



NEIL AND OBEY

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A Total-E-Bound Publication



www.total-e-bound.com

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ISBN #978-0-85715-536-8

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Edited by Delaney Sullivan

Total-E-Bound Publishing

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Published in 2011 by Total-E-Bound Publishing, Think Tank, Ruston Way, Lincoln, LN6 7FL, United Kingdom.

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

NEIL AND OBEY

Elizabeth Coldwell

Dedication

For Ivor

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Chapter One

The envelope was lying on the mat when Liz came home from work, addressed to her in handwriting she didn't recognise. Ripping open the heavy cream stationery, she found an invitation inside. It read...

Mary and Don Burney request the presence of Miss Elizabeth Webster and guest at the marriage of their daughter, Jillian, to James Anthony Steele, on Saturday November 6th at three p.m. at St. Michael's Church, Greater Endover. Reception to follow at the Endover House Hotel. RSVP.

She scanned the wording again, not quite able to believe it. James was getting married, less than eight months after the two of them had split up. She'd kept on friendly terms with him after they'd gone their separate ways, so she knew he was seeing some girl he had met at a conference, but he'd never given the impression the relationship was particularly serious. There had certainly never been any talk of engagement and wedding bells.

He'd always told her he didn't want to settle down. Now she realised he just hadn't wanted to settle down with her. And while she'd been sure, deep down, that James would find happiness with someone else, she hadn't expected it to happen quite so quickly. For a moment, she considered dashing off a reply to tell the Burneys she was sorry, but she wouldn't be able to attend. Thinking about it a little longer, she had to admit she was actually curious to see the woman who had captured James' heart in a way she'd never managed.

Her eyes were drawn again to the word, "guest," on the invitation. If only she had someone to accompany her. The truth was, she'd barely been on a date since her break-up with James. She had thrown herself into her demanding job as the press officer for a small charity, which helped London's rough sleepers, telling herself that when the time was right she would start looking for love once more. Petty as it might be, she simply didn't want James to feel he had succeeded in meeting someone else where she had failed.

Liz propped the invitation on the mantelpiece, in a spot that had once been occupied by a photo of herself and James on the beach at Brighton. It had been her favourite snap of the two of them, taken not long after they'd started dating. How long ago that seemed now.

She had a week before she needed to send a reply. If only a hot, available man could wander into her life before then, everything would be perfect.

* * * *

"So you see, Tina, I really need to find someone I can take along. Preferably someone cuter than James. I know it sounds childish, but I really don't mind him being happy. I just wanted to be happy first."

Liz took a slurp of her orange and banana smoothie. She and Tina were sitting in the café they visited every lunchtime. Tina, as she always did, was eyeing the arse of the dark-eyed young man who took their orders and brought their food to the table.

"Maybe I can help you there," Tina replied. "How about Neil? He's available."

Neil was Tina's flatmate, and an old university friend of hers. Tina had mentioned him often, describing him as one of the sexiest men she knew.

"Tina, if he really is as hot as you say, why isn't he with anyone?" Liz asked sceptically. "More importantly, why isn't he with you?"

"If you must know, we got it together in the first couple of weeks after we met. We had fun, but it just never worked out. I think Neil's looking for a very – specific type of woman."

Liz waited for Tina to elaborate, but her friend simply chewed a bite of her smoked salmon salad sandwich before continuing.

"I'm sure he'd do it – as a favour to me, if nothing else. And it'll get him out of the flat for the weekend so I can have Robbie over." Robbie was Tina's on-off boyfriend. At the moment, the relationship was very definitely on. "I couldn't resist treating myself to a tub of chocolate body paint from the little gift shop by the tube station. We're going to have a *lot* of fun with that."

Liz chipped in before Tina could lose herself completely in her fantasy. "Well, if you could give my e-mail address to Neil, perhaps I could arrange to meet him in the next couple of days and see if he's willing to go up to Derbyshire with me. Otherwise, it looks like I'll be going on my own. And taking the train by myself, and booking a single room, isn't going to be much fun."

"Okay, leave it with me. And don't worry. You're really going to like him."

Tina must have fired off an e-mail to Neil as soon as she got back in the office, because within fifteen minutes of sitting down at her desk, Liz saw a message from him pop up in her in-box.

“Elizabeth,” it began.

She smiled at the formality. No one called her Elizabeth these days apart from her mother.

“I would be honoured to meet you to discuss your proposition. Be at the Candy Bar at eight o’clock tomorrow evening. Wear a white blouse and a pinstripe skirt so I’ll recognise you. Do not be late.”

The message wasn’t quite what she had been expecting. It sounded more like a request from a stern headmaster than a friendly note from a potential – albeit temporary – partner, and she hadn’t dreamed Neil would be so specific about the time, the place and her manner of dress. Still, something about his tone intrigued her. And with the deadline for replying to the wedding invitation steadily creeping up on her, she really couldn’t afford to turn him down.

She sent back an e-mail saying simply, “Sounds great, Neil, I’ll see you there.”

First came the small matter of finding a pinstripe skirt. Of all the items he could have asked her to wear, he had to choose one she didn’t already own. She didn’t have much time to shop – there was a press release she had to redraft before she could leave the office – but fortunately, in the same parade of shops where Tina had bought the chocolate body paint was a small boutique. It was on the point of closing for the night when Liz entered, and the manageress seemed anxious to lock up and leave. Liz quickly rifled through the rails of clothing. Right at the back of the shop, among a number of sale items, she found a skirt with a fine grey pinstripe. It was the only one in her size, which she took as some kind of omen. She didn’t bother to try it on. She simply handed over the cash while the manageress stuffed the skirt into a bag for her.

When she got home, the first thing she did was take the skirt up to the bedroom to see how it fit. She hadn’t taken the time to study it in the shop and was a little surprised to discover it was cut in a pencil style, skimming tightly over the slight swell of her stomach and her gently rounded hips. It forced her to take smaller steps than usual, adding a definite wiggle to her walk. Hopefully Neil would like the way it looked.

The skirt certainly attracted plenty of male attention when she walked into the office the following morning. She'd teamed it with a crisp white blouse and a black velvet choker around her neck and had twisted her honey-blond hair into a French pleat, giving her a sexily severe appearance. Though no comments were made out loud, she was aware of eyes glued to the curve of her arse where the skirt was stretched across it.

Tina was away on a day-long training course, so Liz didn't get the chance to pump her for more information about Neil. She knew, though, that her friend would want all the juicy details on how the evening had gone when she was back in the office.

The Candy Bar was a trendy new venue in Spitalfields, ten minutes' walk from Liz's office building. Its gimmick was that all the cocktails it served had the names of sweet treats, and its interior was painted in the pastel pinks, greens and purples of a packet of Love Hearts, with slogans like, "BE MINE," and "KISS ME," outlined in heart shapes on the walls. Even on a midweek night, it was still surprisingly busy when Liz walked in, five minutes before the arranged time of eight o'clock.

She had no idea what Neil looked like, apart from Tina's vague description of him as being tall and dark, and for all she knew, he could be here already, watching her from a shadowy corner. Studying the cocktail list, she ordered a Raspberry Tart, which was a mixture of raspberry liqueur, lime juice and vanilla ice cream, muddled with fresh raspberries. She'd just taken her first sip, and was casting around the room in the vain hope of finding a free seat.

At that moment, a voice behind her said, "Elizabeth?"

It had to be him. No one else would use her full name. Turning round, she found herself looking into a pair of inquiring brown eyes. Tina hadn't been lying when she had described Neil as hot. Liz felt something inside her melt just meeting his gaze. The cut of his dark brown hair almost compelled her to run her fingers through it, and his full lips quirked upwards in a knowing smile. His chin was lightly stubbled and he was dressed in a dark suit that flattered his well-built six-foot frame. If she turned up at the wedding with Neil in tow, she would have all the female guests staring at her in envy. But first, she had to get him to agree to go with her.

"You must be Neil," Liz said. "Tina's told me so much about you."

"Yes, I can imagine." Neil declined the fancy cocktails on offer, ordering a bottle of Italian beer instead. He raised the bottle to Liz in a mock salute. "Thank you for being

punctual, Elizabeth, and for dressing as I requested. I have the feeling you and I are going to get along very well."

A couple were vacating a table in the corner, and Neil ushered Liz over to take their places. The message on the wall above them read, "FOREVER YOURS," though Liz hardly paid it any attention. She was too busy silently celebrating her luck in finding herself with this stunning man.

"So, Tina tells me you're looking for a guest to take to a wedding," Neil said once they were seated. "How does a beautiful woman like you find herself in a position where she's on her own?"

The compliment could have been corny, but Neil made it sound utterly sincere. Liz felt a swift rush of lust pass through her body to settle low in her belly, and she squirmed in her seat. "The man who's getting married is my ex," she explained, "and since we split up – well, I guess I just haven't been in the mood to meet someone else. And it's very important that I find the right man now, because obviously I don't want people to realise we're not actually a couple."

"You know there are escort services, which could provide this kind of thing?"

Liz couldn't work out whether or not Neil was joking. She settled for saying, "I dread to think what they'd charge for an overnight stay. And I'd prefer to go with someone who was there because they actually liked me, rather than because I was paying for their company."

Neil took a thoughtful sip from his bottle. "That makes sense. And I'd be more than happy to accompany you. But on one condition."

"And that is?" Liz knew this was the moment when the whole plan could fall apart.

"You do exactly as I tell you, from the moment we get on the train at St. Pancras to the moment we arrive back there."

Liz twirled the straw in her cocktail, mulling the idea over. She was sure there were plenty of women who would turn such a bizarre request down flat, but she had already been doing everything he'd asked since she'd replied to his e-mail. Though she couldn't admit it to herself – not just yet, at any rate – something deep within her was responding to the idea of being subtly controlled and made to follow Neil's orders.

"I think I can cope with that," she said. "As long as you don't ask me to stand in the middle of a busy road, or throw the wedding cake at my ex."

Neil smiled, those dark eyes seeming to burn into her. "Don't worry, Elizabeth, there'll be nothing like that. But you need to know what you're letting yourself in for, so let's see just how good you are at following my instructions."

"Okay," Liz replied. "I'm game if you are."

"Very well, I'd like you to undo a button on your blouse."

She had already left the top two buttons unfastened. Opening another button would give him a hint of her creamy cleavage, nothing more. It didn't seem like too much to ask, so she obeyed.

"Very good," Neil said. "And another."

Doing as she was told would open the blouse as far as the front catch on her bra. Still, it could have been worse. Her breasts were small enough that some days she went without a bra, depending on what she was wearing. She was suddenly glad today wasn't one of those days.

Liz gave a swift glance round the bar, which was beginning to thin out as people left to catch a train or move on to one of the many nearby restaurants. No one seemed to be paying them any attention. She hesitated for a moment longer, then took a breath and popped open the button.

Neil sat for a while, his gaze fixed on her breasts, which were pushed upwards enticingly by her underwired bra. She relaxed inwardly, certain she'd done enough to prove she could do anything he asked of her. His next words put the lie to that idea.

"Now undo your bra, Elizabeth. Show me those lovely little tits of yours."

That was the point at which she should call a halt to this whole game, thank Neil for his time, and walk away. But she couldn't. For the first time in longer than she could remember, she felt truly alive. Her body tingled and her pussy flooded with juice at the thought of being made to bare herself for him.

Cheeks flushed and eyes closed tight, she flicked open the little fastening.

"Good girl," was all Neil said.

No one had ever called her his good girl before, and it was as though a button had been pushed, unleashing the most powerful of emotions. She burned with pride at pleasing him and suddenly she wanted to be taken further, to see just how far she could go before she reached her limit.

He leaned close to her. She smelt his cologne, the earthy scent of Vetiver. At first she thought he was going to kiss her. Instead, he took hold of one nipple, then the other, rolling them between his fingers.

"They're so hard," he murmured, continuing to toy with them.

Liz no longer cared that someone passing the table might see what was happening. The sensations pulsing through her were too overwhelming.

"But they were hard before I touched them, weren't they? Just as I'm sure your clit is hard, too. And all it would take would be a couple of touches there to have you coming, in front of so many people..."

Liz whimpered, unable to help herself. That was the point at which Neil withdrew, turning his attention to what remained of his beer.

"Well, I think you've proved you can do as you're told," he said, his tone suddenly all business. He gestured to her to adjust her clothing and make herself decent once more. "You know, I think we're going to have a lot of fun at this wedding..."

* * * *

Back in her flat, Liz wandered into the bedroom in a daze, still not quite able to believe she'd really undressed in a crowded bar for a man she'd never met before. After she'd buttoned herself up, Neil had bought her another drink and they'd sat chatting, getting to know each other better. As Neil had told her about his job as an architect and they'd swapped stories about Tina, it almost seemed as though the last ten minutes hadn't happened. The incriminating wetness in her panties told her otherwise.

Neil had walked her to the tube station, his arm resting lightly on the curve of her hip. It was a romantic gesture, but one that made Liz think of ownership, too. When he'd kissed her goodnight, it was with a passion that had left her limp and breathless. His cock had pressed against her, so hard and so enticing. Then her train had pulled into the platform and she'd had to dash down the steps to catch it, bidding him a hasty farewell. When she'd looked back, he was already gone.

Sitting on the bed, she could still feel Neil's fingers on her nipples, skilful and assured as he brought her to the verge of orgasm with his touch and his words. As she submitted to

his desires. It was a word she'd never associated with herself before, but she couldn't deny Neil had discovered a submissive streak buried deeply within her.

Not that she would mention any of this to Tina, who was bound to ask what she thought of him. She would simply say that yes, Neil was every bit as gorgeous as Tina had implied, and they were going to the wedding together. Everything else would be her delicious secret.

Her pussy was growing wet again, simply recalling what Neil had said and done to her. She had been denied an orgasm earlier on, but now there was no one to stop her from giving herself the satisfaction she craved.

In her bedroom, she quickly stripped out of her tight-fitting skirt. When she peeled down her panties, they were drenched with her cream. She wished Neil was here to see her now, looking thoroughly respectable from the waist up, but available and wanton with her bare bottom and lace-topped hold-up stockings on display. In her mind's eye, she saw Neil sitting on the bed, patting his lap as he ordered her to drape herself over it and receive the spanking she deserved. *Where on earth had that come from?* she wondered. Her fantasies had always been relatively plain and straightforward, but now she was getting unbelievably turned on just at the thought of having her bottom smacked.

How would it feel? Would Neil use his bare hand or some kind of implement to punish her? She spotted her wooden-backed hairbrush lying on the bedside table and snatched it up. Standing in front of the mirror so she could watch her reflection, she brought the brush down on her bum cheek. It stung briefly, but she suspected it was nothing compared to what she would feel if Neil was applying it to her creamy flesh.

Lying back on the bed, she closed her eyes and pictured Neil spanking her 'til her arse glowed red and she begged for mercy. When he'd finished, he would kiss her, soothing the hurt away, then he would slide his big, hard cock up into her and fuck her 'til rainbow colours danced before her eyes. Completely wrapped up in her fantasy, Liz eased the narrow handle of the hairbrush up into her juicy sex, using it as a makeshift dildo as the middle finger of her other hand skittered over her clit. It only took a few thrusts of the brush, coupled with the subtle touch of her fingers, to make her pussy clench round the handle in the sweetest of orgasms. As her pleasure crested, she could almost hear Neil's voice in her ear, telling her what a good, obedient girl she was and how beautiful she looked as she came for him. She couldn't wait for him to utter those words in real life.

* * * *

Even though she was five minutes earlier than they'd agreed, Neil was already waiting for her on the first-floor concourse of St. Pancras station, by the statue of the lovers kissing. He was more casually dressed than the last time they'd met, in jeans and a short black jacket over an olive green T-shirt, but he still had the same air of authority she found so arousing.

"Elizabeth, lovely to see you. And punctual as ever," he said, enfolding her briefly in an embrace. "Why don't we go and get coffee before we board the train?"

They walked through the recently renovated station, past the Eurostar trains waiting to leave for Paris. To their immediate right was the showpiece champagne bar, the longest in Europe. It seemed surprisingly busy for half-past eight on a Saturday morning, with travellers enjoying glasses of fizz to start or end their journey.

At the far end of the station were the platforms where trains departed for Nottingham, Derby and Sheffield. Close to the ticket barriers was a coffee shop, with a couple of tables outside where people sat drinking from oversized china cups. Neil took a ten-pound note from his wallet and handed it to Liz.

"Right, I'll have a cappuccino topped with nutmeg, no sugar, and a blueberry muffin. You will have an Earl Grey tea and a yoghurt-covered fruit and nut bar."

Liz almost said something, not used to having her food and drink choices made for her, then she remembered what Neil had told her on her first meeting...

You will do exactly as I tell you, from the moment we get on the train at St. Pancras to the moment we arrive back there.

She nodded, and went into the coffee shop.

Waiting to be served, she wondered again why she was so happy to let Neil take control, even if only for a couple of days. She had read somewhere that women in important, stressful jobs often relished being in situations where they could give up all responsibility for once. Letting their lover – more accurately, their master – make decisions as to what they ate, what they wore, even whether or not they were allowed to have an orgasm, all added to their sexual satisfaction. To Liz, who was a novice in such matters, it seemed a little strange, but she couldn't deny how horny she had felt when Neil had made her follow his instructions in the Candy Bar.

As she returned to him with their drinks and breakfast treats, an announcement came over the Tannoy that their train was now boarding on platform two. They went to find their seats. Neil had suggested they travel first class, to give them more in the way of privacy, and Liz had wondered what games he might have in mind. To her surprise, he pulled his laptop out of his bag and plugged it into the socket provided at the side of his seat.

"I'm really sorry, but I had some work dumped on me just as I was leaving the office last night," he said. "I've got to review a couple of documents and e-mail them over to a client in Bonn. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all," Liz replied. She was a serial offender when it came to taking her work home with her.

He looked over the screen of his laptop at her and added with a wicked smirk, "There's just one thing I need you to do while I'm working. Go to the toilet, take off your panties and hand them over to me."

Liz felt her pussy clench sharply with excitement. It was only a little thing he was asking, and as she was wearing jeans it wasn't as though he wanted her to do this so he could play with her under the table, but it was another indication of his growing mastery of her.

"Well, go on," he said, as the train pulled out of the station. "No one's paying you any attention."

Liz slipped quietly into the toilet cubicle at the end of the carriage and bolted the door. As she reached for the fastening of her jeans, her heart hammered in her chest, a fierce thrill running through her. She'd chosen to wear one of her favourite lingerie sets that day, cream silk with a pale pink lace trim, and she wondered whether Neil would approve of her taste in underwear.

When she returned to her seat, he was hard at work. For a moment she watched him, admiring his long fingers as they tapped at his keyboard and imagining how it would feel to have them running over her body. Eventually, he looked up from his screen.

"Your panties, please, Elizabeth," he said, holding out his hand.

She hesitated, aware the guard was passing through the carriage checking tickets. She was a woman in her late twenties, much the same age as Liz, and she had a friendly smile on her face as she spoke to each passenger in turn. Liz pictured that smile fading if the guard came close enough to see Neil taking the scrap of damp silk from her.

"Elizabeth, when I give an instruction, I like it to be followed promptly," Neil snapped.

She pushed the panties into his grasp just as the guard approached. Nothing in the woman's expression indicated she'd seen what had happened, and Liz gave a sigh of relief as she settled back in her seat.

When the guard had checked their tickets and moved on to the next carriage, Neil spread Liz's panties out on the table by the side of the laptop. "Those are beautiful, Elizabeth, and I'm sure you have lots of other delights in your underwear drawer. But from now on, whenever you're in my company, you are not allowed to wear panties. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." Liz didn't know where the word, "sir," had come from, but it seemed the correct word to use when addressing him.

"Good girl," he said, tucking her panties in his jacket pocket before turning back to his work. "Now drink your tea before it goes cold."

Again, being called his good girl caused her pussy to gush with juice. She shifted in her seat, feeling the seam of her jeans press pleurably against her clit. Simply being with Neil had her in a hot and bothered state, and the deliciously kinky things he was asking her to do were making her even more horny. She was sure Neil was going to fuck her before the weekend was out, but she sensed he had a few more mind games in store for her before that happened.

Lost in erotic daydreams, Liz was barely aware of the countryside passing by. She did, however, spot Endover Hall, the hotel where James' reception was being held, high up on a hill a few miles outside the town of Chesterfield. When she'd first received the invitation, she had been apprehensive about attending the function, but now she couldn't wait to walk into the grand reception room, arm in arm with Neil.

A light rain, containing within it the promise of snow, was falling as they joined the small queue for taxis in front of Chesterfield station. Liz huddled closer to Neil and wondered why James and Jillian had chosen to get married in November, rather than waiting 'til summer, when the weather would be better. At least they hadn't decided to hold the ceremony in the Caribbean or Hawaii, as so many couples did these days.

By the time the taxi dropped them off at the front entrance of the hotel, they had just over an hour to change before making the short walk to the church. Liz had booked a double room for herself and Neil, to help keep up the impression they were a genuine couple. The room was on the first floor, tastefully decorated in soothing shades of brown and magnolia,

with a comfortable-looking king-sized bed and a view out over the gardens at the back of the hall.

"Before you change," Neil said, as Liz began to stow her clothes in the wardrobe, "I'd like to see what you're intending to wear this afternoon."

Liz laid her outfit out on the bed for his inspection. She had chosen a dress in soft dove-grey wool, finishing just above her knee, with hold-up stockings and a pair of kitten-heeled black boots. A chunky bead bracelet and a grey-feathered fascinator to wear in her blonde hair completed the look.

"Very nice," Neil commented. "But you're not to wear a bra underneath it."

"But—" Liz stammered. The woollen material would cling to the curves of her breasts and buttocks, making it clear the dress was all she had on. In church, where she would have her long cream-coloured coat over the top, she would still look respectable. But once they were back at the hotel and the coat came off, it would be a very different story. "People will be able to see everything."

"That's the idea," Neil said. "Don't tell me it doesn't turn you on just a bit, thinking of everyone seeing your nipples pushing against the material and knowing what a horny little thing you are, ripe for a good fucking..."

Liz shivered. Neil was right. It did turn her on, even though she knew it shouldn't. Without another word, she snatched up her clothes and went into the bathroom to change.

When she came out, carrying her clothes in a pile with her bra on top so Neil would know she'd adhered to his request, he was shrugging on a smart black suit jacket. With a crisp white shirt and grey tie, his outfit complemented hers perfectly.

"How did you know I would be wearing grey?" she asked.

"You mentioned it to Tina a couple of days ago," Neil replied, "so all I had to do was ask her."

He waited while she applied her make-up, emphasising her green eyes with shades of olive and gold and slicking on a neutral lip gloss. She clipped the fascinator in place, decanted her purse and mobile phone into a cream clutch bag and was ready to go.

Neil looked her up and down. "You're absolutely stunning," he told her, causing her to blush at the compliment. "Any man would be proud to have you on his arm."

And as he escorted her out of the room, Liz suddenly felt proud to be on his arm. Even if she was about to attend the wedding of her ex-boyfriend without a stitch of underwear on,

and under orders to obey everything Neil asked her to do, no matter what the consequences might be.

Chapter Two

St. Michael's Church, with its square stone tower and tiny churchyard studded with gravestones, stood at the highest point of Greater Endover village. As Liz walked up the short flight of moss-covered steps leading to the churchyard, she saw James standing by the church door. Her heart gave a momentary lurch at the sight of him in morning dress and clutching a top hat. He looked so young and nervous as he shared a cigarette with his friend, Lee, who must be his best man. She'd always liked Lee, who played in the same Sunday morning six-a-side football team as James, and she was sure he was helping to keep James calm as they waited for the clock to tick round to three and the bride to arrive.

Though Liz knew all about feeling nervous as James noticed her and smiled. Until this moment, she'd been afraid she might not be completely over him, but as he gave her a hug, she realised the love he once inspired in her had faded to simple friendship.

"Liz, thanks so much for coming," he said. "You look great."

"So do you," she replied.

She was poised to answer the inevitable questions about Neil, who was standing a couple of paces behind her.

At that moment, Lee announced, "Jillian's car's here. We'd better get inside."

"We'll talk at the reception," James said, before following Lee down to the front of the church. Liz and Neil took their orders of service from the usher and found places on a pew towards the back, on the groom's side. The church was decorated with bunches of roses so deeply red they were almost black, their intense scent filling the small space. Liz glanced round, spotting James' parents, along with a few of his work colleagues and friends she recognised from their three years together.

The church organist broke into the familiar opening bars of the *Bridal Chorus* from *Lohengrin*, and every head in the congregation turned to see Jillian's arrival in the church. As she walked down the aisle on her father's arm, Liz got her first glimpse of the woman who had replaced her in James' life. Jillian was as dark as Liz was fair, and even in low heels she was almost as tall as James' five-foot-ten. The dress she wore was simple but incredibly elegant. Sleeveless, it had shoestring straps and was gathered just below Jillian's pert

bustline, falling around her feet in a floaty column of ivory silk. Over it, she had on a delicate chiffon shrug. Her hair was swept up, with just a few tendrils falling around her heart-shaped face, and she carried a bouquet of roses. Liz could see James' face as he watched his bride approach, lit up with adoration and love.

The wedding itself passed in a blur. Liz joined in with the hymns, as did Neil, whose tenor voice was surprisingly tuneful. But she barely paid attention to the readings or the vicar's sermon. Her mind was elsewhere, thinking of what Neil might ask her to do once they were back at the hotel. She did, however, notice as the bride and groom exchanged their vows that Jillian didn't promise to obey James, instead preferring to say she would cherish him. Liz couldn't imagine Neil allowing that little refinement, then she gave herself a mental shake. She barely knew the man, yet already she was daydreaming about wedding vows. Whereas in all the time she had been with James, she'd never once pictured herself standing at the altar while he slipped a ring on her finger and promised to love her for the rest of his life.

Vaguely, she heard the vicar say, "You may now kiss the bride."

She realised the ceremony was almost over. Everyone around her rose to their feet and she followed hastily, watching James and Jillian make their way back down the aisle together.

When she and Neil emerged from the church, the newly married couple were being showered with confetti by their family and friends as they dashed to the wedding car.

"They seem like a well-matched couple," Neil observed, "but you'd have been wasted on him. You need someone who can bring out your hidden depths."

Liz wondered what those depths might be, but didn't say anything. She was too busy contemplating what was going to happen when they reached the reception.

Once in the hotel lobby, Neil said, "Give me your coat and I'll take it up to our room. Go into the reception, have a glass of champagne but don't take a seat."

He reached to pull the coat off Liz's shoulders. She was aware that her nipples were hard and, as Neil had predicted, were making visible outlines in her dress. As she walked through the lobby and into the suite where the wedding breakfast was being held, she was sure everyone who passed could not only see her nipples, but every contour of her arse cheeks as the soft wool moulded itself to them.

“Champagne, miss?” A waiter with unruly, dirty-blond curls who couldn’t be more than twenty offered her a glass from a half-full tray.

Liz suspected he was a local student working the Saturday shift to help pay for his tuition.

“Thank you,” she said. She couldn’t help noticing that his blue eyes seemed riveted to her breasts, and her nipples seemed to poke out even more impudently under his gaze. She wondered if he realised she was completely bare beneath the dress, and what he would think if she told him Neil had ordered her to dress this way.

He moved on to serve someone else—a little reluctantly, or so it seemed to Liz—and she looked round the room. There were plenty of available seats, but Neil had told her to stand, so she would stand. The dress seemed to cling to her thighs, too, and she was sure that anyone who cared to look closely could see the outline of her mound. *He might as well have stripped me entirely*, Liz thought. An image suddenly flashed into her head in which she was standing in the middle of the room in nothing but her stockings and boots. Perhaps Neil would decide to conduct an auction, offering her services to the highest bidder. She couldn’t believe how much the thought excited her.

“There you are.”

She turned at the sound of Neil’s voice behind her. A flush rose to her cheeks, as though he could tell just what she was thinking. Neil clinked his champagne glass to hers.

“Shall we find our seats?” she asked. “According to the plan, we’re at table six.”

He shook his head. “Let’s stay here a little longer so I can admire the view. And I can assure you I’m not the only one who’s doing that.”

Was he alluding to the waiter, or were there other guests also taking the opportunity to stare at her body? Liz had no idea.

“Ah,” Neil said, “looks like the happy couple have finished having their photos taken. Let’s go and say hello.”

They joined the well-wishers lining up to offer their congratulations to James and Jillian. When they reached the head of the queue, Jillian and Liz exchanged air kisses. Though the other woman didn’t say anything, Liz was sure she’d noticed her lack of underwear.

She quickly moved on to James. “Congratulations, she’s beautiful,” she said, meaning it.

"Thanks," James replied. He seemed about to add something, but his gaze had drifted down to her chest. Leaning close to her ear, he whispered, "God, I'd forgotten what great tits you have, Liz."

She stepped back, flustered, and felt Neil put his arm round her as he moved to congratulate James.

"So, how did you two meet?" James asked.

"Oh, Neil's the flatmate of someone I work with," Liz replied.

"And have you been seeing each other long?"

"Not very," Neil said, "but we're really happy together, aren't we, Liz?"

Liz simply nodded, feeling Neil give her bottom a possessive little squeeze. Both James and Jillian seemed completely convinced the two really were a couple, just as she had hoped.

"Well, we should go and find our table," Liz said, aware others were still waiting behind them to speak to the newlyweds.

"You're with some of the lads from the six-a-side team," James told her. "I think you know a couple of them already."

Liz couldn't decide if this was good or bad. She supposed it was better than sitting with elderly relatives who might have been scandalised by the fact she was so skimpily dressed, but James' football-playing friends were horny, red-blooded lads who would love it if they found out she had no underwear on.

They found their places at table six. Liz was strangely relieved to see she was sitting with her back to the wall. Barely had they introduced themselves to the four other people they were sitting with when the curly haired waiter appeared at Liz's elbow, placing a bowl of leek and potato soup in front of her.

"White wine with that, I think," Neil said, "and when he offers you a bread roll, choose wholemeal rather than poppy seed."

Again, Liz experienced the rush of excitement that came when Neil made her choices for her.

"And one final thing," Neil added, as the waiter placed a wholemeal roll on Liz's side plate. "I want you to sit with your legs widely spread for me."

Nothing he told her to do really surprised her any more. Liz eased her legs as far apart as the dress would allow, and tried to lose herself in the chatter of conversation around her.

The soup was followed by a choice of chicken in a creamy sauce or poached salmon. At Neil's prompting, Liz had salmon with broccoli, carrots and new potatoes tossed in butter. She had almost finished her meal when she felt Neil's hand on her knee. The other guests at their table were still busily tucking into plates piled high with chicken, vegetables and Yorkshire pudding, and didn't pay any attention as Neil worked his hand in slow, spidery patterns up the length of Liz's stocking-clad thigh.

"Push up your skirt, Elizabeth," Neil ordered softly. "I want you sitting with your bare arse against the seat cushion. Don't worry, no one will see anything. Except maybe the waiter, and he looks like he could do with a little treat."

Blushing furiously, Liz adjusted her position, pulling her dress away from underneath her. The seat of her chair was softly padded, but it still felt strange to have her naked bottom pressing against it.

As the waiter took away their plates, Neil whispered, "When he comes back with your dessert, brush your hand against his crotch. Make it look like an accident, but I want you to get a good feel."

Liz knew she should protest, but she didn't want to. Despite herself, she wanted to find out how big the young waiter's cock was, and the thought of playing Neil's naughty little game thrilled her. She seized her opportunity when the waiter placed a dish of strawberry pavlova in front of her, dropping her napkin to the floor and letting her hand skim along the front of his dress trousers as she moved to pick it up. His cock gave an involuntary twitch, swelling at her touch.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she muttered, but her eyes shone with lust.

"Just think of all the things I could get him to do to you," Neil said, when the lad had gone. "Maybe he could crawl under the table and lick your pussy. I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you?" As he spoke, his hand, which had been resting lightly on the band of flesh just above her stocking top, moved a little higher, touching her sex. "Or maybe I could get him to play with your tits through the dress. I bet the guys at this table would love that. I could even get them to join in, let them all have a feel of those cute little nipples. What do you think?"

Liz couldn't prevent a whimper from slipping from her lips. Everything Neil suggested was so far out of her experience, but the picture he painted was so vivid she found herself getting hornier than ever thinking about every single one.

His finger skimmed over the entrance to her pussy and she automatically spread her legs even wider, hoping he would take the hint.

"Ladies and gentlemen," a voice said.

Liz looked round to see that Don Burney, Jillian's father, had risen to his feet.

"If I could have your attention, please..."

All faces were turned towards him as he launched into his speech, thanking everyone for attending and welcoming James into his family, but it was hard for Liz to concentrate on what he was saying. Neil had slipped a finger up into her wet channel, and his thumb was on her clit, rubbing it in languid circles. The stimulation wasn't enough to make her come, not for a while yet, but her breathing was growing shallow and she knew she was in danger of drawing attention to herself as Neil finger-fucked her steadily.

Suddenly, he stopped what he was doing. Almost forgetting where she was, Liz was about to protest, then realised Jillian's father was asking the guests to charge their glasses and toast the bride and groom.

On shaky legs, Liz stood and joined in the toast. Before she could sit down again, Neil took the opportunity to give her further instructions.

"Drop your napkin again. Don't worry, no one's paying you any attention. But this time, don't pick it up. I want you to crawl under the table and suck my cock."

She knew it was an outrageous demand, and one that could get them into so much trouble if they were discovered, but Liz didn't object. She was curious to discover just how well-endowed he was, and whether he was already aroused from playing with her.

Her napkin hit the floor and she dropped down after it, pushing her way under the heavy white linen tablecloth and coming to rest between Neil's spread thighs. James was beginning his speech now, she could tell, but his voice seemed to be coming from a long way away, muffled by the cloth surrounding her and the excited thumping of her heart.

She reached for Neil's zip with trembling fingers. The rasping sound as it came down seemed so loud she was sure someone would hear it, but James' friends were laughing at some comment he'd made. Neil was right. No one had noticed she was beneath the table.

His cock, when she grasped it, was hot and smooth. It twitched as she took hold of it more firmly. She wished she could see Neil's reaction as her lips encircled the head. Would his expression remain impassive, or would there be some indication, however small, that she was pleasuring him in secret?

She took him a little deeper, knowing she didn't have much time before James brought his speech to an end and made the traditional toast to the bridesmaids. Though Neil hadn't told her to make him come. Perhaps he simply wanted to be kept on the edge. If this was a test of her obedience, she was keen to pass it, whatever it took. Eyes half-closed, fingers wrapped round his thick shaft to hold it steady, she swirled her tongue over his cockhead like it was her favourite flavour of ice cream.

At that moment, she felt him pulling away, attempting to rise from his seat. James must have announced the toast. No longer sure what Neil expected of her, Liz emerged from under the tablecloth and grabbed her glass. As she did, she spotted the young waiter who'd been serving them looking directly at her. Was the knowing smirk on his face just a product of her imagination, or had he realised what she'd been doing? She blushed to the roots of her hair, but her pussy felt hotter and wetter than ever.

"I didn't tell you to do that," Neil said, as they sat down again.

"I'm sorry," she replied. "I just thought someone was bound to spot that I wasn't joining in the toast." She gestured in the direction of the waiter, who was busily clearing away the dessert bowls. "I'm sure he knows what's going on."

"Well, I'll let it go this time, but if it happens again I'll have to punish you."

Neil's tone was perfectly reasonable, but Liz had no doubt he meant what he said. Her mind flashed back to her attempts to spank herself, and how much it had thrilled her to imagine Neil doing the same.

"Yes, sir," she murmured.

Neil stroked the side of her neck gently. "Now, I could make you sit here and listen to the best man's speech," he said, "but I won't. Instead, I want you to go up to our room. You'll find some things lying on the bed. You're to put them on, then cuff your left wrist to the bed. Everything's set up ready for you."

"And what happens when I've done that?" Liz asked, her mind reeling at the thought of having to restrain herself.

"Then you wait." Neil's smile was enigmatic. "Don't worry, you won't be on your own for very long. Now – off you go."

Liz grabbed her clutch bag, hoping to make a discreet exit.

"You leaving us already?" The voice belonged to one of James' friends. "We're not that boring, are we?"

Liz shook her head. "I'm getting a headache," she lied. "Must be all the champagne."

Neil gave her hand a little squeeze, as though he was concerned about her. "You go and have a lie down. I'll be up shortly."

The double meaning in his words was obvious. Liz planted a little kiss on his cheek, then made a hasty exit. As she walked to the door, she passed the young waiter. His smile seemed innocent enough, but she was convinced his eyes were on her gently swaying arse cheeks all the way out of the room.

She took the stairs to the room she was sharing with Neil. The corridor was silent as she let herself inside. She suspected all the neighbouring guests were downstairs at the reception, listening to Lee give his best man's speech.

Liz dumped her bag on a chair, then looked to the bed to see what Neil had left for her to wear. He must have popped up to the room to arrange this when he'd left her in the lobby, alone. Whatever she'd been expecting, it wasn't the garment that was lying there, waiting for her. It was a corset, but one unlike any Liz had seen before. It was made from supple black leather, and it was designed so her breasts would rest on the cups but her nipples wouldn't be covered. There were no panties, but she'd expected that. Instead, suspender straps hung from the bottom of the corset. A pair of fishnet stockings was ready to be attached to them.

It was the item accompanying the corset and stockings that had her heart feeling as though it had fluttered up into her throat. A thick, black blindfold with an elastic strap to hold it firmly in place. Neil intended her to wait for him, cuffed and blindfolded, vulnerable and exposed. The idea didn't alarm her as much as it might have. Instead, it had her stripping rapidly out of her dress and boots.

The corset was designed to fasten in front, with laces at the back that could be tightened if the wearer—or the man who'd decided she should wear it—chose. It was more comfortable than Liz had expected, and she gazed at herself in the mirror for a moment, noticing the way the garment raised and presented her breasts, almost inviting onlookers to touch them. She rolled the fishnets up her legs, clipping them to the suspender straps, then sat on the bed.

Two fur-lined leather cuffs dangled on a length of chain from the slats in the headboard. Liz fastened one around her left wrist, as Neil had demanded. She was reassured that if she got cold feet before Neil joined her, she could easily free herself.

Even so, she hesitated for a moment before slipping on the blindfold. Neil had been gradually pushing her out of her comfort zone since the moment they'd met. The question was, did she trust him enough to let him take her even further? Deciding that yes, she did, she pulled the blindfold over her head with her free hand, then lay back to wait for her master to arrive.

* * * *

Liz had no idea how much time had passed before she heard the door open. With the blindfold blocking out all of the light, she seemed to float in a world of heightened anticipation, ears straining for any sound. She wondered what was happening downstairs. Were the newly married couple posing for photographs as they cut the cake, or had they already moved on to their first dance together? She was missing all of it, but it didn't seem to matter. Not now that Neil was here.

Footsteps approached the bed, then paused. Was he taking the opportunity to enjoy the sight of her barely clad body? She imagined Neil smiling with satisfaction as he saw just how perfectly she had followed his instructions, the cock she had been so briefly acquainted with stirring in his trousers at the sight.

He came to sit by her, the bed shifting under his weight. Then he took hold of her right wrist, cuffing it to the headboard. It meant she was now completely at his mercy, unable to move until he decided. He didn't say a word, but his silence only thrilled her more. He wasn't going to tell her what he intended to do to her. He was going to let everything come as a surprise.

She heard rustling, as though he was removing some of his clothing, though she listened in vain for the sound of his zip being undone. He smoothed her hair, then gently stroked the contour of her cheek. He pressed on her lower lip 'til she opened her mouth and took his finger inside, sucking it just as ardently as she'd sucked his cock under the table.

When his finger slipped from between her lips, it traced a wet path down her throat and between her breasts. She shivered, wondering where he would touch her next, as her thighs lolled apart almost of their own volition. She was more than ready to be fucked, but she sensed that wasn't going to happen for a while yet. Not when there were so many other delicious things her master could do to her.

His hands gripped her breasts, the roughness of his touch strangely exciting. She shuddered as he licked her skin, then blew on it, the combination of hot followed immediately by cold causing her nipples to contract into hard peaks. When his mouth closed round one of the little buds, sucking hard, Liz whimpered and writhed in her bonds, expecting Neil not to tell her to be so impatient. Instead, she felt him cupping her mound, pushing a finger up between her wet petals to toy with her clit. For the briefest of moments, she thought his finger felt different to when he'd been touching her under the table—broader somehow, with a shorter nail—then dismissed the idea. Being tied and teased was obviously scrambling her brain in the most delightful way.

When he replaced that finger with the point of his tongue, she couldn't stop herself exclaiming, "Oh, Neil, that feels so good!"

"I'm glad you're enjoying it," he replied, his voice close to her ear.

Liz froze. How was that possible? Unless there was someone else between her legs, licking her clit...

She tried to pull away from the strange mouth.

"Sh, steady there, Liz," Neil murmured.

"Take the blindfold off, please," she begged, trying not to panic.

To her relief, Neil did as she asked immediately. She looked down to see the young waiter who had served them at the wedding breakfast crouching between her legs. He was shirtless, and she could see her juices shining on his lips.

"Would you like me to leave?" he asked, glancing from Liz to Neil.

"No." Liz wasn't even sure whether it was her decision to make, but suddenly she was no longer afraid of the situation.

Neil might have allowed another man to play with her, but he hadn't chosen someone she didn't approve of. The waiter was cute—and, she hoped, discreet enough not to gossip about this little scene with his friends afterwards. And, she had to admit, though he might have been younger than her, he certainly knew what to do with his tongue.

"Please, I'd like you to stay. I'm sorry, I don't even know your name."

"It's Tom," the waiter replied. "But this is all right with both of you, isn't it?" he asked, seemingly anxious not to overstep the mark.

"Of course," Neil replied, pulling a chair close and straddling it so he was leaning on the chair back, facing the bed. "Now strip, and let Elizabeth see what you've got."

The waiter did as he was told, happy to let the other man take control of the situation now Tom knew his presence was definitely welcome. His trousers and underwear were dispensed of without ceremony, revealing a cock that was almost completely hard. Liz ached to reach out and touch it, but with her wrists still cuffed to the headboard that was impossible.

Neil realised this, too, because he quickly unfastened the cuffs, releasing her from her bondage. Liz stretched, grateful for the opportunity to move her cramped limbs, and rolled over languidly.

"I want to watch the two of you together," Neil told her. "I want you to suck his cock and make him come."

"Yes, sir." Liz found herself almost rushing to obey her master's latest demand.

Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined when she'd accepted the invitation to James' wedding that she would find herself enjoying sex with two men on the same night, yet here she was. Being watched was a very new experience for her, but as Tom kissed her gently on the lips, letting her taste herself, it was one that didn't faze her in the least. She was acutely aware of Neil's gaze on her as she crouched between Tom's legs, and she was determined to give him a show he wouldn't soon forget.

She couldn't help but notice Neil was still fully dressed, while she wore only the corset and stockings and Tom was naked. It seemed to reinforce the fact that he was in control here, in much the same way that he wanted her to go without panties for him. As every moment passed, she was learning more about the subtle ways in which a loving master could reinforce his domination, and the things she would have to do to make herself worthy of his love and devotion. And if one of those involved taking the long, slightly curved cock she was now holding and sucking it 'til Tom came, that was fine by her.

The young waiter's breath caught in his throat as Liz swallowed him. His hands twined in her hair, holding her head in place. Her mouth was full of his salty flesh, her nostrils breathing in his earthy male aroma.

"Liz, that feels amazing," Tom moaned. "Oh, I love it when you lick me just there..."

Her tongue was on the sensitive place just beneath his helmet, and his words trailed off as the sensation appeared to grow too much for him. Unlike Neil, he didn't appear to have the ability to pace himself, to pull back when the excitement became too great. This was going to be over very soon, she knew that. Already his hips were jerking, and when she

reached down between his legs she found his balls were tight, ready to spill. Even the gentlest touch of her fingers there was more than Tom could cope with in his highly turned-on state. As if to prove her right, his spunk gushed into her mouth. She seemed to feel his pleasure coursing through her own body – or was it the sudden satisfaction that came from the feeling she had obeyed her master’s instructions perfectly?

When she finally let Tom’s cock slip from her lips, the first thing she did was glance over quickly to where Neil sat, anxious to gauge his reaction. He said nothing, but he gave a little nod of his head, as if acknowledging her performance.

Tom gave Liz another kiss, longer and more intimate this time, then reached for his scattered clothes. “I’d love to stay and continue the party,” he said, “but they’re going to be wondering where I’ve got to, and I can’t afford to lose this job.”

He was gone before Liz could thank him properly, slipping quietly into the corridor outside. Liz wondered what might have happened if he’d stayed. Would he and Neil have fucked her at the same time, or would her master have just continued to observe? She couldn’t believe he had the self-control to resist joining in, even though he hadn’t as much as touched his cock while he was watching her with Tom.

“Come here, my good girl.” Neil rose from the chair. When she did, he wrapped his arms round her. “That was very well done. You’ve shown me you can follow my instructions, but more importantly, I know now that you won’t shy away from doing things that might be close to your limits.”

Until that moment, she hadn’t really considered what those limits might be. She didn’t remember them ever explicitly discussing the matter. If they did, where would she draw the line? The Liz who had initially agreed to meet Neil for a drink would never have contemplated letting herself be tied to a bed, blindfolded, or having sex with a man she didn’t even know. At least, she didn’t think so. Being with this gorgeous, kinky, masterful man was changing everything she had ever believed about herself, and she wasn’t sure where this was going to end.

Neil’s voice cut into her thoughts. “I want you to undress me.”

She sank to her knees. Starting with his shoes and socks, she slowly removed his clothes, placing them in a neat pile on his chair. Soon, all that remained were his black cotton trunks. Somehow, it felt right to be in that position, looking up at Neil as she removed his

underwear. Her fingers trembled slightly as she did, letting his cock spring free. Beautiful, and hers to do with as she wished.

She was greedy to taste it again, but Neil helped her to her feet.

"I already know how your mouth feels," he told her. "Now we're going to fuck, but you're not allowed to come until I give you permission. Do you understand?"

Liz nodded, wanting more than anything to feel Neil's wonderfully hard cock inside her. Neil handed her a condom and lay back on the bed. Once she had him safely sheathed, she climbed on top of him. Grasping him firmly by the base of his shaft, she sank down so just his head was lodged inside her. Even that set her insides fluttering wildly, so she paused for a moment, planting soft kisses on Neil's throat and the hollows of his collarbones. When she felt composed enough to carry on, she slid farther on to his length.

"Mmm," Neil sighed. "So tight, so wet. And all mine..."

"Yes, sir," Liz replied, rocking her body slowly. At least in this position she could set the pace, pull back a little when she felt her orgasm building. She didn't know what Neil would do if she came before he told her she could, but she was sure he had plenty of ideas. After all, he owned a blindfold and a pair of wrist cuffs. What other toys might he be carrying in his overnight bag?

As they fucked, they gazed into each other's eyes. Liz felt as though Neil could see all the way into her soul. She could have no secrets from this man. It would always be obvious to him what she was thinking, and how much she wanted to be with him. Perhaps it was too soon to be talking about love, but that felt like the emotion sweeping through her at this moment. She only hoped he felt the same.

When Neil reached down to play with her clit, she tried—and failed—to bite back a whimper of pleasure. She was so close, and it would take very little more to make her come.

"What did I say?" Neil asked. "No orgasm until I tell you."

Summoning up every last reserve of willpower, Liz pulled herself back from the brink. She felt as though she was trying to keep the lid on a pressure cooker, but Neil had given her an order and she knew she had to obey it. Somehow she managed to hold back.

At last, Neil said, "Now, Elizabeth. Come for me now."

Her orgasm had been suppressed for so long it threatened to tear her apart. Crying out, "Oh, master!" Liz let the waves of bliss sweep her away. Dimly, she was aware that Neil was

coming, too. As the final orgasmic eddies died away, she slumped on to his broad chest, lost in a place beyond rational thought.

He made a nest for her in the crook of his arm and she cuddled into it, breathing in his musky scent, mingled with the lingering remnants of his Vetiver cologne. Neil stroked her hair, telling her how delicious she looked when she came and that she was the perfect little submissive he had thought he might never find. As sleep claimed her, she couldn't recall when she had last felt so content.

Chapter Three

Liz and Neil slept late the following morning, having woken some time in the early hours to make love again. This time, Neil had placed Liz on all fours, ordering her to hold on to the headboard. Then he'd cuffed her in place before entering her forcefully from behind. The feeling of being fucked while in restraints had excited her like never before, and she'd come twice before Neil finally reached his own, much-delayed climax.

They only just made it downstairs before the hotel's restaurant stopped serving breakfast. Several of the other guests in the wedding party were there, most of them looking slightly the worse for wear. It seemed as though the dancing and drinking had gone on long past midnight, though the bride and groom must have crept up to their room well before the end. James had mentioned to Neil, after she'd left, that they would be leaving early in the morning, needing to be at East Midlands Airport in time to catch a nine o'clock flight to the Maldives.

Guided by Neil, Liz helped herself to a bowl of muesli from the breakfast buffet. She looked round the room, hoping to catch a glimpse of Tom, but this morning there were two middle-aged waitresses serving the guests instead. One of them brought coffee and wholemeal toast for the couple.

"You're looking a lot chirpier than most of this lot," she commented to Liz as she cleared away the cereal bowls. "Did the sensible thing last night, eh, my duck?"

Liz smiled. All the things she'd done with Neil and Tom could hardly be described as sensible, but she had thoroughly enjoyed every single minute. Neil had woken something, which she realised now had always been buried deep within her, waiting for the man who could tap into her latent need to submit.

"I thought we'd go for a walk once we've finished breakfast," Neil said, staring out of the window towards the hills lying beyond the hotel's manicured lawns. "I'm sure you could do with some fresh air after last night."

Liz nodded, sipping her coffee. Their train back to London wasn't until three o'clock, so they had plenty of time to explore the surrounding area. Long country walks had always struck Liz as particularly romantic if you went on them with someone you loved.

She pulled herself up short. She hadn't spoken the word out loud last night, but this was not the first time she'd acknowledged, if only to herself, she was in love with Neil. She didn't usually fall so hard and fast for someone, but Neil wasn't like any other man she'd dated. Suddenly, she really needed to know what would happen once this weekend was over, and the two of them returned to their busy London lives. The arrangement they'd agreed on was purely for the length of the wedding. What would happen when it ended?

Neil rose from the table, interrupting her train of thought. "Come on, Elizabeth, let's go and get our coats. And you'll need to put a sweater on. It'll be cold up on those hills."

Having wrapped up as warmly as they could, Liz and Neil left the hotel a few minutes later, stepping out into a beautifully crisp November morning. Following the route they'd taken the day before, along the village's main street and past the church, they began the slow upward climb into the highest hills of the Peak District.

It was a beautiful landscape, dominated by huge limestone crags shaped by running water and time. They stuck to paths that had been well trodden by previous hikers, though they met no one along the route apart from the odd sheep.

"I can't believe how quiet it is," Liz said, hearing nothing but the birdsong and the sound of a stream tumbling down into a rock pool a few feet below where they stood. "You get so used to the noise and bustle of London, it's just such a nice change to be able to slow down and appreciate the view for once."

"Well, I'm definitely doing that," Neil replied, smiling at Liz.

She felt a pleasurable tingle pass through her, her body responding to the blatant desire in his gaze. On another, warmer day, they might have found a private place among the heather where they could make love. Or maybe not so private, given Neil's penchant for displaying Liz's body to admiring eyes.

Liz glanced at her watch, surprised to see how much time had passed since they'd begun their walk. "Beautiful as it is up here, perhaps we should be getting back to the hotel?"

"Just another couple of minutes. There's something I need to say first." Neil's tone was suddenly serious.

Liz looked at him with dismay.

"Don't worry. It's nothing bad." He caught hold of her hand, softly caressing her palm with his thumb. "Elizabeth, I've really enjoyed this weekend. You're an incredible woman, and even though we've spent so little time together, you seem to understand me like no one

else ever has. I want you to be mine. Not just for this weekend, but for a long, long time to come."

Liz didn't know how to reply. This was sounding very much like the declaration of love she'd been hoping to hear from him, so why was she shivering with apprehension at what else he might be about to say?

"Before you say yes," Neil continued, "there are conditions, just as there were when I first agreed to come here with you. You already know about my little rule regarding underwear, which I'm sure you're complying with, although I could always make you take down your jeans, just to prove it..."

Now Liz's shiver was of excitement. Neil's words mixed promise and threat in equal measure, and though she was sure he wouldn't make her undress on such a cold day, in such an exposed spot, she thrilled at the idea that he might.

"I would expect you to obey me at all times, and to be punished if you refuse. Though I have to warn you that sometimes I'd make a request knowing in advance you'll say no, just so I could spank that sweet arse of yours."

His grip on her hand increased slightly, and she sensed he was coming to the most important part of his speech.

"I will expect you to trust me when I ask you to do something that pushes at your limits, because I know you have the potential to go so much further than you already have. I would love to take you into subspace, that place in your head where you go beyond time, beyond feeling, beyond pain, and bring you back safely into my arms. But I also want to give you to other men, so I can watch them use you for their pleasure."

Now Liz felt a pang of alarm. She'd been happy enough to play with Tom while Neil looked on, but what he was suggesting made her think the men might be of his choosing, and not appealing to her. And just what did he mean by "using" her?

"Don't worry." His voice was soft, reassuring. "I'd never let anyone hurt you, or make you do something you really didn't want to. And I'm not going to turn you into some kind of plaything for ugly old men. I like the way you look with pretty boys like young Tom far too much for that. But just think what I could have made you do already. Last night, while the speeches were going on, I could have had you down on the floor, sucking the cock of every man at our table..."

He didn't need to expand any further. The picture was already forming in her mind. She could see herself crawling to each of James' football-playing friends in turn, unzipping him beneath the table and taking his cock into her mouth, sucking greedily 'til he came. She could almost feel the thick folds of the linen tablecloth surrounding her, and taste each man as she fed him between her lips. It seemed such an enticing prospect, so why did she hesitate to say yes?

"But why would you want to give me away like that?" Liz asked, struggling to make sense of Neil's desires.

"Because I can," he replied. "Because I like to watch my slave with other men. You can't believe how much it turned me on to watch Tom licking your pussy last night. I could tell you were enjoying every minute of it. And I refuse to believe that was just because you thought it was me doing it, because you certainly seemed to like playing with Tom once you knew there were two of us in the room."

Liz held her hands up in a gesture of mock-surrender. "You've got me there. I suppose I'm just so used to men who want to be in an exclusive relationship, anything else seems a little strange."

"The relationship would still be between you and me, Elizabeth." Neil was firm on the point. "I might choose to give you to other men, but in the end, you would always be mine. All I ask is that you trust me."

She had given him her trust so freely last night. Had given him her heart, too, if he only knew it. But everything seemed to be moving so fast. She felt as though she'd stepped onto a merry-go-round, whirling her around at a giddy speed, and she needed to step off again so she could think clearly.

"Can I take some time to think about this?" she asked.

"Of course," he said, though he sounded a little disappointed that she hadn't immediately agreed to his proposal. "Take all the time you want. You never have to ask my permission to make your own decisions. And you were right. We should be getting back now."

Hand in hand, they made their way back down towards Greater Endover village. Neil helped guide Liz over a couple of stiles, as he'd done on their ascent, and each time she delighted in the feel of his arms around her, and the easy confidence of his movements.

Everything about being with this man felt so right, so why was she was still afraid to take the final step of giving herself to him utterly, and letting him become her perfect master?

* * * *

Liz hoped things would become clearer on the way home. Neil had completed all his work on the journey from London, so his laptop was safely stowed away, giving them time to talk. However, he didn't even attempt to raise the subject of Liz becoming his submissive. Instead, he turned the conversation to the book she'd brought to read on the train, when she hadn't realised that Neil would decide how she passed her time in his company. He was keen to find out more about her taste in fiction, then music and films. They seemed to have a surprising amount in common, though Neil professed a love for jazz, something Liz had always hated.

"It's always the little differences that keep a relationship interesting," Neil commented. "Though if I had you cuffed to my bed, you'd have no choice but to listen to whatever music I liked."

It was as close as he came to reminding Liz that she should take him as her master. She couldn't help but respect him for not forcing the matter, even though he must have been desperately hoping for her to agree.

When they said their goodbyes at St. Pancras, Neil took Liz in his arms and dropped a soft kiss on the top of her head. "We'll speak when you've made your decision," he said. "And know that whatever you decide, I'll abide by it."

Liz watched him walk away, wondering why she didn't just call him back and let him know how much she needed him? It was breaking her heart to watch him disappear into the crowd. She still couldn't quite work out how she had found herself in this position. All she had originally wanted to do was save face in front of James and his fiancée, show her ex-boyfriend she wasn't some sad singleton who couldn't move on with her life. She realised how ridiculous this piece of subterfuge had been, yet without it, Neil would never have entered her life. And now she was in danger of letting him slip out of it.

Everything was telling her that Neil was the right man for her. Only her fear of stepping into the unknown was holding her back.

Back in her flat, settled on the couch with a mug of hot chocolate, she almost reached for a pad so she could jot down the pros and cons of letting Neil master her. It was her favourite way of resolving difficult decisions, but in the end, she let the pad and paper lie untouched, knowing in her heart there was really nothing to resolve.

* * * *

For once, she couldn't discuss what was happening with Tina. Normally, if one of them was having man trouble they would talk about the problem over coffee and cake. But this was different. Tina was Neil's friend and flatmate. Perhaps she had already asked him how the weekend had gone. If she had, how much had he told her? Obviously Tina already knew that Neil was looking for a submissive lover. That must have been the reason why things had never developed between the two of them long-term, since Tina really didn't strike Liz as the submissive type. Though she would have said that about herself until that night in the Candy Bar, when Neil had first tapped the potential lurking within her, and had shown her just how much she needed to be with a man who took control of her, in bed and beyond.

"Is everything okay, Liz?" Tina asked, as they were eating lunch the following day.

Liz had been unusually indecisive when it came to selecting her sandwich. She couldn't admit it to Tina, but she already missed the way Neil would make those choices for her. *If he was my master, she thought, he'd tell me what to have for lunch every day.*

"Oh, I was in a meeting that went on forever," she replied.

Tina made sympathetic noises.

"I couldn't wait to get out by the end."

It was partly true. The charity had acquired Templar House, a former office building on a side street just off the City Road, with the aim of turning it into a day centre for the area's rough sleepers. Now, they were discussing the costs involved in making the necessary renovations, and Liz had been called to spend half a morning sitting in on the meeting when she had more important work to be doing.

Though the meeting didn't seem quite so much of a waste when Gavin Brogan, the charity's head of operations, came bowling into Liz's office later that afternoon.

"Drop everything," he told her. "I need you to prioritise the work that's being done on Templar House. We need a release on the latest development as soon as possible."

"And that development is?" Liz asked, reaching for the notepad she'd been scribbling information in during the meeting. She was used to the big Irishman's perpetually enthusiastic nature, such a vital asset in helping the charity's staff feel they were making a difference with the work they did, but now he seemed almost wired with energy.

"It's actually a fantastic piece of news. The architect we approached to work on the redesign of the building has offered us his services for nothing."

"That is good news." Liz flipped rapidly through her notes. "But I don't seem to have a note of the architect's name."

"It's Neil Stafford, at Barlow and Keane. Comes across as a nice guy, from all the dealings I've had with him. And he seems really keen to help us out on this."

She tried to keep her expression neutral. "That doesn't surprise me. He's a good friend of Tina Ashford in Human Resources, so he's bound to know about all the work we do here. He's probably been looking for an excuse to get involved."

"Maybe we should find out whether anyone on the staff is friends with a building contractor, see if they can do us a favour, too," Gavin quipped.

"It shouldn't be hard to get some background on Stafford from Tina," Liz assured him. "I should be able to have something ready to go by lunchtime tomorrow."

"I want more than background." Gavin had perched himself on the corner of Liz's desk and was playing with the stress ball James had given her as a jokey present when they'd first started dating. "I want to get the press interested in the story. Which is why he's cleared some time for you to go over and interview him. He's expecting you at half-past four."

Typical of the man, Liz thought. Telling me where to go and what to do, as always. She could hardly hide her excitement at the thought of being in Neil's presence again. Once Gavin had given her Neil's office address and left her to organise herself, she gathered up her coat and bag. On the way out of the office, she slipped into the ladies' toilets so she could remove her panties, remembering Neil's explicit instructions on the subject of her underwear. Then, recalling another of his rules, she turned on her heel and walked straight out again.

* * * *

Barlow and Keane were based in a modern development of glass-fronted buildings close to the Regent's Canal, just a few minutes' taxi ride from Liz's office. If she'd had more

time, she would have walked the relatively short distance, but Neil always expected her to be punctual.

She announced herself to the pert, red-haired receptionist, who told her to take the lift to the second floor, where Neil would be waiting for her. Checking her reflection in the mirrored wall of the lift, Liz tidied a few stray strands of hair and unbuttoned an extra button on her pale blue blouse.

Stepping out of the lift, she came face-to-face with Neil. Dressed from head to foot in black, he was so handsome, so self-assured that her heart lurched. She felt breathless just looking at him, and her pussy grew hot and wet.

"Elizabeth, come through to my office."

His tone was light enough, but she knew he was issuing a command. She followed him down the corridor into a small office that looked out directly on to the canal. Even with the overhanging trees bare of leaves and the water the same drab grey shade as the November sky, it was still an inspiring view.

He told her to hang her coat on the coat stand in the corner, but before she could take a seat, he added, "Raise your skirt for me, please."

"I'm sorry, I thought I was here to discuss your part in the Templar House project," Liz replied, even though she'd been prepared for something like this to happen.

"All in due course. I told you how I expected you to behave during the weekend, and even though this might be business, those rules still apply. So – raise your skirt."

"What if someone comes in?" Liz asked anxiously, imagining Neil's secretary – if he had one – popping her head round the door to ask whether she would like tea.

"No one will," Neil assured her. "And even if they did, I'd still require you to follow my instructions."

He gazed at her expectantly, and she slowly raised the hem of her skirt so that first the tops of her stockings, then the band of soft flesh above them came into view.

"A little higher, please, Elizabeth."

She hiked up her skirt another couple of inches, so Neil could see the white lacy triangle covering her pussy.

His brown eyes burned fiercely into her. "I thought I told you never to wear panties when you were with me."

"You also said that if I disobeyed your instructions, you'd have to punish me."

Neil's face broke into a grin. "Ah, now it all makes sense. You deliberately wore them so I could peel them down before I spanked your bare bottom. Clever girl. But so much for wanting to discuss business."

"Won't we have time for that afterwards?" Liz fought to keep a tremor out of her voice. The relish in Neil's description of her proposed punishment was causing her pussy to flood with juice.

"Oh, we'll have time for a lot of things." Neil pulled his sturdy chair out from behind the desk and positioned it in the centre of the room. He sat on it, then patted his lap. "Now, come here and let me show you what I do to naughty girls who disobey my rules."

Liz was surprised to find her legs trembled as she walked over to him. She thought back to her experiments with her own hairbrush and the half-hearted spanking she had given herself. Neil, she sensed, had much more experience in these matters, and though she trusted him to stay within her limits, as he'd done before, she wondered what she'd let herself in for.

Feeling a little foolish, she arranged herself over his lap. As she got into place, she noticed there already seemed to be a prominent bulge in his suit trousers.

Without ceremony, he hitched up her skirt, tucking the hem into the waistband. Liz was sure anyone who walked past and glanced in through the glass panel in the office door would see her bottom on display, barely covered by her skimpy underwear.

Neil smoothed his big hand over the curves of her arse, gently caressing her. "Such a beautiful bottom," he crooned. "Just made to be spanked."

The first slap, when it came, was nothing like Liz had expected. It was a light tap, followed by a couple more that lulled her into thinking her punishment wouldn't be so bad. Then he adjusted her panties so the material was pushed into the cleft between her cheeks before spanking her in earnest, with sharp, upward strokes. They stung, and Liz bit back a cry, not wanting to alert anyone in the next office to what was being done to her.

"Sh," Neil soothed. "This will soon be over, I promise you. But not before—"

As he spoke, he tugged her panties down, throwing them into the waste paper bin. Now her bottom was completely bare, and Neil took a moment to play a fingertip over the flesh his slaps had reddened, before skimming lower to touch her pussy.

"Mmm, nice and wet," he commented, bringing his finger close to Liz's face so she could see her juices shining on it. "Is this turning you on, Elizabeth?"

Cheeks crimsoning with shame, Liz admitted that it was. Even though the slaps were painful when they landed, the pain slowly ebbed away, replaced by a warm, pleasurable glow. In truth, Liz had been turned on from the moment she'd stepped out of the lift to see Neil waiting for her.

Neil's hand slipped between her legs again, stroking her pussy 'til she wriggled on his lap, feeling an orgasm building deep in her belly.

"Not just yet," Neil chided her. "We haven't quite finished with your spanking."

With that, he resumed his loving assault on her bottom, spanking her more slowly and deliberately this time. Her nerves were on edge, not knowing when and where the next blow would fall. To her disbelief, the uncertainty only added to her arousal.

Eventually, she whimpered and begged him to stop. "Please, master. I just can't take anymore."

Neil pushed her hair out of her eyes. "You did so well there. And you wouldn't believe how delicious your bottom looks, carrying the imprints of my palm."

She almost wished there was a mirror in the office, so she could see what he meant. She felt as though she was wearing the marks as a badge of honour, evidence of her willing submission to her dominant lover.

While she ran her fingers over her hot, tender flesh, Neil went to his desk and fished out an unopened packet of condoms from his drawer.

"I only bought them at lunchtime—just in case," he explained, seeing Liz's startled expression. "Don't worry, I don't make a habit of fucking women in my office. I'm normally the model of discretion, but something about you brings out the devil in me." His tone changed, became authoritative once more. "Now, over my desk."

Still with her skirt tucked in on itself, giving Neil a stunning view of her recently punished arse, Liz did as her master commanded, arranging herself over the end of the desk. Without needing to be told, she spread her legs widely, getting ready for him. Resisting the temptation to look behind her, she heard his zip sliding down and the rustling as he donned the condom. Then he was behind her, his cock seeking entry.

He slid up into her with ease, groaning as she welcomed him into her hot, wet core. For a moment, he held still, reacquainting himself with her body as though it had been much longer than a couple of days since they'd last been together. Neil reached for her breasts, squeezing them through her clothes.

"Such gorgeous little nipples," he murmured. "So sensitive, so responsive. They'd look beautiful in clamps. Or maybe I should have them pierced, as a mark of my ownership. Imagine if I sent you to work in a tight-fitting top with no bra, so everyone could see the outline of the nipple rings and know I'd had them put there..."

Neil timed his words to short, shallow thrusts of his cock. He always seemed to know just what to say to push her rapidly towards a climax, but when it became evident how close she was to coming, Neil pulled back.

"Oh, no, Elizabeth. Not until I say so."

With that, his thrusts doubled in intensity, the twill of his trousers rubbing against her arse cheeks and waking up the nerve endings there all over again. Sensations more powerful than Liz could remember raged to push her into an all-consuming orgasm, yet she knew she couldn't come 'til Neil gave his permission. Holding back was so hard.

"Now, my love. Come for me now," Neil said.

She found herself spinning into a place where there were no words for what she felt, no way to express her gratitude to her master for taking her there. All she could do was slump against the desk until Neil's orgasm subsided, too, then let him spin her round so he could kiss her and tell her how much he loved her.

After that, Liz knew she no longer had any doubts about becoming Neil's submissive. She would always remember the words he'd spoken in those soft, warm moments after sex.

"Elizabeth, I hope you understand now how much you mean to me. I want you to be the last thing I see before I fall asleep, and the first when I wake. I want to give you the space to fly free, knowing you will always come back to me afterwards. I want you to be my slave, my toy, my pet. But most of all I want you to be the love of my life."

All she could reply was, "Yes, master. Oh, yes."

A single tear of gratitude trickled down her cheek, and Neil wiped it away, holding her and grounding her in herself once more.

"So what happens now?" she asked, once she had fully regained control of her emotions.

"Now?" Neil smiled. "Now we have an interview to conduct, I believe." He reached for the phone. "But not on an empty stomach. I'm going to order in pizza. Margarita with fresh green chillies and anchovies for both of us."

It sounded like an odd combination, but Liz was sure it was a taste she would come to appreciate. She still had so much to learn about the amazing man who was now dropping a couple of words of Italian into the conversation with whoever was on the other end of the phone. Every day would bring fresh revelations, new challenges and endless ways to find an excuse to be punished. A wicked grin spread across her face as she wondered whether surreptitiously picking the anchovies off her pizza would be a good place to start.

About the Author

Elizabeth Coldwell is the author of numerous short stories and two full-length novels, 'Calendar Girl' and 'Playing The Field'. Her stories have appeared in the best-selling 'Best Women's Erotica' series and Black Lace's popular 'Wicked Words' collections. Formerly the editor of the UK edition of Forum magazine, she also contributed a spicy monthly column, 'The Cougar Chronicles', to its pages. When she is not busy writing, she is an avid supporter of Rotherham United Football Club and can be regularly found on the terraces at weekends, cheering her boys to victory (hopefully!).

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