



TASTING *Pleasure*

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Tasting Pleasure

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

TASTING PLEASURE

Marie Haynes

Dedication

To my family, those still with me and those travelling a different world. I love you.

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Chapter One

Warm Apple Pie

6 cups peeled and sliced granny smith apples

1 cup sugar

1 teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg, allspice

1 Tablespoon lemon juice

2 Tablespoons flour

Pastry for a Two-crust pie

Line a deep dish pie pan with one crust. In a bowl, toss all other ingredients. Pour into crust. Lay second crust on top of apples. Seal edges with a fork or fluted design. 'Paint' the top of the crust with an egg wash and sprinkle on sugar. Cut a few slits in the top so that the steam can rise. Bake in hot oven (420 degrees Fahrenheit) for about 50 minutes or until lightly browned.

I can do this, Alicia thought as she suppressed the urge to lift her head and glance at the door. She knelt on the floor, her knees resting upon a large pillow, leaning forward with her forehead resting on her crossed hands and her long hair draping the entire length of her back. Her arse, with the word 'toy' still readable on both cheeks, was slightly raised over her ankles. She had assumed this position half an hour earlier.

Maverick had called forty-five minutes before, instructing her to prepare for him. She had not expected him to call. Usually after an encounter as intense as last night, he allowed for a day of recovery. Nonetheless, Alicia had immediately tied her hair up, taken a quick shower, given a small prayer of thanks that she did not have to shave, administered a cool enema, dried herself, applied an oil lightly scented with Patchouli and, after relieving her bowels, had assumed this position—all within fifteen minutes. She didn't wait long before hearing Maverick open the door of the flat, which she had left unlocked in anticipation of his arrival. She had hoped he would come to the bedroom where she patiently knelt before the door, but today he was in no hurry for his greeting.

Alicia felt her back begin to cramp, but she refused to move in order to relieve her discomfort. If Maverick needed time to unwind, so be it. He had trained her well enough that she could endure a short wait. Besides, she estimated she had only been in this position for thirty minutes now. She had waited longer than this before.

Damn! She could feel her heavy hair begin to slide down one side. Now her appearance would be uneven, and she knew how Maverick appreciated symmetry. Her hair was one of her greatest treasures but also one of her greatest trials! Why did it have to be so heavy? The length was difficult enough to deal with—the ends of her curls brushed against the small of her back—but the thickness added a weight which was difficult to control. Normally she would have braided it, but Maverick had expressly told her he wanted it unbound and flowing down her back.

Well, she thought, *I did the best I could.* She decided she would rather leave the hair unevenly draped than risk moving out of position.

A moment later she was glad of her decision as she heard Maverick's footsteps. She quivered slightly as she felt him run a single finger along the curve of her buttocks. She raised her eyes enough to see his shoes—he was wearing his black work ones. That meant he had just come from a shoot. No wonder he hadn't come to her immediately. He had probably sipped the whiskey she had left waiting for him and simply relaxed in the sitting room for a while. Maverick worked hard, and his models often needed coaxing into position.

"Greet me," Maverick instructed.

Alicia smiled momentarily then raised herself into a kneeling position. She unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned and unzipped his trousers. She gently lowered both them and his boxers to the ground and took him into her mouth, cradling his balls in her hands. Remembering his preference for symmetry and balance, Alicia tried to keep an even pressure and rhythm, savouring the taste of his flesh. When she felt him expand within her mouth, she sighed, knowing she had brought him pleasure. After a few more minutes, she felt his hand on her head and regretfully pulled away from him. She sat back on her heels, keeping her head down, and folded her hands in front of her.

"You please me, Alicia," Maverick said. "You've grown into an almost perfect companion." He reached down and stroked her cheek.

Alicia rubbed her face against his hand, thrilled with the unexpected compliment.

"Last night you exceeded even my expectations. I'm very proud of you. Considering the state you were in when we met, I'm astounded at your progress. Stand up, my dear. Tonight we will celebrate your success."

Alicia was so flustered, she stumbled a bit as she stood. She too was proud of her performance last night but had not been expecting Maverick's praise. She felt herself blush with the pleasure of his words. She knew, though, that he spoke the truth. When they had first met, she had been a mess. Now she was a successful businesswoman and a perfectly trained companion.

One Year Earlier

"And is there anything to which you are allergic?" Alicia asked.

"Shellfish," Maverick replied.

Alicia scribbled this important information down in her notepad.

"Well then, I believe I have everything I need. If it's okay with you, I'll work up a possible menu—for Friday, Saturday and Sunday—and call you tomorrow. You can approve it at that time or make any adjustments you'd like."

"That won't be necessary," Maverick answered. "I have given you enough information—my likes and dislikes, the number of people I will be serving, my budget requirements—that I trust you will devise an appropriate menu. I don't like being interrupted when I'm working so I would not answer the phone anyway."

"Oh, well, in that case, I'll be here early Friday afternoon to prepare your meals. Will you be here to let me in or will you hide a key somewhere?" Alicia asked.

"I will give you a spare key. You may come and go as you please. You may supply the pantry or perishable items whenever convenient."

"Goodness! That's generous of you. Not to mention quite trusting," Alicia stated in surprise.

"Not at all. If you steal anything or otherwise damage my property, your business will fail. Since you are just beginning in the Personal Chef business, you will want to do your best to please me. If you succeed, I will likely recommend your services, or rather those of Tasting Pleasure, to my friends, and you will be able to expand your business. If you do not please me, not only will you not be re-hired for next week, but I will hardly recommend you, thereby harming this fledging endeavour," Maverick explained.

"I didn't see it that way, but you're right," Alicia commented. Why did this man affect her so? True, she was normally somewhat shy when she first met people, but Maverick Devonshire certainly disconcerted her. She smoothed her braided hair and ran a hand down her knee-length skirt, trying to hide her nervousness. Briskly, she packed up her papers and stood.

"Thank you, Mr. Devonshire, for this opportunity. If you like American style cooking, I'm sure you'll be pleased with the results," she said as she held out her hand. She jumped slightly at the tingling sensation that coursed through her when Mr. Devonshire grasped her small hand firmly in his.

"I have every confidence I'll be pleased," he answered.

Later that night, Alicia fretted over the menu. Since her degenerate husband had divorced her, she had struggled to manage on her meagre finances. She had tried working as a secretary, a store clerk, even a crossing guard, but had failed at each of those jobs. Having always considered herself a good cook, though, she had decided to try her hand at becoming a personal chef. Of course, she would specialise in American cooking—being American herself. She hoped that by offering a unique service, she could build up enough clients to support herself. So far, the business, Tasting Pleasure, had lagged behind her expectations, but with the addition of famed photographer Maverick Devonshire on her short list of clients, perhaps all that would change.

Mr. Devonshire had said he would only require her services for the weekends, since he ate out or with friends during the week, so she need only prepare three dinners, one to be served on Friday and two which could be refrigerated and then heated whenever he wanted them. She would include an appetiser, soup, meat, vegetable, starch and dessert for each meal, although she certainly could plan for leftovers from one meal to be utilised at another. Her conservative, Middle American upbringing had taught her that to waste not was to want not. Still, Mr. Devonshire had allowed for a generous budget, so she felt confident she could please him.

The next afternoon, Alicia put the finishing touches on an apple pie. She glanced around Mr. Devonshire's kitchen, impressed by the tidiness and organisation. Rarely did a man who lived alone take the time to equip a kitchen so completely and thoroughly. This

attention to detail certainly had made her job so much easier. She hummed to herself as she sprinkled the top of the pie with sugar and placed it in the oven. The sugar would crystallise as it cooked, making the top crust shiny and crisp.

The other meals were placed in the refrigerator ready to be re-heated according to the typed directions placed on the counter. As she waited for the pie to finish cooking, Alicia began on the dishes. She was just finishing up when she heard the front door open. Quickly, she glanced at the clock.

"Mr. Devonshire," she called, "I'm so sorry. I thought you would not be home until six tonight. If I had known you would be early, I would have started sooner."

"Not to worry, Alicia. I finished earlier than expected. Take your time. I'm just going to grab a drink and relax in the den for a while," Maverick said.

Alicia waited nervously as Maverick walked into the kitchen, sniffing appreciatively. He placed a hand on her shoulder and gently massaged it. She stiffened as shock waves ran through her body.

"Good Lord! It smells heavenly in here. I certainly hope whatever is in the oven is for tonight's dinner," he said.

Alicia relaxed slightly. "Yes, it is. It's an apple pie. I've also placed a pint of vanilla ice cream in the freezer in case you would like it *ala mode*."

"Sounds wonderful. Why don't you join me in the den after you've finished in here," he suggested.

"Certainly, Mr. Devonshire," she answered. Now why were her palms suddenly sweaty and her heart beating faster?

What on earth could he want? She glanced around the kitchen, noting that everything was clean and neat. He had liked the smell of the pie, and she knew that his pot roast, potatoes and carrots for tonight's dinner were cooked to perfection. Maybe the ice cream had been a bit over the top. Alicia nervously dried her hands. She removed her apron and placed it on the table, next to her purse. *Better go see what he wants*. She had been trying to overcome this terrible shyness and lack of self-confidence for years, but didn't seem to be making much progress. Despite having just dried her hands, her palms had again become somewhat clammy.

If only he didn't make me so nervous! she thought.

Glancing into the den, Alicia gently rapped on the doorframe, even though the door was open.

"Come in, dear," Maverick said. "Would you like a drink?"

"Ah, no, thank you. I...ah...I still have to drive home. I'm not really much of a drinker anyway. I mean with my limited budget—not that I'm complaining about what you pay me—but— Oh gosh. I'm babbling," she ended in a blush. *Damn!* This man must think she was an absolute lunatic.

Maverick chuckled. "You certainly are. Try to relax a bit. You've done a fine job so far, and from what I can see by the budget you left on the counter, you've managed to purchase all your needed supplies even more economically than I allowed for. That pleases me."

"Good—I mean—thank you," Alicia stumbled. She shifted self-consciously as Maverick continued to stare at her. "Well, sir, if that's all you require, I should be heading home."

"Of course. Please, drive carefully. I'll be e-mailing you my requirements for next weekend no later than Tuesday evening," Maverick said as he sipped his whiskey.

"That would be fine," she said as she turned to leave.

"One more thing," Maverick added.

"Yes?"

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Involved?"

"No."

"A lesbian?"

"No! Goodness, why on earth would any of that matter?" she asked.

"It doesn't," he answered.

"Then why ask?" she wondered.

"To see if you would answer. That will be all."

As Alicia drove home that first evening, she wondered about his questions. What she wondered about even more was her unhesitant answering. Why had she felt compelled to

answer Mr. Devonshire? He had contracted her cooking services but he had no right to know such personal information about her. Nonetheless, when she stood before him, she had an almost uncontrollable urge to drop a curtsy. Perhaps she was just nervous about the job. Next week would be different. She'd be more confident and more refined. And, she sternly told herself, she would pointedly ignore his deep blue eyes, his soft, muscular hands, his deep voice.

Oh Lord, she thought to herself, what have I gotten myself into?

Chapter Two

Simple Cheesecake

*1/2 cup graham cracker crumbs
1 Tablespoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
2 Tablespoons melted butter*

Combine ingredients and press into the bottom of an 8 inch spring form pan.

*5 eggs beaten until thick and lemon yellow coloured
1 cup sugar added gradually to the eggs until thick and smooth
3/4 lb. cottage cheese (12 oz)
3/4 lb. cream cheese (12 oz)*

*Add both of these to the egg mixture.
Gently add grated rind and juice of 1 small orange.*

Bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour or until set. Remove and cool completely before removing from pan.

The next week came and then the next, with no change in her feelings towards Mr. Devonshire. The man was devastatingly handsome and charismatic as well. While she was certainly attracted to the man, she was also a bit afraid of him. Today, on her third visit to Mr. Devonshire's home, Alicia's mind fluttered between wanting to hurry through the clean-up so she could leave before he arrived home, and an insane desire to stall so she could see him again.

"Get a grip, girl," she told herself. "He's just a client—okay, an important one, but still..."

Alicia jumped in surprise when she felt hands on her shoulders.

"Lord!" she squealed.

"No, not a lord—not yet anyway. Although there were some rumours floating around in the family that a great-great cousin had been involved with a duke." Maverick chuckled as he massaged her shoulders. "You were so busy talking to yourself that you must not have heard me. You seem a bit behind schedule today."

"I'm very sorry, sir. The cheesecake takes a while to set, and I wanted to be sure that it turned out okay before —"

Maverick placed a finger on her lips. "Shhh, don't get so excited. It was just an observation. Tell me, do you always wear your hair in that prim style?"

"Yes, I mean, no. I mean I do when I'm working, but I usually let the braid hang down my back otherwise." Would she never stop babbling? Alicia ran a nervous hand over her head, feeling the braided bun hiding beneath the scarf.

"I'd like to see it down," Maverick said. "I'll be in the den. Stop by after you've finished. Remove the scarf and have the braid unpinned—if you don't mind, that is." He flashed an absolutely sinful smile before walking away.

Alicia stared in disbelief as he left the kitchen. Why would he want to see her braid unpinned? And when did her knees suddenly become like jelly? Perhaps a better question would be, Why was her hand reaching up to remove the pins in her hair? Within a few moments, Alicia had finished in the kitchen and loosened her braid, the end of which brushed against her lower back. Again she rapped lightly on the den's doorframe.

"Lovely," Maverick said. "I've poured a glass of sherry for you. Drink it."

"Thank you," Alicia murmured as she held the glass and slowly lifted it to her lips. She rarely drank, so why did she feel compelled to do so now?

"Turn around," Maverick said.

Alicia complied.

"Lovely," he commented again as he grasped the length of the long, chestnut brown braid and ran it through his hands.

Alicia closed her eyes and sighed. She felt his breath on her cheek as he leaned against her.

"You are a beautiful woman," he said. "You should not hide your charms." Maverick then ran a hand down her side and along her hip. "I hope you do not think me too forward."

"No-o-o, of course not," she whispered.

She trembled slightly as Maverick's hand crept a bit lower, grasping her skirt and slowly pulling it up past her knees.

“Yes, that would be a better length for you. Next week, wear a shorter skirt and when you finish in the kitchen, let your braid down,” Maverick instructed.

“Okay,” Alicia answered, amazed that her knees quivered again and butterflies gathered in her stomach.

“Good. Finish your sherry then and be on your way,” Maverick said as he released her.

A shorter skirt! A month ago Alicia could not have imagined herself shopping for new clothing of any kind—let alone a short skirt. Her father would roll over in his grave if he knew what she was doing. *If you look after the Pennies, the Dollars will Take care of Themselves!* That was one of the many dictums that had led her father’s life, and one that she followed herself—especially now.

She had moved to England as a new bride, thrilled with the attention which Jeffrey had lavished upon her. When Jeffrey had announced that he wanted to move back to his home after their wedding, Alicia had readily agreed. After all, since her parents’ deaths in that awful car accident, she had no other relatives and few friends to leave behind. The idea of a new husband, a new life, a new country seemed wonderful.

The wonder had lasted less than six months though. Despite Jeffrey working late almost every night, money had been tight. Alicia had offered to find work, but Jeffrey had laughed at her, asking who she thought would hire a simple American. After that, Alicia hadn’t brought the subject up again. Instead, she concentrated on keeping a tidy house and managing their small budget. Soon enough, she and Jeffrey argued about money. It infuriated her to see Jeffrey splurge on expensive shoes and cologne for himself, when she scrimped and saved to purchase necessities for their home.

To add insult to injury, Jeffrey no longer seemed interested in her sexually. As it turned out, there was a reason for that. Apparently she wasn’t Jeffrey’s type. Six months after saying ‘I do’, Jeffrey said ‘I don’t’. On a rainy Tuesday in February, Jeffrey calmly announced that he had never really loved Alicia and was leaving her for his lover—Hector. Never having been the jealous type, Alicia could have understood Jeffrey wanting a bit of variety. In all truth, even though she herself was completely heterosexual, the idea of two people of the same sex exploring and enjoying each other’s bodies held a fascination for her. But to say he didn’t love her—never had—that was completely unacceptable! He, Jeffrey, would generously

allow Alicia two weeks to find a flat and clear out her things. Further, he would pay for the first two months' rent, but after that she was on her own. Alicia had been so humiliated she didn't bother to resist. The sooner it was over, the better.

Now, after carefully watching her money, shopping at thrift stores and end-of-season sales, she had a modest savings account and a fledgling business. Thanks to Mr. Devonshire, she also had two new clients. Perhaps she could afford to splurge just a bit, she decided as she sighed over a short, black, pleated skirt. Holding it up to herself, she noted that the length hit her thigh at the exact spot Mr. Devonshire had indicated. She smiled to herself, remembering the low-cut, white blouse that had been part of her bridal trousseau. She had never worn the sheer top—Jeffrey hadn't approved of such revealing clothes. Revealing apparel, however, might please the handsome Mr. Devonshire.

Chapter Three

Easy Tortellini Soup

*1 package frozen tortellini or any filled pasta
1 small onion, chopped
1 large carrot, grated
1 bunch flat-leafed Italian parsley, chopped
2 cloves garlic, chopped
1 Tablespoon extra virgin olive oil
1 teaspoon each thyme, sweet marjoram, oregano
6 cups vegetable or chicken stock
Salt and pepper to taste*

Using a stock pot with a thick bottom, add olive oil, all vegetables and herbs. Cook until tender (onions will be transparent). Add stock and frozen tortellini. Simmer, covered, until warmed through.

"If you have a moment, Mr. Devonshire, I have a few questions for you," Alicia began.

"Of course, Alicia. Come in, sit down," Maverick said. He stood and waited for her to sit on the sofa before he took his seat again. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

Get a grip, Alicia, she thought. You've practiced what to say all day!

"Well, I, ah, I..." she began. Why did he stare at her as if he could see right through to her soul? "I was wondering if you would like a change in menu." *Whew – now that wasn't so hard.*

"Alicia," he said, "relax. I want to eat your food – not you – although that thought does hold some appeal."

Alicia felt herself blush right down to her toes.

"You have a new skirt. Very nice. The blouse is lovely as well. Tell me, did you wear that all day?"

"No, actually, I brought it along and changed into it about an hour ago. I don't know why I did that, but I certainly couldn't wear white and prepare a marinara sauce." She laughed nervously.

"So, you changed to please me," he deduced.

That gave Alicia pause. "Yes, I suppose I did," she slowly answered.

Maverick simply stared at her.

"Unbraid your hair," he commanded.

Alicia gasped. The only time she allowed her hair freedom was to wash it or brush it. Jeffery, to her knowledge, had never seen her hair unbound.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I told you to," Maverick answered.

Slowly Alicia nodded. She pulled the heavy braid over one shoulder and removed the securing band. With deliberate care, she unravelled her long tresses for Maverick's viewing. She took deep breaths, trying to calm her nerves as he continued to stare at her.

"Why do you keep it so long if you refuse to unbind it?" he asked.

"Because my father once told me that he thought my hair was beautiful. I promised him that I would always keep it long. I loved him dearly and fully intend to keep that promise. Still, hair this long can be an inconvenience, so I bind it to keep it clean—and out of the way when I'm working."

"Ah—a woman of her word. What an admirable quality. Stand up and turn around. I want to see the entirety of this beauty," he said.

Without hesitation, Alicia complied. She clenched her jaws as she tried to control the panic rising within her. Would he like her hair? What did he think of the skirt? Why did any of this matter? But somehow, it did matter. Right now, the most important thing in the world was that her appearance please Mr. Devonshire. She glanced over her shoulder, desperate to know his reaction.

"Now, now. No peeking," he whispered.

Alicia whipped her head back around, but not before she saw him begin to rise. She felt his breath on the top of her head as he looked down at her. She sagged with relief when he placed his hands on her shoulders.

"I have a proposition for you, my dear," he quietly said. He ran his hands up and down her arms, gently massaging out some of the tension. "The decision is yours. And of course this is a separate proposition entirely from our current agreement involving your culinary skills. I count myself a sharp businessman and I'd be a fool to dispense with your cooking services. That soup you prepared last week—with the filled pasta in it—was wonderful."

"Thank you. It was a recipe from my grandmother. I take it that my cooking pleases you then?" she asked.

Maverick laughed. "Now would I have recommended you to two of my friends if it had not? Your culinary skills are equalled only by your thriftiness. You offer a top quality service at a modest price. No, my dear, this would be a completely separate arrangement. Do you want to hear about it?" He lifted her hair slightly and ran his hand along the nape of her neck.

Alicia almost moaned from the pure pleasure of his touch.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Each Friday, after you have finished your duties, attend me here. You will wear what I tell you to wear, do what I tell you to do, say what I tell you to say," he said.

"And in return for this?" she questioned. Truthfully, Alicia knew the answer. She also knew that she would do whatever he wanted of her.

"And in return, I will teach you how to please a man, namely me, and how to find yourself in the process." He ended with tiny kisses along the back of her exposed neck.

"Yes," she answered.

"Yes? Yes what?"

"Yes, Mr. Devonshire. I would like to attend you," she responded.

Maverick laughed quietly. "Is that a promise?"

"Yes," she promised.

"Good," he told her, "and I know you are a woman of your word. I expect compliance. If, for any reason, you fail to comply with even my smallest request, I will remind you of that promise. You do, of course, have the power of choice. You can say 'no'. But remember, with every choice comes a consequence."

"I'll remember," Alicia answered.

Alicia suddenly felt bereft as Maverick's body moved away from her. She started to turn around then thought better of it.

Again, Maverick quietly laughed. "You're a quick study. I like the skirt. It's a beginning. I like red. Next week, wear a red skirt and make sure it's shorter. Pair it with a black top—

one of those with the thin little straps on the shoulders. Black heels as well—at least three inches. No knickers either, even if you're on the rag. A tampon should do the trick if that's the case."

Alicia's shoulders slumped. She had stretched her money to the breaking point with the purchase of this skirt, how could she afford another skirt and a top and shoes? Maybe this wouldn't work out after all.

"Problem?" Maverick asked.

Unsure how to answer, Alicia nodded.

"Alicia, do not hesitate to speak to me. Just remember to address me respectfully."

"It's just that I'm a bit—well—financially strapped at the moment," she began. If the threatening tears slipped down her cheek, she was sure she would simply die of embarrassment.

"How silly of me! I apologise, my dear. You misunderstand. I was simply speaking my thoughts aloud. I will, of course, provide you with all you need. Have no fear of that. All you need do is follow my instructions—to the letter," he said.

Alicia sighed with relief.

"Now, turn around. Good. Remove your blouse," he commanded.

Alicia hesitated. Had she really heard him correctly? When she saw his eyes harden at her delay, she suddenly realised this was what she had always wanted. Jeffery had never pleased her because he had never commanded her respect. Alicia had never felt this flash of passion with any of her boyfriends. However, looking into Mr. Devonshire's unyielding eyes convinced her that she could find fulfilment with this man. She smiled hesitantly and unbuttoned her blouse, dropping it to the ground behind her.

Maverick nodded his approval. "Next time, do not delay. Now remove the bra."

Alicia reached behind her, quickly unhooking her bra, allowing her generous breasts to burst free.

"Walk to me," Maverick commanded as he seated himself.

Alicia took her place directly in front of him, her breasts even with his mouth.

Maverick grasped her hips, forcing her even closer to him. Without preamble, he grasped a nipple with his teeth, drawing it into his mouth. Alicia gasped with shock and pleasure. No one had ever sucked on her nipples before! Jeffrey had grudgingly mauled her breasts, and one young man had kissed them, but — *Oh God* — she could feel her stomach drop and her breath quicken. Alicia closed her eyes, drowning in the sensations of this new and very pleasant assault. As Maverick's tongue wrapped around her nipple and his mouth sucked, Alicia grasped his head to her and cried out. Her legs trembled as she began to come. She felt Maverick make a sound, almost a laugh, as he reached under her skirt and yanked off her knickers. When his fingers plunged inside her, she could control herself no longer. Waves of pleasure shot through her as her eyes flew open, but she saw only bursts of brilliant, swirling colour. If Maverick's strong arm had not been around her waist, Alicia would have slumped to the floor when he pulled out his fingers and loosened his grip on her nipple. Once she was steady, he released her and stood.

"Now turn around and bend over," he commanded.

"Of course," Alicia whispered as she shakily complied.

"Place your hands on the ground."

Alicia had barely touched the ground when she heard the tell-tale zing of a zipper. Maverick placed his smooth, strong hands on her hips, cradling her as he buried himself inside of her. Alicia cried out again, drowning in the pleasure of this man's touch. He drew back then thrust in again, his lips brushing her spine, one hand sliding up to massage her breast. His fingers tugged gently at her nipple, and she moaned as he took up a steady rhythm, driving deeper each time. His thumb worked the taut bud while his other hand caressed down her stomach, over her mons and found her clit, sending her senses spiralling once more out of control. The rasping of his breath reached her, and even through the shockwaves of the orgasm that crashed through her, she felt the heat of his explosion deep within her.

He stayed inside her for a few moments and then pulled out, helping her to stand upright. When she reached down to pick up her knickers and blouse, he stopped her.

"Leave them."

"But I can't drive home half dressed," she said.

"Don't you have another blouse?" he asked.

Alicia frowned for a moment. "Yes, of course. But what about the knickers?"

"Didn't you understand my earlier request? I don't like them. You will not wear them in my presence." He smiled at her confusion. "Besides, I have not dismissed you. What makes you think you're driving home?"

"I just thought that since you had – well – finished, that..." she stumbled.

"Did you ask if I had finished?"

"No," she said hesitantly.

"Then what makes you think that I have?"

"Well, when I have been with other men –" she began.

"Stop right there," he said as he grasped her strongly by the arm, giving it a mild shake. "I am not other men, nor do I want to hear of other men unless I ask you directly. When you are with me, you are with *me*. Do you understand?"

Alicia looked at him with a mixture of fear and confusion. She definitely knew she wanted to be with this man and she wanted to please him. No other man had ever affected her the way Maverick did. With his hand on her arm, probably strongly enough to leave a bruise, she thought she should be terrified. Instead, the quiet surge of fear added to her attraction.

"Actually, no, I don't think I do," she said truthfully.

Maverick released her arm and gently touched her cheek.

"An honest answer," he said. "That's perfect. You must always be honest with me. Sit. I have a document to prepare. While I am in the other room, retrieve your other blouse. When I give you the document, you will leave, read the paper at your convenience, sign it if you choose to and return to me next Friday."

Alicia lifted her head and met his mouth in a quick kiss, nodding her acceptance of these conditions.

* * * *

At six-thirty p.m. the next Friday, Alicia sat on the sofa in Mr. Devonshire's den awaiting his arrival. At the moment, he sat at the dining room table enjoying the dinner she had prepared for him—a tomato-basil soup, spinach salad, apple and sage stuffed pork chops, mashed potatoes and a Crème Brule' for dessert. She wore only the short red skirt, black top and black heels which had been delivered to her flat the day before. In her hand was the signed document.

Alicia tried not to fidget as she re-read the paper for what must have been the one hundredth time.

"I, Alicia Morrison, hereafter referred to as 'companion', do agree to the following conditions. I understand that I am free to end this agreement at any time, but with the condition that once ended, this agreement will not be renewed.

1. Mr. Devonshire will maintain sole proprietorship over the companion's body until such time as he deems otherwise. He has the right and responsibility to use said body for his personal pleasure, even if that pleasure involves other people or persons of his choosing. The companion understands and accepts the fact that Mr. Devonshire has every right to additional companions of his choosing. The companion will never behave in a jealous manner towards any of Mr. Devonshire's other companions or guests. To do so will incur a serious consequence.

2. The companion agrees to make her body available to Mr. Devonshire upon his command. Failure to do so will result in consequences of his choosing.

3. If, at any time, the companion cannot withstand a consequence, the companion will state the word 'enough'. If this word is employed, the consequence and the session will immediately end, but this agreement will remain in effect.

4. The companion will address Mr. Devonshire as 'Mr. Devonshire', 'Sir' or by some other respectful title. The companion will never address Mr. Devonshire in the familiar. To do so will result in a consequence of his choosing.

5. The companion will perform any task Mr. Devonshire requests to the best of her ability immediately and without complaint.

6. The companion will welcome any corrections Mr. Devonshire chooses to offer.

7. The companion will learn to anticipate Mr. Devonshire's needs.

8. *The companion will never question Mr. Devonshire's motives or commands. However, if the companion needs clarification, she will respectfully ask for further instruction. The companion will always be honest. Lying is deemed a very serious misdeed and will result in an immediate and severe consequence.*

9. *The companion will always place Mr. Devonshire's needs, preferences and commands before her own.*

10. *The companion will conduct herself in a submissive, subservient manner at all times while in Mr. Devonshire's presence or in the presence of anyone he chooses to give her to. Should Mr. Devonshire choose to use this companion as a gift, the companion will view the recipient in the same light as she does Mr. Devonshire, thereby agreeing to follow all of the above mentioned rules."*

Not for the first time, Alicia wondered at the wisdom of having signed this agreement. She knew perfectly well that such a document was not legally binding, but somehow it felt like it was. She wasn't sure what surprised her the most—actually signing this paper or the relief and excitement she felt every time she looked at it.

She smiled, remembering that her favourite movies had always portrayed strong men and their loving, submissive women. When she was young, she loved watching the re-runs of the 1950s sitcoms where the stay-at-home wife catered to her husband's needs. As a new wife, she had tried to meet Jeffrey's needs, but had felt like a total failure. Once she had even purchased a book written by a submissive wife, secretly wanting a man to both love and dominate her too.

Well, Alicia, she silently told herself, now's your chance to explore the life you've always wondered about. Don't chicken out now.

Finally, Maverick walked into the den. She had waited for over an hour. She looked up at him, noting that not once did he so much as glance at her signature on the document. He simply stared directly into her eyes. Alicia rose to her feet and placed the signed paper into his outstretched hand.

"Even though it is not stated here, I want you to understand that this commitment is, indeed, completely separate from your employment as a chef. Do not jeopardise your career. Any commitments you have to your business will supersede my commands. All you need do

is inform me of the conflict and I will excuse you from companionship services," Maverick stated.

"Thank you for that," Alicia said. She had worried about that very thing but was willing to adjust her schedule to meet Maverick's desires. His consideration and appreciation for her professional requirements warmed her heart. Jeffery had simply scoffed at her dreams of owning her own business.

"Actually, if you would ever like any business advice, you are, of course, free to go to whomever you would like. But know that I have run a successful business for over twenty years. In addition to our private companionship, you should feel free to speak with me on a professional level. Truly, I would be honoured to help you with your career." Maverick smiled as he said this, adding true sincerity to his words.

"Again, thank you, I might very well take you up on that offer. I sometimes have difficulty understanding the finances of my business," Alicia said.

"Now," Maverick began, his eyes becoming a bit darker, "let's see just how serious you are about your companionship duties."

Alicia jumped a bit when, without preamble, Maverick reached beneath her skirt and grabbed her naked arse.

"Good. You've left the knickers at home." He nodded in approval.

"I thought you might..." Alicia began.

She jumped as Maverick's hand smacked her arse.

"Oh!" she squealed.

"That was not a question, my dear. No answer was required. That was also just a bit of a 'love tap' – a gentle indication of a more substantial consequence," Maverick explained.

Alicia opened her mouth to respond but then thought better of it. Instead, she simply nodded. If that was a 'gentle love tap', she would certainly be more conscious of possible 'consequences' to her actions. Despite the slight stinging of her arse, Alicia was amazed to notice the quickening of her heart and the softening of her pussy. Only her father had ever spanked her – and that had been when she was ten and prone to back-talking. That one spanking had cured her of sassing, but she had never imagined that a spanking could elicit excitement. Her eyes widened in wonder at this new sensation.

“Good.” Maverick voiced his approval when she nodded rather than verbally responded. “Nonetheless, perhaps a demonstration of a ‘consequence’ would be in order. That way, you will know what to expect. Following that, I believe a demonstration of a ‘reward’ would also be in order. You would enjoy that, would you not?” Maverick whispered as he pulled Alicia’s head back to rest on his chest.

“Yes,” Alicia whispered back.

“Yes?” he sternly questioned.

“Yes, sir,” she corrected.

Alicia felt a sense of loss as Maverick stepped away from her.

“Follow me,” Maverick said.

Alicia fell into step behind him, following him up to the second floor. As she climbed the stairs, she hesitated, entranced by the black and white photographs lining the walls. All the models were nude—both male and female. She was mesmerised by one particular photograph. As she continued to study it, she realised she was looking at a close-up view of a woman’s vagina—glossy with moisture, completely devoid of hair, slightly parted so the pussy opening appeared like a warm, welcoming tunnel. Suddenly she realised she had lagged behind Maverick and he was waiting for her at the top of the stairs. Shame rose to her face as she hurried to catch up with him.

Maverick marched at a crisp pace down a short hallway and unlocked a door.

“Come in,” he said with a slight bow as he held the door open for her.

Once inside, Alicia’s eyes widened as she gazed about her. The room was large with a very high ceiling. It was wallpapered in a beautiful Victorian pattern. Heavy, burgundy curtains hung over the narrow windows. Against one wall was a large, king-sized bed, beautifully made up with pillows, matching shams, bed skirt and quilts. In the centre of the room stood a floor-to-ceiling pole—similar to a fireman’s pole. Attached to this were two sets of carabineers, one set close to the ground and the other about 6 feet high. Briefly, Alicia wondered about their purpose, but her eyes quickly focused on the back wall.

Here there could be no mistaking the purpose of the apparatus. Attached to the wall hung a circular device. Its mounting was in the middle of the circle, allowing for it to spin. A large wooden X was attached to the circle with bindings at each end. Alicia stood in shock—

not only at the barbarity of the device but also at the assortment of whips, paddles and canes also hanging from the wall.

As she turned, she also saw what appeared to be a work-out 'horse', a locked cabinet, a large bathtub and sink, a cosy table flanked by two padded wing chairs, a thick area rug, a bookcase filled with volumes and a small wet bar, all placed tastefully about the room.

Finally she met Maverick's eyes. His look almost defied her to turn tail and run, but she set her jaw, cocked her head briefly and lowered her eyes, accepting whatever he planned for her. While her initial response to the room had indeed been pure terror and disbelief, she also could not deny the gathering wetness in her pussy or the flutter of excitement in her heart.

"Excellent," Maverick said. "Sometimes the shock of seeing the 'playroom' so frightens a new companion that he or she nullifies the agreement. I was right about you, Alicia," he said as he ran a hand down her arm. "You will make an exceptional companion—once you've been trained."

Alicia smiled. She wanted to please this man.

"Come," he said as he led her to the horse. "Remove your clothing—all of it except for the shoes."

Alicia did as directed, dropping the skirt and top onto the floor.

"Greet me," he said.

Alicia looked at him in confusion.

"Teach me, sir?" she asked.

"Excellent response. Kneel before me, unhook my belt, lower my trousers and boxers."

Alicia did as directed, her hands shaking.

"You will take me into your mouth, suck until I'm hard. Wrap your hands around my balls and massage them while keeping suction and pressure on my cock. You will continue, never letting your mouth leave me until I direct you otherwise. We'll try again. Greet me," he said.

Alicia glanced up at him once then did as he directed. When his cock entered her mouth, she moaned with pleasure. Giving head was the one sexual activity that Jeffrey truly enjoyed. She would go down on him and suck for thirty minutes before her jaw began to

ache. Maverick, though, was much larger than Jeffrey had been, and Alicia began to gag slightly as he pushed her head against him, forcing himself deeper into her throat. She involuntarily pulled back, her mouth leaving his rod for a moment.

"Now, now, remember the directions," Maverick scolded.

Alicia contritely licked the length of his penis—all seven inches—then plunged her mouth over the tip, savouring the taste of him. Despite her expertise, within a few minutes her knees began to ache and her jaw muscles began to clench. Maverick grabbed a handful of her hair, which she had left unbound, and pulled her away.

"Good. You will perform this task—without mistake or hesitation—each time I instruct you to bestow a greeting."

Alicia nodded her understanding.

"Undress me," Maverick commanded as he released her hair.

Alicia quickly completed this task, untying and removing one shoe at a time, then his socks, then slipping off his trousers and boxers. As she removed each article of clothing, she neatly folded it and laid it in a pile. Next, she stood, unbuttoned his shirt and slipped it from his shoulders. Unable to resist, Alicia ran her hand over Maverick's chest, sighing in appreciation of the muscles beneath the dark, curling hair.

Maverick grabbed her hands. "I told you to undress me—not to touch me. You are gathering quite a list of mistakes to atone for, my dear. It is time we begin. Go to the St. Andrew's cross. Stand facing it. Raise your arms and spread your legs so I can bind you to it."

Alicia's head snapped up to meet his eyes. *Oh God!* Could she do this? But even as she asked herself this question, her feet followed Maverick's instructions. She began to tremble as Maverick closed the bindings around her wrists and ankles. Already she felt tears gather in her eyes, and fear overtook desire.

"This device is named in honour of Andrew, Patron saint of Scotland. Did you know that?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I did," she quietly answered.

"And did you know how this cross was used?"

"No, sir, I don't."

“Quite an interesting story, really. No one knows for sure if it is legend or fact. At this point, it doesn’t really matter. By the time Andrew made it to Scotland and had pissed off enough people, he was quite elderly. His executioners did not want to deprive the people of the spectacle of a long death, so to prolong his agony, they turned the traditional cross on its side. The effect is the same, but the poor victim takes much longer to die,” he expounded as he tightened the straps around her wrists.

“The Romans often used the St. Andrew’s cross to crucify unruly soldiers.” The ankle straps tightened.

“Of course, they would hang for days without reprieve,” he continued as Alicia began to tremble.

“You will certainly not be subjected to such barbaric treatment,” he assured her, gently kissing the back of her neck. “You will, however, learn of consequences. You will learn that I notice even very small mistakes—hesitations, stumbles, everything.” He stroked her hair as he spoke soothingly to her.

Alicia could feel desire rising as Maverick spoke these frightening words in such a smooth, sultry voice.

He gathered her hair in one hand and draped it over a shoulder. “I will not go easy on you just because this is your initiation. I will expect you to accept everything tonight. You have the right to say ‘enough’, but should you do so on this, your first night with me, I will know you are not serious about our relationship and release you. After this night, however, you will be free to use your safe word without fear of nullifying our agreement.” He ran a hand down her back, cupping her arse. “Do you accept this?”

“Yes,” she said.

Maverick’s hand fell hard against her arse. Alicia jumped and cried out at the stinging slap.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, sir,” she answered.

“Better. So you understand, I will tell you what is going to happen to you before I engage. In the future, this may or may not occur. First, know that I rarely use my hand to

discipline when you are bound. Generally I prefer to place you over my knee whenever I hand spank you."

Alicia nodded, too frightened to speak. She couldn't decide if knowing what was going to happen was better than just being surprised. Maverick's deep voice held her hypnotised. Still, the more he explained, the more frightened and excited she became.

"Tell me, Alicia. When you glanced about this room, what device frightened you the most?" he asked.

Alicia thought a moment. "The cane," she answered. "Sir!" she quickly added.

Maverick laughed quietly. "In that case, we shall begin with that."

Alicia stiffened as she heard him walk to the wall where the instruments hung. She tried to turn her head to see, but could not. She bit her lip, praying for endurance, as her entire body trembled with fear. Unexpectedly, she heard a *swish* and felt a stinging blow to her left cheek. She screamed and struggled against her bindings as the pain ripped through her. Before that scream had ended, another began as Maverick continued to cane her arse, leaving three red welts on each cheek. Alicia leant her forehead against the wall and cried when the last stripe was added.

"I like symmetry," he whispered. "Whatever I deliver to one side, I will deliver to the other. Luckily, I am talented and experienced enough to administer your stripes with precision. You should be grateful."

"I am, Mr. Devonshire. Thank you," Alicia heard herself saying. Despite the blinding pain, Alicia knew her pussy now dripped with wetness. She could not remember having ever been so excited. If Maverick wanted symmetry, so be it. If he wanted her arse to bleed, so be it. The thought of her body pleasing him consumed Alicia's mind.

I will endure. I will obey. I am strong, she silently repeated until the words became a mantra.

"Now we'll move on to leather. Your arse is marked with three lovely red lines on each cheek which will, over the course of the next few hours, develop a deliciously rich hue. They will be tender for several days, but should not cause you undue pain. If, however, you develop bruising, you will tell me. I have no desire to harm you, and each person's skin

reacts differently to the cane. I need to know if my hand has been too heavy so I can adjust for you. Do you understand?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Devonshire, I understand," she answered.

"Still, I find that a lighter red compliments the darker lines." He ran his hand gently over the raised stripes.

"I will administer an equal number of swats to each cheek of your posterior until I achieve the best colour complement, no matter how many swats it takes. To do this, I will use a leather covered oval paddle. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Mr. Devonshire, I'm ready," Alicia answered as she braced herself. She closed her eyes and tried to imagine what Maverick must be seeing – a narrow waist, round, taut cheeks now marked with bright red welts. Despite, or perhaps because of, the stinging pain, Alicia's heart pumped with excitement.

She jumped as the paddle landed repeatedly on her already hurting arse. She kept count in her head for awhile but ceased all thinking after twenty swats first to one cheek, then the other. She dropped her head, softly crying, but accepting each stroke. Not once did she squirm to avoid a blow. As tightly as she was bound, she could move very little anyway, but she so wanted to prove herself to this man!

I will obey. I am strong, she ordered herself.

Finally the paddle stopped. Alicia, breathing heavily, could hardly believe the wetness between her thighs. She had never experienced this level of excitement.

"Lovely. Your bottom will be hot and tender all evening and perhaps even into the morning hours. I don't believe, though, that you will have any long lasting markings from the paddle this time, but if you do, you will inform me," Maverick said as he unbound her from the circle and led her to the horse. Alicia, pushed beyond all rational thought, mutely followed her master. When he pressed her across the horse and instructed her to grasp the legs, she did so instinctively.

"Spread your legs a bit more," Maverick directed.

Bent over the horse, Alicia could see both her and Maverick's legs. He stood just behind her, massaging her smarting arse. She closed her eyes in pleasure, soothed by his strong

hands stroking her sensitive flesh. She jumped slightly as she felt something cold enter her anus.

"Yes, I know your poor pussy is probably crying out for a bit of company by now, but it will be disappointed tonight. Tonight I am going to fuck only your arse," Maverick said as he worked in more of the lubricant.

Alicia shook her head in protest, but said nothing.

"By the time I finish, your arsehole as well as your arse will be sore and tender. You will feel the effects of this first training for days." He reached beneath the horse and firmly tweaked her hardened nipples.

"Still, you will want me again and again. You will beg me to use your body just for the pleasure of pleasing me. You will kneel before me, offering me your bum, your pussy, your breasts, your anus. You will offer me everything." He pressed his penis against her anus. "You will do anything, accept anything, if only I will relieve the loneliness, the desperation living inside your poor, neglected pussy," he whispered into her ear.

Alicia closed her eyes and sighed, knowing he spoke the truth. She began to breathe faster as Maverick eased himself inside her. She felt herself tighten, resisting this intrusion into her most private parts. Maverick rested a moment, allowing her body to adjust to his presence. Suddenly he plunged deep within her. Alicia cried out, grasping the legs of the horse tightly, willing herself to relax, to accept, to please Maverick—*Mr. Devonshire*, she corrected herself. With tears dripping onto the floor, Alicia felt her body finally accepting him. She revelled in the feel of his hands on her hips, steadying her, pulling her into each thrust.

He murmured gentle words, intoxicating phrases that soothed her, excited her, sent thrills through her entire being. She shivered with her need for him even as the exquisite pain pulsed through her body. Her breath quickened, and she clung to the moment, wanting to experience everything he had to give her, everything she could give him. His voice mesmerised her, sending her spiralling higher and higher until colour again exploded inside her mind as her orgasm sent wave upon wave of pleasure through her body.

Never had she experienced such sensations. Somewhere in the mists of the explosion she felt stirrings of more than just physical pleasure. She wanted, more than anything in the

world, to please this man and she knew without a doubt that she would do whatever he required of her. Not only would she give him her body, she was willing to give him her heart. The realisation that she was falling in love with Mr. Devonshire drew her back to the moment, and she became vaguely aware of his ragged breathing and one final plunge deep into her arse. She closed her eyes, allowing herself to drift off again on the sea of delight he brought her.

Slowly she became aware of Maverick again. His movements had stopped. He was no longer inside her but continued to gently stroke her back. The repetitive movement calmed her, and he continued the stroking until her breathing returned to normal, but her heartbeat still raced. Love? How could she love this man already? Still, she knew that she did. She had heard of love at first sight and had scoffed at it. Her grandmother had often told her to mind her words, because some day she might have to eat them. Once again, her grandmother's wisdom had proved itself.

"That, dear Alicia, was your reward. When you please me, I will place my seed inside you, as I did tonight. If you disappoint me, I will spread it over your body. Stand up, now," Maverick murmured into her ear.

Alicia gratefully complied. Maverick cupped her face in his hands and gently kissed her.

"Come," he said, leading her to one of the cushioned chairs. "Sit and rest for a while. You've done well—very well actually. It's been a long time since a companion performed so admirably on her initiation night. Remember all you've learned. When you're ready, you may bathe if you wish, then dress yourself and leave."

"But, Mav—ah—Mr. Devonshire, I thought I would be staying," she said, glancing at the large bed.

Maverick laughed. "Not tonight. Some other time, yes, but I think you've experienced enough for this first time. I will call you tomorrow, perhaps. Perhaps I'll wait a few days. Whenever I call, though," he added sternly, "be sure to follow my instructions."

Alicia nodded, her arse still smarting from the recent lesson. It took all her willpower not to sigh, disappointed that her time with Mr. Devonshire was over.

* * * *

Later that night as she prepared for bed in her own flat, she glanced into a mirror, shocked by the dark red lines and the lingering pinkness of her arse. She tenderly ran a hand over her bottom, feeling the raised welts with her fingers. Despite the discomfort, she found that Maverick had been correct. Rather than dwelling on the residual pain, Alicia felt pride in knowing she had willingly endured Mr. Devonshire's 'consequences' and that the sight of her marked arse had pleased him. The remaining soreness reminded Alicia of her ability to accept what Mr. Devonshire required. Yawning broadly, Alicia realised just how exhausted she truly was. Snuggling beneath the covers, she smiled and drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Four

Mashed Cauliflower

1 head cauliflower, trimmed

1/2 cup cream

1/4 cup butter (1 stick)

Salt

Pepper

1 clove garlic

1/4 cup Parmesan Cheese

Boil cauliflower and garlic in salted water until tender. Drain. Blend with all other ingredients until smooth.

Over the next few months, Alicia adjusted to her new lifestyle. She made many mistakes and suffered through many consequences. If someone had told her six months ago that she would crave the feel of leather on her flesh, she would have scoffed. Now, however, she looked forward to her consequences. Mr. Devonshire wanted the best for her. She trusted him and his instruction. Apparently she had pleased him, because a few months into her contract Mr. Devonshire announced they would be going to a special auction.

Having grown up in the mid-west, Alicia had attended a fair number of auctions, but never one like this. Mr. Devonshire had sent her a sheer length of cloth and instructions on how to wrap the material in a toga-like manner. After several tries, Alicia had finally managed the task. Standing before her mirror, she blushed at her reflection. The thin material barely hid her skin. Her pink nipples and curly strip of pubic hair were clearly visible. Surely Mr. Devonshire wouldn't take her to an auction dressed only in this.

"Alicia, you look stunning," he said when he arrived at her door.

Alicia's eyes widened, and her juices began to flow. She had never seen Mr. Devonshire in a tuxedo. The effect was quite devastating.

"Lock your door and we'll be on our way."

"Like this?" she squeaked. "I'm practically naked!"

Mr. Devonshire's eyes narrowed. "Yes, and if you don't want to be totally naked, you will do as you're told."

Alicia snapped her mouth shut and ducked her head as he escorted her to his car. To her consternation, he remained silent during the short trip, and she did not utter a word either. He parked in front of a small, elegant building. A discreet sign on the door read 'Diamonds: Private Club. Members and their guests only'.

She clutched his arm as he guided her into the building. Once inside, she covertly glanced around and saw both men and women dressed in elegant evening wear. Again she blushed, knowing they could all easily see her entire body. Suddenly, though, she realised that while a few people had glanced in her direction, no one seemed particularly surprised at her attire. Placing a hand against the small of her back, Mr. Devonshire guided her into a small room where several other people, both male and female, wearing similar sheer togas, waited.

"Welcome to the Diamonds, Alicia," he said. "You will wait here with the other companions."

"Yes, sir," she responded, "but might I be so bold as to ask what I am waiting for?"

"Had you not questioned me earlier, I would have told you," he scoffed. "Consider the delay of information your punishment."

Alicia lowered her eyes and responded, "Yes, sir."

"Good. This, as you may have guessed, is a private club for Dominants and their companions. Tonight we are holding an auction for charity. Each companion will stand on the block and we, the Doms, will bid for his or her services for a twenty-four hour period of time."

Alicia did not respond verbally but she began to tremble.

"You will," he continued, "not dishonour me. You will be a model companion when you are placed on the block, will you not?"

"As you wish, sir," she answered.

"Excellent." He smiled. "But you should be aware that the one rule is that a Dom is not allowed to bid on his or her own companion. You will, I have no doubt, show the same

respect to whomever 'wins' you that you show to me. It is, after all, part of your contract, is it not?"

Fear crept along her spine. How could she possibly submit to a complete stranger? Still, she found herself nodding her acceptance.

"Don't worry, my sweet," Mr. Devonshire assured her as he dropped a kiss on her head. "I would never allow anyone but someone I trust to win your services. Remember, you have control of the safe word."

She put on a brave smile and kissed him goodbye. She then patiently waited in line with the other companions. No one spoke. Glancing around the room, she met the gaze of one young man who apparently noticed her confusion. He smiled encouragingly. He also pointed to a sign above the door.

"Once in this room, no companion will speak unless spoken to. If a need arises, a companion may knock on the door and speak to the guard. A good companion always pleases his or her Master. To do otherwise will incur a public consequence."

Alicia's eyes widened as she read the sign but she found that, despite her fears, she was also quite excited by the prospect of being on an auction block. Her excitement increased as the line became shorter and shorter. She could hear through the door the Auctioneer's voice and the bang of a gavel.

When her time came to step in front of the crowd, she wasn't sure what to expect. The auctioneer, a short, heavysset man, assisted her as she stepped onto the wooden block.

"Item number seven on tonight's agenda—Alicia, newly trained companion to Mr. Maverick Devonshire."

This brought a few oohs and aahs from the audience.

"As you can see," he continued, "not only is she quite beautiful, but look at all this lovely hair." He turned her around and lifted her braid.

"I want to see it unbound," a voice from the crowd shouted.

"Certainly," the auctioneer agreed.

Within moments, her hair was freely flowing about her shoulders, the curling ends touching her lower back.

The bids continued to rise. Alicia was amazed at the amount. Apparently though, the auctioneer was not quite satisfied with the amount. He slowly began to turn her around and unwrap her toga until she stood naked and shivering on the bare wooden block. More appreciative comments came from the audience, and the bidding continued.

Despite the bright lights, she could see Mr. Devonshire standing at a distance. His arms were crossed, but he smiled encouragingly at her. Seeing this, Alicia felt a surge of confidence. She lifted her chin, carefully kept her eyes lowered and stood a bit straighter. She brought in the highest bid of the evening.

Once her auction ended, she walked back into the waiting room where her temporary 'master' waited. To her relief, Mr. Devonshire was also there.

"Alicia, let me introduce Spiro to you. He has been a friend of mine for years. I couldn't be happier that he has won your services," he stated. "You will, I have no doubt, make me proud. Go with him now. I will come to pick you up tomorrow evening."

Alicia was terrified. Neither Maverick nor Spiro allowed her to put on clothing. Spiro simply slipped a cape around her shoulders, and she walked barefoot to his car. Worse than being naked though were her uncertainties. How would she know how to please him? What if she didn't, would both he and Mr. Devonshire be disappointed in her? If she didn't perform well, would Mr. Devonshire want to end her contract? She began to breathe heavily and felt tears pushing against the backs of her eyes. She trembled during the short drive to the hotel where Spiro had booked a suite.

Still without speaking, Spiro parked the car, walked around to the passenger door, opened it and offered his hand to Alicia. Finally she looked up at him as she placed her hand in his. His hair was clipped very short, almost military style. Staring into his green eyes, Alicia saw both strength and kindness. She stepped out of the car and meekly followed him through the lobby, into the elevator and up to the top floor. Walking behind him the short distance to his suite, Alicia could not fail to notice how smoothly the five-foot-ten man walked. His broad shoulders spoke of muscular strength. She let out a small breath, staring appreciatively at his well-trimmed form.

Once inside the suite, Spiro wasted no time. Alicia had barely stepped onto the thick carpet when he whisked the cape from her shoulders. She jumped slightly in surprise but

still remained silent. She knew this was a test from Mr. Devonshire and, despite her fear, she desperately wanted to please him.

"You will remain naked while in this room," Spiro's deep voice commanded.

Realising he had not asked a question, Alicia did not answer but simply nodded.

"I see Maverick has trained you not to speak unless questioned. That's good, but you may speak freely to me," Spiro said softly. Then he added with a slight laugh, "You look absolutely petrified. I promise, Alicia, I won't bite."

Hearing his softened voice and remembering the kindness in his eyes, Alicia relaxed slightly. Not sure what to say, she remained silent.

Spiro walked to her and gently began to rub her arms. "Do you know why I bid on you?" he asked.

"No, I don't, sir," she responded.

"Ah, you can speak," he whispered as he stepped away and began to undress himself. "It is because you looked so vulnerable. Do you know whom I was bidding against?"

"No, I didn't know anyone there. At least I don't think I did. I'm not sure really." She blushed again as she realised she was once more babbling.

Spiro grinned and shook his head slightly. "Yes, it's a good thing I did win you. I was bidding against Mistress Monica."

Alicia had never heard of this person.

"She, my dear," Spiro continued conversationally, "has a nasty habit of ignoring a safe word and whipping her companions so severely that they actually bleed."

"Oh my," Alicia responded.

"Indeed. Maverick and I have been friends for some time now. We have an unspoken agreement whenever one of these auctions comes around. If Monica is bidding for one of our companions, the other man will outbid her," he explained.

"In that case, I am certainly grateful – ah, what should I call you?" she asked.

"Spiro is fine. And yes, you should be grateful, not only to me but also to Maverick."

Alicia was finding it more and more difficult to concentrate on Spiro's words. He now stood completely naked before her. His smooth skin rippled with toned, well-defined

muscles. This was a man who obviously worked out often. When she had first entered the suite, she had trembled in fear. Now she began to tremble in anticipation. Still, a man with that much strength would surely have a firm hand. This realisation brought a renewed fear, but Alicia could also feel the gathering dampness within her body.

"Come," he said. "Sit in this chair. I want to brush your hair."

Alicia smiled and sat in the hard, straight-backed ladder chair he indicated. Spiro walked to the dresser and opened the top drawer. He held a silver-backed natural bristle brush in one hand. Alicia wondered at the devious smile spreading across his face as he moved a second chair behind her and began to brush her long tresses. The soothing rhythm of the strokes and his following hand eased all residual tension from her body. He continued to brush until Alicia was completely relaxed.

"Now," he spoke softly, "shall I remind you of your misbehaviours? Maverick graciously provided me with a list from earlier this evening, and I couldn't help but notice other lapses."

Alicia's eyes snapped open and she sat a little straighter.

"Yes, sir. Please tell me," she humbly answered.

"First, you questioned your Master, but he has already reprimanded you for that, although personally I think he's far too easy on you." Spiro continued to brush her hair soothingly. "Then you let your eyes wander when you first came into the club. You hesitated when I told you to get into the car."

Alicia again closed her eyes as she felt her excitement build. All he said was true.

"You again let your eyes wander when we entered the hotel. A well trained companion trusts her Dom completely, yet you were hesitant. When I removed the cape, you clutched at it. Oh, it was a brief lapse, I know, but still, you resisted."

Alicia's breathing increased and she bowed her head slightly.

"I am not nearly as brutal as Monica, and I will always respect the safe word. But I am also not as lenient as Maverick." He stopped brushing her hair. "Stand up, replace the chair and lie across my lap."

Alicia hesitated.

"Now!" he shouted.

Alicia jumped up and did as commanded. Lying across his lap, she revelled in the feel of his hard thigh muscles against her soft belly. Spiro placed one hand firmly in the centre of her back, her head and feet dangling close to the floor.

"You will not shout out. To do so will negate that swat and I will have to repeat it. You may moan or cry, but I will not tolerate loud outbursts. Understood?"

"Yes, I understand," she said. *Oh God! Can I do this?*

Alicia bit the inside of her cheek to keep from shrieking as he struck her. Spiro had used the back of the brush to deliver the spankings. He did indeed use a heavy hand.

"Nicely done," he complimented. "Keep it up, and we'll be finished here in no time."

Spiro continued to spank her sore arse, delivering blow after blow. Twice Alicia cried out. Spiro paused momentarily each time and then proceeded. After an incredibly long time, he finally stopped.

"There. That should do for now. Go stand in the corner. Put your nose in the corner and do not, under any circumstances, move," he stated.

Alicia wiped the tears from her eyes as she did as she'd been told. Her behind burned and she longed to rub it but dared not. Standing in the corner sniffing, she had never felt so humiliated. She knew her rear had to be a brilliant red but she also knew that her pussy quivered with moisture. She heard ice clinking in a glass and Spiro walking about. A moment later, the easy strains of Debussy filled the room and Alicia wondered how long she would be required to stand in the corner. She heard a door open and water run. Apparently Spiro was taking a shower. Knowing he was not watching her, Alicia knew she could safely rub her aching bottom. She began to reach around but then thought better of it. Whether he was physically present or not, she had been told not to move. A good companion always followed orders. She blushed, knowing she had just disobeyed again, but was pleased with herself for stopping before exacerbating the misdeed by touching herself. The sound of the running water, though, brought on its own torture. She desperately needed to pee.

Think of something else, she told herself sternly, *he'll be finished soon and then you can ask him for permission.* As time passed, however, she began to squirm a bit as the pressure in her bladder increased. Finally the water turned off, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

When she heard Spiro's footsteps close behind her, she gathered her courage and asked, "Please, Spiro. I need to use the bathroom."

"I imagine you do. Here's the thing, though," he said as he ran a hand over her still warm arse. "For every privilege I give you, you must pay a price. Are you willing to pay?"

"Yes," she answered unhesitatingly. If he didn't allow her to go soon, she was likely to dribble right there in the corner.

"Anything?" he persisted.

"Yes, please, anything," she was desperate.

"Did you move?"

Alicia hesitated only slightly. "Yes, I did. I'm sorry, but I wanted to rub my behind."

"Did you?"

"No, I didn't," she admitted, trying not to cross her legs in an effort to stem the coming flood. "I moved my hands and then stopped myself. I've also been wiggling just now since I have to go so badly."

For a moment, Spiro said nothing. Then he walked away. *Oh Lord!* How could she stand much more?

"Turn around," he commanded.

Alicia did so.

"Do not remove these." Spiro clipped a clothespin on the side of each of her labia.

"Oh!" Alicia cried at the unexpected pain.

"Go," he directed, slapping her arse once as she ran to the bathroom.

She barely made it to the toilet before her bladder opened. The pain of the full bladder, however, had been replaced by the fire radiating from her nether lips. Carefully wiping herself, Alicia's eyes and pussy both watered at this new sensation. When she finished, she slowly returned to the main room of the suite.

"Now, that wasn't so bad, was it?" Spiro asked.

"No, sir," she lied.

Spiro laughed. "In that case, you're really going to enjoy this."

Alicia could not contain her cry of pain as he removed the pins.

"Greet me," he commanded.

Thanks to Mr. Devonshire's training, Alicia instinctively knelt before him and took his manhood into her mouth. He was smaller than Maverick but thicker, and in an embarrassingly short time her jaw began to ache. She willed herself to relax. Somehow she knew her punishment would be quite severe if she did not perform this simple task to his liking. She cupped his balls in her hand, gently massaging them. Spiro groaned. Trying to relieve some of the pressure on her jaws, Alicia concentrated on the tip of his penis, quickly flicking her tongue over it then drawing just the head into her mouth and sucking. Spiro dropped his hand to her head. She expected him to push her down onto his staff, but he seemed content simply to rest his hand. She stole a glance up at him, but his head was thrown back. Apparently she was pleasing him. Gaining a degree of confidence, Alicia continued to lick and suck on Spiro's tasty staff.

"Stand," he said softly.

Regretfully, Alicia did so. Once she had relaxed, the aching had ceased and she had begun to enjoy the greeting. Spiro held her hand and guided her to the bed.

"Lie on your back," he commanded.

Alicia did so, smiling up at him.

"Think you're going to get fucked, do you? I bet you're nice and wet by now." He tested his theory by inserting two fingers inside of her.

Alicia arched her back, welcoming the fullness.

"Yes, you certainly are wet." He worked several fingers into her tunnel. Alicia squirmed with delight.

"Let's review," he said cryptically. "You've been properly spanked with the brush. You've been humiliated in the corner. You've been tortured with a full bladder and pinched pussy lips."

Alicia moaned throughout his recitation, concentrating mainly on his internal manipulations.

"As I would have expected, Maverick has taught you a proper greeting which, by the way, you performed with grace. Your pussy is drenched, so you have obviously enjoyed

yourself so far." He continued to probe her honey pot, bringing her to the brink of orgasm. "But what, my dear, have you done for me?" He yanked his hand from her.

Alicia gasped in shock and shame. What he said was true. Aside from a greeting, she had given him nothing.

"You did not think I would allow you to come so quickly, did you?" he asked.

"No-o-o-o," she hesitantly answered. "How can I serve you?"

Spiro smiled. "Anoint me."

"How?" she asked.

"Go into the bathroom and bring back the bottle of oil on the counter. You will work that into my skin, beginning with my feet," he instructed.

Alicia nodded and scrambled off the bed to do his bidding. When she returned, Spiro stood in the middle of the room. Alicia stared at the beauty of his body before kneeling before his feet. Impulsively, she kissed and licked them before liberally applying the oil which emitted a slight scent of sandalwood.

"Ahh, that's good," Spiro moaned.

Continuing this pattern, Alicia worked her way up both legs, front and back. When she finally reached his penis, she hesitated.

"Go on," he encouraged.

Obedying his directive, she kissed and licked the length of his rod, following with her oil-slicked hands. Persistently she worked her way up his torso, marvelling at the six pack of his stomach. Even his back rippled with defined muscles. *The man could have been a model for Adonis*, she thought as she applied the last of the oil to his thick, hard neck.

"Excellent," Spiro complimented. "Now place your hands on the bed and bend over. I want to see if your arse is still red." He ran a hand over her now cooled bottom. "What a shame. The redness has faded, no lingering warmth. Luckily I have never believed in spanking simply for disciplinary reasons. Now, my dear, I am going to whip you simply for my own pleasure. When I enter you, I want your skin to be as warm or warmer than your tunnel – no matter which tunnel I choose to explore."

Already throbbing with excitement after having massaged every inch of the man's body, Alicia whimpered with anticipation.

"Elbows on the bed. I want your bottom further in the air," Spiro directed.

Alicia bent even further, her arse pointed upwards, her lips spread, exposing both her arse and love holes. She heard him walk about the room and then the snap of leather.

"I've always found that a taste of leather leaves a bottom quite tenderised," he commented. "Remember, no howling. If you do, I'll start over. If it continues, I'll gag you."

Without preamble, Spiro slapped her arse with the leather belt. Over and over again he worked a pattern on her still tender behind. Alicia laid her head on the mattress, unwittingly raising her arse even higher. Once the leather kissed her love opening and, not only did she cry out, she stood up. Not wasting a move, Spiro shoved her back into position and continued lashing her arse.

The pain continued to grow. Alicia gnawed her cheeks and squeezed her eyes shut. Still, tears flowed down her face. On the second swipe to her delicate inner folds, she could stand no more and shouted, "Enough."

The silence that followed was deafening.

"I'm sorry," she babbled, assuming her position once more. "Maybe I can go on in a few minutes, but please, I need a break. I can't take any more swats right now. I..."

"Shhhh," Spiro soothed, gently running his hand over her back. "You've stated the safe word. You need not explain or negotiate. I, as any true dominant, will always respect that word. You've done very well."

Despite the blinding fire radiating from her arse and thighs, Alicia felt a surge of pride.

"I have a surprise for you," he hinted.

Alicia felt a coolness enter her anus and knew he was applying lubrication. Next, something small and hard rolled inside of her. Again a hard ball entered her rectum, but this time slightly larger. In all, Alicia felt eight balls fill her, the last one quite large. By that point, her lonely, empty pussy dripped with honey.

Spiro stood directly behind her and grasped her hips. "Ah yes," he moaned. "No discernable temperature change." The tip of his manhood pushed into her vagina and he paused.

Alicia wiggled and squirmed, but he refused to thrust. Instead, the last and largest bead popped out of her anus.

“Oh!” she gasped and started to shake. Already the colours in the room were beginning to morph into the colours of her mind. She heard Spiro laugh slightly, and then he thrust himself into her core, yanking all the beads from her body. Colour exploded as Alicia screamed out her orgasm. Spiro continued to pump into her until he dug his fingers into her hips.

“That’s it, little Alicia, keep going,” he encouraged, reaching around to tweak her nipples.

“Oh God,” she cried out, letting wave after wave of pure pleasure wash over her. Vaguely, she became aware of Spiro’s ragged breath and heard a deep growl as he spilled his essence into her willing body. Alicia smiled, knowing that she had brought Spiro the fullest measure of pleasure.

* * * *

The next morning, Alicia woke up next to Spiro, a strong arm thrown across her chest, pinning her to the bed. At first she was startled but then, remembering the events of the night before and hearing the soft snores of the sleeping man, she snuggled against him and smiled. Her arse, still warm from her last spanking, reminded her of her performance. Despite the lingering soreness, she felt nothing but pride.

“Ummm, you smell good,” Spiro groggily whispered. “But what’s that growling?”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” she said, blushing, “that would be my stomach.”

He opened one eye and grinned. “Then we’d best do something about that.” He rolled over and reached for the phone. “Why don’t you go take a quick shower while I phone for some breakfast? Don’t take too long. I want you back here in five minutes.” He dispelled the sternness of his words with a kiss to her forehead.

“By the way,” he called as she scrambled from the bed. “Your behind looks glorious. Check it out in the mirror.”

After closing the door to the bathroom, she did as he suggested. *Oh my!* Her behind certainly was glorious. The redness lingered, showing the perfect striping, though only a slight tenderness remained. While Mr. Devonshire's caning had left markings, she had never experienced such a widespread pattern. Running her hands over her rear, she shook her head. Who would have thought that such a thing could be so exciting? Snapping back to the present, she quickly showered and towelled off, making it back into the main room of the suite within the allotted time.

"Ah, there you are," Spiro said. "Just in time, as well. I'm going to shower now and you, my beauty, will answer the door when room service arrives."

"But," she began, already fearing the answer, "I'm naked. Might I put a robe on?"

In answer, Spiro simply laughed and patted her bottom.

Oh, Lord, what on earth will the server think? Then again, why do I care? Sure, this is a bit embarrassing, but if this is what he wants, well, isn't that why I'm here?

Alicia nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard the knock on the door.

"Room service."

"Ah, coming," she responded brightly.

Slowly she advanced towards the door. Could she open it and then hide behind it? *Nope, not enough room.* Well, nothing to do but gather what courage she had and do what needed to be done. Taking one last, deep breath, she opened the door.

"Right," the young man stated. "I'll just set this up on the table." He pushed in the cart, barely glancing at Alicia. Unsure of what to do, she simply closed the door and stood silently, hoping Spiro would finish his shower and come out of the bathroom. Hearing the water turn off, she glanced towards the closed door. Unfortunately, Spiro did not reappear.

"Will that be all?" the server asked.

"Ah...yes, I think so," she whispered.

"Then might I wish you a good morning, miss, and ask you to turn about so I might see your bottom?"

Alicia's mouth dropped open. Could he be serious? To her shock, before she completed this thought, she had turned to face the wall and was, indeed, showing him her abused rear end.

"Ah! So Spiro used the belt, did he? You should feel proud of yourself, miss. He doesn't usually leave such beautiful markings. I'll be on my way, then. Good day."

Alicia blushed furiously, still facing the wall, as she heard him leave the suite and close the door softly behind him.

"Excellent behaviour, Alicia," Spiro complimented. "I think you truly have a companion's temperament. Come. Sit. Enjoy your breakfast."

Alicia gratefully sat at the table and did just that. The food was lovely. Fruit with yogurt, muffins, eggs Benedict, ham, juice, coffee, cream. A year ago, Alicia could not have imagined sitting completely naked across an elegant table from an equally elegantly dressed stranger, enjoying a gourmet breakfast. Her arse was still quite tender, so sitting was a bit of a challenge, but also a pleasure, she quickly realised.

"Well," Spiro began, touching the linen napkin to his lips, "I need to be off for a few hours."

"What?" Alicia squeaked, more than a little startled.

"No need to concern yourself. I'll leave you well cared for and be back around two or so. If you've behaved, I'll have a treat for you. If not, well, perhaps a bit more leather might be called for."

"Oh," she stammered. "Okay." What was she to do all morning and afternoon?

"Right. Go stand in the centre of the room and bend over. Go on now," he directed.

Remembering the bite of his belt, Alicia hurried to do as she had been told, bending over and placing her hands on the floor.

"You will," he said, "not fiddle with or touch yourself."

She felt the cold lubrication again enter her anus. One finger worked itself inside of her. She closed her eyes, fully enjoying the sensation.

"You will not leave the chair except to relieve yourself."

His finger came out and she felt a sense of loss.

"You will relieve yourself only once in my absence."

Something cold and hard pressed against her rear opening and she opened her eyes in anticipation.

"You will sit with your feet on the floor and back straight against the chair."

She moaned in shock and surprise, feeling as if her body were being torn in half as Spiro shoved something large and hard deep into her arse. Bracing her hands on the thick carpet, she barely stopped herself from tumbling to the floor.

"That's it, beauty." Spiro led her to the chair and sat her down, forcing the plug deeper into her anus. He kissed the top of her head. "The phone is within reach if you need anything. My number and that of our server is on the table as well. He is, as I'm sure you have deduced, quite familiar with my needs."

Alicia watched, her mouth open in shock, as Spiro gracefully walked to the door.

"You will not disappointment me," he warned, firmly shutting the door behind him.

Fabulous, Alicia thought. Now what do I do? I just sit here. I can't even turn on the radio or television. God this plug is big. It hurts less now. Maybe my muscles are getting more used to it. I hope I please him. I hope I represented Mr. Devonshire well. I'm babbling. I can't believe I'm babbling inside my own head. Holy shit! I'm really losing it! This is stupid. Okay. Take a breath. Review. What have I done well?

First off, I've obeyed. Maybe not quickly enough, but I've obeyed and I've enjoyed it as well.

Second, I've taken a stern reprimand and used the safe word only once. I couldn't have done that a few months ago.

Third, my body seems to please Spiro and that pleases me.

All in all, Alicia felt quite proud of her accomplishments. And, truth be told, the plug in her arse was beginning to feel quite comfortable, erotic even. Careful not to rise from the chair, she wiggled a bit. The pressure shifted on the plug, and she moaned. Without thinking, she raised a hand and ran her fingers over her breasts. Her nipples had always been sensitive and, combined with the pressure in her arse, she began to tremble. Suddenly she remembered Spiro's order and dropped her hand. Her head snapped up as she heard the door to the suite open.

"Haven't been naughty, have you?" Spiro asked.

"I...ah...I thought you would be gone until around two," she stalled.

"But it is almost two, my dear," he said suspiciously. "And you have not answered my question."

Alicia hung her head. "I touched my breasts," she admitted.

"Why?"

"Because the plug felt so good that I forgot about your order," she whispered.

Spiro said nothing for a while. He simply walked to the wet bar and poured himself a drink. Alicia felt her eyes water as she awaited his decision.

"You understand you will be punished," he began.

"Yes, sir."

Again he said nothing but simply sipped his drink and gazed out the window. Nearly an hour passed before he spoke again.

"Stand up, Alicia," he commanded.

Grateful to hear his voice, Alicia practically leapt out of the chair to obey.

"Bend over."

Without hesitation, she complied. Would he spank her again? Fuck her? It didn't really matter as long as she served him and received her just consequence. She felt him grasp the plug and twist. Alicia moaned at this new sensation. He slowly turned the device around and around until her pussy was drenched and her thighs trembled. Suddenly he yanked the hard silicone from her body. Alicia cried out, both in pain and loss. She craved fulfilment, which Spiro would deny her.

"Feeling empty?" he asked as he stepped in front of her.

"Yes," she mumbled.

"Good. I had intended to fuck you, both your arse and your pussy. But since you sought to pleasure yourself, you will suffer the consequence of frustration." He took a step back and Alicia cried softly.

"Stand up, now," he continued. "Don't sniffle. You know this is deserved, don't you?" He held her face gently in his hands.

"Yes, I do. Thank you, Spiro," she replied.

He kissed her. "You are very welcome. Next time you will remember a command. Now it is time for us to go."

Alicia wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and looked at him questioningly.

Spiro simply laughed and draped the cloak about her shoulders. He also pointed to a bag on the bed. Alicia smiled as she opened it—shoes! Beautiful golden sandals with long laces fashioned in a Grecian style.

"Oh! These are lovely," she squealed with delight.

"I thought you might like them. Now don't waste time. Put them on, and we'll be on our way."

Despite her unease at leaving the hotel wearing only a cloak and shoes with a man she barely knew, Alicia smiled bravely. Remembering her wandering glances of the night before, she was careful to keep her eyes downcast slightly as they left the suite, entered the elevator and walked through the lobby on their way to the car.

Apparently Spiro noticed because he ran his hand down her hair and said, "You learn quickly."

Alicia warmed with pride.

They said nothing during the ride to the unknown destination, but when he was not shifting gears, his hand was between her thighs keeping her wet the entire time. Presently Spiro pulled up in front of a small, elegant restaurant. A valet opened her door and offered his hand to help her out of the car. Glancing first at Spiro, who nodded approval, Alicia placed her hand in the young man's. When she did so, her cape gaped open, and he received a full view of her naked body. Embarrassed, Alicia quickly clasped the cape together and blushed.

"Leave it," Spiro directed.

Alicia hesitated for a moment but released the edges of the garment. She waited on the kerb for Spiro to come beside her and hand the keys to the valet. When she looked up at him, his eyes were hard.

"Henry, would you like to see more of this companion?" he asked the young man.

"Why yes, Spiro, I would," he answered with a sly grin creeping over his face.

Spiro opened her cloak, allowing Henry a full, unobstructed view of her nudity. Alicia could feel the heat of the blush on her cheeks spread down her neck. She also felt her labia tingle with excitement.

"Thank you, sir. I'll see to your car."

Closing her cloak, Spiro grasped Alicia's elbow and escorted her into the darkened building. The room was, in fact, so dark that she could barely see. Spiro did not seem to have that problem as he confidently strode to a booth in the back.

"Remove your cloak," he directed, "and hang it on the hook next to the booth."

Alicia gasped. Did he really intend for her to be naked in a public building?

"I'm waiting."

Biting her lips, Alicia did as she had been bid. She desperately wanted to look about the room to see if anyone was staring at her but dared not.

"Be seated, my dear," he directed.

Alicia gratefully slid into the booth. Spiro also slid onto the bench across from her and then reached up to pull a golden cord. Alicia's eyes widened as a heavy velvet curtain closed, effectively ensuring their privacy. Once it glided over the opening, Spiro flipped a switch on the wall, activating a small light above the table.

"You must learn to trust your Master, even a temporary Master," he instructed. "This is a very special restaurant primarily frequented by like-minded people. The curtain ensures privacy, but the light signals the wait staff."

Alicia sighed with relief. Spiro was right. She did need to trust Mr. Devonshire and his friends more. Looking back on the last few hours, she understood that nothing had happened to her that she hadn't enjoyed. She felt the tension in her shoulders evaporate.

"Right. I imagine you're quite famished by now. I will order for you. You, my beauty, will not speak unless spoken to and you will, naturally, obey any command given to you. Understood?" he asked, raising one eyebrow.

"Understood," she replied.

Within a few minutes, a waitress opened the curtain and presented them with glasses of white wine. Alicia's mouth dropped open as she gazed at the beautiful woman. She was

dressed in a traditional French maid's outfit—complete with fishnet hose, hairpiece and apron. Alicia also saw Spiro's hand dive beneath the girl's skirt to caress her bottom.

"What can I get for you, Spiro?" the waitress asked.

"We will have the special, Georgina. Silk?"

"Yes, sir," she responded. "Rental?" she asked, nodding towards Alicia.

Alicia started to open her mouth to protest but remembered Spiro's directives.

"Now don't be catty. She belongs to Maverick, and I was lucky enough to win her last night at the auction," he explained.

"Lucky girl. Nice tits too," she responded before closing the curtain.

Alicia silently steamed.

"Georgina was once my companion but decided to branch out on her own," Spiro explained. "She is known for spurts of jealousy and a biting tongue. This position suits her much better. Since the staff here is independent, she basically works for herself. But because of the clientele, if she gets out of hand she can also enjoy a good spanking or public humiliation." He daintily sipped his wine before continuing. "You did a nice job of ignoring her barb. Still, I do believe she's missing my touch."

Alicia again began to respond but stopped herself. Spiro had not asked her a question. Noting her behaviour, Spiro laughed and lifted his glass in toast.

"Enjoy the wine. Our first course should be ready soon."

True enough, Georgina arrived minutes later with a steaming bowl of potato soup. This was followed by a warm spinach salad, poached salmon and mashed vegetables. Throughout the meal, Spiro remained silent, so Alicia had no choice but to follow suit. Luckily the food was quite good, but she felt that the addition of some hard cheese and garlic would improve the flavour of the mashed cauliflower. By the time the tea arrived with a light dessert of mixed fruit, Alicia had practically forgotten her nudity. When the curtain unexpectedly opened, she jumped.

"Enjoying yourself?"

"Maverick!" Spiro stood and shook hands with Mr. Devonshire. "We're just finishing up, so your timing is perfect. Sit."

Maverick slid next to Alicia, casually draping an arm about her shoulders and dropping a kiss on her head. Alicia glowed with happiness when he reached his hand down and began tweaking her nipple.

"I'm a bit early, but traffic was much lighter than I expected," he explained.

The two men discussed a variety of subjects, but Alicia sat silent, enjoying Maverick's gentle tweaks and touches. When his hand crept between her thighs and a finger dipped into her slit, she tipped her head back and sighed.

"And has my companion pleased you?" he asked.

Alicia held her breath. Had she?

"Quite," Spiro assured him.

Alicia could breathe again.

"If she can gain some confidence in herself, I think she'll be one of the best companions you've ever had."

"I agree completely," Maverick answered. "Alicia, I've brought you a dress. Why don't you slip it on, and then we'll leave. You must be tired."

Alicia nodded happily as she donned the dress.

"I believe I have a former companion to deal with. If you'll excuse me," Spiro said with a wicked grin. "Alicia, it's been a pleasure." He leant over the table to kiss her before opening the curtain and shouting, "Georgina! Come here!"

"You've pleased me greatly," Mr. Devonshire complimented her. "Come. I'm going to take you home now, but I'll be in touch soon. Be ready for my call."

Chapter Five

Birthday Cake (a.k.a. Lord Baltimore Cake)

Cake

Grease and flour 2 8" layer pans

Sift together: 2 cups cake flour

1 1/3 cups sugar

3 teaspoons baking powder

1 teaspoon salt

Add: 1/3 cup softened butter

2/3 cup heavy cream

1/2 teaspoon lemon flavouring

1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Rind of one lemon

Beat together for 2 minutes.

Add: another 1/3 cup of cream

4 egg yolks, unbeaten

Beat at medium speed another 2 minutes.

Pour into prepared pans and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for 30 to 35 minutes.

Pink Frosting:

Boil at 242 degrees Fahrenheit (or until mixture forms a thin thread)

1 1/2 cups sugar

1/3 cup water

1/3 cup maraschino cherry juice

1 teaspoon light corn syrup

Beat 2 egg whites stiff. Pouring slowly, add hot mixture.

Add: 1/2 teaspoon lemon flavouring

Continue beating until mixture is fluffy and holds its shape.

Filling:

Into 1/3 of Pink Frosting from above, mix roughly 1/4 cup each (according to individual taste)
macaroon crumbs

chopped and toasted pecans and almonds

toasted maraschino cherries, chopped.

Once cake has cooled, spread Filling over one layer. Top with second layer. Cover sides and top with Frosting.

True to his word, Maverick never interfered with Alicia's professional responsibilities. A few days after the auction, he had called 'requesting' her presence, but she had been at a

crucial stage in preparing a special birthday meal for a client. The cake was a bit tricky, so she had not been able to accommodate him. She had worried that Maverick would be disappointed, possibly even angry with her for being unavailable, but he had graciously suggested a more convenient time. While she had received a 'consequence' of twenty swats with the leather paddle for being three minutes late in arriving at his home, Maverick had not been disappointed in the least by her prior commitment.

Alicia smiled as she touched up her lipstick before entering Maverick's home. A week after the auction, Maverick had instructed her to dress with special care for a special evening—a black, strapless corset, stockings, heels—and nothing else. Mr. Devonshire had graciously allowed her to wrap a sarong around her waist before leaving the security of the car, however she had not been allowed to wear it in the car nor once she entered the house. Due to the strapless top, she had still garnered quite a few intrigued stares as she had driven the distance to his home. Mr. Devonshire had also stated that she could bring with her a small overnight bag containing lower heels and a dress. But, he had warned, under no circumstances could she pack undergarments of any kind.

Unable to control herself, Alicia wriggled with anticipation. If Maverick was allowing her to bring an overnight bag, then that must mean he meant her to stay the night. If he meant her to stay the night, then that might just mean he planned to use her for an extended time since it was barely three o'clock in the afternoon now—the time when she had been instructed to arrive. Maverick had also hinted that a 'surprise' would be awaiting her.

Alicia knew Maverick had other companions, but despite being loaned to a friend of his once, she had never enjoyed the opportunity of meeting another of his companions. She supposed that while some people might feel jealousy at this prospect, she felt only curiosity and nervousness. It made perfect sense to her that Mr. Devonshire's needs would be wide and varied. Therefore if he wanted to engage the services of other companions, that was fine with her. As long as he was happy, she was happy. Besides, perhaps she could learn from another companion. She felt that certain areas of her performance could use improvement, and some tips from another woman might be helpful. For example, despite some basic anal training, she still had difficulty accepting Mr. Devonshire into her arsehole. Maybe she needed a different enema routine or perhaps she just needed to relax her muscles more.

Alicia ran her braid through her hand, making sure it was neat and tidy, then opened the door to Mr. Devonshire's home. Once inside, she immediately went to the playroom, placed her bag in the closet, knelt facing the door and placed her forehead on the floor, her hands palm down on either side of her head. She concentrated on her breathing, centring her mind. Within a few moments, the stress of the outside world left her and she contentedly awaited his arrival.

When Mr. Devonshire finally opened the door, she nearly jumped with surprise. Knowing his expectations, however, she remained motionless. Sometimes he walked to a chair or poured himself a glass of whiskey before commanding her to greet him. Other times he expected an immediate greeting. Whatever his desire, Alicia knew enough to await his pleasure before moving so much as an eyelash. Once, she had risen to her knees before his command and had suffered the consequences. After being tied to the centre pole with her hands above her head, Mr. Devonshire had forced her to watch him masturbate until he sprayed his seed over her body. The torment of seeing him but being unable to touch him in any manner had reduced her to begging for his forgiveness. Only after she tearfully and sincerely begged had he finally released her from bondage and allowed her to greet him. Therefore, when she heard the soft pad of a second pair of footsteps, she was not even tempted to peek, despite her natural curiosity.

"Greet me," Maverick commanded.

Alicia raised herself to a kneeling position and immediately released him from his trousers. Without preamble she took his manhood into her mouth, sucking her greeting and cradling his warm balls in her hands. She could not contain a soft moan of pleasure at the taste of his skin. While she took pride in her service to Mr. Devonshire, she took pleasure in her greeting. When she felt his hand on her head gently pushing her away, she almost, but not quite, leaned against him in protest. She had learned to control herself a few weeks prior when she had grasped his arse, desperate for him to allow her to continue her service. As a punishment she was caned, whipped and, most devastating of all, denied the pleasure of him inside of her for a full week. She had learned her lesson well.

"Stand," Maverick said as he held out his hand to assist her.

It never ceased to amaze Alicia how a man so demanding in his service requirements was also, without fail, a gentleman.

“Alicia, I want you to meet another of my companions,” he said. “This is Megan. Alicia has been with me for only a few months, Megan, so she is still a novice, but a very adept one. Show her a proper greeting.”

Alicia wasn't quite sure what to expect as she gazed at the lovely woman standing before her. Megan's short blonde hair fringed her pixie-like face. Despite her small, angular features, Megan topped Alicia's height by a good three inches. She also wore heels, stockings and a corset, but while Alicia's ensemble was black, Megan's was a pure, virginal white. While Megan hurried to comply with Maverick's command, Alicia noticed a tiny flicker in her eyes. Was that resentment she saw before the blonde dropped her gaze?

Unsure of how to react, Alicia stood still as Megan wrapped her arms around her and kissed her full on the lips.

“You should return the greeting,” Maverick encouraged.

Alicia reached around Megan, returning the hug and kiss, offering a small welcoming smile. Alicia felt herself blush as she realised how her body was reacting to the softness of the other woman.

“I felt it was time the two of you met. Alicia, I have honoured you by sharing you with one of my male friends. Now it is time you learn to ‘expand’, shall we say. Tonight you will learn the pleasure of teamwork. You will both service me. I will require a bath and a massage. Megan has a gift for both therapeutic and sensual massage. You will assist her. You will each work together—in harmony and silence. Any mistakes will have consequences. It matters not who makes the mistake or who receives the consequence since you are both equally responsible for my pleasure. Do you have any questions?” Maverick asked as he began to undress himself.

With a quick glance in Megan's direction, Alicia frowned in confusion. A shiver of apprehension wove its way through her as she noticed Megan's slightly contemptuous look.

“No, Mr. Devonshire,” Megan replied. “You will receive all the pleasure you desire and deserve.”

Maverick simply raised his eyebrows as Alicia took the initiative and began to fill the tub with warm water. Megan hurried to add soothing bath salts. When the tub was filled, Alicia turned off the water and knelt before Maverick, silently beseeching him to relax in the fragrant water. Maverick brushed a hand over her head and eased himself into the tub.

Megan walked over to the wet bar and filled a glass with whiskey. After delivering it to Maverick, she removed her heels and sat on the tub behind him, allowing her stocking-covered legs to soak in the water. Gently she began kneading his shoulders. Alicia, not sure of her place, simply knelt before the tub and observed the other woman's movements, trying to gage the expression on Maverick's face. She noticed that Megan kept at least one hand on his shoulders, neck or head at all times. Her movements were strong and steady but also slow and sensuous. Within a few moments, Maverick leaned his head back to rest in her lap.

Feeling that three would crowd the bath too much, Alicia chose to prepare for Maverick's exodus from the water. She stood and placed two bottles of sandalwood scented oil on the end tables flanking the bed. Next, she placed a large towel on the polished floor so Megan could dry herself. She also gathered a large, fluffy towel in her arms and stood awaiting further instruction. A few minutes later, Maverick opened his eyes and smiled at her. Alicia blushed with pleasure and returned the smile.

When Maverick stood, Alicia went to work drying him. She gently rubbed the towel over his muscular body, beginning with his shoulders and chest, working her way down his torso, his back. She bit back a sigh of pleasure, staring in abject appreciation of the man's body. He was not exactly 'ripped', but he certainly was in shape. She lingered slightly over his well toned buttocks, caressing as well as drying the taut skin. She knelt, allowing the towel to absorb the moisture on his thighs, his calves. When she got to his feet, inspiration struck. He had once said that he wanted her to take the initiative once she learned what pleased him. She laid the towel beside her, ignored the pricking of the tight corset against her ribs, and bent over his feet, licking off the remaining droplets of water. When she finished, she remained in a kneeling position and placed her forehead on the floor before him, pleased with her performance.

Maverick must have also been pleased, for he reached down and raised her chin so she was able to look at him.

“Good girl,” he said. “Stand.”

Alicia did so, remaining silent. She glanced at Megan who had availed herself of the towel and now stood with head bowed, again wearing her heels. She must have sensed Alicia’s gaze because she raised her head and glared at Alicia from the corner of her eyes. Alicia frowned. Why should Megan glare at her? What had she done? They were both companions, both there to serve Mr. Devonshire. Unfortunately, this digression of thought caused Alicia to miss Maverick’s movement towards the bed.

“Alicia,” he said sharply.

She jumped and blushed in embarrassment. Again, she caught Megan’s smirk at this reprimand and wondered at it.

Maverick lay face down on the bed as the two girls took positions on either side of him. They each reached for a bottle of oil, poured a small amount in their hands and began to work the scented oil into Maverick’s warmed skin. Beginning with his neck and shoulders, they worked their way down his body, ending with his feet. At this point, he flipped over onto his back and they began the journey upwards. This time, however, Megan grasped his penis in her mouth and began to slowly suck as Alicia massaged his muscles. Alicia was impressed by Megan’s ability to suck on him, knowing first hand that the diameter of his manhood often caused her jaws to ache. A few minutes later, Megan raised herself from Maverick’s staff, gasping for air. Alicia, not wanting Maverick to be deprived of his pleasure, swooped in. She closed her eyes as she tasted Megan’s lip gloss and Maverick’s flesh. Within seconds, she felt a shift on the bed as Megan took over the massage. She squirmed joyfully when she felt Maverick’s hand on her head, playing with her hair. When he pushed gently on her forehead, she sat up, waiting for further instructions.

She watched as Maverick pulled Megan to him and kissed her passionately. He pushed her to the bed and climbed on top of her. Alicia smiled, sensing a growing warmth inside of herself, thoroughly enjoying the beauty of Maverick’s moving body. Unable to stop herself, she began to touch his arse, rub it, caress it. Soon she bent over that beautiful orb and began to kiss it. She matched her movements to his, gently spreading his cheeks and licking his arsehole. When it was good and slick, she slowly inserted a finger still coated with oil and pressed against Maverick’s prostrate. Maverick threw his head back and cried out as he came

deep inside of the lithesome blonde. Megan also cried out, her thighs clenching around Maverick's legs as the two shared orgasmic pleasures. When the tremors subsided and Maverick collapsed atop Megan, Alicia grinned, happy with her role. True, she would have liked to have felt Maverick inside of her as well, but as his companion, that was his choice, not hers. She knew, eventually, her aching, wet pussy would be attended to as well. And in the meantime, watching the beauty of his movements enthralled her.

Finally, Maverick rolled off Megan and pulled both women into his arms, kissing both of them. Alicia snuggled against him.

"Alicia," Maverick began, "tell me what you learned this evening."

"Well, Mr. Devonshire, I would say that I've learned that pleasing you is my passion, but I learned that lesson weeks ago. So I suppose I learned that seeing you with another companion has taught me that your needs are many and I cannot hope to fulfil them all."

"And did you find yourself jealous?"

Alicia considered a moment. "No," she admitted. "I thought I would be. I knew you had other companions, and the idea of them caused me to feel sparks of jealousy, but tonight, meeting Megan and seeing her serve you—no, I'm not jealous. I just want to please you. In doing so, I find my own release."

"Are you angry or even upset that I gave Megan my essence?" he persisted.

"Again, sir," she considered, "I thought I would be. I thought if I didn't receive you that I had failed you, that you were disappointed in me."

At this point, Megan raised herself to her elbows and watched Alicia carefully.

"But I felt none of that. I was simply pleased, honoured even, to be part of your pleasure. It's your choice as to whom you give your cum to. My desire is that you find pleasure. I can't deny that my body is aching for release, but I know my place—it is to serve you."

"Interesting," Maverick observed, "and honest." He kissed her forehead.

"And you, Megan, what do you think of Alicia?" He looked at the blonde woman.

Megan lowered her eyes respectfully and fidgeted just a bit.

"Well..." she began.

Maverick's eyes hardened. "I asked a question. You know I expect an immediate and truthful answer. To dawdle is to incur a consequence."

"Yes, sir. I apologise," she said remorsefully. "It's just that you've been spending quite a bit of time with this new companion. I think I understand why."

"And why is that?" Maverick prodded.

"Honestly, Mr. Devonshire, she seems a little slow," Megan hedged.

Alicia looked at Megan in shock. What could she mean?

"How so?" Maverick countered.

"Well, she's hesitant. She seems to wait for someone else to tell her what to do. She took her time in preparing for you to leave the bath, the bottles of oil were not symmetrically placed. She was even daydreaming instead of watching you. You actually had to call her over to the bed! She's also an opportunist," Megan whispered, glancing at Alicia. "I'm sorry, but it's true. When I stopped to take a quick breath while sucking Mr. Devonshire, you just leapt in and took my place." Megan shook her head as a tear formed in her eye.

"What do you have to say for yourself, Alicia?" Maverick demanded.

"I...ah...I'm sorry if you feel that way, Megan, but that was not my intent. I admit I was thinking of other things at one point. I'm sorry, Mr. Devonshire, that you had to call for me. I fully expect and deserve punishment." She nodded as Maverick's only response was to raise one eyebrow. Yes, she would suffer consequences. She felt moisture begin to gather already. Nonetheless, she should never have allowed Megan to distract her.

"But an opportunist? No. I simply saw Megan becoming fatigued and rather than have your cock unattended, I took over. In truth, I didn't consider her feelings—or my own for that matter. My only concern was that you had been left alone. I wanted to rectify that situation."

"And well you should have," Maverick commended. "No, Megan, I saw no opportunistic behaviour. Nor did I see any hesitation on her part—except for the incident you both mentioned. And yes, Alicia, there will be a punishment for the breach." Maverick turned away from her and held Megan's face in his hands.

Alicia felt bereft at her failure.

"I also saw why she was distracted. You, Megan, did feel jealousy. You resented Alicia's presence. You felt threatened by her. This is not the first time you have been jealous of another companion, is it?" he scolded. "That emotion transmitted itself to your actions, your expressions. I've been too lenient with you. The fault is mine, but if you wish to remain with me, you must remember your place and the contract you signed."

"No, Maverick, please let me explain..." she began. Her eyes widened in shock as she must have realised she had used his first name.

Alicia held her breath, feeling nothing but sympathy for the other woman. If Maverick had issued such a strong warning to her, especially intimating the possibility of leaving him, she would have been devastated. At the same time, she knew that Megan had breached the contract. She had put her own feelings and needs before her Master's. A companion should never do that.

"Go to the post," Maverick quietly said.

Megan hung her head as she walked to the pole in the centre of the room. Maverick went to a closet and removed a length of rope.

"Hold out your hands," he commanded.

Megan did so. She stood perfectly still as Maverick wrapped the rope around both of her wrists, securing the end in a knot. He lifted her arms and attached the rope to the carabineer at the top of the pole. He then walked to the wall where the paddles, whips and canes were displayed and selected a whip.

He began gently flipping the ends of it over Megan's white arse, lower back and exposed thighs. Ever so slowly he began to pick up velocity, increasing the strength of the blows. Soon, her arse pinked and then reddened, the colour standing out in stark contrast against the white stockings and corset. Megan began to squirm, and soft moans escaped her. Maverick never varied his rhythm, he simply continued to increase the strength of each blow until Megan strained against the pole, crying out with each flick of the whip. She wiggled around, trying to avoid the blows. Alicia too began to cry. Why didn't the girl just stand still and take it? By moving and trying to avoid the blows, she surely would only bring on a worse consequence. Alicia also remembered Mr. Devonshire's warning that they would both be punished for any infraction.

Maverick too apparently noticed the sidestepping. He shook his head and replaced the whip with a cane. After eight stripes, Megan's head drooped and she stood still, having learned her lesson, and hung limp from her bindings. Alicia knew the poor girl's arse must be smarting, but the beauty of the abused rear caused Alicia to catch her breath and wetness begin to form.

"You must learn, Megan, if you want to stay with me, to accept my demands," he said to her. "You must learn your place. Twice now you have shown jealousy. First with Joanne a few months ago and now with Alicia. It makes me wonder exactly why Joanne left my service. Adding to that, you have tried to avoid a just punishment. You disappoint me."

Megan began to cry in earnest as Maverick walked away from her.

"And now for you, Alicia," Maverick said.

Alicia looked at him then lowered her head. Fear and desire warred inside of her. "What do you wish of me?"

"Something similar, I think. Go to the post and hold out your hands."

Alicia did as she was told, holding out her hands and hanging her head as Maverick secured the rope. Having left the heels beside the bed, she had to stand on her toes as he attached her wrists to the top of the post. Maverick's hands moved around her, unhooking the corset. She closed her eyes with pleasure as he peeled both it and the stockings from her body. She barely restrained herself from turning her head when she felt his hands leave her and heard him step back.

Despite preparing herself, Alicia jumped and cried out with the first caress of the whip, but controlled herself for the following blows. She felt her arse warm as Maverick increased the intensity of each blow. She clenched her teeth against crying out when her arse burned from the flogging, but she did not pull away. After what seemed like a very long time, the flogging stopped. Alicia braced herself for the cane, but instead felt Maverick grasp her braid and pull her head back.

"Good," he whispered into her ear. "You accept your just punishment as a companion should. Because of that, I see no reason to punish you further. I'm going to release your arms. Bathe yourself – be sure to use very warm water. I don't want that arse to lose its redness too soon."

“Yes, Mr. Devonshire, and...” she hesitated.

“And?”

“Thank you,” she added.

Maverick kissed her neck and said, “You are very welcome, my dear.”

Alicia looked up as Maverick released her wrists and was startled to see Megan, still tied to the other side of the post, glaring at her. Hadn’t the girl learned anything? Surely the ever-observant Master would see that glare and punish her further. Inwardly, Alicia cringed at the thought but realised that Megan was choosing her own fate.

While Alicia bathed, Maverick poured himself a drink and lounged in a chair, flipping through a book. If not for the corseted woman with the abused arse tied to the post in the centre of the room, Alicia thought this would be a lovely, perfectly normal domestic scene. As it was, she thought this was a perfect scene. At one time she desperately wanted what society labelled ‘normal’, but now she found herself most content with this alternative lifestyle.

She closed her eyes, enjoying the heat of the water relaxing her muscles, heightening the burning of her arse cheeks. When the water began to cool slightly, Alicia stood and dried herself, applying the lotion Maverick had provided.

“All done then?” Maverick asked.

“Yes, thank you, sir,” Alicia replied.

“Good. I would expect you’re tired. Why don’t you hop into bed—go on now, under the covers with you,” Maverick said pleasantly.

Alicia smiled and gratefully complied. She was indeed tired. That morning she had prepared an elaborate meal for a client—minestrone to begin, baked lasagne, spinach salad, fresh Italian bread to be served with a garlic dipping oil, and for dessert—a raspberry mousse. Before arriving at Maverick’s home, she had been on her feet a full six hours.

Shockingly, Maverick climbed into bed beside her.

“Oh my, this is wonderful,” she said as she snuggled against him.

“Yes, it is,” he responded as he wrapped his arms around her.

“But, sir?”

“Yes?”

“What about Megan?”

Alicia glanced at the other girl and met her gaze as Megan turned to look in the direction of the bed.

“Megan still has some things to learn. I saw the look she gave you when I released you. She will remain where she is for the night,” Maverick decided.

Alicia remained in quiet thought for a time.

“Mr. Devonshire?” she asked.

“Yes, my dear?” he drowsily answered.

“What about her arms? Won’t they become terribly sore by tomorrow? I know it’s not my place to question, and whatever you decide I’m sure is right, but her arms, Mr. Devonshire. They’ll be dreadfully sore by morning. Isn’t denying her the pleasure of your company enough of a punishment?” Alicia asked, hoping he would not find her suggestion offensive.

Maverick remained quiet for such a long time, Alicia felt she had truly offended him and would herself be subjected to another ‘consequence’.

“You make a good case, Alicia. And you make it respectfully,” Maverick said. “Go, release her from the post, but leave her hands tied. Megan,” Maverick said louder, “you may sleep on either the rug or the couch, but you will remain tied. You have Alicia to thank for your release. Be grateful,” he added.

But as Alicia released Megan, the other girl whispered to her, “You think you’re special, you slutty bitch. I’m his favourite – not you. You’re just a cheap, American whore. Remember that.” With that, Megan stalked to the rug, curled up in a ball and was soon snoring softly.

Alicia was shaken by the venom in the other woman’s words. What had she done to incur such hatred from her?

Chapter Six

Sugar Free Apple Pie

Two pastry crusts

4-5 cups sliced Golden Delicious apples

1 cup apple cider

1 Tablespoon cornstarch

1 teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg

Line a deep dish pie pan with one crust. Fill with apple slices. Meanwhile, in a saucepan heat cider and spices. When it begins to boil, add the corn starch, stirring constantly to avoid lumps. Pour over apples. Add top crust carefully, pinching the edges together. Cut slits in crust to allow steam to escape. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) until golden brown, about 45 minutes.

Late the next afternoon, Alicia found herself sipping a glass of wine and staring out her front window. She had been proud of her performance last night, but something about Megan had left a bad taste in her mouth. Trying to take her mind off the situation, she had begun to flip through an old cookbook that had once belonged to her Aunt Helen. Mr. Phillips, another client whom Maverick had recommended, was a particular eater. He had a definite sweet tooth but was also a diabetic – a challenging combination. Perhaps if she could replace the white flour in her pie crust with whole wheat, she could make him an apple pie for dessert next week. She remembered a recipe from her aunt, who had also been a diabetic, for a sugar free apple pie. *Ah!* Here it was. The recipe called for apple cider thickened with corn starch. To this she would add her special combination of spices and pour the mixture over the raw apples then top the pie with a lattice upper crust. The cider acted as a natural sweetener, negating the need for processed sugar. Deep in thought, Alicia jumped when the telephone broke the silence of the room.

“Hello?” Alicia said into the telephone.

“Good evening,” a deep voice answered.

After the final incident with Megan the night before, Alicia had gratefully crawled back into bed with Maverick. She had been rather disappointed that rather than making love to her, he had simply gathered her in his arms and drifted off to sleep. Still, he enjoyed the right to do as he wished. Nonetheless, that morning she had been further disappointed. When she

finally awoke, both Maverick and Megan had been gone. She had found a note from him stating that she had performed well and that he would call her soon. She had swallowed her grief, donned the dress she had packed and left for home.

Alicia smiled in recognition. "Good evening to you," she responded.

"Be ready for me in fifteen minutes. Leave your door unlocked," Maverick commanded.

Alicia's eyes widened as she replaced the phone. *Fifteen minutes! Good Lord!* She flew to the bathroom and prepared an enema. She had read online that a cool one worked more effectively than a warm one, so she tried that. She had no idea if Maverick would want her arse or not, but she intended to be clean—inside and out—just in case. She quickly administered it, cringing slightly as the cool water entered her bowels. Next she pinned her hair on top of her head and stepped into the shower, lathering and shaving her legs, underarms and pubic area. Maverick had made it clear he wanted no hair between her nether lips and him. By the time she had released her bowels and slathered lotion on herself, her time was up. Still, she rushed to the bedroom, placed a pillow on the floor and kneeled, facing the doorway. She glanced at the clock before placing her forehead on the floor. *Damn! Five minutes late.* She could easily lie if Maverick asked about the time, but she knew she wouldn't. He had said fifteen minutes, and she had taken twenty. She had disobeyed, albeit unintentionally. Therefore she would be punished. Her bottom still throbbed slightly from last night's consequences. No matter, her pussy began to pulse at the thought of this.

Forty minutes later, Maverick walked into her flat. Still she patiently remained in position. She heard him walk to her sitting room and pick up the glass of whiskey she had waiting for him. She listened for his footsteps until he finally stepped in front of her.

"Greet me."

Alicia did so, applying all he had taught her. She moaned with joy as his staff filled her mouth and she felt his hands caressing her head, silently commanding her to continue in her service. Ignoring her aching jaws, Alicia pressed her tongue against his shaft, tightening the tunnel for him. She sucked with renewed vigour, pulling him deeper and deeper into her mouth and down her throat. Valiantly she fought against the gag reflex, consciously relaxing her throat muscles. She slipped a finger into her own mouth, covering it with saliva. As she continued to suck, she slid her moistened finger along Maverick's balls, seeking his anus.

Keeping one hand cupped around his balls, Alicia dipped her middle digit into Maverick's body. Judging by his growl of pleasure, Maverick appreciated this new move. With more confidence, she worked his arsehole in syncopation with her mouth. Within moments, Maverick cried out and pushed her head deep against him. Alicia, feeling herself tremble with emotion, gratefully swallowed all Mr. Devonshire gave to her.

Rather than draw back when he had completed his orgasm, Alicia continued to tenderly kiss and caress Mr. Devonshire. After a time, she pulled back to kiss his thighs, running her tongue along his groin, lapping and licking each ball. Finally she drew his cock into her mouth to again suck and kiss its length. Maverick ran his hand along her braid, small sounds of pleasure emitting from deep within his throat. Exhausted, Alicia sat back on her heels, gazing up at her Master. Maverick drew his hands to her throat, gently running his thumb along her jaw line, cupping her cheek in his hand. Like a contented kitten, Alicia rubbed her face against his caress.

"You have no idea how incredible you are," Maverick said.

Alicia glowed with pleasure.

"Come," he gently persuaded, "sit with me on the bed."

Alicia followed, perching herself on the edge of the mattress. While she felt pride in having successfully given Maverick his pleasure, she also knew a fountain of contained energy swelled within her.

"I have a proposition for you, Alicia," he began.

"Yes, sir?"

"According to our agreement, your two roles in my life are completely separate. I would like, however, to alter that situation slightly," Maverick said.

Alicia frowned, "What do you mean, sir?"

Maverick patted her knee. "No need to worry, my darling, I am well pleased with both your cooking skills and your other...abilities. Your position with me, both of your positions, are secure. I have, however, a friend," he stated, bringing his hand up to massage her thigh.

Alicia wondered if he realised the effect his touch had on her. She could barely concentrate on his words with his strong, gentle fingers stroking her skin.

"This friend, Paul," Mr. Devonshire continued, "is a remarkable man. An artist of the finest calibre. He is a painter, creates abstract works that move with vibrancy, full of colour and texture." He paused momentarily.

Alicia wondered if he was referring to Paul Tenegal.

She had attended an opening of Mr. Tenegal's a few months prior. His work, while abstract, had indeed appeared vibrant and alive. She had caught a glimpse of the handsome artist but had not been introduced to him. Still, a man of average height, he had exuded a quiet charisma and charm. She remembered how his light brown hair had fallen over his eyes, and how he had brushed it back. She had longed to run her own fingers through its softness. His physical attraction aside, if she'd had any spare cash at all, she would have purchased one of his tantalising, smaller paintings. The abstract vibrancy of his work radiated sensuality.

"Paul is afflicted, however, with shyness. He lives alone and would benefit from a few good, home-cooked meals. I would," Maverick said as his hand worked its way up to her nether lips, "appreciate the help of your combined talents."

"Of course, sir," Alicia answered, willing him to touch her wet opening. "I will do whatever you like."

"This is not a command," Maverick insisted. "This is of your own free will. Still, if you would go to his home, prepare a lovely meal for him and...administer to him in any other way he would like as well, I would be...appreciative, shall we say."

Alicia closed her eyes as Mr. Devonshire gently flicked her clit. "Mr. Devonshire, I would be pleased and honoured to serve your friend—in any way he would like—simply because you ask it." She opened her eyes and smiled. What she said was the truth, not just some line. The very idea of servicing a stranger, and a handsome one at that, offering both her cooking and her body to someone of Mr. Devonshire's choosing, thrilled her.

"As it should be," Maverick whispered into her ear. "Still, the choice is yours. You may represent me, or I could easily send one of my other companions, complete with a take-out dinner of some kind. But somehow, Alicia," he grasped her ear lobe in his teeth for a quick nip before continuing, "I think you and Paul would suit each other. You will find him far less demanding than Spiro, and you did an exquisite job of pleasing him."

Alicia melted against him. "As you choose, sir. Just tell me where I should be, when I should be there, and how you would like me to dress and behave," Alicia said as she unbuttoned Mr. Devonshire's shirt, easing it off and trailing kisses along his shoulder.

Maverick laughed quietly. "I'll let you know the arrangements in the morning. For now," he grasped her braid, "tell me, were you on time?"

Alicia immediately felt the change of timbre in his voice. Maverick had become Mr. Devonshire and would not tolerate disobedience or hesitation. She felt a tremor of apprehension and excitement as she slid to the floor to her knees once more before him.

"No, sir," she began. "I was late. I failed to follow your explicit directions."

"By how many minutes?"

"Five, sir," she admitted truthfully.

"That's a shame," he said with a smirk. "I have a special punishment for you. Something I don't believe you have experience before. This will hurt, but you can take it, can't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Devonshire," she immediately answered. "I can take it, if it pleases you." Already she felt her pussy begin to swell and moisten.

"And it will also please you, will it not?" he persisted.

"Yes, sir, it will," she admitted.

"Stand."

She did so.

"Put your hands on your head, elbows out."

Alicia complied. She stood perfectly still, not even turning her head as Maverick walked behind her to retrieve his trousers. He again stepped in front of her, allowing her to clearly see him reaching into the front left pocket. He removed two wicked looking clamps, connected to each other by a heavy metal chain.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked, holding the device in front of her.

"No," she answered.

"No?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No, sir," she quickly amended.

"That's better. Still, I believe you have just added another thirty seconds onto your time," he cryptically said. "These, my disobedient companion, are clover clamps. I will attach one cold, tight clamp to each of your lovely, tender nipples. As the weight of the heavy chain pulls the clamps downwards, the tightness will increase." Maverick smiled sardonically before continuing his explanation.

"For every movement of the chain, the clamps will respond. The weight of the chain insures a quick response. Every breath you take will raise you breasts, thus moving the metal. You will feel more and more pressure until you will think your nipples will burst." Mr. Devonshire rolled a tender bud between his thumb and forefinger, tugging strongly.

Alicia gasped in pain as he placed the cold clamp on her tender flesh. Tears sprang to her eyes when he attached the second clamp.

"Nice," he commented. "You will keep those in place for an equal amount of time as your tardiness—plus thirty seconds, of course."

Alicia nodded, fighting back the tears. The pain radiating from her nipples was excruciating. Her legs trembled and she fought to control her breathing. Her breasts had always been sensitive, and the addition of the tight clamps attached to the heavy chain was almost unbearable. She prayed she could stand still for the required time, lessening the chance of the clovers tightening even more. She should have known better.

"While I watch the time," Mr. Devonshire announced, "turn down the bed and prepare yourself for entry."

A small sound of distress escaped her, but Alicia dropped her arms to turn down the bedclothes.

"Ah...did I say to lower your arms? No, keep them behind your head. You must grasp the necessary items with your teeth, your elbows, your legs. Anything but your hands," he said smugly.

Alicia stared at him. The pain would be terrible!

"Yes, that will add to your discomfort, and I know it will be a challenge for you, but," he added sternly, "you will not disappoint me, will you?" He gave the chain a small tug.

Alicia, tears flowing down her face, clenched her teeth against the pain. No, she would not disappoint him, no matter how much it cost her. Bending at the waist, she grasped the

coverlet of the bed in her teeth and drew it back. Next she kneeled and, again using her teeth, opened the drawer in her nightstand. Knowing she could not possibly lift Mr. Devonshire's preferred jar of lubrication with her mouth, she took a deep breath and brought her elbows together over the slick, glass container. With infinite care and terrible torment, she lifted the jar and placed it on the nightstand, nearly dropping it once. Fire radiated from her nipples as the clamps grasped her purpled flesh with a fierce firmness. Crying softly, Alicia climbed onto the bed and assumed a position, arse in the air, forehead down, hands still locked behind her head. There she waited, counting the seconds of her allotted punishment.

She screamed as Mr. Devonshire reached between her thighs and took hold of the heavy chain, but he removed the clamps with care. Despite the horrific sensation from the blood pouring back into her nipples, Alicia felt herself start to tremble as the beginnings of an orgasm formed deep within her body. Mr. Devonshire caressed her hips, soothing her, and his touch caused her to cry out again, this time with longing. She buried her face into the mattress, wanting more. Her body shook with both pain and pleasure as Mr. Devonshire's warm, soft lips gently suckled her clit.

"That's it, my little companion," Mr. Devonshire murmured, raising his head to look at her. "Ride it. You've earned the pleasure."

Alicia squirmed as he resumed his licking and kissing then began to stroke and pet the length of her back as well. After several long, blissful moments, the orgasm washed over her, slowly at first then with an increasing crescendo that seemed to go on and on. At last the waves of pleasure crashed to a close, and he ceased his suckling. Still he continued to massage her back, soothing her senses.

Suddenly she felt the cool, soothing lubrication enter her arse. She closed her eyes, knowing that soon he would enter her. She was pleased that her internal cleansing would pay off. To her surprise, though, instead of his cock, Mr. Devonshire inserted first one, then two, then three fingers into her arse. He worked them in and out, Alicia matching her movements to his. She bolted upright with shock and pleasure as he simultaneously pushed a fourth finger into her arse and his cock into her waiting pussy. Never had she felt such fullness. Maverick shoved her head back onto the bed.

"Don't make me punish you again," he commanded.

She tightened her muscles around him, crying out with the glory of encasing him within her body. He reached his remaining hand around to grasp a breast, squeezing her bruised nipple between his fingers. Colour exploded in her mind as Alicia screamed her release. Before the fiery prism had dissipated, she cried out again as Mr. Devonshire's warmth spurted deep within her.

Chapter Seven

Chicken Appetisers

2 boneless, skinless chicken breasts

1 pimento (sweet red) pepper

6 strips bacon

Salt and pepper to taste

Trim chicken breasts and cut them into three strips each. Season the meat to taste, but go easy on the salt. Clean pepper and slice into 6 strips. Place one strip of pepper on top of a strip of chicken. Wrap a slice of bacon around this, forming a tight bundle. Secure with a toothpick or skewer if necessary. Bake in a 400 degree oven about 15 minutes or until bacon is crispy and chicken thoroughly cooked.

Late the next morning, Alicia signed for a package. Excited, she glanced at the return label and saw Maverick's name and address. She grasped the parcel to her chest, hugged it and ran to the sitting room. Ripping open the card, she scanned the contents:

My darling,

Below you will find the time and directions for your rendezvous with Paul. He will be expecting you. While his 'tastes' are similar to mine, you will, naturally, adjust to his needs. Nothing marks a well-trained companion so well as versatility. As to his taste in food – anything goes. He's used to subsisting on frozen meals or take-out. Prepare an overnight bag in case he requests your presence for an extended time. Wear what you will to his home, but change into the enclosed ensemble when you arrive. You are to follow whatever he desires – his birthday was last weekend, and you are my gift to him.

Mr. Devonshire

Alicia sighed, smiling to herself. *A gift!* She was the gift! How wonderful was that? She purred with anticipation while tearing apart the package.

Oh, my! Alicia's eyes widened as she lifted out a sheer, black apron, a black garter belt, fishnet stockings and three and a half inch black patent leather stiletto heels. Running her hand nervously down her braid, she couldn't help but wonder what Paul's 'tastes' would be.

Two hours later, Alicia arrived at her destination. Struggling to carry in her overnight bag and two sacks of groceries, she finally found the Hide-a-Key and managed to unlock Paul's door. She quickly located the kitchen and deposited the sacks on a counter, dropping the overnight bag on the floor. Only then did she glance around the house.

She stood in shock, taking in the beauty around her. Mr. Devonshire's friend was indeed Paul Tenegal. Brilliant colours and astounding textures jumped at her from every direction. Not bothering with canvases in his own home, Mr. Tenegal had simply splayed the paint boldly across the walls and ceiling. Purples, blues, greens swirled to form vibrant, living shapes.

Alicia's eyes travelled the length of the hallway, and she eventually found the bathroom. Here, the man's genius shone. The tub itself was a mass of greens and blues, a perfect imitation of a stormy sea. The ceiling was a light blue with white patterns superimposed, creating the illusion of a tumultuous sky. The walls radiated a light green, the grey streaks seemed to move, mirroring rain. Alicia could only shake her head in amazement. If a man could create such beauty with nothing but a brush and paint, what else could his hands do?

Quickly, Alicia changed into the outfit which Maverick had provided. Normally she would have waited, first completing her cooking and then changing. But, unsure of when Paul would be home, she thought it best to be prepared for an early arrival. One thing was certain – she would not disappoint Maverick by failing to meet Paul's needs.

Cooking in stilettos, Alicia found, was a challenge, as she almost turned an ankle while carrying a jug of cream to the counter. Cooking topless, though, was an even more dangerous endeavour. When taking the appetisers – bacon wrapped chicken breasts – out of the oven, she had almost touched a nipple to the open oven door. Luckily she had pulled back just in time, nearly dropping the tray of food.

With the stuffed pork tenderloin and baby potatoes resting in a warm oven and the salad crisping in the refrigerator, Alicia was placing crackers around a small plate of cheese selections when she heard the front door open.

Unsure of what to do, she continued working, hoping Paul would soon direct her. She bent over the table, adding the bacon wrapped chicken to the plate, her heavy breasts

swinging inches above the appetisers. Fully aware of Paul's presence, she lifted the plate and walked to him, keeping her eyes down.

"Please, sir, would you like an appetiser?" she asked.

She watched as short, squared-off fingers selected a piece of cheddar cheese. Silently she waited before him.

"So," he began, "you're my birthday present."

Alicia felt wetness between her thighs. The timbre of the man's voice reached inside her, tantalising her with its sensuality. She remained silent.

"You've dressed to please me. I've always had a fondness for a woman in stockings, fishnets in particular. And nothing holds more appeal than a set of beautiful, naked breasts. Maverick's idea, I suppose," he said.

Again she remained silent. Whether from shyness or fear, she couldn't seem to find her voice. *Damn!* When would she ever grow a backbone? She hated this chronic coyness and had thought her time with Maverick had given her new confidence. But here she was again, blushing and tongue-tied. This gorgeous man must think her an idiot!

"Look at me," he quietly directed.

Alicia finally looked up and found herself staring into the bluest eyes she had ever seen. He raised a hand and carelessly swiped at the brown locks which had fallen over his forehead. He placed a finger beneath her chin then ran the tip along her jaw line.

"I am familiar with Maverick's companions—and all of his rules. He has often invited me over for an evening of...play. Honestly, I have enjoyed every moment of those evenings—who wouldn't?" He laughed and dropped his hand from her face. "You'll find I'm a bit more low key. There will be no punishments this evening. Serve me as you see fit. Also, my name is Paul," he added, then popped a piece of cooled chicken into his mouth. "My father is referred to as Mr. Tenegal, not me. Actually, I forbid you to call me 'Mr. Tenegal'. You may instead call me by any name you wish." He grinned.

Alicia felt a wave of pride as Paul closed his eyes, obviously enjoying the flavour of her cooking.

"My God. I haven't tasted anything that good since...well...never. Don't be afraid of me, Alicia," Paul said with a smile. "Don't be nervous. You'll find I'm not hard to please. In

truth, if you simply want to serve me the food and engage me in conversation, I will be thrilled. I'm a man who appreciates beauty. Just looking at those lovely breasts – well! I could be happy staring at them all night!"

"Oh no," Alicia began, "I have my orders. I am to serve you in any way you desire. If I don't..."

"Shhh." He placed a finger against her lips. "No matter what happens tonight, I will give your Master a raving review." He brought her hand up to his lips and gently kissed it. "I just wanted you to know, there is no pressure here. Why don't we just see where the evening takes us?"

Alicia smiled with relief. She had worried about pleasing a complete stranger. Over the last few weeks, she had realised that her greatest pleasure came from giving joy to others. Totally focusing on the needs of her partner was liberating. Still, despite her attraction to Paul, she had no idea what his expectations were. His words eased her mind and eased some of her shyness.

"In that case, Paul, why don't you change into something more comfortable and relax while I prepare you a cocktail? What would you like?"

"A gin and tonic, please. And whatever you'd like for yourself." He kissed her cheek then walked down the hallway.

Alicia hummed to herself as she prepared the drinks—a gin and tonic for him and an Irish whiskey straight for her. That was easy enough. When Paul walked back into the combination kitchen and dining room area wearing tight jeans and a white T-shirt, she silently handed him the tall glass. Knowing it was rude to stare, Alicia tried to avert her eyes from the man's incredible body. Hopefully he didn't notice that her mouth had dropped open in pure appreciation of his physique.

"Please," she began, "won't you be seated so I can serve you dinner?"

"You will be joining me, won't you?" he asked, eyeing her breasts over the edge of his glass.

"If you like," she said. "Tonight, as you know, I will do anything, everything you ask."

"In that case, you will definitely be joining me," he answered, reaching to tweak a nipple as he seated himself.

Alicia laughed and found she was beginning to enjoy dining in the buff.

She glowed with pleasure throughout the meal as she watched Paul's expression while he devoured her food. At one point he actually moaned after tasting the apple-bourbon cake she served for dessert. When they finished the meal, Alicia stood up and began to clear the table.

"No," Paul interrupted her work, "you cooked. I'll clean up."

"But—" she began.

"No buts. Tonight you do whatever I say. Right?"

"Right," she hesitated.

"I actually like cleaning up. Why don't you find your way to the bedroom and turn on the stereo. Find something you like. Relax a bit." He ran his hand down her arm. "I have a feeling a little rest now will be quite beneficial later."

Alicia smiled in return and nodded. Feeling brave, she stood on her toes and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. Paul patted her behind and gently turned her in the direction of the bedroom. *What an incredible man!* While she truly didn't mind the clean-up stage of cooking, it wasn't exactly her favourite chore. Besides, she would welcome the chance to get off her feet for a few minutes.

When she arrived in Paul's bedroom, she was again struck by the dynamic hues. Rather than a stormy scene, though, the colours splashed against the walls and ceiling in this room radiated excitement. Brilliant reds merged into burnt orange, flecks of gold sparkled with life. Jagged pieces of mirrored glass mounted to the walls reflected every movement, every nuance. The thick, white carpet covering the floor invited bare feet—or bodies—to indulge in its softness. Gold sconces cradling unlit tea-light candles lined the walls in an asymmetrical pattern. Dominating the room was a large, king-sized bed filled with fluffy pillows and inviting quilts. The room was designed with sex in mind.

Alicia picked up a box of matches and began to light the candles. The room glowed with warmth, and a faint scent of lavender brushed the air. She smiled in satisfaction as she flipped through the CDs lining a shelf opposite the bed. Finally settling on some smooth jazz, Alicia loaded the CD player and climbed onto the bed. Within minutes she had snuggled into the cushions and drifted off to sleep.

"You looked too peaceful to disturb," he said some time later, handing her a glass of wine.

"I'm sorry," Alicia stammered. "I should have heard you come in and been ready for you." *Damn!* She should never have allowed herself to relax so completely!

Paul laughed. "No way! Not with the padding and plush carpets. Besides, I like to look at beautiful things, and that would certainly be you. Like I said before," he continued, taking a sip of wine and sitting on the edge of the bed, "we'll just see where the evening leads us. Stop trying so hard to please me. You already do."

Alicia sipped her wine, giving herself time to digest this information. With Jeffrey, it seemed that she could never please him—little wonder considering he was gay. Maverick, on the other hand, issued commands, so she knew exactly what his expectations were. Now, though, she was without direction.

"I know this may sound odd," she began, "but unless you give me some instruction, I just don't know what to do."

"Okay, let me be direct then," he stated.

"Yes, please," Alicia said, relieved.

"You have the loveliest breasts I have ever seen, and I've seen quite a few! I'm what you would call a tit man—Maverick, I'm sure, remembered this when he chose your outfit. I want to touch them, lick them." He set down his glass of wine and held both her breasts in his hands. "I want to kiss them, suck on the nipples." He dropped a quick kiss on the valley between her luscious globes.

Alicia caught her breath in her throat.

"I want to paint their image onto my mind, capture their texture, their taste, their warmth." He punctuated his words with kisses surrounding the base of each breast.

Alicia dropped her head back against the pillows and nearly spilled the glass. Paul took it from her and held it above her right nipple. Slowly he dripped the red wine onto the bud, licking the Merlot from her skin, seeming not to care if scarlet liquid stained his beautiful bedding. Alicia squirmed beneath the onslaught, arching her back, craving more.

"You are delightful," he whispered before capturing her left nipple with his teeth and giving it a gentle tug. He wrapped his tongue around the nub, teasing it into erectness.

Alicia moaned with pleasure. His strong hand gently caressed the other breast, his fingers twisting her right nipple. The combination of his warm, soft mouth on one side and his cool, hard fingers on the other drove Alicia to distraction. Crying out, she buried her fingers in his hair and shivered her release. How could this man cause her to come just by playing with her tits? That was a new, not to mention wonderful, experience.

Paul raised his head and grinned at her.

"You see, Alicia, no need for instruction, just lie back and enjoy yourself," he said.

Panting, Alicia simply nodded.

"Do you know," he continued, "what a pleasure it is to attend to a beautiful woman?" He reached beneath her and untied the apron. Carelessly he dropped it to the ground. "Do you know—I suppose you do, though—what a thrill it is to watch another person melt under your hands?" He trailed kisses down her stomach, his hands gliding over her hips.

"Yes," Alicia whispered. "I do."

"Here is my command, then."

"Anything."

"Enjoy." Paul dipped his head between her thighs and, spreading her nether lips apart with his fingers, flicked the tip of her clit with his tongue.

Alicia jumped, and shockwaves of pleasure coursed through her. Paul continued to attack her clit, poking and prodding it with his mouth and tongue until it filled with blood and stood erect. Then he drew it into his mouth as if it were a tiny penis and sucked. Alicia lifted her hips to meet his mouth, clawing at the brocade covers on the bed. She cried out again when Paul inserted two fingers into her pussy, pulsing them in rhythm with his mouth. Using his other hand, he began to rub and tease her anus, dipping a third finger into her pussy, gathering wetness, then with exquisite slowness, inserting it deep into her rectum. Alicia's breath came in short gasps as she bucked against Paul's mouth.

"No!" she called as he pulled out his fingers, and she suddenly sat up. She reached out for him, bereft at the loss of his touch.

"Yes!" he responded, grasping her hips and impaling her on his rod.

Alicia threw her head back, clenching her muscles around his manhood. Paul thrust into her, again and again. Lifting her legs to his shoulders, he leaned over her, nearly bending her in half, and pulled a nipple into his mouth.

"Oh, God!" she called out. She was sure the depth of him within her would split her apart, but what a way to go! Feeling her body quiver, Alicia dug her hands into Paul's tight, hard arse, pulling him in even deeper. Trying desperately to hold off her own final pleasure, Alicia squeezed her eyes shut. Suddenly Paul released her nipple and buried his head in her shoulder, his body shuddering. Alicia, feeling the cheeks beneath her hands become rock hard, opened her eyes and cried out again, the colours of the room melting into the colours of her mind as the orgasm crashed over them both.

Afterwards, they simply lay in each other's arms, trying to catch their breath.

"You poor girl," Paul said, rolling off her, "I must have crushed you."

"You did," Alicia smiled. "It was wonderful."

Paul laughed and pulled her to him. She rested her head against his shoulder and drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Eight

Cheesy Hash Browns

*2 large russet potatoes
2 strips bacon cut into pieces
1 Tablespoon butter
1/2 cup milk
1/3 cup Parmesan cheese
Salt and pepper to taste*

Wash and scrub potatoes, leaving skins on. Grate. Squeeze out excess moisture from potatoes. In a Cast Iron skillet, fry bacon pieces until translucent. Add potatoes and fry until they begin to brown. Add butter, milk and cheese, stirring to prevent clumping or burning. Season with salt and pepper.

“So what are your plans for the day?” Paul asked the next morning.

“Actually, I don’t have any. Tomorrow I’ll need to do some marketing and cooking for another client, but today I’m open,” Alicia responded while flipping an egg.

Alicia had slept for two hours the night before then awoke to a nibble on her breast. Apparently Paul recovered quickly, because twice more during the night they had made love. Finally exhausted, both Paul and Alicia had slept in the next morning. Now, dressed in one of Paul’s T-shirts, Alicia was preparing breakfast, American style—fried eggs, a slice of ham, hash brown potatoes and sourdough toast. The slight ache between her thighs reminded Alicia of Paul’s virility. Secretly she hoped he would take her at least once more before dismissing her. At the moment, though, Alicia grinned, noticing he was already salivating, his mind clearly on food.

“In that case, why not spend the day with me?” he offered.

“That would be fabulous, Paul. I’d like that.” Alicia smiled as she set the plate of food in front of him, thoroughly enjoying the way his eyes widened and his jaw dropped at the sight of breakfast.

Quickly, he picked up his knife and fork and began shovelling the hot food into his mouth.

“Holy Christ!” he said between mouthfuls, “this is heavenly!”

"I'm glad you're enjoying it," Alicia answered as she daintily cut a bite of ham.

"I usually get by with a piece of toast and some tea. Anyway," Paul continued, "I've a bit of shopping to do and thought you might enjoy an outing. Besides, I'd like to give you something – a remembrance of our time together."

Alicia dropped her fork and stared at him.

"What?" Paul asked, frowning in obvious confusion.

"I'm not a whore, Paul. You don't have to pay me," she said quietly, tears beginning to form in her eyes.

"What?" he questioned again. Then, "Oh, Oh!" as he apparently finally understood the insult he had just delivered. "No, Alicia, I didn't mean it like that!" He too dropped his fork and held her hand.

Alicia, looking directly into his eyes, saw true remorse.

"Sometimes when I say things, they just don't come out right. I never thought of you as a whore – never will! It's just that last night – Well, it was special for me." He looked down and seemed to stumble for words.

"It was for me too, Paul," Alicia said, trying to fill in the awkward silence.

"Please, just come with me. You'll understand. I guess I'm asking you to trust me, forgive me too. Truly, I didn't mean to offend you." He gave her a lopsided grin.

How could she resist that?

"Sure, I'll go with you. But on one condition," she added.

"You got it."

"You clean up again while I bathe."

Paul laughed and kissed her hand before grabbing his fork again. "Done!"

* * * *

A few hours later, after Alicia had helped Paul select a gift for his mother – a beautiful hand-painted silk scarf – she and Paul entered a small gallery. Alicia turned in a circle, eyes wide, mesmerised by the explosion of colour and texture.

"Oh, Paul," she murmured, "your work is incredible."

"Glad you like it." He smiled. "I'll be right back." He dropped a kiss on top of her head and walked into the back room. Alicia slowly made her way around the gallery, shaking her head in amazement. How could he come up with the ideas for these breathtaking paintings?

"Here we are," Paul announced, obviously holding something behind his back. "This is what I wanted to give you. I painted it a few months ago. For some reason, though, I didn't want to display it. It was almost as if I was...well, called to create this."

Alicia cocked her head and began to fiddle with her braid, unsure of what to say.

"Anyway," he continued, "after meeting you I know why I had to paint it."

"Why is that?" she asked quietly.

"Because I dreamed of you." He pulled the small, framed painting from behind his back.

Soft lavender melted into sea green waves then crashed against each other, creating a tidal wave of deep purple lined with magenta and culminating in dark forest greens. Alicia was speechless.

"What's wrong? Don't you like it?" he asked, frowning.

"How did you know?" she wondered, bringing her hand up to her chest.

"Know what?"

"When I come."

"What?"

"When I come," Alicia said, tears springing to her eyes. "That's what I see—the colours. I see beautiful colours. And when it's good—really good, like last night—the colours are vibrant purples and greens! How did you know?"

"I didn't," Paul answered, looking again at the painting. "Like I said, I had a dream one night and when I woke up I couldn't get this image out of my mind—not until I had it on canvas." He grinned. "I guess I really was dreaming of you."

Alicia wrapped her arms around him and kissed him gently on each cheek. "Thank you, Paul. This is the best gift I've ever received." She wiped a tear away.

He gave her a lopsided grin and said, "Then turn off the tap. Come on, you've cooked for me enough. Let me take you out for lunch. Then maybe you can explain to me why you have an air of sadness around your eyes."

Alicia linked hands with Paul and shook her head in bewilderment. It was true. The last few months had provided her with more contentment than ever before in her adult life, but still, something, some sadness, tickled the back of her mind. But how, she wondered, had Paul picked up on that? Considering the painting and her response to him, perhaps the two of them truly did share a special connection.

* * * *

"So," Paul began an hour later as the two of them shared a pot of tea, "tell Uncle Paul what troubles you."

Alicia smiled in response. "Nothing, I'm fine."

Paul simply stared at her until Alicia began to squirm.

"Okay," Alicia sighed, "I'll tell you, but really, it's nothing. The last few months have been wonderful. Professionally, my business is taking off, I'm improving my cooking skills, I'm doing what I love and making a decent living off of it."

"Yeah?" Paul encouraged.

"And Maverick—he's, well, he's..." Alicia waved her hands, unsure of how to describe Maverick.

"Are you happy when you are with him?"

"Yes!" Alicia answered immediately. "I feel— This is hard. I've never tried to put how I feel into words."

"I'm a good listener." Paul reached over the table to hold her hand.

Alicia wasn't sure if he realised it, but the simple movement of his thumb over her knuckles was beginning make her tingle.

"I feel complete. When I am at his disposal—either his personally or if he lends me out—well, I feel..." Still struggling for the right word, Alicia began to fidget. "I feel...empowered!"

“Good! That’s how you should feel—at least if your nature truly is that of a submissive.” Paul smiled.

“I don’t understand. How can I feel powerful and submissive at the same time?” she questioned.

“Because, my dear, it isn’t the master who holds the power, it is the submissive. Only she—or he—has the power to say ‘enough’,” Paul explained.

Alicia mulled that one over in her head for a while. “You’re right. I never thought of it that way before. It makes sense though,” she responded.

“One problem solved, then! Now, what else is on your mind?”

“I don’t know anyone,” she blurted out.

“You know me.”

“True, but that’s not what I mean. I don’t have any girlfriends. I’m actually lonely, I think.” Alicia realised what she was saying was the truth.

“What about Megan? I know the two of you have been introduced.” Paul sipped his tea and watched her carefully over the rim of his cup.

A picture of Megan’s venomous eyes popped into Alicia’s mind. “I don’t think she really liked me much,” she whispered.

Paul laughed. “So you’ve discovered just what a jealous bitch that one is, huh? Well, my advice is to stay away from her. I don’t understand why Maverick keeps her around sometimes. Don’t take your eyes off her, Alicia. She’s vindictive,” he added with a serious note in his voice. “I know. Let me introduce you to Ivory.”

“Who?”

“Ivory. She’s lovely. One of Maverick’s favourite models actually,” Paul explained.

“I don’t know. What if she hates me too?” Alicia asked.

“Not a problem. While it’s true Maverick and Ivory have been intimate, she is not one of his companions. She’s not submissive. My guess is that if she were into the lifestyle at all, she’d be a Dom.”

Alicia didn’t know what to say.

“Look. Ivory’s bright, fun to be with, forceful and honest to a fault. If she doesn’t want anything to do with you, she’ll say so. She is not a game player. Why don’t the three of us meet for lunch in a few days?”

Still Alicia hesitated. What would Maverick say?

“Well...” she stumbled.

“Leave it to me.” Paul ended the conversation by leaning over the table and kissing her.

Chapter Nine

Braided Bread

Float 2 Tablespoons of yeast on warm (not hot) water until softened

Stir in: 1 1/2 cups warm milk

1/2 cup sugar

2 teaspoons salt

2 eggs

1/2 cup softened butter

1/2 cup chopped blanched almonds

3 1/2 cups all purpose flour

Mix with a spoon until smooth. Add more flour until easy to handle. Turn onto lightly floured board, adding flour and kneading until smooth (you will use roughly 7 cups of flour). Place in a greased, covered bowl and let rise in a warm place until double. Punch down. Let rise again until almost double. Divide into three sections. Roll into snakes. Pinch the ends together and braid the three sections together, pinching to close. Cover and let rise again. Brush with an egg wash if desired. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) until golden brown, approximately 30 minutes.

"So, Paul was pleased with you," Maverick said the next day.

Alicia answered without rising from her position. "Yes, I believe he was, Mr. Devonshire." Alicia knew her voice would be muffled since her forehead rested on the floor in front of Mr. Devonshire's feet, so she tried to enunciate each word. She had arrived at his house an hour earlier and, following the directions taped to his front door, had gone directly to the playroom and removed all of her clothing except for the black garter belt, fishnet stockings and stiletto heels. Once there, she had remained in the greeting position, awaiting his arrival.

"Good. Paul is a very close friend. I don't want him disappointed. Do you understand?"

"I'm not sure, sir," Alicia responded.

She felt a tug on her braid and raised herself so she sat on her heels, her hair firmly in Maverick's grasp. Hopefully Maverick would now command her to greet him.

"You are to consider him your second," he said gently.

"Sir?"

Maverick tugged harder on the braid. "Come now. Surely you understand that. Paul is to be your second Master."

Alicia wasn't sure how to respond to this news. Finally, she smiled up at Maverick, rubbed her face against his leg and said, "Thank you, sir. I will serve him to the best of my ability."

"I'm sure you will." Maverick's face was stern before he wrapped the braid around his hand and pulled.

The tautness on her hair forced Alicia to crane the back of her head upwards, face towards the floor.

"But here is my concern, my most precious companion. Paul has a soft heart and an even softer touch. True?"

"Yes, Mr. Devonshire," Alicia answered.

"He will tell me you have pleased him no matter what you do or don't do. He will give me a glowing report of your abilities simply because that is his nature. He and I have discussed this, and he has agreed to be more assertive. My theory is that you will both enjoy rougher play on occasion." Maverick paused for a full minute.

Alicia began to tremble, unsure why she suddenly felt both fear and anticipation.

"You need a firm hand," he finally stated.

"This is true, sir," she responded.

"Did I ask you a question?"

Alicia closed her eyes. *Oh, God!* "No, sir, you did not."

"You have just proved my point. Not only do you need a firm hand, you crave one. Without it, you will simply get yourself in trouble. You feel pride in yourself and fulfilment when you accept a well deserved consequence," Maverick said as he continued pulling on her braid, forcing her to raise herself to a full kneeling position.

This time, though, Alicia refrained from answering.

"Good. Despite your little slip of the tongue, which will be addressed in due time, you do remember your place. Now, upon promise of severe consequence," he paused as Alicia

gave a little shudder, "you will inform me of any...lapses, shall we say, when you are with Paul. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," she responded quietly.

"If you fail to answer his call, meet him at a requested time, dress to please him, or worse, fail to please him enough so that he experiences orgasm, you will report your lapse to me. Agreed?"

"Of course, sir."

"You understand this is a test of your honesty. I will have no way to know if you are lying or not since Paul will, I'm sure, do nothing but rave about your performance. I rely on your truthfulness." He forced her into a standing position. "You will, naturally, gratefully accept any consequence he deems necessary as well."

"May I speak, sir?" she asked.

"Yes."

Alicia took a deep breath and looked directly into Maverick's eyes. "I promise you, Mr. Devonshire, that I will be completely forthcoming. I will sincerely and humbly report any of my own shortcomings with the hope that you will trouble yourself to correct me." Alicia licked her lips and continued. "I would like you to know, sir, that what you say is true. I do take pride in my ability to accept your consequences. I find myself looking forward to kneeling before you and I find more joy and fulfilment than I ever thought possible when you use me for your own pleasure." Alicia dropped her gaze, catching a hint of surprise in Maverick's eyes.

"In that case, my dear," he said as he flicked his wrist and turned her away from him, "march yourself over to that cane bottomed chair and sit."

Alicia followed Maverick's command, seating herself delicately on the rough chair. She knew from experience that no spanking would be necessary tonight. If Maverick had her sit on this perch for more than a few minutes, her bottom would be red and marked from the caning. Alicia bit down a bubble of disappointment. She had actually been hoping for a good spanking. It had been a full seven days since the last one, and she found herself craving the slap of leather against her skin. Still, she knew her bottom would be red and tender from the narrow wooden strips, so she contented herself with that knowledge.

"I have a surprise for you, my pet. Do you trust me?" he asked

"Of course, sir," Alicia answered hesitantly. Hadn't she just said as much?

"Unbraid your hair," he commanded.

Alicia's hands immediately went to the band at the end of her braid. She removed it and began to release her long tresses, allowing her hair to spill freely around her shoulders, the ends curling against her back. Maverick smiled and left the room. While he was gone, Alicia fidgeted, her bottom decidedly sore from the stiff wicker biting into her flesh. Within a few minutes, Maverick returned to the room with another man. Neither of them spoke to her, nor did either give her leave to speak. Therefore Alicia kept her eyes lowered and waited.

The olive-skinned gentleman lifted Alicia's hair and began to run his fingers through it. "This is glorious, Maverick. And you're right. This quantity, not to mention quality, will be perfect!"

"Yes, I thought you would like the challenge, Hector. Well, I'll leave you to it then. What do think, an hour or so?" Maverick asked.

"Oh, that should do it. Have you told her what's going on?" Hector asked with his hands still wrapped in Alicia's hair.

"No, I haven't. No need. She'll do as I command or suffer the consequence," Maverick answered.

The other man simply laughed in response.

"Alicia!"

Alicia jumped a bit, startled to be finally addressed.

"Hector is an accomplished hairdresser. He will attend to your hair in a particular style we both have been wanting to try. You, as he just said, have the perfect hair for such an experiment. Do as he says, my dear, no talking and do not let your bare bottom leave that chair and do not squirm. When I return, I want to see perfect indentations left from the caning. Understood?" Maverick warned sternly.

"Yes, Mr. Devonshire," she answered, a glimmer of true fear growing. She did trust Maverick, but what if this hairdresser wanted to cut off all her hair? Her breath came in short gasps as tears began to form.

“Now, now, girl. Chin up. I won’t take too long, but I do have my orders,” Hector said companionably. “And he’s right, you know. Your hair is absolutely perfect!”

With expert precision, Hector got to work. Because she faced a wall, Alicia could not see exactly what he was doing, but was relieved to feel the bristles of a brush rather than the clipping of shears. Swiftly he gathered all of her hair into a high ponytail on top of her head and secured it with some type of rope. From the corner of her eye, Alicia could see a bright red strand, possibly silk. By the pull and tug, she could also tell he was once again braiding her hair, working the rope into the braid as if it were her own lock. The plait would certainly be tight, judging by the painful pulling and tugging on her scalp.

After close to an hour, with her bottom aching, Alicia began to squirm.

“Almost done, so don’t wiggle now. You know what will happen, dear!” Hector warned.

Alicia bit her lip and tried to sit still.

“There! Finished! Would you like to see?” Hector asked.

Alicia opened her mouth to answer but thought better of it and simply shook her head.

“Very good. I was instructed to try to trick you. Obedient, aren’t you!” Hector said in a kindly tone. “In that case, let me describe it for you. I’ve braided a silken cord into your hair. I’ve also looped the braid back onto itself so the end of your hair is back at the beginning of the braid with the cord knotted around the whole of it—sailors call it a backlash—so the hair itself forms a tight loop. This should hold for several days and when you—or rather your Master—decides to release your hair, simply untie the silken knot and work the strands loose just as you normally would.” Hector ran his hand over her scalp, obviously admiring his handiwork. “A silver ring is threaded through the hair loop. This ring is very secure. It will not come loose, but it will add weight to your head, so you will probably feel a slight tug at all times. If he wants, Mr. Devonshire can attach another cord through the ring and use it as a leash, binding you to anything he wishes while leaving your limbs completely free.”

Hector gave a quick laugh as Alicia’s eyes widened and her mouth dropped open. Her own hair was to be used to bind her?

“My, this design has turned out better than I thought!” he said.

Again Alicia squirmed on the chair as the caning on the bottom was beginning to cut into her tender flesh. Of course, Maverick chose that moment to return.

"Not trying to wriggle away, are you, Alicia?" he said sternly. "Hector, has she complied?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Devonshire. She did squirm quite a bit here at the end, but she didn't say a word – almost, but she stopped herself," Hector answered.

Because his answer had been so honest and quick, and because he had used the title 'Mr. Devonshire', Alicia wondered if he were another companion. Actually, the name 'Hector' was setting off bells in her head. Could this be the same Hector that Jeffery had left her for?

"I would expect no less from her. Your work is beautiful," he said, lifting the looped hair and giving it a rough shake. "Secure, tight, the silver and red showing delightfully. Would you like to stay and see how well it holds up?"

"Oh, that would be wonderful!" Hector said. "It has been a while since you have included me, Mr. Devonshire."

"So it has. My apologies, old friend. Since you've entered a committed relationship, though, I thought I'd honour that for a time," Maverick said companionably.

A committed relationship?

"I appreciate that," Hector responded, "but Jeffery understands. In fact, he asked permission to be included as well, especially with this one, if that meets with your approval."

Jeffrey? Alicia began to sweat.

"That I will leave up to my companion," Maverick responded. "So, Alicia. I'm sure you've figured out that Hector is indeed the same man whom your husband left you for. He has requested that your ex-husband witness our...activities...tonight. I leave the choice to you."

Alicia considered carefully. She hadn't seen Jeffery for quite some time and wasn't at all sure she wanted him to see her in such a subservient position. Still, the man had made her feel useless, inferior, less than desirable. She knew Maverick would acquiesce to her wishes on this, but she knew her place and was happy with it. Besides, the idea of Jeffrey seeing just how well she could please a man warmed her heart.

"As you wish, Mr. Devonshire. What you desire, I desire. Do as you please," she responded.

"Very well, then. Hector, call your Jeffrey. Invite him to the playroom while my companion greets me," he said with a smile.

Taking her cue, Alicia gratefully dropped to her knees before Maverick and began to undress him. When he was gloriously naked, she took his manhood into her mouth, oblivious to Hector's phone conversation. She cupped Maverick's balls in her hands while licking the length of his manhood. Rolling her tongue around the tip, she positioned her lips and plunged down, devouring the length of him. Maverick grabbed the looped hair, forcing her head up and down like a piston. Alicia, her arse smarting from the extended time in the chair, her jaws aching from the pressure, savoured the now familiar flavour of his skin. When he pushed her head down to his groin, she nearly gagged, but the discomfort was amply rewarded when she felt the hot, salty liquor slide down her parched throat. Only after she had drunk every drop did Maverick release her hair, and she sank back on her ankles.

"God, Alicia, if I knew you were that good, maybe I'd have stayed straight," she heard Jeffrey say.

She had been so focused on Maverick that she hadn't even noticed when her ex-husband had arrived.

Not bothering to answer, Alicia looked up at her Master and said, "How else may I serve you?" From her peripheral vision, she could see Jeffrey's jaw drop and felt a surge of perverse pleasure.

"Now, now, Jeffrey, don't be catty," Hector scolded. "Let's just lounge here on the bed and enjoy the show."

"Of course," Jeffrey answered, sounding a bit unsure of himself.

"Stand by the pole," Maverick directed.

Alicia stood, a bit wobbly at first, and walked to the centre pole. She faced it, feeling the weight of her hair and the cold thumping of the silver ring against the nape of her neck.

"Let's just see how well Hector's creation works," Maverick said as he lifted the ring and attached it to the carabineer.

Alicia was grateful for the three and a half inch heels. Without these, she would have been stretched to her toes.

Maverick ran his hand over her bottom, feeling the raised markings left from the chair. "Lovely pattern. It's almost a shame to muddle it with a paddle. Still, you have been naughty. Speaking before being spoken to, squirming in the chair when you had been told to sit still. You do agree, don't you, that a consequence is warranted?" he asked.

"As it pleases you, sir, I stand in need of correction," she responded humbly. *Please, please use me!* she silently begged. Her body craved the feel of leather.

"So it shall be," he answered.

Alicia heard him walk towards the wall where the whips, paddles, straps and canes were displayed.

"Oh, my," Jeffrey said quietly. "Is he really going to use *that*?"

"He certainly is," Hector responded. "We should get more comfortable, don't you think, duckie?"

Alicia then heard rustling on the bed and assumed the two of them were removing their clothing. She couldn't be sure, of course, since the ring braided into her hair held her securely in place.

"You may grasp the pole," Maverick allowed.

Not sure what to expect, Alicia held onto the cold metal with both hands. A moment later, she was grateful she did as the full strength of the cat bit into her already tender flesh. Maverick had only used the cat on her once before, and she had, after an embarrassingly short time, said 'Enough', thereby ending the session. Knowing that Mr. Devonshire was testing her obedience in front of her ex-husband and his lover, Alicia bit her lip and tightened her hold on the pole. Blow after blow rained down on her burning arse, but she refused to cry out. Despite the intense pain, Alicia stood rock solid, enduring, welcoming the onslaught.

"Good God! I had no idea she had it in her," Alicia heard Jeffery remark.

"Let's see what you have in you," Hector responded.

Vaguely, Alicia wondered what they were doing, but she had a fairly good idea. Suddenly Maverick demanded all of her attention once again as he ran a hand over her

bottom. Even this gentle touch was enough to bring a glimmer of pain to the surface. Judging by the heat, Alicia knew her bum would be glowing bright red by now.

"Nicely done, my dear. I don't believe I have ever seen your lovely arse with this particular texture or colour. Quite becoming," Maverick commented.

"I'm glad you are pleased, sir," Alicia responded.

Maverick chuckled deep in his throat as he reached to release her from the pole. He grabbed her around the waist, pressing her burning flesh against him.

"Aren't they a nice couple," he said, indicating the two men.

Jeffrey lay on the bed, his head thrown back, hands in Hector's hair. Hector lay between Jeffrey's thighs, his mouth moving rhythmically up and down on Jeffrey's penis. Alicia watched in fascination, feeling not the expected jealousy or anger at her ex, but a sentimental relief. Despite his treatment of her, Alicia harboured no ill feelings for Jeffrey. By his half-closed eyes and his open mouth, Alicia knew Jeffrey was in a 'zone'. She smiled, watching with pleasure the beauty before her. Truly, Alicia found she wished nothing but happiness for Jeffrey. Their time together was over, and while it had ended badly, without her short marriage she would never have come to England and therefore would never have met Mr. Devonshire.

"Time for yours, my dear. Go to the horse," Maverick commanded.

Alicia nodded as she confidently walked to the horse and leaned over it, grasping the legs, her arse high in the air.

"That's my girl," Maverick whispered into her ear.

He positioned himself behind her. He wiggled his penis against her well lubricated opening. Throughout the whipping, Alicia had gotten wetter with each blow. Torturously, Maverick dipped the tip of himself into her pussy again and again but refrained from full entry. Alicia squirmed in frustration.

"Patience, my darling companion," he said.

Alicia hung her head, bravely trying to control her own need.

"That's it."

She cried out as she felt Maverick pull completely out of her but gave another cry, this time of joy, as suddenly he buried himself deep inside of her. Rather than attacking her pussy, though, he had lubricated himself in her juices then pierced her arsehole. Both pain and pleasure ripped through Alicia's core, causing her to scream her release. Maverick grasped her hips, impaling her, stabbing into her until he too cried out, releasing himself into her body. Feeling the warm liquid inside of her, Alicia lifted her head in time to meet Jeffrey's eyes as he too found his release, Hector swallowing and gulping. Alicia again began to tremble and clench her muscles, brilliant colours swimming before her eyes. Finally, after years of discontent, Jeffrey and Alicia shared a simultaneous orgasm.

Chapter Ten

Cool Cuke Sandwiches

1 medium cucumber, thinly sliced and soaked in salted water.

1 loaf rye cocktail bread

1 8 oz. package cream cheese

Salt, pepper, paprika

Spread a thin layer of cream cheese on a slice of cocktail bread. Rinse all salt water from the cucumber slices. Pat dry with a paper towel. Place one slice on the cheese. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika to taste.

“Interesting do,” Ivory commented the next afternoon.

Alicia blushed and reached up to touch the looped braid. Mr. Devonshire had indicated that she was to retain this hairstyle for at least three days. Then he would allow her to release it and wash her hair. He might, or he might not, hire Hector to repeat the creation at that time.

“I’m getting used to it,” she answered, wiggling to find a comfortable position on her chair.

Ivory laughed. Alicia liked this woman. Tall, graceful with brilliant red hair and a quick smile, she had green eyes that flashed intelligence and friendliness. Paul had arranged for the three of them to meet over tea and, after shaking hands with the other woman, Alicia knew they could be friends.

“I don’t suppose you have a choice,” Ivory answered.

“You don’t approve?” Alicia asked, suddenly cautious and aware of the tingling along the skin of her aching arse.

“No, no, you misunderstand.” Ivory reached over and patted her hand. “I’m not here to pass judgment, but if I were, I’d say you look quite happy as Maverick’s companion—his favourite I might add. That lifestyle is not for me, although lately I have been wondering if I might not enjoy dominating someone. But a submissive—definitely not! Still, if you like it, go for it! After all, without you sub types, what would the Doms do?”

Alicia smiled.

"See," Paul interjected. "I told you Ivory would be a fantastic friend for you." He flashed both women a perfect smile. "Sadly, however, I must leave you. I have work to do." He stood and dropped a kiss on both women's cheeks. "Ivory, you will see that Alicia returns home?"

"Of course! Now run along. Sometimes a man is just in the way when girls want to talk," Ivory responded.

Paul laughed and waved his goodbye.

Both Alicia and Ivory watched his retreating backside as he walked away from the café.

"Now that," Ivory said appreciatively, "is one fine arse."

"It certainly is," Alicia agreed quietly.

"So at least you've got some backbone," Ivory commented. "I think you will need it."

"What do you mean?"

"Are you aware that Megan is also a model for Maverick?" Ivory asked, sipping her tea.

"No, Mr. Devonshire doesn't talk much about his work," Alicia answered with a frown.

"She's a mean one. Maverick thinks he's got her tamed, but he's wrong."

"Has she said something about me?"

"Hell yes!" Ivory stated. "She's got something planned, but I don't know what. Now I'm really not one to tell tales out of school, but I despise cruelty—physical or emotional. I know Maverick enjoys dishing out a good spanking—'consequences' I believe he calls them—but that's not cruel, that's just sex. Wonderful sex! Especially if the participants are all enjoying themselves. Megan, though, she scares me."

Alicia nodded in agreement. She too had sensed a hardness about the other companion.

"Part of it is that Megan is smart. She sees Maverick slipping from her and towards you."

"I'm confused," Alicia admitted.

"Ever since you came along, honey, Maverick's been different—in a good way. He's happier, he laughs more—and he isn't shoving fast food down his throat! But he's also begun treating Megan like a model, not a companion. She used to stay naked on a shoot or kneel

beside him. You know the drill, the submissive 'beat me, I'm yours' litany. He'd tweak a nipple, play with her arse, pet her head. Now when he finishes with her, he just tells her to put on a robe—just like the rest of the models."

Alicia waited for Ivory to continue.

"Don't turn your back on her, honey—literally! I've been around the block a few times—met most of Maverick's companions, even participated in a few evening frolics, and let me tell you, Megan is not the companion type!" Ivory looked deeply into Alicia's eyes before continuing. "She knows how to play the part when she wants to, but she wants control of Maverick. She's jealous."

"Of me?" Alicia was startled.

"Naturally! You are a true submissive, honey, and she knows this is what Maverick needs. From what Paul has told me, you truly enjoy your place as a companion. And honestly, I could tell that as well. Did you know you deferred to Paul before ordering your tea and sandwich?"

"I did?"

"Yep. You also looked at him before you began to speak, almost as if you were asking permission. It was all completely natural." Ivory again lifted her cup. "Like I said, that's not my choice in life, although I will admit that on occasion I do like a bit of rough play as well, but I respect your choice. By the way, try a little witch hazel in case you ever get any bruises. Helps them heal and cools the fire. It's not an easy life you've chosen. In many ways, you're much stronger than I am. I please myself, you anticipate and accommodate others. You must be very perceptive," Ivory added with a note of admiration.

"Thank you, Ivory," Alicia said, truly appreciative of the compliment. "And thank you for the warning. I knew Megan didn't like me, but I didn't know to what extent."

"No problem. Say, why don't we make a date to go shopping? Tuesday afternoon good for you? I've known Maverick a long time, but I could make some lovely suggestions for clothing he'd like," Ivory added, suddenly lightening the mood.

"That would be fabulous!" Alicia quickly agreed. It felt wonderful to have a girlfriend again, she thought as she bit into a cucumber sandwich. And now, thanks to Tasting Pleasure, she also had a bit of spare cash.

Chapter Eleven

Pan Seared Steak

1 Sirloin steak

1 teaspoon each ground mustard, garlic, chopped onions

1 Tablespoon butter

1 Tablespoon canola oil

Salt and pepper to taste

Season steak with spices. Heat Cast Iron skillet. Add canola oil and butter. Sear steak on both sides, cooking 5-8 minutes per side, depending upon personal taste. Salt and pepper as desired.

You will arrive at four p.m. precisely. Enter my home and proceed to the playroom. Remove all of your clothing except for the shoes. Attach your silver ring to the pole, back to the pole. Await my arrival.

Mr. Devonshire

Alicia read the note twice. She glanced quickly at the clock—three-thirty p.m. already! By the time she cleaned herself—inside and out—and drove to his home, she would be late. Well, there was nothing to do but hope for the best. At least with her hair in this style, she wouldn't have to mess with it. Still, she hated disappointing Maverick. The man worked hard. The least she could do was comply with his wishes.

Arriving at his home at four-fifteen p.m., Alicia rushed up the stairs towards the playroom, removing clothing as she went. When she made it to the room, she flung open the door and quickly went to the pole, reaching up to attach the carabineer to her silver hoop. Only when she was in position did she notice the other girl—Megan—kneeling on the floor, ready to greet Mr. Devonshire. Again glancing at the clock next to the bed, Alicia noted the time—four-eighteen. Eighteen minutes late.

Barely three minutes later, Maverick entered the playroom and walked directly to Megan.

"Greet me," he commanded.

Megan immediately began removing Maverick's clothes and greeting him—as any good companion should. Alicia watched in silence, aware of her tardiness and her still

marked arse. Within a few minutes, Maverick gently pushed against Megan's head and held out his hand. She placed her own hand in his and stood up. The two of them walked hand in hand to stand before Alicia.

"I understand you met with Ivory today," Maverick said.

"Yes, sir," Alicia answered.

"I'm glad. She is a good friend and a lovely model. I hope the two of you form a friendship," he added conversationally.

"Thank you, sir," Alicia responded, glancing at Megan and noting the malice in her eyes.

"When did you arrive?"

"I'm very sorry, sir. I was late. I did not arrive until four-fifteen, and I did not make it to the playroom and attach myself properly until four-eighteen," she answered truthfully.

"Too bad," he said with a smile. "Megan, what do you suggest?"

Alicia quickly looked at the other girl. Megan smirked a moment, seeming to savour her victory over Alicia.

"Well, sir," Megan began, "a companion's only purpose is to serve you. Alicia, obviously, has failed. She completely disregards your simple directives. This isn't the first time she's been late, is it? She has also made many other mistakes. She might be purposely rebelling against your authority. I suggest, with due respect, that she be severely punished."

"How so?" Maverick questioned.

Megan thought for a moment then brazenly answered, "Brand her."

"That is severe," Maverick commented.

"She must learn her place somehow. With all due respect, perhaps you have been too lenient on her, sir," Megan answered.

"Interesting."

Alicia's eyes widened and she shook her head in denial, but remained silent. Surely Maverick would not punish her so severely for being a mere eighteen minutes late!

"Alicia, what do you have to say?"

Alicia gulped. "I do certainly deserve a punishment, and I will abide by whatever you decide, but in truth, branding sounds far too severe! And I am terrified of being burned."

"Still, are you willing to trust me to decide what is best for you?" Mr. Devonshire asked.

Alicia noticed a hesitation in his question and a glimmer of kindness in his eyes. Remembering her conversation with Ivory, Alicia considered a moment. Megan glared at her with malice-filled eyes, but Mr. Devonshire held the final word. Did she trust this man?

"Yes, sir. I trust you," she answered.

"Megan, heat up the iron," Maverick commanded.

Alicia allowed a small sound to escape as she watched Megan's smile grow more menacing. The other girl opened a cabinet and took out what looked like an electric curling iron. On the end of the device, however, was a small emblem—MD—moulded in metal. Alicia remembered seeing the mark branded onto several wooden frames gracing Maverick's photographs. Megan plugged the device into a wall socket and Alicia watched as the metal slowly turned red with heat.

"Do you want to use the safe word?" Mr. Devonshire asked.

Alicia met Maverick's eyes. "I am yours. Do with me as you please," she answered.

Maverick thought for a moment, then reached up to unhook her braid. Still holding the silver ring, he forced her to walk to the St. Andrew's cross.

"Prepare yourself," he commanded. "Megan, bind her."

Alicia placed her wrists and ankles directly in front of the cuffs. Turning her head, she caught a glimpse of Megan's demonic smile just before the girl bound her arms and legs so tightly that Alicia could not move.

Oh shit! What have I gotten myself into? Alicia wondered. With Ivory's warning fresh in her mind, she trembled. She did not want to be branded! A stern whipping—well, that was one thing. But a branding! The pain would be incredible and the mark would be permanent. Surely Mr. Devonshire wouldn't go through with such a thing.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Will you put the mark on her arse, sir? It's used to being beaten, so a little more pain in that same area won't hurt," Megan remarked.

"Where I choose to place the brand is no concern of yours, Megan," Maverick answered sternly. "Alicia?"

"As you will," she answered in a trembling voice, tightening every muscle in her body.

She felt the heat between her thighs and she screamed. She smelled an acrid, burning scent and heard Megan's gasping intake of breath. Shockingly, she felt no pain.

"Satisfied?" he asked.

"But you didn't touch her! You just pressed the iron into the leather between her thighs!" Megan whined.

"As I intended. You have just failed a test, Megan. That makes twice that you have sought to harm Alicia. Alicia, on the other hand, was willing to accept this barbaric punishment if only to please me. Do you really think I am so cruel as to permanently mark another person without her express permission? Megan, I am terribly disappointed in you," Maverick said, a note of sadness entering his voice. "Unbind her. Now!"

Alicia nearly fainted with relief. Once Megan had released her, Alicia knelt before Mr. Devonshire, tears flowing from her eyes.

"Sir, thank you. I must admit, I was doubtful for a moment, but thank you for your mercy," she said quietly.

Mr. Devonshire reached down and, grasping the silver ring, gently tugged, raising Alicia to her feet.

"You're welcome, my dear. But I do have a punishment in mind," he replied.

"Of course, sir."

"Bind Megan in your stead."

Alicia looked quickly at the other girl who stood in shocked silence. Following his orders, though, Alicia did as requested and bound Megan face first to the cross.

"Choose your implement," Mr. Devonshire commanded.

Alicia looked at him questioningly. "I don't understand, sir."

"This companion wanted to physically harm you. I expect my companions to be accommodating, gracious, adept and honest. I also expect them to be considerate of each

other. She has failed at all of these simple tasks. You, my dear, will administer her consequence. Questions?" he asked.

Alicia shook her head slowly as understanding dawned on her. Walking to the implement wall, she carefully perused the display of whips, paddles, canes, floggers and cats. Fully understanding the effect of each device, Alicia chose a cat—one made of soft suede and lacking the end knots. If properly delivered, the lashing would leave Megan's arse sore and red, but unmarked.

"Proceed," Mr. Devonshire encouraged.

Reaching back her arm, Alicia delivered the first blow and jumped almost as much as Megan did.

Goodness! Being on this end of the whip is certainly a different feeling.

"How many stripes would you like me to deliver, sir?" she asked.

"As many as you choose. Just try to keep them even," Maverick directed.

Alicia nodded and continued, enjoying the feeling of power she suddenly was wielding. After only ten blows—five to each cheek—Megan began to cry. Alicia ignored the girl's rantings and continued until her beautiful arse glowed red. After fifty strokes, Alicia dropped the whip, exhausted.

"Release her," Maverick suggested.

Alicia looked over at him, sitting in a wing-backed chair casually sipping a Bloody Mary.

Breathing heavily, Alicia did so then stood aside, awaiting further direction. She felt incredible. While she couldn't say she *enjoyed* administering the consequence, she had experienced a surge of power, control.

"Come before me, both of you," Maverick said.

The two women complied, one with tears streaming down her face, both with bowed heads.

"Megan, what do you have to say now?"

She raised her head and addressed him. "I'm sorry to have disappointed you, sir. I will do whatever necessary to redeem myself."

Alicia noted she had not apologised for her actions but rather for disappointing Maverick.

“Good. I have a special assignment for both of you. It will take cooperation on both of your parts as well as a bit of research on yours, Alicia.” He set down his Bloody Mary. “I would like you to prepare a very special meal.”

“Certainly, sir. I’d be honoured,” she answered truthfully.

“You will prepare this meal for next Friday night. I will be expecting five guests, but you should prepare enough for seven since you and Megan will also be in attendance,” he continued.

“I understand,” she responded, though with an uncertain note in her voice.

Megan had also raised her eyebrows and cocked her head, clearly confused.

Mr. Devonshire leaned forward and began to tweak Alicia’s nipple while he continued his directives.

“The meal will be made up entirely of aphrodisiacs. I know the scientific world does not support the validity of such foods, but even if their value cannot be proven, the psychosomatic effect will, I’m sure, prove to be quite interesting, don’t you think?”

“Yes, sir, I do.” Already Alicia’s mind was spinning with possibilities. “I’ll need to do some research, but I believe I can do it.”

Maverick continued to twist her nipples into erectness while never taking his eyes off of her face.

“Mr. Devonshire,” Megan asked quietly, “what will be my role?”

Maverick shifted his gaze to her and said, “You, my dear, will serve the guests—in any way they desire.”

Megan lowered her eyes quickly and nodded. “Of course, sir.”

“You are dismissed, Megan.”

Megan’s eyes flew to him and she began to open her mouth then obviously thought better of it. She nodded once and turned to leave. Alicia kept her focus on Mr. Devonshire, barely noticing the sound of the shutting door.

"Did you enjoy the consequence?" Mr. Devonshire asked, his fingers continually rubbing the pink buds.

"No, sir, I can't say that I did," she answered truthfully.

"Then why continue as long as you did?" He released her left breast and ran his hand along her side.

"Because," she whispered, "a good companion must learn her place. She must admit her mistakes," she gasped as his hand found its way to her clit, "and willingly accept reprimand." She closed her eyes, allowing the warmth to circulate throughout her body.

"Go on," he encouraged.

"Megan erred. Besides," Alicia fought to formulate words with the delightful distraction of Maverick's fingers probing inside of her, "she has a lovely behind. I knew you would appreciate the sight of it nicely reddened."

"Very interesting," he said, nibbling on her ear. "So even in the dominant position, you sought to please me."

"Please, sir, please," Alicia begged, "take me."

She heard a low chuckle deep in Maverick's throat. Suddenly he stood and swept her up in his arms. Alicia's cry of surprise was swallowed in the deep kiss Maverick drew from her. He carried her to the bed, gently placing her onto the soft mattress. He moved on top of her, positioning his legs between her thighs. With excruciating slowness, Maverick eased himself into Alicia's welcoming tunnel. She tipped her head back, a primal sound growing in her throat. Not one to waste an opportunity, Maverick swooped down and ran his tongue along her neck, moving his hips to meet hers. Alicia felt the world dissolve. She no longer felt the cold silver hoop pressed against her back. Her still tender arse, gripped by Maverick's strong hands, no longer hurt. The features of the room faded as Maverick took a nipple into his mouth, sucking it to life.

"Gentle and sweet can also be tortuous, my darling," Maverick said as he released her bud and pulled out of her. Alicia grasped his shoulders, protesting his loss. Maverick began to kiss her stomach, her hips, her thighs. Without thought, Alicia thrashed on the bed, clenching and unclenching her hands. Just when she knew she would lose her mind, Maverick plunged his tongue into her honey pot, sucking the warm juices, tasting her soul.

Purple, pink and magenta exploded in Alicia's mind as the orgasm washed over her, and she bucked against his mouth, her body seeking more. Suddenly it was no longer his sweet, soft tongue inside of her but his hard, brilliant staff. Maverick supported himself with his hands and loomed over her, driving his hips into her over and over again, throwing his head back and crying out as he spilled his seed deeply inside of her.

Collapsing on top of her, Maverick rolled to his side, exhausted. Alicia needed a moment to catch her breath.

Without thinking, she marvelled, "Maverick, that was pure and total beauty."

"Yes," he agreed sleepily, reaching for her. "It certainly was."

Alicia, not wanting the moment to end, scooted downwards. Kneeling on the bed, she reverently lifted his dripping manhood and gently licked it clean. Maverick reached down and began to rub her head, lulling her into relaxation. Still Alicia felt the need to show her gratitude, so rather than crawl back up to lie beside him, she snuggled against his stomach, reaching down to massage his legs. There she felt her head rise and fall with each breath from her Master. Only when his breathing became steady and even did Alicia give in and allow herself to drift off to sleep.

Chapter Twelve

Fluffy Scrambled Eggs

2 eggs, separated

Salt

Pepper

1 Tablespoon milk

1 Tablespoon Parmesan cheese

1 dash hot sauce

1 Tablespoon butter

Whip egg whites until light and foamy but not too stiff. Blend egg yolks with all other ingredients. Melt butter in a small skillet. While butter is melting, blend yolks with egg whites. Pour into hot skillet. Cook until firm.

For the next two days, Alicia poured over the Internet and cookbooks, trying to come up with a menu full of only Aphrodisiac foods. The obvious appetiser – oysters on the half-shell – was out because of Maverick's shellfish allergy. After beginning on her research, though, Alicia discovered this would not be such a problem. Who knew there were so many aphrodisiac foods out there? So for an appetiser, she decided to arrange figs and strawberries drizzled with honey on decorative plates. This would then be followed by carrot soup flavoured with nutmeg, for dessert she would serve dark chocolate petit fours decorated with blue sugar morning glories. For the moment, though, an idea for the main course escaped her.

After an hour of staring at the computer screen, Alicia put her hand up to her forehead. She suddenly felt terrible. Sure enough, her skin felt clammy and hot. *Great, just great.* She definitely did not need to be getting sick now. She trudged into the bathroom and rummaged about for her thermometer. Sticking it into her mouth, she began to notice her aching body – and this time the pain had nothing to do with pleasure. She groaned after reading the thermometer – she definitely had a fever. Grabbing a bottle of aspirin, she went into the kitchen for a glass of water. After swallowing two pills, she got undressed and climbed into bed, falling into a restless sleep.

Later that afternoon, the phone rang, jarring Alicia to a shaky consciousness.

“Lo?” she said groggily.

“Alicia?”

Her eyes popped open. “Yes, Mr. Debonthire?” she slurred.

“Are you alright?” Maverick quickly asked.

“Fine, jus’ fine. I think. I can’t really remember. I think I might be sick,” Alicia mumbled.

“I’ll be right there.”

“But I can’t come today, Thir! I think I might be thick. I don’t want to get you thick!” she said to a dial tone. Carefully, she hung up the phone. What had he said? Did he want her to drive to his house? No, that wasn’t it. Maybe she should just wait for another call. That sounded like a plan. Soon she’d get up and take a shower, get ready...soon.

A heavy banging roused her. What the hell was making all that noise? Groggily, Alicia stood up. Running her hand along the wall, she managed to stay upright long enough to stumble into the kitchen. There she stood in amazement. Standing at her stove was Maverick—cooking.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

Maverick whipped his head around at the sound of her voice, a frown forming on his face.

“What are you doing out of bed?” he returned, wiping his hands on a towel and rushing to her. Grasping her by the shoulders, he turned her about face and walked her back to the bedroom.

“I don’t understand,” Alicia mumbled.

“Simple, my dear,” he answered. “I called with the idea that we could have a night together, but when it became apparent you were ill, I came to take care of you instead.”

Alicia simply blinked at him. Why was he speaking so loudly?

“You’re burning up.” He turned her back towards the bedroom. “Let’s get you back in bed and out of these clothes.”

Alicia sat mutely on the bed as Maverick gently removed her clothing and tucked her under the covers. Her mind was swimming in and out of consciousness, but later she

vaguely remembered warm broth running down her throat and a cool cloth bathing her body. Most welcome, though, were the strong arms that held her when her body shook with chills and the deep voice murmuring soft words to her fevered mind. Finally she fell into a deep sleep.

When Alicia awoke, she sat up in bed, confused by the bright sunlight streaming through her window and the sound of voices coming from her kitchen. She frowned, hearing female laughter. Realising she was naked, she grabbed a robe and shakily stood up, holding onto the wall for support as she trudged into the kitchen.

"Wow! The dead has arisen!" Ivory gently teased. "Come here, honey. Sit down. Let me get you some tea."

"Ivory, when did you get here?" Alicia asked. "And Maverick – did you stay all night?"

Maverick held out a chair and helped her into it. "I called Ivory this morning to cancel the shoot. You were still sleeping and I didn't want to leave you alone."

"And I, being such a wonderful person," Ivory winked as she handed Alicia a steaming cup of tea, "rushed right over to help. You look like hell, kid."

"You should have seen her last night. Scared the daylights out of me," Maverick added.

"Well that's your own fault. If you weren't so besotted with her, you wouldn't care so much. Besides, you've probably exhausted the poor thing. It's nice, really, when you think about it," Ivory retorted.

"Hey," Alicia interjected. "I'm sitting right here. You don't need to talk around me!"

"Getting some spirit back. I'd say she's on the road to recovery," Ivory said, completely ignoring Alicia's comment.

"Good. I was about an inch away from carting her off to hospital last night," Maverick said, shovelling in a mouthful of eggs.

Alicia, realising it was useless to complain, sat back in her chair and sipped her tea. While she still felt like a truck had run her over, the fever was gone. From experience, she knew her body would bounce back quickly. In the meantime she'd just sit back and enjoy the companionship. Suddenly, someone was quietly knocking on the door. When she started to get up, Maverick put a hand on her shoulder and rose to answer it himself.

"Looks like you have another concerned guest, my dear," he announced, walking back into the kitchen with Paul behind him.

"Feeling better, luv?" Paul asked as he dropped a kiss on the top of her head.

"Much, thank you. How did you know I was ill?"

"Ivory called after she heard. Thought I'd bring over something to make you feel better."

"Now what could possibly make me feel better than having all the people I care about here?" Alicia responded.

"Isn't she sweet?" Ivory added, picking up a piece of bacon and popping it into her mouth.

"Actually, I've tasted her and yes, she is very sweet," Paul joked.

Alicia was startled for a moment, then smiled as all three friends burst into laughter.

"My dear mum swears this is the cure for all illness—orange juice!" He pulled a bag of oranges from behind his back as if he were a magician. "Let me at a knife and a pitcher and I'll have you a nice glass of fresh juice in a moment."

Nibbling on her breakfast, which Ivory had cooked, and drinking the freshly squeezed juice, Alicia felt nothing but warmth and contentment. This was indeed the life she had always dreamed of. Easy companionship, a welcoming home where friends dropped by often. She stayed fairly quiet while the other three discussed politics, trends in the art world, the weather. It didn't really matter what they were talking about, just so long as they were there.

"Looks like the princess needs her beauty sleep," Paul commented when he caught Alicia in a yawn. "Maverick, Ivory, I know you two had a shoot scheduled for today, so why don't I stay with her and you two run along."

Maverick and Ivory glanced at each other before Maverick spoke.

"What do you think, Alicia? I won't leave you alone yet, but we are on a deadline. Still, I'll stay here if you want me to," he said solicitously.

"Don't be silly, Maverick. I'll be fine. Really, I recover quickly. Go do your work. I'll just nap a bit more and probably be perfectly fine by tonight." She smiled reassuringly.

"If you're sure, then," he said. "I'll just see you to bed then take off. Paul, if she needs anything, let me know. Okay?"

"Of course, but don't worry. I'll take good care of her." Paul patted his shoulder and started to clear away the dishes.

When Alicia woke up from her nap, she again put on her robe and wandered into the living room. She smiled, seeing Paul scrunched up on the couch, snoring away. Rather than wake him, she went into the kitchen and got herself another glass of juice. She was still a bit tired, but overall felt much better. Paul's mum was right. The orange juice was a miracle cure.

"Thought I heard you," Paul said as he walked up behind her. He wrapped an arm around her waist and placed his hand against her forehead. "No fever now."

"I know," she said, turning around to face him. "Between my natural ability to heal quickly and the juice, I think I'm well on the road to recovery."

"Good! Why don't we sit for a while and you tell Uncle Paul what you've been up to lately."

Alicia happily followed Paul into the living room and curled up next to him, leaning against his shoulder.

"Well, I've been working on putting together an Aphrodisiac dinner for Maverick, but it has posed some challenges. I know there will be five guests, but I don't know who they are, so I can't tailor the menu to their tastes. Also, because of his shellfish allergy, I can't use oysters, so I'm not sure what to do about a main course," she began.

"Umm, that does present an interesting dilemma," Paul commented. "Perhaps I can assist."

"How?"

"Would it help to know that I am one of the guests?"

Alicia cocked her head so she could see him. "Paul! That's wonderful!"

"Good. Would it also help to know that Ivory is another guest?" he continued.

Alicia paused a moment. "Are you sure you should be telling me this? I mean, if Maverick hasn't told me, maybe he doesn't really want me to know."

"My dear," Paul smiled, "am I not your second? I'm sure it just slipped Maverick's mind. Sometimes the man gets so wrapped up in his camera that he forgets a world exists outside of his lenses."

Alicia frowned, wondering if Paul were criticising Maverick or simply making a comment. Obviously noticing her discomfort, Paul laughed and gently mussed her hair.

"Stop worrying, Alicia. Maverick and I have been friends for long enough to know each other very well. Ivory too. Do you know that Maverick and I met in grammar school? And Ivory has been his model for the last five years."

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have doubted you. And yes, that information does help. Tremendously," she added.

"What about tapas?" he asked.

"Tapas?"

"Yes, tapas or small plates. Instead of a full meal, you could come up with eight or nine small dishes served like appetisers. Finger foods," he suggested.

Alicia considered. "That's perfect, Paul. I wouldn't need a main course if I did that, just a variety of different appetisers really. Thank you so much. If I wasn't afraid of getting you ill, I'd kiss you right now."

"You know, the risk is certainly worth it, but I'd rather wait until you're fully rested and recovered. Then you can thank me with more than a kiss" He smiled seductively.

Alicia felt her heart melt. "Count on it."

Chapter Thirteen

Milkshake

*1 cup whole milk
3 scoops vanilla ice cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 teaspoons sugar*

Combine all ingredients in a blender. Blend to desired consistency. You may change the flavour by adding pureed fruit or flavoured ice cream.

Alicia carried through with her promise a few days later. Paul had called her and invited her over for the afternoon to watch one of her favourite old movies, *Casablanca*. She had quickly showered and put on a light cotton dress. Hoping for the best, she had also worn a matching light pink corset and g-string. Now, cuddled next to Paul on his couch, Alicia sniffed loudly then blushed a bit when Paul handed her a tissue.

"It's so sad," she said.

"That's what makes it so good. Now I can dry your tears," Paul leaned over and kissed her cheeks. "What can I do to see you smile again?"

"Let me thank you. You've done so much for me. Let me please you," she whispered. "I will do whatever you'd like."

Paul smiled. "Greet me."

Alicia immediately stood and began to remove her dress, but Paul stopped her.

"No, not like you do Maverick. I like the dress, the lingerie. Looks sexy when I can catch only glimpses of skin through fabric."

Alicia frowned in confusion. "Tell me what you want of me."

"Stand against the blue wall, facing it," he instructed gently.

The juxtaposition of such a gentle, warm voice to a command momentarily bewildered Alicia. Still, she was trained well. With only a brief hesitation, she complied. The east wall of Paul's living room was painted a deep midnight blue with flecks of yellow and red adding contrast and texture. Alicia faced the wall, placing her hands at shoulder height.

She heard the tell-tale click of Paul unbuckling his belt. Resisting the urge to turn around, Alicia concentrated on controlling her breathing. Soon enough, Paul stood behind her, pulling her against his chest with one strong arm and reaching beneath the skirt with the other.

"Lovely," he said. "I like you in this position."

"I'll be here whenever you want me then," she answered, closing her eyes as she felt herself moisten when he dipped his fingers beneath her silk g-string, rimming her tunnel.

The doorbell rang, and Alicia jumped with the unexpectedness of the sound.

Paul dropped his head to hers, sighed and reached down to pull up his trousers.

"Don't move," he commanded. "I'll be right back."

Alicia let an exasperated noise escape before nodding. God she wanted to be used by him! Hopefully whoever was at the door wouldn't stay long.

"Come in," Paul said pleasantly.

"Looks like I might be interrupting something," Ivory laughed.

"Alicia, you don't mind if Ivory watches, do you?" Paul asked while gently rubbing her back.

In truth, Ivory's presence gave Alicia pause. She liked the other woman but was worried that Ivory's opinion of her would drop once she saw her as a submissive.

"Don't mind me, darling. I'm not really in the mood for sex myself, but I've always enjoyed a good show," Ivory interjected. "I've been wanting to see you in action anyway. But I do think the g-string needs to go. She should be completely open to you, Paul. Alicia darling, why don't you relieve yourself of that annoying scrap of material?"

Despite her nervousness, Alicia nodded, quickly ridding herself of the offending article of clothing and resuming her position as gracefully as possible. She would not disappoint Paul now. Still, Ivory's presence did add an element of humiliation. Alicia respected Ivory. She didn't want the other woman to think less of her.

"I was about to see just how wet she was," Paul said, once again dropping his trousers. This time he also removed his shirt before stepping behind Alicia and reaching beneath her skirt. "Oh, yes. She's very wet." He ran his tongue along her neck.

“Alicia,” Ivory said, “why don’t you reach back and guide Paul into you?”

When Alicia hesitated, Paul whispered into her ear, “Do it. Follow any instruction either of us gives you. It’ll be fine – really. You might, however, see another side of me today. Don’t be frightened.”

She reached around, grasped Paul’s luscious member and, arching her back and grateful for the three-inch heels, she guided him into her welcoming nest.

“That’s it,” he encouraged. “Put your hands back on the wall.”

Alicia sighed as Paul slowly eased himself into her body. His heat penetrated her thin dress and satin corset.

“Get rid of the dress,” Ivory suggested. “I’d like to see what she’s wearing beneath.”

“Good idea,” Paul agreed. In one quick move, Paul grasped the back neckline and yanked downwards.

Alicia could not suppress the gasp of surprise when the thin, pink cotton ripped away from her body. Paul had never shown such brute force before. She was so shocked she forgot her position and tried to turn around.

“Naughty, naughty,” Ivory scolded.

“Yes, she was. She’s been taught better than that,” Paul added.

Alicia blushed in shame. It was true, she had been taught better. And he had just warned her that she was going to see a new side to him.

“I do like the corset, though. Makes her small waist absolutely miniscule and her tits enormous,” Ivory said. “And I must say, Paul, your arse is one of the finest I’ve ever seen. Watching you pump away almost makes me wish I hadn’t sworn off sex for a while.”

“You can always change your mind,” Paul teased.

“Not at this time of the month. Some girls like it, but not me. I’ll just watch. Maybe even do a little directing.”

Alicia couldn’t believe the two of them were having a conversation while she stood pinned against a wall as Paul fucked her. The experience was thrilling. She found that she liked performing, knowing that Ivory watched her every move.

"I've got it!" Ivory shouted. "Why don't I brush up on some of my old skills? Sound good?"

"Sounds wonderful, darling," Paul laughed. "So long as I get to fuck her as I like."

"Deal. Now, Alicia, dear, you just let Paul have his way with you for a little while and I'll set up a few items in the dining room. Have fun, kids." Ivory laughed wickedly before leaving the room.

During this surreal conversation, Paul had been slowly easing himself in and out of her wet pussy. He reached around her satin clad torso and rubbed the cleavage that had popped over the corset.

"Spread you legs more," he whispered into her ear.

Alicia complied, her behind sticking out even further from the wall.

"That's it," Paul encouraged, increasing the rhythm of his assault and clawing at her breasts.

Alicia closed her eyes, feeling him expand inside of her, knowing he was close to the edge. She could feel her own climax bubbling near to the surface but desperately wanted Paul's pleasure more than her own.

"Paul, use me. Come to me, please," she begged.

"Arrrrgh!" Paul cried out as he exploded into her thirsty body.

As soon as his liquid fire filled her, Alicia's own climax burst through. She leaned her head against the wall as tremors of delight travelled the length of her body. Paul leaned his head against her back, panting. Alicia smiled, pleased she could bring him to orgasm so quickly.

She was startled by the sound of hands clapping.

"Lovely," Ivory commented. "Now that she's all lubricated, bring her into the dining room. I'm ready for her."

Alicia felt so satiated that she didn't wonder what was ready, but meekly followed Paul into the other room. Once there, she saw an electric pot filled with melted wax, thin strips of white cloth and a pair of tweezers. Attached to the table legs were silken ropes.

"Come on, luv. Climb up on the table," Ivory encouraged.

Alicia glanced at Paul, who nodded approval. Alicia did as she was told despite the slight tickle of worry creeping into her mind. She began to breathe a bit faster when Paul secured her arms over her head with the ropes. Next he tied her legs, basically immobilising her body.

"Now this might hurt a bit, but you enjoy that, don't you?" Ivory asked.

Alicia remained mute until Paul roughly tugged on her braid.

"Answer," he said.

"Yes," she replied immediately. "But could you tell me what you're going to do, please?"

"Oh, you'll figure it out soon enough," Ivory laughed. "You see, darling," she lifted out a small wooden paddle from the pot of wax and spread the warm substance on Alicia's underarms. "Before I became a model for Maverick, I worked in a spa."

Ivory rubbed a strip of cloth over the wax then quickly ripped upwards. Alicia squealed and would have leapt from the table if not for her bindings as the stubbly hair that had once been part of her body was now entrapped on the cloth.

"I was an expert at hair removal. I'm so glad I haven't lost my touch," Ivory continued as she moved to the next arm.

"Wait!" Alicia cried out. What if Maverick didn't want this? She wasn't sure *she* wanted this. It wasn't so much the unique and excruciating pain, but the fact that she rather liked some hair on her body. Maverick insisted on her nakedness so much, the hair gave her some natural covering.

"What?" Paul asked with quiet strength.

Alicia realised her mistake, but couldn't help herself. "I'm frightened. I don't know if I want this."

"Do you want to use the safe word?" Paul questioned.

Alicia paused a moment and considered. Ivory waited. She realised that all she had to do was say the word and end this session.

"No," she finally admitted. "You're my second. If this is what you want, I'll do it. But please, won't you explain to Mr. Devonshire?"

Ivory began slathering wax and cloth on her legs. Alicia jumped as far as her bonds would allow each time a strip of hair was removed.

Paul laughed. "No, I won't, Alicia. You face your own music. Besides, you've disobeyed several times today. Slight infringements, but still."

Alicia felt tears of both pain and shame gathering in her eyes. He was right. She deserved the humiliation of both a naked body and explaining to Maverick. After that, she lay quiet while Ivory systematically waxed and tweezed her leg hair. Not until Ivory dripped warm wax on her curling mound did she speak again.

"There too?" she questioned.

"Certainly," Ivory answered. "You're lucky I'm not taking off your arm hair as well." Then she ripped off a strip of cloth, taking Alicia's pubic hair with it. Alicia again cried out. *Christ!* Nothing before had prepared her for the pain of this! The wax felt like it was burning through her skin when Ivory carefully opened her lips and applied it to her most delicate of places.

"Paul, I do believe you've leaked out of her," Ivory commented, ignoring Alicia's cry of pain.

"I guess I'll have to re-apply then," he joked.

"In a bit," she answered. "I may have sworn off sex for a few days, but that doesn't mean I won't partake of what is so beautifully available."

"By all means," Paul graciously replied.

"Oh!" Alicia cried out when she felt Ivory's delicate tongue lapping up the creamy essence oozing from her now completely naked nether lips. No woman had ever kissed her there. Alicia could hardly believe the difference between a rough, strong male tongue and the gentle, persistent flicks Ivory now employed. She squirmed against her bindings, finally screaming out her pleasure. *God!* If it meant enduring this barbaric hair removal every week to feel the glory of that tongue again, she'd gladly submit.

"Well, that was lovely. I imagine that if milkshakes could be served warm, that is what they would taste like," Ivory said a bit breathlessly. "Paul, turn her over for now. I need to do the other side," Ivory instructed.

"Right," he answered.

Alicia couldn't believe it. She had expected the backs of her legs to be waxed, but when Ivory had Paul unbind her arms and had her kneel with elbows on the table and arse in the air, she was shocked.

"It can get a bit tricky here, but it's important to get rid of all the little hairs hiding your darling little winking eye," Ivory said happily.

Alicia closed her lids and bit her lip as Ivory removed every hair from her most private region. The woman even went so far as to tweeze any stray hairs. By the time she finished, Alicia was sporting a full Hollywood.

"There you go, Paul. I think she's ready now." Ivory helped Alicia into a sitting position then kissed her full on the mouth.

Alicia wondered what, exactly, she was ready for.

"Someday, Alicia, I think we will become *very* close friends indeed," Ivory commented. "But for now, I'm off. Paul—enjoy your evening. I'll see you tomorrow at the dinner." Ivory gave Paul a quick peck on the cheek and waved goodbye.

"There, now, luv, don't cry." Paul brushed a tear from Alicia's cheek.

"But I really liked at least a landing strip. And what will Maverick say?" Alicia cried.

"Well, it isn't really about what you like, is it?" Paul answered gently.

Alicia considered a moment. This was true. If she really wanted to live as a true submissive, she must learn to put her own wants and desires aside and concentrate on pleasing her Master—in this case, Paul. Maverick—Mr. Devonshire, that is—had told her that Paul was her second. She was to follow all of Paul's commands just as she would his.

Finally Alicia nodded. "You're right, Paul. It isn't about what I want at all."

"That's my girl. Still, tell me what you're thinking now? What have you learned?"

"I'm humiliated, truthfully. I have never felt so completely naked or exposed. I hate this. But," she paused, looking into his eyes, "at the same time I can see your excitement. Your eyes are glowing, and you're hard again. I know I've pleased you. God, Paul. I'm wet."

Paul laughed. "Of course you are. You're beginning to realise that your pleasure comes from giving yourself, body and soul, to others."

Alicia smiled in understanding. "You're right."

"As far as Maverick goes, he won't be disappointed in the least. Except, of course, in your hesitations," Paul warned.

The smile dropped from her face and Alicia lowered her eyes.

"Problem?" Paul questioned.

"No," Alicia whispered. "It's just that it wasn't him I disappointed. It was you."

Paul raised her chin to look again into her eyes.

"Then perhaps it should be I who corrects you," he said sternly.

Alicia had never felt Paul's hand on her in punishment. He seemed such a gentle, kind man. Looking at him now, however, she saw his easy-going manner was usurped by sternness. Alicia swallowed once then again nodded.

"As you wish, Paul," she said.

"Good. Maverick and I have had a little chat about our relationship with you. It seems that I have been somewhat lax. We both agree it's time for me to assert a bit of authority. Get in the car," he directed.

Alicia again hesitated a moment. Did he really intend for her to leave the house like that? Wearing nothing but her corset and three inch heels? Looking at his stoic demeanour again, she realised that was exactly his intention. Hopping down from the table, she walked to the front door, opened it and proceeded to Paul's mini Cooper. Because the sun had been bearing down on the windshield all afternoon, the leather seat was quite warm, but Alicia sat uncomplaining, despite the burning on her naked behind.

After dressing and locking up the house, Paul joined her and revved the engine. Alicia remained silent, her hands folded demurely on her lap. Paul seemed to be completely at ease, whistling along to the radio, speeding along the roadway.

After driving in silence for close to an hour, Paul finally turned off the main roadway and headed down a dirt road lined with trees.

"I've always loved this place," Paul said conversationally. "Something about being out in nature that calms the soul. Ah, here we are." He pulled over to the side of the road and parked the car. Getting out, he walked around the mini and opened the door for Alicia.

"Come along then. We're going for a little walk," he said as he helped her out of the car.

Alicia remained silent, completely terrified that someone might see her. Still, she realised that Paul was testing her devotion to him just as Mr. Devonshire had the night she had signed her contract. Straightening her shoulders, Alicia strengthened her resolve. If Paul wanted her to stand naked before all of London, then by God she'd do it—if she didn't die of embarrassment first. For now, she'd follow Paul into the woods and try to clear her mind of everything except obeying his commands. Meekly she trailed behind him on the meandering shaded path.

Finally he came to a stop before an ancient oak tree whose gnarled branches dipped down, almost touching the ground before rising again into the sky.

"It's beautiful," she whispered.

"I agree," Paul said. "Like I said, I love this place. My cousin owns the property and I've been coming here since I was a schoolboy."

Alicia turned to look at him.

"Oh, no need to worry. Byron's not around. He's travelling again, so it's unlikely we'll be disturbed," he assured her. "I didn't tell you before because I wanted to see if you would follow my directions despite your embarrassment."

"I will try to please you, Paul. Mr. Devonshire said I was to follow your commands as if they were his own. I will do as you direct."

"Yes, but even if he hadn't said that, would you?" Paul asked.

Alicia considered. "Yes. I would."

"Why?"

"Because on the ride here I realised something."

"What's that?"

Alicia pulled her braid over her shoulder and began fidgeting with it while trying to think of how to put her feelings into words.

"I've been with other men, naturally—I mean before meeting Mr. Devonshire and you. And I've always enjoyed sex, but still, I've also felt something was missing. That I was missing out on something really wonderful. Since I've become a companion, I've felt..." She stumbled over the words.

Paul simply waited, his arms crossed in front of him, his brown hair falling into his eyes.

"I've felt," she began again, "purposeful. Like I've found my purpose. Maybe that's why I love to cook so much as well. I truly enjoy the contentment that a good meal can render. I want, really want, to serve others." She dropped her braid and smiled up at Paul. "I want to use my body, my skills, my whole life in the service of pleasure." Alicia felt as if a great weight had been lifted from her. She finally knew her calling. Contentment coursed through her.

Paul smiled in return. "I'm so very happy for you, my dear."

"Can I say something else?"

"Of course."

"You're a very special man, Paul. I went to one of your openings before I even met you. I was attracted to you then, but now that I've gotten to know you, I've really come to respect you. Love you in a way." Alicia blushed a bit, unsure of herself.

"I'm honoured, Alicia. And I feel the same way about you." Paul reached around her, holding her tightly. "You are very close to my heart, my dear girl."

She tipped her head back, and he kissed her deeply, plunging his tongue into her mouth. Alicia moulded her body against him, wrapping her arms around his neck, entwining her fingers in his hair. Suddenly he twirled her around and bent her over a low-slung branch of the tree.

Leaning close to her ear, he whispered. "I've realised something about myself as well. I never thought I had dominator tendencies, but it turns out I do. I can't wait to see your beautiful, naked globes reddened by my hand or by whatever else I happen to find here in the woods. Would you like that?"

Alicia's breathing increased, and she felt a wetness gathering between her thighs. "Yes, Paul. Please, use me as you will."

Unlike Mr. Devonshire, Paul preferred randomness over symmetry. At first he gently swatted her behind, no more than gentle pats really. Without warning, though, he would suddenly lay on a sharp, cracking snap, causing Alicia to jump in both shocked surprise and

pain. Paul pushed her back against the tree. She was grateful for the satin corset protecting her skin from the rough bark of the branch.

"Now for some texture, I think," Paul said.

Not daring to turn around, Alicia counted her steadying breaths as she listened to Paul's movements.

"Ouch!" she yelled, involuntarily standing up with his first blow.

"Now, darling, don't do that," Paul warned.

"Oh, god! I'm so sorry," she said contritely as she again bent over the low branch.

"Apology accepted," Paul answered and he again swung a wispy fir switch through the air, laying on another stripe.

Over and over again Paul whipped her burning arse, thighs and calves. Alicia could smell the pine as the strength of the blows crushed the needles against her skin. Because of his randomness, Alicia could never anticipate where the next blow would land. The uncertainty drove her crazy. Luckily, within a short time, she heard Paul drop the branch.

"Thank you," she whispered when she heard him unzip his trousers. He grasped her hips, shoving the whole length of him deep within her honeyed opening. The sensuality of the day's events culminated and, unable to stop herself, Alicia screamed out her pleasure, quivering with delight.

"That's it. Come for me," Paul commanded.

"Yes!" she cried, drowning in both the pain and pleasure he gave to her.

"My turn!" he growled and he yanked her to an upright position, his hands clawing at the top of the corset, pulling it down to expose her throbbing breasts. Pinching both of her nipples, Paul gave a tremendous thrust, lifting Alicia off her feet, and exploded within her.

Alicia sighed with contentment. Her arse might be a burning mass of marks but she had Paul's cum inside of her. What more could she possibly want?

Chapter Fourteen

Chocolate Dipped Strawberries

1 pint large strawberries, washed but with the stems still attached

1 bar good dark baking chocolate

1 Tablespoon butter

1 Tablespoon paraffin wax

Combine chocolate, butter and wax in the top of a double boiler. Be sure not to let the water boil and not to let the water touch the top pan. Stir constantly until melted and blended. Remove from heat. Working carefully, dip the bottom 2/3rds of each strawberry in the chocolate. Place on waxed or parchment paper to set. If preferred, dip berry into coloured sprinkles while the chocolate is still warm and malleable.

"So, are you prepared for tonight?" Mr. Devonshire asked early the next afternoon.

Alicia had arrived at his home armed with bags of groceries and a notebook full of recipes.

"Yes, sir. But I would like to review the menu with you," she responded.

"In a moment. For now though, I would like to see Ivory's handiwork. Would you undress, please?" Maverick leaned against the cabinet, crossed his arms and waited.

"Of course, sir." She began to undress. So he knew of the hair removal. "I did mean to tell you about the hair removal, but I..."

"Shhh," he said gently. "You are under no obligation to tell me everything you do, Alicia. As it happens, though, I specifically asked Ivory if she would wax your body hair."

Alicia, having removed her dress, stood and stared at Mr. Devonshire, her mouth dropped open in surprise. *Of course!* She should have figured that one out on her own. She snapped her mouth closed, seeing the laughter in his eyes.

Mr. Devonshire reached down and touched Alicia's ankles then ran his hands slowly up her calves, knees, thighs. Alicia tipped her head back and closed her eyes. Using his index finger, he traced the contours of her private lips with excruciating preciseness. Alicia was now grateful that Ivory had spent so much time meticulously tweezing each and every hair from her skin. He drew his hand over her mound, the warmth of his flesh penetrating into

her womb. He continued his upwards journey, his hands following the curves of her body until he gently cupped her breasts. Dropping his head, he rained sweet kisses on each nipple.

"Turn around and bend over," he commanded.

Alicia complied, and he began a systematic inspection of her rear.

"Very nice," Mr. Devonshire said. "Ivory does excellent work. You may stand and put your dress back on now, Alicia."

Struggling to control her emotions, Alicia retrieved her dress and slipped it over her head.

"You wanted to go over the menu?" he reminded her.

"Oh, yes," she began, trying to focus on the task at hand. "Paul suggested tapas instead of a traditional meal, and I thought that would be a unique and interesting twist for the evening."

"Yes, he mentioned something about that. I think that would work rather well," Maverick agreed.

"Right. I will prepare five tapas selections in enough quantity to provide for five guests. In addition, I planned on a light soup. Would you like to use your good china for the presentation or would you prefer a buffet type of set up?"

"Actually, we will be eating in a buffet style, so just have the finished dishes set out on the counter. Megan will be here later to help in the presentation."

"Yes, sir. That's easy enough to do. Now, at what time do you expect your guests?" Alicia asked.

"They will arrive around seven p.m., but you should have the food ready by six p.m."

"I can do that since the food will either be chilled or served at room temperature, except for the soup which can easily be kept on simmer. Is there anything else before I begin, sir?" she questioned.

"Just this—have fun, Alicia. You are so beautiful in the kitchen where you are truly in your element. Enjoy this afternoon. When you have the food prepared, though, I would ask that you go to the playroom and bathe with the special soap I have placed on the side of the

tub. I also have a note there giving you further instructions." Maverick took hold of her hands and dropped a kiss on her forehead. "I look forward to seeing you this evening."

Alicia wondered about Maverick's parting words but shrugged them off to concentrate on preparing the food. Donning her apron and pinning her hair up, she happily got to work.

First, Alicia began to prepare the fennel and almond plate. She thinly sliced the fennel into long strips. Adding a bit of olive oil to a pan, she sautéed the vegetable until tender. She then added sliced almonds and a sprinkling of freshly ground nutmeg. Draining the oil, she arranged the concoction on a plate so that it could cool. The guests could use either a fork or their fingers as utensils. Happy with this simple preparation, she moved on to her other dishes—figs with honey, steamed asparagus, squash seeds roasted with garlic and pine nuts, strawberries dipped in dark chocolate and pineapple rings grilled then drizzled with honey. Finally she prepared the soup—a careful blending of carrots, watercress, cream, chicken stock and nutmeg. The soup would be delicious served either hot or cold, but Alicia decided hot would be best. Therefore she set the pot on simmer and arranged small cups so they could be filled at the last minute then placed on the buffet table. Finishing a few minutes before six p.m., Alicia smiled, pleased with herself.

Removing her apron, she made her way up to the playroom so she could bathe, just as Mr. Devonshire had instructed. Slipping into the warm water, she sighed as the tension of being on her feet for the last four hours drained from her body. She then noticed the envelope with her name emblazoned on the front. Leaning back, she opened the light blue parchment.

Alicia,

By now you are probably relaxing in the warm water. Remember to scrub your body thoroughly using the provided soap. When you complete this task, step onto the clean mat, dry yourself, do not apply lotion, and step into the shoes.

Alicia glanced down at the side of the tub and noticed the pair of three and a half inch red stiletto heels. *Pretty!*

Next, walk downstairs and lie on the dining room table, face up. Once there, do not move. You, my dear, are to be the buffet table for dinner tonight. Megan will have arrived by that time and she will

arrange the food on your body. You will not be allowed to move or speak throughout the dinner, despite any pokes or prods with utensils, fingers or anything else. I know you will not disappoint me.

Mr. Devonshire

Alicia re-read the letter to be sure of the intent. *Wow!* During her research in preparation for this evening's meal, she had come across the idea of *nyotaimori*, or body sushi. This custom provided a sensual meal of sushi artfully arranged over banana leaves placed on a model's naked body. Traditionally, the food would be presented directly on the skin of the model, but current health codes forbade such displays today. Obviously this practice began in Japan but had quickly spread to other parts of the world. Apparently Mr. Devonshire knew of this ancient custom and had devised a western alternative. Using the naked body of a woman as a buffet table certainly would be a sensual and decadent event, but by offering aphrodisiac foods, the effect would be magnified.

Alicia smiled at the brilliance of her Master. No wonder he had provided her with anti-bacterial, unscented soap. The application of lotion to the skin would also have tainted the food. Alicia had no doubt he planned to follow the traditional arrangement as opposed to the modern. After all, this was a private party, and three of the attendees had already tasted her body. As for the other two who remained anonymous, they were no doubt friends of Mr. Devonshire and as such were unlikely to be shocked. His guests were certainly in for an evening full of a variety of pleasures.

Glancing at the clock on the wall, Alicia decided that she'd best move along. Quickly, she followed Maverick's instructions, slipping into the shoes and walking downstairs. She heard Megan in the kitchen but went to the table directly, curbing her instinct to check on the food. The table top was cold, but Alicia found that by concentrating on her breathing, she could control the shivering.

"All set?" Megan asked.

Remembering Mr. Devonshire's letter of instruction, Alicia glanced at Megan and simply nodded.

"Right then. I suggest you prepare yourself for a long evening. While you lie there on the table, I'm to serve the guests—in any manner they wish. Try not to get too jealous, sweetie," Megan said.

Why would I be jealous? Alicia wondered to herself. They were both following Mr. Devonshire's orders. Still, Alicia was glad that both Paul and Ivory would be present. Ivory was her friend and already suspicious of Megan. She'd keep an eye on the other girl for her. And Paul...well, he would never stand for anyone to hurt her. Neither would Mr. Devonshire for that matter.

"First up, I've been instructed to make sure all your orifices are properly filled. Now, there are to be no teeth marks on this strawberry, so open up," Megan instructed.

Alicia glanced at the other girl and saw she held a large strawberry. She opened her mouth. Megan placed the strawberry's green hull in her mouth and Alicia carefully held the fruit between her lips.

"I'm to show you what goes where, just so you'll know. Mr. Devonshire had this specially made for you. Personally, I don't know why he went to so much trouble, but it's not for me to say. I'm to lube your asshole a bit then insert this into it." Megan held up what appeared to be an egg made of stainless steel. Attached to the large end of the egg was a narrow pedestal and a tapered oval base. "This might hurt a bit when it goes in, but Mr. Devonshire wanted you to be completely filled all evening. Just be sure you don't bite into that strawberry. If you do, he'll know."

Alicia lay perfectly still while Megan roughly rubbed oil onto her nether region. She sucked in her breath when she felt the cold steel press against her sphincter. Remembering the delicate fruit in her mouth, Alicia clenched her hands and cried out when Megan pushed the steel egg into her anus. The pain ripped through her and she heard Megan laugh.

Alicia closed her eyes and again concentrated on her breathing. Once the initial shock wore off and her body relaxed against the invasive metal, Alicia found the egg to be surprisingly comfortable.

"Now for the final hole," Megan announced. "You'll have to keep your muscles tensed. Mr. Devonshire doesn't want this shooting out at any of his guests."

Megan held up a lovely ten inch glass dildo. It was clear with rings of coloured glass placed roughly one half inch apart. Megan had not bothered to warm the device, so when she inserted it, Alicia again began to shiver. She was beginning to realise that in order to keep still and maintain this pose, she would have to focus totally on controlling her body.

Moments later her eyes flew open as a circle of heat scalded her stomach. She barely stopped herself from sitting upright.

"Now, now," Megan commented. "Don't get so jumpy. You might spill the soup. Just four more little cups to go. You're the one who decided to serve a hot soup, after all."

Alicia squeezed her eyes shut as she felt another cup placed on her stomach, one on each thigh and one directly on top of her freshly waxed mound. Only by thinking of Mr. Devonshire and Paul's expectations did she control her instinct to escape the heat. Knowing the temperature of the soup, though, Alicia realised that while her skin might be reddened, the cups would not actually burn her. Still, Megan's decision to place the cups on her most sensitive areas gave her cause for concern.

Having no choice other than to lie perfectly still, Alicia tried to recognise the food being placed on her body. Surprisingly though, she could not identify the different foods, but knew that Mr. Devonshire, Paul, Ivory and two others would soon be feasting on the delicacies now covering her chest, stomach, breasts, arms and legs. All she had to do was keep the strawberry in her mouth, the dildo in her pussy, the egg in her arse and not move. *No problem!*

"Well, isn't this just a picture."

Alicia's eyes flew open as she recognised Jeffery's voice.

"No talking to the model, Jeffery," Mr. Devonshire scolded mildly.

"Certainly, Maverick. But I do want to thank you for including Hector and me in tonight's dinner," Jeffery said.

"My pleasure, Jeffery. I enjoyed our conversation the other day, and Hector and I have been acquainted for quite some time. He assured me you and my companion had come to an understanding," Mr. Devonshire responded.

"Yes, Maverick. I called Alicia after I saw her here with you. Hector convinced me, and rightly so, that I had behaved like a total ass towards her. I apologised and we chatted for quite some time. Actually I feel as if a weight has been lifted, having gained her forgiveness. I must comment, though, that I have never seen her look so confident and content. You've been good for her, Maverick."

"Thank you, Jeffery. She has come a long way, but I could see the potential in her the moment we met," he responded.

Alicia wasn't quite sure what to think of being talked about as if she wasn't in the room. She knew she should be offended—most women would be. On the contrary, though, she began to tingle with excitement. She'd always wanted to be a fly on the wall and hear what people said about her. Here was her chance.

"You know, she seems happy, really happy now," Jeffery said.

"I think so too," Paul added. "Megan, do you think we might have a few spoons?"

Megan forgot spoons? What was that girl thinking!

"Before we begin, Maverick," Alicia heard Ivory say, "would you mind taking a few photos? I think I may want a memento of this evening."

"My thoughts exactly," Maverick responded.

Alicia heard the clicking of the camera's shutter and then the crisp staccato of Megan's heels. Next she felt the cup on her mound lift. Shortly afterwards, the remaining ones also left her body, and the guests tasted the soup. The circles of heat began to dissipate.

"This is wonderful," Ivory said.

"I hadn't realised carrots were considered an aphrodisiac," Paul commented.

"Well, considering their shape," Hector laughed, "of course they are."

"You know," Paul added, "I never noticed before, but the shape of a fig resembles a woman's womb."

Alicia winced slightly as a fork prodded her ribs.

"And you call yourself an artist," Ivory teased. "I thought you would have noticed all kinds of shapes."

"You're right," Paul agreed. "Maybe I need to be more observant."

The conversation buzzed around Alicia's head. She heard most of it, but mainly she concentrated on keeping her body perfectly still. Naturally her chest and stomach moved slightly with each breath, but she found that by focusing her thoughts, she could breathe shallowly and limit the movement. Suddenly she felt a hand brush the top of her head and

recognised Mr. Devonshire's touch. Inwardly she smiled, sure her performance so far had pleased him.

Distracted, she gave a short gasp as the dildo moved inside of her, and she almost bit into the soft strawberry.

"So sorry, I must have bumped into – What is that?" Hector asked.

"A very special piece of glass," Maverick explained. "It's slick and hard, making it difficult for the muscles to contract around. But with the addition of the coloured rings, if Alicia's muscles are toned well enough, she should be able to hold the dildo inside of her."

Alicia felt someone's breath between her legs.

"And what is that in her arse? Steel?" Jeffery squeaked.

"Yes, it is," Maverick continued. "I wanted to truly test my companion's abilities this evening. In preparation for later activities, I thought it best to prime all of her orifices for entry. I'm sure the pressure of the metal egg is making it difficult for the muscles of her vagina to clench against the glass."

"Don't you think she's getting a bit fatigued by now?" Ivory questioned.

"Possibly, but I have no doubt she is up to the tasks assigned," Maverick assured his guests.

Alicia felt her cheeks glow with pleasure. Ivory was correct. She was certainly getting fatigued. In fact, just a moment ago she felt her arse muscles quiver slightly on the table. Still, if Mr. Devonshire felt she could maintain this pose, she would certainly try to comply. Surely the meal wouldn't last much longer. She could tell by the lightness and stickiness of her body that most of the food had been devoured.

"I believe I'll just get the last of the honey," Paul said.

Alicia barely controlled herself when she felt Paul's warm tongue lap the honey from her breast. Oh how she wanted to bend her head back, touch his hair or even moan with pleasure!

"Excellent idea," Maverick agreed.

Now Alicia practically crossed her eyes to stop herself from moaning as Mr. Devonshire joined Paul and cleaned the honey from her other breast. She clenched her pelvic muscles

against the glass dildo, willing herself not to orgasm. Still, she must have given some indication of her pleasure because she heard Hector laugh.

"I do believe the girl is enjoying herself," he commented.

"More wine, Mr. Devonshire?" Megan asked.

Alicia felt his mouth leave her body. She inhaled sharply as a splash of liquid landed on her forehead and wine ran into her eyes and down her face.

"Megan!" Mr. Devonshire shouted.

Alicia maintained her position, but barely. The alcohol in the wine was stinging her eyes terribly. Concentrating only on the pain, Alicia bit into the strawberry stem. Quick as a wink, she felt a linen napkin dabbing the corner of her eyes and gently wiping her face.

"I may have been a beast of a husband, but I won't stand by and let you be humiliated or injured by some idiotic twit," Jeffery whispered to her.

Jeffery was actually coming to her rescue? What a novel sensation.

"Don't answer, Sweetie. I don't want to get you into trouble, but just know this. I've got your back. Figure I owe you anyway."

Alicia blinked and barely held back a smile as she felt Jeffery not only mop up the wine spill but lean over her to grasp the strawberry in his own mouth. In the process of biting through it, his lips gently brushed hers. She wondered if he realised he had just saved her from a consequence.

Suddenly, Alicia noticed that the room had gone quiet.

"Ivory," Mr. Devonshire said quietly, "would you mind assisting Alicia, please. I believe our meal has ended. Alicia, you may remove the glass, but leave the steel egg where it lies."

"Certainly, Maverick," Ivory solemnly answered.

"Megan, I'd like to see you in the den, please. Gentlemen, feel free to go on up to the playroom and fix yourselves a drink if you'd like," Mr. Devonshire commanded.

"Serve her right if he dismissed her," Alicia heard Hector mumble as his voice faded.

"Come on, Alicia. Let's get you cleaned up and ready for Act Two," Ivory said as she removed the dildo and helped Alicia sit on the edge of the table. In this position, the pressure

of the egg increased slightly. Alicia welcomed the feeling of fullness. Nonetheless, her main concern was for her performance.

“Oh, Ivory, do you think everyone was pleased?” Alicia asked.

“Are you kidding me? The food was phenomenal and you—Well, you looked incredibly delicious as well. At least until that little bitch tried to blind you with Merlot!”

“She really is mean, isn’t she?”

“Bet you’re sweet arse she is. I think this might be the end of her too.”

Alicia followed Ivory into the kitchen where she leaned over the sink, filled her hands with warm water and rinsed her eyes. Once that was completed, she dampened a cloth and began to wash the rest of her body.

“Here, let me get your back. Some of that wine dripped down your neck,” Ivory offered, taking the cloth from her.

Ivory ran the now cool cloth under warm water again. “Actually, I think I’ll just slip out of this dress. It’s new and I really don’t want to get any stains on it quite yet.” Ivory reached down and quickly lifted the hem of the light blue slip dress.

She wore nothing underneath, and Alicia’s mouth dropped open as she was amazed at the beauty of the other woman. She also couldn’t help but notice the thin strip of pubic hair proved that Ivory was indeed a true redhead.

“Here we go. Turn around, Alicia, and lift your hair,” Ivory instructed.

Alicia complied, grateful for the warm, slightly rough cloth wiping away the sticky sweetness of the wine. Ivory gently scrubbed her back, beginning with the shoulders and working her way down. Alicia felt a growing wetness as Ivory continued to bathe her.

“Good,” Ivory said softly. “Now for the front.”

Alicia turned towards Ivory who had rinsed the cloth again.

“I believe, though, that Maverick and Paul were right,” Ivory said just before dipping her head down to lick Alicia’s neck.

No longer under the constraint of silence, Alicia moaned. The softness of Ivory’s lips combined with the warmth of her tongue were too much. Alicia leaned back against the counter and trembled. Ivory’s mouth trailed steadily downwards, licking Alicia’s body. The

image of a cat cleaning herself jumped into Alicia's mind. She grasped the countertop and cried out when Ivory's quick tongue began to manipulate her clit, teasing it to erectness. Her breath came in short gasps, and she exploded when Ivory's teeth gently but firmly nibbled her pleasure button. She fought to keep her knees separated, not wanting to squish Ivory's head. What this woman could do with her mouth defied description.

Ivory laughed. "I told you, darling, that some day we'd be very close friends. I do believe that day is here."

"Apparently so," Alicia agreed.

Again Ivory laughed, full-throated and lusty. "Well now. Why don't I just take you up to the playroom? I'm sure Maverick has something wonderful planned and if not, I'll just bet we can come up with something on our own, don't you?"

Unsure of what to say, Alicia simply smiled and followed Ivory up to the room.

Chapter Fifteen

Slow Cooker Meatballs

12 ounces canned tomato sauce

1 12 ounce can of whole cranberry sauce

3 Tablespoons chilli powder

16 ounce bag of frozen meatballs

1 cup water

1/2 cup brown sugar

Combine above ingredients in slow cooker. Place on low heat for at least 4 hours. Serve alone as an appetiser or put on top of noodles for a main course.

“Greet me.”

Alicia quickly identified Paul’s voice and, remembering his preference, turned to the closest wall and placed her hands about shoulder height. She stepped back a bit and spread her legs so she was in a slightly bent position.

“Nice, Paul. She does have a lovely arse, doesn’t she?” Hector commented.

“I always thought so,” Jeffery answered. “You know, I do rather miss the softness of a woman’s body sometimes.”

“Well here’s your chance,” Hector encouraged.

“By all means,” Paul seconded Hector’s words. “With that egg in her arse, her pussy is bound to be even tighter than usual.”

Alicia stood in position while the men spoke, her juices beginning to flow. If they all wanted a go at her, that was fine with her. After her encounter with Ivory, she longed for penetration.

“Here’s for old time’s sake,” Jeffery said as he grasped her hips and impaled her on his penis. Alicia cried out, throwing her head back but keeping her hands on the wall. Never had Jeffery been so forceful. His fingers dug into her hips and he pummelled into her body. His rod was not so long as it was thick, and with the reduced size of her vagina, he filled her completely.

"God, woman. You're so tight!" Jeffery moaned. "Hector, you have simply got to try this."

Alicia turned her head to glance behind her as she felt Jeffery relinquish his position. Sure enough, Hector stood behind her, ready to take his place.

"No peeking," Hector reminded her.

Alicia quickly turned to face the wall again. Hector slowly entered her. The stark contrast between Jeffery's forceful thrust and Hector's inching his way in made Alicia tremble with anticipation. With her patience at an end, she pushed against him, impaling herself on his long and narrow staff.

"Oh my, she is tight! Anxious too," Hector commented. "Enough to make me forget I'm gay—at least for a while." He laid a hand between her shoulders and began a rhythmic pulse against her.

"Impatient little thing too, isn't she?" He laughed while he continued to fuck her.

Alicia could wait no longer as waves of pleasure crashed over her. She dipped her head low and cried out as Hector's laughter filled the room. When he pulled out of her, she sagged against the wall.

"Turn," Mr. Devonshire commanded.

Alicia had not heard him enter and wondered how long he had been watching. Obviously long enough. She scanned the room, noting that all the occupants were naked. Jeffery lounged on the bed next to Ivory. Paul sat in one of the wing-backed chairs, a glass of wine in his hand and a sardonic smile on his face. Mr. Devonshire stood with his arms crossed, staring at her. Had he seen her push into Hector? If not, should she tell him? Of course she should. A submissive was always honest. Before she had the chance though, he issued his command.

"Greet me."

Immediately Alicia dropped to her knees in front of him. She took his penis in her hands and sank her mouth around it, moving her hands to cup his balls. He pushed her head down, his flesh nearly gagging her as it hit the back of her throat. Moving her head up and down, she sucked him until her jaws ached. Finally he grasped her braid and pulled her head back so she looked up at him.

"Your eyes, are they okay?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Once the wine was washed out of them, the stinging stopped."

"Good. Megan has been punished—severely. I will never tolerate a deliberate act of cruelty. She will not be joining us as originally planned."

Alicia said nothing. The decision of how to punish the other girl was totally in his hands. Still she was relieved she would not have to face the other girl again that evening.

"That leaves just you, however, to service us all. Do you think you can handle it?" he asked.

"I will try my best, sir," she answered.

"I would expect no less. You did well tonight, at least with the dinner," he complimented.

Focusing on his last words, Alicia knew he had seen her earlier mistake.

"Thank you, sir," she said quietly.

He released her hair but did not tell her to stand, so she remained in her kneeling position. He turned to his guests who seemed quite occupied. Alicia glanced around and saw that Hector had replaced Ivory on the bed, and the two men were involved in an intimate kiss. Ivory now sat on Paul's lap, his hand deep between her thighs.

"While the others amuse themselves, do you have anything you'd like to confess?" Mr. Devonshire asked.

Alicia took a deep breath before admitting she had pushed against Hector.

"I'm sorry, sir. But I had been passive for so long this evening, I just couldn't help myself," she said.

"You did well, my lovely companion, in admitting your weakness. Your consequence will be less because of it."

"Thank you, sir."

"While I prepare for your consequence, why don't you gather our guests' clothing into neatly folded stacks."

Alicia nodded and began to stand.

"Did I tell you to stand?" he asked.

Alicia looked up and frowned for a moment. When understanding dawned on her, she nodded and, on her hands and knees, crawled about the room completing her task. By the time she finished, her knees ached and her face was flushed. Still, she felt nothing but pride when she heard Ivory's comment.

"What a pretty little servant you have, Maverick."

"Why thank you, Ivory. I think so as well."

"She certainly is," Hector added, "but I do believe she is about to be reminded of her place."

Alicia, unsure of what to do now that the clothes were all stacked in a neat pile, crawled to the centre of the room and remained in a kneeling position, her bottom on top of her ankles, head slightly bowed and hands folded over her slightly reddened knees.

Mr. Devonshire walked to the closet and opened it. He took down a box wrapped in gold paper and tied with a blue silk ribbon.

"We, Paul and I, have a gift for you, Alicia. Here, open it." He handed the package to her.

Alicia blinked in surprise. A gift? She was sure she was to be punished, not rewarded. Quickly she untied the bow and dropped the ribbon to the floor. Carefully she loosened the tape on the paper and unwrapped the gift. She found a black box trimmed in gold.

"It's beautiful," she whispered.

"Open it," Mr. Devonshire repeated.

Alicia lifted the lid. She didn't know what to say. Lying in the velvet lined box was a paddle. Not just any paddle, but one made from aluminium. The handle was wrapped with black leather so the wielder of the instrument would have a good, strong grip. The flat end was roughly three inches wide and eight inches in length. Alicia's already wet pussy pulsed as she read the word carved into the metal – 'toy'. She couldn't take her eyes off the beautiful metal paddle.

"What is it, darling?" Ivory asked.

"Answer," Mr. Devonshire commanded.

"It's a new paddle, Ivory," Alicia answered.

"Not just any paddle, one made especially for you," Paul elaborated.

"Let's have look," Jeffery said.

Alicia glanced up at Mr. Devonshire, awaiting his approval. He smiled and nodded. Alicia held up the paddle for all to see. Its weight surprised her. She knew that if used with the proper force, 'toy' would be emblazoned on her flesh. Paul caught her eye and smiled encouragingly.

"I have a friend who works with metal. I hope you like it," he said.

Alicia blinked, trying to decide if she liked it or not. "Yes, Paul. I do like it. You really had it made for me?"

"Of course I did. That egg inside of you as well. I know how you like to be kept full and I just couldn't resist the paddle," he answered.

"Well, then," Mr. Devonshire said. "Shall we begin?"

Alicia looked up at him expectantly.

"Over the knee to start," he directed. "Perhaps your ex-husband would like the first go."

Alicia started in surprise. Were they all going to get a chance to spank her? Apparently so. How would she last the night? Still, she was so excited, moisture began to dampen her thighs.

"Happy to oblige," Jeffery graciously accepted the honour.

"Alicia." Mr. Devonshire gave her a nudge towards Jeffery who had seated himself on the edge of the bed.

Alicia stood and walked to her ex-husband. He still had a magnificent body, free of almost all body hair, his muscles clearly defined. Obviously life with Hector agreed with him. Alicia had never seen him look so good.

"Come along, luv. Stop dawdling," he gently scolded.

"You are not," Mr. Devonshire warned, "unless given permission, allowed to orgasm. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will learn patience tonight," he added.

Alicia blushed and quickly climbed onto Jeffery's lap after handing him the metal paddle, her head and feet dangling on either side of his legs.

"You know, there was a time when I would have given anything to simply beat you from sheer frustration. Now, though, I simply want to see if this paddle really will leave a readable mark on your arse. You've always had a lovely arse, you know," Jeffery explained.

"Might I suggest one firm swat aimed for her right cheek?" Paul asked.

"Right," Jeffery agreed.

Alicia nearly jumped off Jeffrey's lap as he landed the first swift blow. Before she could stop herself, her hands came up to protect her bottom. Nothing could have prepared her for a swat like that. With just one blow, she was already crying. If each of them took a turn, she wasn't sure she could endure it.

"Alicia! You know better!" scolded Mr. Devonshire.

Alicia began to cry in earnest. She did know better. Why did she cover her bottom? Contrite, she dropped her hands to the floor and hoped for the best.

"Look at that, you can already begin to read 'toy'," Hector said. "Nice job, Jeffery."

"Kneel before Jeffery," Mr. Devonshire commanded.

Alicia scrambled to comply, her arse stinging and her pussy wet.

"Greet him. Show him you are grateful for that one small swat," Mr. Devonshire ordered.

Alicia took Jeffery into her mouth and proceeded to suck, running her finger along his scrotum and reaching around behind him to rim his arsehole. She had done this before and knew how to please him. In fact this was the one aspect of their sex life that had pleased them both. Gently tapping his hole, Alicia deep throatted him, finally inserting her fingertip inside of Jeffery and putting pressure on his prostate. She knew she had pleased him when she heard him moan. Someone—Hector?—stood directly behind her, squeezing her against Jeffery.

"Kiss me," she heard Jeffery say.

Alicia assumed he was speaking to Hector and not her since his hand pushed her head downwards. Pressing her tongue against his shaft, Alicia increased both the pressure of her

sucking and her finger in his arse. Flushing with pleasure, she tasted Jeffery's salty essence as he came in her mouth.

"That was incredible," he said.

"You're not finished yet, boyfriend," Hector responded. "I need to be taken care of now." The two men eased around Alicia, Jeffery gently pushing Hector onto the bed.

"By all means," Jeffery said before going down on the other man.

"Nice work, Alicia, or should I just call you 'Toy'?" Ivory said. "You don't mind if I play too, do you?"

Alicia turned to see Ivory's arms wrapped around Mr. Devonshire's neck, his hand cupped beneath her bottom.

"Of course she doesn't," Mr. Devonshire answered. "But I do believe it's Paul's turn with the paddle now. Paul?"

"If you insist, Maverick. Since you're so pleasantly occupied, I think I'll take my time," he answered.

Rather than answer, Mr. Devonshire just laughed and began to play with one of Ivory's luscious breasts. Paul held out his hand and helped Alicia to stand. With his other, he retrieved the paddle. Still holding her, Paul guided Alicia to the centre of the room next to the pole.

"Now, my darling, for a better angle, why don't you get on all fours again," Paul suggested.

Rather than answering, Alicia simply did as she was told and dropped to her sore knees, her shoulder braced against the pole. Fully expecting a sharp swat, she nearly jumped out of her skin when she felt Paul's finger enter her pussy.

"My God, you're wet," he commented. "Maybe I should fuck you first."

Alicia closed her eyes, her breath coming in shallow gasps. Since he had not asked a question, she couldn't answer him, but oh, how she wanted to. *Please, Paul, please fuck me*, she silently begged. *Please give me permission to come.*

"Maybe, but not quite yet," he answered himself.

Keeping his finger inside of her, Paul delivered one swift, hard smack to her left arse cheek. Alicia bit her lip, her shoulder braced against the pole, but she did not cry out or squirm. She also resisted the urge to rub her aching bottom.

"Nice," he commented. "Now your arse is a veritable neon sign! Still, let's try something a little different tonight. I wouldn't want you to be getting tired of just a plain old fuck."

Alicia dropped her head and began to silently cry again, this time from frustration. All she could think of was Paul inside of her. She heard him laugh, then he inserted another finger into her dripping tunnel.

"I hope this doesn't hurt too much, darling, but I think you're ready. I think you will enjoy this immensely," he warned.

Alicia felt him grasp the base of the metal egg. "Now don't tighten up, just relax."

In one swift move, he yanked the egg from her arse, pulled out his fingers and shoved his entire hand into her open and quivering rectum. Alicia felt like her whole body was ripped apart, but purple, green and magenta exploded in her mind as wave after wave of pure pleasure crashed over her. Only when he withdrew his fist did she realise the colours were fading to black.

* * * *

"Here, Sweetie. Drink this," Ivory said, pushing a glass of water against her lips.

Alicia realised she was lying on the floor, her head in Paul's lap with Mr. Devonshire on one side of her and Ivory on the other. Looking over at the bed, she saw that both Hector and Jeffery watched her with concern in their eyes.

"Alicia, I'm so sorry. Tell me you're okay," Paul said gently.

"Of course I'm okay. I'm fabulous. *That* was fabulous. What did you do to me? Will you do it again? What happened? Why are you all looking at me like that?" she babbled.

"You fainted," Mr. Devonshire answered.

"Wow! It was so worth it! I guess I was holding my breath too long," she reasoned.

"Her colour looks better and, with a smile that wide, I'd say she's fine," Ivory observed. "Don't look so concerned, Maverick. It happens sometimes, but only when it's really, really good."

"Never happened with me," Jeffery said with a slight whine in his voice.

"Not surprising. She really isn't your type," Hector pointed out.

"True. Let's see what I can do about you, then," Jeffrey said just before taking Hector's staff into his mouth. Apparently Hector was quite pleased with Jeffery since he immediately threw his head back and closed his eyes. His hand guided Jeffery's head up and down. Jeffery reached up and began to stroke Hector's chest, gently twisting his nipples. Hector cried out and Jeffery's throat moved convulsively as he swallowed the other man's gift.

Alicia smiled. "You do that well, Jeffery," she commented.

"He certainly does," Hector agreed.

"Feeling better?" Paul asked her, gently petting her hair.

"Truly, I'm fine now," she answered. "Please don't let my little lapse spoil the evening."

"You've spoiled nothing," Mr. Devonshire assured her. "Still, just to be sure, I think you're on light duty for a while, at least the rest of the evening. Come. Sit in a chair."

"But Mr. Devonshire, really, I'm fine," she repeated. One thing was sure, she did not want to sit on the sidelines. What she had just experienced was almost biblical. Okay, so she blacked out for a while. *Big deal*. She could still perform now that she was rested. She had drunk cum earlier but she had several more thirsty orifices waiting to be satisfied.

"You are *not* arguing, are you?" he asked sternly.

"No, sir. I'll go to the chair," she humbly replied.

Apparently she would indeed be sitting this one out. She went to the chair, head hanging low and sat, trying desperately not to sulk. She knew Mr. Devonshire was only looking out for her. She had seen the panic and concern on his face when she had come out of her momentary stupor. Still, what right did he have to say if she was fit enough to participate or not? Who did he think he was?

Suddenly, Alicia realised the direction her thoughts were taking. *This is not good!* If he wanted her to sit out and simply watch, torture though it might be, then she would sit and

watch. She was, after all, his to command. She caught his eye as realisation hit. He knew exactly what he was doing. Forcing her to watch while Ivory willingly pleased both him and Paul was her punishment for her earlier impatience. He was teaching her a lesson in patience. *Shit!* The man was brilliant. Still captured by his eyes, Alicia nodded, folded her hands on her lap and leaned back in the chair. Mr. Devonshire laughed, apparently fully comprehending her understanding and acceptance of the punishment. Her body would remain parched while Ivory, her best friend, would receive their gifts.

Jeffery and Hector had moved into the tub, gently cleansing each other's sweaty bodies. Paul lay on the bed and held out his hand for Ivory to join him. She glanced back at Alicia before accepting his invitation.

"You sure you're okay with this?" she asked.

Alicia responded, "Of course. I am, as can easily be seen, a toy. A toy to be used or put away depending upon the will of my owner."

Mr. Devonshire also turned to look at her, raising a questioning eyebrow.

"Besides, I deserve this punishment. I was anxious and wilful. The men need their release, as do you. Honestly, Ivory, I wish I were the one on that bed, but since that is not to be, I am very happy it is you." She smiled encouragingly.

Ivory ignored Paul's invitation for a moment and walked over to Alicia. She bent close to her friend and kissed her.

"That, darling, is exactly why I will never be a submissive," she whispered. "If I were in your place, I'd want to claw my eyes out!"

Alicia laughed. "Then it's good I'm the toy and not you. Go. They're waiting."

The two women hugged and kissed again before Ivory joined the men.

Alicia caught Mr. Devonshire's smile of approval before his face became stern once again. "You will watch, young lady. You will not touch yourself in any way," he ordered.

"Yes, sir," she agreed. So much for her plan to masturbate. To ensure that she would follow his direction, Alicia grasped the arms of the chair.

She watched as Ivory first took Paul's stiff rod into her mouth, sliding her red lips over his shaft, flicking her pink tongue against the tip. Mr. Devonshire rubbed and patted Ivory's behind, testing her slit for readiness. He plunged his fingers in and out of her cave, and

Alicia bit her bottom lip, seeing the wetness on his hand. Slowly Ivory licked her way up Paul's body, finally claiming his mouth before mounting him. Mr. Devonshire now worked her arse, lubricating it with her own body's honey, his hand matching the rhythm of her hips.

Ivory bent her head back, eyes closed and mouth slightly open. Mr. Devonshire gently pushed her shoulders down so she lay on top of Paul.

"That's it, Ivory. You ready for us both?" he asked.

"Ready and willing," she answered.

Deftly, Mr. Devonshire tore open a small package lying on the bedside table and worked the condom over his erect flesh. He then climbed on top of Ivory, plunging himself deep into her arse. The men moved in syncopation with each other, and Ivory, beautiful Ivory, buried her face in Paul's shoulder and whimpered, her body overtaken with tremors of delight.

Alicia watched in fascination as Paul violently thrust his hips upwards, his fingers digging into Ivory's arse cheeks, as he too found his release. To her surprise, though, Mr. Devonshire withdrew and whispered something into Ivory's ear. She laughed and kissed him, snuggling up to Paul.

Alicia's breathing quickened when her Master turned towards her and removed the condom, tossing it into a small refuse bin. "Now, my dear companion, stand and turn. Place your hands on the arms of the chair."

Smiling and grateful, Alicia immediately complied. She heard Mr. Devonshire pick up her present—the metal paddle. Already she felt her pussy begin to twitch with anticipation as she realised he had yet to use the implement.

"You've been a very good girl, Alicia. Granted, a few mistakes, but you are an excellent companion. I'm very proud of you," he said. "Prepare yourself now. I'm going to spank you, leave marks on you. 'Toy' will be emblazoned on your arse—even more than it already is—and on your thighs. Cry out if you need to, but do not squirm. When I finish, don't even think about rubbing your arse. Allow your body to absorb the sensation."

Remembering the sting of the paddle, she could anticipate the sharpness of the metal. She could also visualise how her body would look, her skin reddened from the slap of the paddle except for the white image of the letters.

She closed her eyes as the first swat came, her pussy lips beginning to engorge with anticipation. Six swats later, she nearly came. Her voice ragged, she begged, "Please, sir, Please. Enough. If you strike again, I'll come."

His hand, like a soothing balm, ran over her tormented flesh. His fingers dipped inside her, testing her pond of pleasure. He laughed. "Enough it is, then. But tell me, my dearest companion, do you really want to come?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Are you sure?"

"Oh God, yes! Please, sir, let me come!" she begged.

"Very well, but not before you have taken my seed," he commanded just before he plunged his manhood into her waiting body. "You will wait until I fill you. You *will* learn patience."

Alicia nodded and prayed she could hold out. He grasped her hips, raising her feet off the ground with the force of his thrusts. One! Two! Three! On the third, he grabbed her braid, pulled back her head and cried out his own delight. The feel of him inside of her combined with the tug on her hair was more than she could bear, and Alicia's voice joined his as she also found her release.

Chapter Seventeen

True Love Caviar Bites

1 small cucumber, scrubbed and trimmed, alternating 1/8" strips peeled from skin

1/3 cup low fat sour cream

1 Tablespoon fresh tarragon or 1 teaspoon dried tarragon

Freshly ground black pepper to taste

1 jar red caviar

Fresh parsley springs

Slice cucumber into 1/4-inch rounds. Scoop out seeds. In a small bowl, combine sour cream, tarragon and pepper. Place one teaspoon of the sour cream mixture in each scooped out cucumber slice. Garnish each with about 1/2 tsp caviar and a dill sprig.

Alicia gazed at the handsome man filling the doorway of her bedroom at her flat.

"You were extraordinary last night, Alicia," Mr. Devonshire complimented.

"Thank you, sir," Alicia humbly answered Mr. Devonshire.

"Come, sit on the bed for a moment. I want to discuss something with you," he held out his hand and walked her to the bed.

She perched on the edge and turned her body to face him.

"Your bottom, does it still pain you?" he asked.

"No, sir, not at all. I saw the markings in the mirror though. If I may say so, they are lovely."

Mr. Devonshire laughed. "You certainly may say so. And I agree wholeheartedly. It is a lovely arse – with or without the labelling." He leaned over and kissed her.

Alicia blushed but held his gaze. A year ago she would never have been able to look at him, fully dressed, while she was totally naked. Not only that, but she would never have been able to speak with him about such things without stumbling over her own words. She grinned slightly, thinking of how much confidence she had gained.

"You seemed pleased with yourself," he noted.

"Yes, sir, I am. I was just thinking that I'm not the shy, tongue-tied tourist I once was. I owe that to you," she answered.

He paused for a moment. "Not entirely. You set the goal and made the effort. You have endured much this year. You, not I, deserve the credit. I am simply happy to be a part of it."

Alicia didn't quite know what to say, so she remained silent.

"I have a new proposition to put before you," he continued. "I would like, with your consent, to upgrade your position."

"Sir?"

"To that of 'slave'."

At that word, Alicia frowned. Images of shackled men and women tortured and forced into hard, punishing labour flashed in her mind.

"I see you are hesitant," he said. "I quite understand. But this would not be the slavery of the past, but a slavery of your choice."

"Please explain, sir."

"Here, look at this." He handed her a small booklet.

Inside were pictures of both men and women in poses similar to her greeting positions. Most wore collars, some both collars and cuffs, all were naked. A few sported a tattoo similar to a bar code on their neck, ankle or lower back. Carefully studying these people, Alicia could detect a sense of contentment in their eyes. Many wore bright smiles. She looked questioningly at Mr. Devonshire.

"This is a sexual slave registry. If you agree, I will submit your name. You will be known as my slave, with Paul as your secondary Master. You will be assigned a number. And from then on, you will belong to me. Our contract will no longer be private but very public. Anyone who visits this site will know your position."

Alicia considered carefully. She had never felt so loved and protected as she did when she was with Mr. Devonshire and Paul. Rather than being treated with disrespect, she knew the men truly appreciated her efforts to please them. She could not imagine her life without them. Still, some doubts lingered. Unconsciously she began to twist a thick lock of hair around her finger. Did she really want complete strangers to know she had chosen to be a

sexual slave? For that matter, what about her friends still in America? What would they think?

"May I ask you a few questions?"

"Of course, my dear. Ask anything you wish. In fact, I order you to be completely honest and open. I do not want you to accept simply because you want to please me. I want you to be pleased with your decision." He brought her hands up to his lips and kissed them gently.

Alicia smiled. "If I don't accept this, will it end our relationship?"

"Good Lord, no! This is simply an option for us. I am very pleased with you. In all honesty, I think I would be lost without you in my life. You have come to hold a very special place in my heart."

Alicia blinked her surprise. Could Mr. Devonshire be falling in love with her?

"Wow. Okay. Ah, next question. Would you require my picture on the registry?"

"Yes, Alicia, I would. I want the world to know what a beautiful slave I have. I want your lovely, naked body displayed."

When he put it that way, she couldn't help but feel complimented.

"Would I have to get a tattoo?" she asked hesitantly.

"Only if you want one. Remember when I could have branded you and did not? I meant what I said. I will not now or ever permanently mar or mark your body without your express permission."

"Good. I'm afraid of needles," she answered with a relieved sigh. "Mr. Devonshire, what happened with Megan last night?" she continued.

"Why do you care?"

"Because even though she hated me, and I wasn't all that fond of her, I don't want to see any harm come to her," she replied truthfully. The idea of anyone suffering tore at her heart.

"Megan overstepped her bounds—certainly with you, but in other ways as well. I gave her a choice. She could either leave me entirely or submit to an intense submissive training program." He hesitated and looked down. "I care about Megan. She truly does have a kind

heart. She's just lost her way. I'm not sure what happened or why she felt so threatened by you, but I will not tolerate cruelty."

"What was her decision?" she asked.

"I don't know yet. That, also, is a big decision. I gave her a week to consider. If I don't hear from her, I'll know she has decided to leave me."

"But doesn't she work for you as well? Won't she be out of a job?" Alicia probed.

"Yes and no. She will no longer be working for me, but that ended last week due to other issues. She is, however, a much sought-after model. I gave her a letter of glowing recommendation and will certainly be happy to give references to any other prospective employers. In fact I've had two artists call about her already."

"That's good. I would hate to see her destitute." Alicia shivered slightly. "I remember very well having to worry over every single purchase."

"Megan does not have to worry about that. She actually would have no need to work at all. She had an uncle who passed away a few years back and left all his worldly goods to her. She has a substantial income independent of her career," he supplied. "Any more questions?"

"Well..." she hesitated.

"Go on," he encouraged.

"What about my career? I mean Tasting Pleasure is going well now and I so enjoy the work."

"Then by all means continue. As I said, nothing has to change except your title. Think of it this way. In a marriage, a traditional marriage, the people involved generally do not change personalities, careers, habits. All that changes is the woman's name, her title." He ran a hand down her hair, picking up a lock and gently twirling it through his fingers. "You're cooking talents are extraordinary and any fool could see how much enjoyment you derive from the work. Still, are you sure you enjoy every part of the business?"

Alicia hesitated. "You have a point. The paperwork, the accounts, the numbers. I've always had trouble with the business side of things. I think I give a fair product at a fair price, but keeping track of it all – Sometimes I'm overwhelmed by it."

"Why have you not come to me for help?" he asked with a slightly hurt edge to his voice.

"I didn't want to trouble you," she whispered.

"Alicia, I will never interfere with your work, you know that. But helping you with the books would be a small matter for me. If you trust me to do it, I'd be happy to take over that task for you. In all honesty," he smiled, "I like working with numbers. There is a logic and symmetry to them that appeals to me."

Alicia closed her eyes in gratitude. "That would be fabulous, Maverick. I've been afraid that I'll screw everything up just because I can't keep my accounts straight."

"I have some time this afternoon. Why don't we get started then?" he asked.

"Thanks." Suddenly Alicia realised she had used his first name. "Oh my, Mr. Devonshire, I just called you..."

"I know," he interrupted. "But we were discussing business. Think nothing of it. Back to the matter at hand, though. Any other questions?"

"Would I continue to live here?"

"If you like. Or you could move in with me and occupy the room next to the playroom. Or Paul has stated that you are welcome to live with him as well. I leave that decision to you."

Alicia considered. "Perhaps a compromise."

"Go on."

"I think this should continue to be my main residence. After all, I do run Tasting Pleasure from here. Also it allows some degree of privacy. But I will give a key to both you and Paul so you will have access to me whenever you wish." She paused again. "If it is agreed, though, maybe I could leave a few items at each of your homes—a toothbrush, change of clothes, hairbrush. That way if you'd like to me stay for a while, I could."

Mr. Devonshire cupped her face in his hand. "An excellent suggestion. Except you will not bring anything to our homes. Instead, we will provide you with anything and everything you need. Clothing, personal care items, jewellery, bedding—everything. If you belong to us, your care is our responsibility. I will prepare the room for your use. Paul has already furnished his guest bedroom for you."

"Oh," she was stunned. "Okay. One more question."

"Yes?"

"I am going to assume that my new status will have some marking, if not a tattoo."

"Certainly."

"What will it be?" she asked hesitantly.

"In truth, Alicia, I was hoping you would agree, so I registered you last week." He ran his thumb along her jaw line.

How does this man know me so well? she wondered.

"Wait here a moment. I have a gift for you." He kissed her and went into the other room to return a moment later carrying a small box wrapped in gold paper and sporting a bright blue bow. He placed the gift in her lap.

"It's beautiful," she said.

"Open it."

Giggling with anticipation, she untied the ribbon and ripped off the paper. She held a small, blue velvet jewellery box. She opened the hinged lid and gasped. Inside lay a lovely gold anklet. Tiny golden bells lined the chain, and a small round medallion dangled close to the clasp. Inspecting this more closely revealed an edging of dark blue sapphires and a number engraved onto the centre of the circle, '927-513-908'. Alicia was stunned.

"If you choose to accept your sexual slave status, you will wear this anklet whenever you are with me or Paul. If, though, you wish to negate that status, even temporarily, simply remove the anklet. The choice is yours, just as the choice to become a companion or use the safe word was yours. You will, naturally, still be able to use that word whenever you decide." He took her face in his hands and kissed her.

"Also inside the box is a small piece of paper. It is the website of the registry. You will, if you want this, go to that registry and fill in your information. I have naturally completed the basic application, including a lovely picture from last night, but have left the details to you."

Still Alicia was silent. Did she want this?

"You may wear the anklet as much or as little as you like," Mr. Devonshire assured her. "Why don't you take a few days to consider?"

But she did not need a few days. She knew her own mind and her options. She removed the anklet from the box and hooked the clasp around her left ankle. The bells gave a pleasant jingling sound. Alicia knew that even the slightest movement would set them off, thereby alerting her Master to her movements. Once the symbol of her new status was attached, she slid to the floor to kneel before Mr. Devonshire.

"I need no time, sir. I belong to you and to Paul. I have for quite some time. Truthfully, I am not complete without you. On the days when I am not with you or him, I am destitute with loneliness." She looked up at him with a new confidence. "My skin craves the taste of leather. My mind seeks commands. When I am with you, singly or together, I am whole." She bent her head to rub her cheek against his leg.

"Ah, Alicia," he said, petting her head, "you have made me a very happy man."

"And I, sir, am a very happy slave," she said before taking his manhood into her mouth. This, she thought, was the ultimate in Tasting Pleasure.

About the Author

I live a very busy and stressful life, being the mother of two teenage boys, a wife, teacher and caretaker of elderly relatives. Nonetheless, I find relaxation and escape from life's difficulties in my writing.

I've wanted to be a published writer all my life but have not had the courage, until recently, to actually submit my writings anywhere. I was raised in a VERY conservative, Catholic family in a VERY conservative Mid-Western small town (St. Louis is the closest city!) I've always been a bit of a rebel - wanting to forge my own path, state my own opinions. Erotic romances give me an outlet for both.

I've always enjoyed writing poetry, but I am finding even more fulfillment in writing erotic stories. What else do I love to do? Cook, eat chocolate, drink wine or Jameson, listen to Celtic music and entertain friends.

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