

# His



by Carolyn Faulkner

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# *His*

## *Chapter 1*

*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Raina grasped at the ropes that held her, trying to obey, trying to submit, even though she didn't feel as if she even had any control over whether she did or not.

But her Master would disagree with that idea, she knew from experience this past year. It was her body, and she was solely responsible for it's submission to him, every single inch of her, up to and including the very area he was exploring now – one of his most favorite.

She could see the clear plastic container where it was placed near her head, which was held in just such a position that she couldn't look away from it. She was always forced to watch as he emptied the nasty contents of that awful thing inside her, forcing her to accept the somewhat cooled water through force of her own will as it rightfully bent to his. He didn't use a butt plug nozzle. Not her Master. He went for a much subtler approach. He didn't want to take the option of disobeying him away from her. He left it entirely up to her after he'd required her to fill that awful container with the usual solution which was very light on irritating soap, but cool enough to still cause spasms that would remind her of just exactly who it was that owned her through out.

Raina had also been mindful of his rules and had added the light green food coloring he required that would make the descent of the water level as it emptied into her bottom just that much more dramatic.

While she was forced to stare at the way her "tonic" as he called it made its journey into her insides, she could also see, through artfully rigged mirrors, the entire route it took as it descended down the clear plastic tubing, only held up again by her unnaturally curved buttocks as she was held in what he called the "receptive" position. Normally, when he wasn't trying to show her her own submission in action, her head was down, her face laid into one of those round, cushioned massage rings that he'd liberated from somewhere and jury rigged for her. He loved it, because it was inherently comfortable for her, and it eliminated the need for any sort of a blindfold, because she couldn't see while her face was pressed against it.

He patted her naked hip, very much as if he was patting the haunch of one of his many Thoroughbreds. He enjoyed how she looked, most especially in this position. He had lifted her onto her punishment table – the heavy gage one he'd had built to his own specifications that were quite baroque and overblown. He adored seeing a tiny woman – Raina was only about five feet tall and about ninety eight pounds soaking wet – on a

huge table, or being fucked by a big guy, such as himself. It had nothing whatever to do with her being in the least childlike – not with those natural D cup breasts of hers – and everything to do with being the biggest person in the room.

He liked being able to pick her up and carry her around to wherever he wanted her. And this evening after he'd awakened her from a nap he'd put her down for not too much earlier, he'd wanted to clean her out for some reason. And around here, his whim was law.

So he'd put her on the huge black table and secured her ankles to a spreader bar so that they were well separated and he would have instantaneous access to any part of her that he might become interested in, then each of them was secured to the imbedded restraints at the corners, as well as the one from the floor directly beneath them, so she couldn't move them from side to side or up and down. He liked her to be able to move as little as possible when he was working on her, and the spreader bar also made it that much harder for her to retain the enema.

Sometimes he was a real bastard.

Then he'd secured the imbedded thick leather belt around her tiny waist, again enjoying the brutish contrast, and moving up to her arms, which he bent at the elbow to give her some support, so that she wasn't leaning all her weight on her head and neck, but also secured much like her ankles, bound tightly together using the four inch leather wrist cuffs he had collared her with and required her to wear at all times when she wasn't working, attaching them together then individually then to the hook in the floor, so that she was well and truly bound and held fast for her cleansing.

And whatever depraved thing he thought to do to her before, during and after.

He had things set up perfectly. He liked for her to have to watch herself getting punished or cleansed or inspected or whatever. He believed that it helped her experience her own submission on a different level from the norm, and he knew she hated every minute of it, which is why she was always on orders never to close her eyes when he had her positioned like this so that she was always forced to watch the intimate details of her own violation, as well as feeling them.

She could also feel the coolness of the liquid on that small patch of her bottom it was draped over, before entering her through the douche nozzle he favored, and she could see peeking out from between her forcefully rounded cheeks.

Raina hated this position. She was so horribly exposed, her slick and bare as a whistle femininity hanging down between her legs for anyone to see – not that he would ever let anyone near her; he was much too possessive for that. But she had absolutely no defense against anything he might want to do to her.

None.

And that was exactly the way he liked it.

He knew she wanted to rock back and forth to try to cope with the forceful invasion of the solution he favored as it wound its way through her colon, but he denied her even that comfort. She was his, and she wasn't allowed to comfort herself. He was the only one who could do that, and he had deigned that she didn't need it for a simple enema.

There were rare occasions when he required that she be completely silent while being punished and it didn't matter what kind of punishment it was. It was usually just a notion that took him at the time, and whether it was a cane in his hand or his well lubed hand.

But her enemas, which were strictly administered every three days, using the exact same ritual each time, were not one of those times, so Raina was moaning and sobbing softly as the cramps threatened to over take her.

The fact that he was so consistent was usually very good for her. But the enemas he forced her to take, even after more than a year with him, had never gotten any easier.

And he liked that. He didn't believe that submission should be easy, so he kept raising the bar.

When she'd first come to him, he'd given her very small enemas, since she'd never had one before that she could recall, and they were simple warm water – nothing added. But when he felt it was getting to be a non event for her, when she wasn't truly struggling to obey him and hold it to the very last, then he upped the ante, adding small amounts of lemon juice, or mild soap or adjusting the temperature down a degree or two. He was in no hurry. She was going to be his forever, and he was in no hurry to force her to take and hold a soapy, crushed ice enema.

But he would, eventually.

He loved bring her along in increments, always making her work for her submission, always taking her just the a bit – or sometimes more – past what she would consider the edge of her tolerance, whether it was this or a punishment or an exercise in humiliation.

He kept meticulous records of everything he did to her, too, even these more routine rituals, noting how much he gave her, what its ingredients were, and how well she took it - as well as notes of what he did if she was unable – or unwilling – to submit to his will.

Raina could see that she was nearing the end of the first part of the enema – the container was nearly empty. But that just meant that the worst part still loomed.

“Looks like you're ready,” Master said from behind her, where she finally heard that welcome click that meant he'd shut off the flow.

Unfortunately, it also meant that he would remove the nozzle and expect her to hold her water all on her own – no plug, no nothing – until he deemed she could go and release it.

“Clench, clench, clench,” he ordered softly as he removed the nozzle, then began to release her bonds, leaving her that much freer and that much more restrained. Once her legs were free, he brought her ankles together, strategically slipping a pair of pink bikini briefs over her ankles.

She stayed exactly in position, as he required, as he wandered around her, whispering occasionally, “hold it, hold it, hold it.”

He could see how hard it was for her to do this, which only made her submission to him that much more precious. It wouldn't have been any fun for him at all if it had been easy, if she hadn't been writhing and wiggling and desperately trying to avoid the horrid punishment she knew would be hers if she spilled just one drop. It was very close to the dance she did on those rare occasions when he fulfilled her pleasure.

She was moaning softly, rhythmically behind the pacifier he'd tucked into her mouth, and it was music to his ears. Low, plaintive music that never let him forget the position he'd put her in. Even if she hadn't been gagged by that small mouth plug, she'd been trained not to beg. To him, a constantly whining, pleading slave needed more training, needed to learn that no amount of annoying utterances would sway him.

She'd learned that.

The hard way.

But she'd learned.

Raina knew that non-verbal noises – as long as they weren't too loud or strident – were permitted, even expected in a lot of the situations she found herself in with him. But unless it was an emergency situation – like a cramp or an asthma attack – she was not allowed to say anything he hadn't given her permission to.

Her master, being the ultimate control freak, sometimes even orchestrated her every word.

He watched avidly as her dance became more and more frantic, as the punishing liquid made her insides angrier and angrier.

He made her hold it until he thought she was going to explode, then – not fancying have to clean up any such mess – he tapped her right flank and said but one word. “Release.” Like the Southern gentleman that he was, even in times like this, he helped her down off the high table, patting her bottom possessively as she tried to scurry away.

But even then, having been given permission to ease the ache in her tummy, she wasn't free. The panties around her ankles hobbled her, and she had to stumble her way to blessed relief.

Ever mindful of any sort of germs – even though they were the only ones to ever use this equipment – he wiped everything down with antiseptics, then put the smaller accoutrement into a dishwasher he'd had installed in the room he euphemistically

referred to as the Library, especially for that purpose. It wasn't the only place in the huge house that there were reminders of the backbone of their relationship. The Library just happened to be the place with the highest concentration of paraphernalia.

Then he shut off the light and wandered into their huge bedroom – knowing she knew to not to so much as stand up from the commode until she'd received permission - drawing the wall of curtains open to reveal the screen doors behind them, the gateway to their huge private balcony as it faced a huge expanse of the Pacific Ocean. He knew how the sea appealed to every one of her senses, how it soothed her wordlessly, and tonight she would need comfort he would not give to her until much, much later.

He pattered around the room, unlocking cabinets and extracting the tools of the trade: a plastic speculum – the metal ones could pinch sensitive flesh without permission – a soft leather flogger that was anything but in his hands, a wooden spoon with a hole in the middle that left the most intriguing pattern of welts. Inspired by that thought, he put his digital camera within easy reach on the bedside table.

He'd taken videos of her, especially when they were first together and everything was so brand new, including all of her responses to his efforts. But as their relationship progressed he'd found himself less and less captivated by that medium and more and more riveted by the reality of it all. Even when he was being more avid about video documentation of their exploits, they never ended up being particularly prurient. He preferred almost artful shots of her reactions much more than the money shots.

And it had puzzled him to no end.

It wasn't like he was a chaste beginner himself. More like a jaded old timer.

He had always had money – thanks to his grandfather - had always been privileged, and had always pretty much done as he'd damned well pleased. Especially when it came to women. It seemed that no one could – or would – turn him down, no matter what outrageous demand he made of them.

But he knew what motivated each and every one of the women he took into the Library, and then, usually, eventually, into a bed – although not his. Before Raina, he'd never allowed any of his little playmates into his inner sanctum. He'd used one of the other master suites, keeping it looking relatively lived in so that none of them guessed that they weren't in the bedroom he slept in.

They wanted his money. He'd never, ever, unless there was another Depression, have to read a price tag. Neither would his wife, not that there was ever going to be another one. He'd married early and for love, fool that he was. He'd never again let himself be lead around by his dick.

Instead, he did the leading, and he kept his emotions – such as they were now – very carefully under wraps. Frankly, despite the fact that he had a raging libido, he very rarely indulged himself. It was too dangerous to do so with his . . . predilections. He didn't want to see himself in the headlines of the Enquirer - “Billionaire Playboy Prefers Whips and Chains”.

A shudder ran through him at the mere thought. He may have had all the privileges of wealth, but he wasn't one of those trust fund babies who partied, fucked, and slept and contributed little else to the world around him. He hadn't rested on his grandfather's monied laurels – he'd created his own highly successful companies and was a force – a jaded, cynical force, but a force nonetheless – to be reckoned within the business world. He had a reputation as a ruthless man who tended towards hostile takeovers of companies that no one knew were teetering on the brink of insolvency.

But Raina had caught his eye from the very beginning.

Raina Boardman was a self made woman - his exact opposite. She wasn't born with anything in her mouth, much less a silver spoon, but she'd managed to pull herself up by her bootstraps. She was the CEO of a corporation called Infinity that was solidly established as a leader in the cosmetics industry. She was a Type A of the highest order, first one in and last one out, every single day.

They'd been invited to the same charity benefit, and he had seen her walk in – head high, looking drop dead gorgeous and completely comfortable without an escort, male, female or otherwise. She didn't need anyone or anything, and her carriage and attitude fairly screamed it.

He finagled an introduction, not wanting to confront her head on. He didn't know what it was, but something in him told him to be a more subtle in his approach to her than he might be.

And he was right.

When their small talk petered out, and a group of people who seemed to know her well arrived, he managed to insinuate himself into their fringes as they laughed and talked with easy camaraderie. She had a reputation for being a tough, hard nosed bitch, but, like with most publicity, the positive side of her was never portrayed.

He hated it, but he liked hearing her laugh. It was a soft, tinkling sound, and it made his heart contract,

but only once, before he brought it strictly back into line. He wasn't going to go there again with any woman, even her.

He found himself drawn to her almost against his will, but he remained on the fringes of the group, not joining in, just listening and watching. She was just what he wanted in a woman – although she was wearing too much make up for his tastes; she was smart, funny, and could hold her own with anyone without seeming shrewish or bitchy, just calm and strong and sure of herself. He'd never put a lot of stock in looks, but she was gorgeous, even by his standards, and he'd been fully hard since the moment his eyes had found her across the room.

Patience, man, he'd chided himself. He didn't speak to her again until he called and set up an appointment to see her. He was always more comfortable talking to people on a

business level at first.

When she'd ushered him into her office, which was tastefully, classically appointed and shown him to a comfortable wing backed chair in front of her big oak desk, he hadn't been able to take his eyes off her. So much so that he had barely listened to what she was saying to him.

He'd never reacted to any woman – even Amy – like that in his life, and he didn't like it one bit.

But that did nothing to dull the throbbing ache she inspired in his loins.

He consciously dispensed with chit chat, which he abhorred anyway, and got right down to the brass tacks of letting her know that he admired what she'd done, and that he'd like to help her as much as he could.

She'd been excruciatingly polite, no doubt not wanting to offend him, but had quietly refused every offer he'd made until he hit on a way for her to branch out that she hadn't thought of.

Then he had her, and they began to work very closely – and extremely well – together on it. He didn't usually like to partner with anyone, but things seemed very natural between them from the very beginning, and their long nights together paid off for the both of them, in very varied ways.

It was late one night when he'd realized just exactly how perfect they were for each other. They'd been working all day; he'd already wrenched of his tie and unbuttoned his collar. He was inches away from stripping off his shirt altogether. She'd kicked off her ridiculously high pastel pink heels and literally let her hair down, complaining that the bun she'd scraped it into was giving her a head ache. She hadn't done it as a come on at all, just practically removed the pins that were holding it and let it fall.

She looked incredible, regardless, as far as he was concerned.

They got into a small disagreement about how to fund something. He was insisting on doing it himself, since it was a tricky proposal and he didn't want her to have to feel any of the financial crunch if it didn't work.

But she was at least as stubborn as he was about some things, and kept giving him a hard time about it, trying to reassure him that she wanted to stand on her own two feet and that she didn't accept help from anyone, including him.

Finally, he drew himself up to his full six-two and came around the table to stare down at her, glaring fit to subdue even a man much bigger than himself, not that she seemed to notice it much when he was intimidating, unlike most of the rest of the people around him. One sharp look and he could practically clear a crowded room. But then, she wasn't a sycophant or a hanger on or a yes person. She was a highly successful woman in her own right, and she was just trying to assert the fact that she didn't need him, or anyone else, and she wasn't going to just knuckle under because of who or what he was.



For some reason, though, she did this time as he stood over her, his hands on his hips.  
“Now. I’m going to provide the backing for this, and you’re going to be quiet and obedient and let me do it. Case closed.”

It amazed him when she just sat there and uttered a meek, “Yes, Sir.”

He sucked in his breath quickly at the sound of it, standing there very deliberately until she looked up at him, and he knew as soon as their eyes met.

She would submit to him.

In every way.

And she’d enjoy every second of it.

He’d make damn sure of that.

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*His*  
*Chapter 2*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Raina shuffled back towards the library, but he stepped out of their bedroom to beckon her to him, extending his hand as both a target and a help. He was so strange that way. He was terribly, terribly strict on her, yet, in some ways he almost overprotected her. He was scrupulously careful about her health and made sure that she took her asthma medications every single morning, and also that, whenever he was “tending” her, as he liked to put it, that her inhalers weren’t far from either her own reach or his. He didn’t often gag her for reasons other than not liking to hear much in the way of protests – they interfered with her breathing, and he refused to do anything that might compromise the health of his investment.

And he had invested quite a bit in her, Raina thought as he guided her into the bedroom. As soon as he let go of her, she stopped in place, knowing that he never wanted her to try to read his mind or anticipate what he might want from her. She was always surprised, anyway. But she could see the things he’d laid out on a towel on the bed, and she knew the way of things.

After looking her over from head to toe, touching here and there, he said but one word, in a hard, toneless voice, “Present”, as if he was talking to a cocker spaniel.

Raina moved her left foot as far away from the right as her panties would allow, then laced her fingers at the back of her head, lifting her chin slightly, proudly – as he required - and arching her back just the slightest bit, so that her already unmistakable breasts were pressed into even greater prominence. Even if she was going to be punished, he never liked her to be hang dog about it. Her master felt that she should consider even a punishment an honor.

And it was. It was an honor that he had even noticed her at first – although she hadn’t let that on. Men like her Master didn’t show up very often in this world, and lately it was even rarer than ever to find a man such as him. And when he’d called and invited her to dinner . . .

Raina had never been the type to swoon over a man in any way. She’d had a few romances in high school and college, but had very carefully never become seriously involved with anyone. She’d known exactly what she wanted, and it wasn’t a husband or children. At least not then. And, she had to admit, even now, those two things were still pretty much at the bottom of her list of priorities.

She’d worked very hard in high school and gotten a scholarship to college even though no one ever knew, because she worked full time all the way through it. She took her

seed money over to France, and studied at the right hand of a genius in perfumes, as well as wheedling her way into some of the finer cosmetic companies there.

She'd taken what she'd learned – and the remainder of her nest egg – back to the States several years later, and, eventually, through years of eighty and ninety hour weeks, she'd gotten herself to the top of the heap, and she damned well intended on staying there.

But her Master had had other ideas, and he hadn't been shy about voicing them from their very first official date, which he orchestrated completely after receiving her agreement that she would see him outside of work. It was a magical night, but there was absolutely no doubt as to who was in charge, although it seemed as if he'd done his research, because everything he had – from the food to the wine to their surroundings – was exactly what she adored most.

He'd put it to her right then and there – not being one to pussyfoot around. He'd told her that he knew her innermost desire, and that he was going to be the one to fulfill it.

Raina, of course, had guffawed at the idea, but one chortle later she'd looked at his face and all amusement had fled her mind.

He was serious.

But he couldn't possibly know what dangerous, kinky, outrageous thoughts popped into her mind when she least expected them, or lived in the back of her head until the middle of the night, when she should have been sleeping, and made her writhe and twist beneath the silken sheets.

She wanted to submit. She needed to. It was a craving she'd felt all her life, but had stuffed down in favor of her driving ambitions. She was the one who gave the orders, and that was the way she preferred it, as far as work went, and work was her entire life at that time. It was everything.

But her master had realized, wisely so, that she was entirely unfulfilled personally, and somehow he'd also known exactly what it was that would fulfill her the most.

He certainly fit the part perfectly. When he walked into a room, like it or not, all eyes were drawn to him. He was a force to be reckoned with, and that force had chosen to focus his attentions on her, then and now.

And he'd proceeded to prove her wrong. He could know exactly what it was that she desired, because he had an even stronger desire to make her experience each and every one of those perverted variations.

And in the past year or so, he'd come awfully close to fulfilling her every desire. Sometimes uncomfortably close to some of them.

She stood there for a long moment in front of him, and knew better than to flinch, or ever try to cover herself from him. One of her hardest, longest lessons had been when

they first came together in this capacity. Raina may have had all sorts of thoughts and longings and fantasies, but none of them compared to the reality in the least. She was a very naturally shy about appearing in front of anyone – especially him - naked, but he wasn't about to let her get away with any sort of innate feminine shyness. She was his, and when he wanted to see her, he didn't want to have to push aside those very pretty hands to do so.

The first time he'd caused her to submit on a more formal basis – although he'd taken control of the relationship from the beginning – they were downstairs in his den, which was much less formal than the living room that was strewn with priceless antiques, stuffed to the gills after they had gorged themselves on an exquisite meal prepared by his chef.

He'd poured an especially good after dinner wine, giving her a larger goblet than he took, saying, "I want you to drink it all."

Raina wasn't a drinker at all. She never could much get past the taste of the stuff, although he was rapidly broadening her horizons in that area. She knew that it was an order, and she obeyed it. Once he'd seen that her glass was empty, after nearly an hour of idle but comfortable conversation, he'd instructed her very concisely to stand on the star that was marked on the oriental carpet to the right of her chair.

With the food to offset it, her mind was only slightly befuddled by the alcohol, and she wondered how she'd missed what was obviously a gold sticker that marked a place that, once she stood on it, she realized had been quite carefully placed such that she was well away from every piece of furniture. She stood, alone, near the wide open double doors that lead to the front door just beyond.

He walked around her, removing the anchors of her carefully coiffed hair, so that the wild fall of it hung to the middle of her back, murmuring the occasional order as casually as if he was making a grocery list. "Never wear your hair up when we're private again . . . stand up straighter. Look up, bella, look up." He touched her occasionally, here or there, but not in any sexual way – yet. Instead, Raina remembered feeling as if she was some sort of posable doll.

But then he did what she'd been secretly dreading – and secretly wanting – since they'd agreed that tonight would begin her servitude to him. And, yes, it had been an agreement. Although he'd warned her that she would be expected to submit to him in all things that didn't have to do with work, he would never have chosen a woman who didn't have a brain, and who couldn't make her own decisions. He wanted her to walk into this situation fully informed about what would be expected of her, and he'd told her he might consult her about the decisions he made for her, although the final say would ultimately always be his.

He began to remove her clothing, practically stitch by stitch. As she'd already begun to learn, there was nothing in this world short of a stock market crash that could make him move any more quickly than he wanted to. And when it came to her, it seemed that his normal slow, deliberate movements became even more so. She had never felt more vulnerable – then – than she did at that moment, even though the first things he

removed were all of her accessories and jewelry. She still hadn't had a bit more flesh exposed than she had when she entered the house several hours earlier.

But she knew that was coming, as sure as she knew that just the thought of it had the blood pumping to areas that hadn't had felt any action in quite some time, sacrificed, as they had been, in favor of making money. She felt woozy from it, and it wasn't just the alcohol. Every inch of her flesh was sensitized, waiting for its unveiling, most especially the place between her legs. It was literally dripping, and he had yet to really touch her.

He met her eyes as his hands went to the simple white blouse she was wearing and began to unbutton it efficiently, his knuckles brushing the bare sides of her breasts. "It's a good thing you obeyed me about the bra, or you would have been sitting very gingerly at dinner," he threw out casually as he slid the shirt down her arms.

Raina tried to cringe, tried to make herself smaller so that somehow, absurdly, he wouldn't notice her, but he lifted her chin and forced her to straighten and then some. "Chin up. Always. Lace your fingers behind your head." Raina was mortified at the way that position forced her breasts to jut out, as if seeking his attentions.

She was able to retain the stance he'd put her in when he took off her pants, but once he'd had her serviceable white bikini panties to her ankles, when his mouth was inches from a place that hadn't been touched in years, Raina automatically brought her hands down to cover her mons and her breasts.

Somehow she'd expected a sudden, strict burst of discipline from him, but that was before she knew him well enough. Her Master was nothing if not deliberate. "I had hoped the wine would keep you from earning a punishment this evening. I hadn't intended on doing anything but testing your limits a little," he drawled with what sounded like sincere sympathy. "You've already earned yourself one by breaking position. I suggest you get your hands back to where they're supposed to be before you make it even worse on yourself."

She did so, however tentatively, her mind focusing on his wording. "Make it even worse on yourself". She had gotten herself into trouble. Nothing he had done – so far – involved an ounce of pain, and apparently nothing he had been planning on, either. She'd done it to herself.

A shiver ran through her body, making her nipples tighten painfully as he finished removing her panties, his long, thick fingers wrapping around each delicate ankle, lifting it out of the fabric, then setting it down much further away from its companion than it had been before, opening that sopping wet area between her legs by default.

He still squatted in front of her, although he'd sat back some. Raina could barely get her eyes to focus on him, but she did. His were closed, and he was breathing deeply. She made sure she raised her eyes before his opened.

"You're excited, Raina. Aren't you?" he asked, rising to stand in front of her.

Raina kept her eyes staring straight ahead, whispering, “Yes, Sir.”

“Louder, Raina. Always softly, but not hiding the answer.”

She repeated herself with more confidence this time.

“Very good.” He reached out, then, and cupped her breasts with his hands, feeling those hard tips against his palms, hefting the weight of them, watching her closely for any adverse reaction. He could see how hard it was for her not to struggle against the liberties he was taking, but she knew better – especially now, when she knew a punishment was in the offing in her near future.

“Do I need to bind your hands?” he asked, almost off hand, as if he was thinking out loud as he continued to massage those firm, round globes just short of painfully while his eyes swept over her face, looking for any sign of rebellion or anything else he might need to punish her for.

Raina wasn’t sure whether she should answer him or not, but she knew she was going to do her best to avoid being tied up, or getting herself into any more hot water. But it made her nervous to be practically in the foyer, near the front door, where anyone who decided to come in might catch them in this intimate tableau. But she didn’t say anything, not wanting to get herself into any more trouble.

He moved behind her, his hands never leaving her body, trailing down the delicate slope of her back to cup her bottom and squeeze it tightly, then hunkering down to run his hands down her legs, as if checking to see that she was a sound filly.

Then he issued an order that she wanted to pause at, but even then she knew she had better not. “Spread your legs wide, and bend over.”

There was no emotion in his voice. He could have been asking her to pass the salt. He just said it, completely expecting that she would obey him.

And she did, as slowly as she dared, spreading her feet first, which was the hardest, she’d thought, until she bent over and knew exactly what sight was greeting him. He could probably see how her privates were glistening with liquid encouragement, just for him and because of what he’d already done to her. She knew that just the idea of him staring at her like this, of being told to bend over and expose herself to him like this, and then obeying, nearly made her orgasm right then and there, although she knew that climaxing without permission was strictly prohibited.

What was worse was that he didn’t say a thing – not a compliment or a complaint. Nothing. He didn’t even touch her, although she could feel his hot breath on her bare flesh.

Instead, he rose, saying almost gruffly, “Well, we might as well get your punishment over with.”

Before she knew it, she was bent over again, but this time it was over the back of his

overstuffed leather sofa. She was so short and small, and the couch was so big, that her feet didn't touch the ground.

"There are two straps in front of you. I suggest you hold onto them for dear life. You've already got one spanking coming – I can assure you that you won't want another."

Raina had done as she was told, gripping the leathers as if they would save her from what was to come.

"You won't always have that courtesy. Eventually you'll learn that regardless of what I'm doing back here, or anywhere else on your body, that you are never to interfere with what I choose to do with you."

He came around to the front of her as she dangled there and deliberately leaned down to meet her eyes. He didn't say anything further, just watched her carefully, then returned to his previous spot, claiming a vulnerable cheek with one big hand. "This is your first punishment from me. I want to see how you take it, how you react. You can feel free to do anything you like – except get out of position - there are no restrictions on your reactions at this time, although I can assure you that they will appear in future."

And with that, his palm cracked down onto her flesh for the very first time.

Presently, Raina was waiting for him to begin. As usual, nothing could rush him. He was a master of timing and often made her wait as long as a day or two for a punishment after telling her she was due one for something or other. Or even just because he simply wanted to spank her, and wanted her to spend that time dreading it, which she most certainly did.

His spankings were truly something to dread – she'd learned that right from the beginning. He'd never once gone easy on her. If she had any sort of asthma problems – which he'd forcibly required her to keep pretty much under control by making sure she took all of her meds, all of the time – within a week of a spanking, he'd wait until her lungs were completely clear. When he punished her, he always had a rescue inhaler in his pocket, just in case.

And he always had a rescue inhaler in his pocket, in case the whim overtook him.

He adored looking at her, especially when she was in a submissive position of his own device, but also just across the room at one of the few cocktail parties they deigned to attend, or across the breakfast table when she was being a bit pouty at having to eat three nutritious meals a day, as he required.

She heard him rustling behind her and desperately wanted to turn her head to see what he was doing. That was one of the worst things – not knowing what he was going to do to her next, and knowing that if she took it into her head to try to find out by moving even just a bit, she'd be bent over and paddled mercilessly until he thought she'd learned her lesson.

Raina knew better than to do that, so, despite her itching curiosity, she stood stock still.

“Bend over,” he commanded, and it was just like that first time she’d just been recalling. Only now she had long months of being under his thumb to think back on, all that pain and tears, as well as the exquisite pleasure he’d never failed to wring from even her still stinging body.

She obeyed without question, without so much as an inkling of hesitation, despite the fact that, even after so much time, she still blushed even at the mere thought of what she was displaying to him. She’d never gotten over that modesty response, and, what was worse was that he thought that it was extremely endearing. Raina wasn’t used to having a man consider her in many ways that didn’t have to do with business – only Master rarely thought of her in a business capacity at all. Here, within the walls of their house – his house – she was a harshly treasured possession.

He bent down and removed the underwear cuff from one ankle, then the other, then bade her spread her legs even wider merely by tapping the inside of her thigh. Raina moved immediately, placing her legs as far apart as she could and still maintain the position.

Her master wasn’t the type to gloss over things. He especially liked to inspect her minutely, but for that he generally put her into a more comfortable position – bound fast, but still comfortable.

This time, he cupped her possessively, letting his fingers part what had already been loosened by the prominent position he’d put her into. When he had her like this, he tried to pay attention to even the minutest reaction – he felt and heard her sigh, and her body relaxed into his hand as soon as she realized that he wasn’t causing her any pain . . . at least right now. Quite the opposite, in fact. She was dripping wet – as she so often was around him. He considered that the ultimate compliment, and the ultimate reinforcement that he what he was providing for her – the strict rules, the searing punishments, and even the embarrassment factor – on a regular basis was exactly what she needed and wanted.

He christened his index and third fingers with her juices, then brought them up to her already prominent little clit, cutting a big swath over it very slowly and deliberately, allowing himself only a small grin at her tiny whimper. Moving that thick band of fingers away from her pleasure center, he settled them at her entrance. Even now, even after innumerable invasions of unmentionable things, she was still nearly as tight as a virgin.

When he’d first realized just how untried she was, he’d been amazed. She’d had a hard time just taking the two fingers he was threatening her with now, and he’d barely been able to keep himself from replacing those two fingers with his nearly exploding cock. He’d managed, but just barely.

Since then, he’d been excruciatingly careful to make sure that he didn’t overstretch her, and he required that she do Kegel exercises to keep herself tight even after he’d explored her. Part of what tickled him about her – and he knew that she felt the same



way – was forcing her to open and accommodate things that forced her to stretch open. He was very careful, so she was never truly hurt, but she was certainly put to the test on many occasions, after which he instituted a regime of Kegel exercises. If he had his way, she would continue to be as tight as she was – or maybe even tighter – when she first met him, regardless of how long he kept her.

Without an ounce of warning, without a hint of what he was going to do, he crammed his fingers up inside her, beginning to pump them powerfully in and out of her as she moaned and struggled to submit.

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*His*  
*Chapter 3*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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That was what he liked – he never wanted their relationship – especially its more intimate aspects - to be something she could phone in, in any way. He wanted her there, with him, experiencing every second of the way the cane tracks fell against her lovely bottom, or trying to come to grips with how he'd wrapped the legs of her own nylons around the bases of her breasts, tugging them ever tighter then tying them off, or how his mouth felt when it molded itself over her clit and the wide back of his tongue worried her into a convulsive fit of paradise.

He even very carefully varied the rhythm with which he fucked her with those unyielding fingers, changing from fast and hard to slow and deep when she least expected it, forcing her to yield to him completely, not even letting her begin to anticipate him. Of course, having no continual rhythm also made sure that she couldn't quite get to where her body wanted her – couldn't quite grasp the gasping conclusion he dangled in front of her with every dominant plunge.

Even after only a few rounds of strokes, Raina was already breathing heavily, and he could see that she was getting so involved that she was likely to end up falling on her head. It was time to make sure she didn't accidentally hurt herself. This was where his unlimited funds came in handy. All he had to do was turn and push a button that was hidden in the wall, and a solid, thickly padded table slid out and revealed a floor to ceiling mirror on the attached end that would force her to see her own reactions to everything that was being done to her.

She was small enough that when he turned back to her, all he had to do was loop an arm around her waist and lift her onto the table, which had been constructed to his exact specifications such that, like the equipment in the library, which he had had reworked specifically for her measurements, he could raise and lower it to put her at the height he preferred for whatever it was that he was going to be doing to her.

With another flick of a switch, a drawer was revealed that contained every possible plug, dildo, and vibrator he could get his hands on, all brand new for use on Raina. If they ever parted – and he didn't think that would be for some time, if ever – he would trash them all and buy new ones if he ever became interested in someone else.

Somehow, he thought as he pondered which of them to insert first, he couldn't imagine that his sex life could get any better with anyone else. While they were courting, before he'd ordered her to move in with him, he'd required that she keep a journal of her thoughts and feelings and email them to him each evening. He had taken an unusual step with her – he had refused to allow her sexual completion of any sort when she was

not living under his roof. And he had strictly prohibited her from pleasing herself – and he knew she'd obey him because she'd gone stark white when he'd described the punishment that would result if he ever found out she'd disobeyed him in that manner.

Their courtship – from the time they'd confessed their mutual and particular interests to each other – lasted three months, and he knew that she was slowly going crazy from the celibacy from the fervor that had overtaken her journal installments. And he also knew from reading them how almost frighteningly compatible they were.

He turned back to her after selecting a plug that fulfilled his usual *modus operandi*. It was purple, and perhaps an inch and a quarter around at the largest point. It was shaped somewhat like a bullet, with a large flange that would keep it from entering her further than he wanted it to, so that he could occupy himself with other interesting parts of her body.

He was just as cautious about not overextending that other intriguing playground of hers, and was quite proud that he hadn't. She was still as sweetly virginal there as she had been when he'd first tested her obedience and placed a very small, pencil thin vibrator against that wrinkled opening.

One of the things that had caught his eye about her nightly missives was her innocent anal curiosity. It was almost as if she thought he was going to be angry with her if she brought her desires up to him when they were together, so one evening, before she'd come to live under his roof, he'd called her to him where he sat at the head of the huge dining table, and had her lie over his lap.

She'd done exactly as she was told, and he told her how proud he was of her. It was still relatively early in their relationship, and he would back the praise off considerably once he'd tamed her more to his hand. He'd put a mirror on the floor by her head – he desperately wanted to watch her eyes as he violated her for the first time this way, but this position, which he favored for its inherent intimacy, didn't lend itself to being able to stare her in the face.

And it was truly the incredible experience he'd hoped it would be – she'd gasped and her eyes had gone starkly round as he'd pressed that tiny thing inside her. She'd sworn that she hadn't had anything in there since the last time her parents had taken her temperature rectally, and it wasn't really until that very moment that he believed she'd been telling the absolute truth.

Now, of course, he didn't have to be quite as gentle as he'd been with her at first, although you wouldn't know it from the way she reacted. Each time was very nearly the first, based on her reactions, which were still to be that shyly humiliated ingénue she'd been when she'd first come to him, despite her chronological age. He took incredible amounts of pleasure in despoiling her angelic body and surprising that wide eyed innocence of hers repeatedly, and in what was sometimes the most venal of manners.

She had automatically put herself into the position he required when she was on this table – unless he'd specified something else - with her head well down, resting on the nest of her own arms, her bottom raised at a natural angle by the way her legs were

folded beneath her. He had several pillows – some custom made to his specifications – with which he could easily raise and lower the height of her private bits.

When he'd had a carpenter come to talk about what he wanted, he'd required that Raina assume this exact position – fully clothed of course, in an extremely expensive pants suit. But it was humiliating, none the less, and she had spent her time trying not to lock eyes with the apoplectic stranger.

He tapped her folded legs further apart and bade her rise onto all fours as he put the plug down and stripped off his shirt. Her master wasn't the kind of man who, even when he was enjoying some rare down time, enjoyed being a slob. His jeans were pressed and creased, as were his golf shirts. He didn't own a t-shirt and never intended to, although he'd changed somewhat since meeting her. When they'd first come together, his closet had held row after row of conservative suits and shirts, but only a few casual outfits. Now, that casual section had gotten somewhat bigger, and included a nice array of jeans of differing styles and colors, along with one – count it one – pair of shorts. He was of the opinion that men in general had ugly legs, and thought his were that much uglier because of the preponderance of muscle in his calves and thighs. But she'd been able to do what no other person on this Earth could have – she'd talked him into it.

He was, however, relatively proud of his chest – not that he doted on his physicality at all. He did what exercise was necessary to maintain a reasonable weight, but he'd always been abnormally muscular all over, especially in his chest. But Raina had long since confessed that she adored his chest, with its exceptionally well defined pecs and light dusting of hair.

So at times like this, when he was going to do something like this to her, he liked to give her something she considered to be pleasant to look at, even if it was just him, and he could see that she was doing just that, at least until he put the nose of that somewhat broad plug against her very tense bottom hole. He knew she wasn't actively trying to resist him – except in unusual situations, generally when he'd misread her or the situation itself – she never did that. He discounted all of her energetic writhing when she was getting punished, as those were certainly to be expected.

But, overall, she was not a trying sub – she didn't seem to have a lot of conflicts about their relationship and the way connotations of it rippled through their lives. In fact, she seemed to revel in it.

She always tensed when he was back there, regardless of his intent, and regardless of the fact that she almost always ended up enjoying it, in one way or another, even if it was just in the memory of having been disciplined. He didn't bother saying "Relax". It was lost on her, and not his style, anyway. He was going to do this whether she relaxed or not, and she knew the truth of it.

But he wasn't out to damage the person he considered his private property, however, so although he certainly wasn't going to take no for an answer, he did lube up the plug nicely, and made sure to press it into her slowly, backing it off occasionally, not just ramming it up inside her, as he'd done with his fingers just a few minutes ago with her

woman's opening, where she was less delicate and less likely to be injured by more powerful thrusts.

Although his rule for her was that she wasn't to use words when she was being attended to like this – most especially “no”, which would result in an automatic caning – she wasn't shy about letting him know what she was thinking and feeling with whimpers and cries, and later, sighs and moans. He could tell that she had to work at submitting to this invasion, just as she'd had to with the enema. And he was glad of it.

He didn't spoil her, though, endlessly preparing her. After a few deliberately twisting, gently pulsating strokes, he drove it home, watching her carefully and feeling it settle into place as her body swallowed the intruder.

Raina couldn't help it – she squealed loudly and her whole body contracted when the widest part of that awful thing broadened her sphincter to an almost unbearable extent, until the much thinner neck gave her blessed relief. Her bottom contracted around it, trying to become accustomed to the invading, unnatural fullness, but he wasn't giving her time to get used to it. He'd already shimmied beneath her, placing himself beneath what he considered to be the Garden of Eden on Earth.

Raina hated it when he did this. Not when he pleased her with his mouth, but when he required that she plant her most intimate self right over his mouth. Sixty-nining had never held much interest for her – not because she objected to taking a man in her mouth that way, but more because she hated the idea of smooshing her privates down onto some poor guy's face. And of course, as soon as she'd confessed that to him, he'd begun to occasionally make her overcome her dislike. The funny thing was that he never required that she do the reciprocal. He always came to her dressed, or with the sheet over him when he made her do this.

Not that he didn't expect her to pleasure him that way – he certainly did. But he seemed not to prefer that particular sexual stance, either, and only used it to illustrate to her in an extremely elemental manner that although he would take her likes and dislikes into consideration, when it came down to it, she would do as she was told.

She ended up with her head in his lap, essentially, because he was so tall and she was so small. Raina's cheek lay directly over the evidence of his excitement, but knew that he wouldn't do anything about it at this point, anyway. Instead, he concentrated on her – and sometimes that wasn't as nice a thing as it sounded, because he very rarely took the strait forward tack of just bringing her to an orgasm. No, that would be too easy for her, and to boring for him.

Instead, he gave her a warm welcoming kiss, using the fingers of one hand to hold her open as he lead with his tongue, washing her with broad strokes, not paying any particular attention to her already pulsing little niblet, just concentrating on marking all of that lush property with his tongue.

After a very long while, he brought a large dildo into play, making her groan loudly as

he inserted it with no lube, although she had been producing more than enough of her own to compensate or he wouldn't have done it. He knew exactly what she liked, and what she could handle. He knew that the combination of his mouth on her, as well as nearly every orifice she owned being filled to capacity would send her screaming over the edge.

But not until he gave her permission, of course.

That was one rule that Raina detested, and she had very carefully not said anything to him about it because she was concerned that if he knew she didn't like it he might come up with something even worse. But it was a horrid, horrid rule as far as she was concerned. There she was, legs splayed open, her womanhood pressed into his eager mouth, bottom stuffed and plugged tight, and pussy raped repeatedly by that huge pink dildo he favored for her. She had to struggle to accept that big dildo on a good day, when there was nothing else inside her, but with her rump already filled, she was finding it that much harder to do so.

But she wasn't being given a choice. It was finding its way into her at his behest, over and over and over and over, whether she wanted it or not – and even though she certainly did like it, she wasn't allowed to show her appreciation until he said she could.

And, despite how hard he was making her body work to submit to his every whim, it was already throbbing and aching in time with his ministrations, making her blush all over when she caught a glimpse of herself, writhing and heaving, in the mirror. It was strange – he used them often, and, to a certain extent, she'd found a way to avoid looking at herself, or at least almost feeling as if what she was seeing happening to herself was actually happening to someone else.

Occasionally, though, there were those stark moments of reality where she realized that the woman in the mirror was her – that she was consciously letting him do these awful things to her. And it always served to heighten her sexual response, drawing out a long, low moan as she met her own eyes and saw the ultimate truth there. It nearly threw her over the edge she wasn't allowed to see yet, the one she always had to keep in check, always had to deny until he said the magic words.

“You may come.”

Not you “can” come, but you may. Always within the frame of permission. He never missed a trick, or every possible small nuance of reminding her of his ultimate control, of her complete submission – especially at a time like this, when it could add its mojo to all of the other ways he incited her passions. He almost knew her too well.

Even though he'd acquiesced – and he didn't always – and been gracious enough to allow her to come to her completion, the feelings were somewhat buried – for the protection of her bottom - and it took longer than she would have wanted for them to come to the forefront again. The long minutes of his enthusiastic bathing of that very raw, very primed, almost painfully swollen bud had her teetering on the edge, but still unable to make that very last step off the precipice.

As usual, it took him talking to her. His voice had the power to make her submit when no implement could.

“I’m only going to give you another two minutes, Raina. If you haven’t surrendered your pleasure to me in two minutes, you know what I’m going to do.”

He’d only done it once. He’d only had to do it once.

When he gave her a time limit he wasn’t kidding, and she knew it. If she took longer than he thought she should, he would have absolutely no qualms at all about slithering out from beneath her and using her position to his own advantage.

When he’d done it that one time, he’d given her twenty or so tremendous swats with the bath brush, then crawled beneath her again. She’d convulsed in his mouth within a few minutes, despite the fact that tears were streaming down her face and her bottom was nearly literally on fire. She’d worn the black and blue, oval bruises from that punishment for more than a week.

From that point on, she knew she never wanted him to count that last second again, and it was often that thought of certain punishment that helped her take that leap.

When she came, when she made that final, ultimate surrender to him, he brought her all the way through it, and then beyond. Her Master knew that she was multi-orgasmic, and rarely let her get away with anything less than three or four orgasms, right in a row. Her body was awash in pleasure – she felt every nerve from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, but mostly that delicate area that clamped firmly down on the invaders he’d planted inside her, reinforcing her submission with each galvanic, ecstatic clench.

Once every ounce of pleasure had been wrung from her body, and only then, did he pat her bottom gently and slide out from under her. Raina was often very drained from the orgasms he thrust upon her, and often he would simply lift her off the table and tuck her into their bed for the evening. Once he’d put her on the bed, she couldn’t get off it again without permission – even if she had to wake him up to get it, except to go to the bathroom.

This time, though, he gave her a little time to recover, then reached for one of the canes that hung in plain sight on the bedroom wall. Raina didn’t see what he was doing – her face was buried in her arms. The paradise he brought her affected her greatly in more ways than just physically, and she was still trying to come to grips with the heights he’d brought her to when she felt the first track sizzle across her vulnerable bottom.

Raina’s back arched at an uncomfortable angle, but nothing compared to the searing line of flame he’d just laid down, and before she had a chance to acclimate to the first one, the second came crashing down. She could barely drawn in enough breath to scream, knowing the room was soundproof and not worrying about any consequences for doing so, when the third stroke landed on that sweet spot that would remind her of the experience each time she sat down for the next few days.

Two of the tracks criss crossed her upper thighs, then the last, the sixth, cut across her

butt from top to bottom, interlacing with the previous ones there and setting them all afire anew.

Only then did he reach for her sobbing, writhing body and lift her into his strong arms, depositing her with every possible care on her stomach on the comforter, then tucking her gently beneath it, making sure that not even the silk sheet came into contact with her obviously throbbing bottom.

Her Master left her only long enough to complete his own evening ablutions, then shut out the lights and joined her there, tugging her to him so that she was draped along his side. She was still sniffing, and he somehow found that incredibly endearing. She'd never become jaded about her punishments in any way, and he heartily enjoyed the dichotomy of having caused those tears, yet needing to comfort her afterwards.

Raina lay her head on a thick pec, which made a surprisingly comfortable pillow as she felt the horrid, searing pain in her bottom very, very slowly convert to a dull ache. Master put his hand lightly over her rump, and she had to resist the temptation to try to wiggle out from under it, even though he wasn't doing anything that added to her discomfort.

His big hand was just . . . there, fractions of inches above her very sore spot, and Raina didn't much like the reminder. Her mind was adrift on endorphins, full of flashes of unbelievable pain and pleasure as she drifted slowly off to sleep, more secure and happier than she'd ever been in her life.

The man who had created this reality for her, who kept her in line, who orchestrated her life completely, and, in doing so, made it the most fulfilling thing she'd ever experienced, lay wide awake, holding her well into the night.

In an unusually affectionate move, he leaned down and kissed the top of her sleeping head. He had some decisions to make, and, in a manner that was contrary to everything that he was, he was avoiding making them.

But not any longer.



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*His*  
*Chapter 4*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Raina slammed her car door shut and stomped into the house. She was just about at the end of her rope. The day had gone horribly, and he hadn't been there to hear her complaints about it – not that he ever let her do much of that anyway, but it was the principle of the thing. She slammed the door in from the garage, and then slammed the refrigerator door when a quick, scowling glance yielded no cold bottle of Diet Coke. He restricted her intake of soda pretty severely and she was only allowed about two cans of it a week. But if ever any night deserved a chemically enhanced beverage, it was tonight.

She turned, ready to paw through the pantry to see if there she could dig one up there, and suddenly he was in front of her, holding her leather collar, which she would normally have donned in their bedroom while she shed her business clothes and became what she truly was.

Eyebrows already raised at her snitty behavior, he buckled the soft leather collar in the back, then quickly and efficiently removed every stitch of clothing she'd worn that day - folding it neatly and putting it on the counter for her to retrieve and put away later - and led her through the house towards his den, paying absolutely no attention whatsoever to all of the wide open windows and curtains. That was one thing that Raina had had a very hard time getting over. She was a very shy woman, and he had absolutely no consideration of that whatsoever when it came to trotting her around the house naked. Of course, the chance of anyone but staff seeing them wasn't very great, being that the estate was set well back from the road, but that idea was even worse! She could just see being dragged into court because they'd given their sixty something gardener a heart attack by flashing him in the big bow window.

She wondered where he'd come from – he wasn't supposed to be here until much later this evening. He always kept her informed of where he was going to be – almost as a reciprocal of the fact that he was always to know where she was and how to get a hold of her – and had told her this morning that he might be very late.

When he walked into the den, she stopped quickly, but he continued to walk, and she had no choice but to trail along reluctantly behind him. There was a man in one of the comfortable overstuffed chairs that faced the door as they came in, and he'd already gotten an eyeful of her.

Raina began to pull at her arm, trying to get him to let go of her so she could run and hide. He turned, almost mid stride, and gave her a look that she was most uncomfortably familiar with, and she ceased her tugging immediately. That look meant

that she was going to get a lesson later about comportment, no doubt about it, and she didn't want to give him any sort of reason to punish her now, in front of the stranger instead of later, when they would be alone.

He brought her next to the man's chair, not letting her shrink back behind him as she naturally wanted to. "Daniel, this is my Raina."

To her horror, the man extended his hand to her, as if they were meeting in a board room instead of a situation where the smallest of them was stark naked.

Raina was just as happy to let the man's hand die there on the vine, but her Master was not. "Raina!" came the sharp correction.

She sighed, knowing that she'd just earned herself an even worse punishment whenever he decided to mete it out, so she forced herself to shake the man's hand, but released it quickly as if he'd stung her.

She fidgeted nervously from one foot to the other, trying not to look at the stranger, as if doing so would prevent him from seeing her, despite the fact that he certainly didn't look in the least threatening and she knew that her Master would keep always keep her completely safe.

The gentleman was older, probably in his fifties or sixties, Raina estimated. He wasn't fat but wasn't quite trim, and had a pleasant, rounded face that was surrounded by an immaculate white beard and mustache. He looked like Santa Claus without the belly. . if Santa Claus had a BDSM fetish.

Raina found her wrists cuffed matter of factly, and then she was led over to the usual heavy oak table he'd installed in the den just for her. It wasn't padded like the one in their bedroom, but then she didn't usually spend as much time in the den with him as she did in the bedroom. He lifted her onto it, and touched her shoulder, indicating that she should lie back.

To her great despair, the older man followed them, watching quite avidly as she was spread open, each wrist strapped to the top of a table leg, then her heels tucked close to her butt and ankles confined there, as well.

The last part of her bondage was a loop of leather around each knee that pried them well apart, exposing all of her naughty bits to two sets of eager eyes. Raina could feel the blush cascade over her body, knowing that they could see it, too, with the help of the overhead light he flipped on that she knew illuminated every line and nearly every cavity she owned. She'd seen the pictures.

Her eyes beseeched him to let her go, to cover her up – something, anything, so that she wasn't just lying there naked and splayed obscenely in front of a complete stranger. Although he'd met her eyes, and knew exactly what she wanted to ask but was too well trained to, he did nothing more than nod too her slightly and pat her skewed leg, offering no relief and precious little comfort.

Raina closed her eyes, which was another violation to add to the ever growing pile. She wasn't going to be able to sit for a month once he got through with her. She was told just seconds later to open them again, and she knew from his tone he wasn't happy that she'd ignored her training.

But she didn't have time to dwell on what she knew was coming, because the stranger was donning the same medical gloves her Master often used when he wanted to play a very nasty game of doctor with her. That was her Master, though, and this was a man she'd never seen before in her life who came to settle on a stool at the end of the table, directly in front of that part of her that was most private, even donning wire rimmed spectacles so that he could see that much better.

Since there was no rule – yet – that she had to watch what was being done to her, Raina tried to fix her attentions on the ceiling, which unlike most spots where she found herself like this, there wasn't a mirror staring back at her. But that was nearly impossible. She was used to being inspected. He'd certainly done it to her often enough, but this was an entirely different matter.

The man he'd called Daniel groped her gently, though, obviously trying not to hurt her in any way, poking and prying and almost but not quite playing. He seemed to have a great interest in her clit, which, to her complete dismay and horror, began to respond to his almost absent attentions. Her Master looked avidly over Daniel's shoulder, as if he was also seeing her for the first time. They spoke in low voices but not as if they were trying to keep her from hearing, but what they were saying didn't hold any meaning for her. They also moved up to play with her breasts, the stranger plucking and pulling her nipples into tight prominence, paying little attention to her reactions whatsoever.

Finally, when she thought she was going to melt away in mortification, he removed the glove noisily, patted her thigh, and shook hands with her Master before he left.

Raina was never happier to see anyone go. That had been worse than any inspection he'd subjected her to so far. But now that it was over, the punishments would begin.

It was the first time he really lectured her while he disciplined her. He was not at all happy with her performance, and she felt it. He'd efficiently turned her over onto her stomach, using one of the many cylindrical pillows to bolster her hips, then retied her again.

But this time, he tied a very thick blindfold over her eyes. It wasn't in the least important to him right now whether she saw herself being punished or not. This wasn't one of those times she was going to replay in her mind as he made her scream with pleasure. This was going to hurt.

Raina didn't know where the paddle came from, but she knew where it was ending up with devastatingly regularity.

"Who do you belong to?" he asked.

She wasn't exactly sure whether it was a rhetorical question or not, but she barely

peeped, “You, Sir,” as she tried to deal with the explosions he was creating on her rump.

“And if I bring someone into the house, do you think that it honors me, that it honors your submission to me for you to be so reluctant, so shameful of your own body? Do you think that I would put you into a dangerous situation or introduce you to someone that would compromise your safety in any way?” He paddled her hard throughout, and she tried desperately to respond in the negative through her sobs.

“And you closed your eyes – you know better than to do that.” He was right, she did. And his tone – which, as usual was barely above a whisper - just made her feel like a recalcitrant three year old, which she detested. “Don’t you?” Three more swats fell, in the exact same spot.

“Yes!” she screamed, tugging at the bonds that held her fast for the correction he had decided she needed.

The next implement that he picked up was something that Raina dreaded – it was a rubber strap that looked innocuous enough. It wasn’t the biggest or most imposing looking in his arsenal. But it was rather long and black, and once she’d felt it, she knew she never wanted to feel it again. It was as if each stroke was a jolt of electricity along her skin, and well into the meat of her. The pain was unbelievable, and he almost never used it on her.

This time, though, he took his time in showing her exactly what it was that he was using next, making sure she got an eyeful of it before he walked back to stand behind her.

She wanted to shout “no” more strongly than she’d ever wanted to do anything in her life, but she knew that that would only make the situation much, much worse.

And then the strap fell.

When she awoke it was much later, and she was still wearing both of her collars – the more decorative one she always wore and the leather one she wore at home – as well as her wrist and ankle cuffs. Raina was on her stomach in their bed. It was, unfortunately, a familiar position. As soon as she stirred, he lifted himself up on his elbow, stretched out as he was beside her. He moved her hair off her back and began to rub it. “Are you okay?”

She was certainly more okay now than she had been. He had only actually swatted her about twenty times, but with his strength and deadly accuracy, it was enough to make her scream so much and so loudly that she was now completely hoarse. When she answered him that she was fine, it only came out as a loud croak.

“I told you when we first came together that I’d stretch your limits, and you know that I’d never consciously put you in any kind of danger. This was a very good test of your submission, however, because you really didn’t expect it.” They’d discussed, before she gave herself completely into his care, that neither one of them had any interests in

sharing or swinging or swapping and whether or not that type of thing would be within his prevue, and they'd agreed that it would not be.

He rolled away from her for a second, then rolled quickly back. "I know this is a strange time to ask this - "

Anytime was a strange time for him to ask about anything. He didn't ask, he ordered, whether it was in conjunction with her, or his assistant or his chauffer. He was an equal opportunity commander – that was what made him such a natural dominant.

"Y-you want to ask me something?" she said, barely above a whisper, as she tried only somewhat successfully to turn towards him without relighting the fires in her butt. But now she was exceedingly curious at this strange turn of events.

"Yes," he answered, moving his hand to her cheek where he brushed back the hair then claimed it gently. "We've been together for long enough now -"

Raina's eyes widened to an almost unhealthy point. Was he breaking up with her?

" – and I want it to be a permanent arrangement." He held up a huge, open black velvet box, containing the largest diamond solitaire she'd ever seen. "Marry me."

There was the absolute very last thing she ever expected to hear from him. He'd been extremely allergic to marriage, although he was considered quite a catch. He'd never been married, and as far as she could tell up to this point, didn't have any interest in ever being married. It had never entered their conversation – she certainly hadn't broached the subject. She wouldn't have.

The silence extended for an uncomfortably long time, until Raina felt that she had to say something, anything. "This - " she tried again and cleared her throat, not that it helped. "This is a surprise."

"I know."

She could see that tic in his jaw that meant he was tense, but she didn't feel as if she could do much to alleviate it. All Raina could do was stare at that ring. It looked big enough to be a paperweight!

Her Master wasn't going to wait forever for a response. He took the ring out of the box and put it on her left ring finger, retracting the choice he'd just given her. "As of right now, we're engaged. I'm going to give you a year - " he looked her in the eye and revised, " – six months to get used to the idea, but in six months I'm going to give you an order to marry me and you're going to obey it."

Raina's eyebrow rose. That certainly had to go down in the books as one of the strangest proposals on record. But she didn't take the ring off. Instead, like most women, she moved her hand around, taking in how it sparkled on her finger.

Her master sighed slightly in relief that she hadn't completely refused him. Raina may

be his submissive, and a darned good one at that, but he couldn't always judge how she would react to things. That was probably one of the things he liked best about her, despite the annoyance factor that was sometimes inherent.

When they'd first moved in together, he'd laid down some basic rules for her – setting curfews for any time that she wasn't with him, and of course, health and safety requirements, like taking her allergy and asthma medicines and not working past six p.m. She could get up any time she liked in the morning, but she had to be home from work by six unless she got permission from him. He'd found out quickly that she was at least as much of a workaholic as he was, but lately – because of her - he was finding that work wasn't everything and was determined to help her learn that earlier than he had.

Her car had died one morning – she'd insisted on keeping it and using the old rust bucket, despite the fact that he would have preferred that she use one of his limos. He'd allowed her to continue driving her car every day more because he was stunned that she was insisting than anything else. She'd gone along with so much else, that it had surprised him when she'd become adamant about this, especially considering that she was still driving the same Toyota Corolla she'd had when she'd first made it big. The thing had over three hundred thousand miles on it from her trips across the country trying to convince cosmetics buyers to take a chance on her products.

He wanted to take care of her in every way he could. What good was all of his money if he couldn't ease her way as much as possible – not that he really needed to? She had done a damned fine job of taking care of herself, and even though he hadn't had a hand in it, he was damned proud of her. If she'd wanted a limo service, she certainly could have gotten one for herself long before he entered her life.

When she'd gotten out of work and gone down to the parking garage under her building to her usual spot where she expected the mechanic to have delivered her old clunker, she'd instead found he'd had a Jaguar XK coupe, in frost blue to match her favorite color delivered and parked in her spot, complete with an obscenely huge red bow.

He didn't know exactly what it was that he expected her reaction to be when he gave her something like that. She never asked him for anything nor acted like she expected anything from him except his complete participation in their intense relationship. Other than that, they hadn't merged their finances at all, although he still paid for everything about the house and their living style.

But apparently, with that car, he had overstepped some unforeseen boundary. When she arrived home that evening, via taxi, she walked into his den and dropped the keys onto the desk in front of him. "Where's my car?" There wasn't a trace of submission in her tone. This time, he was dealing with the CEO he hadn't much seen much of in the past year or so.

Or maybe it was just the outraged woman she'd become. Either way, he didn't see what all the fuss was about. "Gone."

"Gone?" Apparently she hadn't been expecting that reply, and he nearly smiled at her

surprise, but managed to cover it. “What do you mean gone?” Outrage was thick in her voice.

Leaning back in his big leather chair, he very deliberately caught her eye. “Watch your tone of voice when you speak to me, missy.”

Raina frowned. He only called her “missy” when he thought that she had overstepped her bounds, and she hated it. It made her feel like a five year old in front of her father. Very obviously trying to control her anger, she’d asked, “What did you do with my car?”

“It was a jalopy. I had it compacted.”

Up till that point, their relationship had gone along more smoothly than any he had ever had. Despite the fact that she was a fighter and a type A at work, Raina was very relaxed at home, and her submissive side made that even easier. Although he’d set down some strict rules about how she was to behave, he didn’t want to stifle her, and she was always welcome to, respectfully, give him her opinion about anything.

But she almost never had. He’d never lived with a woman who was so easy going. The only thing they’d ever really grappled over – besides this – was his moratorium on make up when they were at home. He liked the way she looked au natural, and that was the way he kept her most of the time when they were alone. But he didn’t want a beautiful, natural body and then a painted face.

Of course, he’d gotten his way about that.

But it didn’t look like he was going to win this one. She was well and truly pissed. He sat back in his chair and watched the struggle as it crossed her face. She was very angry; for the life of him he couldn’t understand why, but she was – and yet she was submissive to him, and he had just reminded her very gently of that fact.

She reminded him of himself when he was trying to deal with his recalcitrant mother years ago – angry as all get out, yet needing to be respectful, because that was how he was raised.

It was the way of things that he taught her lessons occasionally – although that wasn’t the only reason for him to take a whip to her, and she was, as he sometimes told her outright, depressingly well behaved. But this time, he was the one who learned that she did, indeed, have some boundaries.

Raina didn’t do big scenes. She didn’t storm out. She didn’t rant and rave – not that he would have put up with it if she had. But what she did do had had him frantically wishing he had left well enough alone, despite his safety concerns. Hiring a tow truck to follow her around would have been less expensive, and would probably have annoyed her, but at least she wouldn’t have descended into a deep funk, as she had.

If there was one thing he couldn’t legislate, it was her moods. She didn’t give him the cold shoulder, didn’t ignore him, and continued to obey him to the “t”. But he knew that

her heart wasn't in it. Finally, he'd ended up scouring the country for a replacement for the Jaguar, which she had never once driven. And one evening he'd met her at work and guided her down to the parking lot, where a reasonable facsimile of the car she'd been driving sat, complete with the high mileage count – although not quite as high as hers had been. He hadn't told her that before he'd brought it to her he'd had it gone over with a fine toothed comb by his own mechanic, and everything that even just might have needed fixing had been replaced or updated or upgraded, mechanically speaking.

It was the first time he'd been able to make her cry when hadn't involved giving her either a sore butt or a screaming orgasm, and it seemed that he had been forgiven for a sin he didn't understand how he'd committed.

But this evening, he'd literally held his breath for her response to his somewhat unorthodox proposal, and he'd been amazed when she'd simply lain there not saying anything. The silence had stretched out almost uncomfortably, and he had come up with his somewhat forcible proposal on the spur of the moment. He'd really expected that she'd say yes right then and there – there was a line of women out there who would have killed to be in her place, he thought angrily for a split second.

But not really in her place. Not with all her interests, her few restrictions, and her darned near perfect submission, to say nothing of her wonderful body and quick mind. She had rapidly become the focal point of his life, and had come awful close to replacing his business, which no one and nothing had ever been able to do in his lifetime. He wanted her with him permanently, and not just on her say so alone. He wanted her bound to him in every possible way, and if that entailed marriage, then he was more than willing to take that step.

The next thing she said blew him away as much as his original proposal had done to her.

“I want a pre-nup.”



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*His*  
*Chapter 5*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Her breasts were killing her. She thought they were going to fall off – worse than that, she thought they were going to stay attached. He had bound them at the base, as usual commandeering a pair of her own stockings and looping them around each breast in a figure eight that he cinched tight and tied off between her breasts, then tacked each of them individually. Not only were they each very tightly bound, but her now almost nonexistent nipples had also been previously clothes pinned, so that now, only the barest tips of them remained between those terrible wooden jaws.

This was a very different situation from their usual. Not in their location, which was their bedroom, where she'd been punished and her limits had regularly been tested since they'd met. And not in circumstance – she had been spread eagled and attached to the recessed hooks in the ceiling more times than she could count. A long, thick spreader bar kept her legs well apart, and her ankles were also anchored to recessed hooks in the otherwise immaculate hard wood floor.

She wasn't going anywhere. Raina was subject to whatever whim came into his head at the time.

The difference this time was that he was mad.

He'd been mad since she'd mentioned a prenuptial agreement. Not that he had wanted to have mentioned it first, and had to talk her into it, which should have been the case and probably would have with any other woman but Raina. But because she had mentioned it first, and even spoken – as far as he was concerned, as if she thought that if they ever ended up parting company, which he didn't intend, he would somehow try to come after her for money, or her business.

He had flatly refused to sign one, even if it was drawn up by his own lawyers. He knew that this could simply be a trick, some sort of reverse psychology on her part to get him to be just that much more generous with her, to make him think that she wasn't after his money.

But the bald truth was that he'd never thought she was a gold digger. She was doing too well on her own – granted, she didn't have the blue blood, blue chip money that he did from generations of ancestors profiteering in various industries; she was nouveau riche, and her millions couldn't compare with his billions. But he'd never thought that she looked at him as a dollar sign. Hell, the woman never spent any money of her own – except on the cooking gadgets she insisted on collecting or the occasional piece of Waterford that caught her eye – much less his own. She'd always taken him to task

when he'd tried to spend any of his own money on her, complaining – genteely, because that's what he required, but complaining none the less – that she had her own money and had no need of his.

For some reason, though, her suggestion that she would be requiring a prenup before she'd say yes incensed him. It was as if she could trust him with her body and soul – and did on more intimate occasions than he could count – but she couldn't trust him financially.

She should have known him better than that, and he was struggling with himself not to take it out on that very pretty hide – and he was losing. Badly.

He often inflicted pain on her just because he wanted to – not when she'd done anything to deserve it, but because he could, and because it always amazed him that, even though her bottom was striped to within an inch of its life, she would still be literally dripping wet when he cut her down – if he hadn't already brought her to a thundering orgasm that outstripped any amount of pain he'd inflicted.

He adored her breasts, and adored torturing them even more. They were perfectly shaped, as far as he was concerned, and definitely had not undergone any sort of enhancement surgery, which he personally detested. They were still relatively high and firm, though, even more so now that he'd gotten to work on them with those stretchy stockings of hers.

Standing directly in front of her as he forced her to throw those slim white arms wide, he began to lazily flick those clothespins up and down with one finger of each hand, letting the sounds of her anguished whimpers flow over him like the auditory aphrodisiac they were. He was, of course, rock hard, tenting the dress pants he hadn't bothered to change out of when they'd gotten home. He was still in his Italian leather shoes, the sleeves of his hand tailored, white silk shirt rolled up to just below his elbows, accentuating the heavily muscled forearms he was using to fiddle with those poor, beleaguered breasts, as well as when he'd laid deep lines of anguish across her bottom and the back of her thighs.

Now, though, he'd put the thick leather belt he'd used to decorate her backside down, and, instead, had taken up a small leather flogger where each small strand was knotted at the end. It was designed for maximum sting with minimum effort. He could stand there and abrade her breasts for hours without breaking a sweat.

And she knew it.

He'd blindfolded her, with a comfortable, padded leather blindfold that he'd had custom molded to her face, so that she could wear it for hours and it wouldn't become uncomfortable, and not so much as a peep of light leaked in. Since she couldn't see what he was doing, he was very careful to tell her. She'd seen every implement in her closet, and she knew how pretty much all of them felt against that tender skin. He'd seen her flinch when he'd dropped the belt to the floor with a clunk, and then flinch again when he told her what it was that he was picking up as he made his way to stand in front of her.

At first, all her master did was just draw the small cat over her burgeoning, already over sensitized flesh, letting some of the tendrils dance down onto the edges of her nipples where they were squashed out the sides of the clothespins.

She was swinging her head around wildly, knowing what was coming next and not wanting to think of it, chomping at the wide, leather covered bit he'd forced between her teeth and well back into her mouth, strapping it tightly behind her head near where her pony tail trapped that long mane.

The bit assured him that she wouldn't be able to utter anything but long, anguished moans and high pitched shrieks as he had his way with any part of her body he chose to turn his attentions to.

"I love to see your breasts like this," he whispered hoarsely, having to hold himself back from just taking her and having done with it.

Raina wanted to twist and turn and wiggle and writhe, but every movement merely accentuated the agonized condition of her breasts, so she stood as still as she could, whimpering softly behind her gag.

And then the cat fell, softly at first, almost caressingly, once on the top of each breast as he picked up a rhythm and began slapping that horrid thing down on her more frequently, windmilling it as he heard the knots splat against her skin, and watched her struggle not to dance to the tune he was calling and thus increase her own suffering.

Then he moved the windmill forward and to the side, so that it would hit that nipple flesh that was already in excruciating pain, adding another layer of explicit discomfort, and she did begin to move then. She had absolutely no choice. The stinging added to the incessant ache he'd already created had overtaken her brain, and Raina could no longer think; she could only react.

When he was finished, when there were lovely, angry red lines criss crossing that plumped out breast flesh, he stood in front of her again, the cat discarded, listening to her soft, stunted sobbing. He held a wicked looking knife in one hand. "You must remain still, Raina. I don't want a nick in my property," he ordered. Seconds later, he had cut through the nylons binding each of her breasts, slipping his fingers beneath them so that they fell to the ground, releasing all of that pent up blood into her starved body.

Raina's breasts tingled and prickled terribly, and her poor beleaguered nipples that were still trapped and clamped by those torturous clothes pins swelled immediately as much as they could, which wasn't much, and that only made them hurt more. Then, after she'd settled somewhat from that latent insult, in one quick movement, he set his fingers on the closed ends of the pins that were pinching those sweet nipples, and opened them quickly, removing them entirely and dropping them on the floor with the strands of stockings.

Her squeals and shrieks as those small buds became engorged, as they were meant to

be, as they had been trying to be all along, brought a barely there smile to his face, and suddenly, he couldn't wait any longer to do what he wanted.

He lowered her arms some, so that they were more to her sides than stretched upwards as if she was pleading with the ceiling for mercy, so that she could lean into them. And she would need it. He was throbbing so badly he was afraid things were going a lot more quickly than he intended.

Moving around behind her, he ran his hands down her flank possessively, squeezing the already blazing red cheeks, noting with immense satisfaction the bright red stripes he'd laid there. But as much as he simply wanted to part those cheeks and drive himself into her – into whichever opening his cock found first – he knew that if he did that, she'd be forced away from him by his own thrusts.

So he went to the closet and tugged out a barricade that she sometimes had to bend low over to receive a correction. It was a simple wooden wall, with an almost saddle like leather area for her to lie across, with lots of padding for her to be pushed up against – hard, like he liked to – without getting bruises he hadn't intended for her to wear. It bolted very securely to the floor, so that even he would have a very hard time knocking it over.

After he'd gotten everything arranged the way he wanted it, all the while still listening to her cries and sobs, he came again to stand behind her, reveling in the sight he'd made of that luscious bottom. He placed a hand on either rounded cheek, over the welts he'd laid previously, and saw her head jerk up at his touch. Blindfolded or not, she no doubt knew what was in store for her merely by the positioning of the sturdy horse in front of her.

“Ah yes, my dear. I've held myself off as long as I can, and now I'm going to bury myself inside you,” he growled, leaning over her. “I'm going to fuck you, Raina. In whatever hole I find first.”

The spreader bar kept her legs well apart, and because she could lean onto the platform he'd put in front of her, he forced her ankles even further apart, since he had no concerns that she would fall over. He wanted her exposed, and that's just the way she found herself.

As he rose from the squat he'd assumed to make those adjustments, he let his fingers trail up the insides of her legs, until they found that lush, humid grotto they were so familiar with, inserting themselves between lips that had been naturally tugged apart, that provided absolutely no defense against his marauding exploration. She was, as he'd suspected, dripping wet, and he carried some of that dew to her clit, which was already as engorged as her nipples, pinching and tweaking it, lazily considering that it needed its own clothespin, but not willing to go to that trouble.

He was too interested in slaking his own desires at this point.

Appreciating the fact that he was fully clothed and she was completely naked – which, for him, was a hugely sexual situation in and of itself – he undressed himself as little as

was necessary to free his rock hard erection, unzipping his pants and rearranging his underwear, but guaranteeing that she could feel the fine fabric of his Armani pants against her sore butt. Keeping those cheeks spread well apart, both of those enticing openings automatically exposed by the way the horse required her to bend low over it, he nevertheless stabbed blindly into her, his rigid cock finding a home in the area of least resistance, swelling up into her pussy as it clamped down upon him almost as surely as those clothespins had clamped down on her poor nipples.

A sigh of the purest of ecstasies escaped his lips as he drank in the sight of her, nude and bent and bound before him, blind and mute, able only to receive that which he decided to give, be in pain or pleasure. After only about three strokes, he knew that he could easily lose complete control, so he backed away for a moment and came around to her head, reaching to the back of it to unbuckle the rod that was yanked so far back in her mouth that it bit into that other set of rounded cheeks.

It fell to the floor with a thud. "Tell me who you belong to," he commanded, moving back around behind her to drive himself into her again, hearing her guttural moan as his swollen length filled her to capacity.

"You, Sir," she whispered.

"Again, louder," he commanded, snapping himself in and out of her in time with his orders.

Raina cleared her scratchy throat and tried again, anxious to please him. "You, Sir,"

"Engagement, wedding, common law marriage, who do you belong to?" he ground out, pumping into her harder and harder.

"You, Sir," she answered immediately through her own groans as she tried to absorb the impact of his powerful strokes.

He let himself enjoy her, just a bit, just for a while, enjoying the way she couldn't quite cringe from him, that she couldn't escape from whatever he did to her, and knowing that she was christening his cock with her own juices, knowing that she loved what he did to her.

Suddenly, he pulled out of her woman's passage, placing his glistening head at her bottom hole. "Is there going to be a pre nup between us, Raina?"

He watched her lower her head. Raina knew when she was defeated. "No, Sir," she tried not to whisper.

At her words, he pushed himself against that small opening, only able to force it to accept a small amount of him on the first try.

"Is there ever again going to be any doubt in your mind as to who is in charge here?"

Almost afraid to say it, but even more afraid not to, Raina answered as softly as she

dared, “No, Sir.”

He simply leaned his hips into her, almost gently, forcing his way into her. Forcing her body to comply with his demands.

“Who owns you, body and soul, Raina?”

Panting, and trying desperately to relax, she breathed, “You, Sir.” She could feel him, stretching her almost beyond her capacity, easing off only slightly to then pressed even further in.

“You just keep saying that while I rape your bottom, Raina. There’s nothing you can do about it, anyway. You just keep reminding yourself out loud who it is that controls you and your life.”

She did as she was told as he took her, her voice breaking as he settled completely into her, up to the hilt, leaning over her as she began to sob at the ache he was creating, and the uncomfortable feeling of fullness she couldn’t eliminate. He fucked her slowly at first, in and out, and she knew that he had put some sort of slickness on himself at some point which eased his way, and the easier it got, the harder he slammed into her as she chanted that phrase over and over, hating the fact that being treated this way was only making her that much slicker.

Sometimes, her Master had brought her to pleasure doing just this, and it was the memories of just that situation that flooded her genitals, pooling the ecstasy in a place that she knew wasn’t going to get any attention from him for quite some time, if then.

For now, she had to concentrate on repeating who she belonged to over and over as he claimed the very insides of her for himself, reinforcing what she was saying in the most basic, physical manner a man could.

He reached out and was able to grab her ponytail, to pull her head back with a calculated gentleness that belied what he was doing to the rest of her body and use it as a rein, keeping her head up carefully, not wanting to jerk or hurt her neck, but rather just to provide yet another reminder of his power over her.

He took her then, indulging himself completely with and within her, running his hand over her back and bottom, knowing she’d become accustomed enough that he didn’t have to be quite as careful as he had been, letting himself go to a certain extent, always watchful of her condition, however.

The end, though, the uncontrollable ecstasy was already tingling in his loins, and he knew that he simply wasn’t going to be able to hold off as long as he would like to. It just wasn’t going to happen. And he knew that that was for the best, actually, because if he’d continued pumping in and out of her, she might extract a level of pleasure he wasn’t yet willing to impart to her. So it was for the best when he threw back his head and roared his bliss to the exposed beam ceiling.

Raina sobbed as he emptied himself into her, each short sharp ending thrust rocking her

poor breasts, and coldly pressing the material and zipper of his dress pants against her blazing buttocks.

But it was not over.

Only when he was through, when he'd eked the last of himself out into her bottom, did he disengage from her, clean himself up, and come back around to unhook her from the chains that hung from the ceiling, then her feet from the eye hooks in the floor. He carried her to her trusty table, then reattached her there so that she was immobile again, her bottom at the very end – almost hanging off – the end of the table, her legs held via the bar between them, well back and spread, her privates laid out before him like a buffet.

He rolled his big comfy office chair out from behind his desk, and planted himself in it, where he would have the easiest time of molesting her. Slowly. Calculatedly.

It was a long evening for Raina.

Her Master took complete and total enjoyment from torturing her in the usual manner – spanking, paddling, belting her, using the cat, binding her breasts. But sometimes he tortured her in a completely different manner – he forced her to spend hours on the edge of an incredibly explosive culmination – but wouldn't allow her to actually realize it.

He'd done this several times before, and Raina knew, even though she couldn't see what he was doing, exactly what she was in for. She'd almost rather have been caned for the next three hours rather than having to go through what she knew she was in for.

He knew her all too well. Once he'd sat down, he popped back up, only to remove her blindfold, so that she could see herself and him in the mirror that he'd had hung directly above several days after that awful Santa Claus examination. And, even worse than seeing herself lying there, he began to talk to her, describing just what he was seeing. It added insult to injury that everything he did, everything he said, everything she saw being done to herself, no matter how degrading or humiliating, made her body weep and ache and throb.

At first, he didn't touch her. He merely leaned over, placing his face mere inches from exactly where she wanted him to bury it, speaking to her in that low, almost hypnotic tone he sometimes used if he needed to calm her. "I think I say it every time I get you trussed up in any way at all, but I love seeing you like this. I love it when you're completely helpless. You're such a good sub – you never seem to really rebel, but I like making sure you couldn't even if you were of a mind to. I like having you spread before me – so that I can see every inch, every spec of what your body usually tries to hide from my eyes by its mere design."

Raina could feel his hot breath wafting over her privates, and even just that slightest touch was enough to make her want to arch up against it, which, of course, she couldn't. Raina thought that if he just touched her once, if she felt anything against that part of her body, she would come apart, despite all of the rules he had in place for her about denying her own release until she had permission from him to do so.

And she knew that that was a long time away, and she was right.

As he spoke, he reminded her that if she gave in, if she let herself go one instant before he allowed it, that he would make her very, very sorry. All Raina could hope was that he wouldn't use his mouth until the very last.

His words of warning flowed over her various points of overheated skin of one sort or another, then into her ears, where it traveled back down to the area he was sitting in front of. She was so sensitized to him that she couldn't help but respond to any effort he made towards her, especially in this situation. Her clit was so engorged it was as if it was trying to reach out to him, to gain his attention, and most specifically his touch.

But what he did was draw his fingertips – his rough, callused fingertips – over the area, starting at where her pubic hair, if he had been allowed it, would have begun, down through her natural crease, but consciously avoiding that heightened nub, not pausing to plunge into her dripping womanhood, or even further abuse that already plundered bottom hole of hers. Instead, he just kept drawing his fingers over her, over the close insides of her thighs, into the creases where leg met pubic area, and back up and down again.

Then he donned a leather glove and did exactly the same thing, this time poking a little bit more, not trying to pleasure her in any way, merely inspecting what he owned. He took his time – he had nowhere to go, and he'd seen to it that she didn't, either.



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*His*  
*Chapter 6*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Raina was ready to burst. He had been very slowly licking her for at least the past year, his broad tongue only coming in contact with that inch or so of engorged flesh for seconds at a time, not spending any time where she really wanted him. She had been reduced to trying to arch up into him when he got anywhere near that area, so much so that he had introduced a belt across her hips that held them nicely in place, such that she no longer even had that outlet, that ability to ease the horrendous ache he was creating.

She could see herself in the mirror on the ceiling and she could see it every time he advanced towards her, and that only made her body anticipate the pleasure even that much more. Raina could see how desperate she looked, how lewdly she was spread and, as if she couldn't feel it already, how completely she was bound, to him and by him.

After what seemed like decades, he finally rested his chin on her bare pubic bone, whispering the words she so longed to hear.

"I'm going to put my fingers inside you now, and then I'm going to put my mouth over that bright red clit of yours. I bet I could talk you into an orgasm right now, couldn't I? I wouldn't even need to touch you."

Raina nodded emphatically, nearly in tears at the thought of the relief she was going to feel when he finally let her explode between his lips.

"We'll leave that for another time."

All of a sudden, with no real warning, she felt herself parted by his thick fingers, which he rudely shoved up inside her. But she was just as happy to have the stimulation as his flesh dragged along hers, inciting each and every already rioting nerve.

"Hold on. Not yet," he murmured, "not yet." He adjusted himself a little, then poised over her clit, his lips actually brushing against her as he spoke. "When you feel me take you in my mouth, then you may come, but not until then. Do you understand me?"

Raina nodded, her eyes transfixed on the images of them above her.

With that, he leaned forward and sealed his mouth over her while his fingers plunged at will in and out of her. As often happened when she had held herself off for so long, it was no longer an instantaneous thing. It took him four, maybe five strokes before the way his hot, wet mouth had settled around her, and the fact that she had permission to give in that anguished ache she'd been holding at bay for so long seeped into her brain

and let her let go of the leash she'd had tight around her desires.

When it came; when she came, she could do nothing but slam her head back against the table and truly howl with the agonized pleasure of it; her already stressed voice breaking even further as she gave him wild, full throated scream that signaled the end of any sort of control she might have had.

Her Master brought her through five storms that were nearly as intense before leaning back a little to let her try to recover from them. But she wasn't recovering. She was crying. He cut her loose of everything, literally cutting each bond, and removing each cuff, leaving her more naked than she ever usually was, picking her up and carrying her up to their bedroom.

All he did for the next several hours was hold her. She wept uncontrollably for the first long while, then settled and simply lay in his arms, almost unnaturally silent.

There was no pre nup. There was no year long wait for the marriage either. They had a very small, very private ceremony within the next month, and then a long, private honeymoon in a beautiful bungalow on an island that he owned in the South Pacific, which, during the month that they were planning the wedding and the trip, he had had stocked and opened and cleaned and supplied with everything he could think of, and then he'd sent the staff away, so that he could have her to himself, and they could have the island to themselves.

The moment after they got there, and his pilot left with his private jet – although he had a helicopter stabled there if any sort of emergency arose – he turned to tug her into his arms, kissing her deeply and saying, as he watched the plane become a small dot on the horizon, “Strip.”

Her eyes nearly popped out of her head. “Here? Right here?”

He stood staunchly in front of her. “That was the last person on the island but us. Yes, right here, right now. And you know that I don't like to repeat myself.”

Raina was already reaching for the spaghetti strap of her flowery dress, but her response was a soft, “Yes, Sir,” as she none the less looked nervously around her, as if she expected someone to jump out from behind the nearest palm tree.

When she was done and completely bare, he affixed her cuffs in place – ankle and wrist – and took the small bundle of her clothes and tucked it under his far arm, as he wrapped the other around her waist and began to slowly guide her to the low slung house. “Do you think I'm lying to you about us being the only two here?” he asked, noting her nervously scanning head with a growl.

“No, Sir,” she peeped, those eyes flitting to his quickly, then to the sandy ground in front of them.

“Good. Then calm down.”

After taking a good long look into his eyes, she answered more assuredly, “Yes, Sir.”

The entire month they were on that island, she was never allowed to put on clothing. When she got cold, he allowed her to wrap herself in a sheet, but nothing more than that. She wasn’t allowed to close any doors - not that there were many in the ultra open design of the flowing house, but still – not even the bathroom door. Their shared closet had enough clothes for him for a month on his side, but her walk in dressing area was completely bare, except for a pair of sturdy leather sandals he insisted she wear if she decided to walk about the island, which she never did unless forcibly compelled by him.

Knowing that she liked to cook for relaxation and as a point of pride was quite accomplished, he’d had his personal chef create quite a few meals that were stocked in the deep freeze, but he’d also stocked ingredients for meals of hers that were his favorite – which actually ended up being the simplest things she cooked.

The only other things he had brought or bought could all have been categorized under entertainment . . . in one way or the other. He’d broken down and had the island wired for satellite, and bought two large plasma TVs, for her, because she liked to have the television on a lot, even if she wasn’t watching it. They’d actually collected a list of the movies they’d always wanted to see and had never gotten to, and he’d had them procured and brought here, along with stacks of books, and an ornately carved wooden trunk that he’d given to her as a wedding present, that contained all of the toys he intended on using on her. With the exception of a few duplicates, it contained pretty much every sexual toy and implement they owned.

He’d bought the island after he’d made his own first million, feeling somehow that, because he’d added to the family coffers, he could feel free to indulge himself in this one thing. Otherwise, he rarely spent any money on himself, beyond a typical playboy love of fast cars. He was a working man, and that was what he did for fun.

Until her. Until his Raina.

She was his entertainment. He could play with her endlessly and never become bored, and that was largely what he did for the entire month, bringing her to excruciatingly hard orgasms on their bed, on the kitchen counter, and while she was tied, spread wide, between two extremely handy palm trees, facing the open ocean nude, like some kinky Venus.

He knew that she would have a very hard time with that, despite the fact that that he’d reassured her from that first moment that he’d denied her clothing that they were alone. Raina worried that some passing ship or fisherman or merman or whatever might possibly catch a glimpse, but he was firm in his guarantees. This island was well situated in the middle of a cluster with three other, smaller, uninhabited islands that he’d acquired as soon as he could, and for just that reason – complete privacy. He spent all of his life around people, and when he came down here, he just wanted to be alone. In all of the time he’d spent down here, he’d never seen another soul, or even so much as another boat.

So when she'd tugged back on his hand when he'd told her that first time that he wanted them to go stroll along the beach, he'd given her a look that had spurred her on, but he knew he hadn't really succeeded in reassuring her.

Frankly, he didn't much care if someone on a boat or a ship got an eyeful. It was as if he thought someone was going to set up to sell tickets to see the bound, naked lady on the eccentric billionaire's island. But he wasn't going to waste his breath repeating himself. He was just going to do with her exactly as he pleased.

The first thing he did once he got her secured was duck under one outstretched arm and come up behind her, spreading his hands wide and claiming her breasts. There was no other way to describe it – those big, platter sized hands came up and seized those wonderful mounds, plumping them up, massaging them in a much less than gentle manner, loving the way she inadvertently rubbed her bottom against the front of his khaki shorts as his fingers found those straining nipples and tugged and rolled them mercilessly.

When she threw her head back, trying to move to cope with the ache his pinching, pulling fingers were forcing on her, it landed on his broad shoulder, and his lips descended on the side of her neck, nibbling his way down that slim, white column, feeling her shiver in his arms and those impudent nipples become unbelievably even harder between his thumbs and forefingers.

And their reward was even more pain as his attentions became crueler, and he seemed to be dedicating himself to trying to pull those taut nubs completely off her breasts.

Only when he'd brought her to tears with his vicious tenderness did he move on to running his hands over her flat tummy, then down between her legs. He never got tired of the fact that he could – and did – keep her slick as an eel there, and everywhere else. One of her rules – which he kept to a minimum in general – was that she was required, during her daily shower, to keep those areas of body hair that he didn't attend to personally completely bare. Shaving her privates was usually a part of a very long, drawn out ritual that involved a very deep, excruciatingly detailed examination of said parts, but he had absolutely no interest in her underarms or her legs, except as a conduit to much more intriguing territory.

"Spread your legs wide," he murmured almost lovingly into her ear, as he gave her no choice but to comply by pressing her feet apart with one expensively shod foot.

When she was well exposed, when he could easily reach down and feel how soaking wet she was – despite her sincere reluctance - he made sure his fingers took full advantage of her, pressing up inside her from behind, then spreading out and rubbing her clit vigorously, moving back and forth relentlessly until he had her at a fever pitch, trying to grind against his hand.

Then he stopped and came around to the front of her, lowering his shorts only enough to release his impatient erection, which he rubbed against her teasingly until at last he put a hand on either flank and lifted her onto him, that thick, fleshy column spearing up inside her as she gasped and wiggled and arched and moaned. He refused to let her

clamp her legs around him, draping them over his elbows, so essentially their only point of connection besides his steadying hands on her hips, was the way he completely filled his home within her, whispering, “I want you to come like this when you’re ready.”

Then he started to draw her a picture with his words and his actions. “If there was someone out there, someone on a ship with a spyglass, some lazy fisherman with Field and Stream binoculars,” he growled as he ground himself in and out of her violently, raping her, taking her, the way he knew she wanted it, but the way that most satisfied himself when he had her like this, “just think about what he would be seeing. About the eyeful he’d be getting, seeing you bound and helpless and being fucked by the man who owns you.” His voice was getting hoarser and more gravelly with every guttural stroke, but he could feel the tension building in her, how she clamped down on him as if she didn’t want him to leave her even as he bullied his way back in, “The man who controls everything about your life, who decides when you come, when you get punished, when you scream - ”

He could feel her letting go and pumped even faster and harder, catching up to her, so that they nearly exploded at the same time, his violent groan coming seconds after a scream that sounded like it had boiled up from her toes.

She was too far gone, too zoned out by the pleasure to even hear the soft snick as he opened a switchblade and cut down her arms, knowing that, by that time, they would be painful and she would be in need of a massage to prevent that from worsening.

From that point on, he took her outdoors as much as he could, as much to reinforce his dominance over her as to sate his own prurient desires.

The only time during the entire month that there was another soul on the island with them was one night when he invited the same man she had been exposed to the first time – the one named Daniel who looked like St. Nick - to come have dinner with them. He was flown in by her Master’s pilot, and landed while Raina was still cooking dinner.

She was noticeably nervous around the man, although he seemed to be doing everything he could to put her at ease. It was an awkward situation, though. The only other man besides Master that she was ever naked in front of was her doctor, and she was a naturally modest woman.

Eventually, though, she began to relax as the men argued back and forth amiably. That seemed to be their preferred method of communication – when they weren’t inspecting her intimately, she remembered with a bright blush.

Of course, nothing got by him. He stabbed her with his eyes, letting her know that he’d seen that blush. As he took another heaping spoonful of the chicken casserole she’d made that was one of his favorites, he said casually, “I never told you, Raina, why I had Daniel over that evening, did I?”

Raina lowered her eyes to the suddenly tasteless food in front of her. “No, Sir.”

“Look at me.”

She lifted her head and her eyes immediately.

“I had him come over and look at you because – besides the fact that he’s a good friend of mine and I’m very proud to be your owner – he’s an expert at various types of piercing, as well as some extremely artful tattoos.”

Raina’s eyes widened nervously as memories of exactly the areas she’d been forced to let him examine came to mind – her nipples and her privates. She swallowed hard. They had discussed getting her pierced – although she knew that he really didn’t have to talk to her about it, as far as their relationship went.

But he tried not to do things to her that would be too traumatic, and although when they’d first come together and decided exactly how completely she would submit to him she’d agreed that he would have the ability to mark her permanently in any fashion he so chose, he knew that she had serious reservations along those lines.

When she’d answered him, her voice had been tight and soft with abject fear. She knew that she’d be hearing within the next few seconds whether her body would be altered permanently.

“Daniel says that he could do some very interesting things to you,” he began. “But I’ve decided against it.”

Her sigh of relief was audible, and made Daniel chuckle.

But that relief was short lived, because then her mind automatically began to wonder why, if he wasn’t going to do any sort of body modification to her, then why was he here, in the middle of their honeymoon?

She never put her voice to her question, and her Master never offered any further explanation, but she got her answer after dinner, once she’d cleared the big oak pedestal table that seemed out of place with the rest of the light, wicker furniture. The men had taken seats in the huge, open living room, Daniel with a snifter of brandy in one hand and an expensive, illegal cigar in the other. Raina realized shortly that he had chosen his position carefully, so that he would have a bird’s eye view of what was happening to her in the dining room, being that he was less than twenty feet away.

Once she was finished cleaning up the kitchen, her Master told her to stay in the dining room, where he met her, then stood over her as he arranged her like some sort of rag doll, hitching her arms well out in front of her as she bent over the table they’d just eaten at. She could smell the cleaner she’d just used on it as he stretched her tight after positioning one of the throw pillows from the couch in front of her hips and pulling her wrists tight and securing them to the other end of the table. Her ankles were then spread almost uncomfortably apart by a spreader bar, which he then anchored to the center pedestal of the table. She wasn’t going to be able to move, and that was exactly what he wanted.

Softly, but loudly enough that she knew Daniel could hear the scolding tone in his

voice, he said, "I'm going to give you a chance to make up for your bad behavior when Daniel was here last time." With that, she heard him walk away, and knew he was going to their bedroom. Then she heard the sound of him rolling something big along the hard wood floors, and didn't have to guess what it was: the big wooden trunk full of toys that he'd set at the end of their bed when they'd settled in.

The first thing he did was put her into a harness that would hold in the things he decided to invade her with. He'd had one custom made to his own specifications for her, and even if she decided to rebel and try to push things out, it was secure enough that she wouldn't be able to expel them until he allowed her to.

Next, he applied a mentholated ointment to her privates that didn't hurt, but would warm her up, and sensitize that already tender area while he worked on her bottom.

He started out with a brisk, hard hand spanking that had her howling, adoring the way she'd never become accustomed to even the lightest of his punishments. It all hurt to her, and her reactions were always pure and real.

"She colors nicely, doesn't she?"

Raina hated the fact that she was being watched. Absolutely detested it. But she knew that if she let on to him just how much she hated it, he'd latch onto it as something he could use to torture her with – not that he hadn't already, it seemed.

"Yes, she does. She's never gotten leather butt, either."

"I can tell. She's very vocal. I'm surprised. You two have been together for a while, and I'm assuming that she gets beaten regularly, whether she needs it or not."

Master chuckled as he picked up his favorite plug for her that didn't really need the help of the harness to stay in place, although it couldn't hurt. He lubed it slightly at the very tip, and then around the widest point before the smaller stalk and flange, then used the thumb and forefinger of his left hand to open her cheeks.

Raina knew that the older man couldn't see what her Master was seeing, but that didn't stem the feelings of humiliation that flooded her, even though Daniel had already seen everything she longed to keep private and wasn't going to be allowed to.

"Open for me, Raina. You've done this before. This plug is an old friend. It's helped you hold countless irritating enemas, hasn't it?" he asked.

"Y-yes, Sir," she whispered back.

"Speak up, Raina, so that our guest can hear you," he chided.

His words made her begin to sob, but nevertheless she answered him as she was told, saying, "Yes, Sir," much louder than she had.

"Good girl." He was working that thing into her firmly, not giving her a lot of time to

get used to its presence in her body, twisting and reaming and plunging in a slow rhythm. He didn't like to baby her, although he did his best to make sure that he didn't do any damage. "I'm going to seat this inside you now, Raina. Are you ready?"

Knowing she had no choice, and on another loud sob, she answered, "Yes, Sir," and seconds later she shrieked as he did just that, then pulled it out again and resealed it, twisting it back and forth within its snug home. "There, there," he said in false sympathy, patting his hand over where the tip of the plug was nestled between her cheeks and giving her a slight swat.

Then he bent over and rescued a long, sturdy ruler like paddle from the trunk and began to apply firm, hard swats that had Raina shrieking with each abominable contact, not missing a beat as he spoke to Daniel like they were having tea at Buckingham Palace. "She needs to be disciplined frequently, any time, believe me, and yes, she gets attended to regularly, sometimes for punishment purposes and sometimes just because I want to."

Raina couldn't see it, but Daniel nodded quietly, not taking his eyes off of the tableau before him. He knew he was witnessing something very private and very rare – especially considering the two that were involved - and he didn't want to do anything to jeopardize his situation, and his hopes of perhaps witnessing more in the future.



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*His*  
*Chapter 7*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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But what he was seeing now was going to hold him for quite some time. He knew of Raina as a very successful businesswoman, but had never met her until that night when he'd been asked to come and assess the possibilities of applying some sort of permanent mark of ownership to her body at her owner's request.

As he watched and drank in all that was going on in the dining room, he marveled at the intricacies of their relationship, and how well Raina, who was reported to be a tiger in the boardroom, managed to submit to him. He'd watched her throughout dinner, seeing how readily she smiled, and how happy she appeared to be, and although he'd been in and out of the fringes of the BDSM scene simply because of the nature of his retirement hobby, he couldn't imagine how she managed to sublimate herself so completely to him as to accept the beatings and the intimate invasions she was apparently regularly subjected to, and now was being forced to do so in front of a virtual stranger.

But he did have to admit that it was definitely making it hard for him to sit comfortably in sympathy for the rapidly deteriorating condition of her bottom, as well as in consideration of the strength of his zipper.

Daniel had had to consider the invitation carefully when it had been issued. It was unusual enough to be invited to visit any couple during their honeymoon, but to have it extended by Mark Spencer was just that much more of a fluke that Daniel simply couldn't pass up, despite the fact that making women cry wasn't his thing.

He had to adjust himself in order to get more comfortable, and was also having to rethink his stance on discipline, considering the fact that he hadn't been this hard in years and it was all from being a passive observer of this completely perverted relationship.

"You should come here, Daniel, and get a better view." He was applying carefully calculated strokes across the fleshiest parts of her bottom that were already a fiery red, then working his way down the backs of her thighs, which she was obviously trying to avoid but flat out couldn't. She was trussed up quite expertly, and he was going to make sure that she felt each and every swat he decided to give her. Once he'd gone all the way down her legs, he started back up again, covering very recently scorched areas again, almost immediately.

Although he debated about it morally, Daniel found himself rising to tuck himself into a darker, but closer corner, leaning against the wall with his cigar still in his hand so that they had something else to do besides what he wanted, which was to jack himself off.

He was appalled at the thought, and some of that puritanical outrage deflated his erection, but it returned full blown when he watched his friend squat down in front of his new wife and ram a very large dildo up inside her with absolutely no preparation.

Raina screamed, but then she'd been screaming for a while. Daniel was close enough, and she was spread obscenely enough, that he could see how she was stretched, and how absolutely callously her husband hooked the dildo into that harness contraption so that she couldn't rid herself of it, and he broke out into a sweat.

And it wasn't nearly at an end.

The next implement that was used on Raina was a thin, baton like rod that was no more than a foot long, but that apparently delivered an ungodly sting. Daniel could hear it whistle through the air with each descent, as well as her whimpers and moans in reaction.

"Say something to Raina, Daniel, so she knows how close you are, and how much you're seeing."

Daniel shoved one hand in his pocket and cleared his throat. "You poor sweetie."

He got a considering look from his host, who continued to beat his wife. "She doesn't need your sympathy, Daniel. She needs firmness, she needs strictness, and she needs to feel that I care about her enough to look after her. That's what I give her with this. I give her what she needs. Sometimes I give her more than what she needs."

Their eyes met again, and Daniel gave him a distinctly doubtful look.

"You don't believe me?" He stopped creating angry red lines across his wife's bottom long enough to say, "Raina, tell Daniel what you need."

It took her a minute or so to collect herself enough to speak, and when she did her voice was weak and hoarse. "I need to be punished."

Daniel couldn't contain his snort. "Hardly a valid statement when given under such duress."

Her reprieve was over even before Daniel responded; he'd already gone back to creating intricate patterns of sting and ache all over her backside. "Well, she lives under duress – voluntarily. She's mine to do with as I please, by her own word and deed, and she'll never not have this in her life."

He switched implements almost seamlessly, dropping the baton and taking up an unforgiving paddle that appeared to be made of some sort of plastic material. Daniel could hear the difference in the density and size of the chosen instrument whenever it connected with her poor flesh, splatting loudly against it and nearly lifting her up with every God awful stroke.

At last he seemed to be done. "Come over here, Daniel."

Slowly, he complied.

Their eyes met again as they stood in front of her ravaged behind. “Check her. See for yourself whether or not she enjoys this.”

The older man knew that Raina hadn’t been touched intimately since that huge dildo was pushed up into her, and he had to admit to a considerable amount of curiosity about it. So he took the offer, easily reaching down to unhook the dildo from the harness and remove it. It was glistening with something, and he knew it hadn’t been lubed up like the plug that was mere inches away from his head. As gently as he could, he pressed his fingers up inside her, only to have them literally drenched with her juices.

He handed the dildo to his friend and moved back to his spot quietly, still not convinced, but then, that wasn’t necessary anyway. He knew he’d have to mull over his part in this scene later, much later, after he’d been able to come to his own guiltily pleasurable explosion.

For Raina, though, it wasn’t over. Her merciless husband jammed the dildo back up inside her and continued to paddle her for several long, agonizing minutes that nearly had Daniel wanting to catch his arm as he swung it back each time to lay a full on blow to her helpless buttocks.

Finally, he stopped, going around to the front of the table and mopping her face in a strangely tender manner, then coming back to remove the dildo, at least, and free her legs from the bar that held them apart. Since her hands were together as they reached for the far end of the table, all he had to do from that point was flip her over and reposition that pillow beneath her hips.

He had to cringe, though, when he thought of that poor girl having to lie on that swollen red bottom.

“Daniel, would you get another pillow and put it under her head?”

The request startled him, somehow, but he located and found another pillow on the couch and brought it to his friend. “Under her head, man. And why don’t you stay there. I’m about to turn the tables, and Raina knows that if she doesn’t come on my command that I’ll flip her over and give her double what she just got. Right, Raina?”

The poor woman was still trying to deal with what he’d already delivered to her, but she answered as promptly as she could. “Yes, Sir.”

Daniel knew he should give her her dignity and go back to the shadows, but he wasn’t a strong enough man to do so. He stood where he was as if rooted there, and he was. He was completely involved in what he was seeing, despite the fact that he didn’t necessarily want to be.

He watched as his friend again arranged this woman – this powerful, intelligent, accomplished woman – like a doll, forcing her legs well back and looping strips of what

looked like fur behind her knees, then tying them back so that her knees were almost at her shoulder level, which of course left her lower parts completely wrenched open and apart.

Daniel had to wonder what that felt like to her, especially when that big plug was still anchored deep within her.

“There.”

Her owner donned rubber gloves expertly, then lubed his left hand up and, after showing him – and Raina by default – the way he formed his fingers into a cone, he inserted his hand into his bound wife as far as it could go, until she began to try to avoid the invasion, and then a little further.

“I can’t quite fist her yet, but we’re working on it. Raina likes to be stretched in both places when she comes, don’t you, Raina.”

Not crying any more, but wearing a permanent, blotchy blush, she gave her pat answer.

“No. Repeat what I said, Raina. Turn your head and meet his eyes when you tell Daniel what you like.”

Biting her lip, she did as she was told. Daniel could no more look away from her than he could from the entire scene. “I like to be stretched in both places when I come, Sir.”

“What places? Tell him specifically.” The warning in his voice was more than enough for her.

“I – I like to be stretched in my bottom and my pussy when I come, Sir.”

“Good girl. Raina also has another hard and fast rule about her pleasure. Tell Daniel what it is.”

Raina swallowed, and answered, still looking Daniel in the eye, “I am never to come without my Master’s permission.”

“Damn straight. Sometimes I give her a terrible case of blue balls, don’t I?” He smiled wryly, “or whatever the female equivalent is. Sometimes I tease and play with her and don’t allow her to release all of that pent up frustration at all.”

“How long?” Daniel couldn’t help but ask.

As he fucked his wife almost absently with his left hand, his friend answered, “The longest was five days, I believe. But I can’t tell you definitively until I can get to my records.”

Now that sounded like the man he knew, who was almost Nazi-ish in his pursuit of perfect record keeping.

The fingers of his right hand were then dipped into a pot of something that looked slick and transparent, then lay directly atop Raina's pubic area. She was at least as loud in pleasure as she was in pain, and it was then that he realized that, throughout the entire time that he had been watching this very intimate exchange between the two of them, Raina had never once – except when commanded to do so – said a word, even in protest. Screams, cries, sobs, yes, but not one word. Not a “no”, not a “please” not anything.

She'd apparently been well trained.

“Daniel, I'm probably going to let Raina come now, if she continues to be good like she has been. Why don't you reach out and grab her titties. And don't be gentle with her. Pinch those nipples hard and pull them good. That'll get her there faster, and that's what's best for her.”

When her Master, her husband, said that, it was the first time Daniel saw any inclination whatsoever that Raina might protest what was being done to her, and even then, it wasn't truly a rebellion, it was merely a long, anguished groan – worse than anything he'd heard while she was being disciplined – and a jerking of her upper body, just once, as if he'd already reached out to capture and torture those generous globes.

He hated to admit it to himself, but his hands literally itched to do it, and finally he gave in. He wasn't strong enough to resist his baser urges. He reached over the edge of the table and almost touched her, while her non-verbal protests grew louder and more desperate.

“Do it. It's what she needs – to be submissive to me. Do her the favor of forcing her to bend to my will.”

God help him, he did. And those breast were wonderful and soft and firm at the same time as he let his fingers dig into her flesh before seeking and finding those rigid He could see out of the corner of his eye how, despite her protests, now that it was happening, now that she was being touched and fucked and frigged when she had no choice and no hope of escape, it somehow relaxed her.

“Come, Raina,” his friend ordered, as if he was calling a German Shepherd to his side.

Daniel could see how hard she was being fucked by that massive hand of his, could feel how nearly every powerful plunge nearly lifted her off the table. He was surprised how dispassionate his friend seemed, how he was really only touching her in the two most essential places, and was carefully holding himself away from her, so that those were their only points of contact. An instant later, as he brutally pinched and pulled her nipples she screamed her pleasure into his ear.

He nearly let go, but the other man's harsh, “Keep it up,” kept him in place. By his count, she cascaded through at least three more orgasms, and maybe a fourth, before her husband disengaged from her, slipped off his gloves and immediately came up to her head to release her.

Daniel found himself feeling foolish with his hands still on her, so he retreated to the living room as the woman he had personally molested was taken away.

When his host reappeared, it was with a somewhat tight smile on his face, but then that was to be expected. It was a tight situation. Neither man had experienced any sort of relief, and there were two huge tents being pitched in that lovely big living room. “She’ll sleep now,” he said somewhat awkwardly.

Daniel extended his hand. “As always, it was an honor.”

“Thank you for coming, old friend. We’ll have you over to the house for dinner.”

As much as he wanted to, Daniel couldn’t keep himself from asking, “Dinner and something like I just witnessed?”

Apparently he couldn’t quite hide his eagerness, because he was very heartily laughed at. “You old pervert. I thought you didn’t get into this kind of stuff? Yes, more of the same, if that’s what you want.”

They shook hands again, and Daniel went to pilot his private chopper to a reasonably nearby tourist destination and his own room, and his own blessed relief.

The master of the household he’d just left, however, puttered a bit around the place, cleaning things up and rolling the trunk of treasures back to the end of their bed. It was still earlyish in their honeymoon, and there was still a lot more to come.

He checked his email – thanks to the satellite hookup he’d had installed – then made his way to their bedroom, where he spent the next few hours drifting into sleep. He’d not had his own pleasure, but she’d been so exhausted and so tried by what he’d required from her that he couldn’t quite bring himself to make her accommodate him that way, too, so he waited until just before dawn. The sun was just beginning to peek over the horizon and spill yellowness through their wide open sliders when he turned to her.

She was just beginning to stir when he rolled onto her and slipped his arms beneath her knees, tucking them over his shoulders. Even when they made love, he preferred that she be as helpless as possible, that she be as vulnerable as he could make her without ropes and chains. He sank his throbbing, aching self into her deep, in one sure stroke that drove her into the mattress, as a hand reached down to cup the bottom he’d so thoroughly roasted the evening before.

Raina loved being awakened this way, with him inside her, especially when neither of them had to get up and go to work. She put her arms up, her hands by her head, the way he liked her to, willingly surrendering herself to him, offering her body up to him for his pleasure, silently signaling her willingness to accept whatever he decided to do to her.

The sight of her like that took him over the edge right there. He never got over the contrast within her, that he knew Daniel had just experienced the smallest taste of last night. That this incredible woman would simply place herself so trustingly into his hands, into his care, when she knew that a significant part of that care involved

imparting tremendous amount of pain for her, and also required that she do just what she was doing right now – complete and utter surrender to him, his will, his decisions for her, giving him total control of every aspect of her.

His scream of ecstasy was at least as loud as hers had been last night. In completely controlling her, he lost complete control of himself. He pumped himself into her violently, giving no quarter, not holding back in the least as his powerful body completely overwhelmed her more petite one in an orgy of raw, naked lust.

When they finally came back from their honeymoon, they could not have been more rested or happier. They had spent all that time together and were extremely compatible, much, apparently, to the press and the public's surprise. Happy couples were boring copy, so the press coverage of their marriage and honeymoon died down quickly, and they were both very thankful of that.

On their first night back, they didn't do a thing, but each of them had full schedules starting the next day. Despite how vibrant and healthy she was when they got back, though, within three weeks she was flat on her back with some sort of strange flu. He had his personal physician come and look her over, and was very careful to mention over the phone exactly where they'd been over the past month and a half, just in case it was something exotic.

It turned out just to be a case of the grip. He cut her a lot of slack because she was sick, and because he hated to see her that way. He generally wasn't permissive with her in the least. He held fast to her rules, even when it wasn't convenient for himself and it didn't really seem to be what she wanted.

But she got sick so seldom, and this thing seemed to take such a hold on her, that he simply spent most of his time nursing her, and anything but getting her well flew right out the window, as it should have. Now, he could just as easily have hired someone to take care of her, but he honestly couldn't imagine doing that. When she started to get really sick, right after he'd called his doc, he got on the horn to his secretary at home and told her to rearrange his appointments for at least the next ten days. Then he called her secretary and told her to do the same thing for Raina, over his wife's weak protests.

He missed a board meeting so that he could stay home and care for her, not that he minded in the least.

That invisible line in their relationship came into play at times like this – that line that was drawn where he no longer had power over what she did, and although it was usually not that blurred, he put his foot down when it came to her health. She was so sick that she was losing weight, and she really didn't have it to lose. He wasn't going to let her out of his sight until he was sure that she was going to be okay, and that overrode anything work wise for either of them, as far as he was concerned, and it still came down to the fact that she'd entrusted herself to him, and he was the final authority on everything regarding her life – especially matters of health.

The fact was, though, that she was almost as bad a patient as he was, and he rapidly expended all of the mercy he was going to allow her once she started to get better. His doctor had told her that it really just had to work its way through her system, although

he had given her a shot of phenergan, he'd also left a prescription for it, and he'd managed to convince the doc without too much effort that since she couldn't seem to keep much down, that the script should be for suppositories rather than pills. He'd also asked for as many extra as the doctor could spare.

So, every four hours he would go to the fridge and get two out, along with a fresh pair of gloves. It was strange to actually have medical permission to do things to her that he'd already been doing for the past two years, but he also appreciated the irony of how well it fit into their lifestyle.

Raina quickly became very cranky at this treatment, to a certain extent because it was less adult than his usual methods. There was no leather involved, there was no bondage, there was no punishment . . . yet. The first time he did it, he caught her unaware and thus had the advantage. But this time she gave him a jaundiced look when he approached her with medicine and gloves in hand, and tried as best she could in her sick and weakened state to crab her way across the bed, well away from him, and using her newfound ability to say, "No!", since she was too sick for him to punish her for it.

He was frowned down at her in a distinctly paternal manner that was almost as bad as his usual frown. "Raina, stop."

Despite how horrid she felt, she recognized that tone down deep in her bones – and her bottom – and did as she was told. But she didn't come towards him.

He could see that rebellion in her eyes, and thought, not for the first time, that she must've been a handful of a child. But it was the woman who was lying there about as far away from him as she could, when he held the key to her feeling better in his hand, just because she didn't like the fact that he had chosen a distinctly submissive method of delivery for said medicine.



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*His*  
*Chapter 8*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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But her childish petulance wasn't his problem. He leaned over and wrapped a long arm around her legs, dragging her towards him. She didn't quite have the nerve to fight him out and out, but she certainly wasn't cooperating, either. He, for one, didn't see what all the fuss was about, really. The suppositories were extremely small in consideration of what other things he'd plied that opening with over the past several weeks, but with the fuss she put up as he pulled her over his lap, you would have thought that he was going to kill her. She was crying and whining and moaning and saying "no" enough to more than make up for the restriction she'd been put under about it.

It was the tears that got to him more so than anything else. She wasn't a weepy woman – unless, perhaps he was holding the cane in his hand. But he steeled himself and pushed the bottoms of the only pair of pajamas she owned down to just below the full curves of her cheeks. She'd gone through various permutations of chills and fever – for which he'd also been taking her temperature every four hours, rectally, of course, with the same fussiness in evidence - and he'd had to rummage through her closet in order to locate them while she'd been literally shaking the bed with shivers behind him.

He had to admit, it was a damned cute picture, to see that luscious bottom framed by the hem of the top of her pajamas and the elastic waist of the bottoms as it clung lovingly to the tops of her thighs. He didn't want to undress her any more than that because he didn't want to set off those awful chills again. Instead, he donned the gloves he'd brought, not forgetting that eloquent snap around each wrist, unwrapped the first little white bullet from its protective foil, and opened those rounded pillows to expose his target.

For someone who was, he knew, absolutely exhausted, she certainly could wiggle enough, until he gave her a warning, "Raina," drawing out her name as if he was speaking to a six year old rather than his submissive wife.

Of course, he didn't just give her the suppository. He had to press his finger well up inside her, to make sure that she wasn't going to be able to just pop it back out. That was what she seemed to object to the most, not that it deterred him in the least.

When he was finished, he rolled her back into what had become her most comfortable position – on her side, in an almost fetal position. He made sure that she had a bowl within reach if she needed it, but she'd been very stubborn even when she was extremely weak, and had always gotten up and gone into the bathroom rather than just be sick in bed, which is what he would have preferred. He'd gotten up each and every time to go in there and hold her and help her and, if she couldn't quite stand the idea of

a toothbrush in her mouth yet, then to hand her a mouthwash rinse that would help get that awful taste out of her mouth.

At one point, while they were waiting for the doctor, she'd lain there, curled around the toilet, with her feverish head pressed to the cold, cool porcelain, and whispered, "Just shoot me now, please."

His level of alarm about how she was feeling ratcheted up to an astronomical level. If he hadn't already called his doctor, he would have bundled her up and taken her to the Emergency Room. As it was, he soaked every towel he could get his hands on in cold water and simply lay them around and on her, hoping that evaporative cooling would help.

It took the lion's share of two weeks for her to start to feel human again, and he made her stand down for nearly all of it. He didn't allow her to even look at a piece of paper from work for ten whole days, and even then, when she finally coerced him into letting her try to get back into the swing of things, he allowed her secretary to come to see her, but only for an hour the first day, two hours the second day, and so on, and he was entirely unrepentant about it.

Raina was feeling quite a bit better and also feeling her oats a bit more than he was going to tolerate, whining loudly that that was nowhere near enough time to do what she needed to do.

He had gotten right into her face and asked her fierce scowl as she avidly avoided his eyes, "Would you prefer that I said you couldn't see her at all until next week? Because that's where you're headed, besides earning yourself a punishment for arguing that I'm going to give you on Wednesday of next week, if I'm sure you're fully recovered. Write it down with a star."

Sighing as loudly as she dared, Raina reached into her nightstand for her Punishment Book. It was something he'd created himself and had published at a vanity publisher online. It had a place for the date, the offense, and a number of stars – the more stars, the worse the punishment. It didn't get too much use, because there wasn't often a need for them to delay punishments. But occasionally he was going somewhere, or he was already gone and couldn't get to it in as timely fashion as he would like, so he made her write it down. And it was also her responsibility to remind him on Wednesday evening if there was an entry in the book, that she was due a correction. Raina knew that he would think long and hard at that time as to whether or not to actually go through with it, and that would depend completely on how well she felt.

That next Wednesday, she joined him in their bed at ten, which was the time he required that she retire – not sleep; that was eleven – but at least come to bed. "Sir?" she said, as he readied himself for bed. "I have a punishment coming this evening."

"Very good, Raina," he praised. "I had forgotten."

It had never even crossed Raina's mind to try to get away with letting him forget. She

was on too many pins and needles when she knew she had a punishment coming. It was almost a worse punishment in and of itself when she was made to wait like that.

He met her at the end of the bed, noting that for only the second night in a row she wasn't wearing the pajamas she had been while she was sick. In small ways, she was getting back to normal. Raina stood tall and strong before him, although as far as he was concerned, she was too thin. He hated it when she was sick; he just hated it. He hated when she was so small and vulnerable. Even when he was giving her the worst of beatings, he still felt her inherent strength. But that tiny, sick woman curled around the toilet kept popping into his head at the worst times.

"How are you feeling?" he asked, looking deeply into her eyes, his brow furrowed worriedly.

"I'm all right. Still a little tired, but not much more so than usual, Sir," she answered truthfully.

He had to smile. If she had so much as hinted that she wasn't feeling well, he knew that she knew that he would have put the punishment off indefinitely. But she was completely open with him, which was a sign of just how deep their relationship was.

"Okay. Go and get your leather strap."

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Raina wished heartily that she had decided to play sick for another day or two . . . or twelve. The strap was an awesomely bad implement that – in his more than capable hands - could reduce her to whimpering tears with one blow.

"Bend over," he said without preamble, once she'd handed the horrid thing to him.

Raina planted her palms on the end of the bed, which was just low enough that, in this position, her bottom became a nicely prominent target. This was going to be hard – keeping still for however many strokes he gave her.

"I think twenty five should cover it, don't you?" he asked rhetorically, and then the strap fell and Raina knew that the next half hour of her life were going to be pure hell – and it was.

The strap was about three inches wide and twenty inches long, and sometimes he would wrap the end around his hand to give him a little more control as to where the leather seared her skin, and sometimes he simply let the entire length fly, always careful that it didn't wrap around to her more tender areas. As far as her Master was concerned, her bottom, her breasts, and the backs of her legs were created specifically to handle the discipline that he meted out, and he did his best to make sure that none of his corrections caused her to experience pain anywhere else.

He liked the strap, for its history and its aesthetics – he liked leather implements in general – and the fact that it truly worked her bottom over very nicely, causing bright, wide swathes of sore, swollen ridges to form immediately that grew exponentially

worse as they inevitably began to overlap.

He loved her full throated howls, and drew the punishment out as much as he could, allowing the strap to dangle some times against the very flesh it had been busily roasting as he checked in with occasionally to ask her if she was okay, and she knew that he wasn't asking her if her bottom hurt. He was being extra careful to make sure that she wasn't somehow having a relapse.

Sometimes, even in the middle of an atrocious strapping, he could be so damned tender.

But, far as the punishment itself went, he was far from it. When she went to sleep that evening, it was on her stomach, bound as he liked it some times, hand and foot, her bottom throbbing atrociously from his tender ministrations.

Two months later was Raina's birthday, which was the only day of the year – besides when she was sick – that she was given a complete reprieve from having to submit, as long as what she wanted to do wasn't going to be detrimental to her health. He had a history of simply indulging her all day, asking her long beforehand for some things she thought she might want to do or have so that he could get it arranged.. If she wanted lunch in Paris and dinner in L.A., then that's what they did. If she wanted to go to the Island for the day, he made sure that that was what happened. Even if work intruded and they couldn't do it exactly on her birthday, he made it a moveable feast and simply procured the next available day to gift her with. If he had to do that, though, she actually got two days of presents, because he always made sure that on the right day, he had something for her, be it her favorite imported Belgian chocolates and a fabulous meal of her favorite foods, or having her office filled to the brim with her favorite pastel pink roses.

This time, she couldn't think of anything she wanted to do, or anything she wanted as a gift. He would have moved Heaven and Earth, and she knew that, but she was so content and happy that she couldn't think of anything else she wanted or even needed.

So he had to think of something himself, and he wasn't at all sure about what he decided to do.

If there was nothing major going on at work, he always made her take it off - and he was in cahoots with her secretary to try to make sure that that was always the case, although it didn't always work. This time, it just so happened that her birthday was on a Friday, and that gave her an impromptu three day weekend. Normally, he might whisk her away to some exotic place, but unless she'd expressed some sort of interest in going anywhere in particular, he couldn't see spending the travel time.

So what he did was throw a small, casual party for her and some of their closest friends, with all of her favorite foods, and no presents allowed, and a very ostentatious birthday cake with multiple tiers, because he knew that one of her few indulgences was a big slab of cake from a particular bakery in town. The only gift allowed at the party was his own, to her, which he gave to her as he toasted her with Cristal champagne, telling her in a voice that carried, but in a way that no one else would really know the intimate

meaning of, “One of the things I’m giving you for your birthday is the weekend off.”

Her smile nearly blinded him, and what he’d given her hadn’t cost him a dime – that was so like Raina. He could have given her a diamond the size of her head on a gold necklace as wide as a belt and he knew that her smile wouldn’t have been any bigger or brighter.

Applause and giggles tittered through their small audience, and one of their friends piped up with, “Is that all?”

Raina preempted his answer, hugging him tight and saying, “That’s more than enough!”

Someone – who knew him extremely well and could get away with it – shouted out, “Cheap bastard!” and everyone laughed, knowing, that especially when it came to Raina, he was anything but.

And he proved them right even more so the next day, when there wasn’t a crowd around to comment on it, or even know about it. He wasn’t that type of person – he didn’t need anyone’s approval for what he did.

He made her breakfast himself the next morning, all of her favorites – both patty and link maple breakfast sausage, which she almost never ate, French toast using some excellent Italian bread from the same bakery that had done her birthday cake, drowning in butter and real Vermont maple syrup, and a big mug of Dunkin Doughnuts coffee. Despite the fact that they could afford better – that she could have afforded better before she even met him – that remained her favorite brand of coffee.

He’d also cut a large slab of the tons of remaining birthday cake, just in case she had a hankering. On her birthday, she could – and did – eat anything, and cake for breakfast wasn’t the worst she’d ever requested first thing in the morning. The first time he’d done this, she’d wanted a full New England roast dinner – complete with potatoes, carrots, and onions - despite the fact that it was only seven o’clock in the morning. With a slab of cake for dessert, then, too, as he recalled.

After she’d stuffed herself – and shared liberally with him everything but the cake – he asked her to get up and get dressed. Raina always had to do an auditory double take once a year, because she wasn’t used to him asking her to do anything. And this time, he was even asking that she put clothes on. How unusual!

She acquiesced to his requests easily, mostly because he’d piqued her interest. Once she was dressed, he took her hand and guided her out the back door, then down the gentle slope towards what had been an abandoned guesthouse. It didn’t look abandoned any more, but then it had been years since she’d been down here. If they had guests, which was rarely, they stayed in one of the multitude of bedrooms in the main house.

As they got closer and closer, and she saw how it had been cleaned up and painted, Raina supposed that, if his present to her was to have renovated the place, so that they could have privacy even when they were invaded with family or friends, that would be

lovely.

But just then, his surprise – one of them, anyway – decided to announce itself, and a big black head craned over the half door of what had been converted to a stall, joined seconds later by a second, beautiful, fiery red ginger head that nickered at her as if they'd been friends for years.

Raina was overwhelmed, and ran to pat those sleek necks and scratch the big, friendly faces. She'd had horse fever all her life – since she was six or eight or so and discovered horses through an ancient copy of "Black Beauty", but of course her family had absolutely no money for such luxuries. And then, now that she did have the money, she hadn't remembered the yearning, although it had never really left her.

She'd confided her interest in horses to him one evening months and months ago, when they were talking quietly in the darkness. He'd suggested that she look into lessons, but she'd never gotten around to it.

The sorrel kept butting her chest, as if demanding a special something. "I'm sorry, sweetie, I don't have a treat for you - " she started to apologize, but only until he produced a big bag of apples, which she doled out to the grateful animals, then threw herself into his arms.

"Thank you so much – this is too generous!"

He gave her a look that said she'd better not go any further with that sentence, and she didn't. She was much too tickled.

"The stable is just big enough for the two of them. You have all the tack you need, and I have someone coming on a daily basis to take care of them."

"Oh, wow, I was wondering how I was going to muck out a stall and get into work at the same time!" She was so happy she was practically dancing, and her happiness was infectious.

"No, that's not all of your surprised, you know."

When Raina turned to him, her eyes sparkled with dainty greed. "It's not?" she whispered, not really believing him.

But he was shaking his head. "Nope. C'mere."

They rounded the corner of the stable, to an area that had been converted into a tack room. And there, in the corner of the small room, was a basket, in which resided two babies, one of the canine persuasion and one of the feline, both festooned with big red ribbons that were bigger than they were.

Raina was totally lost. She'd wanted animals and he hadn't, and she'd never pushed him about it at all. She'd lost her cat several years before they'd gotten together, and had always wanted to find another friend, and now she had two.

“Oh, they’re gorgeous!”

She actually cried over them, and he wondered if he’d done the wrong thing, but she explained good tears versus bad to him. He was still left wondering if she was a little fragile from being sick, even though that was a while ago.

She was also surprised that he was going to let them into his relatively pristine house, but he seemed to enjoy them as much as she did. Raina was glad that he’d gotten them together, so that as they grew up, they could be buddies.

That weekend was one of the best in Raina’s life. He’d waited on her hand and foot, up to a point, of course. He would never quite be able to pull off subservient, and she didn’t really want him to, anyway. He’d cooked most of her meals himself, and they were even edible. She could eat chocolate at midnight, and had no bedtime the entire weekend, so they stayed up and watched DVDs, and even went out to a drive in at one point.

He had the chef at one of her favorite restaurants come to make dinner for her – a beef bourguignon that was absolutely amazing – then happily, it seemed, helped her begin to potty train the puppy and establish a litter box for the kitten in a guest bathroom.

And that Sunday night, before midnight came and he turned into a pumpkin, he worshipped her in the best way he knew how, but in a way he rarely did – with no leather, no bonds, no humiliation and absolutely no pain.

He bathed her himself, in the huge sunken tub in their cavernous master bathroom. He’d surrounded it with jasmine scented candles, and stripped down to his underwear, dragging the softest washcloth he could buy over every single inch of her body, and even tenderly washing her hair, then wrapping her up in a huge fluffy towel and carrying her into their bedroom, where he dried her thoroughly and toweled dry her hair as much as he could. She let him spread her out on their bed in a very different way from how he usually did it, fanning her hair out behind her so that it would dry, if slowly, then letting him massage her until she was just a puddle of ooze on the comforter.

And then he put his mind – and everything else he had, and all his intimate knowledge of her – to the wonderful task of pleasuring her. He kissed and licked and sucked every bit of flesh he could get to, and then settled down for the feast of a lifetime as he stretched out with his face between her legs, and half of himself hanging uncomfortably off the bed. Even so, he wouldn’t have traded places with any man in the world. He was doing exactly what he wanted to do, for the only person in the world he wanted to do it to.

When she finally let go – for one of the few times not on his command – he drank in her anguished cries of pleasure, and let them wash over him. They were as precious to him as any he would ever drive her to.

He slipped up between her legs, gently sinking into her, rocking slowly side to side to get her to accommodate his girth, loving the way her body welcomed him, and didn't want to let him go. He had pleased her each night, and whenever she'd requested it throughout the entire weekend, but he'd denied himself the whole time, keeping himself almost unbearably hard all weekend in order to be at her service whenever she might want him.

But this time, he let himself go, let himself take her with the gentleness and finesse she didn't see from him that often, loving her slowly, and holding her tight in his arms as they both rocketed to ecstasy.

As Raina was falling asleep in his arms a few moments later, she had a revelation.

She'd found that rarest of jewels: Nirvana on Earth.

Her Paradise was being his.