

A romantic close-up of a man and a woman about to kiss. The man is on the left, leaning towards the woman on the right. They are both looking at each other with soft expressions. The woman has long dark hair and is wearing a light-colored strapless top. The man is shirtless. The background is softly blurred.

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO

Madeleine Oh

*Divertissement*

## **Divertissement**

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John Kent wants Ellen, not just as an incredible submissive lover, but as his wife.

To do that, he has to convince fiercely independent Ellen Forsythe that giving up her single state will be more than worth the sacrifice. Not an easy job. But John isn't a man to waver or give up when he has a goal in sight—and Ellen is firmly in his sights.

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[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Divertissement

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# ***DIVERTISSEMENT***

**Madeleine Oh**

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## **Chapter One**

"Here you are, Mr. Kent. One more signature and the property is yours." One signature was easy enough. John signed with a flourish. It was hard to contain his excitement now that the deed was done.

"Thank you, Mr. Kent," Jim Banks, his solicitor, said, separating out John's copies and slipping them in a large manila envelope. "You have something special in mind for the property?"

He did indeed! "A nice bolt-hole, don't you think?"

Banks agreed wholeheartedly – a little enviously, John suspected. He thanked him, put the papers that gave him ownership of Goose Island into his briefcase and bade Banks and his clerk a good afternoon.

Once in the car park, John threw the briefcase in the boot and set off. He hadn't felt this excited in ages. Years in fact. But now the sheer delight of planning a truly sexy and kinky weekend for Ellen had him jubilant.

Yes, he was a truly lucky man. He'd picked good parents. They'd not only given him kinky genes in spades but left him a respectable fortune.

He somehow knew his father would approve of how he was spending it. And especially approve of Ellen.

He called her once he got back to his flat in St. Katherine's Dock but went into voicemail.

"Call me," was all he said. All he needed to. She would the minute she was free.

Which was about ten minutes later. He'd just had time to make a cup of coffee and wonder whether to go out for dinner or settle for cheese on toast at home.

Once glance at the caller ID and, damn, his cock was going hard. He had it as bad as any adolescent and it was bloody wonderful.

"Hello, Ellen. Are you naked?"

Even at this distance, her chuckle was sexy as hell. "Actually no, John. Since I'm standing on the platform of the Gare du Nord, it's just as well I'm not."

She had a point but better not let her get too confident. "If I ordered you to take off your clothes and stand there naked, with a placard around your neck that said *Property of John Kent* I think you'd be fine. The French tend to respect other men's property." He heard the catch in her breath all the way from Paris. He bet she was getting wet between her legs too. "What if I gave that order? Would you disobey, knowing what would happen when I found out?"

"For heaven's sake, John! Much more of this and I'll need to change my knickers."

"Would you?" he persisted. "Would you obey my command?"

He sensed her hesitation. Could imagine her racing pulse and the scent of fresh sweat on her skin. And he knew damn well she was smiling.

"Since that would get me arrested and really delay my getting home, you're not going to, are you?"

Damn! He loved her. All those idiots who thought submissive women were cowed and timid needed to meet Ellen Forsythe. Actually, on second thought, they didn't!

"John, the train's coming in. Have to hang up. I'll call back in a jiffy."

She was gone, and like the fool in love that he was—correction, contented fool in love—he put his phone on the arm of the chair and waited for her to call back. After all, waiting was the perfect opportunity to think out some delicious, erotic torture for when she did get home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ellen put her laptop on the table and her bag on the empty seat beside her and leaned back, letting out a sigh. She hadn't been kidding about damp undies. How was it

John could stir such a response by his voice alone, and on the other side of the Channel come to that? She smiled and let out another sigh of deliberate and pure pleasure. After the heartbreak of watching Edward die, she'd truly believed she'd never find another lover as dominant and demanding and as gloriously harsh as her late husband.

Had she been wrong! She met John on a blind date and was smitten on sight. Had it been her submissive instincts that immediately recognized a Dominant? Or her pent-up horniness? No, it was more than lust and a need for sex. John filled the depths of her soul, satisfied her need to submit and gave her incredible sex to boot.

And thinking of John, she picked up her mobile and pressed speed dial.

It rang once then John's voice asked, "Well?"

"I am actually, very well. How about you?"

"Horny as hell and needing you naked under me."

"I'm so glad."

"Of what? That I'm horny and in need?"

She had to chuckle. "Yes, to be truthful, there's nothing like knowing you fancy me to boost my ego."

"Sounds as though your bottom needs a good boost, Ellen. I so itch to warm up your arse until it's all a lovely pink."

She wouldn't mind if he did. "What shade of pink? Soft baby pink? A rosy hue or bright red?"

She heard his breathing as he paused and she waited. Had she gone a wee bit too far? She didn't think so. He liked her sauciness. Gave him a good excuse to punish her. No, he was mulling over his reply, picking words to arouse and excite her the most.

"I think, my lovely submissive," he said at last, "I'll settle for nice and rosy. Just color you up with my hand—on your bare bottom of course. I want it warm to the touch and just pink enough to contrast nicely with the marks of my belt."



As he paused, she exhaled. She hadn't been aware she was holding her breath but she had, and now she was panting.

"How many stripes of the belt do you want?"

Ellen took a slow breath. Or tried to. "That would be for you to decide," she replied. "Whatever you want to give, I'll be happy to take." Dear heaven, this felt so good and, darn, she was creaming between her legs.

"Oh, you most certainly will be, my love. Very, very happy. Especially when I bugger you and let you come."

He wasn't kidding! "I miss you!"

"You're supposed to. Just think, you could be here with me, naked, on your knees, sucking my cock; instead you're off gallivanting all over Europe." Not exactly gallivanting and John knew it. Paris had been work. So would be Brussels. Okay, the weekend in between, in Lille, she was spending with a friend from her student days, but she hadn't seen Eloise in five years. It was time to reforge their friendship. "Just think, Ellen, instead of having you tied to my bed while I decide what sweet torture to impose on your luscious body, I will have to content myself with watching that last video we made. Remember? When I tied you to my whipping frame and gave you a thorough flogging?"

Did she indeed! "Yes, I remember." Wasn't likely to forget either. The scene they played had been scorching hot, but when she'd watched the video with John, she'd been horrified how fat her bottom looked. She'd resolved to go on a diet before the next video session.

"I thought you might," he replied, a hint of amusement in his voice. "It won't be the same without you."

True. "It's only just over a week, John." Would she last that long with phone calls like this every day?

"I'll be waiting and, by the way, I have a surprise for you. Bought it this afternoon."

"What is it?"

"Shan't tell you. Wouldn't be a surprise if I did, would it? I'll tell you one thing though—it will involve you taking your clothes off."

Just like a good chunk of the time they spent together. John had a fetish for nudity, her nudity at least. "Goodbye." Best end this before she started panting aloud. There were other people in the carriage.

"Bye, my love."

She had an hour to Lille. Time enough to compose herself. She hoped.

\* \* \* \* \*

John snapped his phone shut and closed his palm around it, as if holding the damn phone brought her closer. Crikey! He had it bad, longed for her, needed her and, hell, wanted her, here, right now. But he knew better than to hold her too close. Ellen had had a life before he found her. She had old friends, as did he, work contacts and family. He hated to share her but that was the reality of loving someone. And dammit, he loved Ellen Forsythe.

She was right—a week wasn't that long, and besides, it gave him time to visit the island and make plans for their visit together. He somehow fancied she'd enjoy getting fucked on a clifftop.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Nine days later*

How the hell did John Kent have this effect on her? Not that she was complaining, but the mere sight of him waiting for her at St. Pancras Station was enough to set her cunt flowing, her clit tingling with anticipation and her nipples to become hard enough to rub against her bra.

When he smiled and stepped forward, she'd swear her knees wobbled. Not that the latter mattered much with his arms around her and his mouth plastered on hers. She hugged him back and parted her lips, pressing her tongue against his as every nerve ending in her body responded to his presence.

"I've so missed you," she said as they both came up for air and he thoughtfully kept hold of her. She wasn't too sure she could rely on her legs just yet. And no doubt he wanted to let her know just how hard he was and what she had waiting.

"Good," he replied. "I hoped you did as I missed you like hell."

"It was only a week."

"Ten days."

"Nine, if you don't count today."

"We'll make it nine then." The look in his eyes and the wicked twist at the corner of his mouth convinced her he wasn't talking about twenty-four-hour periods.

"Nine, what?" Why did she have to ask? She'd find out soon enough.

"I'm trying to decide." He paused to grab her suitcase, good thing he did as she'd all but forgotten about it, and, taking her hand, walked across the station and toward the taxi rank. "Maybe my belt," he continued, "it's really been missing your touch, or perhaps the occasion calls for a cane."

"John! You know how I feel about a cane."

"Yes, my love, I do. I don't understand why women have such an aversion to a nice, whippy cane."

"Because a cane bloody well hurts!"

"And that, my dear Ellen, is the whole point."

They'd joined the taxi queue, so she was not about to continue the conversation.

"I bought a new one," he went on, obviously not possessing her reticence. "Very slender and supple, and I did try it on myself a few times, so I know just how much it will suit."

Him or her? She let out a deliberately long sigh.

Damn him, he chuckled.

Of course it was a bit illogical to protest when her clit throbbed in anticipation. Why? She loathed and hated any cane, slender and supple or not. But in John's expert hands... She couldn't hold back the smile, but nine? Cripes!

"I thought you'd prefer to eat in," John said once they were settled in the taxi, his thigh pressed against hers and his hand rested on her knee.

"Super. I'm not that hungry."

"An omelet and salad?"

"Perfect." It was so nice to have a man who cooked, and cooked very well at that.

"I really wish you didn't go away so much," he said after a pause.

"What I earn pays my rent and keeps me in silk undies." He loved her underwear. Especially when they came off.

"You know I'd gladly pay your rent and anything else you need."

And he could well afford it...but. "John, if I can't stand on my own two feet, how could I kneel at yours?"

He went silent. So, come to that, did she. That pretty much said it all.

He didn't say another word, but his hand moved from her knee to clasp hers, and when she glanced sideways, he was smiling.

Ellen's words sunk in. Deep. Much as it rattled his need to provide her everything, take care of her and pretty much orchestrate her entire existence in and out of his bed, his playroom and his twisted fantasies, he understood. Ellen needed to be utterly self-sufficient before she could surrender completely, and to share in the surrender, he'd accept that. How could he not? It was part of what made her so splendid. No, that wasn't good enough, she was far, far more than a mere "splendid", she was

magnificent, incredible, sexy beyond his wildest dreams and utterly and gloriously submissive.

After Adele died, something inside him had shriveled up. Oh yes, he'd had lovers since, some who were happy to respond to his dominant needs. Fellow dominants, on occasion, had loaned him their submissives. Not a single one had aroused in him the emotion and commitment he felt toward Ellen. He'd freely admit—at least to himself—he was the proverbial fool in love. All he was waiting for was the right moment to tell her.

Trouble was, he'd postponed the deed for weeks—out of dread she might not feel the same.

He was a dominant but a dithering one when it came to the pinch.

"John." It was Ellen shaking his arm. No, his hand actually, which was warm in her grasp. "We're here."

Damn, they were. The taxi had pulled up in front of his flat and the driver was looking back at them.

"We're here, guv," he said.

Right. Time to take back control.

Driver paid and pulling Ellen's case behind him, John walked through the automatic doors and slipped his key card into the lift.

In moments they stood in the hallway of his flat. He turned on the light and sat on a straight-backed chair against the wall.

"All right, my love," he said. "Get it off. Every last stitch of clothing."

How luscious it was that she still blushed. And even more wonderful, her calm confidence as she pulled off her jacket and hung it on the hall stand just as she kicked off her shoes. Skirt unzipped, she let it fall. Smiling at him as she stepped out of it and bending over very slowly, giving him a full view of her splendid arse as she picked up her skirt, shook it out and laid it over the back of a chair.

She was wearing red silk French knickers and stay-up-on-their-own black stockings that she rolled down slowly, one leg at a time, as she rested her foot on the chair.

The dark blue blouse coming off—after she unbuttoned the row of pearl buttons with wicked slowness—showed a matching bra. Yes, he could appreciate her comment about keeping herself in underwear. Although he was rather tempted to grab her and rip off those decidedly provocative French knickers, he restrained himself. Worth it really as she leaned over and unhooked her bra before easing down the aforementioned French knickers and stepping out of the little pile of silk and lace that descended to her feet.

It was the smile that almost did him in. A wonderful mix of fun, sexiness, anticipation and the confidence of an experienced submissive.

He stood up and crossed the meter or so between them. “Don’t move,” he said as he ran the flat of his hands across her shoulders and down over her breasts, rubbing her nipples even harder than they were already before stroking down her belly to cup her pussy.

Her breath caught as he gave a gentle tug on her piercing and slipped a fingertip between her pussy lips. “You keep yourself bare here just for me, don’t you?” he asked.

“Yes, I do.”

“Does it hurt when it’s waxed?”

She swallowed. “Yes.”

“But you’ll do it again and again as long as I want, won’t you?”

“Yes.” This came on the tail end of a gasp. Most likely because he caught her piercing with the back of his hand as he slipped his finger deeper. She was lusciously wet. For him.

He kissed her shoulder as he withdrew his hand and whispered, “Would you like mushrooms in your omelet?”

He almost chuckled aloud, watching her face as she tried to process that request with a mind fogged with arousal and excitement. She managed it though.

“Yes please,” she replied. “And I really need to pee.”

“Go along,” he replied, giving her a slap on her arse. “And while you’re there, take a shower and put on the garment I’ve laid out for you.”

He called it a “garment” – a red leather belt with interesting loops and studs. Not that she’d ever complain about anything John wanted. Well, almost anything. She did have her limits, but he respected them totally and life around him was incredible. No. “Incredible” was wildly insufficient to describe it. John brought joy and sex into her life. Filled up the empty pits left by Edward’s death, and renewed in her the perfect pleasure of total submission.

And if she took too long showering he’d no doubt give her a few extra swipes of the damn cane.

She was ready quickly, taking time to rub her body with the sandalwood-scented oil he always kept for her, before adjusting and buckling the belt around her waist. It was impossible not to notice the twin rings were exactly on each side.

Restraints.

To keep her in place for the caning?

Her pussy flooded at the thought.

She was still a little wobbly-kneed when she walked across the hall and into his kitchen.

His smile had her grinning back.

“Here.” He held out a green olive on the end of a small fork. Knowing what he expected, she opened her mouth and let him feed it to her. “What do you think?” he asked. “I found them at Fortnum’s.”

The saltiness of the olive spread over her tongue. She bit into stuffing in place of the hard stone. What was the familiar taste? Not the pimentos, almonds or anchovies she’d

encountered before. This was tangy, sharp and like... "Cheese? Stilton?" Definitely a strong blue cheese.

"Almost right," he replied. "It's gorgonzola. Sit down." He indicated a leather-topped stool under the table. "Keep your legs open, remember?"

"Of course I do!" Honestly, was she likely to forget?

"Just wanted to make sure you hadn't forgotten; it's been nearly two weeks."

She smiled, not about to get into the ten days/nine days, ten/nine strokes of the cane conversation again. Not that he'd forget. "Mushroom omelet, you said?"

"For you, my love, yes." He turned back to the stove and got busy, leaving her to sip on a glass of sparkling water and watch as he cracked eggs, beat them in a bowl and heated butter over the gas.

She fought back the urge to get up, wrap her arms around him and tell him she loved him utterly and completely. What if he didn't feel the same? Suppose he loved playing sex games with her but didn't love her. Damn! She was not about to ruin things. John Kent was the best thing to happen to her since Edward, and she was not about to wreck things.

She took a sip from her glass and watched as John reached for two plates from the warming drawer, deftly folded over the omelet, divided it into two and slid each half onto a plate.

It tasted every bit as good as she'd expected.

Everything John did, he did well. Maybe he just avoided the things he couldn't do well. If she had time she ought to investigate what they were. Or why bother when he was smiling at her over his glass?

"Had enough?" he asked as she finished and drained her water glass.

"To eat? Yes."

"Good. Stay put."



Took him all of five minutes to put their used plates into the dishwasher and then he dried his hands and said, "Follow me."

He went straight into the playroom beyond his bedroom. She'd rather expected that. What she hadn't expected was the new article of furniture. Where did he buy these things? A kinky department of John Lewis? Or Selfridges?

It was really quite simple—a stool with a wide, padded seat. But most people's kitchen stools didn't have dangling leather straps with clips and buckles.

"Ready, my dear?" John asked, turning to face her as he lifted a cane off the table. A slender, very flexible cane, as he demonstrated with a couple of swishes in the air.

At the sound, goose bumps skittered up and down her spine and her pussy clenched. "You can safe word out, you know," he said. "What is your safe word?"

"Ellen Forsythe."

"Want to use it? You may by all means. Safe word out and we'll go to bed and cuddle."

They wouldn't just cuddle. But somehow vanilla sex didn't appeal right now. "I don't want to use it."

"Brilliant!" He beckoned her. "Come here and put yourself over the stool."

## **Chapter Two**

It was three steps away and at every one her stomach clenched. He added to the effect by holding the cane at both ends and bending it as he watched her.

She dropped her eyes and fixed her attention on the purple leather seat. It was bigger than most seats, to support her body no doubt. She stepped closer. The leather brushed her belly as she leaned over and settled herself across a very well-padded seat.

"Comfy?" John asked, coming closer so the fabric of his trousers brushed her face. She nodded. "Better get you fixed then." He reached over for one of the leather straps and in a matter of seconds had both clipped onto her belt. After a few adjustments, she was held firmly in place, her belly comfortably against the padded leather.

"Hold on a minute," he said, stroking her rump with his hand. "Quite lovely, but I do think you'll need a little more restraint to keep you still." As he spoke, he leaned over and, in one deft movement, fastened her right arm to the leg of the stool. Velcro was such a handy thing. Seconds later, both arms were secure and he stood back, as if to admire the prospect.

"I think," he said, "I'd better see to your legs too. It's quite hard to keep completely still during a caning."

She already knew that! And why in the name of creation had she agreed? Hell, it was bound to hurt, but how much? Worse than his belt? That all depended on how hard he swung it. Her cunt was running. Why, oh why did this arouse her so? "Tie them down," she said. "Please."

"You really want that?"

"Yes." Just the thought of total immobility sent a wild thrill right to her clit. She didn't care how much it hurt, just wanted to be his utterly, to submit and to please him.

"Okey-dokey."

She almost laughed at his totally atypical reply, but the touch of padded leather straps around her thighs and ankles brought her right back to the here and now.

This was no laughing matter.

His hand was back on her arse, but this time gently patting her, warming her up before he started in with the cane. She relaxed against the leather, let her limbs go loose and shut her eyes as her mind and body absorbed the slowly growing warmth in her skin.

She let out several slow breaths as the tempo increased and the sensation built. She wasn't hurting but was very much aware of a growing throb all over her rear.

John stopped.

She gasped at the sudden change and awareness of how much her arse now hurt.

"How's it feel?" he asked.

"Not too bad."

"I'll soon take care of that." He moved, to pick up the cane she realized as he swished it through the air a couple of times. "Ready?"

"Yes."

"Sure you don't want to safe word out?" The flat of his hand pressed into the small of her back as if to hold her still. Utterly unnecessary. Fingers and toes were about all she could move.

"No, I don't," For a moment of perfect peace, she understood completely. She was here for him, and he was here to give her...

The swish cut into her thoughts a second or so before the thin cane struck her flesh. It hurt, yes, but nowhere near as much as she expected. Neither did the next two.

He was going gently, taking his time and pausing between strokes to let the sensation build. It wasn't pain yet. Not really. But was heading that way, and she'd had how many? Three? "Are you really giving me nine?"

"Yes," he replied, and brought it down again. That one stung. So did the next three or four. She wasn't counting. Didn't want to. Just relaxed – as best she could anyway – as her body jerked against the restraints. Still, it wasn't as bad as she'd feared. Of course it wasn't half over yet, or was it?

He'd paused. Probably to make her aware of how much she hurt. Especially when he ran his hand over her arse. "You mark up nicely, Ellen, my love. We must do this more often."

She let that go. No point in saying "never" or she'd "had enough" when he had her helpless and vulnerable. "Three more, my dear. Let's make them count."

The cane swished down and cut into her so hard she cried out. The other two followed fast and had her screaming. It was over. He flung the cane across the room and was kissing her down the curve of her spine. "Incredible, beautiful, wonderful," he muttered against her skin as he reached over and released her arms, legs and finally her waist and helped her stand.

She needed the help. She was shaking and tears ran down her cheeks, He kissed them away. "All over now except the fucking."

"I'm not sure I can."

"I am." His hand came between her legs and came away wet. "Don't tell me you don't want my cock up your cunt."

She leaned into him. "I'm not saying I don't want to, I'm saying I don't think I can."

He laughed and swept her up in his arms and carried her through the doorway into his bedroom. The sheets were already pulled back and he very gently put her down, rolling her onto her front. "We'll do it doggy style. Don't think the missionary position is for you tonight."

Had they ever actually done it missionary style? John was far too inventive. She smiled and eased up on her knees and let out a sigh of need. "Fuck me, John. Please! Fuck me hard."

"With pleasure, my love."

She looked over her shoulder at him and saw the promise in his eyes and the sexy smile that was halfway to a grin as he unbuckled his belt and stepped out of his trousers, kicking off his shoes on the way and tossing aside socks. Seconds later, his shirt and underwear were on the floor and he was on the bed behind her, his hands on her waist, his thighs brushing hers.

"Sure you're not too tender here?" he asked. "You've got marks."

That wasn't hard to believe. It was also irrelevant. "John, now is not a good time to make me wait. I'm in need!"

"Yes," he said, a trace of a chuckle in his voice, "I can see that. You certainly responded beautifully to the cane. I must remember that."

Ellen was on the verge of saying something about that, but with a shift of his hips, he was inside her and all conversation became utterly irrelevant. She threw back her head and let out a great cry, leaning back against him to bring his cock even deeper. Was it her imagination or was he even harder than usual? Why not? She had never been this ready.

"I can't hold it back!" she almost shouted as he began to stroke in and out with steady rhythm, coming in deep and hard, almost withdrawing before plunging back. He moved slowly, stroking every nerve ending and stimulating her clit. Her arousal built and peaked. Driven fast and strong by his cock, his presence and the roaring arousal from the caning.

"John!" she shouted, "I'm so, so close..."

"Then come, Ellen, come for me."

She didn't need a second bidding. Her climax burst in a wild roar of pleasure, sending waves of satisfaction to every cell in her body.

Lost in a great fog of satiation, she was only half aware she was screaming, shouting his name, yelling she loved him and he was the best fuck in the world. Her

legs, breath and mind gave out and she sagged against him as he wrapped his arms around her and held her close.

She cried out as he slipped from her. Missing his cock and his strength and force but too spent to do more than moan as he laid her down and slipped a pillow under her head.

"You're staying here tonight," he said as he slipped in beside her and pulled the bedclothes over them.

She was in no mental condition to argue. Even if she'd wanted to.

John listened to her breathing as she lay in his arms. Had her profession of love been the wild enthusiasm of her climax? Or had it come from her heart? One more thing to worry about! But what the hell? He loved her. That was enough for now. He was too far-gone himself to lie awake and wonder if she loved him back.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ellen woke first and leaned up on her elbow, watching John sleep. Sometimes this all seemed too good to be true and certainly too marvelous to last. But hell, it was gorgeous while it lasted and so was John. Trouble was, she wasn't that comfortable enough with him to ask where they were going. If all he had in mind was a fling, she didn't want to know right now. Not while she was totally poleaxed by his presence, his personality, his incredible body and his dominance. Best wait until she cooled off a bit. Maybe ending it then wouldn't be so bad. Hell, perhaps they could stay play partners. Or was that what they were right now?

Damn and double damn. She'd always been far better at the wild sex when one's married sort than the "have fun with a Mr. Right Now" variety.

She was analyzing far too much. Her body still thrummed from the sex, her arse still tingled from the cane and she could still feel, deep inside, where his cock had pounded her to climax. Best enjoy what she had.

And right now, what she had was an urgent need to pee.

She took care of that, paused to wash her face and studied herself in the metal-framed mirror. Not too bad-looking for her age.

"What I see there is a contented and well-fucked woman."

She jumped at his voice but smiled back at him. "You look pretty satisfied yourself."

"I am indeed," he replied, stepping through the doorway to wrap his arms around her and kiss her forehead. "How are you? Arse not too sore, I hope."

"It's still tender but I'll survive."

"To take more in the future, I hope. Turn around, let me have a look." She obliged as he gently ran his hand over her rump and thighs, his touch so light it didn't really hurt. "Nice," he said, and kissed each arse cheek. "I like to see you marked, Ellen. Makes you look so sexy and so delightfully submissive. Have you tried sitting down yet?"

"Only on the loo."

"Did you hurt?"

"Not hurt, not really, but it is very tender."

"I should hope so. I wouldn't want you to forget it too soon but I'll give you a cushion to sit on in the car. We've a long drive ahead of us."

"Where to?"

"That's my surprise. You'll like it, I promise."

\* \* \* \* \*

He wouldn't give the slightest hint. Just told her to pack for the seaside and a couple of country walks, and to go easy on the knickers as he wanted her naked underneath and readily available. As if that were news to her! "I'll be back in two

hours,” he told her as he dropped her at her flat in Putney and wheeled her suitcase inside her front door. “Be ready for me.”

She was.

She’d repacked fast, tossing in a couple of swimsuits, shorts and a few tops and one dress—in case they actually went out somewhere that required clothes. For the drive down—wherever they were going—she put on a crinkle-cotton skirt that was lined and full enough to hide the fact she wasn’t wearing knickers, and a loose white peasant blouse. All very comfy and easy to slip off if the whim took him.

Toothbrush and makeup she just pulled out of her old bag and shoved into the new one. She probably should have unpacked and sorted out, but once ready, she sat down, propped up her feet and closed her eyes.

Might as well relax while she had the chance. Time spent with John tended to be tumultuous.

And totally wonderful.

Did he see things the same way? Hell, he had to be happy with the sex and their play scenes. But...

Dammit, no! She was not going all introspective and angst-ridden about their relationship. Life was too short. She’d learned that in spades watching Edward sicken and die. She’d found John, or rather with her niece Annie’s help, they’d found each other and Ellen was hell-bent and determined to take each day as it came and draining it to the dregs.

But she did itch to know where exactly where they were going. The “seaside and country walks” left things rather wide open, but she’d always been rather partial to alfresco sex.

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He arrived, almost to the minute, and tossed her bag in the boot before stroking her arse very thoroughly as he held the passenger door open.



"Nothing underneath there. Good." He kissed the back of her neck as she stooped to get in the car.

As promised, he had a soft cushion on the seat. It helped.

"Are we going far?"

His chuckle cued her she should have worded that less ambiguously. "I'll take you as far as you'll let me."

"I meant, are we driving far?"

He closed the door after fastening her seat belt and walked around to his side before replying. "We're on our way to Cornwall," he said, "but we're stopping for lunch on the way."

"Oh?" They were, were they? "Where?"

"With friends of mine. Alan and Jane Branis. They live in Ham. Old friends and they're kinky."

"I see." A lie. She didn't or rather wasn't sure what was planned, but Ham wasn't far. Not long to find out. "Are we just eating there? Or do you have anything else in mind?"

"What would you suggest?"

It drove her bonkers when he answered her question with another. "I'd suggest getting to know them first."

"I've known Alan since he was in short trousers."

"I haven't." She paused to let that point sink in. "If you're suggesting playing, I want to know them first."

Now he went quiet. She'd swear he only did it to play with her mind. "I imagine Jane feels the same. It's just lunch. But..." There was often a "but" with John. "I will want you naked."

"Just me?"

"Jane will be too, that's what we're arranged."

She should have guessed. No doubt they sorted it all out over a drink at the pub or someone's club. "'We' as in you and this Alan, I suppose."

"And Jane, she was in the planning. You'll like her."

She'd reserve judgment there. "Just lunch then we get on our way?"

He paused at the light. "Jane's a good cook. I guarantee she'll provide a good meal."

And what else? "Have you played with her before?" Asking showed insecurity but it came out.

"Have I had sex with her, do you mean? Or have I played with her?"

"Either or both."

He considered the question a minute. "I've played with Jane several times. Helped Alan treat her to a threesome once, and I've helped flog her a couple of times. She's a nice woman and makes Alan very happy, but..." He reached out and pushed Ellen's skirt up above her knees. "I don't lust after her. Never have, and you, my dear Ellen, are fast becoming an obsession with me."

She was, was she? That had to be good news. "I'm rather chuffed to hear that last bit. Nice to think I'm on your mind."

"Christ almighty, Ellen." He ran his hand through his hair and grasped the other around the steering wheel. "Are you trying to drive me up the wall?"

"Not intentionally, but it is nice to know you think about me when I'm not around."

"Dammit, woman, I have a hard time not thinking about you. You're a bloody distraction. I think about having sex with you, about you sucking my cock, about tying you to my bed and fucking your mouth, about flogging you and watching the pink rise on your skin, about tugging on your piercing and seeing you squirm, and about hearing you cry out when I drive in hard and bugger you."

Seemed she really was making an impression on him. Wonderful. "What about making me soaking wet between my legs?"

"That too!"

She didn't say "Good!" but she thought it, and she leaned back in the seat and shut her eyes. She hadn't been kidding about her pussy. She was half afraid there'd be a damp patch on her skirt. Thank goodness it was lined. There was no mistaking the scent of her arousal.

"Are you wet?" he asked.

"Very."

"Good, nice to know I can get you wound up."

"John, with you I'm permanently wound up. Only the degree varies." Shouldn't have said that. He looked downright smug. But darn, it was the truth.

He didn't say another word until they pulled up in the circular drive of a double-fronted house.

"Want me to strip in the car?" she asked. Mostly to get a rise out of him.

"No!" He was quite curt about it. "Don't be cheeky or I'll tan your backside for you."

"Just asking and you'll probably do that anyway." She grinned at him. Couldn't help it.

Nor, it seemed, could he. "I used to dream about a sweet, demure, obedient sub who spoke when spoken to." He took her hand in his and kissed it. "What was I thinking!"

He leaned closer, took her face in his hands and pressed his lips on hers. She didn't need any asking. Her mouth opened and her tongue curled over his as he pressed in deep, taking her with his mouth, lips hard on hers as his hands cupped the back of her head, holding her steady as he kissed. Her lips would be red and puffy when he finally stopped. That thought kept her kissing. Her clit throbbed and her cunt flooded as he held her steady. Making darn certain she—and any neighbors who happened to be cutting their lawns that morning—knew exactly how things stood.

She was close to running out of breath when a tap on the passenger window got both their attentions.

A brown-haired man, thirties or so, Ellen guessed, peered in at them as he opened her door. "Come on in," he said "before one of the neighbors calls the police."

What a way to be introduced and, damn, her cheeks were burning. Would she ever get over blushing? She stepped out and offered him her hand. "You must be Alan. I'm Ellen Forsythe."

His eyebrows shot up as he took her hand and gave her the oddest look. Give her strength! If he was one of those Dominants who thought all subs should kneel to him, he was in for a shock.

But he recovered quickly. "Awfully glad you could come. Jane's been dying to meet you. Come in."

The front hall rather reminded Ellen of her sister's—pale peach, rag-rolled walls, a pair of convex mirrors in gilt frames, a reproduction mahogany hall table and some rather nice watercolors of what looked like Cornwall, or perhaps Brittany.

She only got a quick look around though. Once Alan closed the front door, John squeezed her hand and said, "Get naked, darling. Everything off."

He'd warned her. She should have been prepared but she wasn't. Not if the clenching deep in her cunt was anything to go by.

He expected her to strip right here, in front of Alan?

She met John's eyes in the silence that hung between them. A silence punctuated only but the ticking of a clock somewhere nearby and a discreet cough from Alan.

She steadfastly ignored the latter. The only man who mattered was John. She looked him in the eyes, smiled, kicked off her sandals and pulled off her blouse.

"You permit her to wear a bra?" Alan asked, sounding so scandalized she almost giggled.

Instead, as she reached behind to unhook, she looked his way and said. "At my age, it's a necessity." He'd see that for himself in a minute. Perky was no longer the word for her tits. Not that John had ever complained.

Bra off, she put it on a hall chair with her top and eased down her skirt. Elastic waists came in so handy.

John took her skirt from her and added it to the pile. "Let's go and meet Jane."

As she followed the men down the hallway, she offered thanks to Edward for the times he'd as good as bulldozed her into walking around naked at play parties. The first few times she'd almost died of embarrassment, now she could handle it. Apart from that comment about wearing a bra.

Still, he was no doubt playing Dominant. Made her doubly thankful for John. He didn't need to work at being dominant. It was in his bones, his heart and his mind.

"Hello, Jane!" John went forward and hugged the fair-haired woman, naked except for an apron and gold barbells in her nipples. "This is Ellen," he said.

"Hello," Ellen said, holding out her hand.

Jane gave her an enormous smile "You're Annie's aunt, right? I've heard so much about you. I'm thrilled you could stop on your way."

It's hard to rebuff a genuine welcome and Ellen wasn't about to try. Besides, she liked Jane on sight, and when Jane offered a sherry while she finished getting lunch together, Ellen gladly took a stool by the countertop. John and Alan disappeared and Ellen saw a chance to get a word in without being overheard.

### **Chapter Three**

Jane beat her to it. "Look, I bet neither of them mentioned this so I'm going to warn you. Annie and Mark are due to arrive any minute."

Shit! "Well, I never, I somehow doubt they forgot to mention it."

Jane shook her head. "It was Mark's idea. Not that Alan or John tried to talk him out of it."

"Oh dear. Inevitable eventually, I suppose, given how close John is to Mark and the rest of you." She sighed. "Try as I will, I still see Annie as a schoolgirl in pigtails, bottle green blazer and straw hat. I have a difficult time seeing her as a grown woman, and a sexual grown woman at that. Silly of me, I know." The rather good sherry had loosened her tongue.

Jane was staring, mouth gaping. Oh dear! What had she said wrong? "You know, I've never thought of it that way," Jane said. "Mark's reasoning was the flip side, so to speak. Apparently, Annie is worried about you and John, the idea was to get her to accept John isn't exerting some sort of compulsion over you."

"Dear saints in heaven! I should have gone to see Annie but I've been so busy with moving and work and...oh damn! Silly girl! I know John scares her a bit..."

"Not just Annie. I've been with him and, darn, he's unrelenting."

"That's what I like about him. But Annie said much the same. I suppose I should be thoroughly thankful I won't have to fight either of you for him."

That got a smile on the girl's face. No! She had to start thinking of Jane and Annie as women. They were after all.

"No," Jane agreed, "he's not my sort of Dominant, but also, you're not what I expected. All my aunts are old ladies."

A compliment, Ellen supposed. "My sister, Annie's mother, is fifteen years older than I am. I was one of those tagalong children turning up after our parents thought they were through with nappies and school fees and riding lessons."

Jane nodded, absorbing that, it seemed, and then said, "I wanted to warn Annie that you were here but that will rather screw up the men's plans."

"A silly idea like that needs to be kiboshed, in my opinion. But there's not much point in calling Annie now that she's on her way. We'll just have to take care of it when they get here. It's just lunch, right? No sex play or games. At least according to John."

Jane chuckled. "Since John tends to run the show when he's around, then yes. I suppose. All I was told was to get lunch for six and who was coming."

"How about I help? May I lay the table or slice bread or something?"

"The table's laid, but if you'd like to put the strawberries in the dishes, that would help." Jane opened the fridge and produced a bowl. "Dishes are the glass one over there." She nodded toward the counter.

"I'll be glad to do that much."

"You know," Jane went on as she sliced a joint of cold roast beef and arranged slices on a platter. "John is different with you. He'd got a twinkle in his eye I've never seen before."

"Oh that! That appears when he'd devising some new torture or sex play."

Jane laughed. "You have changed him."

As he'd changed her, but she wasn't going into that with a woman she'd just met. "People change each other. It's part of life. The best thing to do is hope it's a change for the better." Cripes, she was waxing philosophical. No wonder Jane gave her such an odd expression. Most likely thought she was going gaga. Better stay practical. "When are you expecting Annie and Mark?"

Jane sighed. "Any minute now. There's not much you can do about it."

"My dear, there's always something you can do. Might not be much but at least I can lessen Annie's awkwardness. And I thought Mark had some common sense." Better not make comments about their host. He was Jane's partner after all. Ellen looked around the kitchen. A basket of fresh rolls sat waiting. "We're eating in the dining room, right?" Jane's nod confirmed. "Then let me put the bread out. I've finished the strawberries."

She grabbed the basket and darted through the doorway into the dining room.

Perfect. She could take as long as she pleased setting out the bread. Maybe she'd put out a roll on each bread plate and arrange them to geometrical precision. All the while having a grandstand view of the front drive and anyone who arrived.

Jane had been right. She didn't have to wait long. Mark's shiny green vehicle purred up the drive and came to a standstill. Annie got out, glanced at John's car but didn't seem to recognize it. The front door bell rang. Alan opened it, with John on his heels.

Ellen gave them two minutes for polite greetings and delight etcetera, etcetera then breezed through the doorway into the hall.

"Annie!" She was across the floor and hugging Annie before anyone had a chance to register. "Wonderful to see you, what a fantastic surprise! How are you, darling? You look marvelous. Not long now until school breaks up, is it? I bet you're counting the days."

She was babbling a bit but it had worked.

"Auntie Ellie," Annie said as Ellen released her. "I didn't know you'd be here."

"Nor me you, dear. I think they set it up as a treat for both of us." Was it her imagination or was John fighting to hold back a smile? "Never mind that. I'm helping Jane get the table set. We're almost ready." Ellen gave her a final hug and whispered, "Play it ever so cool, my dear." And smiled oh so sweetly at the trio of men watching them. "Looks like a wonderful lunch. Oh well, I'd better give you back to Mark, no doubt he's got plans."



Ellen turned back to the dining room, but not before noticing the surprise in Mark's face, the utter astonishment on Alan's and yes, she'd been right, the corners of John's mouth were quirked up in that sexy smile. He was fighting to hold back a grin. Really, she expected better control from a Dominant.

"Mission accomplished," she whispered to Jane, who was staring from the kitchen. "I think she'll be able to cope now."

"I dunno," Jane replied. "I saw the look on her face when you turned around and she noticed your marks."

Darn it! "Good thing she didn't see them last night. But honestly, what does she expect? She knows what John's like and she knows I like him, so..." Ellen shook her head. Annie was just going to have to get over it.

"Aunt Ellie!"

Ellen turned. There was Annie, naked, apart from a rather fetching heavy gold chain around her neck, and fighting shyness. Time for another hug. "Honestly, my dear, you look prettier every time I see you. You and Jane are so young you make me feel like a crone."

That had the desired effect. Between the joint denials and reassurance, Annie saying she wanted to be just like her Aunt Ellie when she grew up and Jane repeating that line about her old aunts, they got the meal on the table and Annie was able to stroll into the lounge and announce the meal was ready without the slightest appearance of awkwardness.

Mark had damn well better be proud of Annie.

Which he obviously was.

And the meal was exactly as John said – a lunch for her to meet more of his friends. Could have been in any house in the Home Counties on a Saturday afternoon. Although she imagined in most of them the women kept their clothes on.

Conversation was great. They all ended up in stitches when Annie told them how the entire staff room at school had entertained themselves with a flasher doll she'd confiscated from a student.

"Did you give it back?" Alan asked.

"Not yet. Imagine the fun they'd have on the bus? I told him if he wanted it back his mother or father would have to collect it. Meanwhile, I keep it in my desk drawer under a packet of computer paper."

"Why computer paper?" Mark asked.

"Because otherwise I get flashed every time I open the drawer."

The child—no, she had to stop thinking of Annie as a child—would do well. She had a job she liked, confidence and a lover who met her needs.

And that was about the most risqué story told around the table. They talked about summer holidays, the best sort of hedge to keep out neighbors' dogs and the pros and cons of hybrid cars. All very nice really, and it had been wonderful to see Annie—much as she still rather despised the underhanded ploy involved—but as they stood to clear the table, and John stroked Ellen's arse as she reached for the dish of whipped cream, something she'd kept coiled up the past couple of hours burst inside her.

Just being naked beside him made her horny and the touch was like flipping a switch.

"John," she said, turning to him as she put the dish back on the table. "How about an extra pudding? There's just enough whipped cream left, I believe."

It took him all of three seconds to get her gist.

"Here and now?"

"Why not? Whipped cream doesn't keep well." Just to make sure there was no misunderstanding, Ellen dipped her finger in the cream and, keeping her eyes on his, put her finger in her mouth and sucked. Slowly.

He laughed, the wondrously sexy, “I’m going to get you later but right now you can do what you want” laugh was all the encouragement she needed. “Stand up.”

She reached to undo his belt. He beat her to it but didn’t miss the opportunity to give it a nice crack before he draped it over a spare chair. She was no doubt going to get it later on but it would be worth it.

In a moment, John had his trousers and underwear over the same chair and was seated. Waiting. She’d chosen to ignore the socks and shoes he’d kept on and knelt at his feet. He obligingly parted his legs for her and she moved closer.

She wondered if the gasp was from Annie or Jane. Do them good, they’d been a little too solicitous of her age. Better let them see what she could still do.

She’d been right about just enough leftover whipped cream to cover John’s rapidly hardening cock. She grabbed a used napkin off the table to protect the seat and got to work, spreading the cream neatly and thoroughly and very, very slowly. By the time she finished, he was as hard as she’d ever seen him.

Ellen leaned back on her heels to admire her handiwork and, just for fun, she looked up at him, met his smile with one of her own and licked her lips.

Chairs shifted. Someone wanted a better view. Time to give them—and John—a show.

She leaned forward and licked off the tiniest smidgen of cream. She didn’t actually touch his cock, just licked off a trace of cream with the tip of her tongue and brushed the cream over her lips before licking them clean. All the while meeting his eyes.

His Adam’s apple jerked as he swallowed.

Good.

They were both going to enjoy this.

She bent her head and gently circled the head of his cock with her lips and let her tongue play the whipped cream until she felt the smooth skin beneath. She pulled away and sat back on her heels as she licked her lips clean. Very, very slowly.

John raised his eyebrows at her and she half expected him to say something but he didn't. Just let his glance fix on her breasts.

Damn! What was it with him? Her nipples hardened as he watched and her clit began the slow, sweet throb that put a smile on her face and had her bending back to the business at hand.

This time she ran her tongue down one side of his cock, slowly and very thoroughly, then came back up to lick off most of the cream. Since the catch in his breathing implied he liked that, she did the same up and down the other side.

Ellen paused to survey her handiwork and realized she'd barely made inroads into the cream. So what? This wasn't the time to worry about calories or cholesterol.

Instead, she circled his cock with her lips and worked her way down, licking and sucking down to the root, then easing her lips up and down while her tongue curled and swirled until all she tasted was skin. Hot, hard, male skin.

As she knelt between John's thighs, his hand resting on her head, a wild rush of power and desire flooded her. She so loved this! To think there were women who scorned to kneel at their lover's feet. Who thought this to be subservient, demeaning. Ellen knew the truth. This was the ultimate female power. To hold his cock between her lips, feel his erection against her tongue and to know she had the power to maim, injure or give them both the absolute...or one of the absolutes of pleasure.

She took him all the way back then eased up and down as her lips caressed him, her tongue circled and teased the head of his cock and around the sensitive rim. Ellen was almost lost to time and the place, caught up in the sheer joy and mind-fogging pleasure of his cock in her mouth and his hands on her hair, when he said, "Enough, my love," and eased her head away.

Stunned, confused, she looked up at him.

"We'll finish this together," he said, and taking both her hands, helped her to her feet.

She wasn't exactly steady and a quick glance at the wide eyes and astonished faces around them didn't exactly help.

"John," she said, having not the slightest idea what to say next.

He didn't hesitate. Or only long enough to put his arm around her waist and ask Alan, "All right if we borrow your spare room?"

She was far, far too old to blush but managed it all the same.

"Go ahead," Alan replied, "on the left at the top of the stairs. You know the way. Take your time. I think I'll have Jane look for more whipped cream."

She could have told them she'd used the lot but was running so fast after John—he did have her hand in his after all—that she was halfway up the wide staircase before the thought sprang to mind. Then they were on the landing and headed for the room on the left. When John opened the door, pulled her through and pinned her against the wall, she didn't have brain space for any more thoughts.

He plastered his mouth on hers, kissing until he left her gasping for breath and aching for more. "John," she whimpered as he ran his hands down over her breasts before he grabbed her by the waist and lifted her.

"I know," he replied, pressing her against the door for support as he lowered her and impaled her on his cock.

For a fleeting second she wondered if the others were listening on the stairs, but then he pressed even deeper and her mind as good as shorted out.

Nothing in the world mattered but his cock and the wild thrusts of his hips as he drove her higher and faster in a whirlwind of desire, need and exhilaration as her mind and body raced toward climax. A voice in her head was screaming her joy, a being deep inside her soul was roaring with satisfaction, and the muscles, nerves and molecules in her body thrilled at the raging joy as John fucked her to orgasm.

Spent and satiated, she sagged against the door, but he wasn't done yet. He continued the wild rhythm until he came, taking her with him this time.

He eased out of her and she pretty much wobbled until he grabbed her and whisked her across the room to the bed where they just about collapsed on the candlewick bedspread.

"Oh my God," she said. "You're quite wonderful."

"I could say the same," he replied, stretching out beside her. "Although you did come without permission."

"I did, didn't I?" Oh well, too late now. She couldn't bottle it back up. She wasn't even sure she could stand.

"Never mind," he replied, brushing her hair off her sweaty face to kiss her forehead. "Give me a good reason to punish you very soon."

"Better wait until the marks fade from last night. I know Annie gave me a couple of odd looks, and if I get run over by a bus, they might ask tricky questions."

"Where I'm taking you, there are no buses."

Ah! Had to be his cottage in Cornwall. Very nice. She wouldn't mind a session in his attic playroom. After she took a nice, long nap. Damn! She couldn't go to sleep. They were in Alan and Jane's house and soon needed to get back on the road.

She forced herself to sit up. "Shouldn't we get going? Or at least offer to help clean up?"

"We will, but I need a shower first." He stood and crossed to the door.

No man should look so seriously sexy wearing nothing but argyle socks and shoes, but John managed it. He opened the door and called down the stairs, "Alan, be a pal and bring up our clothes. I need to drag Ellen into the shower."

She wouldn't need much dragging.

As he closed the door, she stood. A little less wobbly now, and said, "I think for a change, I'll drag you." And took his hand. The bathroom door stood ajar as she led him across the room and turned on the shower.

"I'm the only hen-pecked, pussy-whipped Dominant in creation," he said as she adjusted the temperature.

She laughed. Couldn't help it. "And you love it," she replied. "Since it's not the least bit true. Now tell me, where are we going?"

"Trying to weasel the answer out of me with your feminine wiles?"

"No, just asking."

"You'll find out when I'm ready for you to know. Now get in the shower before I spank you."

Might as well. She needed to get the whipped cream out of her hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty minutes later, dressed and hair thankfully whipped cream free and almost dry, and Ellen sat in the kitchen, drinking tea with Annie and Jane. John had disappeared with Alan and Mark to load some apparently essential supplies or equipment in the car.

Tea was welcome. Ellen's throat was parched after all the yelling and shouting a climax from John entailed, but sitting fully clothed while two younger women were still naked was an odd situation.

Was this how the Dominants felt? Or was the oddness because she longed to be naked too, particularly when the men walked back in?

"Are you all right, Auntie Ellie?" Annie asked. She was downright anxious. Dear girl!

"I am perfectly fine, Annie my dear."

"She looks more than all right to me," Jane said with a bit of a grin.

"And to be honest, I am a lot more than all right, I'm positively..."

"Glowing?" Jane added with a bigger grin. "You look so..."

"Satisfied and sated?" Ellen added, liking Jane more and more. "Yes, that's about it." She smiled at her niece. "Do not look so worried, Annie my love. John and I suit each other marvelously and I will be eternally thankful that you introduced us." Even if this went nowhere. She'd always look back on her time with John with fondness and damp knickers. "Trust me, dear. I am old enough to know what I'm doing."

"I can't get over it," Annie said. "You look very, very happy, but darn it, John's so scary."

"So you once warned me, love, but keep in mind, I like being scared a little." And fucked a lot and tied up and spanked and generally made to feel submissive and sexy and desirable, but saying all that might be going a bit too far, even in this house.

"I'll tell you one thing," Jane said, reaching for the pot and refilling everyone's cups. She lowered her voice. "John may suit you, Ellen, but you have wrought wonders on him. I've known him almost as long as I've known Alan and I've never seen him smile or laugh the way he does around you."

Interesting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ellen mulled over that conversation as they headed west. She didn't doubt them, after all Jane had known John for years and Annie for almost two, but as far as she was concerned, he'd always been the same, a demanding Dominant lover and a friend. A rather secretive friend at times, just like now. He steadfastly refused to say where they were going or what the surprise was, but she could make a pretty good educated guess that it involved sex.

She hoped.

They arrived after dark at his cottage in Cornwall. No surprise that. He'd taken her down here a couple of times.



"We're here?"

He turned off the ignition and reached over and squeezed her thigh. "Yes, my love, we're here and here we spend the night. It's too late to take you the rest of the way. We'll go in the morning."

Go where? They weren't that far from Land's End. Maybe the Scilly Isles. She'd gone there years back on a family holiday and Julia had broken her ankle climbing the rocks and that had rather ruined the rest of the stay. Still, her still-bossy elder sister wasn't here now to disrupt things.

Thank God!

Although the look on her sister's face if she ever got a look at John's attic playroom would be something to remember.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ellen awoke early and slipped out of bed, leaving John snoring gently. She dressed – well, she pulled on her blouse and skirt from yesterday and went downstairs for coffee. Mug in hand, she walked down to the jetty. Planning on dipping her toes in the water and sitting there awhile, pondering on life, John, sex, John, her niece Annie, John, whether or not to follow up the lead about a stock of glass buttons she heard about in Brussels and John. Hell, she might as well skip the non-immediate and dwell entirely on the man she left sleeping in the wide sleigh bed.

The new boat, moored at the end of the jetty, almost put John out of her mind.

Heaven's alive! Was this the surprise he'd mentioned? What did he have planned? Kink on the high seas? Might be a bit cramped. In her experience, boats never had quite enough room. Though getting in close quarters with John wasn't such a bad prospect.

Her coffee was cooling in the morning air, but Ellen barely noticed, just stuck to her original plan of sitting on the end of the jetty and letting the crabs nip at her toes. Only the crabs weren't out this morning. So she sat undisturbed until John called as he came from the cottage.

"Is that the surprise?" she asked once he was within earshot.

"No. That is to take us to the surprise."

So, maybe it was the Scilly Isles after all. "Going anytime soon?"

"After breakfast. Come on in," he said "We can't hang around all day or we'll be going against the tide."

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She helped load the boat. An interestingly assorted cargo it was too—towels, a large, heavy backpack, blankets. "Are we staying the night?" She wasn't exactly enthused about camping.

"Don't think so."

Very informative that was! Still, she helped stow them below along with the picnic hamper and a carton of bottled water. "Are we headed for a drought?"

"Just hand the small box, will you?"

Ellen recognized that. One of his many toy boxes. So, sex was on the agenda. Pretty much a given around John.

"Here you are." She resisted the temptation to drop it and see what fell out.

A couple of baskets followed. They obviously weren't going to starve, and—a bit of a surprise this—a rolled tarpaulin that he lashed to the deck.

"What do you have on under that?" he asked, eying her up and down.

"Nothing except my skin."

"Good. Put on a lifejacket and let's cast off."

They set off, almost due north in the bright of the morning. After about half an hour, Ellen turned to him as he steered the boat. "That's Goose Island, isn't it?"

"That's right."

"But it's private property."

"Yes."

The man could be very irritating. "If it's private and people can't land there, why are we heading in that direction?"

"I bought it."

## **Chapter Four**

Wasn't the first time John had robbed her of speech. But the other times they'd been having sex of some variety or another. Not chugging across the Bristol Channel. "You bought it?" Why not? The man was full of surprises. "Just like that?"

"No, not 'just like that'. It took some haggling. The agent tried hard to convince me there was a desirable, gothic Victorian house on the island that needed a bit of updating. I knew it was a half-tumbled-down ruin and argued the point." He sounded quite pleased with himself.

"So you went ahead and bought it?" Definitely a surprise to remember.

John turned from staring at the sea ahead and smiled at her. "I bought it for you." Yep, he was getting very good at depriving her of the means of speech. "You said you'd always dreamed of having an island retreat of your own. Remember?"

She did. Very well. It was during a rather wild and totally unforgettable weekend in a kinky B and B on Guernsey. "So, you bought this one?" As she spoke, the island came closer.

"It was the only one on the market within easy reach. The Seychelles or even the Adriatic is nowhere near as convenient. The house needs a lot of work but I thought we could spend the day here and you could look around."

"Just look around?"

"Hell no. I'm going to tie you up and fuck you, but we will look over the house too."

They moored the boat on an old stone jetty. It was solid and sturdy but covered with barnacles and seaweed. "I'm getting a crew over from the mainland to clean it up and work on the house," John said.

They unloaded and piled everything in a wheelbarrow. "Crude but workable," he said with a grin. "What we'll need is a small tractor with a trailer. I'm not going to try to haul furniture up the hill in a wheelbarrow."

She wouldn't argue. Pushing the wheelbarrow was hard enough over the uneven ground. "Planning on redoing the road?"

"Glad you brought walking boots?"

"You bet. But seriously, what about a road?"

"Since I don't plan on bringing a car over, not sure if I need one, but I would like to set up some tracks to ride bicycles."

"This really is an end-of-the-world escape, isn't it?" No wonder it had been uninhabited for ages.

"Perfect for our purposes."

That was a loaded comment if ever there was one. But he was right. Here they could make love in the open air, run around naked—well, naked with strong boots on—and generally have a wonderful time. "What if it rains?"

He laughed. "That's why I brought the tarpaulin. The stables and sheds still have halfway-sound roofs. The tarp will keep the rain off our stores. Only the house is in bad shape."

"Forgive me being picky, but the idea of sex in a cowshed is a bit of a turn-off."

"Not with me it wouldn't be!"

The man had an ego and a half, but she suspected he was right. "I'll take your word for it."

"You can take my cock for it too!" She would. As often as she could. "But we'll leave the cowshed for a rainy day. I have something else planned."

She bet he did.

As they reached the crest of the low hill, the house came into sight—a solid, square-built structure of gray stone. He was right about the roof though. It was half caved in. No doubt the wood inside would be equally rotten.

She was right. They climbed in a window—the door was blocked on the inside by a fallen beam—and looked around.

“John, it’s a ruin.” Not the ambiance for wild sex—unless one went in for kidnap-and-abduction-in ruined-buildings fantasies.

“That’s how I knocked the price down, but look around, the walls are solid.”

And a good foot thick. “But it’s going to take masses of work—and a hell of a lot of money—to get it habitable.”

“So what?” He dropped a kiss on her cheek. “It’s only money, and then I can bring you here and have you stranded and at my mercy. If you don’t accede to my wicked demands, I’ll abandon you here.”

Seemed John was into abduction fantasies. “I could always sneak out and take the boat and leave you stranded.”

“Not if you’re tied to the bed. Maybe I’ll just lock away your shoes.”

That would work. Walking on this rocky ground barefoot would cripple her. “I think I’ll make shoes a hard limit.”

Would she ever tire of his sexy, lovely laugh? She hoped not.

“You’ve seen the ruin and the worst. Help me unload and I’ll show you the best.”

They stowed most of the supplies in what appeared to be a shed of some sort and tied the tarp down on the roof to seal off any gaps or cracks.

Picking up his backpack and asking her to help him carry the hamper, John led the way around the house and across several abandoned fields, over and between stone walls until the land sloped down to a sheltered bay.

They clambered down over the rocks to the semicircle of pale sand that fringed the water.

"It's beautiful," Ellen said. There was something almost primeval about the spot, just the sea and sky and gulls wheeling overhead as she watched one fly up to the cliffs at the headland. "And wonderful. It's as if we're the first humans to set foot here."

He chuckled. "Not exactly. My younger brother and I used to come out here with my cousins. We'd spend summers down in Sea Crest. We used to take the boat and row over here. Or at least we did until Luke, my youngest cousin, fell on the rocks and broke his arm and we had to tell where we'd been." He shook his head and gave a rueful smile. "Our collective parents were suitably shocked that we'd been trespassing and we were categorically forbidden to ever come out here again. If I remember rightly they even confiscated the boat for a week."

John seldom mentioned his family and she wondered what sort of boy he'd been. Dominant and forceful no doubt. "Did you ever come back?"

"Not until I heard it was for sale and decided to buy it for us. We won't invite anyone else. Our retreat, our refuge. Once I get the house habitable, that is."

It was really just beginning to sink in. He'd bought the entire island! Not rented it or leased it, but owned it outright. Just like that because she'd casually said she'd love her own island.

As if reading her mind, he reached out and squeezed her hand. "Don't look so worried. Game for a swim?" Why not? "Unless you think the water will be too cold?"

"John, I went to school in Scarborough. When you've swum in the North Sea, this southern water is downright balmy!"

She pulled off her top. Slowly, knowing he liked looking at her breasts, and then sat on a rock to untie her walking boots. Didn't take long to get the rest of her clothes off but John was ahead of her. Pausing to admire the view delayed her a bit but it was worth it.

He really was one gorgeous specimen of manhood. And he was hers. And he'd bought her an island. Cripes! Thinking about that was enough to leave her dizzy. Why think?

Ellen stood, piled her clothes and shoes on a rock away from any possible spray and grinned at him. "I bet I can beat you in!"

They ran, side by side, down the strip of sand, and she did beat him. All right, he let her get in first, and damn, it was cold, but she wasn't going to let it stop her. She dived under the water and came up, smoothing her hair off her face. "I love you," she said.

"Good," he replied, "let's swim out to the headland."

It wasn't that far. They swam side by side, the water flowing over her breasts and belly as they moved through the water. Naked really was the only way to swim. The wash of water across her pussy sent a cool thrill deep inside her. She hoped they weren't spending the entire day in the water. Of course she'd never been fucked in water. That might be interesting.

They reached the cliff. John got out first and stretched a hand to her. "Tread carefully, the rocks are slippery."

He wasn't kidding! But it wasn't the rocks that caught her attention. To their right was the dark opening of a cave. "Come along," he said. "I want to show you this."

The opening was small but inside was a spacious cave, dark in the recesses but where they stood light streamed in from the opening. "It's incredible!"

"Isn't it?" he replied. "We played here for hours. Pretending we were smugglers or royalists hiding out from the Roundheads. Then, when Julian, my brother, read that the Templars owned Lunday Island, we were Templars."

She longed to ask more about this brother but sensed now wasn't the moment. "I bet you had a marvelous time here."

"We did, or rather we did until Luke fell and got hurt. I'm back now, but this time none of them are coming. Just you and me."

Seemed a bit of a shame not to share but she didn't really mind. "Are there other caves?"



“Several, but this is the best one. And there’s something else I want to show you.” He pulled her close, the water lapping around their feet and pressed his mouth on hers, opening her lips with his and gently but persistently stroking and caressing her tongue until she let out a little sigh. He pressed harder, demanding everything from her with his lips and she gladly responded. Leaning into him and wrapping her arms around him as his hands caressed her shoulders and back, stroking her and easing down her spine to circle her waist. One arm held her to him as he slapped her arse. She let out a yelp, but as he released her, stared around in wonder, the slap and her cry reverberated off the domed roof, echoing for several seconds until it faded.

“And I thought you meant to show me how well you can kiss.”

“That too.”

“I bet you had fun here, a bunch of schoolboys.”

“We did, but not like this.”

“I’m relieved to hear it. Kinky schoolboys just wouldn’t be right.”

“What a suggestion! I think that deserves another spank.”

She got three. Each echoing as he paused between slaps, and she added a yelp to the last, just for the effect. She was getting quite horny. How would wild shrieks and grunts echo off the rock roof?

Today was not the time to find out it seemed. “Come along,” he said. “We can come back later, right now I’m hungry.”

There was something delightfully decadent about picnicking nude on the beach. They could do this here whenever they wanted—at least as long as the weather held out. Wouldn’t be so pleasant in a March gale or November rainstorm. But now it was perfect. She smiled at John and rested her head on his shoulder.

“Happy?” he asked.

“Deliriously,” she replied. “All I need now is a good fucking.”

“You’ll get that, I promise you. Soon.”

“Soon” could be hours away. Damn, it was “make her wait” day it seemed. “Tell me about Julian? You never mentioned him before.”

He went absolutely silent. Damn! Was this risky territory? But he’d mentioned him.

“He’s my younger brother. We don’t have much contact anymore.” She wanted to ask why? Some fraternal bust-up? Argument over a will? She knew their parents were both dead. Better wait. “We have different interests. Values. Standards.”

As he paused, it hit her. “Julian Kent?”

“The same.”

Saints alive! Julian Kent, the politician, big name in the shadow cabinet and the spokesperson for morality, family and traditional values—or at least his definition of morality and values. “No wonder there’s a rift between you.”

“Not just that. He ran off with my fiancée.”

“What a little shit!”

“Did me a favor really. Not that I thought so at the time, but later I met Adele and she was the one for me.”

What did that mean? That Adele was the only one? Surely not if he’d just bought an island because she’d expressed a wish for one. Cripes, she hadn’t been this insecure since her teens. “Did he marry her?”

“Jenny? Yes. Surely you’ve seen pictures of them. She’s all skin and bone with a face like an asthmatic horse.”

At least he couldn’t say she was all skin and bones. “I’ve never seen an asthmatic horse. Didn’t know they got it.”

“You’ll get it in a minute, my girl.”

His tone changed. Seemed reminiscences were over and now... “I hope so. I’m in need. All this healthy outdoor air does things to you.”

“Get your boots on then.”

At his suggestion, she also pulled on her skirt. But he crammed her blouse into his backpack.

"Come along," he said, holding out his hand. "You'll like this next bit."

She did enjoy the sensation of air and sun on her breasts but she didn't think that was what he'd meant. It was a good slog across the crest of the island toward the western tip. At one point, she looked back at the ruined house and the bay beneath them and wondered why he hadn't fucked her on the beach. No doubt he had another place in mind. Or was he going to make her wait even longer?

"Come along, Ellen," he snapped, sounding in full Dominant mode.

"How much farther?"

"Want to stop here and get fucked in the gorse?"

Now that would be a different sensation! "Don't think so. Lead on, Macduff!"

He led the way, skirting clumps of gorse and walking through bracken until they reached an open area with rabbit-nibbled grass at their feet and a stone table in the middle.

Shades of druids or pagan rites?

"Good grief. I wonder how long that's been there?"

"Nowhere near as long as the damn estate agent would have had me believe. He rattled on about ancient relics and druid artifacts and was rather deflated when I said it had been constructed after the war."

"Truly?"

"Yes. Truly. My grandparents used to talk about it. Seemed the chap who bought it after the war fancied himself as a modern-day druid. He set up this and a couple of menhirs and a small stone ring. I'll show you them another time. Used to hold gatherings here for the solstices and midsummer and midwinter rites."

"Wild pagan orgies?"

"Don't rightly know, I was never invited, but how about a little kinky, just us two, sex play?"

"You need to ask?"

"No." He smiled as he ran his hand along the curve of her chin and traced her lips with his finger. "I don't think I do." His hand eased down her neck to trace the top of her breast. "You'll do whatever I want. Won't you?" He cupped her breast. "If I ask, you'll kneel at my feet and suck my cock." He played with her nipple, pinching slightly. "You'll bend over and let me beat your luscious arse with my belt." He moved to her other breast. "You'll open your legs for me, take whatever I choose to give you, offer me your arse to bugger." By now she was breathing fast. "You'll even raise your arms over your head and let me tie you down." He squeezed her nipple and she let out a sigh. "Won't you?"

"Yes!" It came more of a gasp than an actual word.

"Oh my love, Ellen, I'm so glad because that's exactly what I'm going to do right now." He leaned close to whisper in her ear, "Take off that skirt and your walking boots. I'm going to tie you to the stone table and have my own wild, pagan orgy over your naked, helpless body."

After that promise, it took a lot of concentration just to unlace her boots. She managed. Heck, she'd have flown to get what he'd just offered. Her heart raced, she was soaking between her legs and her nipples tingled with anticipation. No doubt due to the squeezing and pulling they'd just received. Taking off her skirt was a piece of cake by comparison, but standing naked on the soft grass, with the sky overhead and walls of gorse all around, was a new sensation.

Yes, she'd had alfresco sex, loved it in fact, but her deep-rooted submissive instincts told her this was going to be utterly new and more intense than anything before in her entire life.

She smiled at him then lowered her eyes. "What next, John?"

"Just stand there and let the breeze tickle your nipples."

Easy to do, or perhaps not so easy as he moved out of her line of vision, taking his backpack with him.

What did he have in there? Restraints? A whip? He hardly needed that with his belt, but... What did he have in mind? How was he going to tie her down? And would the stone be cold against her naked body? Rough? Seemed smooth enough under her hand, but a casual touch wasn't anywhere near the same as having her body tied fast with lichen and unevenness against her flesh.

She took a deep breath. She trusted John or she wouldn't be here, naked, alone with him and the expanse of the Bristol Channel between them and the next other living person.

That thought sent a delicious shutter of excitement and anticipation rippling through her. Her cunt was wet, she could smell her arousal and her clit pulsed with expectation.

Time for another slow breath.

"Turn around!"

He'd spread a blanket on the stone top to protect her from the roughness. Nice of him. Or was it because he intended her to lie there a long time?

He held out his hand. "Climb up and lie on your back."

She managed that with little difficulty, although the sun made her squint.

"Don't worry, I'm going to blindfold you." he said. "Do you give me permission?"

Did she? Hell, why not? "Of course."

It was soft, not the leather one he'd used on occasion, this was all silky against her face. A scarf perhaps? One of her own? Whatever it was, it blocked out the sun and light, and left her feeling isolated, solitary and lost in her own body. He lifted her head and placed a something underneath before easing it back down. Much more comfortable than lying on the stone. Yes, she was going to be lying here a while.

"Raise your hands over your head."

Easy to do, but as his fingers closed over one wrist and pulled her arm back, a wave of helplessness, or perhaps anticipation of helplessness, caught deep inside. She couldn't see what he used to tie her. But tie her arms down he did, leaving her a few inches of ease and wiggle room but she was as good as immobile. She might be able to move her legs, but what use was that? She was caught, pinioned, and the next best thing to helpless. She let out a sigh of sheer pleasure.

"Enjoying this?" John asked as he brushed her face. "I am. I love having you helpless and totally in my power. And you will be, you know? Helpless. You can scream and yell and shout until you make yourself hoarse but no one will hear but me. And I," he paused to whisper in her ear, "like to hear you beg and scream."

She knew that already.

She sensed him move away. No doubt to take care of her legs. But no. He was tugging and pulling on her left nipple, it was hard already and didn't need much encouragement to stand tight and tall as he clipped on a nipple clamp. It wasn't unduly tight, just enough to make her aware of the constriction.

He reached over her body. She felt the brush of his shirt on her skin as he twisted and tweaked her right nipple, and clamped it.

"Don't take them off," he said. Very funny! As if she could take it off with her toes. "Spread your legs for me, Ellen."

John's breath caught. His heart skipped a beat too. She was so wonderful, so beautiful, so utterly gorgeous and submissive. And his. Dear God, he hoped! She was the answer to all his lonely years peopled with fun and delightful play partners who left him empty. Ellen warmed the cockles of his heart and the recesses of his soul. What it was to have a woman who was submissive, totally confident and aware of her own needs. And wasn't hesitant in letting him know.

He smiled, looking down at her sunlit-spread body.

"Give me your right ankle."

She hesitated a couple of seconds. No doubt it took her lust-fuddled mind a moment or two to work out right from left. He wrapped a leather restraint around her ankle, fastening it securely, then tied the loose end to a strap he'd placed around one table support three days earlier. He gave her a little ease but tugged tight to give her the impression she was tied fast.

"Your left ankle please." That he secured the same way.

Really, the way this worked out, he couldn't help wondering if this had been the original use for this odd construction.

"You're helpless," he said, "at my mercy. You can't see, can't move, all you can do now is feel."

As he spoke, he reached into his backpack and took out a suede flogger. He ran the tresses up and down the inside of each thigh then stroked down her belly and left the handle lying between her legs, the tresses spread over her pussy.

He watched as her breath caught and her belly rippled in anticipation. The unknown and unexpected always excited her. What did she think was coming next? A gentle flogging? A harder one? A tug on her piercing? A sharp yank on the nipple clamps?

He reached into the backpack—he was going to have to build some sort of weatherproof cache here for his toys instead of lugging the lot up here all the time, but for now fine—and took out the bottle of massage oil.

"I want you to stay very, very still, Ellen my love." As he spoke, he trailed oil between her breasts and down to her navel.

She didn't move but did let out a long sigh that seemed to reverberate in his ears. All right, he hadn't said she was to keep silent. Maybe he'd add that later, but right now he liked the sound of her appreciation. Ellen was a vocal lover—one of the nine-thousand-plus things he loved about her.

Using two fingers, he spread the oil up the sides of her breasts and down over her belly. She kept still but it took an effort. How long would she last? He leaned over and gently blew on the oil between her breasts.

"John!" It was practically a shriek—okay, a soft shriek. "You might have warned me!" She relaxed her shoulders and a smile widened her luscious mouth as she savored the warmth on her skin from the oil.

"Why would I have? The unexpected is much more fun."

She didn't argue. Just asked, "Putting on anywhere else?"

"Maybe," he replied, and tilted the bottle, moving his wrist so oil covered her belly in a glistening circle.

He made a point, this time, of smoothing it down to her bare pussy lips. She might well gasp. She knew exactly how hard it would be to keep still once he started breathing there to warm the oil.

Perfect. All part of his plan.

"This time you know what to expect," John said as he blew little circles on her belly. She almost didn't move. Her tummy muscles shifted just a little under his efforts. He'd let that pass, the next bit would be much harder for her and much more fun for him.

He waited until she relaxed again—at least until her tummy muscles stopped twitching—and then breathed as slowly as he knew how down her belly. At the few drops of oil spread down between her pussy lips, he brought his mouth over them and blew. Hard.

Her hips jerked, her thighs moving as far as the slack in the restraints allowed and she let out a shout. A sudden beating of wings nearby suggested she'd disturbed a couple of voyeur seagulls.

"Ellen!" He put on his best, severe Dominant voice. "You were told not to move."

"And you did that on purpose!"

"Yes."



She spluttered. Then went quiet as she relaxed. Her hips rippled slowly. Then jerked. Hell, he did not want her to come yet.

He slapped both her thighs, the sound of flesh on flesh echoed in his ears, and his cock. Why not? “Not yet, my dear. You need to earn that and right now you must show me you apologize for disregarding my directions.”

Damn the woman, she grinned and it was wonderful. He grabbed a condom from his trusty backpack. Mint flavored. She liked mint. And vaulted onto the stone table, straddling her. Okay, she was blindfolded, couldn’t see he was naked and hard and inches from her but she’d soon work that out. If she hadn’t already. “You need to do a penance,” he told her as he cradled her head in his hands, lifting her as he brushed her lips with the tip of his cock.

“That’s hardly penance,” she said. Or tried to say. Once she opened her lips, he pressed inside. Not deep. Yet. He liked the way she went about sucking him. A slow, soft start that built to rampant enthusiasm. She didn’t disappoint. She circled him with her lips as she softly stroked the head of his cock with the tip of her tongue. And pulled back.

“Mint?” she asked.

“A change is good for you.”

“But I like the way you taste.”

“Next time,” he promised. “Now,” he changed his tone entirely, “do what you’re told!”

She did.

Dearest Ellen. Her tongue stroked him, teasing with little touches as her lips moved down his cock, slowly, millimeter by millimeter it seemed. Deliberately dragging this out as she—and he, come to that!—savored every second. Her tongue fluttered up and down one side of his cock then the other. She eased up to tease the rim with her lips then, in a swift move, swallowed him to the root.

She was incredible. He shut his eyes a minute and let sensation wash over him. Her lips, his position over her and his awareness of his own vulnerability and her enthusiasm were a heady mix. Need and desire and the sheer wonder of Ellen sent his mind into overdrive. He'd planned on withdrawing but, damn, he needed her and she loved this. She'd once confided in him that she saw it as the ultimate female power to hold his cock between her teeth. Why not let her enjoy the power?

One hand cupping her head and the other steadying her shoulders, he pressed in deeper, taking charge, directing her mouth. She responded as always, moving with him, taking him a little deeper each time. John began to regret the blindfold, meeting her eyes as he fucked her mouth was utter joy, but he wasn't stopping now.

With a sweet and forceful rhythm, he fucked her mouth. It was her tongue teasing his frenulum that set him off, and he came, shutting his eyes as his climax took him. As it eased, he gently pulled out of her and rested her head back on the folded shirt.

Smiling, he leaned over and kissed her glorious mouth.

She was limp and relaxed. Had she come? He'd never been that unobservant before. "Ellen?" he asked.

## **Chapter Five**

She heard John call her name as if from a distance. She was so deep into the utter bliss of John's cock. "Mmm?"

"Did you come?"

Had she? "No. I just feel wonderful."

"That makes two of us."

"I wish I wasn't blindfolded. I like to see your cock."

"You felt me, didn't you?"

"Oh yes!"

"Like being tied, helpless?"

"What do you think?" Would she really lie here if she didn't?

"I want you to tell me."

"Yes, John. To be tied down, helpless, and have you in my mouth is utter joy."

"Good, because now I have you naked and ready," his voice hardened, "we have a little discussion with a flogger that is overdue. You disregarded my order to keep still, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Prepare yourself. You must lie there and accept what I mete out to you. Do you?"

Deep breath needed. She hoped it wasn't the damn cane. But he'd said flogger, hadn't he? "Yes."

"What's your safe word?"

"Ellen Forsythe."

"Want to use it?"

Was he kidding? “No.” She didn’t. She wanted, yearned for whatever he had planned. Ached for the wild release that awaited her.

“Here we go then.”

Nothing happened for a good two minutes, or was it even longer? She felt the sun on her skin, a soft breeze rewarmed the oil between her breasts—but not down in her pussy, thank goodness—as she listened to the gulls wheeling overhead. But that was that. So, he was playing the “make her wait and worry” game, was he?

She let her breathing slow, relaxed her shoulders and her legs, made her arms go limp and waited still more.

It came up her left side, a soft caress from her thigh to her armpit and back down, but not before he’d tried very hard to see how ticklish she was. Good thing she was so relaxed.

It was one of the suede floggers. Had to be. Nothing else gave that gentle but insistent caress. Or the same nasty sting. But seemed, for now at least, John was into teasing caresses. Ellen was more than content to lie back and feel the stroke of warm suede on naked flesh. It was wonderful, maddening and arousing like the dickens.

Her clit throbbed, a sweet, insistent rhythm that had her anticipating more. Her pussy ran, no doubt making her own particular wet spot. Had this table been used for other such rites, other pleasures? Not that she cared. Past users were welcome to their fun, all that mattered right now was John and what he was doing to her with that flogger.

It came everywhere, up the side of her body, in slow figure eights around her breasts, across her shoulders and down her arms, along the sides of her legs and in sudden little flicks on her thighs. Keeping still was getting to be hard.

Was he waiting for her to move to start flogging in earnest? He couldn’t get to her back or arse but her thighs and arms were perfectly available.

As was her pussy.

Seemed every third or fourth pass of the flogger reached across her pussy lips or between them. He was intent on keeping her on the edge. Right on the edge. Once or twice she called out their warning that she was close to coming and he'd back off, keeping the flogger on her legs or arms, but then he'd be back, pulling her need to a peak before leaving her there.

Damn him! But it was all so wonderful.

Ellen gave up thought, quit wondering where he'd touch next, just let her mind sink into the sensations and her body's heightened sensitivity.

John was bloody fantastic. She wanted to spend the rest of her life here, under the sky, as he played her body. Much as she longed for a resounding climax, this was equally stupendous. She was caught here, suspended in the edge of orgasm, lost in her body and its needs and the attentions of the man she loved.

A gasp! He'd slapped the fogger against the outside of her thigh. It hadn't exactly hurt, but the sudden change in tempo startled her. As the slow slaps continued up and down and on top of her thighs, she slipped back into the rhythm and sensations of her body.

Smiled to herself as her mind and consciousness fed off the stimulation.

She was lost in a wild swirl of sensation, pleasure and the wild joy of submission. She let out a slow, long sigh as sweet ripples of pleasure glided over her skin then she was gone—flying, shooting like a comet across the heavens, lights swirled in the darkness, flashes of green and blue and yellow crossed her line of vision. She smelled roses, violets, lavender, the warmth and sweetness of a summer garden enveloped her as she shot through the lights and kept going. Farther and deeper into the vision she went as her body flooded to overflowing with sensation.

John saw the change in her almost at once. He'd been watching intently. Hoping against hope he could give her this. She was limp, a smile on her face, and when the tresses of the flogger touched her clit, there was no response.

Dear heaven! She was flying.

Gingerly he eased off the blindfold. She showed no response to the light. Sure proof she was in submissive nirvana. Moving slowly and carefully, he gave more slack to her restraints, unbuckled one ankle cuff then the other and gently released the clamps from her taut nipples.

He wanted to kiss her, hold her close, promise her the world and his heart, but best let her fly whilst she could, she'd come back to him soon enough.

He loosed her manacles and then grabbed a blanket from his supplies, climbed up beside her and covered them both.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ellen realized the lights had faded. They didn't exactly go out, just softened along her line of vision until the darkness faded and soft light filled the horizon. She was no longer moving, more like floating on warm water. The scents had faded and she opened her eyes.

She was lying beside John, a blanket covered them and her restraints and blindfold were gone. She rolled on her side to look at him and he smiled.

"You came back to me."

"I never really left."

"Stay with me, Ellen."

"Of course." How could she ever leave him?

"I meant it. Forever. Marry me."

Talk about choosing the moment. The very thing she'd wondered and pondered, and now it came when her brain was on idle.

"Please." He was begging. "I need you so desperately. Marry me, live with me, whatever you want, but say 'yes'."

"Just a minute." She needed much longer to get her synapses firing properly but it did give her time to catch her breath. Ellen propped herself up on one elbow. John sat up but he didn't say a word. "You're proposing marriage?"

"That as the general idea. How about it?"

She'd be an insane fool to hesitate. "Yes please."

Her next words, he erased. Utterly, as he wrapped his arms around her, pulled her close and kissed her. It was a wild, joyous meeting of lips, tongues and mouths. To say nothing of hearts and minds.

Ellen wanted to lose herself in his kiss and soar in the joy of his touch, and pretty much managed both.

His erection brushing her thigh showed he was in the same boat.

He shifted a little but she pulled him close. "Shouldn't we celebrate with a fuck?"

"You're getting ahead of yourself, aren't you? I thought you were my submissive."

"I am but I'm also your affianced wife and I need a good, hard, fast fuck."

"Give me a tick."

"You can have two if you like."

He gave her a friendly slap on her thigh before hopping off the table and reaching into his backpack.

Moments later he was back beside her, condom in place and a glint in his eyes.

She grabbed him and pulled him down on her. The blanket fell off the side. So what? All that mattered was John. She needed him in deep and fast.

Seemed he sensed her need. He was between her thighs, lifting her legs over his shoulders, and in seconds he was in her.

She let out a yowl of almost animal excitement as his cock came in deep and hard. Immediately he started pumping and her body responded, moving in sync with his rhythm. Her need rose in a wild spate, she was crying out, shouting, yelling as her body

raced to the peak and she came, a great scream and a wild rush of pleasure and satisfaction.

Took him a few moments longer, long enough to take her back with a string of tiny climaxes before he finished and they both lay in a tangle of limbs on the stone surface.

"Thank you," she said as she kissed his cheek and tasted the saltiness of his skin. "That was incredible."

She must have dozed off. She came back to as John jostled her shoulder. He was already dressed and had her clothes lying on the stone beside her "Better get yourself covered up, Ellen. I want to get back to the cottage before dark."

She was still wobbly, so he helped and ended by lacing up her boots for her.

Hand in hand they walked back down to the jetty.

"Let's spend our honeymoon here," Ellen said.

"That's what I bought it for. That and a thousand other times."

"Only a thousand?"

"Out to wear me out, woman?"

Ellen chuckled. "Don't think that's likely! You know, that's the first time I've been fucked on a stone table."

"Won't be the last," he promised.

Dear heaven, she hoped not.



## About the Author

Madeleine Oh is an expatriate Brit, retired LD teacher and grandmother now living in Ohio with her husband of thirty-five years. She has published erotic short fiction, novels and novellas in the U.S., UK and Australia.

Madeleine welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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