And that, she realized, was what her life would become if she stayed in this crazy "job" he offered. He would make her his. He would own her, just as he said.

Could she? Dare she?

It was about trust. She wanted to trust him yet she wasn't his. She belonged to Bill. It would ruin Bill if he found out. The issue rattled about in her brain like a steel marble in a coffee can.

"Sir?"

"Yes, my pet?"

"I want to trust you, let go, as you say, but I still have a big issue with Bill. You understand, don't you?"

"Of course I do. And you should learn to let me take care of that issue for you as well. All you have to do is what I say. Don't worry about anything else."

"Okay," she said, but she didn't feel it as completely as she wanted to.

"Now would you like to come?"

"Oh yes, Sir! Please!"

"All right. Wait here." He got up and left her. She stared after him, confused. He returned a minute later with a video camera in one hand.

"Oh no!" She sat up and covered herself with her hands.

"Do you trust me?"

"I want to but you're putting me in a very uncomfortable position."

"Don't worry. This won't end up on the Internet, if that's what worries you. If you don't trust me, you should get up now and leave. We'll call the whole thing off."

Janet thought about that. She knew she should get up and go before things went too far. That's what she had told him when this started. *"We can't let this get out of hand."* And here she was, about to be filmed having sex with a man who wasn't her husband.

"I can't do it," she said. "I can't let you film us having sex."

"Who said anything about me?" He sat at the other end of the couch and pointed the camera at her. "I want you to masturbate for me. I want you to come very noisily."

Janet knew she could come easily but was disappointed he wasn't offering to slip his hard, wonderful cock into her. Not that she wanted to fuck him on camera. God, it was so confusing.

"You want to film me...doing that? Why?"

"Because it pleases me. And I can watch it anytime."

"You promise not to show it to anyone?"

"No, I can't promise that. I might want to share it sometime. You'll have to trust me not to embarrass you with it. That's all. Now please begin." The little red light came on in front of the camera. Janet was still sitting there, hunched over.

"I'm not sure about this, uh, Sir," she said. "I'm very shy."

"Nonsense. You're all worked up. You can't wait to climax. I can see it in your eyes, your body posture. Please. Do it for me."

"I can't believe this is my 'job'," she said, leaning back and letting her hands drop, exposing herself for the camera.

He waved his hand at her and she let the fingers of her right hand drift to her wet slit. She could hear the sounds it made as her middle finger moved up and back. A

shudder went through her. Somehow the combination of the spanking, the slapping and the camera made her incredibly horny. It surprised her that she enjoyed performing for him. It was so unlike her. Wasn't it? Her finger stroked her sensitive clit and she forgot about the camera, about Frank. She closed her eyes. Her breaths became shallow. Her fingers moved faster, her mouth came open. It didn't take long. The orgasm came on her suddenly, catching her by surprise. Janet shook and she clamped her fingers hard against herself.

"Ohhhh, ohhhh," she cried. It was nice, but it wasn't the big release she needed.

"Again," he coached. "Do it again."

She did and it took longer this time. Her fingers moved, making those squishy sounds. This time she kept her eyes open, watching Frank watch her, recording her. It made her climb that stairway again. Her fingers became a blur.

"Oh god!" She threw her head back. "Oh my god!" The orgasm roared through her and she felt slutty, naughty – and very, very satisfied.

"That was better. I liked that one."

She hardly heard him, lost as she was in her own world. When she came back to her senses, Frank was still there with the camera, filming. He stood and moved around the coffee table, putting the camera down carefully and aiming it at her from the side, using the display screen to center her tightly in the frame. She didn't move. Even her legs were still splayed open.

He stepped back, letting the camera run, and unbuckled his pants. Janet watched him hungrily. He stripped off his clothes and came around to crawl between her legs. She opened her arms to welcome him, her eyes on his hard cock. She no longer cared about the camera, only his cock.

"Oh yes," she breathed. "Oh my yes."

Frank centered himself and entered her suddenly with one thrust. She gasped and fell back against the cushion. "Yes, baby, yes!" she cried out. He thrust hard into her again and again, driving her up against the arm of the couch. Janet hung on to his arms and rode with him. She could hear the noises of their congress, the slap of flesh, the wet sounds of her pussy, the vocalized gasps of pleasure.

He bellowed suddenly and shot his seed into her. She climaxed again and fell back against the cushion, exhausted. They rested for a few minutes then he pulled away. He came around and shut off the camera.

"So ends your first day on the job," he said with a twinkle in his voice.

It took her a moment to find her own voice. "My god, I'm not going to survive this!"

Frank began to get dressed. "I'm sorry but I do have to get back to work. You go on home and wait for my call. It might be a couple of days."

"Sure," she said, staggering to her feet. She found her robe and put it on along with her sandals. Her fingers closed about her keys in the side pocket.

"What time is it?"

"Eleven-thirty."

That whole wild escapade had taken just ninety minutes. It had seemed much longer.

He stopped her by the door and gave her a long, lingering kiss. "You were wonderful today," he said.

"Thank you, Sir. You weren't so bad yourself."

From the office, he watched her scurry back to her car and get in. She didn't try to put on her underclothes this time, he was happy to see. She started the car right up and drove away.

Frank smiled to himself and closed the door.

Chapter Eight

"Yeah, boss, you wanted to see me?" Bill Mann came in to Frank's office shortly after noon.

"Sit down, Bill."

Bill sat nervously in the chair in front of the CEO's desk. "Yeah? What's this all about?"

"I thought you'd like a progress report." Frank pulled out the video camera. "Here's what your wife did today." He turned the display so Bill could see and hit *Play*. He watched Bill's expression as he saw his wife masturbate then Frank's body entered the picture—and Janet. They fucked wildly and he watched her climax. His shock gave way to delight.

"That's great!" he said when it was over. "I can't believe it! You were right." He paused. "What happened to, um, her hair down there?"

Frank laughed. "I made her shave it off. Well, I should say I shaved it off."

"Wow. And she let you?" He shook his head. "I didn't believe it when you told me Janet was a submissive!"

"Well, I have you to thank too. If you hadn't convinced her that she needed to get a job, I doubt I would've ever been able to get her to overcome her reservations. But it looks like she's well on her way now."

"God, I never would have imagined it. My Janet, a submissive! No wonder our marriage has been dull. I just didn't know how to handle her!"

Frank recalled how this entire adventure had been started. It had begun not long after his divorce. Bill had commiserated with him about it and Frank had responded that Mary "just wasn't the submissive type he'd been looking for".

Bill had expressed surprise at that—and great curiosity. "I didn't think there was any such thing anymore," he had said. "I mean, with the women's movement and all."

Frank's words had shocked him. "Oh there are millions of women out there who repress their submissive side. You should know—you're married to one of them!"

Bill hadn't believed it of course. "No way. She's no doormat!" He saw Janet as a woman with her own mind, a bit demure, sure, but certainly no submissive.

"No, no. I'm not talking about a doormat. Far from it. A submissive is someone quite special—a woman who responds sexually when a man is strong and forceful to her. Not abusive, you understand, just forceful. The alpha male. It touches them on a very basic level."

"Maybe so, but how could you tell that about Janet? You haven't been married to her for ten years!"

"Oh I could tell from those times we sailed together and other occasions. She's just repressed it. She just needs someone to bring it out of her. Then look out!"

The expression on Bill's face had been priceless. Frank could tell he was excited by the idea that his wife might be submissive but confused by it as well.

"I guess I don't know what a submissive really is. Are you telling me that Janet might defer to me and wait on me and all those other things?"

"Yes and no. That's part of it. It's really not about ordering a woman around or making her fix you drinks. It's more about attitude. And power. I believe Janet is a sexual dynamo who would do almost anything to experience love from a dominant man."

"It sounds very interesting but I just don't see it," Bill had said.

"Well, I guess you never will. It's too bad though."

"Why?"

"Because she's not really happy being the demure and proper wife. She needs this, you see."

"Oh and you could make her more submissive, I suppose?"

"Not make her 'more submissive', no. I would merely show you who she really is. But if you're the jealous type, it won't work, so forget it."

Bill had been silent a long time. Frank had let the silence grow. Finally Bill had said, "And just what would you do—that is, if I *wasn't* the jealous type?"

And that had been the start of Frank's little "experiment". Turned out Bill was excited by the prospect of seeing his wife with Frank—or other men. As long as he was part of it of course.

Frank offered to prove it to Bill. If he was right, Bill would have the kind of woman he secretly wanted but dared not suggest—a good wife who could be very naughty and sexy. Frank wouldn't have been interested in the challenge if he hadn't had free rein to see just how far Janet could be taken. A "hands-on" trainer so to speak.

"I'll give you regular reports but it will have to appear that you're ignorant of the affair, okay?"

So they had come to an arrangement. Frank would seduce Bill's wife in order to show him what kind of woman was truly underneath that repressed exterior. Frank would finally get to have sex with a woman he'd always lusted after. And Bill would learn how to be more dominant around her.

"I have to warn you, Bill, being a dominant isn't something you can necessarily teach. It may just not be in you," Frank had said.

"I know. And that's okay. The idea that my wife is fucking other men or being dominated by other men is very exciting. It was something I could never have

suggested to her before—I figured she'd freak out and call me perverted. So that's why I don't really think you can do it."

They had shaken on the deal. Bill agreed to give him some room but he wanted hear about every detail.

Now watching Bill view the tape, Frank could tell it aroused him to imagine his wife acting like a submissive slut. He smiled. He bet Bill couldn't wait to go home and fuck her himself.

"You're going to have to give me more tips on this dominant thing," Bill said, breathing a little harder now.

"Just let out a little of your inner caveman. Don't be a jerk, just be strong. I think she will respond to it. If she doesn't or if you find you're trying to be something you're not, then don't push it, okay? Leave that to the experts."

"Okay."

Bill left and returned to work a changed man. To think that his wife would do such things! What else might she do? For the first time in years, Bill felt as if his marriage wasn't doomed to die of boredom. While most men would be jealous of Frank, Bill was actually grateful to him. He never realized that he had his fantasy woman right under his nose and didn't realize it. He only hoped he could live up to her fantasies as well. If not, would she leave him for Frank?

That was the big question, wasn't it?

When five o'clock came, Bill raced home. He walked in to find Janet in the kitchen, chopping vegetables for dinner. He came up behind her and grabbed her around the waist. She pushed back and tipped her neck for him to kiss.

"Hi, Bill. How was your day?"

"Just fine. Still have a job!"

"That's good." She snuggled against him, wiggling her ass on his hard cock.

"Did you find a job yet?"

She stiffened. "Uh, yeah, I did. I'm working at this boutique down on Chester Street," she said. "You know, women's dresses and shoes."

"Great. I'm really sorry you have to do this. I just thought it would be prudent in the short run to have some extra cash in our savings." He paused. "How much are they paying you?"

"Oh just two-fifty a week for part-time. But I'm hoping I can get more later."

"Good girl. Take 'em for all you can get!"

He let her go and turned her around, kissed her tenderly on the lips. She was still holding the knife.

"Careful! Don't want to chop you too! What brings all this on? Usually you come in and plop down in front of the TV."

"What? I can't come in and give my wife a kiss without a reason? Besides, I've been thinking I watch too much TV anyway."

Her eyes widened. "Really?" She put her free hand to his forehead. "You getting sick?"

"Ha-ha." He slipped his hands under her blouse and cupped her breasts. "Maybe we have a little time before dinner for some fun?" As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he realized that was not "dominant" behavior. He was asking her, not telling her!

"I'm flattered but I really have to finish getting dinner in the oven or it won't be ready in time. Take a rain check?"

He nodded and let her go. She turned back to her cutting board. Bill cursed himself. That wasn't a very good start. Could he take lessons in domination? He didn't want to be a wishy-washy guy. What would they call that anyway, the beta male? Or maybe the omega male.

He turned and went to the bedroom to change out of his work clothes. As he undressed, he imagined watching Janet and Frank together. He'd love to be a fly on the wall, seeing how he dominated her. And how she responded to it. It would be like attending a seminar on how to be a man. He sure could use it! He made a mental note to ask Frank to set something up for him. He could hide in a closet. But that bothered him too. It would make him a peeping tom, wouldn't it? Spying on his wife without her knowledge? That might be okay once or twice but he wanted to be present in the room, to sit on the bed while Frank fucked her. To watch her expression. To hear her cry with pleasure. And to fuck her afterward and feel her sloppy pussy accepting his cock.

He had no idea why he felt this way. Wouldn't a "real man" be jealous? If the situation were reversed, could he imagine Frank sitting by and watching his wife be fucked by another man? Somehow he doubted it. *Maybe I just don't have what it takes to be the kind of man Janet needs.*

For the first time Bill was a little worried about starting this "experiment" in the first place. What if she fell in love with Frank? If Janet left him for Frank, he'd be devastated. All the more so because he had started the ball rolling.

He made a mental note to talk to Frank. It was one thing to prove to Bill that his wife was submissive but quite another to steal her away from him. Of course he was making it easier because he liked the idea of watching his wife with another man. What was wrong with him?

He threw on some casual clothes and returned to the kitchen. He was torn. Part of him wanted to just zone out in front of the TV as before. But part wanted to try to break through the shell she seemed to have up around her. Was she feeling guilty? He decided that was probably it. And the nicer he was to her, the guiltier she'd feel.

Dammit. Now he didn't know what to do.

He went into the kitchen. "Anything I can do to help?"

She looked surprised. "No. I've got it. Why don't you go sit down and relax?"

He pulled out a stool at the counter and sat down. "Okay."

She smiled. "It's nice that you want to keep me company but it's okay, really, if you want to catch a game on TV."

Bill found himself becoming a bit peeved. "It's okay. I thought we could talk."

She turned, startled. "About what?"

"About our days. Tell me what it's like, working in a dress shop."

Janet colored a little. Just enough that he would notice because of what he knew. He could picture her on that couch, her legs spread, opening her arms for Frank...

"Nothing to tell really. Everyone is nice. Women come in and they tell you what they're looking for and we try to find something that will fill the bill."

"I imagine that must be hard, trying to find the right outfit all the time."

"Oh no, you'd be surprised. Often we seem to have just the thing they want. But not always."

"Was it hard, standing on your feet all day? Maybe you'd like a foot rub later." He wondered if that was another example of how he wasn't an alpha male, then decided he was just being nice. Dominants don't have to be selfish assholes, do they?

"Wow, that would be great." She paused. "What's gotten into you? You're being so conciliatory."

"Nothing. I'm just grateful you're helping us out. If I lose my job, it will be nice to have that extra money."

She nodded but didn't say anything. He wondered what she was thinking.

"I can at least chop some veggies for you."

"Uh, sure. You can chop this onion."

He started in while she moved to the stove to stir something. He watched her movements, knowing she was nervous. She should be! *She's worried I might find out.* Bill felt sorry for her. He knew she'd only agreed to fuck Frank to save his job. Not that it was really in jeopardy. But still. Now she faced a dilemma. She enjoyed her newfound subservience but worried about what happen if word got out. Well it would, but if everything worked out, there shouldn't be any jealousy or recriminations. Bill had been in on the deal from the beginning—the only wild card would be Janet. How would she react when she found out the whole thing had been cooked up by her husband and his boss?

She'd probably be furious. Unless she'd become truly submissive. Even then, he wasn't sure. He'd have to talk to Frank about that and see what he thought.

There I go again, deferring to the alpha male!

Of course it was a moot point anyway. The whole deal was short-term. Frank had said he'd only need a month, maybe less. She should be fully trained by then. But when

would they tell her? He wanted to start watching his wife with other men, ordering her to fuck them, suck them. It made him hard to think about it.

After dinner, Bill made sure he talked with Janet and left the TV off. She seemed surprised but pleased. But when he started kissing her on the couch, she became distracted.

"What's wrong?"

"Um, I don't know. I'm not sure I'm in the mood."

Bill nodded, wondering if she were embarrassed now that she was shaved. He decided this would be the first real test of his attempt at being dominant. "Well, that's too bad because I am. And as my wife, you have to provide me with comfort." He grinned at her.

"Uh, well..."

"Come on. I won't take no for an answer." He pulled her to her feet and propelled her into the bedroom. He began unbuttoning her blouse and she seemed nervous. Her hands fluttered about as her top came off. He removed her bra and sucked on her nipples. They grew hard and she sighed. But when his hands went to her skirt, she pulled back.

"Bill, there's something I should tell you."

He wondered if she was going to confess her "affair". He raised his eyebrows.

"I, uh, was shaving my legs this morning and, uh, I got carried away. I don't know if you're going to like it."

Her skirt slipped down her legs and she stepped out of it. When his hands went to her panties, he noticed he was shaking with excitement. Revealing her bare pussy was like being a kid at Christmas and getting exactly what he wanted. His eyes widened, his mouth came open.

"Wow," he breathed. "It's beautiful."

"You really like it?" She seemed pleased but very nervous.

"Oh yeah!" He leaned down and kissed it. It tasted clean and sweet. She probably showered as soon as she had arrived home from her "lesson". "You should've done this a long time ago! What made you decide to do it?"

"Well, that's nice. I've been reading about it, you know, in women's magazines. Apparently, it's all the rage nowadays. You think I should keep it like this?"

"Yes, I do."

"You don't think it makes me look like a little girl?"

"Not really. You have womanly hips and breasts. It just makes it cleaner and neater — easier to eat."

He pushed her back on the bed and dove in between her legs. He loved the smoothness of her mound against his face. He teased her until she reached a minor climax before he stood to remove his own clothes. Janet lay there watching him. When

he was naked, she opened her arms to him and Bill had the image of her opening her arms for Frank. It made his cock even harder, thinking about his wife with another man.

Chapter Nine

Janet parked the car out in front of Frank's apartment and looked around. This time she hadn't worn the undergarments under her robe and she was feeling particularly vulnerable.

Frank had called her Wednesday morning and told her to come over at ten. "This time just wear the robe and sandals. I'll be watching."

She glanced at her watch. It was two minutes 'til. Time to move. She got out and walked quickly to the door. Fortunately his door was set back, protected from view by a small stoop. She rang the doorbell and waited.

He opened it and smiled. "Hello, Janet."

"Hello, Sir."

He blocked her way as she tried to come in. She looked up, startled.

"Take off your robe and shoes."

"What?!" She looked around. No one could see her unless they happened to be walking between the buildings but she still felt very exposed.

"The robe. From now on when you come over, you are to hang your robe over the hook under the mailbox before you ring the bell. Shoes too. When I peek through the peephole and see that you're naked, I'll let you in." He closed the door in her face.

She stood there flummoxed. Then she looked around and decided no one could see her and shucked off her robe, kicked off her sandals. With shaking hands, she hung it up and turned back to the door. She waited but nothing happened. Finally she rang the doorbell again.

Another minute went by and she was starting to shiver – not from the cold but from embarrassment. She wiggled her hips and moved her feet, trying to will the door to open.

At long last it came open and she went past him in a rush.

"God! I was so embarrassed!"

"Don't be. I loved seeing you stand there naked."

"You're going to ruin me!" She was simply parroting her concerns. Her body told a different story. Her nipples were hard. Her pussy tingled.

"Oh come on. I'm sure Bill would be very excited to see you like that."

"Don't bring him into this! I'm doing this for him but, well, it's starting to get out of hand."

"Don't worry. Leave everything to me."

He waited, watching her. She waited too, staring at him. This pleased him since she was waiting for instructions. She was making progress. He moved close, reaching a hand out to touch her mound. Frank felt the stubble there immediately.

"You didn't shave?"

"I, uh, I didn't have time. Uh, Sir."

"I think you did that on purpose. So that I'd shave your sweet pussy and spank it like last time. I think you enjoyed that a bit too much, hmm?"

"Well, I thought you might like to do it, you know, yourself."

"Yes, but that's not what I asked of you when I told you to shave. I said, 'keep it like this'. Remember?"

She looked down. "Yes, Sir."

"So you'll have to be punished for that."

"Yes, Sir." She sounded contrite and a little eager at the same time. Frank had expected this.

"Very well. Go get the equipment from the bathroom."

She hurried off. She returned in a few minutes to find Frank already sitting at one end of the couch. She sat on the other and put her legs across his lap. When he looked at her in a meaningful way, she dropped one leg onto the ground as before, opening herself to him. Janet could tell she was already wet just thinking about what was to come.

But Frank did something strange. He eased her other leg off his lap and stood, pulled out his cell phone and dialed a number. Janet watched confused.

"Okay. You're on." He hung up.

"What was that about?"

"You'll see." He came around to stand by her head.

Before Janet could react, the front door came open and a stranger walked in. She gasped and closed her legs together. Her arms went across her breasts. She tried to get up but Frank held her down.

"Listen to me," he said softly. "You disobeyed me. I asked that you keep yourself shaved and you didn't. So as part of your punishment, George O'Malley here will shave you. He's my next-door neighbor."

"No! You can't!" She tried to turn away from him to hide her body.

Frank held her firmly as the man approached. He appeared to be close to fifty, she guessed, but otherwise was attractive in a rough-hewn kind of way. He had a barrel chest and thick arms and his unruly hair was speckled with gray. His eyes were friendly but hungry as he eyed her naked body. He sat on the couch and patted her leg. "Not to worry, my sweet. Frank explained the rules to me."

"Please, no, Frank! Don't let him do this!"

"Why? Because it embarrasses you? Or because you might like it?"

"Yes, I'm embarrassed! And I have a husband!"

"Leave everything to me. He won't find out unless we tell him. George certainly won't."

The man smiled, showing even white teeth. He kept stroking her legs and her hip until she settled down. He was already getting an eyeful and there didn't seem to be a lot she could do about it. At Frank's urging, she allowed her legs to come apart and felt his eyes on her moist privates. George rubbed her with the damp towel and squirted the shaving cream into his thick hands.

Janet turned her head away when he began to spread it over her stubbly mound, mortified that Frank would allow this. And yet... It did cause a tingle inside her. A naughty thrill. She was a very bad girl. But because she had no choice, she might as well enjoy it a little.

She watched as George took the razor and began to shave. He was very gentle. Frank let go of her arms and she didn't move, fearful of getting cut, but also because it felt good. He used short little strokes, being sure to get all the hairs on top. Frank was helpful in pointing out hairs he missed along the sides and George bent down to get every one, forcing Janet to put one leg up over the back of the couch and one on the floor. She could not be more spread open for this rugged stranger.

He finished without a nick and wiped her clean. Then he leaned over and gently kissed her naked mound. It was a sweet gesture, not an overtly sexual one. Nevertheless, it caused another thrill to shoot through her.

"Now why don't you thank George for shaving your pussy."

Janet felt her face go red. "Thank you, George, for, uh, shaving my pussy."

Both men laughed. "What?" Janet asked, confused.

They switched places and George, now standing by Janet's head, unzipped his pants.

"He was thinking of another way you could thank him," Frank said, sitting between her legs, his hands on both her thighs.

"Oh no! I didn't sign on for this! I'm not fucking this guy!"

"Now you've hurt his feelings! You are really piling up the punishments!"

"Don't worry, miss," George said. "Just a little nibble is all I ask." His cock came out and it was impressive. He leaned up against the couch near her head and put it close to her mouth.

"If you don't, the punishments will only get worse," Frank said. He leaned in close. "Besides, you promised to obey me."

With some reluctance, Janet opened her mouth and took the man's semihard cock inside. She had to help it with one hand since it was so large she feared she might choke. As she started to suck, it began to grow until it was huge. She couldn't get it deep enough into her mouth to be effective. It made her gag. She kept at it for several minutes but he didn't come. Finally he pulled back and patted her on the head.

"That will do for now, Janet."

Janet felt a little embarrassed for not trying harder. She knew Frank would be displeased.

"Would you like to stay and help with her punishments?"

"Well sure."

Her eyes flew open. Her regrets about the man flew out the window.

"Wait!"

"Shhh. You have to learn to obey. These little punishments are merely to steer you, not actually harm you."

Of course he was right—the fear of the punishments was worse than the practice. Janet decided she was really more afraid of George's leering at her while she was having her privates slapped. She would surely climax in front of him—did Frank want that? Would he fuck her in front of him too?

Her fears increased when Frank directed George to open a drawer on an end table. He pulled out an eighteen-inch riding crop and waved it in the air.

"Frank! You can't be serious!" She tried to get up but he held her down.

"Don't make it worse! I'm going to let George slap your pussy a few times. Don't be such a baby."

She eyed the powerful stranger fearfully. Yet her obedience overcame her reluctance and she didn't resist as Frank made her keep her legs apart.

"There's another one, a smaller one, in there too," Frank told George. The older man reached into the drawer and pulled out a crop that was about twelve inches long and handed it over.

"Okay, here's how this works. You are going to spread your legs wide just as before. George will give you twenty slaps on your pussy with the crop. Each time you move your legs together, I will slap both breasts with this." He waved the small crop in the air above her.

"Nooo," she moaned. She was naked, exposed and vulnerable. She was helpless—she might cry, she might scream, she might have a shattering orgasm that would mortify her. Everything was on display.

George took Frank's place between her legs and he moved up to sit on the coffee table, facing her torso. George measured the distance to make sure the leather flap of the crop would land right on her mound. He tapped her there a few times and Janet could feel her clit respond.

He raised it up. She watched fascinated.

Whack!

She screamed and her legs jerked together, trapping the crop in between. Immediately, she felt the *slap, slap* of the smaller crop on her breasts, setting her nipples on fire.

"Keep your legs apart."

How could she stand nineteen more of these?

Whack!

"Pleeease!" This time she managed not to move her legs.

Despite her protests, there was another sensation bubbling up from her loins. Her clit didn't seem to be harmed by the blows—in fact, it seemed to be growing in size, as if it were reaching up to meet the next strike.

Whack!

"Aaaaagh!"

Her legs jerked and Frank's hand moved immediately. *Slap, slap!* Her breasts burned nearly as badly as her pussy.

"I think your screaming is counterproductive. Instead of that, let's have you count the strokes, shall we? You're on number four. If you lose count, we'll start over, all right?"

Whack!

"Four!"

Whack!

"Five!"

"Say, 'Give me another, Sir'."

"Give me another, Sir!"

Whack!

"Six! Give me another, Sir!"

Janet was beside herself. Her clit throbbed and she didn't know if she was on the verge of an orgasm or she was about to be maimed for life. Deep down, she knew Frank wouldn't allow that. She was being punished for not trusting him and letting go. It was hard to do but she hoped she could learn to accept her new role with grace.

Whack!

"Seven! Give me another, Sir!"

George suddenly stopped and leaned down to blow on her tortured clit. She nearly came right then. She felt on the painful verge and knew it wouldn't take much. His fingers came down, patted her and Janet groaned aloud.

"You like that?" Frank asked.

"Yesssss."

The fingers returned and dipped into her sopping-wet slit. She groaned again and tried to hump them so she could climax. She no longer cared that this stranger was fondling her. She closed her eyes. The fingers retreated.

Whack!

Her legs jerked and her eyes flew open.

"Aaaagh! Eight! Give me another, Sir!"

"Almost had to start over there," Frank warned. He raised the smaller crop above her breasts, giving her a chance to steel herself then *Slap! Slap!* Her breasts stung.

The blows continued. She cried out the numbers—nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen. Then another pause. George's fingers returned.

"Yes, please do that," she babbled.

"You like my fingers in your pussy?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, please let me come!"

"Can I come over any time and make you come?"

Her eyes flew open. She saw both men watching her carefully.

"Will you spread your legs for me and let me rub your pretty little clit until you come on my fingers?"

"Yes, please," she said in a small voice. "Anything, just let me come!"

"We're not done yet," Frank said.

Whack!

Her legs snapped together again. Frank slapped her breasts. There was a live current between her nipples and her cunt, sparking and flashing like ten thousand volts. Janet knew she was going to come but wasn't sure she could survive it.

When George reached nineteen, he stopped again. Janet was thrashing her head back and forth. No one had ever done this to her before. To be balanced on the razor-thin edge over a shattering climax that loomed just out of reach was almost more than she could bear. Her pussy throbbed and her breasts ached. She wasn't making sense any longer. All of her attention was concentrated on her pussy.

George's fingers touched her. She nodded, "Yes, yes, yes," not aware she was speaking. She was so wet his fingers were instantly coated. She felt his thick digits move up toward her clit. She tried to help him. "Oh yes, please touch my clit, touch my clit."

"I still owe you one more slap, Janet," he said. "I'm going to rub your clit hard. When you come, I don't want you to close your legs, all right?"

"Yes, yes, yes, please..."

His fingers finally touched her fiery core and rubbed hard. Janet exploded. She tried not to slam her legs together so she arched her back instead, which brought her clit up.

WHACK!

The hardest blow yet landed right on her throbbing clit. She shrieked like a woman being electrocuted and thrashed wildly on the couch. The orgasm was more massive than any she had experienced before. Then she passed out from the pleasure-pain conundrum.

She woke to find Frank gently wiping her face with a damp towel. "Hey there. How are you doing?"

She looked around. George was gone. She raised her questioning eyes to Frank.

"No, I sent him home. He had enough thrills for one day. But don't worry, he'll be back again."

Janet blushed, remembering her promise to him. Would she really have to spread her legs for him whenever he came over? Would Frank allow that? Knowing Frank, he probably would. Why was he so willing to share her with others?

"Come, get up. I want to fuck you now."

She groaned but did as he asked. He laid her over the padded arm of the couch and entered her from behind. She was grateful for the position since her clit still throbbed and she didn't want any more rubbing there. Janet lay there passively while he plowed into her. It wasn't about her pleasure, only his, and she understood it.

As he fucked her, Frank glanced over at the bookcase where a teddy bear sat. It was actually a nanny cam he had purchased yesterday. It had captured the entire scene today. He knew Bill would be pleased. He gave a little wave.

Just knowing that he was turning Bill's wife into a submissive slut brought him to the brink of climax. He began slapping her ass. She brought her head up and gasped.

He came hard inside her and held her ass with both hands. After a few minutes he pulled free. He climbed on the couch in front of her and made her suck him clean.

Frank let her relax for several minutes until she came down from her high. Then he helped her up and walked her toward the door. "Friday, ten a.m." he told her. She nodded weakly and stepped out naked into the alcove. She grabbed her robe and put it on. Her feet found her sandals. He closed the door and walked back to the spare room. From there, he could see her stagger to her car and drive away.

Chapter Ten

"My god, Frank, this is great stuff!" Bill was saying as he watched the footage from the nanny cam. They were in Frank's office, the door closed.

"You like? You can see how quickly she's coming along. I'm prepared to take her further – you okay with that?"

"Oh boy, I don't know. Just keep going and I'll tell you if you should stop."

"Are you seeing some results from this already?"

"Yeah, some. I mean, she seems more responsive in bed. But my problem is I'm just not dominant yet. I always seem to say the wrong things."

"I've been thinking about that. We can keep on with me as the dominant one and soon she'll do anything I ask. You could be there, just like George. Of course you'd be a much more active participant."

Bill nodded. "Yeah." He liked the idea. Watching George get his jollies with his wife was a real turn-on. He could picture himself there, seeing his wife writhe and beg for release.

"What's next?"

"Well, that's up to you. But I would like to mark her next."

"In what way?"

"Just a gold ring through her labia or nipple. What do you think?"

"Ohh. Labia. I think that would look very sexy."

"I doubt she'd show it to you! She'd probably take it out first."

"Well, I wouldn't want that! I'd want her to have to explain it."

Frank smiled. "Leave that to me."

* * * * *

Friday morning ten a.m. Janet stood naked in front of Frank's door, her robe on the hook, her sandals lined up neatly underneath, and wondered why she was allowing him to do this to her. She knew she enjoyed it but it was more than that. It was like a drug to her. She had to have the pain-pleasure orgasms that only Frank could give her. She had never thought of herself as a pain slut or a submissive but he was sure pushing her buttons in some way! Now the little climaxes she experienced in bed with Bill seemed weak and pale in comparison. She enjoyed the closeness with her husband but her body needed what Frank gave her.

She stood there for what seemed like two minutes before he opened the door. "Hi," he said. "Come on in."

She went past him into the apartment and stopped still. There in the living room was a strange black man. He was broad-chested and bald and his arms were covered in dark tattoos. Beside him was an odd-looking chair of some type made of metal poles and canvas. The man was bent over a kit that was sitting on the seat and paid Janet little attention.

Janet turned and with wide eyes, silently begged Frank to explain.

"Oh don't worry. That's just James, the piercer."

The man looked up from his kit and waved. "Hi." He had a silver ring through his eyebrow and a stud through his lower lip. He turned back as if he saw naked women all the time. In his line of work, he probably did.

"What is this? I can't do this. Don't make me do this."

"Relax. It's all arranged. It won't hurt much."

"No! I can't explain this to my husband!"

"Sure you can. Tell him you did it for him. He'll go ape over it." He pushed her from behind, leading her to the chair.

James moved the kit and stepped aside, gesturing for Janet to climb on. "No," she said weakly, but climbed on when both men helped her. James began fastening Velcro straps around her thighs and shins. Frank did the same to her upper and lower arms. She was soon immobilized.

James came up and cinched up a final strap around her waist. Whistling a little tune, he bent down and began turning a wheel. Janet's legs began to come apart.

"Where are you putting this? Where are you putting this?" Her voice seemed on the edge of panic.

"Relax," James said. "It's just a little ring on your labia. It'll be cute." He slipped on a pair of latex gloves.

"My...my...?"

"Just one for now," Frank said. "Later on we can add more, don't you think?"

James nodded. "I can show you some pictures if you'd like to see."

"My...my...?"

"I think you'd better get started. I promised George a little treat later and I'd like this to be all done first."

"George?" she squeaked.

James bent down between her legs and nodded. "Good. Nicely shaved I see. That always makes it easier."

Frank patted her shoulder. "Yes, she's learning."

James pulled a small stool out from underneath the chair and sat on it. His head was even with her wide-open pussy and Janet was mortified. James adjusted the chair

to bring it down a little until he was satisfied. He dabbed the area with an alcohol swab and looked over his shoulder at Frank.

"Left or right?"

"Hmm. Left I should think."

"Okay." He grabbed a bottle and stuck a cotton swab in it. He gently coated the area around her left labia.

"What are you doing now?" Janet gasped.

"I'm numbing it. You shouldn't feel much more than a pinch."

He picked up a gun-like contraption and laid the fold of skin in it. "Front, back or center?"

"Oh front. We should be able to see it, don't you think?"

"I couldn't agree more."

"Please!"

James squeezed the handles and Janet jumped. "Ouch!" Working quickly, he wiped the excess blood and used antiseptic to clean the small hole. Then he threaded the small gold ring into it and snapped the tongue home.

"You said you wanted it permanent?"

"No!" Janet gasped.

"Yes, please. I wouldn't want her to lose it." Frank's voice was light, teasing.

James picked up a soldering iron with a tiny tip and a small gold wire and bent to his task. There was a hiss and a bit of smoke then he pulled back. "There, all done." He got up, stripped off his gloves and began gathering his tools.

Janet sat frozen on the chair, her eyes wide. She had no idea how to explain this to Bill. He would think she'd gone mad. Why else would a sane, thirty-something woman suddenly get a piercing?

James gave Frank a small bottle. "Just have her dab it with this antiseptic regularly for a week then it should be okay. If she has any discomfort, she should call me and I'll come by and have a look." He gave Frank a card.

"Great. Thanks." Frank took a wad of cash from his pocket and peeled off a few bills, handing them over.

James nodded and pocketed the money. He unfastened Janet and both men helped her out. They made her stand in front of them posing while they commented on the gold ring. When she looked down, it did look very nice. But she still worried how she would explain it.

James folded up the chair and tucked it under one arm. With his toolkit in the other, he nodded his goodbyes and left. Frank approached her and began to fondle her body, kissing her neck and cheek, telling her how proud he was of her. She felt a little light-headed.

Within minutes there came a knock on the door. "That must be him now," he said. "Would you answer it please?"

"I can't! I'm naked!"

"Oh pshaw. He's seen you naked."

"But what if it isn't him?"

"That's what peepholes are for."

Janet felt foolish. She went to the door and peeked through. It was George. She opened it, using the door as a shield for her nudity.

"Well, hi, Janet! I've been looking forward to seeing you again."

She blushed and said, "Look, about the other day..."

"Janet! Are you being rude to our guest?"

"No! It's just that..."

"Come in, George! Janet just can't seem to stay out of trouble! And just when she was doing so well."

George came in and stood there, unabashedly ogling her naked body. "Wow! I love the jewelry! Did you just get that?"

"Yes," she said in a small voice.

"Go ahead, touch it," Frank said.

"No! It's just not right."

"But you promised," George said, looking forlorn.

"That's all right," Frank put in. "You can spank her instead."

Janet's head came up and she stared at Frank. "What?"

"You heard me. If you don't want to let him touch you like you did the other day, then you must be punished."

He took her to the couch and made her drop over the arm. George took the riding crop out of the drawer of the side table and stood behind her. It was all moving too fast. Janet didn't have time to think.

Whack!

"Ow!" He was hitting her hard today!

Whack!

"Please! Frank! Sir?"

Whack!

"All right! All right! He can touch me!"

"He's going to want another blowjob too," Frank said.

Whack!

"Okay! Okay! Just please stop!"

They pulled her upright. She felt woozy and needed Frank to steady her. George came close and Janet stood still, her cheeks aflame. She felt his fingers fondling her and was more embarrassed when she realized how wet she was.

He touched the ring but spent more time on her wet slit, running his fingers up to her clit to coax it from its sheath of skin. She closed her eyes.

"Spread your legs for me, slut," George said, and she found herself obeying.

His fingers probed deeper, eliciting a moan from her. She felt Frank behind her, helping to prop her up as George's fingers dug into her. Her wetness was spread up and down and his fingers teased her clit again and again.

She leaned back against Frank and allowed the man to have his way with her. After all, she told herself, she had promised. And it felt so good. He brought her closer and closer. Her mouth dropped open.

Just before she let herself go, he pulled away and unzipped his pants. She was so close! But she knew what she needed to do if she wanted to climax. Without another word from Frank, Janet dropped to her knees and took his huge cock into her mouth. She struggled to get it in and used her hands to pump the shaft. She heard Frank encourage her and she managed to take more into her throat this time. She wanted to please Frank so she gave it her best effort. She didn't think about how this might look or what it might mean. Her job was simply to please this man.

She heard his voice rise up as she pumped and knew he was close. Janet redoubled her efforts and suddenly George grabbed her head, holding her still. She felt his seed shoot into her mouth and she swallowed automatically. For a few minutes, he held her in place.

"That was wonderful. Now come on, I'll finish you off." He pulled away.

She wanted to lie on the couch but the men didn't let her. She stood again and leaned back against Frank's broad chest while George's fingers found her sensitive spot. He rubbed and she allowed herself to drift, living within the sensations. She could still taste him on her tongue and it made her feel naughty. Her orgasm approached and it surprised her. Was she so easy now? Her mouth dropped open and she shuddered with the climax.

George's fingers left her and she felt them at her mouth. She opened automatically and cleaned his fingers, tasting herself.

"That was great, Janet. I'll see you next week then?" She found herself nodding, imagining him coming over regularly for her to tease him to a climax and for him to stroke her to one in exchange. Would it be so bad?

George left.

"My turn," Frank said, and went to the couch and sat down. Janet came to him, feeling strange, as if it weren't her body that was obeying. She unbuckled his pants and eased his cock out. It was so big and hard! She took it into her mouth and loved it. She could tell he was getting close when he stopped her.

"I want to fuck you," he said, and turned to lie on the couch, his cock a spear pointed at the ceiling. She grinned and climbed over him, pulling her labia apart and aiming his hard cock into her core. The ring felt heavy against her fingers and she wondered again how she might explain it to Bill.

Once she pressed down, all thoughts of her husband vanished and Janet threw her head back, allowing the pleasure to begin. She rode him wildly, thinking about James' fingers on her, George's cock and Frank's monster inside her. They rode together and when she felt him erupt, she came hard, collapsing onto his chest.

When it was time for her to go, Frank gave her the small bottle of antiseptic. Then he pressed two hundred and fifty dollars into her hands. "It's payday today," he said, grinning at her.

She looked at the money. Did this make her a whore? She shook her head and left, grabbing the robe and pulling it tight around her before she headed out to her car.

Chapter Eleven

"What did you do to yourself?" Bill was staring at her gold ring, his eyes wide. They were in bed, Friday night. It was all an act. Frank had been sure to alert Bill to Janet's new jewelry and had showed him the tape. She tried to hide it with her panties but Bill had "insisted" they make love.

"You like? I did it for you, dear," she lied, smiling sweetly.

"Yeah, I do. But, well, it's not exactly something I'd expect from you, is it?"

"I know. But our sex life has gotten into a bit of a rut, you know, and I thought this might spice it up some."

"Wow. That's great. But where did you get it done?"

"Uh," Janet realized she hadn't seen James' card so she had no idea where he worked. "Just a little place near the dress shop. I did it on a whim during my lunch hour."

"Was the, um, piercer a man or a woman?"

Janet's eyes darted away. "Uh, a man."

"So you walked into some shop and let a stranger stare at your naked pussy? Especially now that you've started shaving it and everything."

"Yeah, I did. He was very professional." The image of James' thick fingers fondling her private parts came to mind.

"Huh. I just never would have imagined that from you." He shook his head. "But it's real sexy. I like it. Come here, you." He grabbed her ass with both his hands as he positioned himself against her wet slit. Seemed she was always wet now, he noticed.

Janet grimaced and he saw it. "What's wrong? I haven't even put it in yet."

"Uh, it's nothing. I'm just a little sore is all."

"Oh! Of course. I'm sorry. I should've known that! Does that mean we can't make love?"

"No, but it's better if you do it from behind for now." She turned over on the bed and slipped a fat pillow under her hips. That brought her still slightly reddened ass into view.

Bill knew he could make an issue of it and she would be hard-pressed to explain why. But Frank had cautioned him that it was too early to confront her.

"We need to bring her innate submissiveness to the forefront for a while longer before we allow you to 'find out' about her secret life," he had said. "Otherwise she could retreat from both of us."

Bill had agreed so he said nothing and pretended not to notice. Slipping into her, he reached around to rub her clit, careful not to touch her ring, trying to make her orgasms as powerful as the ones he had seen on the tape. But again, when he climaxed inside her, her pleasure seemed weak and pale in comparison to those he had seen on the tapes. Bill was determined to make her shudder with release like Frank did.

* * * * *

"I've got to tell her, you know," Bill was informing Frank Monday morning. "I feel like a cad. This is my wife after all."

"I know. But you do understand that she has to separate the two of us in the beginning or this never would work."

"Yeah, I know. She sees me as this boring old guy she married. I'm sure she has no idea I am into the idea of her becoming submissive."

"I think you are more excited by seeing her with other men—in a safe environment of course."

"Yeah, I guess so. It's all mixed up in my mind. I like seeing my wife in this sexy new way. I just have to get her to understand that what we did wasn't some horrible trick we've played on her."

"It could be awkward. She might be angry at us both."

"Yeah."

"Working on our side, though, is how she is reacting to her new submissiveness. She's a natural. I know it probably scares her but she really seems to be enjoying it."

"I can tell from the videos."

"And you aren't jealous? That's a big sticking point."

"No, because I made it happen. I mean, I allowed you to make it happen. I could've said no. But I was curious. You told me she was submissive and I didn't believe it. Now I see what you mean but I'm not sure how we join the two parts together. I don't want to scare her away."

"No, I agree. I'm very fond of your wife. I'd hate to let her go."

Bill paused, tapping his fingers together in front of him. He looked at the ceiling for a moment. "Well, I wanted to talk about that."

"Yeah?"

"I think we both know that I'm not a dominant. I try, but I'm just not there. I'm more of a voyeur or a 'nice guy'—you know, that fatal flaw in some men."

"It's not a bad thing."

"No, of course not. I only mean when it comes to someone like Janet, well, she's always going to be drawn to someone like you. I'm safe. You're dangerous. It's clear she likes going to see you but coming home to me where no one is challenging her. You understand?"

"Yes, I can see that." Frank paused. "So you're suggesting we could become a tag team so to speak?"

"Yes, that's what I was thinking. At least until I learn how to become more dominant."

"You could learn as we go. Right now, she sees you as a little too safe, if you don't mind my saying."

"I know. That's why I thought this might work. But if she freaks out when we tell her, well, then I fear everything will end."

"That would sadden you, wouldn't it? You're excited about this."

"Aren't you?" Bill asked.

"Yeah, I am."

"So how are we going to do it?"

"I don't know yet. Let's just take it slow, okay?"

* * * * *

The following Tuesday morning, Janet was outside Frank's apartment at ten o'clock, just as he had ordered. It was odd, coming from her ordinary life over to the excitement that Frank offered. It was as if she were a secret agent.

She hung her robe on the hook, slipped off her shoes and stood naked twitching, looking around for anyone who might walk by. She hated these moments and yet they put her in the right frame of mind for Frank's world. His world excited her.

She heard a whistling behind her and she turned in time to see a man walking a dog along the pathway between the buildings. She froze, not able to move enough to grab her robe. He stopped and stared, and his dog, a German shepherd, barked.

At that moment, Frank opened the door. Janet scurried inside, breathing hard.

"That was wonderful," he said, giving her a big hug. "I really enjoyed seeing you show off your body."

"God! He might call the cops!"

"I doubt that very much. That's just another neighbor, Martin Campbell. But I'm sure he'll start walking by my door regularly from now on."

Janet was embarrassed yet her pussy throbbed. Did she secretly like men staring at her naked body? What was happening to her? Hadn't this started out as simple blackmail?

"Come. Today I have new plans for you."

Janet's stomach lurched but she followed him into the living room. There on the couch was an outfit. Sort of. A blue miniskirt and a plain white blouse. A pair of black sandals lay on the floor.

"Wh-What's this?"

"Your outfit. We're going out."

"Out? Out where?"

"But first, before you put those on, you need to be reminded of your place."

"What?"

He grabbed her and pushed her over the arm of the couch. Taking the crop from the end table, he spanked her several times on her bottom as she squealed and jerked.

"What? What did I do wrong?"

"You've been questioning me again. Plus, you never once called me 'Sir'."

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Sir!"

He let her up. She rubbed her ass and looked at the red stripes he had left. Without another word, she began putting on the clothes. She stopped and looked around. "Sir, there's no underwear."

"That's right."

Nodding, she put on the skirt and pulled it up. It came to mid-thigh and she knew if she bent over, the red marks on her upper thighs would be seen. When she pulled the blouse over her breasts, she found it was a little tight. The buttons strained to close and her nipples poked hard against the material.

"Sir, this doesn't fit."

"I like the way it fits."

Janet sat down and put on the sandals. "May I ask where we're going?"

"No, you may not. Come." Frank led her to the door. She followed him out, her shoulders hunched. They got into his BMW. He took the freeway and drove her across town. She recognized the mall as soon as he took the exit. He was going to parade her in the mall dressed like this?

"Sir..."

"Shhh. Trust me. I'll protect you."

She sat nervously, looking around as he found a place to park. "Let's go."

"People are going to stare."

"Good. I like them looking at you."

She followed him, trying to use his body as a shield to her own. He took her inside and she glanced around, her head down, trying not to catch the looks of the other shoppers. But she could see some women frown while men often paused to smile at her. She hurried on.

Frank took her to a shoe store and made her sit down at the back of the establishment. Janet felt a little better being almost out of sight of the shoppers walking by.

"May I help you?" A good-looking urbane man, dressed in a pale blue sports coat and tan slacks, addressed his question to Frank. "I'm Charlie."

"Yes, Charlie. My girlfriend here needs some shoes."

The man looked down at Janet, his blue eyes glinting. "What would she like?"

"Black or dark blue pumps, I think. Tall heels."

He nodded. "Of course." He grabbed a stool and bent down to measure her foot. Janet gasped when she realized he would easily be able to see her naked pussy. She tried to keep her foot on the ground.

"Let Charlie measure you. How else are we going to know what size to get?"

Janet looked up and shot daggers at Frank. But she let the man take her by the ankle and raise her foot up. He held it there and took his time, fumbling with the foot scale, his eyes never leaving her crotch. Finally he determined her size and placed her foot back down. He stood and turned to Frank.

"Nice." Then he turned and went into the back.

Frank winked at Janet. She colored and turned away.

Charlie returned, carrying two boxes. He put them down and sat on the stool. Again he took a foot and slipped the shoe on. The heels appeared to be at least three inches in height. He took his time, getting another look before he had the shoes on.

He stood and nodded to her. Janet stood and tried to walk. The heels were higher than anything she was used to and it was hard to stay balanced.

"Walk back and forth for me," Frank said. "I want to see how they look."

She did, feeling all eyes on her. She knew her ass was wiggling as she moved away from them—she couldn't help it. It had been years since she had last worn heels like this.

"Good. I like those. Let me see the other ones."

Janet returned and sat down. Charlie opened the other box, showing Frank the blue pumps with a heel that appeared to be even higher. She noticed Charlie deferred to Frank, not to her. More evidence of his dominant personality.

Charlie slipped the blue shoes on, getting another look at her nakedness under her skirt. These shoes were even harder to walk in. She worried she might turn an ankle. Bravely she strode back and forth, trying to maintain her balance until Frank was satisfied. She felt a rush of emotions run through her. Quickly she covered the heat she felt by sitting down and putting her sandals back on.

"I like them both. But I was only planning to purchase one pair," Frank told Charlie. "Maybe we could work out a deal?" He waved his hand at Charlie and the two of them walked to a far corner of the store.

Janet paled. She watched as the two men talked, wondering what Frank was offering. She worried she might be asked to give this strange man a blowjob and she couldn't possibly do that!

But why not? she asked herself. *Didn't you suck George?* Why was he doing this to her? Didn't he want her to himself?

They returned. Janet's heart beat loudly in her chest.

"Come," Frank said.

She rose on shaky legs and followed Frank into the back of the store, Charlie right behind her. In between rows of shelving, Frank stopped and turned to face her. "Charlie said we could have half off the second pair if you'd let him masturbate you to an orgasm or he'd give the second pair free if you'll blow him. What would you prefer?"

Janet's mouth dropped open, yet part of her was pleased that Frank was giving her a choice. "Masturbate me," she said at once. She turned to face Charlie. She felt Frank come up close and grab her shoulders.

She leaned back against him and spread her legs. Charlie stepped in close, his breath coming more quickly, the sweat beading on his scalp. His fingers reached underneath her dress and she realized she was quite wet. He gasped when he touched her ring.

"Gosh, you're really wet."

"For you, Charlie, just for you," she breathed, for she knew that would please Frank.

He began to rub and soon found the rhythm, moving his middle finger up along her slit to her clit and back again. Her mouth fell open and her breath quickened. Her legs grew weak and she was grateful Frank was holding her or she might've collapsed.

Charlie's free hand came up and unbuttoned her blouse. She almost spoke up but felt Frank's grip on her arms tighten and knew that he had approved. Her breasts spilled into view and the salesman's hand stroked her nipples. The other one quickened between her legs.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she gasped as she felt the orgasm approach. She felt strange, as if she were looking down on herself from above, watching this slut get masturbated by the sales clerk, her breasts exposed. Why did she allow this?

Suddenly she was up and over the peak and she gave a little cry, sagging into Frank's arms. Charlie held his fingers tight to her spasming cunt. Reluctantly he let her go and stood back.

"Thanks, that was well worth it," he said, licking his fingers of her juices. "Sure you don't want one pair free?"

Janet saw the bulge in his pants and shook her head. She quickly refastened her blouse and adjusted her skirt, pulling it down as low as she could. Her pussy squished with her wetness.

"No, I think that's enough. You heard the lady. Wrap them up."

"Um, may I have a tissue?" Janet asked.

Frank shook his head. "No, I like you like this."

They came out into the lights of the store. Janet could see the eyes of the other customers and salesman on her. She flushed with embarrassment.

Frank paid for the shoes and they left. She hoped they were done but Frank had other ideas.

"Come, let's go in here," he said, pointing to a Victoria's Secret. She groaned inwardly.

The well-dressed female clerk with blonde hair up in a bun tried to hide her surprise when she saw the too-tight blouse with no bra. Her eyes dipped down to take in the skirt and she pursed her lips in disapproval.

"As you can see, my girlfriend is in need of a good bra," Frank said cheerfully.

Janet felt the blood rush to her head.

"Of course." She turned to Janet. "What kind were you looking for?"

She wanted to say, *Big, like grandma's!* but knew Frank would be the one to decide. She looked over at him.

"I think something that lifts and presents, like a demi cup," he said, smiling at the clerk.

The blonde nodded in understanding. She had probably seen lots of men bring in their wives and girlfriends for such games. She gestured for the two to follow her and she came to a display of very sexy bras and panties.

"We have these demi bras and some quarter bras," she said, smiling. The bras were hardly there. Instead of covering her, they would put her nipples on display.

Frank looked through several and picked out a few he liked.

"And how about matching panties? Would you like to see those too?"

"No, I prefer her without panties," he responded.

Janet wished the floor would open up and swallow her. The blonde saleslady flashed her a knowing smile, as if to say, *Aren't you lucky?* Janet didn't feel lucky, yet she couldn't deny how turned on she was. She wanted Frank's cock in her in the worst way. She couldn't help but smile at her own joke—*I mean in the best way*, she corrected herself.

"Do you know your true size?"

"Well, uh, I'm a 36C."

"Most women choose the wrong bra size. I can measure you to be sure."

"That would be great," Frank put in.

The clerk led them to a row of dressing cubicles and gestured to the one at the far end, up against the wall. None of the others seemed to be in use. Frank followed Janet inside. It was big enough for them but the clerk had to stand outside. She held on to the door. "Now just take off your blouse and I'll measure you."

Janet paled. "But people might see!"

The clerk laughed. "I thought that was the whole idea!"

Janet shot a glance at Frank and shrugged off her blouse. She stood there in the cubicle with only the saleswoman blocking the view of her breasts. She came close and

used a tape measure on her, tugging and pulling to make sure she had it right. Janet was sure she could smell the scent of her recent encounter with the shoe salesman.

"Hmm. Looks more like a 38C," she said, stepping back. "I'll get some in the right sizes." She left.

Janet closed the door and faced Frank. "Why are you embarrassing me so? I could get arrested!"

He laughed. "I doubt it. It pleases me to display you. And I know deep down you like it too."

"No! I'm mortified! This isn't like me."

He reached between her legs and scooped up some of her wetness then showed it to her. "I think you're enjoying yourself enough, don't you?"

Before she could reply, the saleslady came back and Janet straightened, covering her breasts with her hands.

"Here we go. Try this on." She handed over a wispy strapless bra all in cream with an underwire. Janet put it on and found it supported her breasts from underneath, her nipples pointing out like bullets amid the lacy edge.

"Oh my," she said. "That's a bit much, don't you think, Frank?"

He frowned at her. "Oh no, I like it."

The saleslady beamed. "Good. I think you'll like this one too."

It was a black-strapped version that left even less to the imagination. Her breasts cantilevered out from her chest, her nipples erect. Janet could tell from Frank's expression that it was just what he was looking for.

"Great, I'll take them both."

"Would you like her to wear one?"

"The cream, I think," Frank said. He watched as the saleslady fastened the first bra around her. Janet quickly put on her blouse. With the extra support, her nipples appeared ready to burst through.

"I think her blouse is a bit tight. But I suppose you like it that way?" the clerk inquired.

Frank nodded and gave her a wink.

After paying for their purchases, they left. Janet hunched her shoulders and followed Frank quickly out of the store. She hoped they were done. He stopped suddenly.

"How's your ass?"

"What? Uh, it's fine." She remembered the whipping he had given her but it no longer hurt.

"Well, you're in for more. You haven't said 'Sir' to me once since we got here."

Her mouth went into an O. She'd been so distracted by the embarrassments she had suffered, she had forgotten. Now her ass burned as if she could feel the crop again. "I'm sorry, Sir."

"Too late." He herded her into a dress shop where rock music blared. He went straight to the rack where several miniskirts were on display. As he was flipping through them, a tough-looking young female clerk came over.

"Help ya?" She had dyed black hair with a purple highlight and a silver ring in her nose.

"Yes, I think so. My girlfriend needs a new miniskirt."

The clerk gave Janet the once-over, raising an eyebrow in surprise. "Are you sure that's the right style for her?"

Janet felt deeply offended but said nothing.

"You think she's too old for a miniskirt?"

The clerk stared at the blue one she had on. "Well, maybe not. She does have good legs." The tip of her tongue touched her upper lip.

"She does, doesn't she? Let's try on these two," Frank said, pulling out a black one and a red one. "I think this is her size."

The clerk took them and led the two back to the dressing rooms. As they walked, Frank whispered to Janet, "If you can make her rub your pussy, I'll reduce your punishment."

Janet's eyes went wide. "How?" she whispered back.

Frank shrugged. He paused outside the rooms and let the clerk lead Janet inside. He winked at her as she went by.

In one of the stalls, the clerk handed Janet the two skirts and said, "I'll leave you here to try them on —"

"No! Wait."

The clerk paused, confused.

"Uh, what's your name?"

"Claire."

"I couldn't help but notice your nose ring," she went on hurriedly. "I just had a ring installed myself and I wondered if you'd like to see it."

Claire raised an eyebrow and gave Janet's body a quick once-over as if she were trying to spot it. "Where?"

"Here," she said, unsnapping her skirt and letting it fall. When the clerk saw she wasn't wearing panties, her eyes bulged. Then she spotted the gold ring nestled amid the folds of skin and her mouth dropped open.

"Wow," she said, staring at it. "That's real pretty."

"It's okay. You can get a closer look."

Claire bent down and looked this way and that. "Did it hurt?"

"Not too much."

The clerk made a face. "You're kinda wet, you know that?"

"I know. Frank – my boyfriend – made me come out today without panties and it always gets me excited."

Claire looked up at Janet. "You're lucky."

"Don't you have a boyfriend?"

"Uh, no." She licked her lips.

"Do you like it?"

The girl jerked. "Huh?"

"The ring."

"Oh yeah. It's pretty." Janet could see her fingers twitch.

"Go ahead, you can touch it."

"Really?"

"Sure." She spread her legs for the girl.

Claire reached out and tugged at the ring. She admired how it looked, so shiny and heavy. "I may have to get one someday," she breathed.

Janet enjoyed how her gentle fingers tickled her throbbing pussy. "Could...could you do me a favor?" she whispered.

Claire's eyes never left the gold ring. "What?" she whispered back.

"I'm so horny. My boyfriend's got me on edge. Would you –?"

"What? What do you want me to do?" She played with the ring and allowed her fingers to slip past it, touching her hot skin.

"Yes, that's it. Just rub it a little. Please?"

"Well, sure," she said, as if that were the most common request she heard from her customers. Claire's fingers began to slide up and around, drawing more moisture from her. Janet leaned back against the wall and spread her legs. Claire moved closer until they were face-to-face. Only her hand moved as they stared into each other's eyes.

Claire found her rhythm and stroked Janet's pussy from back to front, making sure to tease her clit only briefly. Janet nodded, her mouth open, encouraging the younger woman to continue.

"You like it like this, slut? You like my fingers in your pussy, rubbing your wetness, making you weak?"

"Yes, yes," Janet said, rising to another orgasm.

"You like to show off your tits and your cunt for me?"

"Yesss."

"Unbutton your blouse. Show me."

Janet's hands flew up and the buttons parted.

"I like the way your nipples are exposed," Claire said, her finger moving rapidly, watching Janet's face. "I'm going to suck on them."

Janet could only nod, her voice gone. Claire bent down and sucked a fat nipple into her mouth and Janet went over the edge. She gasped and bit her lip to keep from screaming. Her climax took the strength out of her knees and she buckled, sliding down to sit on the narrow bench, her legs splayed apart.

"Oh god!" she said. "Oh my god!"

Claire smirked. "You liked it?"

"Oh my yes." She glanced over her shoulder to see Frank there, peering through a crack in the door. He opened it a bit wider and gave her the okay sign. Then he left. Claire remained unaware. Janet quickly buttoned her blouse.

It took Janet a few minutes to compose herself then she tried on one of the skirts. Frank was called back and he nodded his approval. No mention was made by Claire or Janet what had taken place a few minutes before. And yet when it came time to try on the other skirt, neither Frank nor Claire left and Janet was forced to strip in front of them. She was more embarrassed by her increased wetness than being naked, she noticed. She wished she had a tissue.

When Frank was satisfied with the skirts, Claire talked him into a new blouse. "You can't possibly want your girlfriend to walk around in that too-tight number," she told him. "Let her have a little dignity."

He laughed and agreed with her. Claire found a nice salmon-colored blouse that went well with the blue skirt so she wore that outfit out of the store. At least it covered her better. When they were outside, Frank turned to her.

"You did very well. You escaped most of the punishments."

"Most, Sir?" She was hoping it would be all.

"Yes, I would still like to crop your sweet ass a few times, just because I enjoy it so."

Janet smiled. "Very well, Sir."

They headed back to the car carrying their purchases.

Chapter Twelve

"You're kidding me."

"No, I'm serious," Frank said. It was Wednesday afternoon and he was giving Bill a recap of Janet's latest adventures.

"I wish I had a video of that!" Bill shook his head, thinking about his wife being masturbated twice — *twice!* — by strangers at the mall.

"That might've been awkward!" They both laughed.

"Well, I want to join in now. I want her to do that for me."

"Um, I still think it's too soon. But I have some ideas on that, if you're willing to wait awhile longer."

"Yeah? What?"

"I'm getting her to accept the intimate touch of strangers. But she's still embarrassed and a little ashamed by it. I want her to get to the point that she'll do anything I say as long as she knows I'm there to protect her."

"Yeah, I see that. But what more do you need to do? Isn't she ready already?"

"No. She hasn't quite let go yet. I'm sure she still feels some remorse over her actions, even though she did them at my behest. She's come a long way but she's not where I think she should be before she can overcome the shock of seeing you there." He pointed a finger at Bill. "Besides, you need to work on becoming more dominant. Otherwise, she won't be able to handle the two worlds colliding."

"I know, I know. I'm working on it. How much more time do you need?"

Frank thought about that. He wanted to take as long as possible. He so enjoyed having Janet all to himself. And yet he knew he couldn't delay Bill much longer. "Give me until the end of next week. Friday. That will give me another four or five sessions with her. I hope that will be enough."

"That long?" He grimaced his disappointment. Then he shrugged. "Okay. I defer to your expertise. But I want to see more videos, all right?"

"All right. I'll do what I can. It's difficult to videotape her when we're out in public."

"You think that's wise, really? Having her out like that? What if she gets arrested?"

"I'm being careful. I don't want to ruin this deal any more than you do."

* * * * *

"Hi, honey, I'm home." Bill came in and kissed his wife.

"How was your day?" Janet tried to fight the wave of guilt that washed over her every time she saw her husband now. Thankfully she had showered and changed her clothes after her recent outing with Frank.

"Good. Same ole, same ole. Haven't heard any more news about layoffs so that's good."

Janet was tired of hearing about layoffs. It brought home to her just how this whole mess had started. She never would have agreed to fuck Frank and therefore she never would have known about the type of orgasms she'd been missing out on. She could've lived her ordinary little life in peace.

Now it was difficult to go back to the boring old sex that Bill offered. He was sweet and all, but her body was left unsatisfied by the minor tremors she received from sex with him. Why couldn't he be more like Frank?

She pulled away and went into the kitchen. Bill followed her. "So what did you do today?"

"Uh, nothing. Worked at the shop."

"Get any more jewelry installed?" He winked at her and she blushed.

"No! That was a one-time treat." *I hope so anyway*, she thought. How would she explain nipple rings?

"Aww, too bad. You know I love it."

"Well, I'm glad you do. But don't get too excited."

"I want to take you to that shop and have some other jewelry installed," he said forcefully.

She looked up, startled. "What?"

"Yes. I'd like to see maybe a gold ring right above your clit. I hear that if you can get a heavy little ring to rest right on your clit hood, it can cause a lot of erotic sensations all day as it bounces around."

Janet stared at him. "You'd want me to do that?"

"Yes. I like the idea of you aroused all day, waiting for me to come home and relieve the itch." He came closer and found her nipples were trying to burst through her bra and blouse. He pinched one through the material. "Or maybe a nice set of nipple rings."

She colored and leaned back against the counter. "That...that's not really like you, is it?"

"Sure it is. I know I've been this boring and quiet guy but I have my secret fantasies too. When you got that ring, it made me think about what I've been missing."

His hand went down to her slacks and he rubbed her gently. "I'll bet I'm making you wet just thinking about it."

"I, uh, I don't know. Maybe." She tried to sidle away but he held her.

"You know what I would like tonight?"

"I can guess!"

"Well, that too. But I'd like you to make my dinner naked with just an apron on." He left her frozen there, her mouth ajar, and went to the drawer, pulling out one. "This would be perfect." It said *Kiss the Cook*. He held it out.

She didn't move. "You can't be serious."

"Oh I'm serious, all right. If you can let a stranger see your bare pussy while he installs a ring, you can cook dinner for your husband naked."

She took the apron and looked from it to Bill and back again. "This is so unexpected." She started to head into the bedroom.

"Oh no! You strip right here. Hand me your clothes. I'll make sure they are taken care of."

Janet shook her head as if she couldn't believe what she was hearing. Suddenly Bill was acting like Frank? She found herself falling into her submissive mode—she couldn't help it. But it surprised her that it was Bill giving the orders.

She unbuttoned her blouse and handed it over. Her bra followed. She started to put on the apron to cover herself but Bill tsked and pointed to her pants. She unzipped them and slipped them off. He took and draped them over his left arm. Dressed only in her panties, she pressed her hands to them and begged, "Can't I keep these?"

"No. Naked." He wagged his fingers at her and she shucked them off.

"I do like this new look," he said, touching her smooth mound over her shiny ring.

"You do?"

"Oh yeah."

He took her clothes into the bedroom while she quickly put the apron over her nakedness. When he came back, she was at the counter, chopping vegetables, her cute peach-shaped ass exposed. He came close and rubbed her bottom. She wiggled it and tried to get away. He grabbed her and pulled her tight to him so she could feel his hard cock against her.

"Now, now, you're going to ruin dinner!"

"Oh yeah, the hell with dinner." He pushed her up against the counter and unzipped his pants.

"Bill! This isn't like you!"

"It is now," he said. He used his knee to pry her legs apart. His cock found her wet slit. Aiming carefully, he pressed himself into her.

"God, Bill!"

He fucked her hard and fast up against the counter. When he came, she gasped with the shock of it. This was more like Frank than Bill! When he pulled back, she looked flustered.

"I have to cook," she said, and went to work, chopping vegetables with a vengeance. Bill laughed and retreated to a stool to watch her cute butt wiggling.

* * * * *

Frank called Janet on Thursday and told her to meet him at six o'clock at his apartment. Six?

"Why so late? What am I going to tell Bill?"

"I don't know. That's up to you. Wear one of the outfits I bought you. No panties. Don't be late."

Janet hung up the phone and worried. This was the first time he had wanted to meet at night. What was that about? Would he take her out to embarrass her further? Or was he planning to have someone come over—someone who could only be there at night?

She shivered and wondered what excuse might work with Bill. She worried about it all day. He'd been acting so funny lately! That business last night with the apron. That was more like something Frank might do! What had gotten into him? She couldn't understand it.

In the end, Janet decided simply to leave Bill a note. He usually arrived home at five-thirty so if she left a little early, she could avoid any nervous lies she might have to tell.

She showered and shaved carefully, making sure she was smooth. She knew if she didn't, some stranger would be down there pawing at her, and she'd have to suck him off as his reward. She put on the cream-colored bra, the salmon blouse, the black mini-skirt and her new black heels. Underneath, her pussy was naked to the world.

She penned *Gone to the movies with Joyce, be back later* and left the note on the kitchen table. Joyce was an old friend whom she hadn't seen in a while so Bill would probably buy it.

She left the house at five-twenty and drove to Frank's apartment but didn't park in front. Instead, she parked at the far end of the lot and simply waited. When it was five 'til, she drove up and parked closer.

She was very nervous when she rang the doorbell. What in the world would he do to her today? He opened it at once and smiled at her. "Hello, Janet." He was dressed in slacks, a blue shirt and a sports coat.

"Hello, Sir." He stepped aside and let her in. She looked around the living room but there was no one there. She waited, her eyes questioning him.

"I thought I'd take you out to dinner."

Her heart melted. So that's all it was! "Well, thanks, that's nice of you."

"There's just one little twist."

Her stomach twisted and her eyes grew wide. What now? Her pussy felt hot.

"I bought something for you." He went to the end table and opened the drawer. She feared he might bring out the riding crop but he pulled out a package. He brought it over to her.

"See? It's a remote-controlled vibrator."

She'd heard of such things but had never tried one. It was more kinky stuff from her kinky lover. Janet smiled. Frank looked so eager, like a kid at Christmas. He opened the box and brought out the toy. It was a cylinder about two inches in diameter and four inches long with a short wire that hung down from one end. He put in two small batteries and handed it to her.

"Here, this goes inside your pussy. And don't take it out until I tell you to."

She took it, feeling foolish. Did he really want her to put it there? Yes, he did, so she sat on the couch and spread her legs. The cylinder was made of smooth plastic except for at the end near the wire where it had a wide rubberized band. She had no idea why it was made this way. Janet caught Frank's eyes on her as she slid the device into her. She was wet so it fit easily, all except that part at the end. That took a bit of work. When she stood, she felt full. And she suddenly realized why it had that rubber band at one end. It was so her vaginal muscles could hold it in place. Otherwise, it might slip out onto the ground.

"Okay, it's in. Now what?"

Frank showed her the remote, which had four settings. He threw the switch to the first one and Janet felt a buzzing between her legs. A wave of pleasure rolled through her.

"Wow," she said.

He moved it to the next setting and the sensation increased in intensity. Her mouth came open and her breathing grew shallow. Janet grabbed the arm of the couch to steady herself.

"That's enough," she gasped.

"Well, let's just see what the others do, shall we?" He hit the third position and the sensations came and went as the device went on and off at regular intervals. It never gave her a chance to rest and she found it was worse than the second position. She actually felt as if she might climax right here and now.

"Oh god, Frank, I'm going to come!"

"Wait! Let's try this last one." He thumbed the button and the sensations suddenly cut out. For a moment she thought it was broken but then the buzzing started, a rolling motion that made her weak in the knees. It stopped then started again, more powerful than before. She sat down heavily on the couch and splayed her legs apart, her hands on her knees. It cut off, leaving her breathless. This last position of the switch was the cruelest for it came and went with no notice. One moment she was fine, the next she was gasping. And it wasn't regular so she could prepare. It was just random surges of pleasure that knocked her off her feet.

"Ohhh looks like we'd better save that for special occasions," Frank said, shutting it off. Janet gasped in relief.

"Y-You're not g-going to do that while we're at dinner, are you?"

"Well, sure. But I'll be careful. Wouldn't want you to climax in the middle of your baked potato!" He laughed.

He gathered up his keys and they went out.

In the car, Frank flipped it to the first position and Janet had to grab the armrest to maintain her sanity. And that was just the weakest setting! "Sir, I don't know if I can do this."

"You might come?" His eyes slid from the road to her.

She nodded.

"Well then, I'll have to be careful. But I do enjoy teasing you so."

"God, you're going to kill me." Secretly however, she had never felt so alive.

"By the way, what did you tell Bill?"

"Uh, that I was going out with a girlfriend to a movie. I just hope he doesn't check on me."

He nodded, a slight smile on his lips. "Okay, we're almost here so I'll give you a little break." He flicked off the remote and Janet sighed with relief.

The restaurant was upscale and Janet was pleased. With their constant worry about money lately, she and Bill would've been hard-pressed to afford something like this. The table wasn't quite ready so they went into the bar for a drink. Just as the waitress approached, Frank flicked on the device to the first setting.

Janet's mouth dropped open and she gripped the arms of the chair.

"May I get you something?" the perky blonde waitress asked. She didn't seem to notice Janet's discomfort.

"Yes, I'll have a martini on the rocks with a twist of lime. How about you, Janet?"

"Um." She bit her lip. "I'll have a...glass of white...wine."

The waitress nodded and left.

"Sir!" she whispered. "Please!"

"You don't like that setting? How about this one?" He flicked it to the second one. Janet's eyes bulged and her eyes immediately glazed over. She began breathing shallowly. The bar was too noisy to hear the vibrator working inside her so her actions seemed oddly out of place.

The waitress returned with a tray and Frank shut off the remote just as she approached the table. Janet blew out a breath. "Here you go," the server said cheerfully, setting the drinks down.

Janet took a big sip of her wine and stared daggers at Frank as he paid for the drinks. When the woman left, Janet leaned forward. "You're going to cause a scene!"

"I know – isn't it grand?" But he left the remote off for a while.

Frank excused himself to go to the restroom, giving her a chance to think.

Janet felt the heat of the moment and realized she had never had a man willing to play such wild sexual games before. Was she being a fool or had she been missing

something in her life all these years? She wasn't sure. But she had to admit, she felt safe with Frank despite the risk. He took her to the edge but he made sure she never crossed over into real danger.

Frank returned just as their name was called and she stood, wondering if he would spark the vibrator as they walked to their table. Fortunately, he was being good and she made it safely. But as soon as she sat down, she felt the vibrator start up.

"Oh god!" she whispered, feeling the buzzing throb in her pussy. "I can't eat this way."

"Really?" He grinned. "This I gotta see."

"No, you can't!" She feared she might really climax in the middle of this crowded restaurant. She looked around, seeing all the other diners going about their business, not aware of the little drama being played out in front of them.

Fortunately at that moment, the buzzing ceased.

"All right, I'll let you pick." He grabbed the menu with both hands.

"Good," she said, picking up her menu. She read the choices and made her selections, stopping now and again to peek over the top and make sure Frank wasn't cheating.

As the swarthy waiter approached, Janet suddenly felt the vibrator start up again, this time at a higher setting. Wave after wave of pleasure rocked her. She glared at Frank, who had one hand in his coat pocket. "What are you doing?" she gasped. "You promised."

"I promised to let you read the menu. Now I'd like to see you order."

"Please," she begged. "I can't..." She squeezed her legs together hard just as the waiter arrived to ask what they'd like to order.

"Ladies first," Frank grinned. Janet groaned.

"Uh, I'll have..." she couldn't concentrate. All she could think about was the orgasm building in her body, causing her to flush with chagrin. "Oh god!" Her dam broke and she climaxed, her legs tightly held together, her teeth clenched as she tried to hide it. The waiter seemed alarmed. *He must think I'm having a seizure*, she realized.

As soon as the peak crested, she gasped out, "I'm okay!" She took a deep breath. "Just a cramp." Fortunately, the buzzing stopped. She shivered and took a sip of water. She glared at Frank who shrugged his innocence.

"Are you sure you're all right?" the waiter asked.

"Yes. Fine. Uh." She concentrated on the menu as she ordered.

The waiter looked at Frank as if to confirm what he saw. Frank shrugged again. He ordered and the waiter went away, shaking his head.

"That was horrible! I could've died from embarrassment!"

"No, I doubt that. It was fun, wasn't it?"

"No! It was too much. I feel like I'm on display."

Frank reached his hands across the table and took both of hers. "That's exactly what I want. You are a lovely, sexy woman and I want you on display."

"Why? Why do you like that so much?"

"It pleases me. You know how some men like to see their wives wear sexy outfits? Or flirt with other guys? It turns them on. Seeing you learn to live a little turns me on."

Janet couldn't believe how overly sexual Frank had become. Had he always been like this? She couldn't picture him with Mary — she had been so strait-laced. Perhaps he was letting himself go as well. They were exploring the dark side of their psyches together. She couldn't imagine Bill having a dark side like this. If he could see her now, he'd probably divorce her.

For a brief moment, she wondered if that would be so bad. Would Frank want her if she were single again? Could she stand it, being treated like a sex goddess all the time? She felt a little shiver run through her and decided, yes, maybe she could.

But of course she'd never leave Bill! She wasn't that kind of woman!

The game with the vibrator seemed to be over and Janet was grateful. They ate their dinner in peace and she tried to push the memory of herself climaxing in front of the waiter behind her. He must think she's a total slut! But her pussy wanted more. She felt like slapping it. And that brought on the image of her on the couch with George slapping her bare cunt with the riding crop. She closed her eyes.

"Something wrong?"

"No, nothing." She looked startled.

"You seem distracted."

"No, I'm okay. I, uh, just have to go to the restroom." She stood and excused herself.

The restroom was small, just two stalls, and appeared to be empty. As she sat on the toilet, she debated taking the vibrator out. Then she remembered Frank's order that she leave it in until he said so. Why was she so readily obeying him? Why did it give her such a thrill? She dressed and washed her hands, shaking her head and wondering where this would all end.

"Probably with the end of my marriage," she muttered.

She came out into the narrow hallway and was shocked to see Frank standing there — with the waiter.

"Hi," he said casually. "This is Omar, your waiter."

"What — ?"

"I offered him a choice. A tip or to see you have another orgasm."

"You...you told him?" She couldn't believe it.

"Guess what he chose?" He grinned at her.

This was too much. "No, Frank, I can't."

"Of course you can. Remember, I will protect you. Now is there anyone in the restroom?"

"Uh, no...but really, I can't."

"Relax, he's not going to do anything George or the others haven't already done. You don't have to think about it. Just obey." He turned to Omar. "You know what the limits are, right?"

The waiter nodded, his dark eyes steady on Janet. "I thought I saw you come there at the table. Mr. Ramon said I could touch you, make you come for me."

Janet found herself in another place. It was as if her mind had left her body. She was looking down at herself, nodding dumbly. They pushed her back into the ladies' room. Frank stood by the door in case someone wanted to come in. Omar pressed her up against the sink. His hand went underneath her skirt and began to fondle her. She was so wet! She couldn't believe she was actually doing this. Part of her wanted to scream but she was so excited she said nothing. Her eyes met Frank's and they stared at each other as Omar's fingers rubbed her clit, bringing her to the brink. Her mouth came open and her breath caught in her throat.

"Oh no," she breathed, feeling another climax approach. How could this be?

"Rub his cock," Frank whispered, and Janet's hand went automatically to the waiter's pants. His cock was hard and threatened to burst out. "Unzip him," he ordered.

Janet nodded, her mind lost to the sensations in her pussy. She was being controlled like a puppet. Her fingers eased the zipper down and his cock sprang free.

"Rub him like he's rubbing you," Frank said, and she did. It felt so good to hold it. But it really felt good to have Frank watch her do it.

Her orgasm came like thunder upon her. She gasped and threw her head back as the wave broke and she cried out. Her hands fumbled on his turgid cock. She sagged against the sink and nearly lost her balance. Omar caught her.

Her embarrassment suddenly became acute. "Oh no!" She hid her face in her hands. She could smell Omar's musk and quickly pulled them away.

"Now look," Frank chided. "You've gotten him all hard but you're all done."

"What?" She looked down to see Omar's cock still straining red and purple beneath his olive skin.

"Go on, finish him."

"But, Frank..."

"Do it or there will be more punishments. Perhaps Omar would like to participate..."

Janet's hands went back to the waiter's cock, shocked that Frank might allow him to whip her. She pictured herself spread out on the couch, Omar staring at her naked body. No, no, no! It was better to end it here. Her hands began to move up and down, trying to milk his seed from him.

God, his cock was so nice! She found the angle was wrong so without thinking, Janet eased down to her knees and began to jack him off in earnest. His cock bobbed in front of her and she had a wicked thought. She could almost taste the cock head.

"Go ahead," Frank said.

"No..." she breathed. She wasn't about to suck on this stranger's cock. That was too much! But it surprised her that she wanted to.

Fortunately, the mood was broken when Omar gasped and streams of white began pumping out of his cock. She jerked back but it landed on her chin and neck. She let go and stood then turned and caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. A slutty wife with ropes of semen on her face looked back. She felt suddenly ashamed. Janet grabbed several paper towels and began to clean up.

"Thank you, ma'am," the waiter said behind her. "You are wonderful." He zipped up and left.

Frank leaned over her shoulder. "Don't feel bad. That's exactly what I wanted you to do. In fact, I would've loved it more if you had sucked his cock."

She stared at him in the mirror, her face flushed, beads of sweat on her forehead. "Please, Sir, go away. I want to get cleaned up."

He nodded and disappeared through the door. She was left alone with her thoughts.

Chapter Thirteen

My god, what is happening to me? Janet sat in her bathroom, staring at her reflection. It was Friday morning and Bill had already left for work. He had been asleep when she'd gotten home and left early before they had a chance to talk. Janet was grateful, for what would they talk about? *I nearly allowed a stranger's cock into my mouth! And the worst part was, I wanted to do it!* Of course, she had already allowed George's cock into her mouth but somehow that was different. That had been Frank's neighbor, not some strange waiter!

Even now, the idea of sucking on that beautiful cock excited her. But she knew nothing about the man. He could be diseased or dangerous. She was being a fool! Then why did it cause her such excitement?

She wondered if this was how men felt most of the time. They could fuck anything. Was Frank releasing her inner slut? *Is that what I've become?* She wanted to talk to him about it. She was so confused.

The phone rang. Her stomach lurched and she both hoped and dreaded that it was Frank.

"Hello?"

"Hi, baby. How are you?" She closed her eyes.

"Frank, uh, Sir, last night..." She couldn't go on.

"I know. You're concerned. But relax. Don't worry so much. I was right there watching you, protecting you."

"But you didn't know anything about him! He could've been...well, dangerous."

"Well, of course I spoke with him before I brought him back there. I would never cause you harm."

"It was...risky."

"But you have to admit, you liked it, didn't you."

Janet said nothing, her mind whirling.

"I'd like you to come by today. But not until eleven. That should give you some time to recover."

Her pussy throbbed, but her voice said, "So soon? Please, Sir, don't make me do any more dangerous things."

He sighed over the phone. "If you knew that the person was perfectly safe and wouldn't cause you any problems, would you feel more comfortable?"

"You mean..." Did he want her to take another man's cock into her mouth...or pussy?

"Yes. I like being in control, watching you with other men."

"That's easy for you to say. You're not the married one."

"Come on, hasn't your marriage perked up lately? I can't believe this sexy new attitude of yours isn't rubbing off on Bill."

The mention of her husband's name made her feel guilty. "How would you know?"

"I don't. I'm just guessing."

"Well, it's none of your business." She had to admit that Bill did seem more interested in her. Fucking her up against the counter was brand-new behavior. Was she giving off vibrations?

"Be here at eleven," he said abruptly, and hung up.

She felt a twinge, arguing with him like that. She knew he would punish her. Her ass tingled and her pussy felt hot. His "punishments" opened her up to new pleasures. Once he spanked her, she would do just about anything. Would he bring George over? Or someone else?

For a moment, she imagined Omar's hard cock was in her hands again and she found her mouth had come ajar. She snapped it closed.

Eleven o'clock Janet was standing nude in his alcove, her robe hanging next to her, sandals below. She waited, trying not to think about anything. A jingle of a chain startled her and she turned to see the same man with the dog behind her on the sidewalk.

"Hi," Martin said. "Nice to see you again."

She blushed and turned away, offering only the view of her backside. He was not so easily deterred. He came up the walk and stood not five feet behind her. The dog pulled at his leash and nosed the crack of her ass. She jumped forward, nearly slamming into the door.

"Hey! Get your dog off me!"

"Sorry. I was just wondering why you're standing here nekkid."

She looked over her shoulder. "Go away!" She pounded on the door. "Frank!"

The door opened and the man made a hasty retreat. Frank smiled. "I like to see you getting to know the neighbors. I hope you weren't rude to Martin."

She rushed past him into the apartment. "God! Why do you do this to me?"

"Because it pleases me. But more importantly, it excites you." He stepped forward and ran the tip of his finger along her slit. She was dripping wet. "See?"

She blushed and turned away. Her body was betraying her. She looked around the room and saw, thankfully, that it was empty. Good. She wasn't sure she could take any more surprises.

"Come, sit down." He led her to the couch. "I thought I would explain some things to you."

"Yes?" She eyed him warily.

"I know you've been wondering why you've been feeling so...strange about the things we've done together." He gave her a small smile. "I mean, beyond the obvious cheating aspect."

Janet found herself nodding.

"It's simple really. I've been showing you the real person underneath your calm exterior."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yes. You're a submissive, Janet. It excites you no end."

Was she really? "You think so?"

"I'm sure of it. Look at you." His hand waved over her naked body. "You are so sexy right now. Coming over here and stripping down, doing what I ask of you—even sucking George's cock—it makes you feel alive, doesn't it?"

"I'm not sure 'alive' is the right word. More like 'embarrassed'." But she knew he had a point.

"No, I've seen your face, your eyes. This drives you wild. You can't hide it."

She shrugged. "I'm not sure I like all the sharing."

"Then why do you do it?"

She had no immediate answer. To say "because you asked me to" seemed too simplistic. She could recall, back when she was fifteen, she had briefly dated an athlete who was very popular. Brett had been seventeen and in the hierarchy of high school, a senior was a grizzled veteran compared to a naïve sophomore. Brett was strong and confident. Every time she had been in his presence, he had made her knees weak. He too had been dominant, she realized later. If he hadn't been so unskilled at it—ordering her around and generally being a jerk—she would've stayed with him. Though she found his personality ultimately repelling, she had been deeply excited by the sex-charged atmosphere he had created. She had wanted to be his little pet, although she hadn't been able to define it at that early age.

She had never found that thrill again in a relationship—or in a marriage. First David then Bill—both safe choices. Now Frank was reawakening that naughty little girl again. And unlike Brett, Frank was a master of domination.

"I can't really say."

"Come on. You know. You've always known. This is who you are inside. This is why Bill seems so boring and I seem so, well...intriguing."

"Maybe so. But where do we go from here? Jail? Divorce court?"

"I'll keep you out of jail. I can't guarantee the other." He gave her a soft smile.

That stunned her. Was he really trying to steal her away from Bill? Was she so easily led? Even if she was, could she stand a life with Frank and all that it would entail?

"Frank, I'm not sure I'm ready for this 24/7. I mean, don't get me wrong, this has been...exciting." To say the least! "But I'm not ready to leave Bill for you."

"Of course not. At least not now. Maybe not ever. That's okay. I'm only giving you what you need. Where it goes from here depends on you – and Bill."

"Bill! You mean, if he found out?" She shook her head. "He'd probably kill me. Or you."

"I doubt it." Frank seemed to choose his words carefully. "Maybe Bill would be grateful for a man like me."

"What?"

"Think on it. He's clearly not a dominant personality yet you love him in your way. He's safe, right?"

Janet tipped her head, not willing to give it a full nod. But he was right of course.

"Whereas I'm...well, just how you put it earlier – risky. Dangerous. And sexy. Just what you need but won't admit to yourself."

"I admit it. I mean, part of it. I'm here naked, aren't I?" She hugged herself, feeling suddenly exposed.

He came close and put his arms around her. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the warmth of his embrace. She could just stay here forever, safe in his arms.

"Here's what I think," Frank went on. "I think Bill wouldn't be angry. In fact, I think he'd be excited."

"What? To know I've been fucking you? No way."

"Yes. Just a hunch, you know. But I think if you talked to him about his secret fantasy, it would be to see you with another man."

She pulled back. "That's so...weird. I can't see it." And yet Bill's comments of the other day filtered back into her mind. How he was excited with the thought of the man fondling her as he pierced her labia.

"That's because he'd be afraid of losing you. He probably thinks he could never find a woman like you ever again. But you see, he really shouldn't be with you. He should have a nice, church-going woman who bakes cookies for Greenpeace. You, on the other hand, need someone to awaken the sexy beast inside."

"Yeah, well, maybe I should just keep you both!" She laughed at her own joke and quickly realized Frank wasn't laughing with her. "That was a joke, Frank."

"I know. But sometimes our jokes have a ring of truth to them." He took her hand. "Come. I'm going to make beautiful love to you – after I spank your cute little ass." He dragged her to the bedroom. Janet went along willingly, her body trembling with excitement.

* * * * *

Janet thought a lot about what Frank had told her as she drove home, another two hundred and fifty in her purse. She didn't like taking the money—it made her a whore. Why did she ever agree to this arrangement? Did she even have to ask? Her pussy had been well fucked and her bottom still tingled from the spanking. He had been gentle with her today and in some ways she felt disappointed. Considering how surprisingly bold Bill had been the other night and how careful Frank had been today, it was as if their personalities were starting to meet in the middle. She wasn't sure she liked that.

It was far easier to keep the two men in her life completely separate. Let Bill be the nice guy and Frank the alpha male. She would happily bounce between them for months, years even. Hah! As if she could keep this charade up for years! No, she was headed for disaster, living on borrowed time.

She was sure Frank had just been gentle because of her confusion over her newfound submissiveness. Letting the waiter touch her like that had been so shocking. And exciting. She had to admit it to herself, even if she wouldn't to Frank. She trusted Frank and he took her places she'd never been. But did she really want to go there? Did she want to let other men fuck her? To be a slut, doing things she never would do if Frank hadn't made her? Would he make them pay her too?

Was that her secret fantasy? As if in response, her legs clutched together, squeezing her deliciously sore pussy.

Her mind returned to what Frank had said about Bill. That maybe he'd like to see her with other men. Did he know something she didn't? Could he tell that from working with Bill all these years? Maybe men gave off vibes that would indicate such things—vibes women couldn't see. Like a male intuition. They have "gay-dar", or so they say, why not some sort of radar about women's secret fantasies?

She grinned at herself. What a ninny! Bill could never be like that.

Could he?

Janet pulled into her garage, grateful that the return trip had been uneventful. To think a few months ago, if someone had told her she would soon be driving across town practically naked to meet a dominant lover who spanked her and showed her body off to strangers, she would've laughed it off.

She showered and dressed then puttered around the house, pretending to clean, but her mind was in turmoil. She had no idea how she might resolve the two halves of her personality or how Bill might react once he found out. If he found out. Janet felt it would be better if he never did.

At five-thirty, Bill arrived home and greeted her with a surprisingly passionate kiss at the door. She was pleased but a bit taken aback.

"How was your evening yesterday?" he asked.

"Fine. Cindy says hi."

"I thought you went out with Joyce."

Dammit! "Oh right. Sorry. Did I say Cindy?"

He smiled. "What movie did you see?"

She thought fast. "Uh, that new one with Brad Pitt. It wasn't very good."

Janet was glad she had showered before Bill came home. Otherwise Bill would've smelled his scent on her and would know she was cheating on him. Cheating on him...the words stung her. She had gone far beyond trying to save Bill's job. Now she knew she needed this for herself. Her pussy seemed to hum with pleasure. A well-fucked woman is a happy woman. And a submissive woman being spanked and fucked by a dominant man is a happier woman. Why couldn't Bill do those things? Was she just supposed to accept things the way they were? Could she go on as Frank's submissive little mistress and hope Bill didn't find out?

"You seem to be staring? Did something happen?"

She startled. "Uh, no. Nothing. Just girl talk." She went to move past him but he reached out and grabbed her arm.

"You, uh, look really pretty tonight," he said, his eyes watching her face for her reaction.

She smiled, tentatively. "Oh? Thanks."

From his expression, Janet realized he was at a loss for things to say. He let go of her arm and she continued into the bedroom. She felt sorry for him. She could tell he was interested in her and yet she would have to turn him down. He might notice her sore pussy or reddened ass and discover her secret. She remembered the other night when Bill had demanded she wear only an apron to cook his meal—that had been so unlike him! It had made her wet and their lovemaking had been exciting. Why couldn't he be like that all the time?

* * * * *

For Bill, standing in the living room, staring at the empty hallway, he felt lost. Knowing Janet had recently had sex with Frank made him hard yet he couldn't seem to keep up the dominant style. It wasn't in him. He remembered he had acted that way after coming fresh from Frank's office where he had been filled in on Janet's latest adventures. It had excited him. He had to face it—he was a pale imitation of Frank. Fact was, he needed Frank. But his boss might wind up stealing Janet away if he wasn't careful. What would hold her to him except loyalty? It's not as if they were getting along well lately. Their sex life was boring and they didn't have much to talk about. Was their marriage doomed?

Bill realized the only way he could avoid being replaced was to be Frank's assistant in all the things Janet needed as a submissive. He wanted to learn but he knew he also needed Frank's strength to dominate her. He'd have to share. That was better than the alternative, but would it be fine with Frank? Or Janet?

She was going to find out anyway, why not tonight? Or would he ruin things? She might be shocked and react badly, ruining it for both of them. No, he decided, he would wait until he could talk to Frank. That made him shake his head—here he was, deferring to the alpha male yet again. It was as if he had been born this way—a nice guy but no womanizer. And certainly no dominant. He had always considered himself respectful of women. Was that just another way of saying he was a wimp?

He sighed and flipped on the television.

Chapter Fourteen

Bill corralled Frank in his office shortly after nine, Monday morning. Frank was startled to see him. He was still seated behind his desk.

"What brings you up here—aren't you supposed to be monitoring the milling project?"

"Yes, I'm going down there in a second. I just had to talk to you first—it's about Janet."

Frank raised an eyebrow. "Yes?" Had Bill spilled the beans?

"Well, I..." he looked away. "I'm not sure how to say this."

Frank wondered if Bill wanted to call a halt to their little experiment. He wouldn't blame him if he did—Janet was falling further under his spell and Bill might soon become an afterthought. She needed Frank's strength. What did she need from Bill?

"Just say it—we don't have time to beat around the bush."

Bill nodded. His face seemed flushed. "I don't want to lose her."

The lie came out before he even thought about it. "I'm not trying to steal her away."

"Maybe not. But I see how she is now. She's, uh, different. I think she compares me to you and I come up short."

Yeah, I'd agree with that, Frank thought. "It's just the difference in our personalities," he said soothingly. "You're comfortable and I'm risky."

"And she likes the risk. I know it. I'm not blind." He came close to the desk and looked Frank in the eye. "Look, Frank. I know you probably have the power to steal Janet away from me." He raised his hand when Frank had been about to speak, cutting him off. "No. I know you'll tell me it won't happen, that you respect me too much, blah, blah, blah." He paused then put both hands down on Frank's desk and leaned forward.

"This is the embarrassing part so just let me get through it." He took a deep breath. "I need you. I know that sounds crazy. I know I should be jealous or angry with you and how this thing has gotten out of hand. But I know the truth. I'm not dominant. You are. Yet she's my wife. So I have a proposition for you."

Bill had Frank's full attention now. He sat up straighter and met Bill's gaze.

"If you'll work with me, I think we, uh, can go on as a team. That is, if you're willing to share." He laughed at the irony of that. "What I mean is, well, you know I don't mind sharing her in this way because I get to see a whole other side to her. I know it excites her. So I would like to be part of this and I won't object to you taking the lead, providing you don't harm her and you don't cut me out."

"I would never harm Janet," Frank said at once.

"I know. I just thought I should say it."

"So let me get this straight. You're willing to go along with my wishes? To essentially 'own' Janet?"

"Yes, as long as you don't try to sneak around behind my back. And of course as long as Janet is willing. And she would have to be in on it. No more secrets."

Frank nodded slowly. It just might work. In fact, it might be the best solution. Having come out of a bad marriage, he was not eager to jump back into one. He simply wanted to keep Janet around and see how much of a submissive she really was. It was early in this game they were playing. In most such situations, there would come a time when something would be expected of him—Janet would want to leave her husband and run off with him. Under Bill's plan, he could continue exploring her fantasies as long as Bill came along for the ride.

That was the tricky part, he knew. To let Janet in on the secret too soon could be ruinous. She might react badly, especially if she found out that Bill had been in on it from the beginning. Or having Bill around might conflict her so she couldn't let go of her inner submissive.

"The key is Janet," he found himself saying. "As far as I'm concerned, I think it could work. That is, if you really don't mind seeing her actually fuck other men, including myself."

"No, and maybe there's something wrong with me, but I find it, uh, stimulating. But you knew that. I mean, come on. She's become a completely different woman."

"I just wanted to make sure. Hearing about it or watching it on video is quite different from being there while it's happening."

"I know. I wouldn't have come to you if I didn't think this was a solution I could live with."

"You're not just saying this because you fear you'll lose Janet otherwise?"

"To tell you the truth, I've already lost her. I'm hoping in this way I can get her back."

Frank nodded. "All right. But how we tell Janet is going to be tricky." He steeped his fingers together. "Let me think on it. Go back to work."

Bill nodded. "I hope you come up with something good." He left.

Frank sat at his desk and imagined how this might play out. He didn't want to shock Janet but he didn't want her to think about it too much either. Her knee-jerk reaction would be shock and withdrawal. Especially if she realized this was all cooked up from the beginning between her husband and him. It would be better if she didn't know that.

As he sat there, ignoring the paperwork in front of him, an idea began to form. He pushed at the edges, reshaped it and found it just might work. The question was, did he have sufficient control over Janet?

At lunchtime he called Bill back into his office. His project manager seemed eager.

"Yes? You figure out how to break it to Janet?"

"Maybe. But it's going to take another week to set up."

"Really?" He seemed disappointed. "What's the plan?"

Frank outlined it. Bill's eyes grew wide. "You really think that will work?"

"I think so. It's the best I could come up with."

"You really think you can get Janet to accept fucking other men that quickly?"

"She's on the way. She's already allowing men—and women—to touch her and bring her to orgasm. And she's sucked my neighbor's cock. It's just a matter of time."

"God, I would love to see it."

"Well, I'll try to film some of it. I can't guarantee it. But you'll be seeing it yourself soon enough."

"Okay. I'll leave it to you. Just tell me when you think she's ready."

* * * * *

Tuesday morning, Janet stood naked outside Frank's apartment, shivering slightly. The days were getting colder and she didn't enjoy being exposed like this. Her skin had goose bumps.

She heard a "woof" behind her and turned to see Martin and his dog behind her. *How did he know when she'd be here? Did Frank tell him?*

"Hi."

"Hi," she said, trying to keep her back to him.

The dog strained at his leash and the man allowed it to pull him forward until the dog's nose disappeared between Janet's legs.

"Stop that!" she shrieked, and jumped. She grabbed her robe and wrapped it around her body.

The door opened and Frank stood there, tscking quietly. "Are you being rude to my neighbor?"

"But his dog was nosing me!" she explained.

"You know what I told you about the robe."

"I know! I know! But—"

"No 'buts'." His voice was firm and she found herself nodding. The robe slipped off and she hung it up. She didn't move as the dog returned to sniff at the crack of her ass.

"Did she hurt your feelings?" Frank asked Martin.

"Well, yes, I believe she did."

"Martin, why don't you come inside and let Janet apologize to you?"

Frank led the way inside and Martin pulled the dog's leash. Janet stumbled through the door.

Inside, Frank steered her toward the living room and made her get on her knees. Martin busied himself by tying the dog's leash to the leg of the kitchen table. She looked up with alarm when Martin came into the living room and began fumbling with his zipper.

"Sir?" She watched wide-eyed as Martin's cock sprung free.

"I want you to suck on Martin's cock, just like you do George's," Frank said.

Janet heard alarm bells going off somewhere deep inside her. But she ignored them. Frank's commanding voice made her reach up and gently steer Martin's cock to her lips. He thrust into her eagerly and she had to pull back to better control it. Her tongue worked hard to please it. This cock was smaller than George's and she could take it easily. She found herself enjoying bringing him pleasure and worked her mouth up and down on his turgid shaft.

"Oh god," Martin breathed.

She felt his cock stiffen and knew he was close. "Fuck!" the man gasped, and his cock erupted in her mouth. She tried to swallow it but much of his sperm spilled out down her chin and onto her breasts. The dog howled.

He pulled away. "God, that was good. Thanks, Frank." He zipped up.

Martin untied the leash and pulled the dog toward the door. "Come on, Rex. Let's go home."

The dog seemed disappointed. He whined as he followed his master out, looking back at the naked woman kneeling on the carpet. "Maybe some other time, huh, Rex?" Martin laughed and they were gone.

Janet returned to her senses. She looked up at Frank, lust evident on her face.

"Oh I'd bet you'd love to make love right now, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Sir." She looked coy and gave him her best come-hither look.

"Well, first I have to punish you then we'll talk."

"P-Punish? For what?" Even as she said it, she remembered. She had put on her robe, strictly against Frank's orders. She shivered, knowing that his swats only made her hotter.

"I'm sure you know why."

He pulled her to her feet and positioned her over the upholstered arm of the couch. She could imagine how inviting her ass must look, thrust up at him like this. She wiggled it slightly. Frank removed the riding crop from the drawer and showed it to her. Her eyes widened and she prepared herself for the pain. The pleasure, she knew, would follow close behind.

Whack!

She shivered. "One, Sir."

Whack!

"Two, Sir!"

Whack!

"Three —"

The doorbell rang. Janet froze for a second then tried to get up. Frank held her down forcefully. "Don't get up," he warned, "or I'll double your punishment."

He went to the door and opened it. "Ahhh, James! Come in!"

Janet thought she might die. Why was he here? She craned her neck to see the large tattoo artist come in, struggling with his portable chair. His bald head glistened despite the cool air. He caught sight of Janet, her ass up, and turned to grin at Frank.

"I see you're in the middle of something. Want me to come back later?"

"Oh no! I'm just punishing her for disobeying my order. She won't mind if you watch, will you, Janet?"

She didn't know what to say. Of course she would mind! But she remembered that James had already seen her naked—intimately so. The image of his thick fingers fondling her labia came to mind and she simply shook her head at the two men. She knew Frank wanted something else done to her body. What this time? And how would she explain it to Bill?

"Good! Why don't you set up your chair while I finish, hmm?"

Janet turned away, unable to watch. She could feel James' eyes on her as Frank moved back into position.

"Now, where were we?"

"Uh, three, Sir."

"Okay."

Whack!

"Four, Sir!" Now that James was watching, she felt more exposed and the blows seemed to intensify the pain. At the same time, she could tell her pussy was sopping wet and distended. God, would Frank fuck her in front of James? Had he no shame?

Whack!

"Five, Sir!"

Her voice rang out with each blow. By ten, her ass was wiggling around, trying to cool off. By fifteen, tears were flowing from her eyes and she was begging him to stop.

"If I stop, what will you do for me?"

"Anything! Please, anything!"

"Will you let James here put in another piece of jewelry?"

"Yes! Yes, I will!" She'd figure out a way to explain it to Bill.

"Will you reward him when he's done?"

"Yes..." Her head came up. "Re-Reward him?" She could see herself once again on her knees sucking on the big man's cock. "Yes, I guess."

"You don't sound very convincing." He raised the crop.

"Yes! I'll suck him off! Please!"

"I don't know. What do you think, James?"

"I'd rather fuck her."

Frank turned back to her. "He'd rather fuck you."

"Nooo," she gasped. "I can't! I'm married."

"Hey, you fuck me and you don't seem to mind."

"That's...different."

"Very well."

Whack!

"Ow! Please!"

"It's all right," Frank said. "I completely understand."

Whack!

"All right, all right! I'll let him fuck me. But he has to wear a condom!"

"What do you think, James?"

"That'll be fine." He gave her a wolfish grin.

Frank dropped the riding crop on the couch and began to rub her ass, speaking soothing words. Her skin seemed on fire but his touch helped. He paused to grab a tube of cream from the end table and rubbed it into her reddened skin. It cooled her at once.

"Aahhh, that's good. Thanks, Sir." Janet felt her pussy contract and hoped Frank would fuck her now. She didn't care if James watched.

"Okay, let's get you into the chair."

She groaned and got to her feet. She felt a little unsteady and needed Frank's hand to guide her. Janet got in and allowed the men to fasten her into position. She knew what was coming next. James cranked the handle and her legs moved apart, showing her hot, wet pussy to his gaze. She feared she'd climax as soon as he touched her.

"What are you going to do to me?" she squeaked.

"What did you decide on, Frank?"

Frank came over and bent down. "I've always heard that a heavy gold ring fastened through the skin above her clit would bounce against her all day – if she wasn't wearing panties – and drive a woman crazy. Do you know if that's true?"

James nodded. "Yes. It can keep a woman on edge."

Janet tried to sit up, not believing her ears. That's just what Bill had said! At least she knew she'd have a good excuse when he saw it – she'd say she did it for him. "Will it hurt?"

"Not any more than the last one did," James said, slipping on his latex gloves and bending to his toolkit. "Don't worry – I'll be gentle."

Because she was shaved, the skin above her clit was already clean. James wiped the area with an alcohol swab and Janet sucked in her breath from the cold, anticipating what was coming. Still, she couldn't take her eyes off James' hands as he prepped her.

"To be effective, the ring has to be on the heavy side—at least fourteen gauge," he said. "Those will have a ball about three-sixteenths in diameter." He found a small plastic envelope and held it up for Frank to see. "Like this."

Janet watched as Frank took the envelope and peered at the ring inside. She couldn't quite see and craned her neck, curiosity evident on her face.

"How do we know if it's right for her?"

"We put it in temporarily and let her try it out. If it doesn't work, I'll remove it and replace it with a larger one."

"Show me a large one."

James found another small envelope and held it up for Frank to see. To Janet, it looked huge. "This is the largest. It's an eight-gauge with a one-quarter inch ball. But I would suggest you start with the smaller one."

Janet held her breath. That would be too big for her delicate clit! To have that heavy ball bounce against it all day—how could she function?

"Very well. I'll defer to your judgment." Janet let out a lungful of air.

He handed it back and James took the smaller ring and dropped it into a shallow dish of alcohol. Janet could see it now—it was a small gold ring, similar to the one through her labial lip but thicker. The little ball at the end looked plenty big to her. At the other side, the ring thinned out in the middle into a prong that she knew would be fastened through her clit hood. She felt a shudder go through her.

James spread salve over the area and Janet felt the skin grow numb within a few seconds. She was grateful for that. The piercer took the ring from the alcohol bath and measured it against her, finding just the right spot so the heavy end would rest right on her desperate clit whenever it poked from its protective hood. He marked a spot with his pen. He held the top in place with one gloved finger, lifted one side of the ring up and dropped it a few times directly on her clit and Janet nearly came right then.

She gasped aloud and Frank smiled. "You seem a little horny," he said.

"God," was all she could say. She eyed the bulge in James' pants and wondered how it would feel when he drove into her.

James put the ring aside and picked up the same tool he had used before. Janet gritted her teeth and looked away. She could feel his fingers pinching but it didn't hurt. When he pressed the tool against the narrow flap of skin, she felt a sharp pinch and jerked a little, more out of shock than pain. James worked quickly, swabbing the area to clean up the blood before threading the thin prong through the double hole.

"Do you want this one permanent too?"

"Yes, but let's make sure it's the right size first."

James nodded. He reached forward and flipped the ring a few times. Janet's mouth opened and she moaned.

"I think that hits the right spot," he said, grinning. "Let's have her try it out." He unfastened the straps and helped her shakily to her feet.

When she stood, she felt woozy and hung on to Frank. She looked down at her jewelry. Now she had a very prominent ring in front and a winking ring nestled among the folds of her labia. Her body was no longer her own it seemed. She belonged to Frank. Whatever he wanted to do to her, he would. She had no say. Now she was about to be fucked by this bald bear of a man.

Her head cleared and she pulled away from Frank, curious to see how the ring affected her. She could feel the weight of it already. Cautiously, she took a step then another. Her mouth dropped open and her knees felt weak.

"My god!"

"Feels good?"

"Oh my god!" The ring thrummed against her most private, sensitive spot, just hard enough to make her body quiver with lust. It was like a low-level buzzing. Walking across the living room would be a challenge, going to the grocery store would be an impossibility.

"I don't know if I can walk with this thing in me," she said breathlessly.

"Sure you can, you just have to get used to it," Frank said.

"Oh my god." She came back and Frank took her arm to steady her.

"So I guess that's the right size then."

"Yes, Sir. I couldn't stand it any bigger."

Frank turned to James. "All right. Let's make it permanent."

They eased Janet back onto the chair. James leaned forward with the soldering iron and soon had it fastened securely. He took another small bottle of antiseptic and handed it to Frank. "You know the drill. Dab this on twice a day for four to five days and she'll be fine. Let me know if you see any swelling."

Frank helped Janet off the chair. "I want to watch you fuck him now."

She glanced over at James, who flashed her a big smile. Janet could see that the bulge in his pants had grown. It was as if she could already feel it inside her and she went to him, dropping to her knees. The ring thudded against her clit, driving her forward. She fumbled for his belt.

"She's pretty eager, isn't she?" Frank said.

"Yeah," he said, watching her as she opened his pants and eased out his large black cock. She loved the contrast against her white skin. Her mouth opened and she took in as much of it as she could. "Oh yeah, baby, that's good."

As she tongued him, her hand dropped down to her ring and flipped it up and down, up and down. Each time it struck her clit, she felt an indescribable thrill. Her pussy was weeping with need.

The cock was hard in her mouth and she wanted to feel it thrusting into her. She got up and took James' hand, nearly dragging him over to the couch. She flopped down over the padded arm and thrust her butt up at him.

"Please," she said. "Fuck me now."

James was only too happy to oblige. He steered his rock-hard cock to her slit and rubbed it up and down, coating the tip with her juices. Then he lined it up and plunged deep inside of her with one stroke.

Janet cried out and climaxed at once, her body shaking with release. But James had barely begun. He stroked in and out, in and out, his big cock rubbing her in new places, and Janet came again. And again.

Frank stepped forward and pulled a condom out of his pocket. "I thought you wanted one of these," he said, holding it up for her to see.

"Go away," she gasped, feeling another climax rock her.

"Would you like him to come inside you?" Frank persisted.

"God, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

The sensation of James' thick cock rubbing and sliding in and out was heaven to her. She didn't care about Frank watching, she didn't care about the new ring, she didn't care about Bill. All she wanted was to feel his seed erupt within her.

She didn't have long to wait. James began moving faster and faster, pounding his huge cock inside her wet pussy. She began to squeal as a tidal wave of emotions built inside her. Then he bellowed and thrust himself hard against her. She could feel his cock squirting and throbbing and she climaxed again.

"God! Goddamn! Oh god!" she cried out, hugging the couch, her face beaded with sweat. "Damn!"

James stayed inside her until his cock shrunk then pulled out.

"Clean me," he ordered.

She immediately got up, turned around and dropped to her knees, taking his wet cock into her mouth. There was no hesitation. She used one hand to cover her pussy, which fairly gushed with the fluids trapped inside.

"Sorry," she muttered, "I seem to be leaking."

"It's all right. Go into the bathroom to get cleaned up while I see James out," Frank said.

In the bathroom as she sat on the toilet, feeling James' seed drip into the water, Janet felt the first pangs of remorse. She had fucked another man! A stranger! And without a condom! How could she? But another part of her answered, *Because it was so fucking good.* She giggled.

Her hand returned to her new ring and idly flipped it, sending tiny waves of pleasure through her. This could become a new habit, she mused.

After she cleaned up, she returned to the living room, feeling the ring bounce with each step. Now that she had been satiated, the sensation was a little easier to bear. Still, it made her acutely aware of her clit at all times.

James had already packed up his equipment and left. Frank sat on the couch, sipping a glass of wine. There was another glass on the end table that he gestured to. She picked it up and took a swallow. It was a very good wine. She sat on the couch and waited with no embarrassment about her nakedness.

"You were magnificent," he said. "I'm so pleased."

"But that was so risky! It's not like me." She worried about diseases.

"You can relax. I had James take a blood test. He's clean."

That shocked her. Not because of the results but because Frank had thought this through ahead of time. He anticipated that James would fuck her unprotected!

"Why do you like to watch me fuck another man? Most men would be jealous."

"Not me. I like it because I made it happen. And I controlled it. I love my little submissive girl."

She smiled. Somehow he always made her feel better. When he's in charge, she got as much or more out of it. She needn't worry. Then a thought intruded.

"What about Bill?"

"What about him?"

"Well, I just fucked a stranger. And I've been fucking you for weeks. What if he found out?"

"What if he's like me?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

Frank took another sip of wine before answering. "He might like to see you with other men—have you thought of that?"

"No." She couldn't imagine it. Bill would be hurt and probably jealous. Wouldn't he? Of course, she couldn't imagine Frank watching her fuck another man either.

"I'd like you to find out."

"I can't do that!"

"Why not? You could have a discussion about secret fantasies and see what happens."

"And what would I tell him my secret fantasy is? That I love to fuck his boss...and any others he tells me to?"

He shrugged. "That's up to you."

"God."

He put down his drink and came over to her. He took the glass from her hand and set it on the coffee table then helped her to her feet. He placed a gentle hand alongside her face. She trembled at his touch.

"Look, Janet, I think you know that I'm crazy about you. I knew you were submissive from the beginning and now that I've awakened that part of you, I doubt you want to go back to your old life. Am I right?"

She could only nod. Then she said in a small voice, "But I'm scared."

"I know you are. You're worried about Bill and what might happen to you. But let me ask you – do you trust me?"

She gazed into his eyes. "Yes, Sir."

"Good. Then continue with that. Let yourself go."

She nodded. "So you want me to ask Bill about his secret fantasies? What if his secret fantasy isn't watching me with others? What then?"

"I don't know. We'll have to take it one day at a time. We could simply continue doing what we're doing and being careful about it."

She snorted. "You call this being careful?"

"I call this giving you – and me – what we both need." His hand went to her breast and stroked it, using his thumb to caress her nipple. "There's nothing wrong with that as long...well, as you once said, 'as long as it doesn't get out of hand'."

Janet chuckled but he noticed she pressed her breasts forward at his touch. "I think this got out of hand a long time ago."

"And you love it."

"Yes, I do. I never knew I was like this. You bring out the worst in me."

"No, honey, I bring out the best in you." He kissed her.

Chapter Fifteen

Janet was vacuuming, trying to figure out the best way she might ask Bill about his secret fantasies. It would have to be either right before or right after sex. Before would be better, she decided. She'd get him all excited then ask him to confess. She would have to share too. Hmm, how to best tell him about the recent resurgence in her fetish toward submissiveness?

What's up with that anyway, she wondered. Why are some women so turned on by it? Must go back to caveman days. Otherwise, it doesn't make sense in today's modern world where men and women are supposedly equal. It certainly involves trust—she would never have been able to free her submissive side if Frank had been abusive or derisive. No, he had the right tone about it. She felt safe and protected, which allowed her to do some amazing, sexy things. Like driving across town nearly naked. Or stripping down at Frank's front door. Or, and her body gave a little shiver, fucking that beast of a man James.

She had showered for a long time after she arrived home. Afterward, she dabbed antiseptic salve around the reddish skin where the ring pierced it. When she dressed, she made sure she wore underwear and tight jeans so she could have some relief from the constant throbbing in her clit. Her skin still hurt a little from the piercing, but how would she feel once that went away? She would be horny all the time.

She couldn't describe her feelings. It was a jumble. But one fact stood out clear in her mind. She had enjoyed it. All of it. The exposure, the piercing, James' cock—everything. It was nasty, it was sexy, it was dangerous—and she had loved it. Frank was right—giving in to one's baser instincts was very freeing. As long as she had a safety net. Janet had no desire to die or catch some horrible disease. But Frank was always there, watching out for her. He even planned ahead, in the event she fucked James without a condom. She could really trust him.

Could she trust Bill like that?

She found herself vacuuming the same spot over and over so she shut the machine down and put it away. To keep from pacing, she went to the kitchen and prepared a pot roast, putting it in the slow cooker. She checked the time—not quite one. Had all that happened this morning? It seemed as if she had been at Frank's for a long time, yet it was probably less than two hours.

It felt strange not having Frank around right now to tell her what to do. Was she so far gone she needed him to tell her how to run her own household? *God, what an idiot I am*, she thought. *He's gotten under my skin.*

Janet went to the sink and pulled out some cleaning products, a sponge and an old toothbrush she used for the grout. Then she went into the bathroom to clean. She could

spend hours in there and it allowed her to put everything out of her mind except what was in front of her.

* * * * *

Bill came home at five-thirty tired but with a tingle of excitement. Frank had told him what Janet would be asking him. Let her bring up the subject, he had warned. All he was supposed to do was confess his secret fantasy—no more. Don't spill the beans yet, his boss had warned him and he knew Frank was right. He still wasn't sure how it would all work out in the end but he couldn't wait. He wanted to see how Janet performed with Frank. And other men. Frank had shown him the video of her with James. The idea that his wife would be so out of control with desire that she'd fuck that big black man had made him so hard he had to sneak into the restroom after he had left Frank's office and masturbate. He hadn't done that before—but then he'd always been "muffled" in his life. He always took the safe route. For the first time he was beginning to feel alive.

Bill was no fool—he knew Frank thought him boring. Hell, Janet thought him boring too. And they were right, he *was* boring. Well, that was about to change. Even if he couldn't become the man that Frank was, at least he could come along for the ride. Frank wouldn't be able to steal her away if he was an active participant, right?

"Honey, I'm home!" He put his coat on the hook by the door and found Janet in the kitchen.

"Hi, Bill. How was your day?" She offered her lips for a brief kiss.

"Good. Real good." He kissed her then pulled her to him and patted her rump. She melted into his arms. "I don't like you in jeans."

"What?"

"Jeans. They're too restrictive. I prefer skirts. I like to reach up and touch your skin."

She stared at him. "I never knew that. You've never said it before."

"Well, I'm saying it now. Why don't you go change?"

Janet looked at him a long time. He could tell she was worried about revealing her clit ring.

"But I'm right in the middle of dinner."

"Now don't argue with me or I'll have to spank you," he said with humor in his voice, but his eyes indicated he was serious.

Janet nodded and disappeared. He waited, checking on the pot roast and turning the heat down on the vegetables she was steaming. He whistled a happy little tune.

She returned wearing a plaid, wraparound skirt. She was barefoot. Bill felt his cock start to harden just looking at her. When she returned to the stove, he cupped her cute little ass and squeezed.

She jumped. "Hey now! I'm trying to cook here!"

"Yeah, we wouldn't want to ruin dinner." He rubbed his hands over her thigh, feeling the edge of her panties. He let his fingers slip underneath the material.

"Bill! Now stop it! I can't cook with you doing that. Besides," she added, "you'll ruin the surprise."

"Surprise? What surprise?"

"Never mind. You'll have to wait. Now shoo! Go watch some TV. I'll call you when dinner's ready."

He let the moment pass since he knew everything would come together soon enough. He'd get to see her clit ring up close and personal. Frank had cautioned him that she'd still be sore, but a guy could look, couldn't he?

He decided against TV and stayed in the kitchen, chatting with Janet as she finished preparing dinner. Bill had trouble keeping his hands off her and he enjoyed seeing her squirm with embarrassment at his touch. He knew she was worried about his reaction to the clit ring and trying to figure out how she might ask him about his secret fantasies.

Of course she needn't have worried. He planned to be honest in both cases—he would be thrilled.

They ate dinner in near silence, they had run out of small talk about their days and the elephant in the room was Janet's secret. Bill tried to be nonchalant but his nerves jangled. He felt like a kid on Christmas Eve who couldn't wait for morning.

After dinner he helped her clean up, making sure he put his hands on her at every opportunity. She dodged his efforts at first but soon gave in.

"What's gotten into you today?"

"I'm just attracted to my lovely wife," he said. "Nothing wrong with that, is there?"

"No, of course not." She licked her lips. "It's just not like you—I mean, normally."

"Well, today it is." He cupped his hand against her lovely round ass. He rubbed it and she danced away to wash a pot that had been left in the sink.

Bill would not be denied. He knew she was just delaying the inevitable. Finally she gave up and allowed him to pull her into the bedroom.

"So what's this surprise you've been teasing me with?"

"Uh, well, you, uh, seemed to be so excited about my little ring that I, er, got before," she began nervously.

Bill just nodded and raised one eyebrow.

"Yeah, well, I decided to get another one," she blurted out, suddenly turning bright red.

He pretended to look shocked. "You mean, down there?" He pointed.

She nodded. "I thought about nipple rings but decided against them."

Bill wondered about that. Had she really? No, of course not. That was just part of her invented story. He knew it had all been Frank's idea. But now that she brought it

up, he'd have to suggest it to Frank for the next time. Maybe by then he could watch James fuck her.

"So show me!"

Janet looked embarrassed as she pulled up her skirt. She held it against her stomach and used the other hand to pull down her panties. "Now I hope you like it because I did it for you."

Ha! What a lie that was! But he said nothing, his eyes riveted on the V of her legs.

The ring came into view, hanging near the bottom of her naked mons. It was thicker than he had imagined, far thicker than the delicate gold ring through her labia. And the ball appeared heavy as it rested atop her swollen clit. *God, how that must arouse her all the time! What a wonderful idea!*

"Do you like it?"

Bill realized he had been staring, his mouth ajar. "Uh, yeah! It's great. Can I touch it?" He cursed himself when he realized he wasn't being Dom-like again.

"Sure. But be careful. It's still sore."

"Okay." He reached out and gently flipped it up and watched it thud down on the skin right above her clit, which seemed to swell before his eyes. He looked up in time to see Janet briefly close her eyes. "Did that hurt?"

"N-N-Noo," she said softly.

He gave it another flip and she jerked as if a small current had jolted through her. *Wow, he thought. This is going to keep her on edge all the time! Especially if she doesn't wear panties!*

"I like what it does to you," he said.

She nodded, her mind seemingly elsewhere.

He flipped it again. And again. Janet licked her lips.

"I don't want you to wear panties anymore."

"What?" She came back to focus on him.

"You heard me. I want this little ring to keep you on edge for me all the time."

She opened her mouth then closed it again. She seemed to be selecting her words carefully. "But why? I mean, when I'm at home alone, why do you care?"

"Because I want you to be thinking about me and waiting for me to come home." He caught the brief flash in her eyes and knew she was thinking about Frank, not him. But that was okay. He was going to get just as much out of it as Frank would. Or at least he hoped so.

"I think we need to, uh, celebrate," he said, unbuckling his pants.

"Wait. No. I'm still pretty sore. And I have to put this stuff on it all the time for a couple of days until it heals."

Bill wasn't sure why she was being so coy. Didn't she just fuck James right after she had it done? Of course, he realized at once, she would've still been numb then from the cream James had spread on her pussy.

"Well, you've got to do something. I can't look at your beautiful new jewelry without getting really hard."

Janet nodded and dropped to her knees in front of him, her skirt falling down again. She took his stiff cock into her hand. Bill smiled. A few weeks ago, his wife would never voluntarily suck him off like this—not without a lot of begging! Her training with Frank was kicking in. Bill wanted more.

"Open your blouse," he said as forcefully as he could.

She paused, staring up at him. Her hands went to the buttons and she opened them, revealing her lacy bra.

"Take it off. In fact, get naked."

"Bill, I can't—"

"I'm not asking you. Don't worry, I won't fuck you. Not tonight anyway."

She stood and began removing her clothes. He watched, feeling his cock grow even harder. When she was naked, she eased back down to her knees and took his cock into her soft hands. Her mouth opened and she began kissing the tip of it. Bill was in heaven. His boring old marriage was suddenly not so boring anymore.

He imagined her sucking off other men, learning how to do it right and being rewarded by shots of semen in her face. God, it made him impatient. He wanted to see her doing that right away. Why did he have to wait?

Janet took more of his cock inside her mouth and used her tongue to tease him. She couldn't quite deep throat him yet, he noticed, but her hand felt very good around the shaft.

"Oh god," he said as he felt his seed boiling up.

Just as he released, he grabbed her head and held her in position, squirting his hot seed into her mouth. She choked and gasped and he finally relented, letting her go so she could catch her breath.

"God, Bill! I could've choked! You should warn me first!"

"Sorry," he said. "I was just so turned on."

She seemed to recover and grabbed her robe from the end of the bed. "It's okay. I'm glad to help you out and all—it was just startling, you know."

Bill knew the evening wasn't over. He wondered how Janet might approach him with the subject of fantasies. He didn't have long to wait.

"Uh, Bill," she said, sitting again on the edge of the bed, her robe wrapped around her.

Bill buckled up his pants. "Yes?"

"I never knew that that was one of your, uh, interests before."

"What? Blowjobs?"

"No," she said at once. "I mean, you know, the piercings."

"Well, I guess there's a lot you don't know about me then."

"You never said anything before. We've been married ten years and you've never said anything!"

"Should I have? You might've thought I was weird or something."

"No, no! I wouldn't have! In fact, I find it, um, highly arousing."

"Really? It's a pretty common fantasy among men, I'll bet."

"Piercings? Nah, I can't believe that."

"Oh no. It's true. I'll bet if you asked ten men on the street, eight or nine of them would tell you it turned them on."

"I wonder why."

"Dunno. Maybe something about marking our territory or something."

"Ewww. That doesn't sound very romantic."

"You know what I mean," he said hurriedly, sorry he had explained it so poorly. "Kinda like putting a tattoo on your wife that says *Property of so-and-so*, you know?"

"That's not much better. I'm not your property."

No, he thought, *you're Frank's property*. "Which is why I've never confessed my secret fantasies to you before."

She caught the opening he gave her. "Fantasies? What other fantasies do you have?"

"Oh no! I'd just get into trouble!"

"No! No you won't, I promise."

"Well, you'd have to tell me yours too."

"Me? I, uh, I really don't have any."

"Then I don't have any either."

And there it was. He wasn't going to make it easy on her. She would have to confess that she was submissive first. Tit for tat.

"All right. I'll tell you one of mine if you tell me one of yours."

"One of? You have more than one?"

"Well, of course, silly. Every woman does. For example, I'd like to fuck Brad Pitt but that's probably not a surprise to you."

"Oh I didn't know you were counting fantasies that were impossible to achieve."

"That's what fantasies are, silly."

"All right. I'll tell you one of my fantasies but only if you tell me one that we could actually make come true. Deal?"

She eyed him, biting her lower lip. "That wouldn't mean we'd *have* to make it come true, right?"

Bill had every intention of that but he wasn't going to give her any excuse not to be honest with him. "No, of course not. I'm just trying to stick with plausible fantasies here."

"Okay." She took in a deep breath. He could see her hands shaking. "I have this, uh, fantasy of control." She stopped.

Bill pretended not to understand. "Control? You like to be in control?" He frowned.

"No!" she said too quickly. "You know, when I read romance novels, I always like the ones about a strong man, coming in and sweeping the fair maiden off her feet. Taking her away to make love to her."

"Oh I get it! Wow, I didn't know that about you. You like the strong men, hmmm?"

She lowered her eyes. "Yes."

"Well, that's great! I would love to help that dream come true!"

She lifted her eyes and gave him a quick smile. He knew what she was thinking—*You don't have it in you. Not like Frank.*

And she was right.

"Now it's your turn. What's your fantasy? Your main one, I should say."

"My main one? Hmm, let's see." He made a show of pretending to think about which one to mention. "Well, you're probably going to be shocked," he said at last. "But I'd, uh, like to see you with other men."

He looked away as if embarrassed. When he glanced back, Janet was sitting on the edge of the bed, her mouth agape.

"Really?" she said. "You'd really like that?"

"Only if I could be there of course," he added quickly. "I wouldn't want you to get hurt or anything. I'd want to have control over it."

"Wow," she said. "I would have never thought of that about you. I would've assumed you'd be jealous."

"I would be if you were having an affair," he said pointedly, watching her face. She had the presence of mind not to react. In fact, she looked frozen. "You know, behind my back. But if I could select the men you, uh, entertained, and be present during it, I would find that a turn-on."

Silence descended over them as they both thought about each other's confession. Bill could tell Janet was in shock while he was trying to figure out how to take her to the next step. He realized he might've treaded on dangerous ground by telling her he would be angry if she had an affair. Had he just painted himself into a corner? How was he going to tell her he knew all about Frank without having her feel betrayed and used?

Janet apparently had been thinking the same thing. "But why would you care if I had an affair, if you secretly wanted to see me with other men?"

"Because I'd be afraid he'd steal you away from me," he said before he thought, and realized it was exactly the truth.

"Oh, so it's not so much the affair, it's losing me."

"Right. I love you, Janet. I would love to play little sex games and such but I wouldn't want to lose you over them."

She smiled and opened her arms. He sat next to her and they hugged for a long time. "Don't worry," she whispered. "No one's going to steal me away."

Chapter Sixteen

Janet got on the phone to Frank the next morning.

"Frank?"

"Yes, my beautiful little submissive?" He was in his office. Bill had been in earlier, giving him a full report, but he was alone now.

Her words came out in a rush. "He told me! You were right! He said he'd like to see me with other men! Can you believe it?"

"Really? Wow. That's great." He wasn't about to let on that he knew it all along.

"Great?" She paused. "I don't know, I'm a little worried."

"Worried? Why? It would seem to fit into our plans neatly, don't you think?"

"Well, sure," she said. "That's what worries me. It seems too good to be true."

"Now don't borrow trouble."

"I'm not trying to. I just worry he'll be jealous and hurt, no matter what he says."

"If you feel that way, we can just keep on the way we're going."

"No, I can't do that either. He's bound to find out sooner or later." She paused. "I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't. The thing is, I'm not sure how we should proceed from here."

"Why don't you agree to fulfill his fantasy? Can you think of someone—I mean, other than me?"

"But why? I don't want anyone else."

Frank smiled into the phone. "Well then, why don't you bring it up and if he asks who would be a good candidate, casually say that you find me handsome and you've always been attracted to me. See if he goes for it."

"I can't do that! I'd be too embarrassed! Besides, you're his boss!"

"Hmm. That could be a little awkward. I could talk to him. You know, sound him out."

"What could you say? 'I've always wanted to fuck your wife, Bill, why don't I stop by tonight?'" She laughed derisively.

"I would hope I could be more subtle than that. Why don't you just leave it to me?" He knew that's what she secretly wanted—to let him be in control.

"Well, okay. But I'm worried."

"Don't be. Trust me."

He hung up and sat back. A big grin slowly spread over his face.

* * * * *

Bill stopped by after lunch. "You called? Did you hear from her?"

"I sure did. And she's ready for the final phase, I think. We have to be careful of course."

"You think she'll go for it?"

"Why not? She really wants both of us, you know. You are her husband and have been a safe and honorable man for ten years—maybe a little too safe. I provide what's been missing in her life since she was a teenager."

"So you're agreed then? You won't try to steal her away from me?"

"I don't really think I could, the way she loves you," he said, choosing his words carefully.

He didn't relish the idea of sharing her. But half a loaf was better than none. Maybe something would change later. He eyed Bill. *Maybe he'll fall in love with another woman. Or we'll open a plant in Beijing and I'll put him in charge.*

He smiled and said, "Now when she comes to you and suggests that you fulfill your fantasy, act shocked but not too shocked. Tell her you'd like to think about it but you're really surprised she'd be willing to do it, etcetera, etcetera."

"I know what to do."

"Do you? How will you react when she says she's always had an eye on me?"

Bill grimaced. "I dunno. My first reaction would be jealousy, I suppose."

"Well don't be jealous. That's what she waiting for. She'll pull back at once. Just act a bit surprised. Say, you might be willing but you wouldn't want to lose your job over it or something. Get her to talk about her fantasy as well. Don't just make this about you."

Bill nodded. "I get it."

"All right. We're on the home stretch now. Be careful."

* * * * *

Janet was having a glass of wine, her second, as she sat in the upholstered chair and waited for Bill to come home. Ever since his little confession last night, she'd been nervously trying to figure out how to get Frank involved without her husband freaking out. It was one thing if they invited a total stranger in here—someone they'd never see again, but Frank! That would be weird, no matter how it was approached.

She heard the garage door open and she gulped down the rest of her wine before pouring a third glass. She sat immobile as Bill came in from the garage.

"Hi, hon," he said casually, bending down to kiss her. "Having a cocktail without me?"

"Uh, yeah. I just felt like one. Hope you don't mind."

"No, not at all." He went into the kitchen and grabbed a beer out of the fridge. "How was your day?"

"Good. Real good."

He sat down across from her. "Really? You act like there's something on your mind."

She took another sip. "Well, yeah. About last night..."

"You mean our little fantasies? Oh well, I figure it'll never happen. I hope you weren't offended by mine."

"No, no! I wasn't." She caught his eye. "It's just that..."

He waited.

"You've had that fantasy for a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I don't dwell on it," he said.

"But you never said anything to me."

"It's not something one would necessarily share with one's wife."

"Are you shocked by my submissive fantasy?"

"No! Not at all. I find it sexy. I just always thought of you as this modern woman. I figured if I ever suggested something like that, you'd be frying up my balls in the skillet."

She laughed. "No... Well, maybe yes. I would probably have reacted like a tough feminist. That was the way I, uh, saw myself as an adult after all. But deep down there's a woman—actually a little girl—who wanted to be...um, I don't know. Punished." The last word was barely a whisper.

Bill had an image of Janet bent over the couch as Frank spanked her. He could feel himself get hard. "Same here. I'm not supposed to like seeing my wife with another man. But I can't help that it excites me."

A silence fell. Janet took a deep breath. "Well, I'm willing to let you have that fantasy...if I can have mine."

Bill pretended to be shocked and pleased. "Really? You'd do that?" He sank back into the couch and rubbed his forehead.

"You're not disappointed in me?"

"Not at all! Wow! This would be like a dream come true!"

"But not with just any man, you understand."

"Oh of course. You'd like one of those, whatchacallits."

"Dominants."

"Yes. Dominants. Someone who knows what you want and how to do it right."

"Exactly. I'd be worried if you just went out and picked out a man at a bar. You know, he'd probably be crude and hurtful."

"Yeah, but how do we find someone like that? Someone who is dominant but also willing to share?"

She nodded. "That's a tough one."

He finished his beer and stood up. "Well, we'll have to think on it for a while, I guess. Maybe you could ask some of your girlfriends..."

"Frank," she said softly, almost a whisper.

He turned. "What?"

She was suddenly embarrassed. "Um, what about, er, Frank?"

Bill looked surprised – it wasn't hard to fake. "Frank? My boss?"

"Yeah."

"Why him?"

"Well, I know he's always been attracted to me."

"You could tell? I mean, did he flirt with you behind my back?" He narrowed his eyebrows questioningly, trying to seem like a suspicious husband.

"No!" she said a bit too quickly. "But a woman can tell. He's always been a perfect gentleman with me." The lie came out so smoothly he almost believed it.

Bill got another beer. "You think he's a dominant?"

"Well, sure. Isn't he?"

"Now that you mention it, yeah, you're probably right. At least at work. But I don't know how he is with the ladies. He didn't seem that way with Mary when they were together."

"No, he didn't. But then that might've been Mary's issue, not his."

"You mean that she wouldn't go along with any such games."

"Right."

"You think that's why they got divorced?"

Janet took another sip of wine. "It's possible."

"Hmm. Interesting." He took a big drink from the bottle. "I don't know, Jan. He could fire me or something."

"Oh no! He wouldn't do that!"

"How can you be so sure?"

"Well, if he did, he'd never see me again."

Bill smiled broadly. *This might work after all*, he mused. "So you're saying it would be kinda like a Mexican standoff."

"That's a crude way of putting it but yes."

"Hmm. I don't know."

"It's just an idea. I just want to please you."

"I appreciate it, I really do." He sat on the edge of her chair and leaned in to kiss her. She kissed him back with passion.

"Maybe I could just be your dominant guy," he suggested.

"Um, maybe." She didn't sound encouraging. "But that wouldn't solve your fantasy."

"Well, it might eventually. I could do that dominant thing and later bring in guys for you to, you know..."

Janet put a hand on his forearm. "Bill, I love you and you're the sweetest man I've ever known. But I just don't think you're the Dom type."

He sighed. "Maybe you're right." It was a conclusion he'd come to weeks ago. "So how do we do it?"

"You mean, talk to Frank?"

"Yeah. I don't want him to think I'm weird or anything."

"No, of course not." She thought about it. "How about if we invite him to dinner? Say Friday night?"

"So soon?"

"This would just be a sounding-out session. I wouldn't expect we'd make any overt suggestions or anything. We could delay, if you'd feel more comfortable."

"No, it's all right."

"Are you sure?"

He stood and took a swig of his beer. "Sure I'm sure. Why not?"

Chapter Seventeen

“Frank, I gotta hand it to you—you’re a fucking genius.”

Frank beamed. He was seated behind his desk, an unlit cigar in one hand. “See, I told you. I know what your wife wants. She’s just as excited about this as you are.”

“Yeah, but we’re going to have to take it easy,” Bill said. “She thinks this will just be a ‘sounding out’ session Friday. We wouldn’t want to spill the beans.”

“We won’t. We’ve come too far to ruin it now.” He rubbed his hands together, his cigar trapped in the crook of one finger.

“So how do we play it?”

“Leave that to me. Just follow my lead, okay?”

Bill nodded and headed for the door. He paused with his hand on the knob. “And since when did you smoke cigars?”

Frank laughed. “I don’t. I just feel in a magnanimous mood today and I had this leftover from a client visit. It makes me feel like a big shot.”

Bill grinned and shook his head as he left. Frank leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on his desk. He shoved the unlit cigar into his mouth and interlaced his hands behind his head.

“It’s all coming together,” he said to the empty room.

* * * * *

By Friday afternoon Janet was a nervous wreck. What had she gotten herself into? “Oh what a tangled web we weave...” she quoted aloud to herself. She felt as if she were on the verge of a precipice, about to leap over. Why had she fallen under Frank’s spell anyway? Why couldn’t she leave well enough alone?

She checked her watch. It was after five already! Bill would be here soon to help and Frank was scheduled to arrive at six. She hurried to check the roast before heading into the bedroom to change.

She had already showered earlier and had been cooking in her robe and a pair of granny panties—anything to keep her clit from being stimulated by the ring! Now she had her outfit all laid out—a conservative dress that buttoned up right to the neck, a sturdy bra and another pair of granny underwear. At the last minute she replaced the grannies with something a little more sexy, not even knowing why she was doing it. Was she trying to impress Frank? Or Bill?

In either case, she would make sure her clit ring was held immobile. She wasn’t going to walk around on edge all night!

The phone rang, interrupting her. She picked up the receiver in the bedroom, thinking it was probably Bill.

"Hello?"

"How's my little submissive today?"

"Frank! Oh god." She felt suddenly weak and sat down on the bed, pulling the robe closer about her. Her worlds were colliding and she had set things into motion!

"What's wrong? Are you nervous?"

"Duh! Frank, I can't do anything that would hurt Bill, you know that. Please, be on your best behavior tonight!"

"Hurt Bill? I thought this was his fantasy too."

"You know what I mean—you're his boss. It could get awkward."

"I know. I promise to behave—if you'll do something for me."

"What?"

"Don't wear panties tonight."

"I can't!"

"Of course you can. If you don't, I may have to spank you in front of Bill!"

"No, you can't! You wouldn't!"

"I'll bet Bill would like that."

"What? The spanking or no panties?"

Frank laughed. "Both. But I'm sure he'd like it if his wife were naked under her dress."

Janet remembered what Bill had said, how he liked her in a skirt so he could run his hands up under it. Of course he'd like it if she went without panties—but wouldn't he think she was doing it for Frank, not him? That could cause jealousy. Not only that...

"But I can't! That damned ring will drive me crazy!"

"That's the whole idea, Janet. Look, I know I've been lax with you lately, allowing you to work through this, but I really must insist. You know deep down you want to obey me."

His voice sounded so commanding, so confident. Janet found herself falling under his spell again. It would be so easy to allow him to guide her. Then her concerns about Bill intruded.

"God, Frank, I'm all atwitter here. You've got me going one way and Bill another."

"That's not really true."

That stopped her. "W-What do you mean?"

"Bill wants the same thing you do—and I do. He just wants an excuse for it to happen. You told me he wanted to see you with another man—maybe more than one. I think if you give him the right opening, he'll take it."

Janet licked her lips. "And you think me not wearing panties is that, er, opening?" The double entendre made her smile and she had to admit, it did cause her a tingle of excitement, just thinking about it.

"Yes, exactly. And I'll be checking so don't disobey me. You know that I'll have to punish you sooner or later."

Another throb went through her pussy and she closed her legs together. Her hand stole down to feel the shape of the ring through the thin material and she wondered how she could possibly do what he asked.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yes, I'm sure. I promise you, if Bill shows any jealousy, I'll back off."

"All right," she said softly.

"Oh and one more thing."

Inwardly she groaned but her pussy grew wetter. "Yes?"

"I'm sure you've picked out some boring dress that will cover you from head to toe practically. Pick out something else. Something sexier – and shorter."

"Frank!"

"You know, you haven't been calling me 'Sir' lately – you'll have to be punished for that too."

"Oh god," she moaned. Frank knew just what buttons to push.

"Remember. You wouldn't want to disappoint me further. I can't wait to spank that perfect ass."

Her hand reached into her panties and flipped the ring up and down, up and down. New waves of pleasure rolled out from her clit, like tiny waves in a puddle. "Yes...Sir," she said.

"Good girl. See you soon." He hung up.

Janet rose and looked down at the dress she had picked out. It was a very safe choice, she realized. Too safe. Maybe Frank was right – she was going about this the wrong way. Open the door a little, see what happens.

She dropped her robe and stripped off her panties. Naked, she took the dress to the closet, feeling the thrum of the ring against her clit. She placed the dress back and looked through the others. A shiny green dress caught her eye. It was elegant and sexy at the same time. She hadn't worn it in almost a year – since the last time Bill had taken her out to dinner for their anniversary. The top wasn't too low cut but it allowed a little bit of cleavage to show. And it came to just above her knees so it wouldn't be too short. She nodded. A good, safe choice that would please both Frank and Bill.

She hung the dress on the door and went to put on her bra. A lacy one without an underwire would be perfect. It would allow her to move and be comfortable but still cover her well. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her shaved pussy looked exposed, the gold ring prominently displayed. She shivered.

Janet sat and put on her makeup. Not too much. She wanted an understated look. When she was satisfied, she rose and checked her watch. Five-twenty. She hurried to slip into the dress. She liked the way the satin felt against her skin. Tugging it into place, she strode around the room experimentally, trying to see how it felt with no panties on. She stopped at the mirror and looked. Without a panty line, she looked damned good and just naughty enough to be dangerous.

Smiling at herself, she turned this way and that. Then she heard the garage door open and hurried to put on her shoes, her mind filled with new doubts.

She met Bill coming in from the garage and kissed him hello.

"Well, don't you look wonderful!" he said, hugging her. His hands went to her ass and he cupped her to him.

Janet thought he might notice her lack of panties and complain but he said nothing. "Thanks, dear. Now let me finish dinner. You'd better go get cleaned up."

He headed for the bedroom while Janet went to check on dinner. She slipped on an apron to protect her outfit and started the vegetables. Her mind seemed to bounce around from sexy slut to demure wife and back again. She noticed her hands were shaking.

Bill came out just before six in a comfortable shirt and slacks and offered to fix her a drink.

"Oh god, yes," she said at once without thinking.

"Are you nervous, dear?" he teased.

"Yeah. I don't know how this is going to work out. It could be a disaster."

"Oh relax. You said so yourself, we're just going to play it by ear. If it seems too weird, I'll be the first to call it off, okay?"

She nodded, relieved to hear him say it. "Okay."

He fixed her a glass of wine and she gulped down a big swallow. He just shook his head and grinned.

The doorbell rang and they both froze for a second. Then Bill came to her and put his arms around her. "Just take it easy. It's only Frank. Think of him as an old friend, not my boss."

She nodded, thinking about "only Frank", and had a visual of him spanking her with the riding crop, making her so hot with desire she couldn't stand it. Ha! If Bill only knew!

He went to the door and Janet took another slug of wine. How was she going to survive this night?

Frank came in, all hale and hearty and full of cheer. Janet stood in the doorway to the kitchen and waved at him. He waved back and smiled. She suddenly realized she still had on her apron and felt foolish.

"Thanks for inviting me over, Bill! I don't get out much since the divorce."

"Happy to have you. Can I fix you a drink?"

"Sure!"

They went to the bar and Janet took the opportunity to head back into the kitchen, feeling the ring bounce with every step. *Oh god! What have I gotten myself into?*

She took the vegetables off the heat and drained them. She double-checked the roast. *There! Everything will be ready by six-thirty*, she told herself. She could hear the murmur of the men's voices in the living room and wondered if they were talking about work—or about her.

Her thoughts were interrupted when Frank came into the kitchen alone. She startled and stared at him, her eyes wide.

"Now I know where the expression 'deer in the headlights' comes from," he said, smiling.

"Hi, Frank. I was just getting dinner ready. Should be done soon."

"No rush. We can sit and talk and have a drink first, can't we?" He came closer and she found her breathing quickened.

"Sure. What's Bill doing out there all by himself?"

"He's picking out some music. He said he had some good CDs he wanted me to hear." He was close enough now to touch her. She tried to back up but the stove was in the way.

"Ah, g-good," she said. She tried to step to the side but Frank's hand caught her hip. She froze. She could feel his hand rub against her dress.

"Good," he whispered. "I see you're not wearing panties. I'm pleased."

"Uh, yeah." She slipped sideways and escaped his hand. He didn't try to stop her. She looked past him to the living room but didn't see Bill anywhere.

Her nerves were jangling and she tried to think of some small talk to distract him—and her—from the emotionally charged atmosphere. "W-Where did Bill go?" she said, trying to sound light.

"He said something about looking for a particular CD he had in the bedroom. I don't know. I'm sure he'll be back soon." He moved toward her again and put his hand on her upper arm. She shied away.

"Look, I know you're nervous. I said I would protect you and I will. But I do want to touch you now and again and I don't care if Bill sees. Remember, we're exploring tonight. Let's see where this goes. Don't be so tense."

She nodded and didn't move again when his hand returned to her arm. He rubbed her gently and Janet remembered all over again why she had fallen under this man's spell. If she hadn't been married...well, that was another story.

His other hand came up and rubbed her other arm. She relaxed a little, enjoying the sensation of his strong hands on her. She closed her eyes. But when she felt his lips on hers, she drew back in shock.

"Frank!" she whispered. "Don't!"

She checked out the living room but Bill was still missing. What was taking him so long?

"Don't fight it, Janet. I know what I'm doing."

"He might see!"

"He might like it."

She closed her eyes and shook her head. Turning back to the stove, she pretended the vegetables needed stirring but they were already perfect. She put them into a serving dish and then into the microwave to be reheated just before dinner.

Frank was still in the kitchen, watching her.

Then, thankfully, she heard Bill's voice. "I found it!" He came back to the living room. Frank turned and went out, and when she glanced back, they were standing near the CD player, talking in low tones.

"How did it go?" Bill asked.

"She's as nervous as a cat," Frank said as they pretended to look over the CDs. "Even though we've both said what we wanted, she's really worried about having us together like this."

"How should we play it?"

"I'm going to touch her occasionally in front of you, just a pat here and there. Then sometime during the evening, you get her aside and tell her how much it turned you on to see that. Act really excited about it."

"That won't be hard to do! I can't wait to see you do that Dom thing with her!"

"We have to play this note perfect or we're going to blow it. So ease her fears."

"I noticed already that she's not wearing panties. Was that your idea?"

Frank smiled. "Yep. I called her a little while ago. She was reluctant at first but she went for it. I had a feeling she would."

"I almost said something about it when I came in! But I caught myself in time."

"Good thing or you would've increased her anxiety. Now we've got to concentrate on getting her to relax."

"Well, the wine should help."

"Yes. That reminds me —"

Bill held up a hand. "All taken care of. She asked me to buy at least two bottles and I only bought one. I'm going to regret my 'oversight' and run out to buy more in a few minutes, just like we discussed."

"Good. And we'll hear the garage door when you return, right?"

"Right. Except I'm going to park on the street first and take a peek."

Frank nodded. "Fair's fair. Just don't expect too much so soon. We'll probably just be playing a little slap and tickle."

Bill laughed. "Gotcha."

Chapter Eighteen

Janet heard strains of gentle jazz filling the living room. She smiled and wondered who was seducing whom. *Maybe Bill has a thing for Frank! Ha!*

Bill came into the kitchen and opened the door to the fridge. "Hon, where's that bottle of Chablis we had in here the other day?"

"What? We drank that, remember?"

"Oh. Right." He looked disappointed.

"Why? Didn't you buy more like I asked?"

"I bought a bottle of red to go with dinner. Was I supposed to buy more?"

"Oh Bill! I told you to buy at least two bottles! I'm sure we're going to run out."

"Sorry, I forgot. Don't worry. I can run out before dinner and get some. It will only take about fifteen minutes."

Janet paused, her eyes wide as she thought about that. "Never mind. I'm sure we can drink ice water with dinner."

"No, no! I won't hear of it." He grabbed his keys off the counter. Before she could say anything else, he went to the doorway and called to Frank.

"Hey, Frank, I forgot to get some wine. I'm going to run out for a few minutes. Don't start dinner without me!"

"Want some help?"

"No, no, you stay here and keep Janet company. I'll be right back."

Bill left quickly. Janet heard the garage door open then close. Her heart began beating faster. She leaned back against the sink, waiting for what was to happen next.

Frank came into the kitchen at once and approached her. She didn't move. He stopped just a foot away and they stared at each other for a long moment. Then he reached down to slide his hands underneath her dress along both legs. She made no sound, no protest, as he raised his hands slowly, touching the smooth, hot flesh of her thighs as he went.

Her mouth came open and she breathed softly, almost a whimper. His hands reached the globes of her ass and she shivered involuntarily. Frank stepped closer, drawing his hands around behind her, grabbing the fullness there and bringing her up against him to feel his hard cock. Her ring was trapped in between and it seemed to throb against her clit, causing little jolts to her nervous system.

"Oh god," she whispered.

He pressed himself against her and she could feel the heat there. He said nothing, he simply used his hands and his hips to rock his hardness up and down her hot cleft,

his eyes on hers the entire time. Now that Bill was gone, it was easy for Janet to fall under his power. Her body responded. She wanted nothing more than to feel this man's cock slide into her.

She began to breathe more heavily. Her eyes closed and she found herself drifting, her entire being concentrated on her pussy. She didn't stop him when he pulled her dress up past her hips, clearing the cloth from between them. Now only his slacks separated his cock from her wetness. He held her close with his left arm.

The sound of his zipper only excited her further for she felt safe and obedient in his arms. She trusted him completely. If he wanted to fuck her before Bill got home, that was just fine, Sir, just fine. Nevertheless, her mind remained alert for the sound of the garage door.

He pulled away for a moment and when his cock returned, it was bare and hard against her damp pussy. She sucked in a breath and pressed against him, enjoying the sensation of her juices spreading over his shaft.

Both of his hands returned to her ass cheeks, squeezing them hard and keeping her tight against him.

"I want to spank this lovely round ass," he whispered in her ear.

She shuddered with delight.

"I want Bill to watch as I whip you until you are bright red and begging for mercy."

Hearing her husband's name sent out tiny alarm bells but Frank's cock's constant rubbing soon caused them to fade into the background.

"I know he'd like to watch us," he said. "He'd like to learn what you really want."

She frowned, not sure if that were true but it sounded encouraging. She pressed her clit against his shaft and rocked with him. The ring caught between only exacerbated the sensation.

"You're a slut and a submissive and you need this," he said.

She could only nod ever so slightly. God, she wanted him inside her!

"Once your husband sees how you really are, I'll probably invite James over to put in nipple rings and have George and Martin watch along with Bill. Then they could all take turns fucking you."

"God," she said, throwing her head back. "Goddamn it." She was close but she couldn't quite get there. She needed him inside. Janet pushed up on her tiptoes and reached down to coax the tip of his cock into her sopping cunt but he wouldn't let her.

"Please, Sir," she said.

"Please what, slut?"

"Please fuck me!"

"But your husband! He'll be coming home soon. Do you want him to find you like this, humping his boss?" His voice teased her.

"Eeeeeee," she said, her body struggling now to move his cock. Her fingers slipped over the wet tip as she rubbed it against her clit. She brought her fingers up to her mouth and could taste his pre-cum. It drove her wild.

"What was that?"

"Yeeeees," she said. "Yes, I want to fuck you now. I don't care if Bill sees!"

He was relentless now, rubbing against her, driving her to the brink. "No, it's more than that, my little sub. You *want* him to watch as you fuck me."

"YES!" she shouted. "God, Sir, fuck me! Quick!"

With some effort, he pulled away, leaving her poised on the edge. Her eyes flew open to see his wicked smile.

"No. It's not time until I say so," he said. With some effort, he tucked his rock-hard cock back into his pants and zipped up. Janet was splayed back against the counter, her dress still halfway up, her legs apart. She could see some of her wetness on Frank's slacks and knew she was a sopping mess.

"How could you?" she gasped. "I was so close!"

He came forward, grabbed her arm and half turned her then gave her a sharp swat on the ass. It shook her out of her reverie and calmed her. Her dress fell down and covered her. She reached underneath, trying to rub herself to a quick climax but Frank held her arm and shook his head.

"There will be none of that tonight. If you come, it will be at someone else's hands. Or cock."

"You are so mean."

"You are so mean, *Sir*," he said. "That'll cost you too."

"Am I supposed to call you 'Sir' when Bill is here too?" she said mockingly, aware that it would come back to haunt her as well when he tallied up her "punishments".

"No, not at first anyway. We'll work that out, don't worry."

The sound of the garage door startled her. She straightened up and smoothed down her dress. She thought she could feel herself squish with every step as she hurried to finish dinner. Frank stepped back and returned to the living room, tugging at his pants as he went.

Good, she thought. Hope he gets blue balls!

* * * * *

Bill came in, two wine bottles in hand. His cock was so hard he held one of the bottles in front so as not to give away his delicate condition. He had returned a few minutes earlier and had parked in the driveway. He had snuck up to the window to the living room to watch the scene. He could observe them through the opening into the kitchen. To see his wife pressing up against Frank like that, wow! She clearly was hot for him. She seemed to be humping him as if she had been desperate to get off. He

wondered what Frank had said or did to her that drove her wild like that. She had never acted like that when they were making love.

He put the wine on the counter and excused himself. Janet said nothing to him—in fact, she seemed more flustered than he did. He nodded at Frank and went into the bathroom, unzipped his pants. His hard cock was aching. He took a washcloth and ran it under cold water then pressed it against his cock, trying to cool it down. It had the desired effect and soon he was able to tuck it back into his pants.

He washed up and went out. He sat down next to Frank on the couch.

"Wow," he whispered. "I saw part of it. Wow."

Frank grinned. "Janet is so horny she's ready to do just about anything, whether you're here or not. We'll get started after dinner, okay?"

"You bet." He looked down at Frank's pants. "Looks like she got a little on ya."

"Yeah. Just ignore it. When she sees it, she'll be embarrassed. She'll wonder if you've noticed. We'll let it play upon her mind."

Bill smiled.

"Dinner's ready!"

They got up and went to the table. Janet tried to be the perfect hostess but she was clearly flustered. Bill noted that she spotted the damp smears on Frank's crotch and looked away at once. She forgot to rewarm the vegetables then she neglected to put out a serving spoon. And she couldn't remember where the electric knife had been stored when she went to carve the roast.

Bill opened the wine and made sure everyone had plenty, especially Janet. She seemed all too happy to drink up—probably to calm her nerves.

The conversation started out smoothly. They talked about the lovely meal and both men congratulated Janet. But when the conversation turned to work, Bill noted Frank had decided to up the ante.

Frank turned to Janet and asked, "So tell me, Janet, Bill says you've been working at a dress shop for a while. How's that working out for you?"

Janet froze, her fork halfway to her mouth. She stared at Frank then glanced over at Bill. "Uh..."

"Tell him, honey. You seem to have been enjoying it," Bill offered helpfully.

A tiny shudder ran through her. Bill could imagine her thoughts—"working" at being fucked or pierced. His cock grew hard again and he had to shift in his seat.

"Uh." She struggled to find her voice. "It's, uh, fine. Just a temporary job, you know. I help rich ladies find the right, er, outfits."

"I'll bet that can be fun, working with all those new fashions," Frank said, giving her a big grin.

"Sure." She turned to Bill. "More roast, honey?"

"No, no thanks. I'm stuffed. It was a great meal, dear."

"What's the store's top-selling designer?" Frank wasn't ready to let it go yet.

Janet stared at him as if to say, *What are you doing?*

"Uh. I don't know. Vera Wang, maybe?"

Frank nodded. He and Bill exchanged glances. When Bill looked back at Janet, she was studying her meal. He looked back at Frank and gave him a quirked eyebrow and his boss shrugged.

When they were done, Janet and Bill cleared the dishes. Frank volunteered to pitch in but she shooed him away and told him guests didn't have to help. He went into the living room.

"So what'd you guys talk about while I was gone?" Bill said in a low voice while they loaded the dishwasher.

"Talk?"

"Yeah. Didn't you talk?"

"Um, no, we didn't talk. I, uh, let him hug me."

"What?" He pretended to be shocked.

"I know you want to be present. But I thought I should let him know I was interested so I didn't protest."

"What exactly did he do?"

"He, uh, held me close. You know, just a good hug."

It had been more than that! But Bill didn't say anything. He wanted to let her see he wasn't going to be jealous about it. He could tell she was watching him closely for a reaction.

"That's great, honey!"

"Really? You think so?"

"Well, sure. It's what we want, isn't it?"

"Yes. I just want to make sure it's what we both want and not just one or the other, you know?"

He took her hand in his. "I know. And I really appreciate it. I mean, just hearing about how he was with you gets me excited, even if he is my boss."

She smiled. "Well then, I should tell you it was a very good hug. I could feel his, well, you know."

"No!"

"Oh yeah. I know he wants me. But he's probably thinking I want to have an affair. I don't know how to get him to consider the idea that you'll be there."

"Yeah. And we don't know if he's a real Dom, do we?"

She looked at him, puzzled. "Oh he is, trust me."

"What do you mean?"

"The way he came in here and took me in his arms left no doubt. He wasn't tentative or worried I might scream. He saw what he wanted and came in and took it. That was very Dom-like."

"I'll bet it turned you on."

"Oh yeah." She saw the expression on his face and added, "But I wouldn't trade you for him so don't look so hurt. It's like visiting an amusement park. Fun for a day but I wouldn't want to live there!"

He laughed and gave her a kiss.

"Now I'm just about finished in here so go out and keep our company waiting," she said. "Shoo."

Janet took a deep breath when Bill left the kitchen. Things were moving rather fast and she wasn't sure if she liked it. She thought Bill might exhibit some jealousy but he seemed eager for things to continue. Apparently, having Frank as his boss didn't bother him as much as she thought it would. Her pussy throbbed and she wondered just how far they would go tonight. Somehow she couldn't quite see her husband watching as Frank put her through her paces. Wouldn't she be too nervous and self-conscious to go through with it? She shivered.

Janet took a deep breath and tried to calm her nerves before returning to the living room. Bill had taken the upholstered chair, leaving a seat on the couch next to Frank. She sat down, trying not to think too much about the situation. Now that she was close to Frank again, her pussy seemed to respond to him, swelling with heat and need.

"Well, that was a lovely meal, Janet. Thanks so much for inviting me. Since I became a bachelor again, I don't get too many home-cooked meals," Frank said. He reached over and patted her leg.

She nodded. "You're welcome anytime, Frank. We should've invited you over sooner." She glanced down and noticed that Frank had not moved his hand. She looked up at Bill and he gave her a sly grin.

Okay, if this is what he wants, she thought, and turned slightly toward Frank, allowing her skirt to ride up a half inch. It was all the encouragement he needed. His hand slid up another inch, taking the material with it.

"That pot roast recipe was really good too. It was so tender it about fell off my fork."

"Oh that's my mother's recipe. I can't take credit. Slow cooking is the key."

Bill got up. "I'll be right back." He headed down the hall toward the bathroom.

Janet turned toward Frank. "You're being pretty brazen! Are you sure Bill will go for this?"

"I'm always brazen around you, babe." He reached over and unbuttoned her dress between her breasts, exposing the tops of her lacy bra.

"Frank!" She looked down the hall.

"You know this is what Bill wants. You should stop worrying so much. If he objects, he can speak up." His hand moved up under her skirt, about halfway up her thigh.

She jumped and pulled away. Frank let her go. She sat back against the cushions and caught her breath. "God! I just feel so funny! I just can't believe Bill will go for this. I know what he says and what you say, but still, it's hard to accept."

"I know. But you heard him. It's his fantasy—and yours. You just have to let go a little. He's not going to fly into a jealous rage—trust me on this." He reached out and pulled her closer to him.

She allowed it and settled in next to him. "I don't know why I'm so nervous. Bill's been clear about this and he's been giving me encouragement. I guess since I've been cheating on him for so many weeks now, I feel like I've already betrayed him."

"Ah, see, that's guilt talking." His hand returned to the skin along her collarbone and he stroked her there as he talked. "You'd probably feel better if you had found out earlier what fantasy Bill had, right? Then you could've talked it all out before you got caught up with me."

His touch felt good. She closed her eyes. His other hand returned to the inside of her leg to rest against her hot skin, but she didn't react. "Yeah, that would have been better," she said.

"But you must remember—it's my fault, not yours. I blackmailed you, remember?"

Janet did remember but it seemed so long ago. They had come far since then and blackmail no longer had anything to do with it. "I could've stopped it," she said, her voice languid and weak.

"No you couldn't have." His hand drifted down across her chest to tickle the tops of her left breast. "I was in control of you. You couldn't help it."

She nodded, drifting. His other hand pushed up her dress a little farther.

"You had to do what I said or Bill would lose his job. You're the heroine here."

"No, I'm not."

"Hey, I'm in charge here, remember?" He leaned in and kissed her cheek. "You're just building up the punishments for later."

She gave him a half smile. "I wonder what's taking Bill so long?"

"He's probably giving us some time. I'm sure he's aware of your awkwardness."

"Yeah. Maybe."

His hand moved up until it touched her throbbing pussy. She jumped and pushed him away with some effort. "I'm sorry, Frank, uh, Sir, but I have to go talk to Bill. I just want to make sure I'm...I mean, he's okay with this."

Frank shrugged. "Sure. I understand. I'm not trying to ruin your marriage here. Only enhance it."

Janet smiled at him and stood. She smoothed down her dress, acutely aware of how sensitized she felt. It was as if her whole body were tingling, especially her breasts and sex.

She moved down the hall and found Bill in their bedroom, standing at the closet. "Bill?"

He turned. "Oh hi. Are you ignoring our guest?"

"I was just worried about you. You took off so quickly..."

He came to her and took her into his arms. "No, it's okay. I wanted to leave you two alone for a bit. I know you're all confused but I'm telling you it's all right."

"You really mean it? Frank is, uh, taking full advantage of your absence."

"I know. And if you don't want him to, by all means, call a halt to it. But if you're enjoying it, well, then..."

"You amaze me, Bill. You really do."

"Hey, you asked about my little fetish. Now let me ask about yours—is Frank, uh, dominant enough for you?"

"Oh yeah, I think he is," she said. "I mean, so far." *If you only knew*, she thought.

"Good. So go out there and have fun."

"But what about you? I don't want you hiding out in here."

"I'll come out when I'm ready. And when I do, I expect you to be enjoying your, uh, submissiveness. This is a win-win, dear. Okay?"

"You're not just saying that, are you?"

"No. I'm not going to freak out. I know that probably doesn't make sense to you but there it is. I like seeing you being dominated."

"Okay." She kissed him. "I feel better now."

"Good. Now scoot." He turned her around and gave her a playful slap on the ass.

She came out into the living room energized. So it was all right! Bill was being wonderful about it! He didn't act jealous at all. Maybe this really does turn him on. Who would've known?

"Stop," Frank said.

Janet froze, puzzled.

"Lift up your dress. I want to see you."

She smiled coyly and wondered if Bill could hear him. She stood in front of the couch and slowly lifted her dress to her waist.

"That's enough."

She held her position, feeling his eyes on her sex, making her hot and wet. God, how she needed to be fucked! The teasing earlier had left her body thrumming and having his eyes on her made it more intense.

"Legs apart more."

She obeyed, her body shaking.

Suddenly, she felt hands on her bare ass and turned to see Bill standing there behind her—he had snuck up silently. She jerked and then settled down, feeling safe in Bill's hands. No one was angry, no one was jealous. Her two worlds came together in that moment and it was all right. Janet breathed a little easier. She kept her eyes on Frank as Bill fondled her pale, soft globes.

My god! I'm here with my two favorite men and I'm half naked and wet!

She could almost climax just from the emotional waves crashing over her. No one spoke for a few minutes, giving her time to get used to this wildly improbable situation. She could see the erection in Frank's pants and she could guess there was a similar tent forming in her husband's. All because of her!

"Oh my," she whispered.

Chapter Nineteen

Frank wanted to exert his control over Janet right away—and Bill too, for that matter.

“You’ve been very bad, Janet,” he said soothingly.

Her voice reflected her alarm. “What? How so, uh, Sir?”

“You didn’t believe Bill when he said he wanted to see you with other men. You questioned his wishes for you.”

“It was a lot to accept.”

Frank watched as Bill stroked her ass. She trembled and leaned back against him.

“Come here.”

She came to him at once, leaving Bill’s hands cupping air. He went to a chair and sat down, his eyes alight.

“Kick off your shoes and lean over my lap.”

He could see in her eyes that she knew what was coming next. But she obeyed after one quick glance back over her shoulder at her husband. She settled over his lap, her ass up invitingly. He eased her skirt up, exposing the rounded shape. His hands gently rubbed her pale skin. Underneath, he felt her shiver.

“I’m going to spank you now, Janet. Bill is going to watch you get punished. He’s going to see what a submissive slut you are.”

She made a near-soundless groan deep in her throat. He raised his hand and brought it down hard.

“Ulp!”

“Why don’t you count for Bill, slut?”

“One, Sir!”

Whack!

“Two, Sir!”

“Tell Bill what you are.”

“I’m...a slut, Sir!”

Whack!

“Three, Sir!”

“And why is that?”

“I don’t know!”

Whack!

"You can do better than that."

"Four, Sir! Uh, I guess I like the power of a strong man."

Unstated of course, was the fact that Bill wasn't. Frank wanted Bill to hear it from his wife. He wanted Bill to understand that he needed Frank as much as Janet did.

Whack!

"Five, Sir!"

Frank could feel her body vibrate now. Her ass was reddening nicely. He knew if he touched her slit, she would be wet.

"Spread your legs apart, slut. Show your husband how wet you are."

She groaned but obeyed. Frank could smell the light scent of her arousal.

Whack!

"Six, Sir!"

Bill got up and moved closer. Frank could see the sheen of wetness between her legs and ran his finger up along her slit. She jerked involuntarily. He held up his finger to show Bill the honey he had collected.

"Look at you, showing yourself off like this!"

"Oh god!"

Whack!

"Seven, Sir!"

"You like this, don't you, my pet?"

"Uh..."

Whack!

"Eight! Yes, Sir! I like it!"

"What does it do to you?" His hand rubbed her abused skin, soothing her.

"It...makes me hot."

"It brings out the slut in you, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Sir."

Bill was silent, his eyes wide and alert. Frank could see the bulge in his pants and knew how much he was enjoying this scene. It was time to exert his authority, to show both of them who was in charge.

"Tell your husband how you saved his job."

"What?"

Whack! Whack!

"Nine, ten, Sir! Okay, okay! Bill, Frank blackmailed me! He made me fuck him! He said he would fire you if I didn't!"

Bill came forward and touched her shoulder. "Really? He did that to you?"

"Yes!"

"That wasn't all, was it?" Frank pressed.

"Oh god!"

Whack!

"Eleven, Sir!" She gasped. "Bill, he made me get this jewelry! And he made me, oh god!"

Frank raised his hand and she rushed ahead.

"He made me suck off one of his neighbors! And another neighbor saw me naked! And the piercer...oh god!"

"What did the piercer do?" Bill asked.

"He, uh, fucked me, Bill. I'm so sorry!"

"You let another man fuck you!" Bill's voice seemed to waver on the knife-edge of jealousy and joy. The jealousy part was an act to convince Janet that he didn't already know all the details. Yet Frank knew there was some truth to that emotion. "Why didn't you come to me and tell me what was going on?"

Frank stepped in. "I still hold all the cards," he said, nodding at Bill. "I could fire him tomorrow if I felt like it."

"See? I had to, Bill."

Bill nodded, going along. "I understand."

"So you'll give your wife to me whenever I want her?" His hands kept rubbing her, eliciting another deep sigh from the submissive woman.

"Uh, yes, I guess I have no choice," Bill said. There was a question in his eyes and Frank knew what it was. Bill wanted to be present at every session. Frank had other ideas and he wanted to see how far he could press them.

"And she's mine to do what I want? Including making her fuck and suck other men?"

Bill didn't answer right away. His brow furrowed. Frank gave him an impatient tip of his head and Bill shrugged.

"Uh, sure. If I can be —"

"Did you hear that, slut?" Frank interrupted. "I can fuck you anytime. I can give you to other men like James or George or Martin."

"Well, now, I—" Bill began.

"Would you like to see your slutty wife fuck another man?"

Bill's eyes glazed a bit before he regained control. "Yeah," he said, licking his lips. Janet groaned.

"Touch her, see how turned on she is."

Bill came forward and ran his fingers up along her core. She jumped.

"Yeah, she's sopping wet. She wants it."

"Slut, get up and take off your clothes."

She rose on shaky legs and turned to face her husband. Frank watched as a wordless conversation passed between them. He could guess what they were saying. She was asking him if he really was okay with this and Bill responded positively, although Frank could tell he had some doubts now. Now that Frank was exerting his control, Bill wasn't entirely sure he liked it. Yet this is what he said he wanted. Frank knew Bill was wrestling with second thoughts.

He waited, exerting his will on them like an invisible wave of energy. It was a critical moment. If Bill objected, everything could come apart. Janet would revert to the shy, loyal wife. Frank believed that Bill was subservient too and given the right push, he would fall into line. As long as he made it seem like his own idea.

Frank gave Bill a long look as if to say, *This is what you wanted, right?*

Bill gazed back at him and slowly nodded.

Frank reached out and gave Janet a slap on the rump. "Come on, slut! I don't have all night!"

A final look passed between husband and wife then Janet began to remove her clothes. She stripped slowly, her dress peeling away and down her legs. She kicked it away. Her hands went to her bra and unhooked it, allowing it to fall as well. She stood naked in front of them, her eyes downcast.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Janet, and your husband's going to watch. If he's very good, I might let him fuck you too." He winked at Bill to let him know he was kidding, but in reality he wasn't. He hoped that soon he would have control over both of them.

He guided Janet to the upholstered arm of the couch and draped her over it. There would be no further preliminaries. He would fuck her hard and fast and show Bill who was boss. He expected her to feel awkward – Bill too for that matter. Frank knew it was one thing to watch your wife being submissive on a video and quite another to watch it in person. He might even want to step in to "rescue" her, although she didn't need rescuing. She needed to let herself go.

Her ass was so invitingly red with his palm prints, Frank found himself rock-hard at the prospect of fucking her. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock.

"Keep your eyes on your husband," he ordered, and plunged into her.

Janet gasped but kept her eyes open. A look was exchanged between husband and wife. Something changed there and Frank hoped they were both understanding who was in charge now.

He fucked her quickly, not caring if she climaxed or not. Considering the situation, it probably would be hard for her to come. She couldn't help but feel she was betraying her husband somehow. Perhaps she was waiting for him to grow angry or stop them. But he just stood there, his mouth half open and watched as his wife was plowed by his boss.

Frank came hard and thrust up against her, feeling his cock throb inside her. He pulled out at once and ordered her to clean him off. She squeezed her legs together to

keep his semen inside as she kneeled down to take him into her mouth. Frank watched Bill's reaction but it did not change.

"My turn," Bill said when Janet was finished.

Frank nodded at Janet. "Yes, my little submissive, you have my permission to fuck your husband."

Both of them glanced at him but neither one challenged him. Good, he thought. Let them get used to his power. A stronger man would have objected but Bill seemed willing to go along.

He watched as Bill fucked Janet, smiling when he observed that her eyes were on him the entire time. Her husband came quickly and pulled out.

"Clean me, slut," Bill ordered, and Janet looked to Frank for his nod before she obeyed.

Frank smiled. Things were going well.

Chapter Twenty

It had been a busy three months. Frank had a lot to deal with at the plant after Springfield Mills was bought out by a competitor. There had been several duplicate jobs that had to be eliminated, including Bill's. Fortunately his control over both Bill and Janet had remained strong. Janet of course needed what he gave her. And Bill seemed happy to allow Frank to be the alpha male as long as he was allowed to hang around like a puppy to observe.

Frank had thought that when the word came down to lay off Bill everything would come apart—all his careful work could've gone for naught. But Frank was a resourceful man and he always seemed to have a few cards up his sleeve. He found a way to make even this work to his advantage.

He remembered the day, just a month ago, when he had called Bill into his office for the news. Frank had been using Janet regularly by then and had even exerted control over when Bill could make love to her. As long as Frank brought in a powerful man or two regularly to fuck her while he watched, Bill was happy to go along.

"Bill, sit down," he had said, seeing the man's puzzled expression. No doubt the plant had been full of rumors ever since the merger had occurred, yet Bill probably thought his job was safe due to their intimate arrangement.

"Bill, I won't beat around the bush. Since the merger, Consolidated Steel has decided to use their own project manager at this plant. I did everything I could to stop them but I only have so much power now."

Bill's mouth came open. "You're...laying me off?" His face darkened. "You can't!"

Frank held up a hand. "I know, I know. This wasn't supposed to happen like this. I swear—I never wanted this." Truth be told, he didn't. He was happy with the way things had worked out between the three of them. But now, how could he pass up this opportunity?

"What the hell am I supposed to do? You were supposed to protect us!"

Bill was getting worked up so Frank pulled his trump card out quickly to head him off. "Now wait. Hear me out. I have been able to pull a few strings."

Bill's angry expression stopped in mid-rage and he held himself in check. His eyes were alert, expectant. He waited for Frank to save him.

"You know how the U.S. steel industry is on the wane? Well, there's good and bad news coming from that. Sure, it's bad for jobs here but it also opens up new jobs..." he paused. "Overseas."

Bill's eyes narrowed. "What?"

"Consolidated has a plant in Shanghai. They need a project manager who can supervise operations—in other words, be a co-plant manager, working hand in hand with the Chinese manager. I convinced them that you'd be perfect for the job. You'd handle the English-speaking side of things, which means you'd be in direct contact with the bosses at Consolidated. The Chinese manager would deal with the employees."

"You want me to move to Shanghai?" Bill was thunderstruck.

"It's only temporary," Frank told him. "The reason the job is open is that the current manager is being transferred to Consolidated HQ with a fat promotion. He was in Shanghai less than two years. Think about that."

To his credit, Bill did pause for a moment to digest this new information. "So you're saying that if I do well there, I could come back in a reasonable amount of time?"

"That's what I'm saying. You'd have invaluable experience. You'd be one of the go-to guys for Consolidated."

Bill nodded. "I suppose there's a raise in this somewhere?"

"Of course! Twenty-five percent. Plus, most of that will be earned tax free."

Bill sat back. He blew out a breath. "Wow. That's...that's very generous of you. Thanks. I'm sure Janet and I can learn to love China for a couple of years."

"Yes, well, about that. There's a catch—Janet stays here."

"What?! No way."

"Yes. That's the deal. If you refuse, then the job goes to a man Consolidated is putting up."

Bill stood, his anger rising. "You can't do that! All I have to do is tell Consolidated you're blackmailing me in order to steal my wife and you'll be out on your ear."

"Very possibly true," Frank agreed. "But you'd be out of work as well. Think about it. I'm a CEO. I can always find another company that needs good management. What kind of job would you find?"

Bill held his tongue as he thought about it.

"Besides," Frank added, "I'm not stealing your wife. I already have her. I'm just borrowing her until you return. You've seen how she is with me. She needs me. If you go along with this, I promise I *won't* try to steal her. When you return for visits, I'll step aside and leave you two alone, if that's what you and she want. And when you return for good, we'll all sit down and discuss where we want to go from there."

Frank had no intention of giving Janet up. He knew once Bill left the country he would be out of sight and out of mind. When he returned, Janet would be so conditioned to being Frank's submissive that Bill would no longer have any hold on her. She would refuse to go back to her old life with him. Let him cry and moan then, he thought. It would be too late. Bill wouldn't want to do anything to jeopardize his job and future. He'd find a way to rationalize it—he'd tell himself how he and Janet hadn't been getting along for months, years even. Or he may even find himself a cute little Chinese girl to take Janet's place. A lot could happen.

"I'll have to think about this," Bill said. "I'm not happy. You promised me you'd keep things the way they were."

"I know. But I had no control over the merger, you know that. I was happy the way things were going too—we could've gone on for years, I think. But once I found out they were replacing you, I had to act fast. This is a good deal. You don't know the favors I called in to make it happen."

Bill tipped his head. "Yeah, well, thanks, I guess. I'm not sure I want to trade my wife for my job though."

"You don't really have to. She'll be here when you come home to visit. Plus, you'll have free rein to fuck any of those subservient Chinese gals while you're over there."

Bill's eyes glazed momentarily as he imagined it. A thin smile came to his lips. "Well, let me think about it." Without another word, he left.

It hadn't taken long for him to decide. Frank made sure to prep Janet for her part of the argument. She convinced Bill it was a golden opportunity and he'd be a fool to let it slip through his fingers.

"I'll be here when you get back," she had said. Frank had told her it wasn't really a lie—a lot could happen in two years. Or three. And Janet would be "here" when he eventually returned. But by then, he probably wouldn't want her. She would be completely under Frank's spell.

So Bill had taken the job. He had left a week ago. And Frank was preparing to move as well. He had found a cute little house on a wooded half acre outside town and knew instantly it would be the perfect place to continue Janet's training. For now, Janet was staying at his apartment. She and Bill had sold their home and split the proceeds. In many ways it was like a divorce, although they were still legally married.

The thought that Janet was home, waiting for him naked and moist, her hands chained to her waist belt so she couldn't masturbate, sent a thrill through him. She had come a long way in just a few months. After another year, she would be his perfect little submissive. He would take very good care of her and protect her from harm. And she would learn so much about the Dominant/submissive lifestyle.

He smiled and sat back in his big leather chair.

About the Author

J.W. McKenna is a former journalist who took up penning erotic romance stories after years of trying to ignore an overly dramatic – and often overheated – imagination. McKenna is married and lives in the Midwest, where polite people would be shocked if they knew what kind of writing was being done in their town.

J.W. welcomes comments from readers. You can find his website and email address on his author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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