

ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO



Sunday Afternoon
with *Mac*
MADELEINE OH

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Single white submissive ISO intelligent, inventive and creative Dominant. Perfection not necessary but common sense, wit and sense of humor are. I'm 27, employed and looking for someone to fulfill my fantasies of velvet manacles and silk scarves.

Ginny Wallace places a personal ad, hoping to find the dominant of her dreams. Who she finds is Mac Brodie—a man who will take her beyond her wildest imaginings to complete sexual fulfillment and love.

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Sunday Afternoon With Mac

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH MAC

Madeleine Oh

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Chapter One

You're stark raving nutters! Ginny made a point of ignoring the naggy little voice in her skull. *You're crackers to be doing this!* her sensible self insisted.

She wasn't crackers, not really, just fed up, disappointed and, most of all, frustrated. "I have nothing to lose," she told the nag in her skull, "I'm just...er...doing market research. Seeing what's out there."

Yeah! Right. Her cautious self would not be silenced. *You're advertising for sex.*

Not exactly.

All right, yes! She was. And why not? She wanted a man. A nice man. An intelligent man. A man who washed between his toes. A clever man. A man who didn't think she was utterly twisted, perverted and in need of extensive therapy.

Not Simon—nice, presentable, a steady career in insurance, great taste in restaurants and shirts, and more than happy to indulge her with a weekend in a country hotel in Sussex. A man with a lovely bod and a stalwart erection that shriveled before her eyes when she blithely suggested he tie her to the bedposts.

Or Pete—a rather adventurous sort who'd climbed Everest, took her to rather outer art-house cinemas and lived on a houseboat on the Regent's Canal. He'd responded to her sharing of her fantasy by suggesting she go into psychotherapy to resolve her deep-seated personality problems.

No, they had not understood.

Then there was Rex. She really should have been leery of a man who shared a name with her grandmother's corgi. When Ginny casually mentioned she had a fantasy of being tied to the bedposts, Rex's eyes all but popped out of his skull, he grinned wide enough to display the fillings in his molars and suggested she spend the weekend as his naked sex slave in his truck tent.

Her libido nosedived even faster than Simon's had.

She bombed out every time. She was obviously going about it the wrong way.

A personal ad was a safe, low investment—both in money and emotions—and gave her a chance to pick and choose at a safe distance.

Her one foray to a kinky club had been a less than total success. She'd researched carefully. From the outside, the building in Wimbledon looked nice enough. Inside was incredible—as if all her wildest fantasies were being acted out before her eyes. She'd have been content to watch all evening, but was hit on an average of every five minutes. After an hour of increasingly irritated, "No, thank you, I prefer to watch right now," she did what she hadn't done since she was sixteen—fled to the sanctuary of the ladies' room and, in desperation, nipped out a back door, setting off a fire alarm. Horrified, she'd fled into the night, only to realize, standing on the platform waiting for a train back to Hammersmith, she'd left her cashmere jacket behind.

Too bad! She had her handbag, front door key and her fare home—it had been cheap cashmere anyway.

That disastrous evening had stifled her kinky dreams for a good few months, but now, after indulging in the glossy pages of a copy of *Erotic Leather Quarterly*, Ginny was back daydreaming.

This time there'd be no hit and miss, no horrifying of nice actuaries and definitely no invitations to fuck on a truck bed.

She would be in control.

Sort of.

It wasn't the most brilliant prose of the twenty-first century but clear, concise and to the point counted for more than style—at least going by the sample ads she'd pored over for inspiration.

So she'd acquired a free email address, wrote a check to *Erotic Leather Quarterly* and attached her carefully typed copy.

Single white submissive ISO intelligent, inventive and creative Dominant. Perfection not necessary but common sense, wit and sense of humor are. I'm 27, employed and looking for someone to fulfill my fantasies of velvet manacles and silk scarves.

Even with her phony email address, it came in under five lines.

Double-checking the directions that asked for hard copy and disk, she copied the ad to a new disk, tucked the lot in an envelope and took it right down to the nearest postbox before she lost her courage. That done, she treated herself to a wildly extravagant designer iced coffee on her way home. The cool drink would surely steady her nerves and, she told herself as she sipped the iced double java amaretto latte, she needed to settle down. The ad wouldn't even appear for at least four weeks. The darn magazine was a quarterly after all.

Ginny took a slow, deep breath then another. She was not expecting a miracle, not really expecting anything. Maybe all she'd get would be a bunch of spam. Perhaps she'd get nothing but a resounding silence. Maybe she'd find a pot of gold or perhaps a cock of gold, attached to the man of her dreams.

Maybe.

Meanwhile, in between holding down her job as a reporter for the sports page of a national newspaper, Ginny was writing her own brand of kinky science-fiction romance in her spare time.

One paid her mortgage and the other kept her off the streets of an evening and diverted her dissatisfaction with her love life. Her characters enjoyed great sex lives even if she was left wanting.

Mac Brodie scowled at the mound of envelopes on his desk. The downside of editing a magazine in his spare time was not having much spare time. But he was doing his bit for the kinky community and—he truly believed—raising its image by producing a glossy, quality magazine. Maybe, just maybe, one day it would pay for itself. Meanwhile he had the next issue to send to the printer by Friday.

He sorted out the personal ad sales from the rest of the mail—at least they'd all have checks—and there were always a few good for a sly chuckle. One learned a lot about human and kinky nature reading personal ads. More than once, he'd been tempted to contact the senders and ask if they wrote fiction.

Still fourteen ads meant fourteen checks. It all helped pay the printer. He put the checks aside, stacked up the hard copies and the disks. As usual, there were a couple who didn't include disks. He should charge double if he had to key the wretched stuff in himself.

The first six were pretty much predictable. Mac wished them luck. Hell, he wished everyone luck. All they were looking for was a kinky partner—other than number three, "Sir Peter" who signed his check "Peter Smith" and was looking for two twins for preference. The seventh caught his eye. Even if the application hadn't requested it be listed under "women looking for men", he'd have guessed it was a woman. It was clear and to the point, and no mention of body size, hair color or height. Women always seemed to skip those details and this one was no different, getting right to the point about what she wanted—a man worth the trouble, intelligent, witty, creative and...dominant.

And bless her sweet, little submissive heart, the check was for the correct amount and the disk clearly labeled with her name—Ginny Wallace. Sounded almost too nice and wholesome to be looking for a man in leather—a man wielding velvet manacles and silk scarves. Mac hoped she'd found what she was looking for.

He took the disk and popped it into his disk drive, absently noting the postcode in the return address. Couldn't be that far from where he lived but he was far too professional to contact an advertiser himself, no matter how interesting she sounded. Pity he had to live up to that standard. Ginny sounded fun.

Disk scanned for viruses, he clicked it open and stared. She'd sent him more than a personal ad. Yes, it was there, he found it neatly labeled ELQ personal ad between *Each*

to his *Own* and *Fishing for Compliments*. He scanned the list on his screen—*Blood in the Sky*, *Cyber Sex Kittens*, *In the Vastness of Space*, *Wishing on the Moon*.

Mentally uttering a halfhearted apology for deliberately reading what was not intended for his eyes, Mac clicked open *Cyber Sex Kittens* and was smiling before he read ten lines.

Damn! This was good.

After five years of editing *Erotic Leather Quarterly*, and half a lifetime of reading kinky fiction, he'd become a connoisseur of pervy writing. This was smashing! He was half-inclined to slash one of the okay-but-not-brilliant stories he'd planned to use in the next issue and substitute *Cyber Sex Kittens* or...he went on reading the other stories, and after the better part of an hour, decided he'd just had an editor's dream come true—finding a gem in the slush pile. Not even the slush pile—among the personals!

He could not let this chance go. Okay, these were obviously rough drafts, but her voice was playful and her inventiveness brilliant. Small wonder she was looking for a witty, intelligent man, but right now all Mac Brodie was interested in was a damn good writer.

Glancing over the cover sheet with her contact info, he picked up his phone and punched in her number.

Ginny was indulging in a Saturday morning soak in lavender bubble bath when the phone rang. She was tempted to let the answering machine pick up, but good old guilt that it might be her mother made her grab a towel and drip all the way into her bedroom.

"Hello?" If it was a double-glazing salesman, she'd swear.

"Ginny Wallace?"

The warm, male voice had her wet toes curling, but she still didn't need double-glazing. "Yes?"

"This is Mac Brodie from *Erotic Leather Quarterly*."

"Oh?" Had she forgotten the check? Were they rejecting her ad? Did they really reject personal ads?

"Do you have time to talk?"

Not here! She was soaking the new Berber carpet she'd treated herself to for Christmas. "Hang on a minute!"

It didn't take much longer to get back into her blissfully warm bath. "Something wrong with the ad I sent?" Who'd have thought they picked over them?

"Not at all. That's not why I'm calling. It's about your disk."

"I sent one." She'd double-checked.

"You certainly did, but there's more on the disk than just your personal ad." Hell! What was on it? "You sent me some short stories."

Her face burned. How had she grabbed that disk? Too late to worry now. "That was my mistake, sorry."

"I'm not!" She could almost hear the smile in his voice. He and every sub-editor must have had a good giggle over them. "What I want to know is have you sold them?"

He was serious. Sounded like it anyway. "Er...no." Never tried to, come to that.

"I'd like to buy them."

"All of them?"

"Definitely *Cyber Sex Kittens* and *Wishing on the Moon* but wouldn't mind first refusal on the others. We only pay on publication, and since I only use two pieces of fiction in each issue, it might be a while before you see any money. I don't want to impede you from selling elsewhere."

"I see..." She should be professional and sharp, instead she was naked, stammering and soaking in Norfolk Lavender. "Er...what do you pay?"

"Not much, I'm afraid." He mentioned a sum and she agreed it wasn't much, but fair enough for a small distribution quarterly. "We give you a byline and space for a bio, and if you want to include a website URL, that's fine."

Great if she had one but... "Good." What next?

"Do you want to use a pen name?"

Yes! She could just see Sam, her executive editor having apoplexy at seeing her byline on a kinky mag. "I need to come up with one, don't I?"

"Might be a good idea. Lots of our authors do." She imagined a wide smile that matched the rich, deep voice with just a hit of Scots accent suggesting heather and windswept hillsides and... "Look, how about you think of a pen name and we meet for coffee?"

"Oh!" Heck why not? "All right. Make it lateish. I've got some things to do this morning." Get out of the bath for a start.

"Let's make it lunch then. How about one-thirty at Tarantella on the Brompton Road?"

Nice and handy, he must have worked that out from her address on the cover letter but funny that he'd picked her brother-in-law's establishment out of all the restaurants in South London. "All right." She almost hung up but stopped just in time to ask. "How will I recognize you?"

His laugh was sexy. Lovely in fact. Must come from reading all the naughty stuff in his job. "I'm tall and will be wearing a long, black leather coat." She should have worked out that last detail for herself. "What about you, Ginny? What are you wearing?"

Nothing right now, but she'd keep that to herself. "Blue jeans." A no-brainer on a Saturday. "And a sweater. I've got bright red hair, cut short. Not easy to miss."

Wasn't easy to miss his gut-tickling laugh either. "Very good, Ginny. See you then."

He hung up and she eased deeper into the now-cooling water.

What had she agreed to? Writing her wild imaginings was one thing. Selling them and seeing them in print another. Why not? It would get her a little bit extra dosh. She could treat herself to that super-duper vibrator she'd been lusting after.

Dressed, she set off, still unsure of the vital but elusive pen name. That had her worried. Meeting an editor she brushed off. On that point they'd be equals – well, sort of. Pseudonyms were another matter entirely.

She arrived early at Tarantella. Not out of nervousness or anxiety, but to give time for caffeine to get her synapses firing and to think of a suitable nom de plume.

She was going to be ready and set when Mac Brodie arrived.

Chapter Two

He picked her out the minute he opened the door. Couldn't miss. The only redheaded woman in the crowded coffee shop. She'd also snagged one of the best tables—a large round one, with the perfect vantage spot. Although right now she was not surveying the room, but frowning over a notepad on the table in front of her. But that hair! “Red” was wholly inadequate. His godmother had red hair—or had until she went white—Ginny's was the color of burnished copper or the brilliant orange glow of an autumn sunset. Pity she wore it cropped so short. He rather fancied it as a gleaming mane over her shoulders and covering her breasts. Most unprofessional of him to nurture such thoughts but, dammit, he wouldn't mind being unprofessional with Ginny Wallace. He wanted to see her breasts, to run his fingers over the sweet, pale fullness and tease her rosy nipples to hardness with his tongue, to feast his eyes on her lovely body, preferably with her arms held immobile with the velvet manacles she favored, and to find out once and for all if she had that glorious hair all the way down.

Right! He was here on business, wasn't he? So he closed the door—much to the relief of a couple at a nearby table who'd been frowning at the breeze—and walked to the back of the cafe, telling himself he was there to discuss word counts and lead-in times, but totally failing to work up any sort of conviction. He wanted a whole lot more from Ginny Wallace than a few thousand words.

She looked up as he approached, a question lighting her face. “Mac Brodie?” she asked.

He nodded. “Ginny Wallace, I presume?”

Her blue eyes crinkled at the corners. “Yup, that's me.”

“May I join you?” A line hackneyed from a fifties film but...

“Isn't that why you came here?”

That and more. Much, much more. Later. "I wanted to meet my newest fiction writer." He sat down. It beat him how she'd snagged a table this big just for the two of them. "Do you have pull here, Ginny?" He glanced at the crowded cafe. There were groups of three, even four sitting around smaller tables. "Bagging the best table?"

Her smile lit up her entire face. Nice face, too. "I used to work here when I was at Uni. Plus, my sister's married to the owner."

"Will dropping your name help here?"

"Always!" She turned and nodded to a dark-haired waiter lounging near the cash register. He was at their table, pad in hand in seconds. Minutes later, they had a basket of breadsticks, a plate of olives and crudités, and a promise their orders would be out as soon as possible.

And this was a woman who dubbed herself submissive. Lovely. Couldn't be better. Just looking at her had him hard, thinking about her naked and helpless sent his cock a-waving. Damn good thing he was sitting down. Yes, well...to business. "About your stories..."

She looked at him. "You really want to buy them?"

"You bet. You thought I was fooling on the phone?"

She shook her head. "No, you sounded perfectly serious. It was just..." She hesitated, shrugged and smiled. "I sent them by mistake. Must have grabbed the wrong disk. I never planned on selling them."

"Fortunate mistake from my angle." A flash of uncertainly clouded her eyes. "Something the matter?"

"Just curious."

"About what?"

"Why you want to buy my stories."

"I need all the good fiction I can get. Yours is good. You will let me have them? Pay's lousy, I admit, but heck, the magazine isn't a moneymaker."

"I realize that... Oh!" She shook her head, again the darn sexy smile, with a hint of embarrassment in her eyes this time. "Didn't mean that quite the way it came out but, yes. I mean, no, it's not the money. It's just I never expected to sell them."

"Now you have, Ginny, and will sell many more I imagine. Did you decide on a pen name?"

"Amy Wise."

Interesting. "You just picked it?"

"While I was waiting. Amy is my middle name and heck, I was sitting here wondering if I'd been wise or foolish and since 'foolish' sounded a bit odd as a last name, I went for 'wise'."

"Very wise of you."

Even her groans were sexy.

By the time they'd agreed on the sale, he'd promised to put the first one in the next issue and she'd bargained for extra contributor copies, a carafe of wine arrived with two glasses. Not what they'd ordered. ELQ's budget didn't run to wine with lunch. Heck, lunch was stretching it a bit.

"Roger thought you might like this," the waiter said. "He wanted you to try it before he inflicted it on the customers."

"What is it, Pete, Algerian with antifreeze?"

The dark-haired waiter shook his glossy curls. "Watch yourself, Ginny! Slandering us." He tut-tutted and rolled his eyes. "It's a very nice South African Roger snapped up. Not bad at all, actually." He picked up the carafe and poured.

Ginny's eyes met Mac's as she reached for her glass. "We'd better risk our taste buds and give it a go. Are you game?"

You bet! Game for anything that involved Ginny Wallace. He took a sip. Pete had been right. Not bad at all.

She took her time. Sniffing then eying it with a little crease between her eyebrows before sipping the dark red wine. She let it sit on her tongue before swallowing and taking a second taste.

Mac sensed the waiter's anxiety. He really did want to know what she thought. Who was she? Some wine connoisseur?

He should not be jealous of a smile at a waiter. Hell, he had no right to be, but damn, he was. He wanted those blue eyes turned on him and her smile aimed in his direction. Who was he kidding? He wanted her naked. Just as well she wasn't looking his way. He half suspected his intentions were plastered all over his face. What was wrong with him? He was the Dominant, the one in control, the one who stayed in command of himself, the one who was falling fast for a pair of blue eyes and a sexy smile that right now was bestowed on a shiny-haired waiter.

"Not bad at all, Pete. Tell Roger he can send me a case for my birthday."

Pete grinned. "I'll tell him." He nodded to Mac. "Wine seems okay?"

"Would I question Ginny?"

Pete rolled his eyes. "Not if you've any desire to survive with your family jewels intact."

"Pete, scram and rustle up our lunches. I'm hungry." She was also blushing all over her face.

"She always is," Pete said with an exaggerated movement of his head and shoulders. But he did what he was told.

Mac took another sip of wine and set his glass down. This meeting was not going as he'd anticipated. He reached for a breadstick and brushed fingers with Ginny. She looked up, flushed but didn't draw back. Instead, she smiled, picked up a breadstick and bit into it. Her teeth were strong and white and her neck muscles undulated as she swallowed.

This was rather getting out of hand. "Tell me, Ginny, do you come here all the time?"

She shrugged. "Once in a while. It's not a good idea to sponge off one's family too much."

"You could have suggested somewhere else."

She tilted her head to one side. "I could have, couldn't I? I was so stunned at your call, I said 'yes' to everything. Besides, I'm all for sending business my family's way. Plus it was close and the food's good."

To say nothing of the company.

Ginny wasn't too sure about this. Yes, he was pleasant enough and, unexpected as it was, it would be fun to see her stories in print and lunch here was never a hardship. But she'd get the inevitable family inquisition re Mac.

Yes, Mac Brodie! Somehow, she'd expected him to be fifty, thinning on top and sporting a gray moustache like her managing editor. Certainly not rather attractive, sexy even, with a voice that gave her goose bumps. His would be a good voice to hear in bed and something told her Mac would be very, very good in bed. Good and kinky. He had to be, right? No doubt an expert who could have his pick of women in London.

But there was no charge for a quiet little daydream about his brown eyes looking into hers while his wide, sexy mouth smiled and touched her lips. Instinct told her he'd be a darn good kisser. She bet his dark hair looked rather tempting when tousled in the morning. She rather fancied his hands, too. Those long fingers curled around his wineglass seemed as if they'd be particularly expert brushing her bare skin, stroking her breast, teasing her nipples to hardness and reaching lower...

Pity that this was business. Just business.

After today she'd probably never see anything of him again, apart from his signature on a few modest checks. And she'd remember him by a couple of glossy magazines she'd have to hide when her family came over.

Shame really. Mac was worth seeing again. Perhaps she'd call him for editorial advice. Already Mac knew things about her that no one else she knew suspected—at least she hoped they never did.

"Worried about something, Ginny?"

Was she? "Just thinking you're not the least like my managing editor."

"I though you'd never sent your stories out before?"

"Not fiction, no," she paused. What the heck, he knew her name and address after all. "I'm a sports reporter."

"Where?"

She told him and earned the usual amazed look. Funny how even in the twenty-first century, a woman reporting on manly pursuits like rugger, cricket and snooker got raised eyebrows. "Not what you expected, eh?"

"You know, Ginny. I wasn't sure what to expect. Your stories were brilliantly written, that's the reporter in you obviously. Sexy, heck, they turned me on. But I've learned erotica writers come in all ages, shapes and sexes."

"Maybe, but Ginny Wallace had nothing to do with that. It's Amy who writes that naughty stuff."

He raised his glass, his dark eyes gleaming like jet. "Here's to Amy, long may she make me horny."

The thought of Mac Brodie, all broad shoulders and wicked smile, being horny sent an odd thrill right through her. And she'd done it to him with a few fantasies put on paper. There were certainly worse ways of wiling away long Sunday afternoons. She raised her glass. "To Amy!"

He reached across the table and they clinked glasses. Just that brief contact left her very much aware of his hands and his long arms. Good hands, she bet, and those arms would feel wonderful wound around her —

And right now, she'd better get her mind on due dates and lead times.

Lunches arriving were a definite distraction—for a good ten seconds. Hell! Even the way he picked up the saltcellar was sexy. Or was that a clear sign she needed to get out more and spend a little less time with Amy?

“Ginny,” Mac said. “About pay. It’s lousy, I know, but I could comp that personal ad you sent in.”

She almost choked on a mouthful of ratatouille. Reaching for her wine and taking a gulp wasn’t the best idea either. “You mean not pay for it?” Duh! Wasn’t that what “comping” meant?

“Yes.”

Would be so much easier if he didn’t smile. Or would it?

“Thanks.” Second mouthful of wine a big mistake—perhaps.

“My pleasure.”

Yeah, she bet he knew all about pleasure. His voice was sending warm thrills down below the waist. She really did need to eat up and go home.

“Thanks.” Sheesh, her vocabulary wasn’t usually this sparse but heck...

“Do we have the business settled? Anymore questions re the stories?”

She shook her head. Better than saying “thanks” a third time.

“Good, let’s enjoy lunch then.”

Brilliant idea. Assuming she could still swallow and chew. He was having no such problem, but thinking about Mac and swallowing in the same thought was not a good idea. She was being ridiculous. Just because the man was sexy as blazes was no reason to go bonkers. Bad choice of words there. Bonking him was a lovely prospect. Oh, hell, better stop thinking. She took another mouthful of ratatouille.

“Where did you first learn of ELQ?”

This time she swallowed without recourse to wine. She even managed a little breath. “I found it in...er...” Might as well admit it. He knew where it sold after all. “In a little shop in Soho. Great Compton Street, I think.”

His mouth twitched at the corner and made a little dimple in his chin. "Go there often?"

Her breath caught. Good thing she was between bites. "From time to time."

He nodded. "I guessed as much from your writing. It definitely had the ring of authenticity."

Why did her face have to burn at that? Cripes, she bet even her neck was blushing. "I've read widely in the genre."

"Just read?"

"Why wouldn't reading be enough? I bet nobody ever asked Agatha Christie how many murders she'd committed." Testy, but he was making her nervous and she was irritated to find she enjoyed it.

"True." He reached for the wine, tilted the neck of the carafe over her glass and met her eyes. She nodded. He refilled her glass then his own, and put the now three-quarters empty carafe on the table. "But I wonder how realistic most of her nice, tidy, middle-class murders really were. No drive-by shootings, mob killings, no blood or gore."

"There's blood in *Lord Edgware Dies*."

He grinned. "You're right! Read a lot of them have you?"

"Almost all of them. One summer I was visiting an aunt and broke my leg. I was semi-immobile for weeks and read my way through her bookshelves. Lots of medical romances and murders."

"And you preferred slaughter to sex?"

"I was nine!"

He threw back his head and laughed. His Adam's apple bobbed as the laugh came from deep in his belly. A wildly sexy laugh, a laugh to keep you warm at night and...

"I see." She doubted he did but never mind. "Too young to appreciate the finer points of the opposite sex."

"Back then there were no finer points. My brother and his friends teased me mercilessly."

"But now you read my outrageously kinky periodical and write the most deliciously pervy tales."

"Yes!" She tried hard for unflustered and composed, and failed miserably.

Mac held back the smile. She was lovely. He'd gone a long way beyond professional but why not? His thoughts toward Ginny Wallace were decidedly unprofessional. If he could only convince her... "So, when did you start reading kinky magazines?"

She was silent a good thirty seconds while she broke off a corner of bread, put it in her mouth, chewed and swallowed. A nice mouth, rather tempting lips and a definitely fine neck. He waited. She was going to be worth waiting for. He knew it in his gut—or maybe his cock.

"At Uni."

Interesting. "Not part of coursework I presume?" If so, he wished he'd gone wherever she had.

"No." The giggle had to be nervous. "I found one. Nicked it actually. Someone dropped it, instead of being a good girl and giving it back, I held onto it. I read it so much, I just about memorized it, then I got up my courage and went looking for more."

"And...?"

She took a sip of wine. Only a sip. Obviously unwilling to drink too much but needing to moisten her dry lips and mouth. "I found them. Used to have to hide them when I went home, but I loved reading them."

"Gave you a wicked, illicit thrill?"

She nodded. And blushed again. He hoped the blush went lower than he could see with the damn high-neck sweater she was wearing. "Why the personal ad? Hasn't life sent a nice pervy man your way?"

She shook her head. "Not any 'nice' ones. There's a lot more frogs and toads than princes out there." She reached for her glass but didn't drink. "Maybe fiction suits me better."

Chapter Three

He didn't think so. "Maybe not, Ginny. I own a pair of velvet manacles and I'd be more than happy to add a few silk scarves."

She jumped and knocked over her glass. Damn! He'd jumped her too soon. Or had he? She leant toward him. "Are you serious?"

"Every bit as serious as you were when you sent in that ad."

Pause while she pondered that one. She nodded slowly and took a deep breath. "You really mean it, don't you?"

"You will learn, Ginny, that I mean everything I say."

Her mouth tightened. She was scared but willing. Lovely. But one wrong move on his part and he'd lose her. He waited. Smiled. And waited. Seemed the noise around them had receded and they were enclosed in a force field composed of their mutual needs. Needs he understood only too well, and needs she longed to have met.

"I want to say 'yes' but I'm scared witless!" Her eyes widened and held his. "Mac?"

There were a hundred questions in the single word. He understood them. Every last one. He reached over and took her hand, drawing it to him while keeping his eyes latched on hers. Slowly he brushed her fingertips, one by one over his lips. "I'll never harm you, Ginny. I can offer you velvet manacles, all the silk scarves you can imagine and more, much more, than your wildest dreams."

"My dreams are pretty damn wild!" Her voice was tight with anxiety and excitement.

"I know, Ginny. I read them, remember?"

She nodded. "When?" There was a trace of fear in her words. He bet her heart was racing, too.

“Tomorrow.” The flush drained from her face. She waited, watching him. Not for a second did she try to pull her hand away. He reached into his jacket with his free hand and pulled out a business card. “This—” he pushed the card toward her “—is my home address. Before you come, let a friend know where you will be. You should make that a rule for yourself anytime meeting a contact. Come over tomorrow for Sunday lunch. How about one?”

He let go of her hand as she reached for the card and read it. It was a respectable enough address after all. She read the card slowly, as if memorizing the address. He righted the overturned glass and split the last of the wine between them. “Shall we drink to tomorrow?” he asked.

She nodded and after a couple of seconds hesitation reached for the glass. “Tomorrow!”

He called her an hour after they parted in front of Tarantella. He called and promised wicked things with velvet and silk scarves and a flogger with tresses of fur. That conversation had her resorting to her handy-dandy vibrator after he rung off and she spent the entire evening giving herself a face pack, plucking her eyebrows, shaving her legs and generally agonizing over what to wear, or not to wear, in the morning.

He called again Sunday morning, ten minutes or so before she left, and asked if she could please bring some silk scarves. He was all out of them.

He hung up before she could ask where exactly he thought she’d find silk scarves on a Sunday morning.

She rummaged through drawers, discarding her nylon, Terylene and cotton scarves, and ended up with three—two head scarves and one long, Isadora Duncan sort, she’d seldom worn, but would be perfect for tying her hands to the bed. She almost shoved it back in the drawer, but wasn’t that what she’d fantasized about for years?

Why chicken out now?

She put the lot in her bag, grabbed her coat and set off for the tube. He didn't live far—just as well. If she'd had to stand about and change trains, she might well have flaked out—or at least reconsidered the option, but it was a short ride and she knew exactly where he lived—on a side street not far from Sloane Square. She'd found it yesterday evening, taking a taxi and having the driver pass very slowly. He probably thought she was a stalker or looking for somewhere to burgle, but Ginny wanted to be sure he didn't live in a lock-up storage under a railway bridge.

Mac didn't.

He lived on a street of very well-kept terrace houses. His address was the ground floor flat of the third from the corner. She'd actually had the taxi drive past twice. No doubt reinforcing his notion she was casing the joint for some doubtful purpose. What did Mac do for a living? He couldn't live there on the proceeds from *Erotic Leather Quarterly*.

She'd done what he suggested—left his address on her refrigerator, her bathroom mirror and by her telephone. "Always tell someone where you're going," he'd cautioned her on the phone. "I'm honest and trustworthy, I promise, but you never know..."

"I've only your word for your honesty and trustworthiness," she'd replied.

He'd chuckled. "Wise lass, Ginny. Always be careful."

She'd also called her stepsister Alicia. She and Ginny had covered for each other since they'd been in school together. Mind, she'd given Alicia a very doctored account of her expectations for the afternoon.

Perhaps she was foolish, but she trusted Mac. He'd always looked her in the eyes, the mark—her father always insisted—of an honest, straightforward man.

She now stood on the pavement across the road from this putatively honest and straightforward man's house, her heart racing, her hands sweaty and, if truth to be told, panties damp. She needed to compose herself. This was exactly what she'd asked for

and Mac was going to deliver. Taking a deep breath, she crossed the road, mounted the five stone steps and pressed the white china button beside his name.

The bell echoed inside. Ginny imagined long corridors, high ceilings and big cavernous rooms.

"Ginny!" He had the door wide open and was smiling as if he'd just been given a raise, won the lottery or at they very least discovered a willing young woman right on his front doorstep. He reached out, took her hand in his and pulled her into the house, shutting the door behind her.

She'd done it! And now...another deep breath.

"Don't look so worried, Ginny. You're not late, if you had been, I'd have to punish you but you're not, so look on this as coming to play for the afternoon with a friend." Her cunt had clenched at the mention of punishment, and she wasn't entirely sure if she was relieved or disappointed at being spared. "Come on in, Ginny," he went on. "Let me show you around."

"Around" was a large bedroom, a small but luxurious bathroom, a narrow kitchen with packages from a well-known caterer on the countertops and a sitting room-cum-dining room that gave onto a terrace.

"It's lovely!" No two ways about it—but left her wondering again what he did for a living. Thoughts of drug dealing or illicit slave trading sprung to mind, but dissipated at the smile in his eyes.

"Don't look so worried, Ginny. Come on out back and have a seat while I get lunch together."

"Out back" was a lovely terrace overlooking a pocket-handkerchief of a garden and the backs of the houses in the square.

Sitting on a wrought iron chair in the sunshine, surrounded by stone pots of begonias and lavender and even a small lemon tree, seemed far, far, removed from their intimate conversation in the dimness of Tarantella. Everything here was in the light, and that raised her anxiety level a few more notches.

"Here!" He placed a flute of sparkling water in front of her. "Not being cheese paring, honest," he said, "but I'll keep the wine for later. We both need command of all our faculties for this. Me to know what I'm doing, and you to not miss a single sensation, and, Ginny—" he reached over and took her hand "—sensation is what I'm promising you. Agreed?"

"Yes."

"Good, remember what I said on the phone about safe words?"

"If I use it, you'll stop."

"Right, and, Ginny, never, never play with a partner who won't agree to one. You need that and so does any decent or caring Dominant. Things might not work out as either of us expect. It's a first, for both of us. I don't know—apart from a few hints you gave me on the phone yesterday—what really turns you on or how much you can tolerate. We're both learning. Remember that." She nodded. "Answer me, Ginny."

His voice was soft, but demanded a reply. "Oh, yes, right. I agree. What safe word?"

"What's your full name?"

"Virginia Amy Elizabeth Wallace."

"Let's use that then, agreed?"

"All right."

He smiled. "All right then, you brought the scarves?"

"Here." She reached into her bag and pulled them out. They sat in a heap of colored silk on the white painted tabletop.

"Good girl, now before we eat, ask me what you're dying to know."

Could she? It was downright personal, but heck, he'd offered. "How can you afford to live in Belgravia?"

"Brilliant, Ginny! Congratulations on a) doing what I told you and b) getting it out without blushing or stammering."

Now she was blushing, but so far no stammers. “Well then?”

“Let me put your mind at rest re drug deals or illegal activities. It’s mine. Or at least the lease is. Left to me by my godmother ten years ago. It was horrid and run-down. Probably the only property around that hadn’t changed hands during the eighties boom. I had to take out a mortgage just to pay the death duties and it takes almost every spare penny I have to keep it up. You wouldn’t believe the council tax I have to pay but I rent out the top two floors and the basement. I see it as my pension plan.”

“Either you are very honest, or I’m thoroughly naïve.”

“Naïve you’re not, Ginny. Anxious, curious and horny, no doubt, and you’re sensible to be cautious, but I’ll play straight with you, Ginny. I’ve been in the kinky scene since my university days. I’m now thirty-five. I’ve had more play partners than I can remember to count, but I seldom invite one of them here. We meet in clubs or a private dungeon I belong to. I’m breaking my own rule bringing you here but, somehow, I felt you weren’t quite ready for either of those. They can be pretty intense. I don’t want to scare you. I want to excite you, thrill you and delight you, and give you the climax—or better still, climaxes—of your life.”

“And lunch, too?” Flippancy might help her ignore the damp now soaking her panties.

“Definitely.” He stood. “Pop into the loo, get rid off your panties and I’ll get the lunch out.”

Her throat went dry, her gullet all but clamped shut, a great weight churned in the pit of her stomach and what was going on deep in her cunt was nobody’s business and all this just to take off her damn knickers!

Mac was already clanging dishes and clinking china, quite unconcerned with her turmoil. Wasn’t this what she dreamed of? Sitting in the sun, with a warm breeze all the way up and thinking about what she’d take off next.

Ginny stood. It took less than three minutes to nip into the loo in the hall, yank off her admittedly flimsy panties, shove them into her pocketbook and get back on the terrace as Mac brought out a platter of pate, Melba toast and black olives.

"Got them off?" he asked as he put a bone china plate in front of her.

"Yes."

"Good." He laid the table with cutlery and nipped back in for another bottle of sparkling water. "Give them to me." He held out his hand.

It took a moment or two to realize he was not talking about Melba toast or forks. "My knickers?"

"Yes, Ginny. They're mine now. Just as you are. For this afternoon you belong to me. Your pleasure belongs to me. Your climaxes belong to me." He stretched out his hand and stiffened his wrist to emphasize his demand.

She dug them out of her bag and placed them in his outstretched hand. They looked even skimpier between his long fingers.

"Nice," he said, eying them appreciatively before tucking them in his pocket. "I'll keep them for now. Be a good girl and you'll get them back before you go home."

"And if I'm not?"

"You ride home on the District line without them. The draught as you go down the escalator would be quite an—" he gave a teasing smile "—interesting sensation."

"And if I get run over and carried off to hospital?" Damn, she was sounding like her mother!

"They'll think you're a wild, naughty woman." He was obviously enjoying this. "Have some pate." He handed her the plate. "And some Melba toast. And, Ginny, I'm counting on you being wild and naughty. You are, aren't you?"

"Whenever I get the chance. Hasn't happened as often as I'd like."

He looked as if she'd offered him a new car—complete with insurance for life. "Oh, Ginny, be wild and naughty with me as often as you like."

Chapter Four

Mac couldn't tamp down the wild elation bursting inside. She was incredible! Sharp, eager, willing and by the evidence on the panties deep in his pocket, aroused already. Some naggy part of his brain—no doubt the caution learned of hard experience—told him she couldn't be this marvelous, that she was too good to be true and would fail him utterly or run out of there crying rape. But, seeing the hope in her eyes, his heart warmed.

Perhaps he was too jaded and cynical to really believe there was a woman who would be "the one" or that love at first sight was possible. Or was he? Five lines of copy had drawn him to her, seeing her in the cafe had thrilled him and he wasn't sure there was an adequate enough word for what he now felt deep in his gut—and he wasn't thinking about his erection, but something deeper, even more persistent—hope.

"Have an olive," he said.

She took one, bit into the wrinkled black flesh, licked her lips, chewed briefly and swallowed, her eyes widening. "They're wonderful!" She popped the rest into her mouth, chewed and turned away for a second as she spat the pit into her closed hand. When the pit hit her plate, it made a quiet ping.

"Like them?"

She nodded. "Best I've tasted in years. They're like the wonderful, ripe ones you get in Greece."

"Sicily." Better put her straight. "I brought them back a couple of months ago when I visited my sister. She lives near Syracuse." Catching the curiosity in her eyes, he went on. "She's a potter, married to a local lawyer. Went out there for a cheap holiday fifteen years ago and stayed. They're from her father-in-law's olive grove. They always send me home with great jars of olives and tins of olive oil..." he paused, time perhaps to

notch up her anticipation a bit. She was getting far too distracted by the food. “I don’t cook that much, but find olive oil wonderfully useful as a massage oil and a lubricant.”

Oh, dear! She almost choked—not what he’d hoped for—but she coped well, reached for her water and downed most of it. Then glared. “Thanks, just what I needed while swallowing.”

“Would have been worse if you’d been drinking.”

Had he pushed too far? No, she smiled and rolled her eyes. “Not really. I’d just have ruined your nice linen tablecloth.”

“But you didn’t. Neither did you pass out. Instead you are curious about alternative uses for Nonno’s first pressing.”

Bingo! She smiled.

He pushed the plate of pate toward her. “Finish it up. I’ll get the rest of the meal.”

He gave her five minutes to stew while he decanted the contents of the little packets onto two dinner plates. Wasn’t quite as elegant-looking as on the catalog illustration but appetizing. Almost as appetizing as Ginny. He glanced out of the window. She hadn’t eaten the last of the pate but was sitting back, sipping her water and looking worried. Time to get back outside. He grabbed a plate in each hand.

She smiled as he came through the French door. “Looks wonderful!”

He bit back the cliché about her looking wonderful, too, but heck, her smile was getting contagious. He grinned at her. “Enjoy! Can’t claim the credit, but I do know how to pick a good caterer. Hope you like salmon.”

“I love it!”

She tucked in with gusto. He might as well do the same, keeping one eye on Ginny, of course. Not an arduous task. He loved the way her copper hair shone when the sun caught it, and the little crinkles at the corners of her eyes as she smiled. And she smiled a lot, not the nervous smiles he’d noticed yesterday or even earlier today, but

joyous grins at her enjoyment of the lunch, and—he hoped—his company and the afternoon ahead.

“That was wonderful!” she said, pushing her plate away. “Fantastic but I don’t think I can eat any more.”

“I do have pudding, a rather decadent concoction of raspberries, apricots, whipped cream and hazelnut meringue, but I thought we’d keep that for later.”

“Yes,” Ginny replied, an odd nervousness setting in her chest, threatening to churn up the lunch she’d enjoyed so much. Mac’s hand on hers and the gentleness in his eyes stirred another emotion entirely.

“Worried?” he asked. “You can leave anytime, I promise. Walk out now if you want to. No hard feelings.”

“And miss that pudding? And what about all the promises you made yesterday?”

“You want that, Ginny, are you certain? If you stay, I’ll demand obedience. Do whatever I want with you. Strip you naked. Tie you down with those scarves you brought. Forbid you to climax until I choose. Make you wait, make you suck my cock on your knees. I might even spank you, if you take too long to obey or resist me. Are you really ready and willing?”

It took a second or two to get her voice box operating again. A racing heart and a tight throat rather constricted her larynx. “I won’t really know unless we try, will I?”

His wide mouth curled at the corners as he put his hand over hers. His touch was gentle but she felt his strength and suspected if she tried to pull away, it wouldn’t be easy. “Neither of us will, Ginny. I hope I don’t disappoint you.”

Oh, dear, had she gone on too much about earlier letdowns? No, he didn’t seem too worried. “You haven’t so far, Mac.”

“I’ll endeavor to give you what you need, Ginny. Remember your safe word? What is it?”

“Virginia Amy Elizabeth Wallace.”

“Good, use it and I’ll stop, otherwise, you may cry, wail, yell ‘no’ or shout, moan and complain to your heart’s content, and I’ll ignore you completely.” He stood up, raising her to her feet as he kept hold of her hand. “Ready to obey, dear?”

“Yes.” Nervousness and anticipation made the hoarse whisper echo in her skull.

He stood, drew her close and dropped a kiss on her forehead. Steamed heat poured from his lips. His kiss imprinted on her skin as he pulled back and looked down at her. Her heart echoed against her ribs. There was no mistaking the heat and desire in his eyes. A need that mirrored her own.

“You never kissed me before.”

“No,” he replied, “I wasn’t sure of you.” He yanked her close, one arm around her shoulders, his free hand cupping the back of her head, holding her steady as his mouth met hers. His first kiss had heated her. This one inflamed. Her lips opened under his and his tongue touched hers. He held her against him, pressing her breasts into his chest and his erection into her belly as his tongue caressed hers. His lips sent her mind whirling and her body responded like dry tinder to a match.

Somewhere in the void beyond sensation, a woman sighed and a man groaned, independent of her awareness, apart from the incredible sensations that coursed through her. She felt her own moisture between her legs, sensed her own need and his desire, and ached for more and more and more.

She kissed back, reaching up to his strong shoulders and melded her need into his. She was vaguely aware of his hand trailing down her back, lifting her skirt and cupping her naked bottom, of his fingers stroking and caressing but not quite reaching where she wanted them.

She rocked her hips and he took his hand away, breaking the kiss gently. “I need more,” she whispered, her voice hoarse.

“I know, and, Ginny, you’re going to get more. More than you can imagine. Soon. Right now, help me with the washing up.”

Damn! She bit back the instinctive gripe, suspecting it was part of his game, and the washing up was pretty straightforward—a few plates and knives and forks in the dishwasher, leftovers in the fridge and scraps in the bin. But none of it easy with a raging libido.

She'd never been this easily aroused. Heck, her nipples hurt, and just meeting his eyes a couple of times had her close to panting for it.

It was ridiculous, but wonderful, and she couldn't wait for what came next. But she'd have to. And one glance his way convinced her he was thoroughly enjoying her all too obvious need.

Her libido simmered down enough to let her remember his comment. "Did you really mean it about not climaxing without permission?"

"Oh, yes." He put a finger under her chin and tilted it up. "You haven't, have you?"

"Not yet but —"

"But you really want to, eh?"

"Let's say your kiss got me really worked up."

His chuckle came from deep in his belly. "It was intended to, Ginny. I'm going to get you very, very worked up. Now be a love, go grab the scarves off the table and meet me in the bedroom."

Taking a deep breath, she followed him out of the minuscule kitchen, turning to the left into the sitting room while he went on down the hallway and opened his bedroom door.

"I'll be here, waiting," he called glancing over his shoulder.

Right. She darted across the sitting room, grabbed the scarves off the table on the terrace, resisted the temptation to toss them in the air and watch them flutter over the gardens on either side and stepped back into the flat.

Seemed a long, long way down the corridor. The bedroom door was ajar and as she pushed it open, Mac was standing by the bed. He'd pulled down the covers and was

arranging a pair of black manacles on the pale sheets. He looked up, waving a manacle at her. "See, Ginny, just as you wanted—or almost. Not exactly velvet, I'm afraid, but some sort of plush. It'll feel very nice tightened around your wrists." Just as her cunt was tightening looking at them. "And you've got the scarves? Good! Bring them over here."

The last came out like an order. Shocked, she was across the room before she considered his tone. "Here they are."

"Put them on the bed," he said. "On the edge, so I can reach them easily when I need them. How much restraint will you need, Ginny? Will arms be enough or will I have to spread-eagle your legs and leave you completely open and available for my use, hmm?"

"I want to be completely helpless!" It came out without thinking. She couldn't believe the words that echoed in her mind, but she meant them. And was terrified.

Mac looked at her, as if trying to peer into her soul and measure her fears. "You will be, Ginny, my dear. You will be."

He'd moved close. Near enough to touch if either of them reached out. Neither of them did. She was too stunned at her admission and he... Who knew what Mac was thinking?

"I'll tie you so you're helpless, Ginny, if that's what you want. I'd enjoy knowing I had you at my mercy. I'll be able to touch you anywhere, with whatever I want and you'll be unable to do anything but take what I hand out. To submit."

Her throat tightened again and her heart raced, but an odd peace settled over her. She wanted to give over power to Mac, to be helpless and powerless. A wild rush of emotion, desire and heat raced through her mind, and without thinking, she fell to her knees at his feet and lowered her head. She was close to shaking, wanted, needed, yearned for his touch but didn't dare ask.

Mac held in the gasp but nothing contained the rush of emotion, power and tenderness as he looked at Ginny, neck bowed, body quivering. He understood her

need. It was a reflection of his own. She was scared. So was he. What if he disappointed her? She was excited, aroused. He could smell her and he and was hard as a poker with an erection that all but hurt. As long as he made her wait, he'd have to as well, but, oh, they'd both enjoy the release when it came.

He stroked her head, ruffling the lovely copper hair. Ran his hand over her slender neck. She was so vulnerable, so gloriously submissive, but he knew what strength it took to kneel at his feet.

Scared and anxious as she was, she begged for what she needed with every muscle and sinew in her quivering body.

Time to play.

He grasped her upper arms with both hands and helped her to her feet. "Look at me, Ginny."

She raised her eyes. They seemed bluer and brighter than before. Her face was calm but her shoulders shook. He kissed her, slowly and thoroughly, pressing his lips to hers, teasing her tongue with his, pushing the kiss deeper and harder until she gave that lovely, sexy moan again. Time to stop before he lost it, he had an afternoon of play planned. The last thing he wanted was to disappoint her.

"You are wonderful," he whispered to her lips. "Sexy and lovely and wondrously submissive. You will obey me, won't you?"

"Yes," she said, between little gasps.

He kissed her hair, took her hand, meshing her fingers with his and led her to the middle of the room. "I'm going to undress you," he told her. "Then we are going to shower together and afterwards, when you've soaped and washed every inch of your body, we're coming back in here and playing 'doctor'."

"Doctor?" A little crease appeared between her raised eyebrows. He smoothed it with his lips.

"Yes, doctor. Never played it as a child? I did, lots of times, and it's even more fun as a grown-up. I'll examine your body most assiduously. You will lie completely still, like a good little submissive and cooperate fully with whatever I ask." He paused. "Won't you, Ginny?"

She nodded, pausing to take a deep breath. "Yes. I think so."

"I know so! That's why you're here." Before she had time to worry that one, he unfastened the first button on her dress. She couldn't have picked a better style, it had a row of large pearl buttons from the open neck to the hem. Most obliging of her to make it so convenient. He undid three more so her dress was open to the waist and pulled the two halves apart. Nice bra. He always liked lace, and this warm pink looked particularly lovely against her pale skin but... "Next time, Ginny, be sure to wear a bra with a front fastening."

"Oh!" She gave a little shake as he traced the sweet swell of flesh above the lacy cups. "I will. But... Mac, I don't have any."

"Better go shopping. Your job is to make it easy for me to strip you. Impede me like this again and you may end up over my knee."

Her hand came up, grasping his forearm as if to steady herself. "I'll buy one. I never thought..." Her breath caught. She was aroused and exited. By being undressed, or the threat of a spanking? He'd find out in time.

"I know. I won't punish you, but next time, you know what I'll expect."

"Yes, next time." Another tight little gasp. Was she anticipating a "next time" as much as he was?

He ran his fingers over her soft flesh, reaching into the cup to find her nipple. It was already hard. He gave it a gentle squeeze, watching her face as she breathed hard and her lips parted. "Ever worn nipple clamps, Ginny?"

"No!"

"You will, one of these days. Tight ones that pinch your nipples. But first, let's get off this damn bra." He spun her around, pulling her dress off her shoulders and flicking open the hooks, pushed the straps off her shoulders. It was a pretty bra, but the floor was the best place for it. He spun her back to face him and gave himself the luxury of ogling her breasts. They were large, firm and tipped with upstanding, rosy-brown nipples. He cupped a breast in each hand rubbing his thumbs over the firm points of flesh. "Do they always stay this hard?"

"N-no."

The stammer might have been because he squeezed them between finger and thumb. As she caught her breath, he eased the pressure then bent his head and licked her right nipple. She shivered as he closed his mouth on her flesh and sucked. He undid three more buttons and her dress fell to the floor. Not quite naked. She wore a thin, waist slip, but he could smell her arousal, sweet, and feminine and sexy.

He wanted the damn slip off her. Time to show her what dominant meant. Lifting his mouth off her breast, he stood upright, put both hands on her waist and lifted her. He took two steps toward the bed and dropped her onto the mattress. While she gasped and tried to sit upright, he grabbed her slip, yanked it off and fell on top of her, grasping her wrists and pinning her to the bed, arms spread.

"This, Ginny, is how it will feel when I tie you down. Do you like it? You won't be able to move. Unable to resist. All you'll be able to do is submit meekly."

"Maybe not meekly," she whispered, her voice clear, her mouth just inches from his ear.

"No?" he replied. "We'll see about that!" He was darn well tempted to skip the shower, just tie her down here and now and start playing this second. He had her naked didn't he? But he wanted the pleasure of soaping and examining every inch of her, and besides, he really fancied playing "doctor" with her.

He stood, and before she could move, grabbed her, tossing her over his shoulder and crossed the carpet to the open bathroom door. One hand held her ankles together

and with her lovely arse at eye level, he couldn't resist planting a big, smacky kiss on one bum cheek and just for luck, he gave her a friendly smack before letting her naked body slide down his front. She stood, inches away from him, head tousled, face flushed and eyes bright.

Time to play in earnest. "Ginny, go stand in the corner."

Chapter Five

Ginny stared at Mac. "What?"

"You heard me, dear. Time to start obeying. Stand in the corner, with your face to the wall while I get things ready." She opened her mouth as if to protest or argue, thought better of it, and turned and faced the corner. Very promising. "Peep or turn around before I give you permission, Ginny, and you'll learn the difference between a love pat on your delectable posterior and a thorough hand spanking."

She got the message. Good. Now he'd take his time. Let her anxiety peak a little. He whistled as he stripped off, banged cupboard doors and found towels.

Ginny stood, breathing slowly in a vain attempt to still her racing pulse. She should be scared, worried, anxious—heck, she was naked, alone and with a man she only met yesterday. Instead, despite the excitement and fast beating heart, her overwhelming emotion was peace. At last her dreams and fantasies were coming true. She'd knelt to a lover and now stood stripped, awaiting his pleasure. Her knees wobbled as a rush of emotion poured through her. Another slow, calming breath and the peacefulness returned.

Until she sensed Mac near, felt his warm breath on her shoulder and fought the urge to turn and face him. She clenched her fists and tensed her shoulders, wanting to wrap her arms around his neck, but knowing this was a test. She'd been told to stand and face the wall—and face the wall she would. She jumped as his hand touched her back and traced a slow path down her spine. When he reached her bottom, she was shaking. He stroked the curve of her hip and whispered, "You are magnificent, Ginny. Not much longer. I'm almost ready."

He kissed her shoulder and was gone.

She wanted to whimper, but held that back, too. This was so hard and so utterly right. She shut her eyes, blocking out any distraction from the sensations in her body. He'd barely started playing and she was this hot, this aroused. How much more could she take without climaxing. A lot! She'd have to. He had a long way to go.

Ginny almost jumped as the shower started running. Not much longer, surely? Slow, deep breath. And another.

"Ginny." A shudder rippled through her at his voice.

"Yes, Mac?"

His hand was gentle on her shoulder. "Turn around."

She obeyed and gaped. He was as naked as she was. Shouldn't be surprised at that. He'd hardly be getting in the shower in a knit shirt and chinos, but the sight of him took her breath away. He was beautiful from his broad shoulders to his slim waist and solid thighs, to the twinkle in his eyes and the magnificent cock rising hard and proud from the nest of dark curls at his groin.

Her mouth went dry then flowed with saliva at the prospect of sucking that lovely cock, of running her lips up its length and easing her tongue over the smooth head and lapping the hard flesh.

Her knees relaxed in preparation to kneel and worship his cock, but Mac's hand on her shoulder stayed her. "Not yet, Ginny. Soon. Very soon, you will have the privilege of sucking my cock and feeling it touch the back of your throat, but first, I want to enjoy myself a little with your sumptuous body. Come on." He opened the shower door and stood aside to let her enter.

His shower alone was worth the trip! The door was a standard shower door width, but inside, it was five times as deep as most showers and... She couldn't help staring. He must have bought up the entire stock of shower fittings from the nearest builders' supply. At the farthest end, a super-wide spray head sent a deluge of warm water pouring past the dark blue tiled wall. That was just the beginning. On each wall were three more showerheads, at various heights and angles, and to her right an array of

shiny brass knobs presumably controlled the panoply of options, including, she just noticed, two handheld showers on a rail and an assortment of rails and hooks along one wall.

"You could spend a week here and still not try out everything," she said, looking around and catching his amused glance.

"Like it?"

"Yes." She was a bit dubious about a couple of odd-looking hoses at one end, but the warm cascade appealed.

"There's soap on the ledge," Mac said, "grab it and start on my back."

Where had she dreamed up the idea of being massaged with scented bubbles by his strong hands? Would have been nice but he was waiting, watching, and no doubt imagining her bottom over his knee if she hesitated too long. She reached for the tablet of soap. She'd wanted to be dominated. Better start obeying.

She lathered up the soap and started on his shoulders. Really, she couldn't complain. Getting to run her hands over his shoulders and back was no hardship, and stroking his firm arse was, quite honestly, a pleasure. She soaped up and down the backs of his arms. Kneeling, she worked her way down his thighs to his ankles. "If you lift your foot, I can soap that, too."

"Wait."

All right, she'd wait. "Want me to rinse you off before I start on your front?" Was she supposed to be asking? Hell if she knew, but he'd have to turn around in a minute and—

He did, smiling down at her crouched by his ankles. "I'm going to rinse off then you may wash my front." He walked down to the end, stood under the spray a few minutes as the lather ran off him and toward the center drain. "Stand up, Ginny," he said, turning and coming back to her. "You can't wash my chest kneeling."

No, but she would have his cock at eye level and that could never be bad. She settled for chest and nipples at eye level, nothing to be sneezed at after all, and ended up humming as she soaped his chest and belly. She got in a little tickle under his arms and earned a slap on her rump. Not hard, but she got the message. Apparently tickling was unacceptable. She'd have to be careful as she worked south. Kneeling she lathered down his thighs and legs, and was back at his ankles. Obliging he lifted one foot then the other while she soaped his toes and insteps.

She was getting turned on. Really turned on. Every bit of skin under her fingers was utterly male and emphasized the difference between them, and the magnificent cock jutting out at eye level was the cream in the coffee. She might as well go for it. Lathering up her hands extra well, she eyed his erect and uncircumcised cock. Rather lovely in all respects, and as her hand closed around the hard flesh and eased his foreskin back, she felt his shudder. She lowered her head to hide her smile. After all, he might take exception to a big, wide grin aimed at his sacred equipment. Working steadily, she drew back his foreskin to soap the complete head of his cock and while she was at it, she felt his length with her fingertips, wanting to suck him, to take him deep in her mouth, to feel him touch the back of her throat as he'd promised.

He stepped back. Yes, there was masses of room in the shower. "I'm rinsing off. You might as well stay on your knees, Ginny."

When he returned, water still running down his legs, she forgot the hard tile under her knees as he stroked her cheek with the tip of his cock, and then brushed it over her lips. She didn't need telling to open her mouth. Not taking him in would have been a hardship. She smiled around his cock. Slowly, she eased her lips up his shaft, swallowing him in a little more at a time as her tongue caressed the smooth head and tasted the sweet drop of moisture that rose at her touch, breathing carefully as he filled her mouth with his male power and strength. His hands grasped her head, spray from the still running shower brushed her side, but nothing could distract her from her duty with her lips.

Now Mac took over, setting the rhythm as he held her head steady and fucked her mouth. He came deeper and deeper, slowly to allow her to breathe through her nose, and, yes, he touched the back of her throat, bringing tears of excitement to the corners of her eyes. Tears that ran down her cheeks as he pulled away.

"Sweet Ginny," he said, stroking her now-damp hair as he stepped back and opened the shower door. "Quite impressive. We'll do that again soon, but meanwhile, you need to shower thoroughly. You must be clean all over for the strict physical exam you will receive in a few minutes. When you are clean and dry, come immediately into the bedroom where I will be ready for you."

He was gone. Might as well shower as he'd ordered. No point in giving him an excuse for the over-the-knee spanking he mentioned with such relish.

She shampooed her hair, even using the conditioner. As she stepped out of the spray to reach the soap, she heard a hair dryer. He was still there, taking care of himself while she was here, on the other side of the mottled glass door, alone, horny as can be and convinced a medical exam wasn't what she had in mind when she'd accepted his offer of lunch and hot sex. But she'd agreed to the submissive role, might as well play it through.

She soaped up and rinsed off. Mac was gone. A large blue bath towel lay on the bench waiting and, yes, he'd left out the hair dryer—a rather fancy German model. Mac Brodie appreciated creature comforts.

Dried off and hair soft and fluffy. She looked at herself in the mirror. Not a perfect bod but none too shabby. She hoped he liked it. He had so far, hadn't he?

Smiling to herself to give her courage, she stepped through the door, across the hall and into the bedroom.

Mac was waiting, wearing a white coat, but no doctor had ever walked the wards in anything like this. The front was cut away, a bit like an old-fashioned tailcoat, but the effect was to leave his cock on display. Framed in crisp white cotton, his erection seemed bigger and more demanding than before. She longed to fall to her knees and

bring him to climax, to finish what they'd started in the shower but she held back, waiting for his order.

"Ah! Ginny," he said. "Punctual and ready. How nice." He swung the stethoscope round his neck as he spoke and she couldn't fail to notice the end was not the customary round disk for listening to hearts and chests, but a long, narrow smooth...dildo. "Ah, my dear. Come closer. You noticed my little stethie toy did you?"

"Yes."

"Know what this is?" He held it out to her.

"A dildo?"

"No, dear, far too small for that. Your lovely cunt can take much more than this. In fact, it's going to when I put my cock up you. No, dear, this is a rectal plug. You'll feel it soon enough."

Her innards clenched. She dreaded having that cold, gleaming metal up her arsehole. And wanted it more than anything in the world right now.

"Now, my dear, hop up on the examining table. Time to check out your breasts and cunt. I must give them a good examination. Up you go and no complaining. I don't want any complaining about cold hands. If I choose to fill you with ice cubes, that's my prerogative. I'm the doctor and I know what's best for you."

Ice cubes was where she'd use her safe word! Keeping that thought to herself, she crossed to the folding exam table. He must have pulled it out since she last saw the room. What else was stashed behind the built-in cupboard doors that filled one whole wall?

He'd provided a little stepstool and with that she managed a more or less graceful climb. She sat on the edge and looked at him. At least they were eye to eye. "What now?"

His mouth twitched as he swung that darn butt plug. "Now, my dear, I begin by examining your breasts." He let that damn plug swing free and cupped a breast in each

hand, hefting it, squeezing gently and rubbing her nipples with the pad of his thumb. "Had any problems with them, my dear?"

"No." Not in real life and she was not about to invent any.

"Excellent, lie down and let me examine them more." As he spoke, his arm under her knees turned her and his free arm pressed her down so she lay on her back, looking up at the ceiling and a pair of large eyebolts she hadn't noticed earlier.

"What are they for?" She wasn't too sure she really wanted to know, but the words were out before she could bite them back.

"The hooks?" He followed her gaze up as his hand closed over her breast and his fingers pressed into her soft flesh. "That's in case I have a recalcitrant patient and have to resort to restraint."

"Have a lot of patients do you?" She gasped as his fingers pressed and kneaded.

"A few, over time, my dear, but seldom one as promising or cooperative as you." His fingers ground into her breast and she let out a little groan. "Hush, my dear, not a sound, you must accustom yourself to my examination. You'll be receiving them regularly." His hand moved to her other breast, which got the full treatment. She held her breath, hoping he'd finish soon, but wishing he wouldn't. His touch stopped just short of hurting, but it seemed each time he pressed or massaged her breast, her cunt responded with a warm, damp thrill.

By the time her breasts felt thoroughly squashed, he started on her nipples, squeezing them between finger and thumb, pulling gently and then rolling them until she whimpered.

"Does that hurt?" he asked.

"No." Truthfully it didn't. "Feels nice but..."

"But what? Kindly express yourself more clearly, Ginny."

"I like it but I'm scared you'll do more and hurt!" It was out.

His response was a raised eyebrow. "Indeed? You may well be right, Ginny." He ran his hand from between her breasts, over her belly to pause just above her pussy as his finger tapped gently, just missing her clit. "Time I examined your other more sensitive parts, Ginny. Now where to start, your cunt or your tight little arsehole? I must check them both—can't leave an orifice unchecked, can I?" He stroked across her belly in smooth circles as he spoke. "Ever been fucked in the arse, Ginny?"

"Once."

"Did you like it?"

"No!" It had been a case of once and never again.

"What a shame, my love. It can be the most stimulating experience. What didn't you like about it?"

He would have to ask, wouldn't he? "It hurt like hell!"

He tsk-tsked like a reproving teacher. "Unfortunate. It won't hurt when I bugger you, I promise. Now on your side—first I'll examine your cunt then I'll have a little poke in your tight little rose. You will lie completely still for me, my dear, won't you? Whatever I do to you there will be no wiggling. Do you understand?"

"Yes." Her throat was so tight, just one syllable was an effort.

"Over you go, then." His hand, warm on her naked hip eased her, turning and caught her behind her knees, drawing her legs up to her chest, leaving her exposed and vulnerable. His hand rested on her thigh. "Will I need to use lubrication, Ginny, or are you sufficiently aroused to take my examination easily?"

She held back the giggle. This was definitely unlike any physical exam she'd ever experienced. Even the medical student she'd gone out with at Uni hadn't been this inventive. "I'm wet, but perhaps you'd better check that I meet your standards."

He chuckled at that, stroking her thigh. "I agree, Ginny. I think I'd better." He lifted her thigh to get a better view. "Nice! What a lovely, rosy pink cunt and, yes, dear, it is wet, almost glistening. How nice." How red her face! Her cheeks burned. Just as well

she did have her back to him. Fingers eased into her. She relaxed, or tried to. It wasn't too easy with his other hand gliding up her rib cage to her breast.

His strong fingers probed, withdrew and came back in. More of them this time, she was sure. She felt filled, stuffed, and as he curled his fingers inside her, she gasped. Her hips wanted to rock but she managed to keep control until he found her G-spot. She couldn't keep still, she bore down on his hand and he was gone! She was empty and bereft, and cried out.

"Settle down!" It was almost a snap. "I told you to keep still. You disobeyed." Her hip stung where he'd slapped.

"I couldn't help it! It felt so good!"

"You had better learn to 'help' it, Ginny. I really don't want to have to tie you down at this point in the proceedings." His hand was gone from her breast, too. She wanted his hands back, on her and in her and... "You lie there, my dear, while I wash my hands. Don't you dare move."

As if she could! The table was so darn narrow, roll the wrong way and she'd be on the carpet. So she waited, breathing slowly to calm her racing pulse but nothing could calm the throbbing in her cunt. He knew just how to arouse her—and leave her hanging. But he had promised her the climax of her life—eventually. All she had to do was hang on.

Chapter Six

Mac was back, standing right in front of her. His cock only too obvious through the cutaway jacket, and the darn butt plug swinging from his hand. The metal gleamed wickedly at her. "I warmed it," he said, "so you won't have cold metal rammed up you." He held it at her eye level and waved a tube of lubricant in his other hand. "I'm going to lube the probe up then squirt the jelly up you. Jelly always feels cold, so I don't want any complaints. Put up with it. Won't be cold for long, your body will heat it up, then I'll press the plug in slowly. It will be to your advantage to relax, Ginny. Relax and permit me to plug you just as far as I want to push it up you."

"Easier said than done!" Not exactly submissive, but darn it.

"If it was easy, I wouldn't have taken so much time to get you aroused. But you are and it will be easier, trust me." As she opened her lips to answer or maybe gripe, he kissed her. A gentle brush over her mouth she felt deep in her groin. The sigh was involuntary, as was the rush of dampness between her legs. Grief! She could smell herself. How could he miss it? His grin suggested he hadn't.

"All right, dear. I'm ready." He walked around the table to stand behind her. She tensed. "No, no, no, Ginny. That won't do at all." His voice was gentle. "Relax." He stroked her hip. "That's the key, Ginny. Relaxation and arousal. I'm not bugging you yet, just opening up your tight little rose."

The first sensation was cold and sticky but he'd been right—her body soon warmed the jelly. Now she was moist both fore and aft. She relaxed, a little, just in time to feel the hard tip against her ring of muscle. "This, Ginny, is where you decide how much you want to hurt. Relax and press back."

It was easier said than done but she managed to relax a little. Mac waited as slowly she pressed down on the metal tip, stopping as it penetrated her muscle. "Continue,

Ginny,” he said. “Keep going. The more you press down, the less I have to press up you. A true submissive will take her Dominant’s cock with pleasure. Up to the balls. Better practice.”

She pressed a little more and hesitated. She was stretched and it was hurting, not much, but she was very much aware that a hard, foreign object was going up where things usually came down. She took several deep breaths—suddenly her sphincter relaxed and she bore down hard. She was filled, stuffed, the metal plug hard within her soft flesh but it felt incredible.

“Oh!” she cried out as a torrent of sensation flooded her and her cunt responded with a persistent throb.

“‘Oh!’ good or ‘Oh!’ it’s horrible?” Mac asked.

It took her a few seconds to reply. “Oh! Wonderful!”

“What did I tell you?” He bent forward and whispered, his breath warm in her ear. “Where else do you feel it, Ginny? Just in your tight, little asshole?”

“No! In my cunt, my clit, even my breasts.”

“Wonderful!” And pulled it out. At her gasp of shock, he asked, “Want it pushed back in?”

“Please, oh, please!” She was begging for what she’d dreaded, but she needed it back in deep. She cried out as he pushed it back, not easily this time but with a hard shove. Lubricated as she was, it felt fantastic. She was shaking with excitement as he gently pulled out again. “Enough for now, Ginny. There will be more, much more.”

She wasn’t sure she could take much more. Her hips itched to rock and her clit pulsed. “I want it back,” she moaned.

“Certainly not! You are too close to coming and remember you’re forbidden to climax until I give permission.”

She wanted to cry with frustration, to yell at him, to snarl in her need, but his mouth on hers took away her objections. His lips were pure magic—soothing and

arousing her at the same time, making her shudder with pleasure and sigh with need and satisfaction. Short-lived satisfaction, as he broke the kiss and her still raging need burst anew. "Mac," she said, her voice coming raspy and hoarse. "I can't last much longer."

"The longer you wait, the better it will be," he replied. "Trust me in this. I know best, my dear." He brushed her hair off her forehead, dropped a soft kiss above each eye and rolled her onto her back. "You have been brilliant, Ginny, a wonderful patient, and very, very soon we will try out your remaining orifice. Get on your back!"

"You mean..." she began and rolled over. She gasped, Mac was on the table, kneeling astride her, pinning her on her back. She didn't need to ask which orifice he was examining next.

As he loomed over her, still wearing the cutaway white coat, she looked up at his cock, hard and ready, and just inches from her mouth. Wild need raged through her. Damn playing games! She wanted—needed—to close her mouth over his cock and make him vulnerable.

As she parted her lips, he reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a foil packet. Good thing one of them was thinking straight! She contained herself while he eased the thin sheath over his magnificent cock. Tossing the packet aside, he leaned forward, cupping the back of her head in his hands. Her lips parted as his cock brushed her chin, her mouth opened wide at his touch and she circled him with her lips.

Her heart raced, and her mind spiraled with sheer and utter elation. How she loved this, feeling his strength between her lips, knowing she held his cock between her teeth, making him vulnerable in the very act that so pleased him. She might be on her back, straddled by his admirable thighs but she held the power. It was her lips that drove his desire and her tongue that was teasing him to climax. She smiled around his erection as she worked her mouth along his length then drew back to tease him just a little.

His groan suggested she was succeeding.

She'd chuckle, but every bit of effort that wasn't intent on his cock was focused on holding back her climax. Maybe he was right about delay intensifying pleasure, or maybe he just liked retaining that last shred of power.

His mounting need creased his face and had him throwing back his head as she fluttered her tongue on the underside of his cock.

He froze a moment as he let out a slow gasp. "Ginny," he said, his voice taut, "come whenever you are ready. I'm so close it hurts!"

Now he knew what he'd put her through! But he'd known all along and now she had permission. She worked her mouth harder and faster, her own need burgeoning as she fixated on his cock and the power of her lips. She'd never, ever climaxed like this, just by a lover's cock in her mouth and the power of his will, but as his own climax burst, he leaned close, groaning, "Ginny! Come! Come for me, Ginny!"

She came. In a wild, intense spate of sheer joy that flooded her mind and possessed her body. She was flying, spiraling upward on a vast tide of pleasure and sensation. She screamed with joy, the sound muffled by his cock, until he withdrew and the full volume of her satisfaction echoed off the ceiling. She let out another great cry and sagged back, her body limp and sweaty, and still enclosed in his strong thighs.

"Magnificent!" he said, kissing her breasts, one after the other, before easing off the table and helping her up.

Help was what she needed! Sitting up was difficult and she doubted she'd be able to stand for a while. Her body still thrummed with the after-pleasures of her climax and her clit throbbed with a life of its own. She tried to echo his exuberant "magnificent" but only managed a weak "Mac!" before sagging into his strong arms.

"Don't worry, Ginny. I've got you!" He did. She was swept up in his arms, carried across the room to his bed and settled on the pillows as he pulled the covers over her. "I'll be back in a jiffy," he said kissing her softly and then padded off, still wearing the now-crumpled white doctor's jacket.

Mac could barely contain himself. If his flat was bigger, he'd run, leap and halloo until the walls echoed. He had to content himself with bit of a hop, skip and a jump, and a big grin in the mirror. He'd been inspired! Ginny inspired him! His wild impulse to meet her and invite her over to play had been inspired. Her body was inspired!

He was close to gibbering, but never been happier in his life.

Okay, he'd better settle down. He peeled off the condom and flushed it away.

What in Hades was happening? Things were getting out of hand. He'd played this scenario before, enjoyed it before but never had a submissive partner responded with such ardor and sheer delight in following his lead.

He was tempted to keep her naked forever. To stay naked with her forever. To spend the rest of his life devising sensual torture for her pleasure and – Whoa! Better backpedal a bit here. He washed off, splashed water on his face and pulled on his spare dressing gown. He needed to settle down. Get back in control. Keep things under his control. But something deep in his soul told him things would never be the same again.

Ginny had changed everything.

He was dead scared she didn't feel the same. Did she? Could she? Best ask her. No! That might scare her off. He needed to tread carefully, proceed with caution, woo her slowly. But if he held off, maybe he'd lose her. Heck, London was packed with Dominants dreaming of a submissive like Ginny. He couldn't let her out of his sight.

He had to. He didn't own her. She had a life of her own. What if a wild afternoon of sex was all she wanted. Ever!

That thought all but had his cock shriveling. Surely she hadn't just used him for sex? Why not? That was what he'd invited her over for. He splashed cold water on his face, hoping to calm his racing thoughts. Didn't help.

He had to get his mind straight and focus on convincing Ginny she'd be happy with him for the rest of her life.

Whoa!!

What was that thought?

The truth. Sheer and unadulterated truth. He wanted Ginny forever and ever as his. For life.

A bit of a tall order after an invitation to lunch and play.

But —

“Mac?” The object of his lust and adoration stood naked in the doorway. “Sorry, but I need to wee.”

And he’d been fixating on his out of control emotions. Had to be he was just overcome after the best sex he’d ever had. “Sorry, love. Come on in, I’m through. Just a tic.” He reached for his toweling dressing gown hanging on the back of the door. “Put this on, and we’ll have that dessert I promised. If you want to wash up...” He nodded toward the bidet in the corner. “Go ahead. There’s plenty of towels and soap. See you in a few minutes.” After he got his mind back into shape.

“Thanks, Mac.” She came close and kissed him. “And thank you!”

He was humming to himself as he closed the door and walked back to the kitchen. He took the pudding out of the fridge, set the coffee machine going and reached for two of his grandmother’s Meissen dessert plates. Pity he didn’t have champagne already chilled. Big oversight on his part that, but how could he have dreamt Ginny would be so magnificent?

As the coffee started to gurgle, he found two mugs, filled a jug with milk and told himself the wild rush inside was just the result of phenomenal sex. Good try! He was too old and too aware of his own body and its reactions to fall for that one. Twenty-four hours ago, he’d have laughed at the notion of love at first sight. Now, he knew better.

He’d been drawn to Ginny at sight — no — before that. When he read those delicious, outrageous stories of hers. When he’d read her darn personal ad. One look at her smile and gleaming copper hair had him transfixed. But now, after being inside her body and touching the core of her submissive soul, he knew.

He had it bad, had fallen in love and if he couldn't keep her, he didn't know how he'd survive.

He wanted her. Needed her. Ached for her.

"Mac?"

He spun around at her voice, crossed the yard or so that separated them, pulled her into a bear hug and swung her around, fastening his mouth on hers, swallowing her gasp of surprise. "I love you," he said, as he set her back on her feet. "Honest, I do, Ginny. I've never felt this way about anyone in my entire life. Will you marry me?"

Chapter Seven

The smile on her face faded and the light in her eyes went out as if snuffed. Shit! He'd rushed her. Hell, he'd stampeded her when she was no doubt still sorting out her response and reactions to his dominance. Bugger!

Damage control needed urgently.

He kept hold of her, this time dropping a soft kiss on her forehead. "Don't look so worried, Ginny. I'll still love you even if you say 'no'." His hopeful smile managed to draw a wary one from her. "Coffee and decadent pudding, my love?"

At least he had one "yes".

He really had screwed up. She leaned back in her chair eating slowly and sipping coffee, but avoiding his eyes. He half-suspected she'd have been out the front door and down the road if her clothes weren't still on his bedroom floor.

Ginny licked the whipped cream off her spoon. The pudding was every bit as marvelous as he'd promised. Too bad it was so hard to swallow. Gulping coffee helped but, oh, dammit! Wonderful splendiferous sex—and what did he have to do but kill the moment? At least he wasn't trying to force conversation. Why did men do things like that? Or, more precisely why did Mac? Marriage proposals weren't customary post-coital conversation openers in her experience.

And why did it upset her so? She could have laughed it off as the joke it was. Except something deep inside convinced her he hadn't been kidding.

She stared at the now-empty plate. Pity she hadn't tasted anything while she was scarfing it down. Pity she was going to grab her clothes and run for the wilds of Earl's Court. Pity it—

Damn!

She pushed away the empty plate, picked up her coffee to drain the last mouthful or so, and met Mac's eyes over the rim of her mug.

They were the same eyes she'd met when she opened his front door just a couple of hours ago, but now they looked tortured, strained, worried.

"Meringue all right?" he asked.

"Very nice."

"Good."

Blow it! She was not sitting there, wearing nothing but his dressing gown and exchanging monosyllables. "No, it's not!" At least that got a reaction. Eyebrows rose nicely and a bit of light came back into his dark eyes—puzzled and exasperated light, but a distinct improvement over confusion. Having his attention, she might as well dive in. "Something's wrong. After the best sex I ever had, I end up hurting your feelings. I eat through the most scrumptious dessert imaginable without tasting it, and now feel it's all my fault—which it really isn't—and on top of it, I never did get the velvet manacles you promised."

Not quite what she'd intended but once she'd started it all poured out.

And left him speechless for a good thirty seconds.

But he did smile and the sexy light returned to those gorgeous eyes.

"I see." Surely he could do better than that? He reached across the table and covered her hand with his. "Thank God, you're not one of those women who hisses 'fine' when it's anything but." He paused, his head angled to one side. "I rushed you on the 'marry me' bit, I presume?"

"You bowled me over, as the saying goes, and trampled the breath out of me."

"A bit too sudden. Too soon?"

"Yeah!"

"But it was the best sex you've ever had?"

"So far."

He beamed, his eyes creasing at the corners and his lips all but demanding to be kissed. "So far? You expect more and better? Am I faced with a rapacious submissive? Bit of an oxymoron that."

It was going to be all right! She knew it from the wicked twist of his mouth and the twinkle back in his eyes. She opened her fingers to mesh with his. "Going to do anything about it?" They should probably be talking things out, but darn it, just touching him made her horny and he had promised...

"Definitely." He tightened his hold on her fingers. She'd have to yank her arm to withdraw from his touch—if she ever wanted to. "Just answer me this, was it just sex for you?"

Questions, questions. Thinking was needed and her current brain chemistry wasn't inclined to cognition. But it was a perfectly reasonable question in the circumstances. Better tone down the libido and up the rational part of her brain. Not easy but not a hard question to answer. "No, Mac, it wasn't 'just' sex. It was fantastic, mind-blowing sex. You were incredible but it went deeper. I felt a connection to you and when I came, it was as if I leapt into the heavens with you. I used to think tales of the earth moving and rockets going off were just a bunch of hyperbole but—"

His big, smacky kiss interrupted her. "Sorry to break you off like that," he said, "but, Ginny, I feel the same. I've had...okay, don't take me wrong here, but I've had scores of nice women as play partners. Most of them were just that—fun people to enjoy kinky sex with. A few I really clicked with and we played repeatedly, but you're the first one to stun me out of complacency. My French grandmother would have called it a *coup de tonnerre*—a thunderbolt and she'd have been spot on. It was like a bolt from the heavens. I meant what I said—I'd love to marry you and play with you for the rest of my life, but won't belabor the point. The offer stands—if you want to consider it a day or two, even a few weeks.

"Sorry I ruined the pud for you, I can always get another, but meanwhile I do have those manacles waiting if you're interested."

She went warm, cold, shivery and sweaty all at the same time. No man could be so reasonable, so utterly decent, so kind and so all-around sexy in one package. But Mac was and offering himself to her. Thinking about being manacled sent goose bumps down her spine and a hot rush to her cunt.

Amid the wash of hormones and horniness, reason still stirred. "The safe word still applies?"

"Always, Ginny, always." He stood. "Remember it?"

"Virginia Amy Elizabeth Wallace."

He gave her hand a little tug. "Come on then."

They practically ran down the corridor, Mac pulling her along. Once back in his room, he spun her to face him and he kissed hard then untied the belt, easing the dressing gown off her shoulders. It felt so right to be naked again. His mouth pressed on hers, pushing her lips apart before his tongue invaded with heat and passion. She tried to meet his kiss, pressing her tongue on his, exploring his mouth, but she couldn't match his power and strength. There was no question who led the kiss and who followed, and her heart fluttered with happiness.

She whimpered with disappointment when he lifted his mouth to break the kiss. "Hush," he chided tapping her lips with his finger. "Don't you dare complain, Ginny. That's not one of your options. Unless you want to safe word out."

Not a chance! "Play" he might call it, but there was nothing frivolous about his purpose. "I don't want to safe word out."

"Good. Prove your sincerity by kneeling and sucking my cock. Take it as deep as you can. Show me how much you want to please me." His hands on her shoulders pressed gently. She could easily have resisted the pressure, just stepped back and walked away. But she wasn't loony!

She knelt.

The carpet was soft under her knees, the hair on his legs brushing her breasts as she leaned in. She raised a hand to stroke his beautiful cock, but his fingers closed over her wrist.

“No,” he said, “no hands. I want to see what you can do with your mouth alone. Clasp your hands behind your back.”

It made balancing up on her knees a little harder but if worse came to worse and she toppled forward, she’d fall smack into his legs and that could hardly be bad. Finding his cock wasn’t going to be difficult—his silk dressing gown tented over his erection.

Once steady, she leaned in and grasped the colored silk in her teeth pulling it a little aside so his cock sprang out, hard, and aimed right at her. She kissed the tip, caressing the smooth, rounded flesh with her lips and licking gently to savor the sweet bead of moisture, before opening her lips and taking the rounded head into her mouth. She worked her lips up and over the smooth, rounded knob, fluttering her tongue over his ridge and frenulum before moving her head and taking him in deep.

His cock was the perfect size—strong and lusciously firm, but not so long as to choke her or wide enough to gag her. It could have been made to measure to suit her needs and wants.

Was Mac right? Were they made for each other? Had the thunderbolt hit her, too? Now was not the time to worry over that. Not with his wondrous cock in her mouth and her lips working up and down the hard rod of muscle. Her mind blanked out, her reason lost in the vast tide of longing, need and heat. On her knees, worshiping his cock, peace flooded her. This felt so right, to be there, naked for Mac—to show her willingness and prove her worthiness.

His hands tunneled in her hair, clasping her head as he gently eased her mouth up and down his cock. With Mac controlling, Ginny concentrated on using her tongue. Licking round him, flicking the head of his cock with soft, large movements then whirling around with faster, lighter darts circling his ridge and teasing the sensitive

spot underneath. She longed – itched – to stroke his balls, but kept her hands clasped as ordered, confident he'd let her worship his balls in his own good time.

She looked up and met his eyes. His smile and the dazed but ecstatic look on his face was all she needed to increase her efforts. This was sheer and utter joy and feminine power – she reveled in it.

Until he eased her head off him – gently but firmly. “Enough, Ginny. Enough. You’ve convinced me. You are completely sincere in your desire to submit to me. You delight me with what you offer.” He grasped her upper arms and raised her to her feet. Seeing his mouth smiling down at her, she parted her lips, ready for his kiss, but it never came. “Time now, Ginny, for you to prove you meant it about rending yourself helpless. Are you sure you want to go on? Once I have you bound, you cannot escape me. You will be helpless, vulnerable, utterly in my power. I can do anything to you I choose and you can do nothing but accept. Can you take it?”

She was beginning to doubt herself, but no... “I don’t know if I can, Mac. I know I want to. It’s always been a secret fantasy. Just listening to what you offer has me ready. I don’t know, but I’ll try.”

“No, sweet Ginny. I’ll try you.” He ran his hand down the side of her face, caressing her chin with his fingers and tilting her face. His touch was soft and gentle, but if she resisted would it be so tender? “Get on the bed, Ginny. Face down. Now.”

The sharp tone of that last word sent a shiver down to her cunt. She was facedown in seconds, head on the soft down pillow and arms by her sides.

“Good, very good.” It was almost a whisper but all the more forceful for the quiet confidence in his voice. His fingertips trailed down the bumps of her spine sending goose bumps skittering across her skin. A slow kiss on her shoulder elicited a little moan before she bit it back. Had he told her to be silent this time? Did the order from last time carry over?

Darn it, she needed to know. “Mac?”

He stopped stroking her and rested the flat of his hand in the middle of her back.
“You want to use your safe word?”

“No, I want to ask a question.”

“Ask!”

Okay. Deep breath. “Do I have to remain silent?” Part of her recoiled at the thought she even had to ask, and a deeper, wilder part of her mind reveled in needing to ask—having to do whatever he decreed.

“Do you have to remain silent?” he echoed. “Mmm, let me think. It would be good discipline for you to have to restrain yourself, but on the other hand, you made such a sterling effort earlier, this time—and mind you, Ginny, just this time—you may express pleasure and contentment. If, and only if, you do so quietly. No rambunctious yelling or shouting. We will have sedate, controlled expressions of passion only.” Sedate, controlled and passion in the same sentence was an oxymoron. But she knew enough to keep that to herself. “Thank you, Mac.”

“My pleasure,” he replied. “Now, if you are through with interruptions, I will continue.”

“Please!”

She sensed him move away then return and lean over her. Warmth pooled between her shoulder blades then slowly trickled down her back. She had her mouth open to ask what he was doing when she realized the smooth, warm liquid was massage oil. Virgin olive oil from his sister’s father-in-law? Now was not the time to worry about its provenance, but just enjoy the warmth on her skin. Moments later the mattress shifted as Mac climbed on the bed and knelt astride her, his thighs brushing her hips. His hand settled on her shoulders and began to knead her flesh.

A massage! As he worked her shoulders, she let out a long sigh of pleasure.

“Like that, Ginny?”

“Oh, yes!”

“Good, you’re tense. I want you thoroughly relaxed before I restrain you.”

And that comment was supposed to help? No, just the opposite, he wanted her on edge. He was going to get it. Perhaps. His hands did work magic. She’d thought herself relaxed after that rather stupendous climax, but he was finding tight muscles she never knew existed. Finishing her shoulders, he moved lower. Now straddling her thighs, he worked her lower back and hips. She gave into his touch, closed her eyes and sank into the mattress. He could do this all day and into the night. To lie there, limp on his bed while his hands worked her flesh was a pleasure she’d never turn down.

Damn! Mac wasn’t just a marvelous lover. He was a marvel worker. She let out another sigh of pleasure and he eased back up her shoulders and worked her right arm, stroking and kneading the muscles as he lifted her arm and fastened a strip of cloth around her wrist and tightened it with the soft scritch sound of Velcro.

She looked up and pulled at her wrist as he grabbed her left hand and fastened that down, too.

She was bound, flat on her belly and... She bit back the protest that rose by instinct. This was what she’d wanted, dreamed of and asked for. She was helpless –

“Completely,” Mac said, as if reading her mind. “Utterly helpless now, Ginny.” He rested his hand on her bum, pressing a little as if to emphasize exactly where he had her. “At my mercy.”

A wonderfully slow shiver rippled down her body and settled deep in her cunt. She wanted so much to sit up and reach for him but her arms were tied securely to the bed head. Even rolling over would be a gymnastic feat.

All she could do was lie there. Her body thrilled at the reality. This was her fantasy to be helpless while a lover pleased her and Mac’s massage was pleasure indeed. So was his hand on her bum. She’d always felt it was too big, blamed it on the hours she’d spent riding as a schoolgirl, but apparently he was entranced by hers, stroking, brushing his fingertips over her curves and cupping her bum cheeks from the underside and jiggling.

She almost left the mattress when he planted a kiss on her right cheek then her left. "You have such a perfect arse, Ginny," he said. "It's beautiful." He ran his hand over her flesh, a gentle caress that teased and promised. She lay still, relishing his touch and waiting for more.

Chapter Eight

Needing more – which never came.

She bit back the demand that rose by instinct. She needed more, ached for more, but she'd agreed. Not a sound unless of pleasure. Damn! This being submissive was harder than she'd imagined. He could tease her the rest of the afternoon and into the night. Arouse her and then pull back. That, no doubt, was exactly what he planned. She took a deep breath and lay still, waiting, and yelped as he bit her bum!

She pulled herself up by lifting her shoulders, and turned scowling at him, but strong hands forced her back down.

"No noise, Ginny, no yelling. Didn't you agree, and what was that?"

"I yelled because you hurt me!"

"I know I did. Time for you to experience a different sensation. If you hadn't made such a noise, I'd have kissed it better. You'd have enjoyed that, you like my kisses don't you, Ginny?"

"Yes."

"And for now you'll have to do without. Shame about that, but, my love, you have to learn to do exactly as you are told. In my bed, you obey. I had hoped you'd obey just by being asked, but seems you are one of those women who need discipline to learn."

A shiver that wasn't pleasure crossed her soul. Discipline! Mac had promised he wouldn't spank her this time, but was that conditional on her obedience? She was trying to word her question, so it wouldn't sound like more complaining when she felt Mac move off the bed, and from the corner of her eye she saw him move out of her line of vision. A hand grasped her right ankle, pulled it to the side and in seconds it was restrained. It took even less time to tie down her left ankle.

She was spread-eagled, flat on her belly and unable to move. She tensed, expecting a slap or even a series of spanks, but nothing. Not a word, not a touch. A few moments later he returned to the head of the bed, a small kitchen timer in his hand.

"Ginny, I'm giving you ten minutes to show me you fully understand what 'lie still, and be silent' means. I'll put the timer here so you know exactly how much longer you have left. It won't be easy, but I have every confidence in you. I expect you to make every effort, and I expect you to succeed. If you fail, I will be thoroughly disappointed."

Darn! He sounded like the headmaster of her old school. Probably Mac's intention. "I'll try."

"You'd better, my dear. Very hard." She bit back that response, too. Now was not the time for wisecracks. "Not a sound, Ginny, not a movement, whatever I do to you."

Feeling the tension build in her back, she made herself relax. She'd go limp and lie there unmoving...she hoped. More than anything she wanted to obey, to do exactly what Mac wanted, to prove her sincerity.

His fingertips trailed up her spine. Slowly. She bit back the sigh of pleasure and another as he stroked down from the nape of her neck. She loved his touch, wished for more, but he'd moved away again. She lay there, breathing slowly, waiting. Hoping.

Seemed ages before he touched her again. This time his hand rested on her bum, and openhanded he circled her arse cheek. Pleasant, but she could hold back the appreciative moan. But it couldn't all be this easy could it?

Seconds later, he parted her bum cheeks, cold gel shot inside her arsehole followed almost immediately by the pressure of cold metal. Biting her lip kept sound back. She held her breath, waiting to feel the intrusion of the plug. This time she got what she expected but without any gentle easing. One moment the tip of the plug pressed against her tight muscle and the next it was inside her, filling her narrow passage and she tasted blood where she'd bitten her lip.

She gasped in the silence. Trying to relax and not fight the hard intrusion.

It was damn difficult, but eventually she managed it. Her tight muscles relaxed around the plug and the strange pleasure of being so invaded eased away her hurt and shock. She smiled into the pillow.

“Brilliant, Ginny!”

She positively grinned at his pleasure. She’d done exactly what he wanted and a glance sideways at the timer showed she had eight and a half minutes to go.

He could come up with a lot in eight and a half minutes, and she bet every single touch was intended to make her cry out. She’d show him!

Or, to judge by the past few moments, he might show her. Better not disappoint him. She pressed her lips together, just before something soft and warm slid up the inside of her left leg, stroking the soft skin on the inside of her thigh, skimming her cunt and then sliding down her right leg before coming back, brushing her arse and swirling over her back and shoulders. It felt so frightfully wonderful, it took her a few seconds to realize he was using one of her silk scarves. Nothing else was so warm, so soft and so— She had to bite back the sigh as he brushed the scarf along her crack, catching the edge of the plug and moving it just enough to set her nerve endings humming.

And he knew exactly what it did to her, she bet! Back and forth he pulled it, and steadily she breathed, willing her body not to let her down. Just as it seemed she was relaxed and controlled enough to enjoy the sensation but stay quiet, he whisked the scarf away and she let out a slow, silent shudder. It had been so good and now it was over...until his next tease.

“Arch your back and put your arse up in the air!”

Not too hard but entailed a good bit of ungainly wiggling, which he no doubt enjoyed to the full. Once she was up, he pushed a pillow under her belly. Not uncomfortable—maybe even comfortable—once the pillow settled around her body, but talk about exposing her even more!

“Perfect!” He slapped her gently, right where she was most prominent. “Just how I want you. All around available. I can see your rosy, wet cunt, your lovely arsehole and

your delectable thighs.” Her opposite cheek received another gentle slap. The noise echoed in the quiet room, and a warm flush covered her rear. From the slaps or downright embarrassment, or both, who knew—or really cared at this point? Seemed the sensation faded to a wonderful glow that seeped into her bones. Shutting her eyes, she focused on the joy in her body and relaxed in anticipation of whatever Mac planned next.

“How do you like being helpless?” he asked. “You may speak.”

She turned her head to his voice and opened her eyes. He was just inches from her, his lips so close she could almost touch them with hers. Almost but not quite.

“It’s incredible, wonderful and scary all at once. Thank you, Mac.”

“Don’t thank me yet, we’re nowhere near finished. Any special requests?”

“To kiss you.”

“I see.” He angled his head to one side, creasing his forehead as if considering the pros and cons. “I think we can permit that, Ginny, don’t you? A reward for your effort so far.” As he spoke, his face came closer, his hand steadied her neck as she turned her head and his lips touched hers. She opened to accept his kiss, her mind, heart and soul responding to his touch. Helpless, naked, she reveled in the physical contact with Mac, her lover, her Dominant. Nothing else in the world mattered but this room and the pleasure they shared. As he pressed his lips harder, his tongue found hers and her mind zapped. She was past thought or reason, every fiber of her being fixed on the pleasure of his mouth and the comfort of their intimacy.

She whimpered as he broke the kiss, but quickly stifled it. “Sorry!”

“You are pardoned, Ginny, but look, we have another four minutes. Now your silence begins again. Understood?”

She nodded. That had to have been the longest six minutes in history—given a good two of them had been taken up in that kiss.

She gasped but bit it back in time. He'd pulled out the plug and made not the slightest effort to be gentle, but as her muscles eased back, a sense of emptiness engulfed her.

"I'll give it back to you another time," he promised. "For now, let's try this for size." It was his finger, warmer and much softer than the plug. He penetrated her in a gentle, spiral motion that had her biting back groans of delight. If this was how his finger felt, how more fantastic would his cock be? Except it was three times the size!

His other hand came between her shoulder blades, holding her down so her bottom rose higher and stretched her thigh muscles. She'd be hurting—was hurting—but the wild awareness in her arse overshadowed any possible discomfort in her thigh muscles. Wild sensations built, not only in her tight arse, but deep in her cunt, which mirrored the simulation and magnified the pleasure.

"Splendid!" Mac said. "Next time, I'll push into your lovely tight rose with my big cock and watch my prick disappear as I fuck you right deep here!" He poked in and out as he spoke.

The overwhelming stimulation and the prospect of a buggering were close to too much. She was wound so tightly her hips rocked of their own volition and he immediately withdrew his finger. "Naughty! Naughty! Didn't I tell you too keep still?" She braced for the slap, but it never came. Nothing did. "Just compose yourself, Ginny, or I might change my mind about spanking you your first time!"

That threat had her creaming. Again she tasted blood as she bit her lip and every muscle tensed under the effort to keep still. She ached to rock her hips, hump the bedclothes, anything to ease the building need and heat in her cunt and the raging hurt throbbing her clit. This was torture! Bliss! Submission! The fabric of her dreams. Even her breasts ached where they rubbed the sheets. Her belly hurt, her legs were stretched and her stinging cunt begged for release.

And she had to lie there and wait until Mac chose to take pity on her or...tease her again with the damn silk scarves.

He was right behind her, leaning over, rubbing her back with the scarf, one little spot at a time and kissing before he moved on up her spine. Reaching her neck, he tossed away the scarf. From the corner of her eye, she watched it flutter to the ground, but before it landed, he raked his nails down her back. Once again, she bit her lip. Somehow, the hurt transferred to her cunt as pleasure built into great roaring waves as Mac held her hips steady and plunged his cock in deep. At last she could move something! Her cunt muscles closed around his hard flesh. It didn't help much. She wanted—needed—more and more and more, and when he started moving in and out with long, steady strokes, Ginny closed her eyes and gritted her teeth as the buzzer went off.

Released, she threw back her head and let out a long cry of sheer pleasure. Mac pulled out and drove back deep. At this angle, every sensation intensified. She let out her pleasure in great whoops and groans.

"God! Ginny, you are incredible!" Mac said, his voice as loud as hers. "Wonderful. Such a fantastic fuck!" Faster he came and faster, pistoning into her with all his male power and strength. Bound and restrained, all she could do was soar on the pleasure he gave her. His hand came down, a finger touched her swollen and burning clit, seeing her face as her climax peaked, he whispered, "Come for me, Ginny, Come!" She obeyed, climaxing with a shout. She'd have collapsed but he didn't permit it. Holding her steady, he drove on and on. Deeper and faster as her body peaked again and again. With each climax, she screamed, and he still continued. She was dizzy, caught in a great crescendo of ever-growing pleasure until she felt him tense and pause before he came with loud grunts and cries. As his climax eased, she came again, screaming until the room went hazy and quiet. She came to moments later. She was untied, lying on her side with Mac's arms around her. "All right?" he asked. "I think you fainted a moment. Do you do that often after multiple climaxes?"

"I've no idea. I've never had so many climaxes. I think I drowned in them."

“I love you, Ginny, don’t ever forget that. Sudden I know, but I’m old enough to know my own mind and I love you.”

“I know.” She meant to say something else. She should at least thank him for the best sex of her life. Sex that surpassed her admittedly wild dreams. Her mind was too fogged and sated to shape the right words. She settled for snuggling into him and shutting her eyes—just for a minute.

Chapter Nine

She woke to an empty bed, the sheet beside her cold. Ginny rolled over and squinted at the alarm clock. She'd been asleep nearly two hours. Multiple climaxes really did one in. That—and fucking—and being fucked by Mac Brodie. She ached in certain strategic muscles—her cunt and arse still throbbed gently. Her body remembered.

And was not likely to forget in a hurry.

Mac had been wonderful—incredible! If she could clone him and bottle him up, there wouldn't be a discontented or unsatisfied woman in London. No! She did not want to share him with anyone. She found him and she wanted to keep him.

But keep him in holy matrimony?

That was another matter entirely. Damn! It was far too soon and far too fast. Yes, Mac was a superlative lover but, heck, marriage meant more than mind-shattering sex, didn't it? The niggling voice in her brain insisted incredible sex was a good place to start and she wouldn't argue with that but...

She sat up, deciding this was not a question to debate lying on her back and noticed her clothes neatly folded in a heap at the foot of the bed. Seemed a lifetime ago Mac had stripped her of her clothes and inhibitions during an afternoon of glorious submission.

On top of the clothes was a note. *I love you, Ginny. Take your time showering and dressing. When you're ready, we can have dinner and talk about next time.*

So her reluctance to commit hadn't ruined her chances. The more she thought about Mac, the more he did seem like a dream come true.

She padded down to the bathroom, clothes and shoes in her arms. He'd left out two lovely thick towels and a bottle of scented shower gel. She helped herself to that and his shampoo, letting the warm water ease the lingering aches in her body.

She dried her hair, ran her fingers through it to settle the curls and glanced in the mirror.

The face of a well-satisfied woman beamed back at her. So, this was what was meant by a glow after lovemaking. She rather liked the look.

"Ginny!" His call from down the corridor interrupted her self-admiration.

"Coming!" Something she'd done plenty of this afternoon.

Mac was in the kitchen, wearing a chef's apron as he put a frying pan on the stove. "Thought we'd have omelets. They're one of the few things I cook well. Have a seat, Ginny. Your wine's there." He nodded to the already poured glass on the countertop. "Tell me, do you want ham, cheese, mushroom or all three?"

"Mushroom, please." She sat down and sipped the wine—slowly. Marvelous. She should have guessed he wouldn't buy plonk! She took a second taste and watched Mac move around the kitchen, beating eggs with a fork and heating butter in a copper-bottomed pan.

The omelets were ready in minutes. Mac slipped them onto two warm plates. "Here you are, madam," he said, with a grin and a little bow. "*Bon appétit!*"

He sat opposite her at the table and raised his glass. "Will you drink to 'us', Ginny?"

"Of course. Did you think I wouldn't?"

"Not after this afternoon. Coming back next weekend?"

"Please."

"All weekend?"

Was she ready for that? Only one way to find out. "Yes, Mac. All weekend."

He smiled and clinked glasses. "Good. You do realize, don't you, that I'm going to do all I can to convince you to marry me?"

She should have expected that. He really was dead-on serious here. Was the prospect so bad? She took a sip of wine, eyeing him over the rim of her glass. "I might take a lot of convincing," she said, setting the glass down.

"I have lots of time, plenty of patience and a whole repertoire of sensual play. Want to play and come again and again and again?"

"Yes, please!"

About the Author

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

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

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