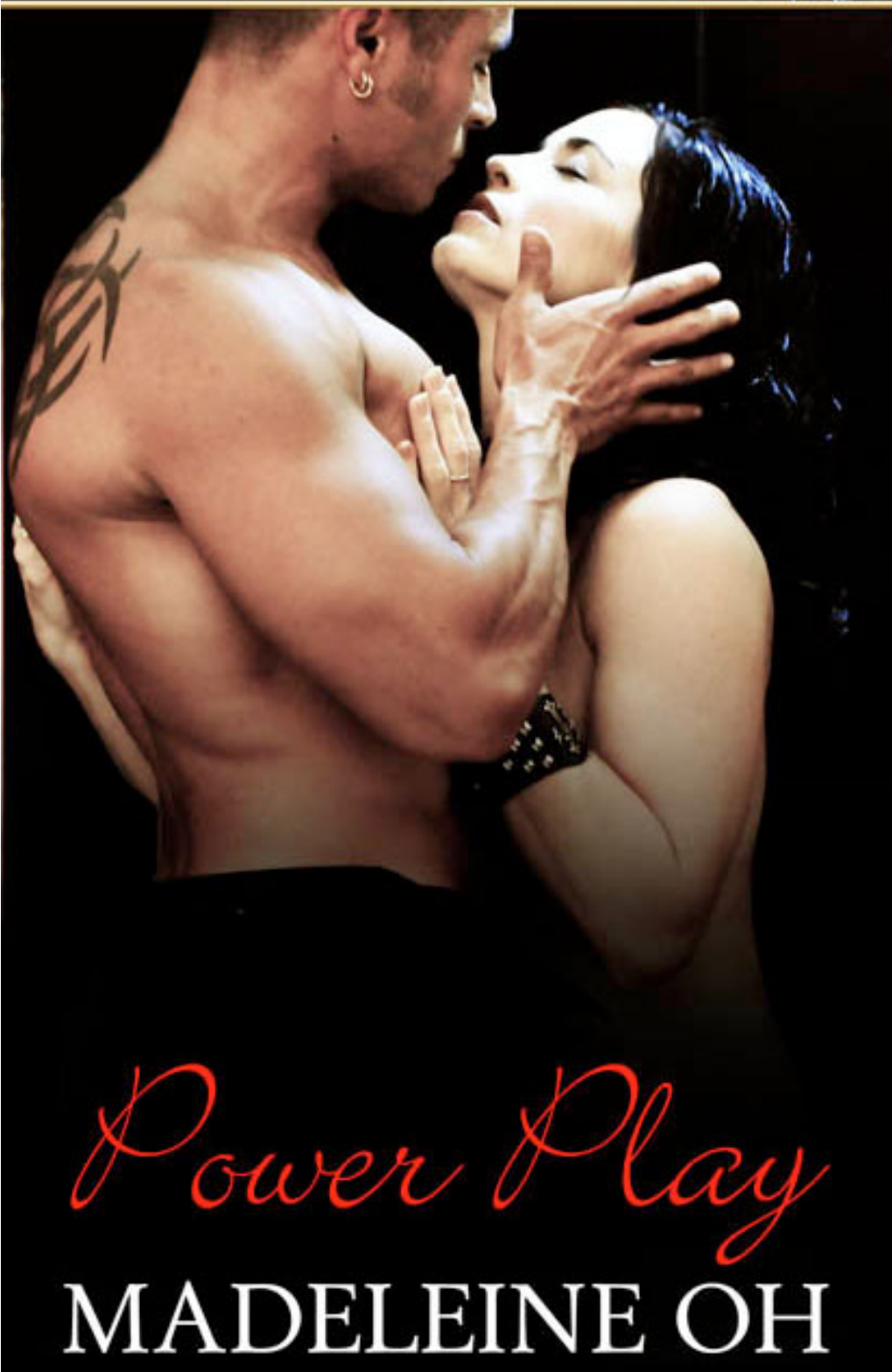


ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO



Power Play

MADELEINE OH

Power Play

Madeleine Oh

Annie's dominant lover, Mark, gives her Tom Baldwin, the TV actor heartthrob and fellow submissive, as a birthday present. Annie has plans for Tom, but the best laid plans can derail – in extreme and satisfying directions.

Ellora's Cave Publishing



www.ellorascave.com

Power Play

ISBN 9781419930737

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Power Play Copyright © 2002 Madeleine Oh

Edited by Mary Moran

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication 2002

The terms Romantica® and Quickies® are registered trademarks of Ellora's Cave Publishing.

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, this book may not be reproduced or used in whole or in part by any means existing without written permission from the publisher, Ellora's Cave Publishing, Inc.® 1056 Home Avenue, Akron OH 44310-3502.

Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be scanned, uploaded or distributed via the Internet or any other means, electronic or print, without the publisher's permission. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000. (<http://www.fbi.gov/ipr/>). Please purchase only authorized electronic or print editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted material. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, or places, events or locales is purely coincidental. The characters are productions of the author's imagination and used fictitiously.

POWER PLAY

Madeleine Oh

Chapter One

"There you are!" Claudine spread soothing oil on Annie's newly-waxed pussy, her fingers felt cool against the sensitized flesh. "Looks beautiful, if I say so myself. All set for your birthday Saturday night?"

Was she? It had seemed a brilliant idea at the time. "I think so." Too wishy-washy, this was a one-time professional dominatrix she was talking to. "Yes, I'm ready. Is Tom?"

Claudine let out a deep throaty chuckle. "Don't worry, Annie. Tom will be ready when I tell him." Annie didn't doubt it. Seeing how Tom Baldwin, the heartthrob of half the female viewing population, followed his mistress's wishes, had been as much an education as Annie's own tutelage in submission from her lover, Mark. Claudine eyed her handiwork critically. "How is it feeling?"

"Easing off." Now the hurt was fading, the slow tingle she remembered from last time built with each sweep of Claudine's fingers. Before, Claudine eased everything by giving Annie a climax, but now...

"Good!" Claudine stepped back. "Sorry, Annie," she said, as Annie sighed with disappointment. "Mark was most specific. No helping you out this time." Why was she not surprised? He, no doubt, wanted her panting for it by the time he got home.

When Claudine left the small room, Annie dressed, deliberately leaving off her panties and stuffing them in her handbag. Not purely out of deference to Mark's rules—she was still on her way home from work after all—but because the constant caress of the soft, well-washed cotton against her newly-denuded, and ultra-sensitive pussy, would drive her batty.

"See you Saturday," Claudine said, as Annie emerged, dressed, and hoping she looked far more composed than she felt. "Tom will be ready for you, I promise."

Annie only hoped she would be.

Try as she might, as she drove home through the early evening, Annie couldn't get her mind off the warm glow in her nether regions. Aching for it was the literal truth! If Mark hadn't specifically prohibited it, she'd be grabbing her trusty her vibrator the minute she got home.

As it was...

She stopped at the Fish and Chip shop in the village and bought a portion of doner kebab. She was back in the car and turning into the lane leading to her cottage, before the oddness of that hit her. The village chippie had changed—and so had she. She might still be called 'Cast-Iron Cavendish' behind her back by the children at school, but her journey into submission with Mark had been as unexpected, as it was thrilling. The headmaster, who only yesterday complimented her on her classroom discipline and her fellow teachers, who admired her knack of dealing with recalcitrant students, would never dream that at a word or nod from her lover, she would strip naked and kneel at this feet, offering herself for their mutual pleasure.

Just thinking about that was a rotten idea. Her pussy throbbed with an anticipation that was not going to get assuaged any time soon. Maybe a cold shower would work. It supposedly did for adolescents with raging hormones.

The cold shower left her shivering with goosebumps over every centimeter of her body. Annie turned on the hot water full blast until the bathroom steamed up, adjusted the temperature to bearable, and stood under the warming spray. For good measure she washed her hair, dried herself and her damp hair, and pulled on well-worn and washed-soft sweats and sheepskin slippers. If she didn't look sexy or alluring, maybe she wouldn't feel so randy.

She poured a glass of wine. Deciding to indulge herself she laid a place in her tiny dining room, using her grandmother's silver and one of the three antique Wedgewood plates she'd found in a market stall a few months back. Mehmet's doner kebab wasn't

exactly fillet steak but after a long day at school, and a session with Claudine and hot wax, it was as welcome as a feast.

She'd taken three mouthfuls and two tastes of wine, when the phone rang.

It was Mark.

"Can't talk now, love," he said, his voice clear, despite the buzz of traffic in the background, "I'm in a taxi. Meeting just finished. Be at your computer at eight your time."

"All right."

"Be ready!"

He broke the connection. She still had almost an hour. Plenty of time for a leisurely dinner and a second glass of wine, if she fancied it. But what she really fancied was Mark. Just imagining Mark's deep blue eyes gazing at her as she stood naked before him, sent her pussy purring.

Yeah! And right now she'd better finish dinner, clean up, grade the papers she'd brought home, and get finished by eight.

At least she didn't have to dress up. She knew, without Mark telling her, he expected her to be naked.

* * * * *

"Annie, are you naked?" Mark's question appeared in the screen in a string of flickering letters.

She pictured his fingers depressing each key just seconds before the letter appeared in her screen. "Yes, Mark."

"Wearing your collar?"

"Yes." Just! She'd almost forgotten and had zipped back to her dressing table to fasten it on while she watched the screen for his first message to appear.

"Good! If you'd forgotten, I'd have to punish you when I return, and I'd much rather fuck you."

She wouldn't argue with that. "When will you be back? I was at Claudine's spa this afternoon and she asked. I told her Friday."

"So you went."

"Of course. You asked me to."

"You do everything I ask, don't you Annie?"

Her throat tightened at that. Good thing she didn't have to speak. "Yes, Mark."

"You keep your lovely pussy waxed, just to please me, don't you?"

"Yes, but it pleases me too." Had she really typed that? Yes! And meant it.

"How, Annie?"

She hesitated as her body quickened. "I like the way my knickers rub my bare flesh, and..."

"You wore knickers, Annie? What about my rules?"

"Not after I left the spa, Mark. But I will tomorrow, when I go to school, and they will feel like a slow caress against my bare pussy. It keeps me thinking of you."

An emoticon :-) appeared on the screen. "Anything else it does to you? "

"Reminds me I'm yours." Her chest tightened, as she read words she barely remembered typing.

"Yes, you are, aren't you, my love? Now's your chance to show me, and if you please me, you'll get rewarded."

What now? The screen stayed blank several moments. Of course! It was her turn to reply. "I'll do my best."

"I know. On your knees!"

How in the name of sanity was this going to work? On her knees, her keyboard was at eye level. Her touch typing wasn't that good! She reached up and pulled the keyboard down on the carpet in front of her. That worked fine, but she'd give herself

whiplash between the screen on her desk and the keyboard on the floor. There had to be a better way... "Just a moment, please, Mark."

"What's the matter?"

"Keyboard complications!" What now? She had it! Annie put her keyboard on the seat of her desk chair. She could comfortably type and watch the monitor at the same time. "I've got it now."

"You'll be getting it in a while, if you please me, Annie. Are your thighs open?"

Dear heaven, Mark! Were they? Annie spread her knees wider. She could only manage so far before her thigh muscles protested. "As wide as I can get them."

"Good, my love. Now, slowly, as nothing tonight is to be hurried, caress your left nipple." Three gentle circles with her finger and the nipple was hard and ready, and her heartbeat racing. Annie shut her eyes, imagining it was Mark's touch not her own. "Is it hard yet?"

"Yes."

"Good. Open the bottom left drawer of your desk."

Where she kept spare paper for the printer? Why? Annie nudged along on her knees and pulled the drawer open. Her purple suede pussy whip—the flogger Mark gave her soon after they met—sat on the topmost pack of heavyweight super white. She shivered, remembering the kiss of the slim thongs on her flesh. Did Mark expect her to whip herself? Surely not? Why not? Could she? Could she not? She was already wet between her legs, just looking at the narrow curled tails of soft suede that either stung or caressed depending on the force behind Mark's arm. Remembering Mark, Annie glanced up at her monitor.

"ANNIE?"

"Yes?"

"You obeyed, I hope. What did you find?"

“Our pussy whip.” Her heart thudded. The whip was ‘theirs’ — his to wield, and hers to receive.

“You’re distracted, Annie. Concentrate. What else is there?”

Four packs of paper was the wrong answer. She brushed aside the suede thongs, to find nipple clamps, her mouth going dry as she stared at the shiny metal. “Nipple cramps” she typed, barely taking her eyes off them.

“Pay attention, Annie!” Mark replied. “But I’m sure they will cramp! Take one, make sure your left nipple is as hard as you can make it, and clamp it.”

It wasn’t the putting on, it was the rush of sensation when they came off, she hated, and Mark knew it. Annie frowned at the clamp in the palm of her hand, and closed her damp fist. Her nipple didn’t need any more hardening, but she took the time to warm the clamp, to make the going on easier. The pinch of the metal she felt deep in her pussy. As the sharp sting in her nipple eased to an achy numbness, she took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. “It’s on, Mark.”

“Wonderful, Annie. If I parted your lovely cunt lips, I’d see you damp and ready. Wouldn’t I?”

“Yes.”

“Good. I’ll reward you for that...later. Now, what do you think I’ll ask next?”

“To put on the other clamp?” Hell, why did she suggest it? One was more than enough.

“Not yet! But I’m happy to see you so eager. Just one for now. I want you to savor the different sensations in your nipples. How does the left feel?”

“Aching and burning, it’s not fully numb yet.”

“Good! How about the other one?”

“It’s tingling too.” Didn’t make sense but it was: a slow, not unpleasant, throb.

“And your pussy?”

"Wet." Her fingers trembled as she typed. She was ready, and Mark would make her wait.

"Wonderful! I love you, Annie. Remember your safe word?"

"Yes, Annette Sophia Cavendish."

"How was school today?"

"All right. No panics. No unsanctioned fire drills, like last week. But I did get volunteered to do the Christmas Play."

"LOL! What are you doing?"

"The head wanted Amahl and the Night Visitors, but since Bill Waite who used to do the music has gone, I said that was beyond me. So we're doing the Christmas Carol, lots of extra parts, so we can have umpteen kids in it."

"Squeeze your other nipple as hard as you can." How like Mark to switch from Scrooge and Ghosts of Christmas to nipple torture! But with only the slightest hesitation, Annie pinched her right nipple between thumb and index finger. "Pull your nipple out," Mark typed. Annie stretched the sensitive flesh. "Now put on the other clamp." She gritted her teeth as the felt-padded teeth closed down.

The ache was at least even now, but her pussy was positively tingling.

What next? Annie took a couple deep breaths, exhaled slowly, and typed, "What should I do now, Mark."

There were no other clips, and no clothes pegs either, but the soft tresses of her flogger almost sang to her. She wanted their caress, and the slow, warm sting that followed. She needed to feel the bite on her skin, and the moist response between her legs. She ached for the wild climax that would follow, when Mark ordered her to come. And she was stuck on her knees, alone, with Mark on the other side of the English Channel.

"Annie?"

"Yes."

"Pick up the whip..." Annie reached out – turning her shoulders slowly so as not to jiggle her breasts and set the clamps pulling – and closed her hand over the smooth, suede-covered handle. She swiveled back equally carefully, and saw the end of Mark's order, "...and do exactly what I tell you."

"Yes, Mark."

"You are forbidden to come until I give the word."

Quite literally! Resisting the temptation to ask what he wanted, Annie waited, the whip loose in her hand, the tresses hanging slack by her thighs, and her nipples numb from the clips. Her breath came smooth and even but her heart raced with anticipation.

"Are you holding the whip in your right hand?"

"Yes."

"Trail it down your left arm. Slowly." Soft as a caress she stroked her skin with the suede thongs, raising goose bumps, and heightening awareness of her body and her needs. "Now the right arm." She switched hands, and obeyed. "Down between your breasts to just below your navel. No lower!" It was hard to stop. A couple more inches and the soft tresses would tease the top of her slit. Mark would never know...but she would. She stopped, brushing the ends against her belly. "Repeat that. Twice."

Not hard to obey. Except her breath was catching and her heart beating faster than ever. "Stroke the front of your thighs...the backs." Harder, but no hardship. Her skin tingled with the touch of suede on flesh, and her cunt flowed with anticipation. Mark didn't let her down. "Back and forth between your legs."

Little moans accompanied the soft tails catching her sensitized flesh. She slowed her hand, as the wild spirals of arousal heightened and rushed her mind.

Whip still in hand, she typed. "I'm conning!"

"Not until you learn to spell, Annie!"

Groaning, Annie dropped the darn whip on the carpet, and typed, "I'm coming!"

"Yes, love. I'm not surprised. I know how that arouses you. But not until I give you permission."

A slow, agonized sound rose from deep in her belly. But she waited. Mark's orders came slow and certain. More caresses with suede. Four slaps on her back, two over each shoulder, stinging but arousing her all the more. "Now. Slow as you know how, down across your breasts...your belly, tease your cunt just a little more. Stop! Count to seven and resume."

His orders continued: words chasing phrases across the screen. The pace quickened. Annie panted, a soft sheen of sweat gathering on her naked body. A stroke across her breast caught one clamp, eliciting a yelp, but on she followed, Mark's directions increasing her need, and peaking her arousal. Sighs accompanied each touch of the whip. Annie whimpered, flicking the soft tresses against her now open, and ready, pussy. How much longer?

"Nearly ready, Annie?"

"Yes." It took all her concentration to type three letters.

"Good. Yank off those clamps."

Biting her lip, she braced for the sting of returning circulation. "Up your thighs with the whip, down, and back, again, again." She obeyed, panting, sighing and sweating until the long awaited words appeared. "Come, Annie! Come for me!"

Before the last word appeared, her mind leapt: soaring to ecstasy as, with a great ripple of pleasure, her body convulsed, her knees gave way, and she ended up a tangled, sweaty heap on the carpet.

"All right, Annie?"

How long those last two words sat on the screen, she had no idea. Could have been an hour while her body climaxed and her mind raced. "Yes, Mark," she typed with shaking hands. "I love you."

"Mutual, my love," he typed. "Now go to bed."

Holding onto the chair, she managed to stand, but barely remembered to shut down her computer, before curling up under her duvet. She was alone, but not lonely. Her body still thrummed with the joy of Mark's power, and the thrill of a bone-weakening climax.

She had no trouble sleeping.

Chapter Two

"Doing anything special for your birthday, Annie?"

Annie smiled at Jim, the new History teacher, who'd insisted a crowd of them stop off at a local pub and buy Annie a drink to celebrate. She also suspected he was angling for a chance to ask her out.

She took a sip of her gin and tonic. "I'm spending the weekend with some friends in London."

"Give up, Jim," Sally-who-taught-Art said, "Annie's heart is taken."

"Drat!" He sounded half-downcast, half-joking. "I planned a weekend of passion, Annie. I'd have wine and dine you."

"Mark's going to do that." And maybe tie her up, and whip her, to say nothing of what she'd be doing with Tom. Jim couldn't compete.

"By the look on your face, you're hoping for more than wine and dine." Sally grinned.

"Maybe, but I've no intention of sharing!"

"Pooh!" Sally tipped her glass and drank. "You'd better tell all on Monday."

When pigs did needlepoint!

As she drove home, Annie's mind swung between the bantering of her colleagues—who'd no doubt have strokes if they knew an nth part of it—and the reality of Mark. But, where once she'd felt torn, even split in two by the opposing tugs of her life, now she longed for Mark and the erotic torture at his hands. Heck, she didn't even need his hands! She'd climaxed at seeing his command as a line of text on the screen. Just thinking about it made her knickers damp. Mark's rule of not wearing them made

sense, but she'd be home soon and have them off. He'd call her when he got in, and tomorrow they'd be together, until the time came for Tom.

She wriggled against the seat at that thought. She liked Tom, incredible as it seemed, he was a pal, but that didn't stop her from indulging in the fantasies shared by half the female viewing population. But in two short weeks the past summer, she'd learned far more about Tom Baldwin than his legions of swooning admirers could ever imagine. She'd also come face to face with her own sexual needs. At the time she'd been confused and torn, but now she'd happily come to terms with her own submissive needs and Mark was only too happy to satisfy them. Heck, he'd recognized them before she knew they existed.

At the thought of her lover, she grinned, a man who could give her a mind-shattering climax over cyberspace, was a man to keep.

It was only after she got home and curled up with a book for the evening, that doubts attacked her: What in the name of sanity was she going to do tomorrow?

In a fit of pique and, she had to admit, a smidgen of illicit fascination, she'd asked for Tom for her birthday, expecting to get a rise out of Mark, and maybe shock him. Instead, she received what she asked for...almost. Mark and Claudine's only stipulation was that they orchestrate the scene. Hardly surprising really, she could hardly expect two dominants to hand over all the controls. But what was she going to do? Follow the script they wrote for her, of course. She'd just like to get to read it before tomorrow. But...wasn't 'trust' Mark's watchword? She'd trusted him so far, she would over this. She relished the thought of once again laying into Tom's broad shoulders and firm butt, and the thought of an undisturbed fuck wasn't half bad.

She still wondered at Mark's ready acquiescence, but he'd handed her over to John, and seemed the least jealous of any man she'd ever know. Non-jealous but utterly possessive, and how she enjoyed being owned.

They chose a definitely unfashionable restaurant—for good reason. The last thing Tom Baldwin wanted was gossip columnists speculating on his dinner companions. The ambiance was cramped and noisy, but the food in the little restaurant was marvelous. Or rather the aromas of spices, garlic, cheese, and baking were marvelous. Annie ate virtually nothing. Her antipasti went back almost untouched, prompting the waiter to inquire if everything was all right, and now she toyed with her veal.

“Eat up, Annie!” Tom said with a grin. “You’ll need your strength!”

That, she didn’t doubt. But she wasn’t likely to get it from Saltimbocca ala Romagna.

She’d managed a couple of bites, had even tasted them, when Claudine said, “Mark, you’ve got to tell her. Annie’s too worried to eat.”

Mark paused, as if to consider the option, but shook his head. “No, we agreed to share the particulars over dessert. Annie can wait that long.” He did, however, reach over and squeeze her hand. “Trust me Annie, what we have orchestrated, you can do.” His ‘trust me’ worked, almost like a magic charm. If he had confidence, why did she doubt herself?

“It’s Tom we’re wondering about,” Claudine said, a smile twitching the corner of her mouth. She looked sideways at her submissive. “What about it,, Tom?”

“You know I can, Boss. Or you wouldn’t allow me.”

Claudine nodded. “Don’t disappoint Annie, Tom. She’s got her hopes up!”

Given Tom’s long years of experience, Annie momentarily wondered about Claudine’s doubts. Seemed more likely she’d be the one disappointing. Heck she still didn’t know what scene Mark and Claudine had planned, but a smile from Mark reassured Annie utterly. She could control a classroom of wiggly ten-year-old boys, and even in an earlier job, a couple of dozen hormone-crazed teenagers, she could surely control one, solitary sex-symbol. She took another bite of veal and speared an asparagus tip.

“Looks a bit phallic doesn’t it, Annie?” Tom asked with a grin.

She gave him her best ‘witchy teacher’ look and he grinned wider. This was not going to be the same. But his smile and the wicked light in his eyes did restore her appetite.

She took care of the veal and her tiramisu, but almost snorted her espresso across the table onto Claudine when Mark said, “Annie, I’m counting on your utter submission to Tom.”

She gratefully took the napkin Mark handed her. After wiping her mouth and nose, she looked over the edge of the crisp line and up at her lover. “That wasn’t what I asked for!”

“You asked for Tom for a night.” Smug was not the word for the look on his face.

“I meant to dominate him. I thought you knew that!”

“Yes,” he agreed, “but you’ll do far better as a submissive. Claudine and I talked this over – at length as it happens – and decided this suited you much better. “

The fact she’d had the same thought didn’t help. “Mark, you knew exactly what I wanted!”

“Yes, love. But this is what I’ve planned. You don’t have to agree, you know that. But if you do go with Tom, he tops.”

Annie took a deep breath, carefully not looking in Tom’s direction. “I think I need another espresso.” She really needed a very stiff drink, but needed a clear head even more.

“Will that really help you decide?” Claudine asked.

“No, but it will buy me a little time while I panic quietly.”

“Why panic?” Tom asked. He spoke so quietly that she instinctively leaned forward to hear him. “I know your limits. Mark and Claudine just about beat them into me!”

Annie’s mouth went dry at the thought of Tom, naked, his tanned skin glistening with sweat, strong arms stretched over his head as he hung from the ceiling, and Mark

and Claudine alternately hitting him as they grilled him. She swallowed. Slowly. "When did they beat you?"

"Alternate evenings for the last two weeks. It was a relief when Mark went off to Brussels. Gave me a bit of a break, or would have if Claudine hadn't made up for it. She and Mark have it all laid out." Her reached across and took her hand. "Trust me, Annie. I memorized every limit on your list. I won't give you more than you want. But I promise not to disappoint you."

She needed a week to go home and consider this new twist. She didn't even have fifteen minutes.

Options? Clear as the sparkling water she'd sipped throughout dinner. Two choices: to go with Tom or not. She was free to refuse, and forever wonder what she'd missed. "You promise you won't disappoint?"

Tom raised three fingers to the dark curl that hung over his forehead. "Scout's honor!"

"Were you really a Boy Scout?"

"Hell, yes! I'll have you know I was a patrol leader: the Wolf patrol. "

She didn't even try to hold back the chuckle at the image of Tom in khaki shorts and lanyard. "Aptly named!"

"Yes! I plan to eat you alive."

"This has rather changed my plans. I have my lovely suede whip in Mark's car."

"It's in my car now." His fingers meshed with hers and squeezed gently. "Coming?"

Annie stood up, and remembered Mark and Claudine were still sipping espresso and Strega. Or had been before Mark got up and smiled. "I'll see you to the door. I want to make sure you get safely away."

Annie walked through the restaurant in a fog. It was really happening! She glanced sideways at Mark and he smiled, his blue eyes dancing with the same light that

glimmered when he had her trussed and bound. He was enjoying this. Her agreement pleased him. More than pleased! He looked delighted. His giving her to Tom, underscored his ownership. Her heart thudded inside her ribs. "Mark," she whispered as Tom held the door for them to step out onto the street.

Mark kissed her gently, silencing her unspoken question. "Do you want to safeword out?"

"I just wanted to ask when..."

He shook his head. "No, Annie — unless you want to refuse this. You're Tom's, until I reclaim you. Any questions you ask of him." Mark raised her hand and turning it palm up, kissed the soft tender skin before curling her fingers into a closed fist and placing her hand in Tom's. "She's precious and wonderful Tom. Take care of her. Use her well."

Tom's hand closed tightly, grasping her fist in his. "She'll come back to you safe and sound, Mark, but maybe with a few marks on her."

Annie shivered. She opened her mouth to ask what he was marking her with, but Tom pressed her lips closed with his finger. "Hush, Annie! Not a word! Speak when I ask a direct question, otherwise you may only open your lips to take in my cock, or use your safeword."

Anne stared at Mark. He'd never made that rule! She expected him to contradict Tom, but instead he smiled and dropped a soft kiss on her head. "Make me proud."

She felt downright giddy as Tom unlocked the passenger door, and held it open. Her knees wobbled and goosebumps peppered her skin. Mark kissed her: a slow, possessive branding, as his lips opened her mouth and pressed hard and his tongue touched hers. Annie moaned as he pulled her against him and his obvious erection. His hands ruffled her hair as he held her head steady and kissed deeper. She leaned into him, absorbing his scent, his power, and his taste, as her body and mind responded to his embrace. He eased his lips off hers. "Obey Tom, as you would me," he whispered

into her mouth, and before she could even think not to reply, Mark had her in the passenger seat, seat belt tight across her chest, and closed the door.

As she turned to wave goodbye, Tom revved the engine and pulled away from the curb. The curve of the street immediately hid her lover from view.

Chapter Three

She was alone in the dark, with her fantasy, and speeding off to who-knew-where, and as for what awaited when they arrived...

"Are those thigh highs?" Tom asked. "Take them off."

"Yes, they are, and I..."

"Annie, I need obedience, not conversation. Get them off!"

Definitely not the easy-going, submissive Tom! Annie rolled down the fine nylon and had her mouth open to ask what he wanted her to do with them, when she remembered, and waited. He smiled, as if sensing her almost-question, and held out his hand. "I'll take them. They'll come in handy if I need to tie you up."

Whether it was the promise in his words, or the touch of his hand, she'd never know, but her body went into overdrive: wetness gathered between the legs, her heart raced, and her skin tingled at the prospect of Tom binding her wrists and ankles with her cast-off stockings.

How much longer until they reached his flat? Tom lived somewhere in the docklands, Mark had told her. She wanted to ask but bit her lip. If Tom thought she couldn't keep quiet, he was in for a surprise.

"Annie, open the glove compartment, please," Tom said after several minutes, "and take out the blindfold."

How like Mark to be sure Tom had a blindfold! He'd no doubt told him it scared her...and aroused her like nobody's business. Among the notepads, a box of condoms, and a pair of cashmere-lined gloves, Annie found the blindfold: soft black leather lined with black silk. As she pulled it out, and the ribbons on either end brushed her skin, one tail wrapping around her wrist.

Tom said, "Hold onto it. You'll put it on, in a minute. "

Taking a deep breath, Annie leaned back against the leather upholstery and closed her eyes, imagining the brush of silk against her eyelids, the sense of isolation in darkness, and the thrill of the wait for the first kiss of suede, or the sharp sting of a male hand, and the sweet warmth under her skin. Fingers tightening on the leather in her lap, Annie wondered about their destination. They were beyond Putney on the A3. Going away from London. But where?

"My weekend cottage."

Annie almost jumped, and turned to Tom, waiting for more explanation. It wasn't forthcoming. After Mark's habit of eliciting conversation, and encouraging her to talk about everything from difficult parents and her plans for redecorating her kitchen, to her preferred shape of butt plugs, Tom's silence was a strain. Which was no doubt the whole idea.

She'd know exactly where they were going when they got there...until then...Annie shut her eyes and thought about Tom's wonderfully broad cock, and how it would feel, sliding deep into her. The swift, clandestine fuck in the pantry that morning in Cornwall had been far too brief—and too soon interrupted—to fully appreciate Tom Baldwin's male assets. But soon...

"Annie, put on the blindfold." Her fingers trembled but she managed. "Make sure it's snug. Lean back. Get comfortable." The smell of soft leather filled the dark. "Spread your legs. " Her skirt rode up. She tried to smooth it down, but stopped as Tom closed his hand over her wrist. "Ease your skirt up to expose your thighs. Open them wider."

She hoped Tom stayed under the speed limit. If they got stopped for speeding...

They didn't. The car purred south and Annie waited.

The sounds of bluegrass music filled the car. Tom sang along. He had a beautiful voice, with just the right twang. Had he once played blue grass? Hell if she knew! She knew precious little about him really, other than his sexual tastes. She was blindfolded, driving heaven knew where, with a man she barely knew!

She fought off the panic. Mark trusted Tom. So would she.

"Relax, Annie," Tom said, as if reading her mind. As he spoke, her seat eased back. Leaning backwards, legs wide, she was exposed and open, but oddly relaxed. Safe in the leather-lined cocoon of Tom's car, she shut her eyes behind the blindfold, and let her body relax to the sound of Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, and the scent of Tom's Eau Sauvage cologne. Might as well rest while she could. She'd seen enough at parties to know that Tom played hard.

"How do you touch yourself when you masturbate, Annie?"

"What?" she asked, as she came alert enough to process the question. She'd been half-dozing in the dark and quiet.

"You heard, Annie. How do you masturbate?"

She turned towards his voice. Imagining a little smile in the corners of his mouth as the blush rose up from her chin. Thank heavens for the dark! "I don't."

"Never?"

"Not since I've known Mark. I agreed not to. I come when he tells me to." Incredible, but oh, so true. And Mark always made it worth the wait.

"I see," Tom said. Annie hoped it was too dark for him to mean that literally. She was smirking at the memories of her last wild climax. "When was the last time he permitted you to climax?"

"Wednesday."

"This week? He was in Belgium."

"Yes. We instant messaged."

"A cyber climax! Time for some real life sex and submission. Unbutton your shirt and expose your breasts."

She hoped to heaven they were still on the main road. But knew in her heart knew Tom would never ask this while they drove through built up areas. The five pearl buttons were smooth and round. Finding them in the dark wasn't easy against the satin

of her shirt. When she touched them, they slipped out of her fingers. It took forever to undo them all, but she managed, pushing her shirt open so her breasts hung free.

Tom's hand cupped her right breast. He squeezed her nipple. "Hard already! Hot for it aren't you Annie?" He tightened his hold. "Aren't you?" he repeated twisting enough to make her start, but not quite enough to hurt. He wanted an answer. But what? It was an 'any answer is the wrong answer' question. Something Mark delighted in.

"I'm ready to follow your wishes."

"Whatever I ask?"

Her heart slowed for several beats before racing. "Yes," she replied, dry-mouthed. She smiled. Her mouth might have gone dry, but other parts definitely hadn't. Could Tom smell her arousal? How could he not? Her scent filled the car.

If it did, he ignored it. He gave her nipple a last, sharp squeeze as if for luck, and drove on in silence for several minutes.

"I play differently from Mark," Tom said at last.

What was she to make of that? Worry! That was most likely the whole point, and it worked – sort of. She was dying to ask, how? So she took another slow breath.

Behind the blindfold she was lost, isolated, unable to read the signposts, with no way to know how fast Tom drove, or how far they'd come. How long had it been? Ten minutes? Twenty? Could have been an hour. She'd drive herself batty if she went on this way. She let her mind slip. Might as well rest while she could. Once they arrived...

After a while, the car slowed. They veered to the left and went uphill, stopped and turned left. They had to be driving along a country lane. They slowed considerably and were no longer driving straight but turning bends and going round sharp corners. They came to a standstill, turned again and crawled over a bumpy road before stopping.

"Stay there while I unlock and take everything in," Tom said. Cool evening air followed as he opened the door. "I'll come back and get you in a jiffy."

It was a pretty long jiffy before he opened her door, unlatched her seat belt, and helped her to her feet. Taking off the darn blindfold would have made it a whole lot easier, but...

Tom undid it when they got inside. Annie blinked as she looked around. The lights were dim, thoughtful of him, bright lights would have half-blinded her. She stood in a wide room, with an inglenook fireplace, and chintz-covered furniture. Dark red velvet curtains hung at the windows. At one end of the room, a wide, open-tread staircase led to the floor above. At the other end, an open doorway gave onto the kitchen.

Annie looked all around and back again. She'd expected play equipment: a whipping horse perhaps, or the St Andrew's cross Mark's friends, Emma and Alistair brought out for parties...but instead she was standing in a nice, comfortable-looking country cottage.

Maybe Tom had a basement, or an equipped playroom upstairs, that neighbors and non-members of their special circle never saw.

"Like it?" Tom asked as he crossed the room and set a match to the fire.

Seemed more like her great-aunt's house in Rye than the country pad of a closet-kinky actor. "It's lovely."

"It's my secret hidey-hole. The press will never know about it. It's in my married half-sister's name, and I only come here by myself—or with Claudine."

And her. It was enough to give any woman pause. "Have you had it long?" Drat! "Sorry. Broke the rules again."

"Don't worry, at least not for now. We need to chat a bit. I did that in the car to make sure you could respond to me." He grinned. "You responded all right." And still was responding come to that! "Have a seat, look around if you like, and I'll make us some tea."

He had surprising her down to a fine art, but as dry as her mouth was, she was not about to turn down a cup of tea.

While Tom filled the kettle and clinked cups and saucers in the kitchen, Annie wandered over to his bookshelves. Tom read detective stories, science fiction, and kink erotica. Among his collection were most of the titles she'd slowly accumulated over the past few months. He must have loved "Just William", "Stig of the Dump", and "Narnia" as a boy. He still had the battered volumes, some complete with tattered dust covers.

"Here you are: milk, no sugar, right?"

She took the offered mug. "Thanks."

"Have a seat."

The matching chairs on either side of the fire were too much like her own twin chairs where she sat at Mark's feet. She took the sofa. Tom settled on the other end, his elbow resting on the wide arm, his feet propped on the coffee table. They both watched the fire for several seconds. Annie sipped her tea. It was still too hot to drink. "You wanted to talk."

"Right!" Tom nodded. "First, thanks for asking for me for your birthday." He grinned. "Gave my ego no end of a boost."

It was on the tip of her tongue to deny it, but why doubt his sincerity? He might be a national heartthrob, but how many of his adoring fans would be willing to let him tie them up and do who knew what? "We should both thank Mark and Claudine for agreeing."

He shook his head and took a sip of tea. "Listen, Annie, sub to sub talk here, okay? They are both getting a great big charge out of this." Her surprise had to show on her face. He shook his head. "You don't get it, do you? It's like this: Mark hands you to me. That proves he owns you. Gives his dominant soul no end of a boost. They both had the fun of teaching me your limits. Heck! Claudine strung me up and made me memorize them. Every time I slowed or hesitated she laid one into me. I tell you, it was damn hard

to concentrate. Not only that, for the next six months she'll flay my arse while reminding me I'm on the receiving end, the way it should be!"

She didn't ask why he let Claudine do it to him. It would mean asking why she accepted Mark's domination, or why in a few minutes she'd take whatever Tom dished out. She'd given up questioning and accepted, it was her nature, and it felt right. And now... "But tonight they appointed you dominant."

"Top," he corrected her. "You'll be my bottom, not my sub. Subtle but major difference. We're just playing. A kinky one night stand if you like."

She did rather like, but..."You said, you played differently from Mark?"

"Yes. I like pretend games. We'll both dress up. I've got your costume ready up stairs. Finish your tea and then I want you to go up, shower and dress in what I've laid out. "

Annie nodded and wrapped her hands round her mug. This *was* going to be different. "Okay if I ask what the costume is?"

"Of course, we're not playing yet. We'll do a master and troublesome maidservant routine." His eyes twinkled. "I rather think you're going to give me no end of trouble."

"And you'll enjoy every bit of it!"

"So will you." He was right about that! "Anything special you want?"

He wasn't talking about a chocolate biccys with her tea. She took a drink, it was still too hot but she needed to gather her thoughts. She'd finally become used to talking to Mark, but Tom... Oh, hell! Why hesitate? Tom Baldwin knew things about her, her own mother would never guess at! "I like feeling utterly helpless."

"I'll make sure of it."

She swallowed again, mostly air this time. "What do you want?" she asked – when she finally got her throat wet enough to speak.

"You know what turns me up to full power? Having you beg. Beg me not to beat you, even though we both know I will. Beg me to fuck you."

“Okay!” And Tom wondered if he could turn her on! He didn’t need to worry! She was turned on, up, and, almost over.

“Smashing. We’ll start when you finish your tea.”

She was tempted to chug-a-lug it down in one swallow.

Chapter Four

Tea finished, Tom took her upstairs, stripped her naked, and left her, saying he had to get ready and would meet her in the kitchen. Alone, Annie looked around. The decorators had been busy in his guest quarters. She could happily spend a week in the bathroom, complete with sauna, tiled walls and floor, and a sunken whirlpool. Pity all she had to do was shower. But she did her best with the scented shower foam and shampoo, drying off with thick towels from the heated rail and perching on a satin-covered buttonback chair as she dried her hair with the hair dryer waiting on the marble counter top. She'd have lingered, but wanted to try on the costume she glimpsed as Tom led her through the bedroom.

The costume was simple: a loose shift, a drawstring blouse with puff sleeves and a full skirt with attached petticoats and white starched apron. No underwear—hardly a surprise. The costume went on easily enough. Annie took a few minutes deciding whether or not to wear the blouse off her shoulders, but decided not. If Tom wanted her showing her cleavage, he could demand it. She gave her hair a last ruffle to stop it drying flat, and wondered why she bothered. By the time they finished it would be slick with sweat.

Time to be a troublesome maid.

She almost gaped when she saw Tom.

He must have raided a studio wardrobe department for his get up: tight knee breeches tucked into shiny black boots, a snowy white shirt with full sleeves and a gathered neck tie, and a frock coat in a glorious velvet the color of rich claret. Tom definitely had to go into period drama when his series stopped. She looked him over from dark brown hair to shiny black boots and smiled—or did until she noticed the black, leather-covered riding crop in his hand.

"At last, Annie! And well may you stop smiling. I demand an explanation!"

What was she supposed to do now? "Tom, I..."

"Is that how you address your employer?"

Yes, of course. Troublesome maidservant. She lowered her eyes. "I'm sorry, Sir."

"Sorry is not good enough, Annie. I've spoken to you before about your carelessness. Kindly explain this!" He slapped the end of the crop on table beside the tea tray, sending the cups rattling.

Annie jumped at the noise. The tray was full of fine, bone china cups, one missing a handle, another in several pieces, and a saucer broken in two. So, this was it. Careless housemaid breaks the best china and...a wild thrill ran straight to her cunt as she thought of the crop in Tom's hand. "I'm sorry, Sir, really I am! I didn't mean to, Sir!" She even managed a little whine as she tailed off.

"That, Annie, is what you told me last time! Remember my warning?" Getting into the spirit of the scene, Annie bit her lip and hung her head. "Another instance of ham handedness, and you'd be dismissed," Annie looked up. His brows creased over a pair of hard eyes. "Without a character reference." That threat would have meant unemployment and the prospect of life on the streets. Enough to put dread in any servant's heart. "Please, Sir! My blind mother depends on my salary!"

"She can go to the workhouse, Annie."

They were crossing time periods a bit, but what the heck? "I'll do anything, Sir! Anything! Please don't turn me out." She managed a little sob. It was only half-put on. Tom picked up the crop and gently tapped it against the palm of his hand. Wasn't this what she wanted? But the crop had a nasty-looking leather loop at the end. It would not feel anything like her soft suede whip. Or would it?

"Anything?" Tom raised a carefully plucked eyebrow. "Offenses such as yours require earnest penitence."

Heaven help some poor housemaid in this position for real! Tom was leering like a villainous employer right out of Victorian erotica. “I’m very penitent, Sir. Really I am!” To add weight to her act, Annie dropped to her knees and bowed her head. It felt so god-awful wonderful, she shivered with anticipation. Shiny black boots shifted slightly in her line of vision. Tom’s hand rested on the crown of her head and a great yearning for whatever awaited rushed over her like a warm tide.

“I’ll accept your penitence, Annie. You’ve been a good, obedient and loyal maid, but you must change your careless habits. This time I will merely deduct the cost of the china from your wages.”

“Thank you Sir.” Was that it! No. The crop tapped her shoulder. There was more—much more she hoped.

“You must willingly accept your chastisement without complaint. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir. I will.” Her mouth went dry. He meant she was not to cry out. She could be silent—if he didn’t hit too hard. This was play, wasn’t it?

“Very well, Annie. But first, you must demonstrate your true penitence.”

“Sir?”

“Before I mete out the whipping you so rightly deserve, you will suck my cock.”

Annie nodded, and smiled down at the toes of Tom’s polished boots. That would be no hardship. “Yes, Sir!”

Tom’s legs were lean and long in his more usual tropical wool or twill. Heck, they looked sexy in blue jeans, and marvelous in shorts. But there was something about tan knee breeches that took her breath away. They literally molded his thighs, and clung to every curve—including the growing bulge in this groin. “I’m waiting, Annie,” he said in a tone that brooked no delay.

Annie moved to oblige.

A zip would have been handy, but no, his darn costume was historically accurate. She fumbled with tiny concealed buttons and tapes before getting her hands on his cock. It was warm in her fingers, and already hard. It took an effort not to smile, but Tom was watching her every move. If she had been truly in danger of ejection onto the streets without a reference, she'd be anxious, and terrified her efforts wouldn't please. Fine, Annie the housemaid would do her darndest.

She took a deep breath, opened her mouth and swallowed him.

His thighs trembled under her hands

There was no way she could smile now. She was filled. Her mouth stretched by Tom's magnificent cock. She had to concentrate on her breathing and fight gagging, but in a few seconds, while Tom stayed accommodatingly still, she relaxed her throat to his size. Pulling back just a little, Annie swirled her tongue around the tender, smooth skin covering the head of his cock. She hesitated over the tiny opening and tasted the sweetness of his pre-come.

Her knees wobbled as the desire bursting deep in her cunt took over her mind. This felt so right! Tom's hands enclosed her head. His touch wasn't Mark's. But it was enough to remind her that she was Tom's servant, his bottom, and soon she'd be feeling his harsh touch on her body. That thought sent her cunt creaming. She was so needy it was pathetic—and wonderful. A week of only phone sex left her yearning for a master's touch, and maidservant Annie longed to do Tom's bidding.

She fluttered her tongue around the ridge just below the head of his cock, flicking back and forth over the knot of skin that met the rim on the underside. Tom's grip on her hair tightened. Annie the maidservant would have long hair, to be pulled and twisted for this purpose. Life as a real servant held no appeal, but penitent Annie the housemaid aka Annie Cavendish, whimpered with pleasure.

"Quiet!" Tom ordered, but eased his hand away. "Save your energies for pleasing me, not moaning. "

That upped her need several notches, but perfected her concentration. Breathing steadily she pursed her lips and sucked him in to the hilt. Holding her mouth steady a few seconds, she dragged her lips along the length of Tom's cock until they brushed the raised flesh below his cock head. She eased her lips into a tight circle and rocked her mouth back and forth over his warm ridge. As she sucked his cock back into her mouth, he let out a long, slow moan, and holding her head firmly in both hands, pulled away.

"Enough," he said, stepping back. His beautiful cock was rampant, pink with arousal, moist with her saliva, and right at eye level. It was impossible not to stare.

"Look at me," he ordered.

Annie looked up to Tom's flushed face. His eyes had lost some of their harshness, and his breathing was as fast as hers, but calmed as she watched him reach for the crop lying beside the broken crockery.

His breathing might have slowed. Hers sped up as he ran the leather loop around the neckline of her blouse. "Annie, I do believe you showed appropriate penitence. Are you prepared to receive your well-merited chastisement?" Her reply seemed lodged in her impossibly dry throat. "Are you, Annie?" he repeated.

If possible, her cunt flowed faster at his question. Every trace of moisture in her body seemed pooled between her legs. Her clit throbbed and a sweet ache gnawed between her thighs. She wanted this, she needed it, and she so dreaded it. Tom's face resumed its irate master look. "I am waiting for your consent to beat you, Annie!"

Mark had never spoken so bluntly, but her tongue had never glued itself into paralysis before. Unable to speak, she nodded.

"I wish to hear it from your lovely, fuckable lips, Annie. Are you ready?" The storybook apparition in red velvet waited.

"Yes, Sir," she managed through stiff lips. "I'm ready." Her entire body shuddered, from relief at getting the words out, or fear of what followed, she'd never know nor care.

Tom's hand on her arm, pulled her to her feet. "First you wash all the cups and saucers," he said. "When they are dry and put in order, then you present yourself to me."

Without another word, he strode out, breeches still hanging open, cock stiff and ready, and his frock coat swirling as he turned away.

Chapter Five

Washing up! She was ready to scream with frustration! Tom knew exactly how to tease a submissive. This was going to be wonderful agony. But judging by the sight of his ramrod-stiff cock as he walked past, it wasn't going to be easy for him either.

But she was the one stuck with the dishes.

Talk about getting into the spirit of the play! Darn him! A wide tape sealing the dishwasher made it clear, it was hands in the suds to wash up. Tom had been busy while she showered. He'd also covered up the hot tap. Housemaid Annie was back in boil water for washing days. She filled the kettle, concluding she was lucky to have the gas stove within bounds and she wasn't expected to go outside to a pump.

Waiting for the darn kettle to boil, Annie piled the cups—broken pieces and all—into the sink, and stole the chance to sit down. Might as well snatch a moment while she could. It would be rigorous play in a very short while.

This watched pot boiled at amazing speed. Washing, rinsing, and drying four cups and saucers plus broken pieces wasn't exactly time-consuming or onerous. Her arousal had cooled, just a tad, but her anxiety meter had risen several notches, and Tom was waiting. She could leave now, just tell him goodbye, change back into street clothes, and call Mark to pick her up. It would be so easy—and utterly impossible. She was alive with expectations. Whatever Tom was about to deal out, she desired. Every nerve quivered with anticipation and dread. No way would she miss this for the world.

She wiped her hands, smoothed her apron, and walked into the sitting room. "I'm ready, Sir," she announced.

"Are you?" He was sitting in one of the wing chairs, one leg over the arm of the chair while he so carelessly flicked the end of the crop against his boot. Would the narrow leather make a similar sound on her skin? She forced her gaze from the

swinging crop to Tom. He looked like the villain in a novel. He'd tossed the velvet coat over the back of the sofa, the ends of his cravat hung loose, and he'd unbuttoned the neck of the shirt and rolled up his sleeves, as if for action. Action on her hide!

To add to the scene, she bit her lip, and managed a penitent sob. "The washing up's all done, Sir."

"Did you break any more china?"

Was she meant to? "Oh! No! Sir! I was as careful as can be."

"Lucky for your bottom, isn't it? I won't have to add any extra. Maybe you've learned your lesson at last." He shook his head. "I just can't have carelessness, it just won't do at all. Now..." He paused as if waiting, and Annie remembered his parting command.

"How should I present myself, Sir?"

"On your knees!" As she hit the carpet, he went on, "and I'm disappointed I had to wait. You should have been down on the floor the minute you entered the room."

She would have if his appearance, like a profligate-about-to-be-reformed-hero in a novel, hadn't distracted her. "I apologize, Sir." Utterly! With the leather loop swinging in and out of her line of vision.

"I believe you, Annie." Tom went on, "and since you sucked my cock with such devotion, I will be generous. I'll warm your bottom up by spanking before I lay on you properly."

Her stomach sunk towards her ready cunt. Mark always claimed a warm-up spanking made the flogger or crop easier to bear. Annie had never been convinced, but now was not the time to debate that point.

"You want to safeword out, Annie?"

It took a second to grasp what he'd asked. "No!" she almost shouted. "Oh! No!"

Tom was smirking now. "I thought not, but just to be sure, what is your safe word?"

"Annette Sophia Cavendish."

"Good!" Tom stood up. "Let's get started." The tops of his boots and his twill-encased thighs filled her entire line of vision. He'd refastened his breeches, but the bulge in his groin proved he was ready and willing. "Bend over the back of the sofa."

She needed his help to stand. Her legs wobbled and her blood pressure thrummed in her ears. She wanted this so much. She feared what he was about to do. Tom had a strong right arm. She remembered how he wielded the belt before. The front door was just yards away. The phone was closer. If she called Mark...

Annie walked across to the sofa, knelt on the chintz cushions and arranged herself over the back.

"No, Annie. Facing the other way. Walk to the back of the sofa and bend over forwards."

She should have asked for clarification. Seven nervous steps had her around the sofa and facing Tom. She looked up at his eyes, brimming with the same anticipation that rippled in her cunt, and remembered, he wanted her to beg.

"Oh, Sir," she began, adding a little sob. "I'm scared, Sir! Please Sir, don't hurt me!"

He raised one eyebrow and looked. In silence.

Annie bit her lip.

Tom tapped the crop against his boot and waited.

"Sir?" she began again, a nervous coil forming in her stomach. He'd asked her to beg, hadn't he?

"Annie, I will count to three. If by then you are not bent over and ready for punishment, I will go up stairs and fetch my cane!" She believed him. "One! Two!" She tipped herself over to grasp the sofa pillows as he said, "Three!"

The side of her face rubbed against Tom's discarded velvet jacket. As she inhaled the combined scents of Eau Sauvage and Tom, his hands cupped her buttocks through

her skirt and petticoats. He squeezed. Annie felt every fingertip through the layers of cloth. She swallowed hard and took a deep breath. It was beginning.

But not immediately.

For several long seconds, Tom contented himself with kneading and squeezing until every centimeter of her bottom felt embossed with Tom's fingerprints. He'd still not touched her skin.

A surprised whimper escaped her lips as the side of his hand swept up the crease of her arse. "Silence, Annie!" Tom snapped. "I'll gag you if you can't control your noise."

Annie bit her lip. She bet Tom knew exactly how much she hated the gag. Trust Mark to share every little snippet. She sighed from deep in her diaphragm, and hoped to hell that didn't count as noise.

Tom stepped away. She felt the loss of his touch as certainly as she'd responded to his fondling. "Don't move, Annie. Whatever you do!" She was grasping the front edge of the sofa with her fingertips.

"Here, look after this for me." He dropped the crop onto the cushion, so it lay alongside her forearm. A swift adjustment, and the loop end was pushed under her hand. "And this!" He shoved the handle of her suede whip into her other hand. So much for planning on using it on him! It was going to grace her hide! Perhaps. Which would he use? Both? The hard, black length of leather, or the soft stingy tresses of purple suede? Didn't leather hurt more than suede? Didn't it depend on how hard he hit? No point in crossing that bridge yet. She'd find out soon enough.

It might not be that soon. The carved clock over the mantelpiece clicked away the minutes, and Tom didn't return. She was tempted to straighten up and ease her back and the tension in her thighs, but he'd told her to wait, and wait she would...but how much longer?

All night if he chose.

Remembering Mark's instructions on relaxing, Annie closed her eyes and breathed slowly and deeply. If it worked with bondage, it would surely work bent double over a

sofa back that became less comfortable with every passing minute. She let her shoulders and arms go heavy, relaxed her knees as best she could, and let her mind float free. She succeeded so well, she was halfway to dozing when Tom thumped her bottom. It wasn't hard, nowhere near what she expected, but brought her out of her reverie with a yelp.

"Tut, tut," Tom said, the chuckle only too apparent in his voice. "Noisy little housemaid, aren't you, Annie?" His hand smoothed her arse, almost as if he were stroking her. "You'll have to do better if you wish to remain in my employ!"

He grabbed her by the waist with both hands and shifted her forward. She managed to contain her cry—but only just. Talk about awkward! She was bent at the hips, not her waist, the edge of the back pressing the crease of the thighs and her face and chest flattened against the sofa. She was now clutching for the carpet, not the cushions, and her toes were barely touching the floor. The end of the crop pressed one breast through her thin blouse and the tresses of the pussy whip tickled her arm. Talk about awkward, uncomfortable and exposed! Her arse was poised, bent, and taut. Her thigh muscles stretched as she fought to keep her toes on the floor. With one movement, Tom had her skirt and petticoats over her head, blocking out light and muffling sound.

Tom's breeches brushed her bare legs, as his hands ran up her inner thighs and pulled them apart. He was standing between her legs and lifting them. Her feet were off the floor, the inside of her knees rubbing his waist. She'd been uncomfortable and helpless earlier. Now she was as completely at his mercy as if she'd been tied up or cuffed to the furniture.

He stepped closer, spreading her wider. She was secure. No chance of falling. No chance of going anywhere. Between her chest on the seat of the sofa and her legs tensed against Tom's side, she was more or less comfortable, and exposed utterly.

"Ready Annie?" Tom asked. As he spoke, the first slap landed. Even with her ears covered, the smack resounded against her arse. The echo seemed to hang in the quiet

room. "Remember, not a sound until I give you permission." Down came his hand again.

He wasn't hitting hard. It was nowhere near as severe as her first spanking from Mark, but it was thorough. Slowly but surely, Tom covered every inch of her naked arse and thighs. The sting faded to a tingle, but built up layer on layer until her skin burned, and her cunt throbbed with need.

"Love the way you color up," Tom said, not even pausing in his spans. "Quite the most delicious shade, almost like a Maiden's Blush rose." He chuckled—obviously at his own wit—as a harder slap on her tender right cheek elicited a little gasp. "No," he murmured, "more like Tivoli, if you ask me." She wasn't asking him. She was trying to contain her moans. "Know about roses do you, Annie?" Not much and cared less. How much longer? She'd twice now bitten her lip keeping quiet. He might not hit hard, but Tom was thorough. He gave her four more slaps. "That should be enough for now."

She was not about to argue. The dull throb and sting radiated from her burning bottom. Seemed every nerve ending tingled. Her clit throbbed to the point of hurt. She needed release. As Tom lowered her legs, she rubbed herself against the back of the sofa to ease the ache in her clit.

"No, indeed!" The hard slap made her yelp. "Dirty little girl! Rubbing yourself against the furniture! That's not how you behave! I've a good mind to throw you out the door this instant!"

"No, Sir! Please! Don't. I'll be good. I promise!" she called though her layers of petticoats. She was Annie the maid, terrified of her future.

Another slap on the second cheek she was almost ready for, but her aching need brought tears to her eyes. "Behave yourself! Or I'll strap you in a chastity belt and never give you release!"

Would he? She didn't doubt it for one minute. She tried to ignore the incessant throbbing in her clit. She whimpered as he reached between her legs and pushed fingers into her cunt. How many? Aroused as she was, he could have his fist up there

and she'd be happy. But just as her cunt muscles clenched with satisfaction against his fingers, he withdrew. "Wait, Annie," he said, "your time to come will come!"

Very funny!

Tom thought so. He chuckled. He wouldn't chuckle like that when Claudine laid into him next time—but that was in the future. Right now it was her body on the receiving end. Her nipples were hard and hurting from being squashed against the cushions. Her cunt ran with arousal, and her clit hurt almost as much as her arse...and that was just a warm up. She shivered.

"Going to break any more crockery?" Tom asked, his hand resting on her arse, as if enjoying the heat.

"Oh no, Sir. Never."

"I'm delighted to know my correction is yielding results. Let's get it over with then. Nothing like laying it on when the flesh is warm. We don't want you cooling off, do we?" She couldn't see any problem with that but... "Want to have my crop or your flogger?"

He was asking? "Whatever pleases you, Sir."

"No, Annie. You must choose. I insist. "

Wonderful! The familiar flogger or the unknown crop? Decisions! Decisions! Clenching clammy palms tight, Annie whispered. "The flogger, please, Sir."

His hand caressed her left butt cheek. "You want the flogger, not the crop?"

"Yes, Sir!"

Softly he stroked down her thigh to the back of her knee. "I'll beat you, you do understand, don't you? This is punishment."

"Yes, Sir, I understand."

"Why am I punishing you, Annie?"

"Because I was careless, Sir, and broke your pretty china."

"Yes, and now you will receive your just desserts!" He gave a little slap. It made more nose than hurt, but sent her heart racing. "Very well, at your request, my dear, the flogger it is." He stroked her other, still warm cheek. "But first!" He grabbed her by her shoulders and yanked her to her feet. "I want you naked!" He spun her to face him and ripped open her blouse before she had time to process his words.

She gasped as the thin muslin gave way, exposing her breasts. She looked up into Tom's face. His eyes glimmered with a deep fire, but his face was set and stern. At her cry he creased his brows until a furrow appeared between his eyes. "Not resisting are you, Annie? This is my right as your indulgent employer!" His hand squeezed her left breast. There was no gentleness in his touch. He pinched and pressed until she bit her lip. He squeezed her nipple. Life as a servant had to have been the pits!

"Sir! You're hurting me!"

"I haven't even started!"

Rape had never been one of her fantasies, but feeling Tom's breath on her face, and his fingers on her breasts, a hideous excitement roiled deep inside. It was play, it was terrifying, and she wanted to be dragged along with his imagination.

"Please, don't hurt me, Sir. No!" She tried to pull away, but his body pinned her against the sofa.

He gave a laugh, worthy of the worst villain in melodrama, and tipped her backwards on the sofa. She struggled to get up, as he pressed her legs apart with his knee, but she was half upside down, with her head on the seat cushions. Her movement was hampered by her skirts and his grip on her thighs. She managed to lift her head and shoulders, Tom threw up her skirts, and she found herself struggling with yards of fabric.

"What do we have here?" Another nasty chuckle! "A naked quim! You naughty girl!" His hand cupped her mound. At her cry, the heel of his hand ground into the moist flesh around her clit. "What fun I'll have fucking you, Annie. But first!" He pulled her upright. Her skirts fell back to her calves, but there was no way she could cover her

breasts. Not that she wanted to. The thrill of power when Tom ogled them was not to be missed. But now... "I'll fuck you," he promised, "maybe even bugger you, but only after you feel the flogger on your luscious body."

She was creaming now. She wanted this to go on forever. Excitement rose to fever pitch as he pulled the tatters of her blouse off her shoulders, and asked, "Will you resist me, Annie? Should I tie you down?"

Please! She held back. He wanted her begging, not enthusiastic. "Oh, Sir, I'm scared. I can't stay still if you hurt me!" She yearned to fight against his restraints.

He grabbed her wrist and dragged her to the middle of the room. "Better make sure, hadn't I?" Pulling out one of her discarded thigh-highs from his breeches pocket, he yanked her arms behind her and lashed her wrists together. "That should take care of things!" The binding was loose enough to be comfortable, but with arms pinioned behind, her balance was unsteady, and she doubted she could walk without his hand to steady her. "Wait there!" He left her standing while he walked back to the sofa to retrieve her flogger.

And she'd actually planned on using it on him! No, this was far better, she wanted the kiss of the fine suede tresses and the glorious sting on her flesh. Was he going to make her wait?

No!

Grinning, he trailed the soft tails across her bared breasts. She sighed with pleasure, and closed her eyes to concentrate on the sensation of suede dragged across her skin. But eyes closed, her balance went, and she'd have fallen if Tom hadn't grabbed her by the waist and set her upright.

"Tut! Tut! That won't do. Now, how can I make sure you stay still?" He pursed his lips as if concentrating. Where was he going to restrain her? One of the overhead or vertical oak beams perhaps? How? She didn't much care, just as long as he made her helpless. "Hah!" He gave a nasty chuckle. "Perfect." Wrapping his strong hand around her upper arm, Tom propelled her towards a Victorian fainting couch under the

window. Leaving her standing, he dragged the couch away from the wall, walked back to her with a self-satisfied smile and yanked down her skirts and petticoats. The elastic waistbands gave easily and she was naked, surrounded by a billowing circle of skirts and petticoats. "Upsadaisy!" he said with a grin as he held her arm to help her step away from the last of her costume, and spun her around and tipped her backwards.

Annie yelped as she landed on the couch, arms pinned fast by her own weight. Before she had a chance to struggle, Tom grabbed an ankle and strapped it to the couch. Definitely planned! She heard the scritch of velcro as he fastened her leg to one side, and moments later fixed the other leg on the opposite side. She was wide open, feet off the floor so she had little chance of righting herself, her own weight holding her arms fast behind her.

Helpless! Her body responded with even more heightened desire. She yearned for the kiss of her flogger, and if he left her tied like this, it was a good, solid fuck that awaited her, not a buggering. "Yes!" he muttered, "Nicely helpless, aren't you. Ready for it, Annie?"

She'd been ready for the last hour! But whispered, "Oh, Sir!" in a little voice, that faded to a sigh as suede tresses kissed between her breasts down to her bare pussy.

He lost the irate employer look and gave her a grin that was pure Tom. "Don't go anywhere while I get ready," he said, and sat down on an upright chair a few feet away, but not before draping the flogger across her belly, so the handle rested between her breasts and the tresses kissed her denuded pussy. With every breath she took the suede thongs shifted and teased her sensitive flesh.

She was tempted to rock her hips, to shift the tresses closer and deeper as well as easing the pressure on her still-tender bottom, but since Tom was watching her intently, even as he yanked off one boot and then the other, she abandoned the idea.

Composing her mind, and calming a little might be a very good idea, but hard to do as Tom removed his breeches right in front of her eyes.

He was beautiful! No wonder she'd gone ape-crazy for him that day in Cornwall. She couldn't help smiling as his erect cock sprang free of his clothing and aimed at her. Soon-she hoped. She was grinning as he tossed his shirt aside and faced her in naked glory.

"Something amuses you?" he asked, reverting to his irate master role.

"No, Sir. I'm just awed by your beauty!"

Obviously not in the script! He stared for a minute, grinned and got right back in role. "I am delighted with your respectful admiration, Annie. Show me your respectful submission. Remember you may not climax, if you reach that point, you know what to say."

She did. "Edge, Sir."

"Good," he said, coming to stand beside her. "Let's see how long you can last." As he grasped the handle of the flogger, his fingertips brushed her breasts. She couldn't hold back the sigh. "Yes," he said. "I'd like to hear you sing." He raised the flogger and swept the tresses across her breasts.

She gasped, again and again, as he worked her body. He wasn't beating. He was punishing her with caresses and teasing. How long could she last? Ages! She wanted this to go on forever. Tom swished the flogger down her belly and gently flicked her pussy, moving lower to tease the inside of her thighs, her knees, her shins, even the soles of her feet before returning to the soft sensitive skin of her inner thighs, but all the while avoiding the damp throbbing skin around her clit.

Chapter Six

Tom was a master of the tease, an expert at arousal. How much longer could she last? Did she want to? As the tresses swished back and forth across her belly and thighs, and her arm muscles fought against her bonds, sensations peaked even higher. Her hips shifted involuntarily. Every nerve ending sprung alive with sensation. Her mind fuzzed-out in a haze of pleasure. She was spiraling into white heat arousal. A stray tail across her pussy sent her mind and body reeling. "Edge!" she cried.

"Annie!" The flogger hit the floor as Tom rested one knee on the reclining couch and bent over her. Warm fingers parted her cunt lips and Tom bent and kissed her clit. She screamed with pleasure as his mouth closed down and his fingers pressed deep inside her. Tom's fingers curled, catching her G spot, and she shot into orbit. Her hips bucked and her head rocked from side to side as Tom's mouth and fingers released a cascade of climaxes, each seeming harder and higher than the last. Annie finally collapsed, soaked in sweat, her hips still rocking as her breasts heaved with labored breathing.

"Dear heaven, Annie!" Tom's voice was close to awed, as he lifted her shoulders. "Hold on love, gotta undo you!"

Her hands were free in seconds. "How," she gasped as she sagged back and he rubbed her wrists, "did you undo it so easily?"

"Told you I was a Boy Scout! Slip knot!" He kissed her left breast. "Satisfactory, Ma'am?"

"Magnificent!" She was smirking and didn't give a hoot. "You are incredible, Tom!"

"Wasn't all me," he shrugged. "I just followed the script."

It wasn't 'just' anything. She'd had the climax of the life, and he...She smiled at his rampant cock. "Isn't it your turn?" Surely they hadn't insisted he not come.

"Yeah!" He grinned. "Just let me untie your legs, and I'll give you a thorough frigging."

"No!" He looked downright disappointed. That wasn't what she intended. "It's okay, Tom. I want you too." And soon. "But leave my legs tied. I like being restrained."

"Anything to oblige!" He stood up, and smiled down at her spread body. "Mmm. Just a tick!" He stepped back to the sofa and grabbed one of the soft pillows and tucked it under her hips. "That makes you nicely available. I'd tie those arms down but I think they've had enough for one session." She wouldn't disagree. Her wrists still smarted. "Tell you what," He gently took a wrist in each hand and raised her arms over her head so they rested against the end of the couch. "pretend they're tied. Don't move them. " He trailed his hand down her body. "Wanna good fucking, Annie?"

Please! But he wanted begging. "Please, please! Please, Tom, fuck me, I need it so much. I need you. I need your big cock in my cunt. I want a fucking. Please, frig me! Fuck me! Fill me!"

"Since you asked so nicely!" He chuckled, as he knelt between her legs. Holding her hips steady, he pressed his cock against her cunt opening and asked, "Sure you want a fuck, Annie?"

"Yes!" She half-screamed as he thrust deep.

She sighed with slow longing as he slowly withdrew – almost completely – before plunging back deep, pressing hard against her cervix before easing out again. Their previous fuck had been fast and furious. This was slow, sweet, and delicious. Seemed he could continue forever as he slowly but surely brought her back to the edge. As his hot, hard cock pistoned within, she rocked in time with his thrusts, pressing herself forward so the force of his cock stimulated her clit, and she moaned and cried with pleasure. When she thought she could take no more, Tom cried out, "Annie!" And drove in deep. His final thrust ripped her free from her mind, as her body raced in yet another wild climax, and she screamed Mark's name aloud.

Tom reached over and untied her legs as she still lay panting, her heart clenched with shock and horror at what she'd just done.

"All right, Annie?" Tom asked as he lifted her ankles and placed her legs on the couch before lying down beside her. He was going to be noble and polite about it, and that made her feel worse.

"I'm sorry, Tom."

"Whatever for?"

He obviously hadn't noticed in the throes of his own climax. Or had he? She took a deep breath. "Tom, didn't you notice? I called out the wrong name." What if he hadn't heard? "I'm sorry."

"Oh, Annie!" He gave a little sigh and pulled her close. "Don't worry about it! I heard. So what?"

"A bit tactless isn't it? Calling out the wrong name in the moment of passion!"

"Who says it was the wrong name?" He patted her shoulder and dropped a kiss on her head. "Annie, this is play, not passion, right?" She frowned. Was it? Yes, she supposed so but... "You're Mark's as surely as I belong to Claudine. You and I fancied each other, had the hots for each other, and you chuffed me utterly asking for me as a birthday present, but I had no illusions you loved me, and I hope to heaven you don't think you love me—at least not in that way!"

Some unique post-coital conversation! Annie pondered a few moments and looked sideways at Tom: hair plastered to his head, face still flushed and sweat glistening on his broad shoulders. He was lovely, but he was right, he wasn't Mark. Either this whole thing was totally insane, or the sanest thing in the history of men and women.

She hugged him, "Tom, I do love you, truly, but I'm in love with Mark. Make sense?"

"Yes, love," he replied. "Completely. You were pretty fantastic yourself you know that?" He gave a thoroughly self-satisfied, male smirk. "I think we did damn well together. I might just ask for you for Christmas."

"You think Claudine will agree?"

"She either will, or tell me 'no' and beat the hide off me for impudence. Either way, I win!"

He was right. Everything was right. The world and her life were perfect. She shut her eyes and leaned into his warm body.

"Hey!" Tom pulled away and stood up. "You're ready to pass out on me. Time for bed." And scooped her up in his arms.

Definitely an experience worth having. Annie rested her face against his chest and listened to his heartbeat as he crossed the room and pushed open double doors at the far end.

So this was Tom's bedroom! She looked around as he sat her down on the edge of his bed.

"Like it?" he asked as she stared at the pale gray walls, darker gray bed covers, and the original art on the walls.

"It's so you!" she said, "but not the least what I expected."

He grinned. "What did you expect? Black leather duvet covers? Chains? Or draped velvet on the walls?"

"I don't know what I expected, but this is lovely!"

"Good! Won't give you bad dreams. Look, hop into bed, and I'll get you a snack. You ate almost nothing at dinner, and you burned up a zillion calories tonight."

Tom was consideration itself: giving her a tee-shirt to sleep in and fluffing up pillows behind her back before nipping back to the kitchen and returning with a tray laden with champagne in an ice bucket, caviar, and Melba toast.

"Sure you don't have a treasure of a servant lurking in a pantry somewhere waiting to put this together?" Annie asked.

"No such luck! I bought the caviar and toast in Selfridges and the champagne from a place in Curzon Street. Let's see what you think of it." He eased out the cork and poured two glasses, handing her one. "Happy Birthday, Annie."

Annie sipped, feeling the bubbles burst against her face as she tilted the flute and drank. "Wonderful!"

"Now let's tuck into the caviar." Tom heaped a square of toast with caviar and little mounds of chopped egg and onion, and handed it to her. She bit down savoring the inspired combination of salty caviar, sharp onion, and the smooth texture of finely chopped egg.

Champagne and caviar was not her usual bedtime snack, but nothing could have tasted better. She reached for a second piece of toast. And a third.

"You've gone very quiet," Tom said, heaping a little mound of egg yolk onto his caviar.

"I was just wondering," she grinned at him over the edge of her champagne flute. "If I tell them at school, I spent my birthday eating caviar in bed with Tom Baldwin! Will they believe me?"

"Would you want them to?"

Annie shook her head. "No, what's between us isn't for public consumption."

"Right," Tom replied. "Just between us and our dominants."

"Yea!"

"You're missing Mark?"

She was. Another man would be offended at the knowledge, but... "I'll be glad to see him."

“They’ll both be here in the morning. Coming for brunch they said. Here, you finish this.” He drained the last of the champagne into her glass. “Here’s to a lifetime of happy birthdays.”

They scraped the caviar bowl clean and brushed up the stray crumbs of toast from the sheets, before snuggling down to sleep, spooned together like old lovers, or close friends.

“Sleep well,” Tom whispered in her ear. “I’ve got a surprise for you in the morning.”

Even that wasn’t enough to keep her awake. Between exhaustion, satiation and champagne, she was asleep in minutes.

Tom lay awake listening to her breath. He hoped to hell Mark realized what a gem he had. Annie was fantastic, responsive and smashing. And he had her for a few more hours yet. He’d make the most of it.

Chapter Seven

Annie drifted between sleeping and waking, remembering last night, and looking forward to Mark's arrival. She ought to get up, or at least open her eyes and check the time, but Tom's bed was so comfortable and she wasn't one hundred percent certain how to look him in the eye this morning. Last night had been wild, fun and most definitely all-around satisfying but what now? She wasn't too sure about facing Tom over cornflakes.

"Annie?" The mattress sagged. Tom kissed her softly on the cheek.

"Mmm?" She rolled onto her back and opened her eyes. With the morning sun casting lights in his hair, Tom was a sight to wake up to. "Hello."

"I brought you a cup of tea."

It was an act of such ordinary kindness she couldn't help smiling. Last night had been kink and caviar, not Darjeeling and a couple of Lincoln Creams. "Thanks, Tom!"

"Slept well?"

"Marvelously! Must have been tired out or something."

"Mark told me to use you well."

The smirk was totally intentional. "I think you did."

"I'm not finished yet."

She almost slopped tea on his linen sheets. "I see." Downright lie — she didn't. What now?

Tom leaned back against the foot of the bed, legs stretched out, and grinned. "They're not due for another two hours, and I've yet to give you my birthday present."

"What was last night?"

"That was Mark and Claudine's effort. This morning is mine."

"I gather a cup of tea isn't it?"

"No way, Sweetheart. I have something unforgettable for you, my love. Drink up!" As if she wanted to now! On the other hand she was thirsty as dry sand after all her sweating last night. She took another sip and eyed Tom over the rim of the cup. He looked as beautiful tousled in the morning as he did groomed and polished. A little less threatening than in his frock coat and breeches, but every bit as exciting. He'd pulled on a light silk dressing gown that hid absolutely nothing. He was hard, ready, and bursting for it, and she'd be a fool to turn down his offer. "Don't take too long," he said, his hand smoothing up and down her leg, "I don't want to have to hurry."

Neither did she. If he was offering her good morning sex, she wanted a slow sunrise not a quickie. Annie drank the tea in a couple of swallows and left the biscuits for later. Much later. She put the cup down, thinking she'd never look at a bone china cup and saucer quite the same again. "I'm ready Big Tom. What's it to be?"

He yanked down the bedclothes, pulled off her tee-shirt, and surveyed her nakedness with definite appreciation. His hands eased over her breasts and down her belly until his fingers smoothed her pussy. He opened her and slid a finger in deep. "Luscious and ready. All set, I think!"

For what? He stood up, took her hand, and pulled to her feet. "Come on, Annie." He led her across the deep pile carpet and pulled back floor-length curtains she'd thought covered French windows.

They didn't. Behind them was a double door, with a touch pad operated lock. "To keep the charlady out," Tom said.

When he pushed the door open, she knew why. This was enough to give your average cleaning woman heart palpitations. Here, in Tom's playroom, was everything she'd expected to see last night—only much, much more. It was far bigger than his ample sitting room. Whips, chains, straps and manacles ornamented the walls. Around the room was the most complete collection of whipping horses, benches, stocks,

pillories and crosses she'd ever seen. There was even a cage in one corner, and what looked like a rack at the far end.

But what caught her eye and held her complete attention hung in the middle of the room.

"Like it?" Tom asked.

"Is it what I think it is?"

"That depends, but probably."

"A sex swing?" She'd seen pictures in kinky catalogs and a couple of videos in Mark's collection, but that wasn't the same as standing within touching distance, smelling the leather straps and seeing the shiny, new metal holding it together. She had a hard time taking her eyes off it, as it hung from the ceiling and swung gently as Tom tapped it. "Does it really work?"

"Let's find out," he suggested, his voice bursting with excitement.

She couldn't help smiling, "You don't know? You haven't used it?"

"Not so far. Always fancied having one, and decided to splurge since you were coming. Thought you'd like it."

She most likely would but... "Is this part of the script?"

"Not in the least! This morning is for us. My birthday present if you like. To be honest, I've always wanted to have a go on one of these but I just can't see Claudine fooling around on it, and it doesn't work alone.

It obviously wouldn't. "I used to love swinging when I was little. My grandfather even made one to hang in the garage so I could swing on rainy days."

"We don't have to wait for a rainy day."

They didn't. "Want to swing?"

He pulled her close, pressing her against his erection. "What do you think, Annie?"

"That you're hot, hard and handy!" Just to make sure she closed her hand around his cock. Yes! She'd been right on all three.

“Naughty girl! What if I tell Mark you were forward and provocative?”

“He’ll probably believe you!” Hand still on Tom’s cock she pulled him closer. “Are we standing here all morning, or are we going swinging?”

“I can’t do much but stand here while you’ve got my vital part in a pincer grip!”

Slowly she released her hold. “That better?” He grinned and shook himself. Yes, he was impressive!

“Let’s get into this contraption and I’ll show you better and best.”

Who in their right mind would refuse that invitation? Annie reached for the wide leather strap suspended from the ceiling and tried to work out exactly where her legs and arms went, and exactly how one got into the apparatus without breaking something. Sprains and fractures would rather spoil the moment.

“Here!” Tom held the swing steady and showed her how to put one leg, then the other into her side of the sling. “Keep it still while I hop in.”

Easier said than done. This explained why in videos they were always shown swinging, not clambering in. Tom managed after a couple of tries. As he settled into his side of the leather sling, he pressed close and sank deep into her ready cunt.

Her gasp came from deep in her gut. Suspended, as if they were floating in air, he came in deeper and felt harder than ever before.

“Hold tight,” he said as he grasped the leather uprights. “Let’s swing.”

This was not like the playground swings of their childhood! As Tom leaned back to start the swing going, he slipped half out but she leaned forward and took him back in. As she swung, she set the same in and out into motion. Back and forth they went, slowly and gently at first. Tom’s eyes went wide. “This is better than I ever imagined. Fantastic!”

Annie was not about to disagree. Wild sensations rushed her mind. Grinning, she swung faster, shifting her hips and shoulders, and watching Tom’s face for his reaction. It was all she could have hoped for.

"Hell! Annie! This is some ride!" He laughed, and as the swing slowed sent it going faster.

How long could they keep this up? Ages she hoped! "If this were out of doors we'd feel the wind in our hair." She'd loved that as a child.

"If this were out of doors, we'd get arrested!"

She threw back her head and laughed. "True! I'll just have to do without the wind in my hair."

"I'd think my cock in your cunt is a fair substitute!"

"More than fair! Magnificent!" No lie. As they rocked back and forth, he rubbed against her still-tender clit. She was no doubt smirking like a fool, but didn't give a hoot. If only this could last all morning.

The first soft climax came moments later. "Tom!" she gasped. "That was...incredible!" As she spoke, another small climax fluttered deep in her cunt. "Tom!"

He grinned as if utterly pleased with himself. "Having fun, dear?"

"I'm having orgasms!"

"Aren't they fun?"

The understatement of the new millennium! But she didn't have breath or energy to agree. Another climax came, and another. They were soft and gentle, nowhere like the wild whirlpools of sensation last night, but so sweet and wonderful she wanted to hang here and swing forever.

She worked harder, the swing moved with her, making wider arcs that seemed to pull out the ripples of pleasure that built on each other until they echoed through her body. She felt Tom tense, deep inside her. Every muscle he moved, she responded to. Watching his face, she knew he was coming. She clenched his cock tight with her cunt, and pushed the swing in his direction, they swung back, and as the swing returned her way, he spasmed deep inside her and gasped, "Annie! Ohmigod! Annie!" and came.

Annie pressed down, summoning all her mind and every nerve ending to absorb the sensations. She climaxed. Not a mind-blowing shattering but a sweet wildness rippling through every muscle, nerve and sinew, that even warmed her bones.

They let the swing slow by itself. Tom slumped towards her, sated from his climax. She rested her head against his warm and sweaty chest. Annie kissed him and tasted the saltiness of his sweat on his skin. An overwhelming tenderness and fondness warmed her deep in her heart. Life was wonderful. Tom was good man, a friend, and he was her birthday present. And the lover of her dreams was on his way to take her home. What more could any woman want? She just hoped she never had to explain things to her mother.

"What's so funny?" Tom asked. She shared her last thought. "Don't ever try," he advised. "No one outside ever understands. That's why we stay together. Just our circle. We understand."

True. She leaned up and kissed him. "Thanks Tom. I won't forget this birthday in a hurry."

"You're welcome, Sweetheart. Now talking of hurry, I promised Claudine Eggs Benedict and I'd better have everything ready by the time they get here, or she'll make scrambled eggs on my bottom!"

"Which you'd thoroughly enjoy!" Annie kissed him again. "Let me get a quick shower." The chance to luxuriate in that sybaritic bathroom was not to be missed. "And I'll help."

Chapter Eight

By the time Mark and Claudine pulled up in front of the cottage, Tom and Annie had finished the first pot of coffee. Annie suspected Tom was as unsettled as she felt, but hid it under his relaxed veneer. Annie put the kettle back on to boil, rinsed the press pot and measured out fresh coffee. At the sound of the car on the gravel drive, her hand froze. Slowly, she put down the press pot and took a couple of hesitant steps towards the door. Tom was way faster. He had it open long before Annie reached the middle of the sitting room. But when Mark stepped over the threshold, she ran forward engulfing him in a hug tight enough stun a bear, or leave a boa constrictor breathless.

Her entire being clung to Mark. She needed to feel his arms around her, inhale the scent of his skin, and rest her face against the strong wall of his chest.

His arms enfolded her. His presence relaxed and reassured. "Annie, love," he whispered.

She shut her eyes and let his words and his power wash over her.

"I love you, Mark!"

"I know Annie. The feeling's mutual." He tilted her face up so their eyes met. "How was the birthday present?"

She blushed so hard her face burned. "Lovely," she replied, "but I'm so happy you're here."

"Hell, Mark, she's lovely when she blushes like that. Don't ever let her grow out of it," Claudine said, and to Annie's utter astonishment, Mark released his hold and Claudine hugged her. "Did my boy give satisfaction?" she asked.

"Several times over!" Annie couldn't hold back the smirk. "No complaints at all!"

“Good thing too!” Claudine looked at Tom, waiting almost nervously. “Behave yourself, did you?”

“Yes, Boss. Followed the script as you wrote it.”

Claudine nodded, raising an eyebrow. “And after?”

Tom gave a little bow. “I endeavored to give satisfaction!”

“I bet you did!” She looked from Tom to Annie and back. “All right you two. We’ve had an early drive from London. Where’s breakfast?”

Between them, Tom and Annie got it on the table in record time. The eggs were perfect, the English muffins—genuine American ones imported and sent down from Harrods—toasted just exactly right, and the ham—from a nearby farm, tastier than anything Annie had ever eaten. Or perhaps it was the company, and the mood, and her very stimulated appetite. She’d seldom ever felt happier. But her contentment boosted up several notches when Mark put down his coffee mug and said, “Annie, let’s leave Tom to do the washing up. I want to take you home. I need you naked under me.”

She threw Tom an apologetic glance but he just grinned. “Better go Annie. That sounds more like a command than an invitation.”

She hoped so, but didn’t care which it was. It came from Mark, her lover and the man who knew and understood her utterly.

She stood up. “I’m ready, Mark.” For whatever he had waiting.

About the Author

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

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

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by **Madeleine Oh**

Divertissement

Interlude

Love and Kinks

Power Exchange

Sunday Afternoon with Mac

Tied with a Bow *anthology*

Trick or Treat

Print books by Madeleine Oh

Power Exchange

Power Favors *anthology*

R.S.V.P. *anthology*

Single White Submissive *anthology*

Summon the Masters *anthology*



Discover for yourself why readers can't get enough of the multiple award-winning publisher Ellora's Cave. Whether you prefer ebooks or paperbacks, be sure to visit EC on the web at www.ellorascave.com for an erotic reading experience that will leave you breathless.

www.ellorascave.com