

Power Games

Madeleine Oh

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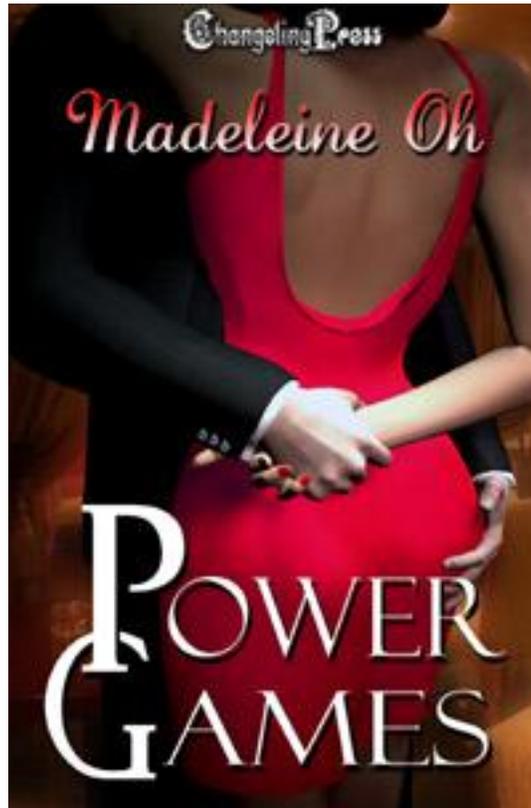
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John Kent only agrees to make up a foursome to oblige his friend and fellow Dom, Mark. After all, a blind date with Mark's sub's old aunt promises to be a rather dull evening. But when Aunt Ellen turns out to be an enticing young widow, the prospect for the evening really looks up. Then John discovers Ellen is also a submissive, and his Dom instincts take over...

Chapter One

"No, Mum. It's impossible!" Annie Cavendish gritted her teeth to stop herself from actually shouting into the phone.

"Don't be unreasonable, dear. Ellen needs a place to stay for a few days and she can't join us here in Singapore now, can she?"

Annie didn't honestly see why not. Her now-widowed aunt was not exactly hard up. "Can't she go to a nice hotel? Or on a cruise?"

"No, dear, she can't. Besides, I've already told her you're expecting her. It's only for a few days while she's waiting for possession of her new house."

"Mum, I'm having dinner with Mark on Saturday." And afterwards she planned to try out her new pony girl accouterments.

"Well, darling, just include her."

Annie did not think so. Any threesome would be with a second man, not an aunt fifteen years her senior. Annie was fond of her Aunt Ellen and in other circumstances would have been happy to have her visit but there was never any arguing with her mother. Damn. She so wanted to try the pony tail Mark had described at great detail on the phone last night. "Double damn and bugger," Annie muttered after she hung up. Especially since the last was unlikely to happen this weekend. Not now.

Might as well call Mark and share the bad news.

"Well, my love," he said, his voice tone curlingly smooth and deep. "Are you calling to thank me for spanking you to climax?" Her cunt clenched at the reminder. "Or for my promise of a sleek, shiny pony tail. It'll be tight, you know, but once you get used to it, you'll love it as much as you love my cock up your arse."

"That's sort of what I was calling about, Mark." She gave as brief a summation as she could of her mother's phone call.

"She'll be here all weekend?"

"Yes. Maybe the next, too. Mother was a bit vague." Purposely, Annie suspected. "I'll know exactly how long once Aunt Ellen calls."

"No problem, love. I'll just call Chez Robert and make it a reservation for four. I'll ask John Kent to come with us."

"No!" Annie didn't think she'd ever get over her unease about Mark's mentor, a stern, downright scary Dominant. "This is my aunt." She just could not imagine her elegant, always neatly dressed aunt over John's knee, kneeling to suck his cock, or crying real tears as John wielded a riding crop.

"Annie, John does know how to conduct himself in public, you know. A nice, intelligent widow might be just what he needs."

"Maybe, but I doubt he's what my aunt needs!"

"Then Annie, we will part after brandy and coffee and John will return to his cold, empty bed." Better that than have her aunt warm it. "Don't worry about your aunt," he added, a chuckle in his voice. "Better save your energies for pleasing me. You do have your knickers off, I hope."

As if she'd make that mistake twice. "Yes, Mark."

"Wonderful. I love you, Annie. And I look forward to meeting your aunt. Meanwhile, my love..." He paused. Annie's mouth went dry. Mark's tone clearly indicated he wasn't going to ask her to put the kettle on. "Are you wet between your legs?"

"A little..."

"Not good enough, Annie. Not good enough. You should be soaking wet when I talk to you. Perhaps a spanking is what you need. A good, hard hand spanking over my knee. What do you think?"

Her chest tightened as her mind slipped into submissive mode. "I need whatever you choose to give me, Mark."

"You most certainly do. Where are you?"

"In the kitchen." She'd been in the middle of cutting up vegetables for soup when her mother called.

"Into the sitting room, at once! On your knees in front of the sofa." Amazing how large her cottage seemed as she walked through the dining room to stand, heart pounding, in front of her chintz covered sofa. "Are you there yet?"

"Yes."

"Kneeling?"

"Almost."

"Annie, there is no 'almost.' Either you are kneeling as I ordered, or you are not. What is it?"

"I'm kneeling now." And thanking Providence for the thick pile rug. "I was about too. I just got in here."

"Took your time."

What was the point of debating? And did she want to? "I'm sorry, Mark." In the ensuing silence, her heart fluttered. What did he have in mind?

"I'm certain you are, my love. Now where is the phone?" He chuckled. No doubt delighted in giving her a mental whiplash.

"In my hand, Mark."

"Put it on the sofa and set it to speaker phone."

Easy enough to prop it on the cushions and press a button. "I've done that, Mark."

"Good girl. You are a good girl, aren't you, Annie. Or have you been naughty?"

She knew better than to answer "yes" or "no" to that one. "Only you can decide that, Mark."

"How right you are, my love, and you know what I've decided? You've been a bad, bad girl and need a good spanking. So, lift up your skirt." She obeyed without thinking. If she'd guessed this was coming, she'd have lit the fire earlier but she doubted Mark would wait while she turned on the gas. "Ready?"

"Yes, Mark."

"Your bottom is bare, right? It had better be."

"Oh, yes, Mark." Was he parked outside, waiting to come in the front door and make sure? What was he doing -- going to do -- to her?

"I wish I were there, Annie, to see your lovely, smooth warm arse. I'd love to feel it heat up under my hand, but I'll have to pretend. So will you, won't you, my love?"

"Yes, Mark." Good heavens. A spanking via British Telecom?

"Bend over, face on the sofa and arms spread out." Easy enough. After a couple of gulps. She was aching between her legs and he'd done nothing yet. Well, almost nothing. Apart from getting her wired with anticipation. "Ready?"

Her throat was so tight, she nodded, remembering, just in time, to reply, "Yes, Mark. I'm ready."

"Good. I'm picturing your lovely arse. I'm stroking those sweet cheeks with my hand, caressing you, skimming my fingertips in your crack, rubbing your thighs to ready them for my hand. Brushing your lovely arse cheeks again. Imagining how they will color up so beautifully while you squirm and wriggle and bite your lip to keep quiet. You are going to keep quiet, aren't you, Annie?"

"Yes, Mark." Should be easy enough with him on the other end of the phone.

"I hope I can rely on you. Remember, if you let out the slightest squeak, I will hear and we'll see about that later." Not sure that keeping quiet would be so easy after all, Annie buried her face in the pillows and her already hard nipples rubbed on the stiff cotton fabric.

"I'm about to begin, Annie. Listen to me and stay silent. I'm standing over you, unbuckling my belt." Her cunt clenched. She'd never forget that. "I think I'll warm you up with my hand first, dear. Your arse is far too pale to take my belt... yet. Keep still."

The two loud splats made her jump. The sound echoed in her ears, just as if Mark had landed her a couple. Her bottom felt the same, but her clit reacted. A barrage of slaps followed and sent her cunt tingling. This was wonderful. All the excitement with none of the pain.

"You're getting red, Annie, nicely warm. We must do this more often. Better warm up your thighs, now. Can't let them miss out."

This was louder and faster. Her hips jerked and she took a deep breath to hold herself still. Incredible as it seemed, she was not just wet, she was sopping between her legs. Her clit throbbed and she felt the thrill deep in her cunt.

"Now, six with my belt. Keep still, my sweet." The sound of the first three came slow and steady, with long pauses between as she swore she could hear his heavy breathing. "Almost done. Brace yourself for these. You might want to grab the pillows."

Without thinking she dug her fingers into the seat pillows, forced herself to relax and waited... and waited... and waited. Was he trying to get her to move? Lift her head? She was not going to. She relaxed her back and neck and pressed her face down.

Three heavy, loud slashes came so fast they were almost one. In reality she'd not have held back the scream. As it was, a river ran between her legs and she couldn't hold back the whimper.

"Was that a sound I heard?" Mark asked, just audible over the pulse thrumming in her ears.

"Yes," she admitted. "I'm sorry."

"One little whimper is pardonable. But it's not over yet. Spread your legs. You need to come, Annie."

That she would not argue with. She shifted her neck and eased back a little on her knees, spreading her thighs in anticipation. "Please, Mark."

"Of course, my dear. Put your hand between your legs and stroke your clit. How does that feel?"

"Wet and marvelous."

"Brilliant. Keep it up. Pleasure yourself, back and forth. Don't stop. A little faster now. Speed it up. Keep going, Annie. Faster, faster, a little harder. Run your finger around in little circles. Tap your clit. Tap it. Tap it, Annie. Come for me."

She came with a muffled groan and series of sobs, pressing herself into the sofa as she waited for her pulse to slow. She wasn't too sure if collapsing on the rug was part of Mark's scenario, but keeping upright was too much effort.

"I love you, Annie. Can't wait to see you Saturday. Meet you at Chez Robert. I've got a new, blown glass dildo for your lovely cunt."

"Mark! My aunt's going to be there." That was all she needed.

"It's for you, Annie, not your aunt. Don't worry. She'll be in the spare room. We'll be in yours, and just in case you can't keep quiet, I'll bring a gag."

"Mark, we have to be really careful and discreet." She stood up. Scene over, they had to thrash this out. Maybe not the best choice of words...

"Annie, can you not trust me to be discreet and tactful?" Of course she could. "What's between us is between us. I'll do nothing to shame or embarrass you or your aunt. You know that in your heart."

She did. "I know, Mark. I think it's me I'm worried about."

"I'm not in the least. If it will help, wear your knickers, but be sure they are the long, Victorian cotton sort, with an open crotch."

She bet he knew their mutual friend, Claudine, had sent her a pair just like that for her birthday.

Mark rang off. He was being lovely over Aunt Ellen. It would be fine -- apart from John.

Including John Kent altered the whole equation. Annie freely admitted to herself and anyone in their kinky circle who'd listen that John Kent all but scared the knickers off her. And Mark wanted to introduce him to her aunt!

* * *

"This is beyond the pale. You can't expect me to impose on Annie like that," Ellen Forsythe all but snapped. Julia would never stop acting the bossy elder sister. Ever.

"It's no imposition, Ellen. You're Annie's favorite aunt. She'll love to have you for a few days and she has plenty of room in that little cottage of hers."

“Plenty of room” together with “little cottage” sounded like an oxymoron to Ellen. “She has a job to hold down and a life of her own. The last thing she needs is an old aunt landing on her doorstep.”

That earned a long sniff down the phone. Age was a touchy point to Julia now that she’d hit sixty. “Ellen! Nonsense. You’re not old.”

No, but she felt old sometimes. Old and lonely when she wallowed in moments of self-indulgent misery.

“Please, Ellie...” Now came the serious arguments. “If you don’t feel comfortable staying a fortnight, how about just for the weekend?”

Better cut this short. She had a massage appointment in half an hour and her body was crying out for it. “All right, Julia, what is it you want me to find out?”

The affronted splutter came through clear, even long distance. “You don’t need to take that attitude.”

Ellen waited. Julia would get to the point eventually. This was on her phone bill. “Simon and I are a teeny bit concerned about this young man she’s going about with. He’s sound. Simon knows one of the managing directors of the bank. Steady, with good prospects, apparently. Went to Marlborough and he has an uncle who was MP for somewhere in the Midlands. Nothing there to worry about. It’s just they’ve been going out for well over a year and we were wondering...”

“You want me to give him the once over, decide if his intentions are honorable and let you know if they are shacking up together.”

Another splutter. “You don’t have to be quite so blunt, Ellen.”

True, but it did save time and Julia hadn’t denied it. “Never mind. I’ll visit Annie, if it suits her. I will not barge in if she’s busy.”

“She’s expecting you. I told her you were coming. She just needs to know which train you’re arriving on...”

Ellen growled at the phone as she pressed the off button. When would she learn to tell Julia to bugger off? Never, most likely. Old habits and reflexes were hard to

break, and she wouldn't say no to seeing Annie. A few days in her company were better than a week at the spa.

Chapter Two

"Annie, this is utterly lovely. Perfect in fact." Ellen sipped on her nicely chilled *doux champagne* and gazed at the roaring fire. Annie was a lovely hostess.

"You brought the chocs and the champagne, Aunt Ellie."

"The very least I could do, considering I'm barging into your house and intruding on your social life." Annie's hesitation pretty much confirmed that. Damn. Why hadn't she had the gumption to ignore Julia and book herself into the club for a few nights? "You know, dear, I'm not really good at the chaperone lark. Perhaps you should leave me at home."

"No, Aunt Ellie, that's not it. Honestly. It's just..." She paused, frowning. "Mark's arranged for someone to make up a foursome."

"Fixed me up with a blind date, eh?"

Annie nodded. "Sorry."

Couldn't be worse than some of the variously single, widowed and divorced men she'd encountered the past couple of years. Why people imagined widows were fair game, she'd never quite understand. At least this one wasn't touted as "just what you're looking for." Annie seemed almost apologetic. "Might be interesting, dear. Tell me about him."

Annie swigged her champagne. What was bothering her? "His name is John Kent. He's a widower. Mark's known him for years."

"And you don't much care for him?"

Mistake that! Poor girl almost choked on her *doux Taittinger*. "To be honest, I've met him twice... no, three times, and he gives me the willies. There's something..." Her forehead creased as she searched for the right word. "Unnerving about him."

"Lunatic? Psychotic? Sociopath?"

“No, not that! He’s quite domineering... rather forceful.”

Ellen immediately squashed the unbidden flicker of interest. No doubt the man was in his forties or fifties and just a little older than Annie was used to. “Don’t worry, dear. It’s just dinner.”

“He’s a bit overpowering.”

Would she be that lucky...

* * *

Later that night, after they both toddled upstairs, vastly relaxed after emptying the entire bottle of champagne, Ellen lay awake. Champagne tended to do that to her. So did breaks in routine. And being wound up and horny didn’t help either.

The latter she could do something about. She got out of bed -- very nice thick pile carpet Annie had, lovely under bare toes -- and dug into her suitcase for her best friend: her vibrator. Edward had given her her very first one when they were engaged and he had to leave for six weeks. She’d worn that one out before he got back.

“Killed it,” he’d claimed. Was this her third or fourth? She wasn’t sure. Together, they’d had some good times with her “electric lover” and now that Edward was gone, she had regular conversations with it.

Wasn’t as easy as at home. Ellen ended up unplugging the bedside light but it was worth the scuffle. Five minutes and a couple of rather fun fantasies later, Ellen was relaxed and smiling. Not quite the same as being tied hand and foot, spread eagled while Edward had his wicked and delightful way with her, but it was her widow’s best.

* * *

Being with Annie was a delight, but Ellen had to be certain not to impose. This dinner had her a bit worried. Annie’s young man had obviously dug up some old friend of his father’s to pair her off with, but acting gooseberry with a total stranger was not Ellen’s first choice of a convivial evening. Perhaps she should politely, but insistently, decline and come up with something on the telly that she preferred to watch.

Unfortunately she’d always been a poor liar.

And wasn't Julia going to demand a report? Might as well tag along, meet said young man and keep Julia off her neck. A good dinner was never to be sneezed at and Ellie had confidence that any man Annie picked would be worth meeting.

* * *

"Aunt Ellie, that's beautiful!"

The dear girl certainly knew how to bolster one's spirits. "You like it? I bought it right after Edward died. He forbade me to wear black and told me to buy myself an expensive red dress and find myself another lover. The dress bit was easy. I just can't get my mind around the rest of it."

"You must miss Uncle Edward so."

Bless the child. If Annie only knew the half of it, she'd no doubt be shocked to high heavens. She was Julia's daughter after all. "Yes, dear, I do. But I had him for nineteen years. I mustn't grumble. I've been around long enough to know there are worse things than widowhood after a happy marriage." She paused to ruffle her hair in the rather nice mahogany framed mirror. "Are you sure it isn't a wee bit loud?"

"It's gloriously loud, Aunt Ellie!" Annie hugged her. "A wonderful testimonial to Uncle Edward. I love it. You'll look magnificent. Cast me into the shade."

Unlikely. Peacock blue was Annie's color and she was clever enough to know it, from the way the silk clung to her body. Her Mark would have to be blind and brain dead not to see how gorgeous she was. But then no doubt he knew that already. "I don't think I'll manage that, Annie, but between us we might catch a few glances."

"Let's start by catching that train."

* * *

John Kent waited beside Mark and wondered what the hell he'd let himself in for. If it had been anyone but Mark Hanson, he'd have refused. John could name a couple of dozen better ways of spending an evening than squiring Annie's old aunt around London. But since he'd agreed, he'd be gracious to the old bird. After all, an evening in Annie's company was no hardship. Mark had a wonderful submissive in his little school mistress.

Maybe that was his problem. Jealousy? No. As appealing as Annie's intelligence and courage were, she didn't measure up to Adele. No woman ever would.

"Train's late," Mark muttered, looking at his watch. "It should have been here at seventeen past."

It was seven twenty. "Cheer up. It'll get here. And with a bit of luck, she'll have missed it and you'll have a perfect opportunity for discipline."

Mark snorted. "Chance will be a fine thing. Doubt I'll even get to go home with her. I can hardly, in all decency, ask her to stay in town with me and leave the poor old lady to hoof it down to Guildford on her own."

"Mark!"

They both turned. And stared. Annie and a woman in a red dress ran towards them.

"The train came in early, at platform seven instead of nineteen. We were waiting for you there, then Aunt Ellie suggested you might be waiting where you expected us to arrive, so we came over here." She kissed Mark and gave John a smile and a hello. "Let me introduce my aunt, Ellen Forsythe. Aunt Ellie, this is Mark Hanson and John Kent."

Old aunt indeed! Had Mark been having him on? No, he was stunned, too. "How do you do?" John offered his hand for a decidedly confident handshake.

Her bright green eyes crinkled at the corners. "How do you do?"

She turned to Mark and shook his hand. The man remembered, just in time, to shut his mouth, sparing them a view of his tonsils.

"Thank you for letting me elbow into your evening. I tried to convince Annie to let me stay home, but she insisted and when I heard we were going to Chez Robert, I capitulated."

"I'm glad you did," Mark replied. The lad was getting his composure back. "It's a pleasure to meet anyone in Annie's family."

She chuckled. It was deep, throaty and sensual. "Ah ha! Now I understand, you want me to tell you all about her murky past. Like the time she streaked in front of the bishop."

"Oh, please!" Annie still blushed. It was rather sweet, John supposed. "Don't forget to mention I was fifteen months old at the time."

"I could always counter," John said, "with how Mark was a page at my aunt's wedding and peed on one of the gravestones in the churchyard."

"Thank you, John, so very much, for sharing that little edifying tidbit," Mark almost snarled.

A stifled snort came from Ellen's direction.

"If you two have quite finished with your 'embarrassing things we did before we could speak' stories. Mind if we get a taxi?" Annie wasn't enjoying this any more than Mark.

"Brilliant idea," John said. "Lead on Mark."

Mark and Annie went ahead. John fell in step beside the aunt. The stunning aunt to be exact. What else do you call a tall woman in a vivid red dress, eyes that crinkled at the corners, a sexy smile and dark hair curling around her face? She had a few gray hairs in among the dark, but, to be honest, he'd pulled several out that very morning.

"You've known Mark all your life?" Ellen asked.

"You could say so. Our mothers were distant cousins and our fathers were half brothers. We were always at the same endless family functions. Have to be honest, at the same memorable wedding, my brother and I got walloped for climbing on a great stone sarcophagus. We were old enough to know better."

"Being old enough to know better seldom makes any difference." His laugh had Mark looking back at them. Let him look. "I doubt you're impartial," she went on, "but he's a good man, is he?"

"Are you doing a worthiness assessment?" He should have guessed.

"Good God, no! Wouldn't presume. Annie has her head screwed on right. But I have a bossy older sister who needs a report on the honorableness or otherwise of his intentions, if he's gainfully employed and if he's a potential wife beater."

Was she psychic or just flippant? "As you said, I'm scarcely a disinterested party, but he's held the same job since he came down from Oxford and he's obviously nuts about Annie." Question number three was none of her business.

"Not sure about the wife beating, eh?" She paused. "Do you think it's consensual?"

Heaven give him strength. "Oh! Mark's got a taxi. Come on."

Mark and Annie climbed in first and sat together. Ellen flipped down one of the back facing seats, smoothed her swingy skirt and gave John a long, assessing look sideways. Did he want to ask her what the hell she meant, or pretend he hadn't heard? Neither seemed quite right. Hell, he was a Dominant. He was in control. He led. Had Annie confided in her aunt? What was the woman after? Whatever it was, she was getting under his skin, and that darn perfume of hers was distracting to the nth degree.

But he wasn't going to let things get out of hand. He'd agreed on this as a favor to Mark, and darn it, he was not going to let a stray comment -- a very on target and pointed stray comment -- rattle him.

Ellen smoothed down her skirt, took a slow relaxing breath and found it wasn't one iota of use. John Kent was not good for her nerves or self-possession. What in heaven's name had possessed her to make that comment about consensual discipline? She glanced his way and her heart skipped a beat. Darn. Either sexual deprivation had her imagining things or... What did that rather thoughtful, brooding look mean when he caught her glance and held it?

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Ravenous." It came out unbidden and most likely ill advisedly.

"I can take care of that, very soon."

Damn him. You'd think they were alone in the damn taxi.

"I'm hungry too," Annie added.

"I bet," Mark said, his voice low and just a little bit husky.

The sooner they got to bloody Chez Robert the better.

Probably.

* * *

“Reservation for four. Name of Hanson.” Poaching on Mark’s territory, yes, but John needed to take back control. Ellen was distracting him. He wanted her naked. He wanted her on her knees. Over his knee. Tied down and helpless. He was going nuts from one stray comment that meant... who the hell knew? And he was not about to ask for clarification in front of a Dom he’d trained and a rather sweet submissive he’d had great pleasure of, for an interesting eighteen hours or so, some months ago.

“Yes, sir, certainly. This way please.” They’d taken perhaps a step and a half after the maitre d’ when a voice interrupted.

“Ellie! *C’est toi! Ma cherie!*” The beaming, rather rotund figure of *the* Robert himself flung his arms around Ellen. She kissed him back enthusiastically. John restrained the urge to flay the man’s Gallic hide. Just.

“You are ’ere, *cherie!* And wis your *amis*. *Mon ange, c’est merveilleux*. You ’ave made my day!” The fake froginess was way over the top. And why the dickens couldn’t he keep his hands off Ellen?

“Lovely to see you too, Robert.” Damn. She kissed him. On both cheeks!

After brief introductions, Robert was back in full spate. “Vee must find a table for you. Now vere are vee?” Hasty consultation with the maitre d’ had Robert dismissing the chosen table with a flick of his wrist. “*Non!* Is not good. Vee vill take zeventeen.” He stabbed the chart with his finger, dismissing objections that the said table was already reserved.

Robert himself led them to a large semicircular table set against the wall. Two extra place settings were whisked away and the four of them settled on the wide banquette. Robert presented them with a bottle of champagne and heartily entreated them to order whatever their hearts desired. Nothing was too much trouble for the “*amis*” of his *chere*, Ellen.

“How do you know him, Auntie?” Annie asked. Saved John the trouble.

“He grew up next door to your Uncle Edward, in Surbiton.”

"Surbiton?" Mark echoed. "So, he's not French?" Touch of sarcasm there.

"He is. Born in Aurillac. His father taught at the French Lycee so he grew up in Surrey."

Robert was also personally attentive. While he was deep in consultation over the menu with Mark, John decided to satisfy his curiosity. "You've been widowed long?"

"Three years."

"It's been five for me." Why the hell was he telling her? "Adele died of pneumonia. Never thought it killed healthy people in this day and age..." Time to shut up.

"Edward died of lung cancer and he'd never smoked a day in his life."

The hurt came through in her tight words. John put his hand over hers. She met his eyes, smiled slightly and opened her fingers so his meshed with hers.

Not bad at all. It was a start. If that damn comment meant what he thought. If Mark and Annie weren't here, he'd have been much more direct, but damn it, he wasn't propositioning her in front of the pair of them.

Robert soon provided the perfect opening, presenting Ellen and Annie each with a perfect white rose. "Not stirring too many old memories?" Robert asked as he handed one to Ellen.

She twirled the tapered stem in her fingers. "Only good ones, Robert. Only good ones."

"Let me pin it on," John said. He held the thin silk away from her to avoid impaling her with the long pin (time enough for that later -- if that was what she enjoyed). She didn't pull back. Didn't react at all, come to that, apart from holding her breath and looking at him from under her lashes. "Roses suit you." Would she pick up on the symbol of a submissive?

"Edward always said that." Her eyes glinted -- with interest? -- and her smile was pure enticement.

"I always bought them for Adele."

Ellen fingered the petals and the little spray of fern. "Florists' roses have no perfume and they always strip off the thorns."

"That's so you don't scratch yourself."

"Thorns go with the perfume. What's the odd scratch for the sheer hedonism and sensuality of a scented rose?" She didn't exactly smile, just looked up, but she met his eyes, holding his gaze for a moment before lowering her head.

'Strewth! He could not be misinterpreting that signal. Could he? Only one way to find out. "Perhaps we could find time to talk about roses and thorns?"

She glanced up. "Talk should come before anything else."

He picked up her hand, meeting and holding her gaze as he kissed her fingertips. "Agreed."

Chapter Three

Ellen didn't remember much about the meal. She should have done justice to the red pepper soup and the sweetbreads in Madeira, and the coffee cream brulee was surely as wonderful as ever. But John, sitting close enough to brush arms and hands as they ate, was a definite distraction.

Was she getting her hopes up unrealistically? Completely misinterpreting his hints, subtle and otherwise?

Only one way to find out. She'd no doubt shock Annie to the core. Or maybe not. Ellen looked across the red damask tablecloth, where Annie and Mark were as engrossed in each other as she was in John. They'd all given up any attempts at four-way conversation some time during the main course.

John reclaimed her attention, tracing a line across the back of her hand. "Do you want your coffee at Chez Robert or at my flat?"

Yikes. Did she? "How far do we need to go?"

"As far as you are willing."

Dry mouth time here... "I'm willing. Where do you live?"

"I have a cottage in Surrey that would suit our purpose admirably but it's closed up. So let's go to my flat in St. Katherine's Dock and improvise." He ran his hand up her arm. "Agree."

Minutes earlier, she'd been fantasizing about this. Now... She glanced up at Annie, who was utterly engrossed in her Mark. "That would make Annie and Mark's evening, I think."

"Damn the children. I'm more intent on making your evening."

She glanced down at their joined hands. Throat tight, mouth dry and pulse racing, she replied, "I'm a bit out of practice."

"That, my dear Ellen, is what draws me to you. I want to bring you back."

And if that was all that came of this, it would be damn well worth it. "Yes!" she agreed.

Triumphant was the only word for his deep, clear laugh. In moments he'd signaled for the bill, handed over his credit card after barely glancing at the total, and brushed off Mark's offer to split it. "Let me. By the way, you can take Annie home, Mark. Ellen and I will be going off on our own."

Right. Announce it to the world. Annie's eyes were ready to pop as she let out a gasp, resembling a death rattle. "Aunt Ellie, I need to go to the loo. Come with me."

"Annie, dear, there is no need..."

John interrupted with a hand on her shoulder. "Go with Annie. She needs reassurance, I think."

Maybe he had a point. Annie'd gone from ashen to flushed and all but ran across the restaurant, dragging Ellen with her.

"You don't know what you're doing!" Annie said as the polished oak door swung closed behind them. "Honest, Aunt Ellie. Not with John. You don't understand."

"That he's a very dominant male and likes his sex kinky?"

Big mistake that. Poor Annie wobbled with shock and grabbed the ivy decorated antique sink.

"Sit down, my dear." Nice of Robert to provide button back chintz chairs. A quick glance under the loo doors showed they were alone. At least for now. "Annie, love, please don't be shocked."

"But, Aunt Ellie..." Thought was obviously a bit beyond the poor child.

"Listen to me, Annie. I've been widowed for three years. Before that, Edward was very ill for over seven months. To be blunt, dear, I am in need and John is the first man, since Edward, who stirs my blood. And he stirs it right up." She should not have to explain this, but Annie still gaped in shock.

"Aunt Ellie, John is... hard."

Interesting choice of adjective. "That, my dear, is what draws me to him. Safe and gentle men do nothing for me. Now, please stop looking so horrified. You must realize I'm not a virgin."

That got a little smile out of her. "I know that. It's just..."

"For some reason John scares you and you're worried about me."

"Yes."

"Don't be, dear." What had John done to frighten her so much? She kissed Annie. "I'm old enough to look after myself. Now, you have a wonderful time with your Mark." Bless the child. She blushed.

"Be careful, Aunt Ellie!"

"I assure you, darling, I will. Now, don't you think we'd better put on lipstick and get a move on? Those men out there will wonder what you're telling me."

* * *

"What the hell are they doing in there?" John muttered.

"Unless I am very much mistaken, Annie is warning her dear aunt about your evil propensities."

No doubt. "She's wasting her breath."

Mark raised an eyebrow. "You are so bloody confident, John."

"Only when I'm certain." And he was certain of Ellen. He hoped. He wanted her. Shit. He hadn't been this aroused in years. He needed her. Needed her naked on her knees, her head bowed in submission. Spread eagle on his bed, begging him for everything he had to give her. And if he was mistaken, he might as well take a vow of celibacy and join his cousin Gervase in the Benedictines.

Whoa. This was just a weekend of fun sex. Wasn't it?

"You look worried, John."

Damn Mark and his smug face. He was certain of Annie. Why did he yearn to be equally certain of Ellen, a woman he'd just met, never even seen naked, and certainly never fucked. Why? Because she drew him like a magnet. Stirred needs and desires

and... was now walking across the restaurant, head held high and smile on her wide, sexy mouth.

Yes!

* * *

"What did you do to frighten Annie?" Ellen asked as the taxi pulled away from the curb.

Testing, was she. No doubt she had the whole story in two minutes from Annie. Fair enough. She needed to be sure of him. "Eighteen months or so ago, Mark asked me to try Annie. He'd trained her, was fast falling in love with her, and, I think, wanted my approval."

"She went willingly?" Ellen spoke very steadily and calmly. It didn't fool him one second.

"She came to me because Mark asked. She impressed me. She was scared witless, and she went with me for no other reason than wanting to please Mark, but I think what really frightened her was finding out what her body could do."

The only sound was the hum of the diesel engine and the throb of his heart as she pondered that. "You could well be right. She certainly loves Mark and no doubt has surprised herself repeatedly the past few months." Her chuckle was low and very sexy. "I'm so glad she found someone able and willing to meet her needs."

Enough about Annie. "Speaking of meeting needs, what about yours?"

"Ah... Yes. Mine." She exhaled slowly and looked out of the window. They were along the embankment now. She watched the river for a little while, as if gathering her thoughts before turning back to him, her eyes bright in the semi darkness. "My needs. Yes. I need to feel alive again."

"It's been three years?"

"More. Edward was ill for several months."

He reached for her hand and pulled her towards him. "I've no scene planned. Nothing ready. Yet. I tagged along as a favor to Mark, expecting to be gallant to some nice old lady, and I've been wanting to rip the clothes off you ever since I first set eyes

on you in Waterloo Station. I want you naked, on your knees, your lovely mouth around my cock." Her shudder was involuntary and utterly, utterly delicious. He put her hand over his crotch. "See what you've done to me, you naughty girl."

She smiled and looked at him from under her lashes. "I see." She took a breath. "What should I call you?"

"John. I don't care for those theatrical titles. Bunch of surliness."

"If you say so... John."

"Good woman. Now you'll need a safe word. What's your full name?"

"I'm not using that. It's Ellen Euphemia Electra Forsythe. I'd end up choking on it in a moment of panic. How about Ellen Forsythe?"

"Fair enough. Tell me, did your parents have an alphabet fetish?"

That sweet, sexy laugh again. "Not an alphabet one!"

Interesting, but really, her family history was not foremost in his mind right now. "Can you take off your knickers without attracting too much attention from the driver?"

She shook her head. "No. I'm wearing tights."

A pity. "Never mind, we'll be at my place soon."

Minutes later, the taxi slowed. Ellen's chest tightened. Her palms were wet and sticky. Did she really want this?

"Everything all right?" John asked.

Was it? Ellen nodded, easier than replying with a dry throat, and stepped out to stand beside him as he paid the cabbie.

As the taxi pulled away, John took her hand. "Ellen," he said, "if at any time you want to leave, say the word, and I'll take you home, to Annie's, to a hotel, wherever you want to go. You have my promise. Understand?"

"Yes."

He punched a string of numbers and the security gate clicked open. John held the door for her. "Ready?"

"I'm not sure, but there's only one way to find out." Plastering a smile on her face and squaring her shoulders, Ellen stepped into the marble floored entrance hall. The lift swished them upwards with the quiet and speed of expensive machinery. There were three doors on his floor. His flat was the one at the far end of the tiled corridor. Another push button lock. Another door held open.

This time, she hesitated on the threshold. He'd given his word to take her home. She should trust him. Hell, she had so far. A shiver of anticipation sent goose bumps skittering down her spine.

"Get inside," he said, a distinct edge in his voice. A dominant voice. A voice demanding obedience. "It's the only way you'll get what you want."

Chapter Four

Ellen stepped over the threshold and all but jumped as the front door closed behind them. The spacious sitting room looked out over the dock and hundreds of lights twinkling on the pool and the river beyond. "The loo's over there," he said pointing to a door down a short hallway. "Take off those knickers and tights. Leave your shoes behind. I want you barefoot. I'll fix you a drink." He turned, and without looking back, walked into the kitchen.

Nice loo. Modern, a bit austere, but the dark colors and thick carpet gave an impression of sensual comfort. Could be something to do with her toes sinking into the soft pile. As directed, she kicked off her shoes and peeled off her knickers and tights. They were both damp. She was so needy. And scared. What if she disappointed John? Let Edward's training down? Darn. She was here for herself. And hopefully John's pleasure and delectation.

She fluffed up her hair, treated herself to a quick spritz of perfume and washed her face. If John had her crying, as Edward often had, the last thing she wanted was streaky mascara.

What a lie. The last thing she wanted was to let herself down.

Quick pee. Hand wash. Last primp in the mirror and she opened the door, and walked down the hall into the shining stainless steel kitchen.

Where John was making cocoa.

He looked up from grating a chunk of chocolate into a saucepan of milk on the stove. "Hot chocolate okay?"

She nodded. "Yes." Not what she'd expected when he offered a "drink" but... "Lovely."

"I thought we'd both had quite enough booze and this might help relax you."

Did she need relaxing? Hell yes, but... "Not too much, I hope."

He had the sexiest laugh in creation. Deep, warm and accompanied by a positively evil glint in his dark eyes. "I'll make sure of that. I want you wiggling on that stool because you can't sit still." He gave the milk a stir and went on. "Talking about sitting. Lift up your skirt, so you're on your bare bottom."

Wild excitement raced through every vein and cell. Without pausing to question, Ellen stood, lifted her skirt and sat back down. The metal seat was a cold shock against her skin, but anticipation warmed her to the core. This felt so right. Exhaling slowly, she looked at John. A little smile quirked one side of his mouth.

"Cold?"

"No!" It was the utter truth. One glance from him could melt polar ice caps.

The other side of his mouth twitched. "That metal seat feels fine, does it?"

"Looking at you, I don't feel the cold."

He threw back his head and laughed. "Really, my dear. Think flattery will make me go easy on you?"

Her toes curled as she replied. "I hope not."

He reached for two mugs. Wasn't hard to imagine his muscles moving under his silk shirt. She wanted to run her hands over the soft fabric and feel the strength beneath. Only silk under her fingers would never be enough. She wanted him skin to skin. She wanted his cock in her mouth, his hands holding her down and his body on hers. Deep in hers. She already wanted all and everything he had to give.

"What's the matter?" John was watching her intently as he put the mugs down and turned towards her. "Getting cold feet? I meant what I said. Give the word and I'll take you home."

"Oh! No, it's not that. Not that at all. It's just here I am having all sorts of naughty fantasies and I've never kissed you."

"I can take care of that." He crossed the tiled floor to stand in front of her, so close that his knees brushed hers. He rested his hands on her shoulders. "Want a kiss do you, Ellen?"

"Yes, please, John."

"Just one?"

"A couple of dozen or more -- if it's not too much bother."

"Cheeky, aren't you? Definitely need taking care of." One hand eased up to hold the back of her neck. He tilted her head to lift her face to his, and he bent down. His mouth covered hers, hot, hard and demanding. Her lips parted and she gasped at the heat of his touch. Wild thrills coursed through her as his tongue caressed hers.

There was nothing submissive about her response and right now, she didn't care. Let him take it out on her later. She reached up and wrapped her arms around his shoulders, deepening the kiss, taking as much of his tongue as she could, pressing into his mouth, whimpering as he met her kiss with more, pulling her closer, pressing his knee between her legs, and running his free hand up and down her back. She wanted this to go on all night. Forever.

No, she wanted more. So very much more. She kissed on and on until he broke free, drawing back a few inches. His chest rose and fell, his heavy breathing matching her own. "You're still wearing your bra." It came out on the end of a gasp.

"You didn't tell me to take it off."

"I will."

"Right now?"

He shook his head. "Later. We need to negotiate first. I tell you, Ellen, you're making me nuts." He turned fast at the sound of milk boiling and grabbed the saucepan off the stove. "See what I mean? Nearly ruined my special cocoa."

He filled the two mugs and handed her one. "No whipped cream I'm afraid. If I'd known, I'd have stocked up. I rather fancy covering my cock with whipped cream and offering it to you for dessert."

"Yes." Her mouth was watering at the prospect.

"First, we negotiate."

They sat at a table overlooking the dock. Ellen took a sip of the too hot cocoa and licked her lips. It was some of the best drinking chocolate she'd ever tasted. "Delicious."

He put his own mug down on the polished tabletop. "You need to tell me what you want and what you'll never do."

He was right. She could hardly expect him to know her needs the way Edward had after eighteen years of marriage. "And I need to know what you expect too."

"I expect to pleasure you. Tell me how. What do you like? Dislike? What terrifies you and what scares you delightfully?"

They were going to be here quite a while. "Well... I'm submissive, but you worked that out for yourself."

"That's what attracts me to you, Ellen. I spent most of dinner imagining you on your knees in front of me."

"So did I." What an admission, but it was the right one. Lying or pretending wouldn't get them anywhere.

"Do you like bondage?" he asked. "Being tied helpless, so you will be utterly at my mercy?"

The prospect sent lovely shivers of worry straight down to her clit but... "Edward tied me up, but I barely know you."

"Then it's up to me to earn your trust. I will, Ellen, but until then, how about a bondage you can release yourself?"

Rather defeated the purpose, but... "Yes."

Watching her, his dark eyes intent, John lifted his mug and sipped. "Now, Ellen, you tell me something you yearn to do. Or have done to you."

The best and richest hot chocolate she'd ever tasted failed to ease the dryness in her mouth. "I imagine being naked, kneeling and sucking your cock."

"Before or after I spank you?"

She swallowed. Twice. Ignoring her racing heart, Ellen replied, "Before, I think. You could spank me for not doing it to your satisfaction."

"That would be playacting as, Ellen, I think you will work magic with those lovely lips and luscious mouth. But, to oblige you, I'd be delighted to spank your bottom. Bare of course." He frowned and shook his head. "Damn. I wish I had my

entire toy collection here in town. I have a lovely collection of floggers and crops but I'll do the best I can with my good right arm and my belt."

She bet he would. "Belts hurt!"

His smile was beyond wicked. "They do, don't they? And leave nice red marks. Want to make my belt off limits?"

"No, but don't use it too much."

He actually grinned. "I decide what's enough and too much. You'll always have your safe word." Thank heavens. "Now, something else you like."

He was going to make her list the whole damn lot. Fair enough, that way she called the shots. "I'm counting on a good hard fuck and a climax."

"Would be my pleasure, Ellen. Where do you want me to fuck you, your cunt or your arse?"

The prospect had her clit throbbing and she was so darn wet between her legs, she'd end up leaving a damp patch on the stool. "I'd like both, but it's been a while..."

He picked up her hand and kissed her knuckles. "I won't harm you, Ellen. It's a promise. I'd love to bugger you after spanking your lovely bottom pink. I'll take it easy, stretch you slowly and use lots of lube before I push my hard cock in deep."

She didn't try to hold back the shudder that rippled from her shoulders to her toes and felt so utterly wonderful. "I'll look forward to it."

"I won't disappoint you, Ellen."

"I don't imagine you will." She was so wound up, it wouldn't take much.

"So, bondage you can get out of, a hand spanking on your bare bottom, a good going over with my belt, and a nice hard fuck. And it goes without saying, you suck my cock on your knees. Can you put on a condom with your mouth?"

"Yes." It had taken ages to practice until she mastered it to Edward's satisfaction but surely it was like riding a bicycle, something you never forgot.

"I'll expect you to. Also, you may not climax without my permission."

Fair enough but... "I'm not sure I can climax to your command." She had to Edward's but...

“Okay, just say ‘edge’ when you’re on the brink of orgasm.” John kissed her fingers again. “Agreed?”

“Agreed.” Heavens! It was really happening.

“Good. Anything else we need to negotiate?”

“There’s bound to be, but...”

His grin was accompanied by a positively fiendish cackle. Was she dreaming? Could chance really send a man like this twice in her life? Seemed so and darn it, she wasn’t one to question luck. “I’m going to improvise a few instruments of torture and bondage,” John said. “You clean up the kitchen. I want it spotless by the time I get back. Spotless and you naked.” Without another word, he walked out.

Smashing! She now had to find her way around a totally unfamiliar kitchen. What the hell. It wasn’t a dinner party she had to clean up after, and the dishwasher was prominent enough. Wasn’t this what she’d hungered after for months? All right, not the doing the dishes bit, but having a dominant male looking her in the eyes with lust and ordering her to do something.

Took only a couple of ticks to rinse the mugs and spoons and upend them on the top rack. If he’d had the forethought to actually soak the milk pan it would have made her job easier but he probably left it to dry on deliberately. She filled it with hot water while she rummaged for a brush or scouring pad, found one in a wire basket under the sink and made short work of the crusted milk. Ellen tucked the pan into the dishwasher, squeezed out the souring pad, wiped the sink and was drying her hands...

“Didn’t I tell you to strip?”

She turned fast, her entire being responding to his voice. Knowing better than to argue, she bowed her head and waited. “I’m sorry, John. I just finished...”

“The washing up. I can see that. At least you managed something. Now take off that dress before I rip it off you.”

That was a thought, but with nothing else to wear home, she reached back, pulled down the zip and stepped out of her dress as it pooled by her ankles.

She bent to pick it up.

“Leave it there.” He was still standing in the doorway, scowling at her. He’d taken off his shirt and tie, and the sight of his bare chest, complete with a nice sprinkling of dark hair, set her mouth watering. She wanted to run her tongue over those dark nipples...

His arms hung by his sides and from his right hand dangled his belt. Her thighs and bum tightened in anticipation.

“Come over here.”

Without hesitating she crossed the room. “Yes, John. What may I do to please you?” Kneel at his feet? Bend over a stool and present her body for his use? Worship his cock?

“Follow me.” He turned, the leather belt swinging as he strode away, not looking back to see if she obeyed.

Heart racing, spirits bubbling with expectation, Ellen followed him across the sitting room and down the short corridor to a large bathroom shining with chrome and black tiles. And red carpet underfoot. It looked downright decadent and fit John perfectly. She couldn’t help wonder what his bedroom looked like. She’d find out soon.

“What’s on your mind, lovely one?” he asked.

She’d have answered faster, if he hadn’t been stroking her breast. “I was wondering if your bedroom matches this.” She looked around at the tiled walls and ceiling. “I’ll find out if I’m patient, won’t I?”

“Maybe not. Perhaps I’ll keep you blindfolded the entire time.”

Her mind and heart cramped. “No!”

“No?” he echoed, his voice soft. “You’d make that a hard limit?”

“Yes. For now.”

His wide mouth curved up slowly. “Seems I need to work at getting your trust.”

“I’m standing here, naked. If that isn’t trust, I don’t know what is.”

“You submissives are so much work.” He didn’t sound the least upset.

“And I suppose dominants aren’t?”

Shaking his head, he traced the outline of her lips with his finger. "You are cheeky, aren't you? I'm tempted to spank you for that but instead, let's see how well you can get a shower going. Make sure the water is a comfortable temperature as you're going to be under it a long time."

Chapter Five

Not bothering to look back to see if she obeyed or not, he left. This coming in and out was a bit off putting. Which no doubt was exactly what he had in mind. Still, a shared shower meant she'd see John Kent naked.

The shower had state of the art, push button controls. At the touch of a finger, she set temperature and force. Nice. Nice shower too. Nowhere near as elaborate as her old one, just the one overhead shower nozzle with a metal hose. None of the fancy modifications and extra nozzles and hoses and strategically placed hooks Edward had put in theirs. She bet the new owners were either puzzling over the uses for them, or whooping it up already.

"Going to stand there all night?"

Damn. He was catching her unawares again. And that was a question. Better answer. "You didn't tell me to get in. Just start the shower." She turned. Oh, my! Beautiful was woefully inadequate. He was gorgeous. The earlier sight of his bare chest hadn't misled in the least. His skin was naturally tanned, or he sunbathed naked. Strong thighs, long legs, just enough roundedness in his gut to make her not worry about her own tummy and bottom, and a lovely sprinkling of dark hair over his chest and belly that drew her eyes down to the cluster of dark curls in his groin.

But it wasn't the curls that really held her gaze. His cock was long and slender but rampant and ready. She licked her lips.

"Ellen. You've seen a cock before, haven't you?"

"Not recently. And yours is lovely." She reached out, almost by instinct, but drew back her hand. She didn't have permission.

"You may, Ellen," he said. "In fact you may do whatever your instinct tells you."

She was on her knees instantly, her finger stroking the side of his cock. She closed her hand over his shaft and eased his foreskin back, revealing the smooth, purplish head to his cock. Her mouth watered as a tiny bead of moisture gathered at the tip.

She licked her lips to moisten them, then kissed the head of his cock, brushing the smooth skin with her lips. This was so glorious and so right. Ellen opened her mouth wide and swallowed him. Deep. It took a few seconds to control her breathing as she set up her own rhythm back and forth along the hard flesh of his cock.

Her heart soared. Incredible! Wondrous! She was heady with female power. She might be naked. On her knees. But hers was the power. The power to give joy with her mouth. The power to pleasure him. The power to bite and maim. She'd be content to kneel there all night, lost in the wonder and the power of her mouth, but he eased her head away, gently.

"Enough. For now." He closed his hands on her upper arms and lifted her to standing. "A beautiful demonstration of your commitment, Ellen. You may continue later. Now, get in the shower." It was then, and only then, she noticed the belt still in his hand. Had she been distracted!

Seeing her stare, he slowly doubled the belt and struck it against his right thigh. It left a pale, pink mark. "Your turn next, darling, but let's scrub you off first."

He took a loofah mitt from the corner rack and lathered it up. "Can you pretend this is scented with roses or lavender?" he asked. "It should be. I'd like to rub scented lotion into your naked body after I dry you off but I'm afraid we'll have to make do with this."

"Nothing wrong with Imperial Leather." Adding that it reminded her of her father might spoil the moment.

John conceded Ellen had a point but he hadn't brought her here to discuss the relative merits of soap brands. "Turn around and reach up and hold onto the shower bracket." Time to soap her up and run his hands over every inch of her tempting body.

If he hadn't promised her a night of play, he'd have his cock deep in her as he fucked her up against the wall. That sweet kiss had been nowhere near enough. He wanted her back on her knees, a stance that suited her admirably, but first...

He lathered up her back and shoulders. Slowly. Making the most of every chance to stroke her arms and shoulders and slide his hands over her hips. It was a hard choice whether to go for her breasts or arse first. Both were delectable. He settled for covering a breast with each hand and stepping close so his erection pressed into her back. "Feel that, Ellen? It's my cock. Hard and ready for your cunt. Are you ready for me yet?"

He took the little whimper to mean yes.

"I don't think so, my dear. I've a lot of work to do on you before you're ready enough to suit me. We need a little test of your control and endurance. Turn around." He growled the last two words, and was rewarded with her responsive shudder against his cock.

He didn't move. On purpose. Turning around that close against the wall wasn't easy but she managed it. Eventually. She was now pinned against the wall, breasts soapy as her chest rose and fell with each breath.

"Scared?" he asked.

She creased her brow a moment or two before shaking her head. "No. Should I be?"

"You'll find out, won't you, Ellen. Want to safe word out?"

"No!"

"Maybe you will want to later, when I lay my belt on your lovely thighs."

Her shiver was everything he could have dreamed of. He leaned close, brushing her breasts with his chest as he whispered in her ear. "I will lay into you, Ellen. It's a promise."

Her whimper had him harder than ever. How lovely she was to tease. Slowly, he soaped her chest and breasts, tickling her armpits so she giggled. She still kept tight hold on the shower. Was it fear of the belt, or good training that kept her so still? Perhaps both?

Flattening one hand on her soft belly to hold her still, he brushed her pubic hair with the other. And felt the smooth metal of a ring in each labia. "You're pierced." This woman was full of surprises.

"Yes. I've had them a long time."

"How long?"

She paused, thinking back no doubt. "Twelve, thirteen years. Edward gave them to me as an anniversary present."

"You kept your pussy waxed or shaved?"

"I used to wax it." It came on the end of a gasp as he pushed two fingers deep in her cunt. She was wet and ready but really did need more work. She wasn't begging or whimpering properly yet.

"You just let it grow?"

"After Edward died. Yes." Another gasp as three fingers pressed in deep and his thumb played her rings. "That's so good!"

He agreed, but he wasn't spending the evening in the bathroom. He pulled out and unhooked the shower spray from the wall. "Keep still." Setting a fine spray, he rinsed her off until the water and suds pooled around her feet. "Let go and step away from the wall."

She obeyed, clearly wanting him back inside her. Let her wait. Once he had her back and thighs rinsed, he hooked the nozzle back. "Now, you wash me. Do a good job and I may go easy with my belt."

Ellen had hands of magic. She wasn't just soaping him up. She massaged. Standing on tiptoe to reach up to ease the tightness in his shoulders, kneading his thighs and hips, before pummeling his arse with her fists. It felt smashing but... "Ellen! You want me to be so relaxed I can't stand up?"

She giggled against his back.

Time to take back control. "Rinse me off, then get on your knees." She did both with pleasing alacrity. He was tempted to order her to suck him again, but he had a better idea.

He placed his foot gently on her back, forcing her down, turning off the water as she lowered her shoulders. Having her swallow water was not part of his plan.

“When we get out of this shower,” he told her, “you are my slave. My possession. You may do nothing without my direction. You may not say a single word, except your safe word. You may not move, make a sound or touch me without permission. Do you understand?”

She raised her head a few inches and nodded.

She was almost too good to be true. But she was real, warm and here with him, and hot for what he had to give her. What man could ever ask for more? “Stand.”

He threw a towel over her shoulders, patting her dry and giving special attention to her nice hard nipples and soft belly. The fuzz would have to go. She’d look so much more enticing with the piercings displayed against her denuded pussy. An afternoon at Claudine’s spa was in Ellen’s very near future.

He rubbed himself dry, leaving her standing in the middle of the bath mat, legs spread and head lowered. She jumped when he slapped his belt against the door but never looked up.

She was good.

“Where do you want it? Legs? Thighs? Your lovely arse?”

She let out a deep breath. “Wherever would please you most.”

Decisions, decisions. How wonderful to be a Dom. “Grab the side of the counter. Present your arse to me and brace yourself. You may spread your legs to keep balance but remember, not a sound.”

With a brief, and nicely respectful, bow, she turned, grasped the marble edge and stepped back, legs apart just enough to ground herself, arms strong.

She bent over and waited. No wonder she missed her Edward as much as he’d pined for Adele. Ellen needed to receive as much as he needed to wield.

“Ready?” He hit the side of the cabinet, just for the sheer excitement of seeing her flinch. “You’re getting three.”

He held the buckle end in his fist and wound the belt around his hand until only a foot or so hung loose, slowly tracing the line of her spine with the end of his belt, easing the point along her crack and drawing it down the inside of one leg and up the other. He couldn't help smiling at the tensing of her buttocks.

"Relax," he whispered in her ear. "It will hurt less."

She nodded, exhaled and made a valiant effort to relax. She almost succeeded.

Unrolling a little more of the belt, he raised his arm and laid an easy smack across the back of her thighs. "Did that hurt?"

"Not much."

"This will." He set them both hard and fast and in quick succession, raising a pair of delicious welts that reddened under his gaze. She flinched, but never made a sound. He ran his hand over her arse, feeling the warmth under his fingers, wanting more from her, much more. He wanted her helpless and begging...

Another day. And why not? He wanted months and years of Ellen. To ensure that, he had to make this something she'd never forget. He bet she wasn't going to forget that belt in a hurry. He eased his hands over her arse and between her legs. "You're so wet. You liked that, didn't you?"

Her nod sent his heart racing. He took hold of her shoulders, turned her around and drew her to him, lifting her chin with his finger. He kissed her, forcing her lips open, taking her with his tongue. He was in need as much as she was. In need of a submissive lover. A rush of desire roared through his mind, his body responding right there with it. He held her tight and she kissed back. Submissive she might be, but this woman knew her needs and welcomed his power. He could hardly believe his luck.

He broke the kiss. No point in either of them hyperventilating. He had an evening of play planned. "You delicious submissive," he said. "I plan on consuming you tonight."

Ellen looked up at him, biting her lip to keep from replying that yes, she wanted to be consumed, to be taken up into his mind and soul. Her bottom still smarted. The

last two had hurt, but now the pain was fading to the wonderful throb that echoed in her clit. John was going to keep her hanging, tease her to arousal and make her draw back, take her to the brink and deny release. She shivered at the prospect.

“Cold?” he asked, his hands still on her shoulders, his lips just a centimeter from hers.

She shook her head, not even attempting to hold back the smile. He was wonderful and she might as well let him know it. He’d complimented her submissiveness. She applauded his dominance.

“Hold this.” He handed her one end of his belt. He held the other. “Follow me and shut your eyes.”

Chapter Six

Ellen followed him, her bare feet crossing the thick carpet onto a polished wood floor, and then a thick, hairy rug. She took two more steps and bumped into John. His hand on her shoulder steadied her and turned her a little to her right as he took the belt from her hand. "You may open your eyes now."

Her knees were inches from a vast, king size bed. He'd pulled back the covers so she looked down on a wide expanse of white linen and an intriguing array of improvised toys. John was nothing if not creative. Spread out on the sheet were a handful of ties, a long, silk evening scarf complete with fringe, a ruler -- that made her tense right up -- two plastic scouring pads, a couple of half burnt candles presumably left over from Christmas, a Swiffer duster, a jar of Vaseline and his already used belt.

"You may speak, Ellen. Tell me what you think of my collection."

"You weren't kidding about improvising, were you?"

"No, my sweet, I wasn't. Anything you want me to take away?"

"The ruler." No way in heaven was he using that on her.

"Eh?" Surprise lit his eyes. "The ruler?"

"Yes. Put that away or I safe word out here and now."

Without another word, he picked it up, walked out the doorway and came back, seconds later, empty handed. She exhaled.

"That really bothered you?" he said.

She nodded.

"Why? Some dreadful memory from your school days?"

"Oh no. Not that. Rulers are awful. Edward used one once when we were horsing around. That nasty metal edge breaks the skin. Trust me, if you ever care for a sub or a play partner, leave the ruler in your desk."

He raised both dark eyebrows. "Worse than my belt?"

"Heavens, yes! That hurt, but now..." she smiled as she flexed her buttocks, "...it's settled down to a nice glow. A damn ruler hurts for ages."

"So, you have no objection to a repeat acquaintance with my belt."

Her mouth went dry. "I didn't actually say that."

"You didn't need to, my dear. I saw the glint in your eye as you mentioned the nice glow across your arse. You want more and you're going to get it. If there's nothing more to negotiate, we'll resume silence and from now on, Ellen, my sweet, your body is mine. Your will is mine. Your pleasure is mine. Climax without permission and I'll make you scream with my belt."

Her mind swirled with sensation and images of her chastised body. Without conscious thought, she was on her knees, her head bowed over the end of the bed as blood pounded in her ears. This felt so all around wonderful. She almost begged him to fetch the ruler -- but no. The collection on the bed was quite enough for a first session.

She forced her breath to come slowly, not daring to let herself get too aroused. Not yet.

His hand rested on the nape of her neck. "You want to submit, don't you, Ellen? You need to give in to me, to hand me your desires, to make me guardian of your pleasure. And, my dear, I will make those wishes come true." As he spoke, he lifted her and heaved her onto the bed. She was bent at the waist, legs dangling as he stroked her bum.

"You were right, those marks are fading. You can take a lot more and have on many occasions, I'll be bound." He chuckled. "And you'll be bound soon, as we agreed, but first..."

Before he finished the sentence, she felt the rush as his arm descend and the belt landed with a splat that echoed against her flesh. She swallowed the gasp. Made herself go limp and calm as she waited for the next one. How many was he giving her? Two more came, hard and heavy. "Climb on the bed, dear, on your belly. I want to watch your arse color up."

She wiggled up and stretched out as the smarting grew. He'd hit harder this time, or maybe it was the combined ache of six big ones.

The mattress dipped under his weight and his leg brushed her thigh as he sat beside her, one hand pinning her between her shoulder blades, the other stroking her bottom.

"Ellen, sweet, you are so brave, so strong, so lovely. And your arse is so bright. I did that to you, didn't I? You bent over and let me. That's just how it should be." His hand brushed her bum again, gently, but it was enough to heighten the sensation. "It's starting to fade, I believe." Didn't feel like it. "Tell me, my dear, how does it seem to you? You may speak."

"I feel..." How did it feel? "It hurts so wonderfully."

"Good, Ellen. Now. Keep still." Without any warning, Vaseline and a strong finger pushed right up her bum and out again. The second and third invasions were, no doubt, intended to wring a groan from her. He didn't succeed. She exhaled. "Lots of Vaseline helps, doesn't it, love?" he said. "Now, be brave about the next bit." Something hard and cold pressed into her arse hole. "Don't worry, dear, I won't light it."

It was one of the damn candles. As hard and firm as any butt plug she'd ever had shoved up there.

"Don't let it fall out, Ellen. Hold on to it tight, or you will be punished."

She clenched her buttocks and shut her eyes as a river ran between her legs. How did he know she needed this so much? That she'd ached and yearned for a lover to impose himself on her? Because John was truly dominant and they'd recognized the need in each other and...

"It's shifting, Ellen. Hold it tight." Just to be sure, he pushed it in a couple more inches. "Listen, sweet, as I explain what I'm doing next. You need to know exactly what to anticipate." He hadn't taken that tack a minute ago. So what? She relaxed her shoulders and turned her head toward him and smiled.

He brushed the hair off her face with his fingertips. "Remember what I promised about bondage you could release?" She nodded. Something brushed up her back and over her head. She glimpsed white silk and gray and black fringe.

"I'm going to tie this scarf on one wrist. Quite firmly. Then, you will roll on your back. I'll thread the scarf through the bed head and give you the free end to hold in your other hand. You will keep your arms restrained, but any time, you can release yourself. Understand?"

She nodded. John was definitely ingenious. Very experienced too, no doubt.

"You agree? Want to safe word out?"

Not in the least. She'd feel helpless and restrained, something she longed for, but had control, which she needed, since she was still not one hundred percent sure of John Kent.

While she indulged in a moment of anticipation, he eased the candle out slowly, almost wringing a sigh from her. He was doing it on purpose. How like a damn Dom.

"All right, roll over." He added a tap on her bum by way of encouragement and sent a fresh tingle through her sensitized flesh. No accident that. She was sure he'd picked one of the fading marks.

He was wonderful.

She rolled onto her back, pressing her bum into the bed to keep the glow from fading too fast.

"Give me your non-dominant hand."

He tied one end of the scarf to her left wrist. The silk was warm and smooth against her skin, but his knot had no give in it whatsoever. Holding her hand, he raised it toward the head of the bed, brushing his arm over hers as he wrapped the scarf through the slats.

"Here you are." He handed her the free end. "Pull on it and see how it feels." She felt the tug right away. "Keep it as tight or as slack as you please and let go completely if you feel safer that way."

She opened her mouth to say yes, it felt great, but just in time, brought her lips back together and nodded.

He chuckled. "Sooner or later, my dear, you'll disobey and speak."

He might be in for a surprise.

Very considerately, he adjusted the pillow under her head, shifting it twice until she nodded that yes, it was just right.

He then moved to the foot of the bed and spread her ankles. Wide. Holding them apart, he rested his knee on the end of the mattress and peered at her cunt.

She should have expected this. Been ready for it. But she wasn't. She wanted to bring her knees together, to leap off the bed, grab her clothes from wherever she'd left them and run. She wasn't ready for this!

But she was. She wanted what he could give her. Needed to hand over control to John Kent.

She exhaled slowly as he stroked up the inside of her legs, opening them wider. She was stretched, just short of hurt in her thighs, as he knelt between them. "Your cunt is beautiful," he said, peering down at her. "A lovely warm pink and getting rosier as I watch. Wet too. I'm arousing you, aren't I?" She nodded. "Very wet. Quite one of the nicest cunts I've ever seen. Can't wait to fuck you, my dear, but I'll have to be patient as I'm going to make you wait." She felt his breath on her damp flesh. "This will be a lesson in endurance and submission, and your reward will be the climax of your sweet life."

He stepped back, studying the collection of makeshift toys. "Close your eyes, Ellen."

She lowered her lids. In the dark, she listened, searching for a clue as to his movements, or what he'd do next. She could open her eyes and satisfy her curiosity, but waiting in the dark heightened her arousal.

Something soft and smooth stroked up the inside of her thigh. One of the ties? The Swiffer? If so, dusting would never be quite the same again. She gasped as his fingers spread her cunt lips and whatever it was brushed over her clit. And back. And

again, tweaking her piercings, heightening sensation so she arched her back and tensed her shoulders.

“Settle down, Ellen. You’re getting too wound up.”

He should damn well know. Now the Swiffer was gone, but only for a moment. He brushed it over her belly and up to her breasts, flicking it back and forth over her nipples. He moved slowly, obviously planning on torturing her all night. She forced her shoulders to relax until his mouth replaced the duster. As his lips closed over her nipple, she sighed.

“Quiet,” he said, his order muffled as he tongued her nipple just before he gently tugged with his teeth. Her cunt responded. He took his lips away, leaving her left nipple damp and cooling as he kissed a line down between her breasts to her navel.

He was a wonderful tease. She yelped as he bit her belly.

“Hush,” he said and kissed the same spot. As the hurt eased, those wonderful lips worked their way lower, gently nipping and kissing until she felt his breath on her spread cunt.

He moved away again.

She was tempted to open her eyes and see what exactly he was doing but the comfort of the dark and the thrill of her helplessness won over curiosity. She breathed slowly, willing her aroused body to relax. He had all night and would no doubt take full advantage. Anything less would leave her sorely disappointed.

The scratch down her arm made her jump. What was it? What on the bed would feel like that? The damn scouring pads. The sensation was something different. Exciting. Stimulating as it went up the inside of her other arm and down the curve of her hip, back up her other side and across her belly in a zigzag.

“Leaves little marks,” John said. “Never used one before. On a lover that is. Used them on saucepans of course. I rather like the effect on your body.” He made a squiggly line down her thigh. “Yes, do like the pinkness.”

Sounded right thrilled with himself. Not that she’d complain. It might raise goose bumps all down her spine, but they were bumps of pleasure.

“Like that?”

She nodded.

So he stopped right away. She should have expected that. But when he nuzzled little kisses across her shoulder and up the side of her neck, she was too busy trying not to whimper to think. She had no brain space left to complain. Her entire body came alive under his touch. His lips nibbled the line of her jaw, then down the other side of her neck. Keeping still was next to impossible. Her neck arched to one side, to give him better access to the sensitive spot below her ear. Her shoulders tensed as his lips worked their way down her neck to her other shoulder.

“Delicious,” he murmured in a hoarse voice. No point in holding back her smile. John was as aroused as she. “And what are you grinning at?” he asked, brushing his fingers over her breasts and tweaking her nipples. She assumed the question was rhetorical. He wasn’t getting her to speak that easily but she did open her eyes and smile wider. Just to let him know. He leaned up and kissed both her eyelids to close them. “Better.”

It was.

He stroked the insides of her thighs, spreading them wider. She was stretched, exposed, and more ready than ever. His breath brushed her sensitive flesh, his lips brushed her piercings, triggering a rush of pleasure before his mouth came down.

Her moan was long, slow and from the very depths of her soul. Impossible to hold back as his tongue lapped her from fore to aft and back. Sensation spiraled in her mind, blocking awareness of anything but his mouth as his lips closed over her clit, teasing it and tugging gently. Then not so gently.

Her hips began rocking. Sensation flooded her. Her body began the slow climb to climax. Awareness flashed in her brain. “Edge!” she cried out. He moved right off. Her building climax receded to a heated pulse deep in her cunt.

“Brilliant,” he said. “You’ll get your reward in a little while. Meanwhile...”

Chapter Seven

John moved up the bed, leaning over her as his mouth came down, and she tasted herself from his lips. Arousal surged again. Her hips moved of their own volition and a low groan echoed in the stillness of the room.

"I'll forgive that," he said, a soft chuckle in his voice, "given your level of arousal. Not much longer now, my dear. Just one more thing, before I'll fuck your sweet cunt until you come. Open your eyes."

His glorious erection was inches from her face. She couldn't help smiling. Licking her lips was just a reflex, after all.

John reached for a foil package, ripped it open, and placed a condom over the beautiful head of his cock. "Roll it down. Just use your mouth. No hands."

Since they were tight above her head, what other option was there? She could hardly roll it down with her toes. Ellen craned her neck as John thoughtfully supported it so she could purse her lips over the tip of his cock.

Doing it no hands, flat on her back, wasn't exactly easy, but she was darn well going to show him. If he thought he had her stumped, he was in for a surprise. Slowly, millimeter by millimeter, she rolled the thin latex over the head of his cock and gingerly smoothed it down his shaft. She had to stop for breath several times and her mouth was dry when she finished, but her little chuckle of satisfaction was justified.

John, apparently, agreed. "Ellen, I'm impressed. Be a love, and suck me just a little. Let me anticipate your lovely cunt around my cock."

Who could resist that lovely hard cock brushing her lips? She opened her mouth and swallowed him. Deep. Swirling her tongue over his hard length as her lips moved up and down, caressing, kissing, worshiping his strength and arrogance. Rejoicing, once

again, in her female power and his vulnerability. Her cunt responded and her clit throbbed.

Sensing her need, John pulled out. "What do you want now, sweet Ellen?"

As if he didn't know. "Your cock deep in my cunt."

Laughing out loud, he moved fast. In seconds, he was between her thighs, his hands firm on her hips as he lifted her towards him.

Her breath caught in anticipation. Her clit responded as he brushed his cock over the two little rings, one by one. While she was still catching her breath, he came in. Hard and deep. Driving down to her very core. Filling her with his male power and dominance.

She sagged back on the mattress and sighed. A sigh that fast became a groan, then a cry, as he pistoned in and out. Withdrawing with agonizing slowness, and pressing back, hard and swift.

Her pleasure built with each thrust as he pounded into her, filling her with power and joy. Sweat ran down between her breasts, her body primed as he pumped faster and faster. Her entire awareness focused on his cock deep within her.

This was so marvelous. Incredible. Wondrous. Her arousal peaked. She was close to climax. "Edge!" she called.

"Come for me, Ellen. Come."

At his command, she climaxed, every nerve ending sparking in a wild riot of pleasure that engulfed her, mind and body. She was vaguely aware of screaming her joy aloud as her hips bucked in his grasp.

As she relaxed, sweaty and joyous in the afterglow, he resumed his rhythm, driving her harder and higher, bringing her back to climax as she came again and again. She lost count of how many times. Her mind drowned with pleasure as her body went wild and her throat hoarse with her cries.

She was weak, lost and about as energetic as a wet paper bag when he came, driving in deeper than ever as she groaned and cried out his name. He went soft inside her as she lay in a sweet fog of happiness, whimpering as he slipped out of her.

“Sweet, Ellen,” he whispered, as he reached up and pulled the free end of the scarf from her fist. “Let go, my love.” She relaxed her hold, her arms going slack as she released the tension on the scarf. He kissed her softly before reaching to untie the other end. “Damn, Ellen. You pulled the knot so tight I can’t get it. Hold on.”

“You’ll ruin it.”

“I can buy another scarf any day of the week, Ellen. You are irreplaceable. Go to sleep.”

She wanted to. She was weak and sated but... “I should get going.”

“Where the hell to? You’re staying here with me.”

There was a reason to leave. She had to concentrate. “I ought to call Annie.”

“Oh, no, you don’t. Why disturb their fun? You’re staying right here. All night. If I have to tie you hand and foot to the bed...”

It was a tempting prospect. If she had any energy left. But to stay all night was too intimate, too soon and too good an offer to refuse even if she’d had the strength to stand. To say nothing about actually dressing and finding a taxi. She nestled close to him. They’d sort it out later. Much later.

She was asleep in minutes.

John wasn’t.

He wrapped his arm around Ellen’s shoulders and all but swore. What now? He’d brought her back for play. Just a nice evening of consensual kinky sex. And in a few short hours, she’d wormed her way into his soul with her courage and passion and into his heart with her dedication and devotion.

She filled with warmth, strength and all around sexiness, the gaping void in his life. Ellen was no mere play partner. She was a woman to keep. No way in hell was she getting away. Tying her to the bed sounded like a very good idea.

Chapter Eight

Ellen woke to sunshine pouring through a gap in the curtains. She ached between her legs, her shoulders were stiff, and her bum still held a delightfully warm glow. What a night it had been. She could last a long time on these memories. And dear Annie had muttered about John being a bit cold and harsh? Bless the dear girl, she had no idea. Or did she, perhaps? Might be worth a natter over a glass of wine.

Later. Much later. No point in speculating on her niece's sex life when she had her own personal dominant warm in bed right beside her. Warm and ready for action, if the erection rubbing her back was any indication.

"Morning," she said, rolling on her back to smile at him. "I never thanked you properly for having me."

"The pleasure, my dear Ellen, was mutual. And I am nowhere near through with you."

A frisson of anticipation rippled over her skin. "No?"

"No, indeed. I will feed you. We both burned up a million calories last night. But first..." His hand closed over her shoulder and rolled her onto her side. "Stay like that." As if not sure of her compliance, he held onto her hip with one hand while he reached across for a condom off the bedside table.

"Remember," he whispered into her hair. "I promised to fuck your mouth, cunt and arse?"

Her throat went tight and dry. "Yes."

"Well, my love. Time to make sure you never, ever forget my cock."

As she listened to the sound of foil ripping, her heart raced under her ribs and every muscle below her waist clenched. She wanted, needed, this final intrusion. A

perfect end to a wonderful encounter. "John," she said, as he grasped behind her knees and bent her legs towards her chest, opening her for him. "It's been a long time."

"I know, my sweet. I tested you last night. Stretched you a little. I wish I had a butt plug to open you up properly, but we will manage. Very nicely."

That she didn't doubt. As he brushed her nipples, before easing his hand down to play with her pussy and flick her rings, she made herself relax.

"Nice. I like you limp and submissive in my arms. Stay like that, dear."

Not too easy as his finger poked into her cunt and played around. "You're so wet, Ellen. Is it the prospect of a good bugging that does that to you?"

"No, John. Just lying next to you gets me going."

"Good. That's how it should be." His finger withdrew, then circled the tight rose of her arse before prodding gently. "Relax."

She obeyed and he penetrated. Just a little at first, then deeper, pulsing in and out until her clit throbbed in response. She whimpered as his finger left, but smiled as he grasped her shoulders, his knees pushing hers higher as his cock pressed hard into her cunt. "Like that?"

"Oh! Yes!"

"It'll be tighter up your arse. Much tighter. But you're going to stay still and take it. All the way. Aren't you?"

"Yes!" It was almost a squeak. "Please!"

"Since you asked so nicely and politely." He was gone. Leaving her with an empty cunt and a pulsing clit. But not for long. The head of his cock pressed against her tight muscle. Gentle but insistent. His hands tight on her shoulders pulling her down on him as he pressed upwards. She took a deep breath, part scared, but mostly excited. She'd always loved this tight intrusion. This final, forbidden possession, and with John it was no different. Another deep breath and as he pressed up and inwards, she relaxed and bore down.

He was in. Past the tight muscle. Stretching her. Filling her.

“Keep still,” he ordered and he did the same, giving her body a chance to accept his erection before he pinned her shoulders fast and thrust home, wringing a cry from her. “Does that hurt?”

“Yes! It feels so wonderful.” She bore down harder, wanting him in up to the hilt, filling her, possessing her. Utterly.

His hand moved down to her waist, yanking her closer, shifting the angle of his intrusion and making her cry out again. “Sure it’s all right, Ellen?”

“Oh, yes!”

He started to thrust, withdrawing a little, then pressing deep, never leaving her completely but maintaining his rhythm of intrusion as his hand moved lower and his warm fingers parted her pussy and found her clit.

He stroked her hard peak, driving her passion and igniting her pleasure once again as his cock drove back and forth and her body and mind delighted in his possession.

Now her hips rocked with his. Her breasts ached, her shoulders shifted, her neck arched, and her mind drowned with sensation.

“Dear love. Darling Ellen,” John whispered as his thrusts came harder and faster until her arousal peaked.

“Edge!” she cried out.

“Come!” he shouted. “Come for me, Ellen.” And drove in hard as he grasped her breast. She came with a triumphant shout as ripples of sensation spread from her cunt, up her legs and throughout her body.

Then John came with one final thrust and they both sagged on the bed, his arm still tight around her waist as he slowly softened inside her. When he slipped out, she let out a little moan of disappointment.

She was warm, sated and supremely happy. As her eyes closed she fancied she heard him whisper, “I love you, Ellen. This is just the beginning.”

* * *

When Ellen awoke, she was alone and this time her arse ached too. She could still feel where he'd penetrated her and wanted him right back.

One night with a sexy dominant man and she was turning into an insatiable sex maniac. A lovely thought that no doubt would doom her to disappointment. How many men like John Kent were sitting around waiting for a forty-five-year-old widow with cellulite and wrinkles?

A sobering thought that she refused to entertain now. Better get up, get showered and dressed and find her way back to Annie's.

John, dominant to the core, had other ideas. He met her with a cup of coffee as she emerged from the bathroom with wet hair and rumpled clothes, which he had been nice enough to leave in the bathroom for her.

"Want sugar in it?"

She shook her head. "Spoils the taste."

"Good woman. Finish that and we'll go and get breakfast. I know a good place."

It was in Richmond, overlooking the river, and by the time they got there, she was ravenous. So, come to that, was he. They both made short shrift of eggs Benedict and a basket of pastries.

They talked of plays in town, the rights and wrongs of a recent scandal involving a cabinet member and the wife of his agent, and Ellen's new flat in Brighton. "Why Brighton?" John asked.

"I've always liked it and now I'm free to live wherever I want."

"There's a good train service to London. You'll be coming up often."

"I will?"

"Don't play the ingénue, Ellen. You're too old and too intelligent. This wasn't a one-night stand for either of us." He raised his eyebrows and gave her a very "Dom" look.

"What is it then?"

“A beginning. For us. I’ve been alone six years, Ellen. Played with many women. Some were quite skilled. You are stupendous, courageous, sexy and *mine*. For good. Don’t you dare argue.”

Ellen reached for her coffee cup and looked at him over the rim. Was this a dream? No! Her body still hummed at the memory of their wild and wonderful fucking. She put the cup down, her hand steady. Well, almost.

“All right,” she replied. “Whatever pleases you.”

Madeleine Oh

Madeleine Oh is a woman of mystery. Some claim she is the granddaughter of an odalisque from the Bey's harem in Algiers or that her father was a direct descendant of the line of Welsh princes. Others say that her parents met whilst working for the French Resistance during WW2, and there have even been rumors that she was born on a ranch in Patagonia (an alternative version says a farm in Ohio). Perhaps all of this is pure and utter fiction. But truth or fiction, readers love her wildly imaginative erotic tales.

For excerpts and contests visit Madeleine's web site at www.madeleineoh.com. For news of new releases, join Madeleine's Yahoo! announcement list news-madeleineoh-subscribe@yahoogleroups.com.