

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA®

A woman is shown from the back, her hair in a bun, with thick rope tied around her waist and arms. She is in a room with patterned wallpaper and a security camera mounted on the wall. A grey sofa is visible in the background.

NO EASY
WAY OUT

TARA TENNYSON

No Easy Way Out

Tara Tennyson

When Ruthanne meets Daniel, he opens her eyes to a new world of power games—and he's always the boss. A blowjob in her office? Making love in a limo? All in a day's work.

But what Ruthanne doesn't realize is that Daniel's desires include more than she can handle—multiple partners, sexual sadism and enormous dildos are on his

wish list. She knows she has to finish things before he makes her do something she will really regret. But her life is so entangled with his that there's no easy way to extricate herself.

Then she meets Ed, whose surveillance equipment seems to provide an answer. But to be free of Daniel, she has to submit to the worst humiliation yet. Will it prove to be worth it?

Inside Scoop: Ruthanne's sexual

journey contains many darker
BDSM elements. Some of the
situations and scenes may be
disturbing to some readers. It is not
for the faint of heart.

*An Exotika® contemporary
BDSM erotica story from Ellora's
Cave*

No EASY Way Out

Tara Tennyson

Chapter One

How had she gotten mixed up in this?

Smack. The paddle came down on her behind and she flinched and cried out.

“Does it hurt?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said. “How many more?”

“Just until you’re nice and pink.” *Smack.* He brought it down hard again, sending shock waves through her flesh.

She closed her eyes tight, trying to block out the sharp, stinging

pain.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“Yes. Please.”

He rubbed between her legs and she moaned.

“You’re so wet. I don’t think you do want me to stop, do you?”

She shook her head. “No, yes. I don’t know.”

He touched her again between her legs and she pushed against his hand, wanting him to touch her more, harder, to make her come finally.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No,” she admitted.

“Do you want me to make you come?”

“Yes.”

Smack. He hit her hard again, the paddle coming down across her buttocks.

She wondered how much of the redness on her buttocks would show on the film and whether Daniel would keep doing it if he knew he was being filmed.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, please,” she replied.

“That’s better.”

* * * * *

This wasn't what she had imagined that day when Daniel had come into the office.

He'd demanded to see Ian, the department head, and said, "I want someone new, someone interesting. Call them all in. Let me have a look at them."

And Ian had done so. Every single member of the team, all eleven of them, had crowded into Ian's office while Daniel leaned against the desk looking coolly at them.

Ian outlined Daniel's business interests and his PR requirements, emphasizing what an important

client Daniel was. By important Ruthanne knew he meant rich. And you could tell he was rich just from looking at him—a suit that fit so well it had to be made-to-measure, leather shoes, gold tiepin, heavy watch, slightly gray hair but a face unlined and lightly tanned. He was rich, ridiculously successful and good-looking and he knew it.

Daniel waited for Ian to finish, then started firing questions at people. “What was your college major?” he asked Dermott.

“What use is that to me?” he snapped when Dermott told him.

Dermott blushed and stumbled,

trying to justify why a science major might come in useful in PR.

“What’s the most original thing you’ve ever done?” he asked Katie.

She described a PR stunt involving balloons with messages on them. It was original and fun and Ruthanne expected Daniel to be impressed.

“Did it work?” he asked.

Katie described some of the outcomes, the publicity the company had gotten.

“Come on,” he said, “Don’t fudge the issue. Give me the bottom line. How much more money did they make as a result of

employing you to do their PR?"

Katie hesitated before she told him. It was a small sum but they were a small company and they had been pleased.

"Peanuts," he said abruptly. "If I want those I'll steal them from the monkeys at the zoo."

Ruthanne was starting to dislike him intensely. And Ian was just standing there, letting him cut them down one by one.

"And you," he turned to Daphne, who was by anyone's standards a bit kooky- looking. "If that's your idea of how to present yourself I wouldn't consider letting

you loose on something that mattered."

Daphne blushed bright red and stared down at her admittedly rather odd-looking shoes.

He turned back to Ian. "Is this it?" he said. "Is this all you can offer?"

"I am happy to carry on leading on this myself," said Ian. "I can put together a small team on this; make sure they're the best of the best." He smiled confidently but Ruthanne could tell he was worried by the way this was going.

"No," snapped Daniel. "You're getting stale. And I want some new

ideas. And if I can't get them here I'll go elsewhere."

"You." Daniel stared at Ruthanne and she felt instantly on edge. "Do you have any skills at all that might be useful?"

She stared back at him and then described her background in marketing, her use of social media analytics and her approach. Her anger made her clearheaded and cold. She didn't really care if he was impressed or not.

When she had finished the room was silent. Everyone was waiting for his judgment.

He just sighed and turned to

someone else. “What about you? How would you tackle this?” He laid out a complex problem liable to generate negative publicity across a wide client base.

Ruthanne wasn't listening. She was too angry that he hadn't even had the decency to say anything. Had he even listened as she'd spoken?

Then Ian was ushering them all out of the room. Ten minutes later Daniel left.

Ian sent round an email thanking them all for coming to the meeting at such short notice and letting them know that Daniel

would be making a decision very soon. He also warned them to be prepared for another scenario like that in the future. "In these tough economic times," he wrote, "companies are more demanding and each of you should be prepared to face situations like that at any time."

"Thanks, Ian," Ruthanne muttered to herself as she read it. "Very supportive." She deleted the email, getting back to her work.

Then Katie came over. "I've just been doing a little research on our visitor," she said. "He is seriously rich. And he was hot." She giggled.

"I hope he picks me. I wish I hadn't said that stupid stuff about the balloons."

"At least he answered you," said Ruthanne. "And do you really think he's hot?"

"Yes," said Katie. "And he's rich, really rich. That makes him extra-hot." She laughed, her blonde curls bouncing around her face.

He'll pick her, thought Ruthanne. *She's the prettiest in the office and she has great ideas. I'm just efficient and efficiency doesn't stand out from the crowd.* "He's bound to choose you," said Ruthanne.

“Do you think so?” said Katie. “I hope so. I could do with a rich, handsome client.”

Ruthanne felt a bit cross that Katie didn't return the compliment and insist that Daniel would choose her, Ruthanne, even though they both knew he wouldn't. Katie could have at least pretended that he might have been impressed by Ruthanne's approach.

“We won't see him again,” said Ruthanne. “He'll be off to another firm, making them feel like idiots until he finds someone who says something he likes or someone really attractive.” Ruthanne

wondered if Katie would notice that she'd just been insulted but she didn't. She never did. She was already talking again.

"Ian will be mad if he leaves. He brings in over half our departmental revenue. I just hope no one loses their job." They both looked across at Daphne's desk, sure she'd be the first to go.

"Oh well," said Katie. "I'd better get back to making peanuts."

Chapter Two

Ruthanne left work by herself. Katie had gone early, wanting to get ready for a date. "With a waiter," she'd moaned to Ruthanne. "He's really cute but a waiter! He doesn't make any money. Why do I only ever date losers?"

"How cute is he?" asked Ruthanne.

"Oh, to die for. I mean he's gorgeous." And she'd gone on for ages about his big brown eyes, the way his hair curled over the back of

his collar.

“He sounds more like a puppy,” said Ruthanne. “Why don’t you just visit the dog shelter?”

Katie laughed. “I could have a waiter and a puppy.”

“Two little waifs and strays to support,” said Ruthanne.

“Yeah.” Katie grinned. “Still he’ll do for now until a rich little puppy comes along anyway.”

“Give him a kiss for me,” called Ruthanne as Katie left.

“I will,” she shouted back. “And more.”

Ruthanne carried on working.

She didn't have much to rush home for at the moment. Her last relationship had fizzled out weeks ago and she wasn't really enjoying being single again, not when all her friends were dating.

Perhaps she should call her ex. They could have make-up sex. Ruthanne considered it but no, it wasn't worth it. She didn't really want to see him again and the sex had never been that good anyway — certainly not good enough to risk him thinking it was all back on again. Before she knew it, he'd have moved half his stuff in again. They'd be staying in almost every

night, he'd ramble on about work or golf. She'd pretend to listen but keep one eye on the TV. Then they'd go to bed and have tedious sex and she'd wonder if it was all worth it.

She buried her head in her hands. No, she'd rather be single and lonely forever than give in and settle down with someone just because they were there.

The phone rang. She picked it up automatically, although she could have left it go to voicemail given that it was well after six p.m.. "Ruthanne Ellis, how can I help you?"

“I don’t know,” replied the voice. “But I have one or two ideas.”

“Who is this?” she asked, the hairs prickling on the back of her neck.

“Surely you know,” said the voice, sounding educated, cultured, slightly superior. “I’m waiting outside for you. I want to take you for dinner so we can discuss the PR work you’ll be doing for my company. We’ll swing by Reynard’s. I’m sure they will be able to fit us in. We’ll be leaving in ten minutes. Be downstairs by then. I do hate it when people are late.”

And the phone went dead.

Ruthanne stared at the phone. Who was that? Could it have been him? She quickly googled Reynard's. Yes, as she thought—a highly expensive, utterly exclusive restaurant. You needed reservations months, years even in advance. But he thought they would swing by and get a table? It had to be Daniel Rolleston. Her stomach turned over. Had he picked her? If she had this contract it would be the kick-start her career needed. It would push her up into the big leagues.

Her heart was beating too fast. *Ten minutes!* She raced to the ladies

and checked her makeup, applying a little more of everything. This was hopeless. She needed hours days! — to get ready to go to Reynard's. And she was wearing a business suit. But at least her stockings weren't run and she had decent shoes on. She brushed her teeth quickly, then put another layer of lipstick on.

Ten minutes! She ran to the lifts and pressed all the buttons, then stared at them, willing a lift to appear. Finally it did. Had she even closed her workstation down? Never mind. Ian would understand if this really was Daniel.

She breathed deeply as the lift descended, trying to slow down her pulse, wanting to look calm and collected. She stepped out and walked slowly to the front of the building.

A man in a uniform was waiting. "Miss Ellis?" He bowed slightly.

"Er, yes."

"If you would care to follow me the car is waiting."

"Okay. Thanks." She then wondered if you should thank servants. How would she know?

She followed him out to where a big shiny car waited. What was it?

Not a limousine, something that looked older, more English. A Rolls-Royce maybe? The uniformed man held the door open and she got in. It was big inside and she looked around, trying to stop her mouth from falling open.

Daniel was sitting there smiling, a glass of what looked like whiskey in his hand.

“So glad you could make it. I don’t think I have formally introduced myself. Daniel Rolleston, CEO and owner of Rolleston Industries.”

She smiled and held out her hand. “Ruthanne Ellis.”

"I know." He shook her hand. "So a bite to eat and we'll talk business?"

"Of course." She wished she'd spent the afternoon familiarizing herself with his company and his business interests like Katie had.

"So. Does this mean..." How could she ask him if she'd gotten the job?

"Does this mean?" he repeated, smiling.

"That you will be staying with our company?"

"It might mean that. It might not. It all depends. On you. On tonight."

No pressure then.

“You look tense. Are you tense, Ruthanne?”

“No, no,” she lied.

“You don’t have to worry. I was a bit of a beast this afternoon, wasn’t I? But I promise I won’t be like that tonight. I’ll behave myself. I don’t bite. Well, not very hard.” He laughed.

Ruthanne laughed with him but she didn’t believe a word of it.

“Drink?” he offered.

She shook her head. “Thank you but no.”

“You do drink?” he asked.

“Yes but I need to keep a clear head.”

“Not tonight. We won’t talk too much business. I just want to find out if we can get along. After all if you are managing the PR for my company we’ll have to spend a lot of time together. I don’t want to have to spend my time with someone dull.”

“Okay,” she agreed. “Just a small white wine.”

They arrived at Reynard’s. Ruthanne kept her face blank when really she wanted to jump up and down and shriek “I’m at Reynard’s” and then point at all the

famous faces she could see and run up and ask if she could have her photo taken with them. But she didn't. She stayed calm, storing it all up to tell Katie. In fact she might disappear to the ladies' in a minute and text Katie.

Of course there was a table for Mr. Rolleston. The waiters ushered them in.

She sat down and stared blankly at the menu. French really wasn't her strong point.

"What do you fancy?" asked Daniel.

She blushed slightly and admitted that she didn't really

know what half the things were.

“Don’t worry. I think I know what you’ll like.” He ordered for her.

He was charming and sweet and nice, quite a different person from the man who had grilled her that afternoon. Gradually she relaxed. He seemed to think she was charming and funny too, encouraging her to talk, to tell him about her family, her college days, her hometown, anything except work really. But all the time she was waiting for him to turn to her and throw a killer question out and watch her squirm as she failed to

answer it.

The food was delicious. Ruthanne wasn't sure what she was eating and she didn't like to ask but it was heavenly. If she hadn't been here she'd be at home on her own eating whatever was left in the fridge or sending out for a pizza. But here she was, sipping ridiculously expensive wine, eating food that looked like a work of art on the plate, being charmed by a rich, handsome man.

At the next table sat someone she'd seen reading the news on her favorite breakfast-time channel. There was a woman with him who

she recognized from a soap she didn't like to tell anyone she watched. This was the life she'd dreamed of when she moved to the city after college—not living in a damp apartment eating pizza and getting drunk on cheap wine with her girlfriends.

Then the meal was over. They'd had coffee and some delicious little chocolates and he was driving her home. He leaned back and looked at her. "So, Ruthanne," he said, "Do you think we can work together?" He was looking at her, searching her face.

"Yes," she smiled. "Of course."

“I can be difficult. Demanding even.”

“You’re the client.” She was still smiling. “That’s your right.”

“Yes. It is, isn’t it? But I need to know that you’ll be...” He paused. “Shall we say amenable to my demands?”

She froze. What was he asking her? “Yes,” she said slowly. *What else can I say?*

“Good.” He laughed, breaking the tension. “I’ll try not to be too unreasonable.”

She laughed too then. She had read too much into it. He was just

being charming again.

She got home feeling delighted. She had been to Reynard's, she had secured a hugely important client – probably saving a few of her team's jobs at the same time – and she had had a really lovely evening with a really lovely man. And Katie was right. He was hot. And she was going to be seeing him again, a lot. Perhaps this was the start of something really good.

She phoned Katie as soon as she got home. "Are you busy?" she asked.

"Intermission." Katie laughed. "I've sent him out to get us some

food. We've worked up quite an appetite so far."

"So it's going well then? For a first date?" She couldn't resist reminding Katie.

"I know, I know," said Katie. "I shouldn't do this on a first date. But he is just irresistible. He kissed me and that was it. I had to bring him home straight away, get his clothes off and get to it."

Ruthanne started laughing. This was typical Katie. She could never play the waiting game. "I hope he appreciates it."

"Oh he does, he does. In fact he's going to appreciate it all over

again when he gets back. The first time..." Katie lowered her voice. "We were barely in the apartment and he had me up against the wall, his tongue so far down my throat I thought I'd choke and his hands. You wouldn't believe what he can do with them. I came before I was even undressed."

Katie always insisted on telling every little detail. And in Katie's life there were a lot of details. "So then we got down to it in the hall, I was up against the wall while he had his hands down my panties and we did it right there standing up. I hope the neighbors didn't

wonder what was banging against the wall. It was me!" She sighed. "It was amazing. So passionate. Wild in fact. Then we had a few glasses of wine and made out on the sofa for ages before we got into the bedroom. Then he went down on me. Without me even asking him to."

Ruthanne knew that for Katie this was the sign of a good lover.

"So I reciprocated—after all, fair's fair." Katie giggled. "And soon we're going to do all over again." She sighed. "If only he wasn't a waiter. I keep trying to find out if he's got hidden talents—

well, apart from the obvious ones—like is he writing a screenplay? Is he an actor? Is he an artist? But no. Nothing. He's just a waiter and happy doing it."

"He still sounds good," said Ruthanne. "Give him a chance. Perhaps you can send him back to school."

"I don't know. He's so cute I might never let him out of the house again, except for walkies." Katie laughed. "So what's up with you?"

"Well you'll never believe it but..."

"It'll have to wait. Sorry, he's

back. Talk tomorrow?" She hung up.

Great. Thanks a lot. Well you'll just have to wait.

She lay on the sofa thinking about Daniel and about Katie's waiter, wishing she could mix the two together and find a man with Daniel's money, culture and class and this waiter's cuteness and passion.

She imagined Daniel Rolleston overcome with passion for her, hustling her into the apartment and kissing her up against the wall. His hands would be all over her, pulling at the buttons on her

clothes, reaching inside them, hot and urgent, down between her legs, finding her wet and ready.

As she imagined it she slipped her own hand under her clothes and into her panties. She gently massaged her plump outer lips and stroked her clit. Daniel/the waiter would do that too and she'd push up against his hand, wanting him to touch her there.

He would stroke her, maybe slipping a finger inside, then find her clit and rub it gently at first just like she was doing. Then harder and heavier, his hips grinding into her too, his tongue pushing into her

mouth and his fingers working, working until she came.

As she thought about it she massaged her clit, rubbing it harder, pressing it, imagining it was Daniel looking like Katie's waiter with his hand pressed up against her, not stopping—rubbing harder and harder. She tensed and pushed harder against her hand, knowing she was going to come and trying not to cry out as the waves of sensation rolled through her body. She climaxed, rubbing her pearl hard against herself, picturing Daniel/the waiter thrusting into her until he came too.

She relaxed back on the sofa, drifting, until she realized it was late and she needed to get to bed. Feeling a bit embarrassed at fantasizing about Daniel—even if she had made him look like someone else—she sighed. *Life was never simple.* At least she had been to Reynard's and from what Daniel had said, she might be going there a lot more often from now on.

Chapter Three

She was the golden girl of the team. She was moved into a bigger office all her own and she was given an assistant too—only an intern but an assistant nevertheless.

She met with Daniel once a week and he was polite, charming and not at all difficult or demanding. He flirted all the time but he was rich, handsome, charming and sophisticated so she flirted right back. Why not? It was all part of her job. You couldn't do PR without charming the clients. And it made a nice change for

someone to flirt with her so openly.

She didn't know why other people said Daniel was difficult or went on about how he had a bad track record with contracted employees or looked a bit sorry for her when she said who her main client was. She wasn't complaining. Life was good.

Katie had spent days moaning that it wasn't fair and if only she'd not mentioned the balloons she'd have Ruthanne's office—she'd be sitting at the big desk, she'd be asking her intern to bring her coffee instead of getting it herself. Katie was so used to being the one who

was chosen, especially where men were involved. They could never seem to resist her round blue eyes and doll-like face.

“You are pleased for me, though, aren’t you?” Ruthanne had asked.

“Yes,” said Katie a bit begrudgingly. Then she had gone on again about the waiter in great detail as if to say *well at least I’ve got a handsome boyfriend*.

Ruthanne shrugged. She was too busy at the moment to care really.

It wasn’t long after that Daniel had asked her to do something odd. It had just seemed like a bit of fun

at the time even if it went wrong and that wasn't Daniel's fault, was it?

He'd approached her before the main meeting, where he was going to speak to a group of departmental heads and she hoped include a lot of complimentary references to the work she had done for him.

"I hate these meetings, don't you?" he'd whispered to her. "Full of these boring types. Not like you or me. We're different, aren't we?"

She'd nodded eagerly. She wanted him think she was special.

"Would you like to make the meeting rather more enjoyable?"

He raised his eyebrows at her. "We could have a little fun, just you and me."

She'd nodded, not really knowing where he was going with this but enjoying the feeling that he felt she was special.

"What color panties are you wearing?" His breath was hot on her ear and he gripped her wrist tightly so she couldn't move away.

She'd giggled, a little shocked that he'd asked. So this was what he meant by fun. "I'm not telling you."

"Tell me. Please?" He looked quite innocent, like he really

wanted to know and as if she were being really mean not telling him. "Don't be boring."

She definitely didn't want him to think she was boring and what harm could it do? It was just adult banter, a little sexy fun and she didn't want him to lose interest in her. "Red."

"I want them."

"What do you mean?" She stepped away but he pulled her back in toward him.

"Take them off. And give them to me. "

She'd laughed then and pulled back but she couldn't seem to get

away.

He was still smiling at her like it was a great joke. "Come on. Slip them off and give them to me. It will make the meeting much more interesting. Please. For me. I am the client. You're supposed to make me happy."

He was joking, wasn't he, when he said that? Looking back now she knew he wasn't but then she'd just thought it was flirtatious banter rather than a completely serious reminder of her position.

"Go on. Go into the powder room now, take them off and pass them to me. I'll put them in my

pocket. No one will ever know."

"All right." She agreed reluctantly, wanting him to like her and suddenly afraid he wouldn't if she said no. It took just seconds and she had her little silky red panties tightly folded in her hand.

He was waiting in the corridor. He smiled at her and she nodded. He held out his hand and she checked there was no one else around before handing them over. Instead of putting them in his pocket straight away he unfolded them, shook them out and held them up in front of him, looking at them and then looking at her.

“Very nice. Very, very sexy. How does it feel?”

He looked toward her skirt, which was a lot shorter than she'd have chosen if she'd known she was going to go commando.

“Cool,” she said laughing.

“You are amazing.” He pocketed her panties. “I’m going to be thinking about this all the way through this dull meeting. Aren’t you?”

She nodded.

They went into the meeting room and she took a seat at the table. The others arrived, chatting, sorting out their papers, checking

their messages. Gradually the room filled. The first part was dull, just finances but Daniel kept looking at her, catching her eye and she knew what he was thinking. She saw his hand in his pocket a few times and knew he was touching her panties. Somehow, the thought made her feel good. She crossed her legs tightly, trying to subdue the little flicker of arousal she felt.

Finally it was his turn to speak. He stood in front of the window and addressed the meeting. He mentioned her name three times in the first few minutes. This was going well. She knew that Ian and

the other departmental heads would be impressed. Then he said, "In fact, Ruthanne, please join me here. I need you to clarify some of these issues and no one can do it like you."

She shook her head. She didn't want everyone looking at her, not when she was going commando.

"I insist. Come up here and join me."

She couldn't think of way to refuse without it looking odd and ungracious. She stepped up next to him and he smiled at her. He directed a few questions to her and she addressed the group, thinking

she was going to get away with this. No one was looking at her strangely but of course no one could tell her panties were in the pocket of the man standing next to her.

Then Daniel spoke again. He picked up the clicker to start the slideshow on the projector and dropped it. "Ruthanne, could you grab that for me? Your knees are younger than mine." A few of the older people laughed.

Ruthanne stared up at him beseechingly. She couldn't bend down, not in this micro skirt with no panties on.

“Ruthanne, would you mind?”
he said again.

How could she say no? She sank down, bending her knees, trying desperately to stop her skirt riding up. Where was the damn thing? She scrabbled on the floor, reaching out for it, knowing with a sinking feeling that if anyone were looking, they would be getting an eyeful just about now.

She glanced up and saw Daniel watching her, a spark of satisfaction in his eyes. She stood again and handed him the clicker. Most people were looking at Daniel or the screen or taking advantage of

the brief pause to check their phones but she saw a couple of men gazing at her.

One grinned widely and winked at her and the other man just looked startled, as if it still hadn't sunk in what he'd actually seen. She got through the rest of the meeting in a haze.

At the end, the man who had winked at her came right up to her and said, "Very nice presentation. I wouldn't have minded seeing a bit more." He handed her his card. "I always need some good PR. I have a very big contract but from what I've seen I think you could handle

it." He grinned again.

Ruthanne slipped his card into her pocket, smiled blankly and turned away. How could Daniel do that to her?

Afterward she wanted to give Daniel a piece of her mind but he started talking before she could. "Ruthanne, Ruthanne. I am so sorry. I forgot you were indisposed. I do hope no one saw anything untoward when you bent down. Imagine all those men seeing a flash of your naked—well...it doesn't bear thinking about. What must they have thought of you? Let me make it up to you. Reynard's?

Could you put up with going on another date there with me? Tomorrow? I'll pick you up."

And just like that she'd said yes, flattered and delighted, especially as he'd called it a date. She quite forgot how angry she was with him. Stupid, she thought later on, she should have stopped everything then, reported him to Ian and passed him on to someone else.

If only she'd known that this was barely the start of what he'd convince her to do—the games he played, the devices he used, the way he pushed her to the limits of

pleasure and pain and how he made her do things she never should have done. She would have finished it then, wouldn't she? But she'd been so dazzled by the prospect of another dinner at Reynard's, by him calling it a date and by wanting to keep her most important client happy. And maybe a little part of her had enjoyed it too and wanted to see what else would happen.

Chapter Four

She had left work early the next day to go shopping and then she spent two hours getting ready. Even if she said it herself, she looked great. She had new underwear, bought with him in mind—who knew when he'd ask to see her panties? A new dress, quite low-cut at the front and not the kind of thing she would usually wear at all. Killer heels, stockings of course—and she spent way too much on getting her hair done. But it was worth it. She had never looked better.

“Wow,” said Daniel when he saw her. “You look amazing.”

He had picked her up in a different car, driving this one himself—a low-slung sporty model that made a satisfying throaty roar when he accelerated.

This is my life now. Being driven in expensive cars to expensive restaurants by a handsome rich guy who thinks I look amazing. This is the life I always dreamed about.

He kept staring at her all through dinner. A few other diners waved at him and the people at the

next table kept trying to catch his eye but he didn't seem to notice anyone else. He just kept his eyes on her all night. He flattered her, made her laugh, complimented her, teased her. He was so confident and self-assured.

She knew she was drinking too much but he kept filling up her glass and not his own. But what the hell. *It isn't every day a man like Daniel takes you to a restaurant like this.*

He drove her home and parked outside her apartment block.

She had expected him to ask to come in and she was drunk enough

to want him to—even on this, their first proper official date—but he didn't.

He turned off the engine and looked at her. "I like you. I really like you. Me and you—we could make a great team."

Ruthanne believed him, wondering if that meant that he saw her as a potential life partner.

"If you're open-minded and enjoy a little bit of fun," he'd added.

Fun, she remembered thinking, a bit drunk and hazy but she was definitely fun.

"You were great in that

meeting.” He reached out and stroked the side of her neck. “It was the most enjoyable meeting I’ve had for a while.” He laughed.

She had laughed too. It all seemed like a game now rather than something she’d been angry about—something that could have ruined her reputation at work and made her a laughingstock.

“I like a girl who can take a few risks. A girl who isn’t dull and conventional.”

She’d nodded, her head spinning a little now from the champagne. He was still stroking the side of her neck and she leaned

into his hand wanting him to touch her more.

“But what about at the end?” he said. “I think you had an admirer.”

She laughed. “I think he saw a bit much.” It seemed funny now although she’d been so embarrassed at the time.

“And what did he give you?” Daniel asked.

“Nothing.”

“Don’t lie.” He was still smiling but his voice seemed harder.

She remembered. “His card. He wanted me to call him.”

“I bet he did,” said Daniel. “But

you're not going to, are you?"

"Of course not."

"No. Because you work for me and only me." He held her chin in his hand and stared into her eyes and she thought he was going to kiss her. But he gripped it tightly.

"You're mine. Remember that."

Then he smiled again and stroked her neck. "You look beautiful. Really so lovely."

"Thanks." She was a little stunned by his jealousy. Did that mean he thought they were dating properly like a couple? Should she feel pleased?

"Take off your panties,

Ruthanne.”

She jerked her head up and stared at him. It was one thing in the office or in public where there were too many people around for anything to happen. But here it was just the two of them. And he hadn't even kissed her yet.

She shook her head, smiling.

“Come on. Don't disappoint me. You've done it once already.” There was an edge of impatience in his voice. “I'm waiting.”

She didn't want him to get mad again. She felt she'd already let him down a bit by taking the man's card. She wanted him to be happy,

to feel like he could rely on her, to call her beautiful again.

She reached down and wriggled her way out of her panties, trying to cover herself with her skirt and aware of him watching her closely. She kept her head down, not wanting to look him in the eye. She handed her panties over to him.

He took them, looking at them then raising them to his face and breathing in deeply. "I can smell you. And now I want to touch you."

He raised his hand to her face and rubbed two fingers across her mouth then pushed them inside.

She felt his fingers on her tongue, not knowing what he was doing. He pushed his fingers farther in and she widened her eyes. Then he pushed them in and out, in and out.

“Suck,” he said and she tightened her mouth around his fingers, sucking as he pushed them in and out with her panties still in his hand, not taking his eyes off her face. Then he pulled his fingers out, hooking them over her lower teeth and pulling her mouth wide open. “Stay like that. With your mouth open.” He lowered his hand. “Legs open too. Pull up your skirt and open your legs.”

She felt mesmerized not knowing what he was going to do but knowing she wanted him and more than anything she wanted him to want her. It felt like a test and she wanted to pass. She shifted in her seat, hitching up her dress, separating her thighs, aware of the cool air between her legs.

His hand went between her thighs.

She could see the desire and the concentration on his face. She knew he wanted her. She opened her legs a little bit wider. She felt a pulse of electricity as he touched her, his hand brushing against her most

private parts.

“My fingers are wet.” He stroked across her outer lips. She felt her clitoris stiffen and tingle, the blood rushing to it as he stroked across her. Then he pushed two fingers inside her, suddenly and hard, making her gasp and tense up.

“Mmmh, tight. Very tight.” He watched her face as he thrust in and out hard and fast. She gasped, catching her breath and not knowing if she wanted to push against him, driving his fingers deeper into her or pull away. “Keep your mouth open,” he said. She

rested her head back against the seat and opened her mouth, half closing her eyes.

“Everything open.” He used his other hand to pull her knees even wider apart. “I want you all open to me. That’s better. I like the way you look. Very sexy, very sexy indeed.”

He held his fingers inside her, twisting them, flexing his fingers apart, stretching her inside, making her moan again. Then he brought his thumb onto her throbbing clitoris and started to stroke over it gently. “Do you like this, Ruthanne?”

She nodded, not meeting his

eyes, pushing against him and wanting him to touch her harder, to press into her, to make her come.

But he just kept stoking gently. "You are so wet." He twisted his fingers again then returned to the gentle insistent stroking of her clit.

She moaned and tried to push harder against his hand.

"Naughty. All in good time." Then he pulled his hand away from her and thrust the two fingers into her mouth.

She gagged and pulled away, trying to get them out of her mouth but he held her head with his other hand. "Suck them, Suck my fingers.

Taste yourself.”

He was gripping her face tightly, almost painfully—forcing her to take his fingers, dripping wet with her juices, into her mouth. “Play nicely. Or we won’t play at all.” His voice was light and teasing but with a hint of threat as if she didn’t do this that would be the end not just of the moment but of their whole relationship.

Maybe I’m just being uptight. Maybe this is the kind of thing Daniel’s type – rich, successful, privileged women – do all the time. She relaxed her jaw obediently and licked at his fingers, tasting herself

rich and sweet, the taste filling her mouth. There was something about giving into him, about doing what he wanted, that she was enjoying.

“That’s better.” He pushed his fingers in and out of her mouth. “And now you get your reward.”

His other hand was between her legs again and this time he went straight for her clit, seeking it out with his fingers and thumb, pinching at it and stroking it. She moaned over the fingers still filling her mouth and pushed her hips forward, opening her legs even wider. He pulled at her clit, tugging it and its little hood gently away

from her body, then pushing it back and grinding it against her.

She felt so aroused, so ready to come.

Then he put the pads of his three fingers flat on her clit and rubbed firmly and insistently over it. "Do you want to come?"

"Yes" she said thickly, his fingers still filling her mouth.

"Where are your manners? Say please or I might stop."

She didn't want him to stop. His hand was moving rapidly now, rubbing from side to side over her wet clit. She was so close. She knew she was going to come soon.

“Please.” Her body was already tensing up, the orgasm building,

“What did you say?” His voice was calm.

“Please, please.” And then she was coming, grinding her hips against his hand, crying out, her back arching against the seat, almost gagging on the fingers still in her mouth as the orgasm tore through her. She bucked up against his hand, pushing it harder and harder against her with each wave, again and again.

She sank back against the seat and breathed again.

He took away his hands, pulling

some wet wipes out of the glove box and fastidiously cleaned his hands.

“You are a dirty girl. You loved it, didn’t you?”

She nodded, too spent to say anything.

“Good. I think we’re going to have fun together. Now get out and go home. Sweet dreams.”

She felt dismissed. “Don’t you...” She hesitated, wanting to ask if he wanted pleasuring.

He smiled. “No. I’ve had quite enough fun for one night. You can owe me one.” He got out of the car and came around to her side and

opened the door.

She hastily pulled her dress down to cover her nakedness and got unsteadily to her feet, still shaky from her orgasm.

He helped her out of the car. "Thank you for a wonderful evening." He leaned forward and delicately kissed her forehead. "Go on, then. Off you go." He waited while she went up the stairs and into her apartment block, then she heard his car door close and the car start and drive away.

She remembered she had undressed and fallen into bed, feeling satisfied in one way but let

down in another, like he had used her somehow even though she was one who had taken the pleasure. Somehow it all felt wrong.

Chapter Five

It was almost a week before she saw or heard from him again. She'd spent the week swinging between shame and desire—shame at the way she'd let him touch her, shame at the way he'd made her taste herself and more than anything shame at the way she'd come so forcefully at the stroke of his hands.

But then every time she thought about that night she felt a tingle of pleasure too. It wasn't just the way he had touched her with such certainty and such skill but the way he had seemed to control her.

Giving in to him had made it more exciting. She hadn't known what he would do next. It felt like his desires were overwhelming and she was the only one who could satisfy them and for some reason that felt exciting and as though she were powerful even when she seemed most powerless.

A week later he'd come into the office demanding to see her, insisting that she clear all her other meetings—which of course she did, given that as a client he was worth more than all her others put together.

She felt nervous seeing him

again. What did he think of her, now that he'd touched her like that? Were they still dating? Did he still want her?

He sat down in the big chair opposite her desk and said coolly, "You owe me one."

She'd stared at him blankly.

"Don't say you've forgotten." He sighed. "Just how many men's fingers have been inside you since last week?"

She said nothing, a blush creeping slowly up her neck.

"Surely you don't let every man you date do that to you?" He raised his hand, two fingers extended and

kissed them and blew her the kiss.

She shook her head. "Of course not." She frowned at him, feeling angry.

"So. If you remember, you owe me one. And I'm here to collect."

"What do you mean?" She smiled nervously.

"What I mean is," he spelled it out as though she were was being rather slow, "I want you to come over here right now, kneel down in front of me, unzip my trousers, take out my cock and suck it until I come in your mouth. Then I want you to swallow my come and say 'thank you very much, Daniel,

please come again.'"

"No," she said instantly. "Not here. That's disgusting."

"Is it? Is it any different to what I did for you? I didn't hear you complaining. Moaning yes, complaining no." He laughed softly.

She shook her head. "This is my office. And that was a date."

"Oh so that makes a difference does it? You're so conventional," he sighed. "So dull. I thought more of you."

"I'm not conventional. I just meant it feels different." She tried to stop that look of disappointment

on his face. “And you surprised me.”

“Then get used to the idea.”

“But it’s my office. What if someone comes in?”

He stood and strode to the door.

Her heart sank. He was leaving —her best client, the closest thing she had to a boyfriend, the man who took her places she had never been before.

He called out to the rest of the office in his commanding tones. “I’m having a meeting with my PR team and I am not under any circumstances to be disturbed. Is that understood?”

There was a shocked silence in the big room as everyone stopped what they were doing, then came a murmur of yesses. What Daniel wanted Daniel got.

He slammed the door shut behind him. "Happy now? So what's stopping you now?"

"I don't know. Nothing." It was true, no one would come in. And it wasn't as if she'd never gone down on a man. And she was dating him so what could be wrong?

"Then come over here and kneel down before I change my mind and go elsewhere." He was smiling at her. "I want you, Ruthanne. And I

can't wait."

That made it better, made it more like a date and an act of passion but it still felt wrong as she went over to him and knelt down in front of him. Wrong but exciting at the same time. She looked up at him. Was she really going to do it? Now? In her office? In the middle of the day? To someone who had just marched in and demanded it?

He was taking control of her again and something in her liked it, found that arousing and impossible to deny.

She reached up and slowly unzipped his expensive trousers.

She heard the sound of the heavy silk lining of his trousers against the lighter silk of his boxer shorts and was impressed again despite herself.

“Good girl, Ruthanne.” His voice was soft now, gentle even. “I knew you wouldn’t let me down. I knew you were the right choice.”

He was already erect and she maneuvered him out of the gap in his shorts and held his stiff rod. She couldn’t believe she was going to do it here and now. This was not how her relationships normally went and she wasn’t that kind of person. But perhaps she was now.

Perhaps she was a risk-taker, adventurous, up for anything?

“Suck me, Ruthanne. Take me in your mouth.”

She felt demeaned but strangely excited by the way he was treating her, using her almost as if she had no will, no control anymore. She leaned forward and licked the end of his penis, tasting its fresh saltiness. She squeezed it with her hand as she lapped at the head, wetting it and flicking her tongue at him.

“I knew you wouldn’t let me down, Ruthanne. I knew you wanted to do it.” He put his hands

on her head, tangling his fingers into her hair and pulled her head forward so two, three inches slipped into her mouth. She sucked on it and moved her head back and forward slowly. "Look at me while you're sucking my cock."

She raised her eyes and saw him smiling down at her, a look of desire and triumph on his face. "That's good. This suits you. We should do this more often."

She pumped his dick in and out of her mouth, sucking at it, sometimes licking with her tongue, lashing at it. She felt a wetness between her legs, knowing she was

doing something bad, something she shouldn't do and liking that feeling.

"You are a great cocksucker," Daniel said. She felt happy that he was pleased with her even though he said it in an unpleasant way.

She sucked harder, knowing from his voice that he was getting nearer. His hands gripped her hair more tightly and painfully. She tried to move her head back but he pulled it pulled it farther into his lap, forcing another inch into her mouth, almost making her gag.

She moved her head as much as she could, pulling away each time

as he forced her back, pushing it in too deep. Then he was holding her head and thrusting into her mouth and she was gagging and choking. He came, a thick spurt of hot semen filling her mouth and making her choke even more. She wrenched her head away and he stared at her.

“Have you got a mouth full of my spunk?” he said, his voice not as controlled as usual.

She nodded.

“Open wide. Show me. ”

She opened her mouth and he looked inside.

“A mouthful,” he said with satisfaction. “I like that. I want to

do that more often with you. It suits you. On your knees with a mouth full of come." He was back to himself now, his voice teasing, light but cruel too. "Now swallow it. And say thank you."

It took an effort of will to swallow. She wanted nothing more than to spit it all out and rinse out her mouth. But he was watching and waiting so she made herself swallow it down.

"And now say thank you. Say 'thank you for coming in my mouth, Daniel.'"

She laughed and shook her head. She couldn't say that.

“Say it. Or I won’t do it again. Not with you anyway.”

She felt the rush of panic and the words tumbled out of her mouth before she could think about it. She blushed as she spoke. It was one thing to do it. It was another to say those words.

“Good girl. Now stand up and let’s see how you really felt about all that.”

She thought he was going to kiss her or hold her but he stayed seated as she stood in front of him. He put his hand up her skirt. He moved her panties to one side, his fingers cool against her.

“Open your legs,” he said and she did so, standing with her legs apart for him.

He stroked her gently, parting her lips, slipping his fingers between them then inside her. “Wet. Dripping wet. I knew it. You loved it.”

And she *was* aroused. She didn’t know why. There was something about being under his control, about being treated like a sex object that got her wet—wetter than she’d ever been before.

“Look. I wouldn’t normally do this but seeing as it’s you...” His voice trailed off as he started

touching her insistently, his fingers slipping in and out of her hard and then his fingers finding her clit and rubbing it.

She felt a rush of blood and pushed into his hand, wanting him to touch her.

“Do you want me to make you come?”

She stood there and nodded.

“Say it then. And say please.”

“Please make me come.” Just saying the words made her feel more aroused.

He rubbed harder, his thumb on her clit, two, three fingers inside

her now.

“You want me to don’t you?” he asked again. “You need me to do this.”

“Yes. Please.” She leaned forward, her hands grabbing the back of the chair.

“You make me want to do things to you. Bad things, because however much you complain.” He thrust three fingers deep inside her, making her stagger and groan in pain. “However much you complain, I know you love it.”

He rubbed her clitoris again with his thumb, harder and faster, until she knew what was going to

happen and she couldn't stop. She started to come with three fingers pulling her painfully open and his thumb on her clit.

“Are you coming?”

“Yes, yes.” She pushed against his hand, needing him to keep rubbing, to keep touching her.

“Do you like the things I do to you?”

“Yes, yes,” she said again, focusing on his hand, on his fingers stretching her, on his thumb moving so hard and so fast across her clit. Then she bucked against him, out of control as the orgasm took her.

She pushed against his hand, needing him to keep touching her, to keep rubbing her clit, trying not to cry out, trying not to let her body rock and buck. But the pleasure was impossible, too much. She heard her own voice moaning and felt her body moving and writhing against his hand as she came. She pushed harder against him, losing herself in the throes of her orgasm as he kept rubbing her harder and harder.

“You see,” he said, watching her catch her breath. “You love it. Don’t you?”

The sensations eased away and his thumb was still, resting lightly

on her tender clit. His fingers were still inside her and he gave them another thrust as he spoke.

“You love it. Don’t you?”

She nodded, unable to speak.

“I’d like to put something really big inside you.” He flexed his fingers and stretched her.

She lowered her head, moaning softly, needing to sit down.

Then he withdrew his fingers. “So,” he said, as if this were a meeting he was drawing to a conclusion. “We have established that you give great head, that you are willing to put up with almost anything to satisfy your desires and

that when you say no you usually mean yes. I'm glad we've got that cleared up. And now I really must be going."

He stood and zipped himself up, leaving her standing there with her skirt pushed up and her panties to one side, tangled in her wetness.

He leaned in and kissed her on the forehead. "It's been lovely. I must go. Don't clean your teeth yet either. I want to know I'm still in there, all day, all evening." He smiled.

She nodded, still dazed from the power of her orgasm.

"Saturday night happens to be a

little bit special,” he said. “I don’t suppose you’d be free for dinner?”

It was Valentine’s night and of course she had nothing planned, no date lined up—just the thought of a box of chocolates in front of the TV, hiding away when everyone else was on a romantic date.

She nodded.

“Good. I’ll pick you at eight.” He smiled at her, then his face changed. “You need to pull yourself together.” He looked at her disheveled clothes as if their state was her fault, not his. “You don’t want your colleagues to know what a little slut you are.”

And with that he left.

She stumbled to her desk and sat down, still reeling from her orgasm but now angry too. She wasn't going to see him again, Valentine's night or no Valentine's night. He seemed to assume that she'd want to see him again and that she'd drop any other plans to make herself available.

Well, she wouldn't. She'd rather stay at home by herself than go out with someone who called her a slut —especially a man who asked her to keep the taste and smell of his semen in her mouth all day and all evening as if it was the most

normal thing in the world.

She wriggled in her seat, still feeling sore after the way he had used her. Why had she been so wet when he touched her? Her brain knew she shouldn't be doing what he asked. She knew she shouldn't be going down on him like that and she knew that what he was asking her do was wrong. So why had her body betrayed her? Why did it give her shiver of pleasure when he talked to her as though she were some kind of hooker? And why had she come so powerfully when she didn't want to and when he was almost hurting her?

She didn't understand it. She didn't want to even think about him again. She just wanted a nice long bath, to clean her teeth five times and to go to sleep.

There was a knock at the door. Was he back? But he never knocked.

Her manager poked his head round. "All clear?" He came in and closed the door behind him. "You don't look so good. Rough meeting?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to say anything.

"I heard Daniel marched in demanding to see you, all riled up

about something.”

She nodded again.

“But he left looking a lot happier?” He looked hopeful. “I caught up with him as he left and he said he was very satisfied, really quite happy with the way you’d handled things and he was willing to continue the contract as long as you were the one who worked on it.”

She nodded again, finding her voice. “Yes. He just needed something done so I did what he wanted and he was fine.”

“Thank goodness. I can’t tell you how much his account means to us

—well to you, mainly. It's what's paying your wages and about three other peoples'. When I thought we were going to lose him, before he picked you, I was already making a list of who I was going to let go. Without his contract, three, maybe four of you wouldn't be here anymore." He shook his head. "Tough times. We have to keep Daniel happy, however difficult he can be." He stood.

She wondered how much he knew about Daniel's demands and what it took to keep him happy.

"Great. Well as long as he's satisfied, that's the main thing.

Thanks, Ruthanne, you are doing a great job. I'm relying on you. We all are."

She managed to smile at him as he left. It looked like she might be seeing Daniel again after all.

Chapter Six

It was six-thirty on Valentine's night. She still hadn't made up her mind. She could tell him he was busy. It was so rude of him to just assume she would be free when he wanted to see her. She would text him now, tell him not to come here.

She hesitated. But what if that meant she lost him as a client, lost her big office, her intern, her status? What if she lost her job? What if Katie or Daphne or Dermott or any of the others lost their jobs?

But she couldn't put up with him walking in and demanding sexual favors—in her office of all places—whenever he liked. It was outrageous. It was insulting, it was...

She remembered the feeling of the carpet on her legs as she knelt in front of him, the sensation of leaning forward and taking him in her mouth. The way he'd talked to her, the thrill of arousal as she gave in to him as she did what he told her.

She felt that familiar flutter between her legs just remembering it. She shook her head, angry with

herself. What was wrong with her? It was demeaning and unpleasant. So why did she find it so arousing? How could she get so turned on when she knew it was wrong?

The doorbell rang and her heart leapt into her mouth. He couldn't be here already. It was way too early and she hadn't even showered yet. Not that she was going out of course.

She peeped through the spyhole. A man in uniform was standing there holding a big bunch of red roses.

"Special delivery," he shouted.
She opened the door.

“Ruthanne Ellis?”

She nodded.

“I need to see some ID.”

“Really? For a bunch of flowers?”

“Not for the flowers. For this.” He showed her a little box. “High-value gift. I’ll need ID and a signature. Company policy.”

She closed the door, her heart still racing. Flowers? An expensive gift? It could only be one person. She could refuse them. But the flowers were beautiful and then she’d never know what was in the “high-value” box. She grabbed her handbag and found an ID and

opened the door again.

He checked it carefully and she signed the electronic device. He passed her the big bunch of flowers and the gift box.

“Happy Valentine’s Day, miss.” He left.

Inside, she dropped the flowers, dying to look in the box. She read the name on the packaging. It was from Tiffany & Co, one of the most expensive jewelers there was. She pulled the ribbon and opened the box.

Inside the tissue paper was a pair of earrings with sparkling drops. Were they diamonds? Real

diamonds? They had to be. And if they were they must have cost a fortune. Her hand was shaking as she tried to get them out of the box and put them on. She looked at herself in the mirror. Diamond earrings. They looked wonderful.

There was a card with the flowers. She opened it and in Daniel's elegant flowing handwriting it read, *"Thank you for a most satisfactory meeting this week. Please enjoy this little token of my esteem. I look forward to giving you the rest of the set later. Yours, Daniel."*

The rest of the set? There was more? More diamonds? Her heart

caught in her throat. She touched the earrings. She'd have to give them back. She had to. She glanced in the mirror again. But they looked so pretty. And they suited her so well. Maybe it wouldn't hurt just to see him again once or twice and then she could tell him it was over. Where was the harm in that?

She looked at the flowers and saw the promise of romance in the dark tight petals of the red rosebuds. There were at least four dozen red roses there. She didn't have a vase big enough so she sat the whole bunch in the sink and ran some water in to keep them

going until later. She was suddenly anxious to get ready to meet Daniel. Daniel who it seemed had a very generous and a very romantic side to him.

The car came for her on time. Daniel sat in the back looking elegant as ever, his blue eyes the color of the sea on a cold, bright day. He complimented her dress and her hair and admired the earrings. "Diamonds suit you. But you need more of them, don't you think?"

She just laughed in reply, not wanting to seem too eager.

They arrived at La Maison and it

was even better than Reynard's. Every table had a glamorous, beautiful couple seated at it. There were red roses everywhere. She tried not to stare as she caught a glimpse of famous face after famous face.

This was better than sitting at home alone eating chocolates. This was the life she had dreamed of having and if the price she had to pay was Daniel's strange and sometimes disturbing demands then perhaps she should just pay that price.

They took their seats—just one more of the beautiful couples, she

thought — feeling as though she had joined the in-crowd. Daniel was as attentive as ever, ordering her food for her, feeding her little bits from his own plate, delighting in her exclamations of pleasure at each delicious morsel.

Ruthanne relaxed. So Daniel was unconventional. So what? After five glasses of champagne, she felt sure she could handle it.

After the meal the car was waiting and they drove to a hotel. “I hope you don’t mind,” said Daniel. “I took the liberty of booking a room for us. It is a special evening, after all.”

Ruthanne wasn't sure if she was pleased or not. Spend the whole night with Daniel? Perhaps he was getting serious about her. But she hadn't brought anything, no spare clothes or makeup, not even a toothbrush.

"It's a lovely hotel," he said, seeing the concern on her face, as if her main concern would be the quality of the accommodations.

She agreed to go, not sure if it was the champagne talking or if she really wanted to spend the night with him. But when they arrived at the hotel and she found out it was the Chelsea she was pleased she

had agreed. It was a famously luxurious hotel—the kind of place people like her never normally went. She wondered in passing why they didn't go to his home but perhaps Daniel thought this was more romantic.

The suite was enormous but what caught her eye immediately were the blood-red rose petals everywhere—sprinkled over the bed, scattered over the thick cream carpet, drifting everywhere. Her breath caught in her throat as she looked around, thinking this was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

There was a huge bed with the white sheets covered with red rose petals, flowers everywhere and candles already lit around the room, giving a soft, gentle light. They sat on the sofa and Daniel poured the champagne that was waiting in the cooler and fed her strawberries from the dish next to it.

She sipped champagne, looking around the room and trying to commit it to memory, knowing that without Daniel she would never have seen anything like it.

Daniel had brought a bag with him and he opened it. He took out

two gift-wrapped parcels—one tiny, one more substantial. “You look so beautiful in those earrings. I thought you might like something to go with them.”

She started to open the little box, her hands shaking. Could it be more diamonds? Really?

He put his hand over hers. “But you can only have this one if you promise to wear what’s in this bag.” He gestured to the other gift bag.

Ruthanne felt sure it contained some kind of lingerie. She was happy to wear it. Daniel had impeccable taste.

She nodded, smiling at Daniel, wanting to open the box and see what was inside.

“Promise?”

“Promise,” she said, smiling.

She opened the little box and it was a delicate bracelet that sparkled, the stones catching the light.

“Yes,” he said, guessing what was in her mind. “It’s diamond, of course. Nothing but the best for you.”

He leaned in and helped her to fix the clasp and she turned her wrist this way and that, admiring the way it looked. A diamond

bracelet. She'd never had anything as precious as this before. With this and the rose petals, the candlelight and the champagne, it seemed that Daniel was really showing his romantic side.

“Take the other bag. Go into the bathroom and don't come out until you're wearing everything.”

She went into the bathroom and closed the door behind her. She looked around, running her fingers over the acres of marble and looking at the enormous shower—surely big enough for three or four people—and a freestanding bathtub. She examined the

toiletries. They looked wonderful. She wondered whether she'd be able to take them home with her. Surely they'd fit in her handbag?

She sat on the little sofa — *a sofa in a bathroom!* — and opened the bag. She had been expecting something lacy and feminine but it was all black and all made of gleaming black rubber or latex.

She pulled out the items, looking at each one with a sinking feeling. There was a corset, stockings, panties and some things which looked like they would buckle around her wrists and ankles. She got dressed slowly,

leaving her own clothes on the sofa. The corset had an impossibly tight waist and she squeezed herself into it, noticing the way it transformed her figure into an hourglass. It finished at the top of her thighs and she noticed in horror it had holes cut out for her breasts.

She looked down. She looked so naked, so wrong with her breasts spilling out pale and soft against the tight black latex. It was embarrassing, obscene. She finished doing it up, pulling the zipper all the way to the top so the high neckband with a clip on the back fitted snugly around her throat. It

wasn't what she had hoped for at all.

Then there was a pair of crotchless panties. Pointless, she told herself but put them on anyway. And a pair of thigh-high fishnet stockings, the sort she always associated with prostitutes.

She put that thought out of her mind and concentrated on the buckled straps, putting one on each wrist and one on each ankle, hoping she'd gotten it right. Each had a clip on them, like at the neck of her corset. Would he be tying her up somehow? Restraining her?

She felt the nerves set in—

nerves and a flutter of excitement. What would he do to her? Would she like it? Would she want him to do it? She put her shoes back on and looked at herself in the mirror.

It wasn't her. It was a tiny-waisted, big-breasted sex object staring back at her, the latex gleaming softly, the fishnets finishing two inches below the bottom of the corset, her pale thighs curving out over the thigh-highs. Her thighs, her breasts looked so naked, so pale and so soft against the blackness of everything else.

She couldn't wear this. She

couldn't let Daniel or anyone see her like this. She thought about taking it all off but the diamond bracelet was sparkling on her wrist. She wanted it. She'd never get another one. And what was so bad about wearing these clothes? Lots of people wore stuff like this, she told herself. It was really nothing unusual, nothing to get worried about. But this would be their first time, their first time properly and she was dressed like a fetishistic hooker.

She glanced in the mirror again. Katie would never believe it. Suddenly Ruthanne felt

determined to go through with it, diamonds or no diamonds. To do what Daniel wanted, to be the kind of girl who would do anything and not be boring, sensible Ruthanne anymore. For once she'd do something even Katie had never done.

She rearranged her hair and put more lipstick on, choosing a deeper shade of red that seemed to go with the black clothes. She took a deep breath. Did she look ridiculous? Would Daniel like what he saw? She opened the door.

Daniel was lounging on the sofa, champagne glass in hand.

He stared at her as she opened the door.

She folded her arms over her naked breasts as she walked toward him.

“You look amazing. Amazing. I think we’ve finally found your style.” He chuckled to himself.

She went to sit next to him, anxious for him to stop staring at her.

“No. Walk around the room. I like watching you. And put your arms down or I’ll have to tie them down.”

So she walked slowly to the bed, to the window and back, aware of

her breasts jiggling, of her naked thighs and the crotchless panties.

“You really do look good. Have some more champagne. Drink it standing up.”

She stood in front of him, holding the glass and aware of his eyes on her.

He reached out and gripped one of her nipples.

“Ouch!” She pulled away.

“Naughty.” He slapped her breast. “Let me touch you. You can’t dress like that and then not let me touch you.”

Her breast still stinging, she

stood still while he gripped her nipple again between his thumb and finger and rolled it firmly, then pulled it away from her body, pulling her whole breast away. He let her breast fall and looked at it. "You see, you squeal but you like it. Look at your nipple."

She looked down. It was tight and hard.

"Now make the other one the same."

She hesitated, not sure what to do. He slapped her breast then grinned at her.

"Just playing. Come on, use this."

He handed her an ice cube from the bucket. Feeling self-conscious, she rubbed it over her nipple, watching it tighten and contract.

“Good. That’s better. We are going to have some fun tonight, perhaps more fun than you’ve ever had before. But I won’t hurt you. Well, not much. Red is the color of Valentine’s Day. And that’s the color you’ll be when I’ve finished with you but don’t worry, you’ll be back to normal in a couple of days.” He laughed.

She opened her mouth to protest but he carried on. “Did you like your gift?” he asked, his eyes

on her bracelet, which glittered against the leather wristband.

She nodded.

“And I’ve got a necklace that matches the bracelet if you’re interested.” He reached out and grazed his knuckles against her erect nipples as he spoke.

A necklace—more diamonds! She knew she wanted them. And she knew she wanted to be one of those women who had exciting sex lives, who did outrageous things, who were showered with diamonds and rose petals. The kind of woman who men would do anything for and it looked like it

might all be coming true. She smiled and sat down next to him.

“Good girl. Now let’s begin.”

Chapter Seven

The first thing he did was to pull her arms behind her back and clip her wrists together. It wasn't uncomfortable but she couldn't use her hands at all and she suddenly felt a bit helpless and vulnerable.

"More champagne?"

She nodded but realized she couldn't pick up her glass.

"Here, let me." He smiled. "Kneel down in front of me. It will be easier that way."

She down sat in front of him. Kneeling like this made her feel

like a servant or a slave. Just like when she knelt in front of him in her office, she felt a throb of arousal, a warmth between her legs.

He held the glass to her lips and she drank. But he kept tipping the glass so it ran out of her mouth and down her cheeks and chin on to her chest, dripping down her breasts.

“Silly girl. You’ve spilled it. Stay there.”

She knelt on the floor. He got a towel from the bathroom and laid it over the seat of the sofa. “Now dry yourself.”

She wasn’t sure what to do. She

couldn't pick up the towel. Her hands were cuffed behind her back.

"Come on. Come and rub yourself dry on here. "

She crawled forward until she was pressing against the soft white towel. It felt warm against her wet, naked breasts.

"Rub yourself." He stood and watched her as she wriggled against the towel, trying to make sure she was dry.

She could feel him watching, knowing he was staring at the way her bottom was moving, at the way she was exposing her thighs, her buttocks and more to him as she

rubbed her chest.

She felt the soft toweling over her breasts and nipples. Was it that or being told what to do that was making her feel like this? Something was causing the flutter between her legs. She could feel the dampness, the slickness inside her growing.

“That’s better. We don’t want you wet—well, not everywhere.” He led her over to the big full-length mirror. Her breasts looked pink and the nipples were already hard after their wetting and drying.

He stood behind her, reaching around so he could watch himself

touching her and so she could watch him too.

He held one nipple tightly between his fingers, pinching it while he pulled and played with the other. He grasped the nipple tightly and pulled it away from her body, stretching out her breast, then let it fall. "Stay there. I'm going to give you bigger nipples." He turned to his bag.

She wondered what he meant. She looked at herself in the mirror. She didn't look like Ruthanne Ellis anymore. She looked unconventional, perverted even. She liked this look. He was right.

Was it because she was had drunk far too much or did it really suit her? Even if it wasn't really her it felt good to wear this, to be someone else, someone who wasn't scared to try things just for a few hours.

He returned with two small glass cups and a hand pump.

She stared at them anxiously. What on earth was it all for?

"Suction cups," he said helpfully. "Quite painless, don't worry. Now lick around the edge of this one."

She stuck out her tongue obediently and let him wipe the

small glass cup over it.

“What are they for?” she asked.

“I told you. I want you to have bigger nipples.”

“I don’t understand.”

“You will. Just watch.” He placed one of the clear glass cups over her left nipple and pressed it against her. Then he attached the hand pump to the valve at the end of it and slowly pressed the pump.

She watched in fascination and in horror as her nipple grew, swelling toward the end of the cup. She could feel it pulling on her. Then he pumped it again and her nipple swelled up more, puffing

and increasing in size. She could feel it even more now, a pressure, a sucking sensation on her nipple. She cried out. She wanted to reach up to pull it off her but her hands were behind her back.

“Stop struggling. I want to see how big it can get.”

She tensed as he very slowly squeezed the pump again and impossibly, ridiculously, her nipple swelled up even more, almost touching the end of the glass cup.

“No, no,” she gasped. It was too much. It felt too strong, too tight, like her nipple was being sucked and sucked and sucked.

“Very good. It’s big enough now. Let’s even you up.” He held the other cup to her mouth and she licked it. He pressed it against her and began to pump. She knew what to expect this time but still couldn’t believe the sight of her nipple growing, distending, expanding, swelling. The sensation was really strong now and she gasped.

“Almost there.” He gave it one last squeeze before he slipped the pump off, leaving both her breasts swollen inside their cups.

The cups gripped tightly, staying on, her nipples huge inside

them. She breathed in hard, deeply, trying to come to terms with the feeling. It was like having both her nipples squeezed and sucked impossibly hard. It was just on the edge of pain but somehow she didn't want it to stop. She could feel her arousal. She knew her clitoris was swelling too.

“Look at yourself,” he said and she looked in the mirror.

She could see the cups clamped onto her breasts, each one almost filled with swollen pink flesh.

Daniel stood behind her again. “It looks good.” His voice was throaty. He placed his hands under

her breasts and moved and shifted them, watching the way the cups moved on her nipples, watching her huge nipples inside the cups.

Each movement sent shivers through her like someone was pulling even harder on her tender nipples.

She moaned. It was too much. "Take them off. Please."

"All in good time. Anyway I think you like it, don't you?" He kicked gently at her ankles and she opened her legs. He reached in front of her and arranged the crotchless panties so the gap was over her clitoris. Then he gripped

each of her outer lips and slowly pulled them apart. "Look."

She could see how pink she was down there. She could see her tender clit, peeking out and wanting to be touched.

"You like it," he said with satisfaction. "I should put a suction cup on you down there and see how big we can make that."

"No." She didn't want to think about how it would feel to have a cup on her tender lips, on her mound, on her clitoris, pulling and sucking at her and making the flesh swell and grow.

"I think you might like that too."

But for now I have other things in mind for you."

She was relieved. The thought of a suction cup between her legs was too much.

"Let's have a look at your nipples." He stood beside and held one of her breasts in his hand, looking at the tender flesh inside the cup. "You should wear these more often. I like to think about your nipples being swollen like this."

He examined the other one. "I'd like to cup you, then take you out in a tight white t-shirt and nothing else so everyone could see how big

your nipples are. Would you do that for me, Ruthanne?"

She caught her breath. "No. Not in public."

"Oh, Ruthanne." He sounded disappointed. "First you spill some very expensive champagne and now you are refusing to play. I really am going to have to punish you later. But first let's have a look, shall we?" He eased the cup away from her skin. It pulled hard and then the air rushed in and the cup fell away.

She stared down at her nipple in disbelief. It was huge and pink, standing out from her breast, three

or four times its usual size.

He pulled the other cup more sharply, making her gasp. He released that one too.

“Now look at yourself,” he said with satisfaction.

She gazed in the mirror. She’d never seen nipples that big or red before. It didn’t look like her.

Daniel stood behind her again, staring into the mirror. He reached both hands around and held her breasts, lifting them, squeezing them, watching the nipples, pushing her breasts together so the swollen nipples were nearly touching.

Then he touched her tender, swollen nipple.

She cried out. "No. No, don't touch."

But he held the nipple, squeezing it softly, rolling it gently between his fingers. He took the other nipple between his fingers too, pressing and rolling them, watching himself in the mirror.

She gasped, crying out. It was tender but she didn't want him to stop now. Her nipples had never felt more sensitive, more aroused. Each time he touched them it sent a throb between her legs.

He pulled and squeezed her

nipples harder, pulling them away from her body then running his hands over them, folding them between his fingers.

“I like the way they feel. I’d like to wrap bands around them so they couldn’t go down and then whip them with a paddle. What do you think Ruthanne? Would you like these big nipples smacked with a paddle?”

“No,” she said, shocked. “No you mustn’t do that.” It was enough that he was touching them, squeezing and pressing them when they were so swollen.

“You spoil all my fun.” He

smiled at her. "I'll just have to find somewhere else to spank you. Stand there."

She waited, looking at herself in the mirror in her latex and fishnets, the tight corset and the pale breasts with their huge red nipples.

He got something from his bag and then returned, holding a slim paddle in his hand. He flexed it, watching her face. Then he stroked the paddle gently over her exposed butt as she waited, tense.

"I'm going to spank you hard tonight. Bend over."

She was scared. She had never been hit or whipped or spanked or

anything before. How much would it hurt? Would he stop when she wanted him to? She felt her panic rising. He might hurt her.

She should leave now. She should take off the diamonds and these clothes and get dressed and walk out right now. It would be the end of her relationship with Daniel, the end of the extravagant gifts, the restaurants she'd never be able to afford to go to again and the end of her status at the office as having the most important client of anyone in the team. But it would be the sensible thing to do.

She sighed. She was tired of

being sensible. And she could always stop him if it really hurt her.

He turned her so she was sideways on to the mirror and gently pushed her shoulders until she bent at the waist. She rested her hands on her knees, glancing in the mirror to see her bottom exposed and her breasts swinging low underneath her. Something about seeing herself like that excited her.

“It won’t hurt, will it?”

“Let’s see.” He ran the paddle over her buttocks, making her shiver. “Open your legs.” Then he reached the paddle between her legs from behind and tapped it

softly between her legs over her plump mound.

She groaned softly. It felt good. She wanted him to do it again. She could feel her clit throbbing between her legs, wanting to be touched, wanting to be played with, wanting to be caressed. Even the soft bats from the paddle might be enough to make her come. If only he'd do it again.

He patted her again, slightly harder this time, near her clit and she moaned again.

"You like being spanked," he mused, watching her in the mirror, tapping the paddle over her clit.

She shook her head. She didn't.

"You like it. And you know that when you please me you please yourself too, don't you? Don't tell me you're not excited. I've seen how wet you are. The more I do to you the wetter you get. That's right isn't it?" He tapped away at her as he spoke and she moaned.

"You see," he said. "Even though I'm going to spank you really quite hard in a minute you'll let me because you want it as much as I do."

He reached under as he spoke and handled her breasts roughly, squeezing them, feeling the weight

of them in his hand, squeezing a nipple, all the while tapping insistently at her mound.

She looked up at him and nodded again, not trusting herself to speak.

“Are you ready?” He positioned himself behind her, smiling at the image in the mirror.

“What for?” she said, although she knew what he was going to do. She was just trying to put off the moment.

“This.” The paddle smacked down hard on her ass. She was shocked by the sharp stinging sensation and flinched away,

yelping.

“Don’t move.” He pulled her back up into position, her rear end high in the air, her head low. “Now stay still.” He hit her again and the paddle made a loud smacking sound as it connected with her soft flesh.

“Daniel, no. It hurts. It really hurts.”

“It’s supposed to hurt.” She could hear his voice had changed. It was deeper and throatier. He was enjoying this. He hit her again and she cried out, then again and again.

She shook her head. “No, Daniel. It hurts. It’s too much.”

“Very well.” She felt his hand lightly stroking across her butt, caressing the burning flesh and soothing it. “But you had better get used to it because you look far too good like this. It suits you. I’d like to whip you harder, perhaps with a cane or a cat-o’-nine-tails, something that would really bite into your flesh.” He pinched her burning ass cheeks hard as he spoke. “Something that would leave real stripes on you.”

He kept stroking her butt cheeks as he spoke then slipped a hand between her legs, caressing her, dipping his fingers into her and

then rubbing her delicate lips.

“Look at you. Tied up, bent over, ready to let me do whatever I want to do to you, letting me spank you and hurt you. But you’re so wet, aren’t you? Wetter than you’ve ever been before?”

She nodded again, not meeting his eyes, concentrating on his fingers playing delicately, softly, almost absentmindedly between her legs.

She moaned softly and shifted her weight, trying to bring more pressure onto his hand, trying to make him touch her harder.

Then he moved his hand away

and reached for her breasts again. "I love spanking you. But tonight there's just something about your breasts. I can't get enough of them. Stand up. I want you on the bed."

The bed looked beautiful, covered in red rose petals over the thick white cotton sheets and covers. This was a bed to be held, to be caressed, to be kissed gently and hear "I love you" whispered softly.

But she knew that wasn't going to happen. And she knew too that right now she didn't want that to happen. She wanted Daniel to order her, to control her, to make her do things, to make her feel like

this.

“Kneel down on the edge of the bed facing me.” He positioned her near the end of the bed, facing him and looking into the room, her legs bent under her as she sat and waited. He unclipped her hands and she stretched her arms out, enjoying the feeling and glad to be free again. Then he pulled her left hand down a few inches toward her ankle and clipped them together. He did the same on the other side, fixing her other wrist to her ankle.

She couldn't stand up, she couldn't walk. Her hands were

pinned to her sides and her ankles were firmly tethered to her wrists.

She watched him pick up the paddle, nervous now, not wanting him to hurt her and knowing it wasn't her bottom he was going for this time.

He waved it a few times, watching her face. "Are you going to enjoy this?"

She shook her head. "No. Daniel, be careful. Don't do it too hard."

"I won't." He smiled. "Although you don't believe me now I won't give you more than you can take."

She shook her head. He was

right. She didn't believe him. Then the paddle was arcing through the air and the flat broad tip smacked down next to her left nipple. She screamed with the shock.

"Hush now. I'll be careful." He hit her again, the next blow aimed precisely above her nipple, leaving a rectangular red mark.

She pulled away, almost falling over. It hurt and she was scared he would actually hit her nipple.

"Push them forward and stop trying to flinch away."

She shook her head. "No."

"Yes." He pushed the small of her back until her body was arched

toward him, her head back, her breasts thrust forward to meet the paddle.

She closed her eyes, tensing herself for the pain, wondering why she was letting him do this.

He hit her again on the other breast, once, twice and it was too much. She cried out. "Stop, Daniel."

He sighed, lowering the paddle. "If you insist." He touched her breast, weighing it in his hand, looking at the red marks next to her nipple, stroking them and making her gasp as he touched the bruised flesh. "Next time I'm not going to

stop though. I'm going to whip you hard all over your beautiful breasts and your big, hard nipples." As he spoke he caressed her nipples, squeezing them softly, rolling them with his fingertips.

Her nipples were less swollen now, not as huge as they had been —but they were still bigger than they should be. Still puffy and tender, still sensitive and still seeming to be hotwired to her clit, making it tingle and prickle each time he touched her nipples.

"You'll let me won't you? I know you will. And you will enjoy it. You'll beg me to carry on. "

“No.” She shook her head.
“No.”

He laughed. “There’s no pointing saying it like that. I know you’re enjoying this.” He slipped his hand between her legs, stroking her flesh until he found her entrance.

She could feel his hand exploring her. She could feel how wet and slippery she was.

He slipped his fingers onto her tender clit and caressed it gently, running his fingertips around it, across it.

She moaned with pleasure and her head fell back.

He laughed. "Look at you begging for it." He took his hand away. Then he put his hands on her shoulders and pushed until she fell backward on the bed, her hands still tied to her ankles and her knees bent up.

She pressed her legs together, hiding what was between them but he pulled on her knees until she opened her legs wide.

He stood back and looked at her. "Perfect. You look so good. I'd like to share this. It seems selfish that only I should see it. I might order room service. I would like to have let the delivery boy have a look at

you like this. Perhaps he could stay awhile and help me to satisfy you. What do you think, Ruthanne?"

"No, Daniel, don't. You wouldn't." The thought of someone else seeing her like this was humiliating.

"Oh well. Not tonight then. I'll just have to be selfish, won't I, and keep this delicious sight to myself." He stood in front of her and she wanted to close her legs, to cover herself but he shook his head as she started to press her knees together. "Open. Wide open."

She let her legs fall apart again, exposing herself to him, feeling

even her tender inner lips peel apart.

“Try this.” He smacked the paddle expertly onto her fleshy mound of Venus.

She gasped. It didn't hurt but it did sting a little.

He did it again, hitting against the plump flesh then lower on the fleshy outer lips and back up again.

“You like that?”

She didn't say anything, not wanting to admit it.

He raised the paddle again and hit her and she felt the heat spread again. It didn't hurt like it did on

her tender breasts or even on the smooth skin of her butt cheeks. Here it felt more like a dull thud that echoed down into her clit, making it pulse with longing. She watched as he did it again, her breath coming harder now.

“Be careful. Don’t hurt me.” The thought of the paddle touching her delicate inner parts was terrifying but where he was doing it felt good. She groaned softly as the paddle smacked down on her.

She wanted him to do it again. She could feel her clit pulsing, throbbing, wanting to be touched, wanting to be played with, wanting

to be caressed. Even the smacks from the paddle might be enough to make her come if only he'd do it again.

"You like it," he said with satisfaction. "I knew you were the type of girl to appreciate a good whipping. And you'll like this even more."

He went over to his bag and got out a big vibrator with a heavy round end. He switched it on and ran it over her nipples, making her shudder. Then he turned it off again and put it between her legs. He leaned it on her, teasing at the hot flesh, nudging at her throbbing

inner lips, pushing them apart, finding the little hood covering her clit. The feel of its weight was good and she wanted more.

“Would you like me to switch it on?”

“Yes. Yes please.”

“Good girl. You’re remembering your manners too.” He flicked a switch and the vibrations ran through her.

She bucked up at the intensity of the pleasure, knowing that in a minute or less she would come.

He pulled it away. “Did I say you could come yet? Naughty girl.” He brought the paddle down onto

her plump mound again, once, twice, three times.

She gasped, not sure if it was pain or pleasure—somewhere on the edge of both. Then he pressed the heavy vibrator against her and switched it on. She thrust up against it, wanting it harder, longer, more. He switched it off again, dropped it down onto the bed and brought the paddle down sharply onto her. Then he flicked it toward her breasts and gave her a stinging smack near each nipple.

“No. No.” She tried to turn away, her hands still tethered to her ankles.

“Yes or you’ll come too soon, won’t you? Bad girl. You have to have the pain to get the pleasure.”

He switched the vibrator on again and she cried out. “Please, please.” She was desperate for him to leave it on long enough, just another ten or twenty seconds. But he turned it off again and gave her a rain of hard blows onto her plump mound and lips.

He paused. “Are you enjoying yourself?”

“Yes.” She nodded, her voice strained and weak, just wanting him to let her come.

“So you want me to carry on?”

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

“You want me to spank you?”

“No.”

“But you only get this.” He switched on the vibrator for a split second. “If you have this.” He brought the paddle down sharply on her plump flesh.

“So do you want me to spank you?” he asked again.

She didn't speak, not willing to admit that each smack, each blow vibrated through her clit. If only he would carry on, do it faster, more directly above the flesh of her clit, she would come.

“Do you?” He trailed the edge of the paddle over her face.

She nodded.

“You want me to spank you? Then say it.”

“Spank me, please,” she whispered, not really able to believe she was asking him to do it to her.

“Spank you until you come?”

“Yes.”

“Then ask me and ask me nicely.”

“Please.” Her voice was ragged.
“Please spank me until I come.”

“With pleasure. I thought you’d

never ask.”

The blows were coming down hard and fast now, focusing on the area around her clit, each one nudging it, sending vibrations through it, bringing her closer and closer. Then he held the vibrator on her again. It was too much. She pushed herself out to meet him, wanting him to make her come, wanting to get over the edge.

He stopped again, making her moan with longing and need, then smacked her again with the paddle.

Her skin was tender and hot and each blow hurt but she couldn't stop, not now, not when she was so

close. She needed him to carry on.

“Please. Please spank me, make me come.” She pushed herself out farther, arching her back.

Then he pushed the vibrator hard against her again, turning it on so the vibrations pulsed through her, pressing it hard against her inner lips and down on to her throbbing clit. She knew it was happening. The pleasure was building, her body was tensing—all she could think about was the feeling.

She was pushing against him as he smacked her again and again with the paddle, the blows falling

on her mound as the vibrator pulsed though her clit. Then she was coming, a wave of pleasure taking hold of her, making her scream and buckle as the orgasm washed through her.

She was writhing and arching on the bed, the sound ripping out from within her as the orgasm took hold, making her arch and twist against him, crying out. "Daniel. Daniel, please don't stop. I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming."

Then it finished. She wanted to sink back against the smooth sheets and close her eyes forever, her body limp and weak. But it wasn't over

yet.

He came round the side of the bed and pulled her head toward him to the edge of the bed.

“Open.” He put his swollen cock into her mouth and thrust in hard. He held the sides of her face tightly and she tried to suck him but she couldn’t move, couldn’t do anything. She lay there limp and helpless as he pumped into her mouth, using her. One hand was on the back of her head, holding her against him. The other tugged hard on her nipple.

He stared down at her. “Look at me.”

She just managed to open her eyes to look up at him as he thrust in again and again, seven, eight, nine, ten times, more, making her choke and gag. Then he pulled out, a deep groan escaping from his lips as he came, the thick white streams hitting her face and her breasts and dripping down the front of her corset.

He stood breathing heavily, looking down at her for a moment then leaning over and undoing her restraints. She stretched out and the petals stuck to the wetness on her, marking all the places where he had come with their deep redness.

Champagne, diamonds and roses would never seem romantic again.

Chapter Eight

She wore her new earrings, bracelet and the beautiful necklace that completed the set to a lazy Sunday brunch with Katie the next morning. She went into the coffee shop, thinking she must be the only person there wearing real diamonds. She wondered how long it would take Katie to spot them and realize that they weren't just rhinestones or cubic zirconia.

Katie was already there, sipping a big cappuccino, blowing at the froth and wiping her top lip.

“The mustache suits you,” said Ruthanne, sitting down. They always got together for a Valentine’s date debrief and it was usually Katie doing the talking and Ruthanne wishing she had had such an exciting or romantic time or even been on a date at all. “Go on. A score out of ten. How was it?”

Katie looked torn. “On the one hand zero out of ten. I spent most of it on my own at the bar trying not to get so drunk I wouldn’t be able to stand up. On the other hand the sex afterward was definite ten out of ten.” She grinned at

Ruthanne.

“So hang on. You spent the evening on your own but had great sex? How did you manage that? Have you been shopping for personal items again?” She laughed.

“No. I sat at the bar on my own in the restaurant where Gus works, watching him run off his feet on the busiest night of the year. What was I doing thinking he could get time off? And I didn’t want to sit home on my own like a Valentine’s night loser. Oops.” She grabbed Ruthanne’s hand. “You did have a date, didn’t you?”

“Of course,” said Ruthanne, wondering if Katie would notice her earrings, her necklace, her bracelet.

“Thank God for that.” Katie didn’t stop to ask about it, not until she had told Ruthanne all about her own evening. “So I went to his restaurant—well the place he works—and sat there by myself. We had a few moments together here and there but—” she shook her head. “Never date a waiter. It’s worse than dating a cab driver. They’re always working on the party nights.”

“But ten out of ten,” Ruthanne

reminded her. "It must have got significantly better afterward?"

"Oh it did." Katie grinned at the memory. She then proceeded to describe in a huge amount of detail everything they did in the taxi on the way back to her place, in each room at her place, how he'd looked, what he'd said, even the face he pulled when he came.

Ruthanne blushed when she realized a man at the next table was sitting very still with a rather startled look on his face, listening to every word. If he stayed around he might hear something worse.

Katie finally stopped talking.

They ordered more coffee and far too much food.

Katie dipped her finger in the froth of her drink and licked it. Ruthanne saw the man at the next table, gazing at her.

“How about you then? Spill the beans. You’ve not told me anything. Score out of ten?”

Ruthanne frowned, thinking. One? Because she wasn’t sure she’d ever want to do it again? Or ten because she’d had one of the best orgasms of her life and she had a sneaky feeling she would be reliving the evening whenever she wanted to get into the mood by

herself? Ten because of the hotel, the rose petals and the diamonds? One because she still felt bruised and sore?

She shook her head. "I don't know. It was good and bad."

"First of all, who was he? I've hardly seen you these last few weeks. I mean I know you've been busy at work and I've been busy with Gus but when I have seen you you haven't said anything. You're holding out on me, Ruthanne. There's something you're not telling me."

Katie leaned back in her seat with a fierce look on her face. "You

have one minute to tell me who you're seeing and why it's such a big deal. What is he? A leper or something?"

"Worse. A client."

Katie slammed her hand on the table, making the drinks shake. "I knew it. I knew it. It's that egomaniac sugar daddy Daniel Rolleston, isn't it? I knew he picked you because he had the hots for you. It was nothing to do with those stupid balloons."

"No he picked me because I'm good at my job and..."

"He picked you because he had the hots for you," interrupted

Katie. “Daniel Rolleston and Ruthanne. I knew it.”

“Shh. I don’t want everyone to know.”

“Why? Because he’s one of the richest, most eligible bachelors in the city? Sure, you’d want to keep that quiet.”

“No because he’s a client and I could get sacked. And because... because...” Ruthanne shook her head. “Because he’s just not your average kind of guy. The stuff he does, it’s...”

Katie’s hand shot out and grabbed her wrist.

“Are these diamonds? And

those?" She pointed at the necklace. "And those? They are, aren't they?"

Ruthanne nodded.

"I don't care what stuff he does. He can do it to me twice as hard if he gives me diamonds like that afterward."

"Are you sure?" said Ruthanne. "Look." She pulled down the front of her top as far as she decently could. The marks left by the paddle were clearly visible on her pale skin.

"He did that to you?" Katie's eyes widened. "Okay, suddenly the diamonds don't look big enough."

The man at the next table

seemed caught in suspended animation, his cup halfway to his lips as he gazed at Ruthanne's chest then quickly looked away when he realized she had seen him looking.

"Does he hurt you?" Katie asked, full of concern.

"Yes, no. Look it's not like he just hurts me. I'm not battered and beaten. It's just he likes rough sex. Well not even rough, more like..." She wasn't sure how to describe it, what to call the things he liked doing, the things he made her enjoy too.

"A bit of hanky spanky?" Katie spoke far too loudly. "He ties you

up? Whips you? Bondage?"

The man at the next table had gone really pink now. If he carried on eavesdropping he might have an aneurysm.

Ruthanne nodded.

"Has he got his own dungeon full of chains and whips and torture things?" Katie was grinning.

"No. But a bit." Ruthanne thought of his flight bag and the things he kept in it. "We were at the Chelsea last night so it wasn't exactly a dungeon."

"Oh I'd love to go there." Katie was distracted immediately. "Was it lovely? Did you steal the

toiletries?"

"I did actually. Look, I brought you a bubble bath and a body lotion." She took them out of her handbag and gave them to Katie.

"Ooh, thanks." Katie smelled them. "They are lovely. Toiletries from the Chelsea and diamonds. And I got one wilted red rose and a waiter. Not fair."

Ruthanne pulled down her top again, showing the red marks. "Fair."

"Okay, I suppose so. So he's into bondage. Daniel the dungeon master. And you're doing it? I'd always thought you were so

vanilla.”

“Thanks a lot,” said Ruthanne.

“I didn’t mean it as an insult – just that, well, you’re quite conventional, aren’t you?”

Ruthanne smiled. “I suppose. I was anyway.” She knew Katie was surprised that it was Ruthanne and not her doing something outrageous and getting showered with diamonds too.

“So you’re into it?”

Ruthanne shrugged. “I don’t know. It’s all quite new. Some bits are good, really good but I don’t know. I don’t really trust him.”

“You can’t let someone you don’t trust tie you up and come at you with a whip,” said Katie loudly.

Two more heads turned in their direction.

“Sssh. Keep it down.”

“But I’m right, aren’t I?” said Katie. “If there’s one time when you need to know you can trust someone, it’s when you’re all tied up and they can do whatever they want with you.”

“Yeah. And I’m not sure I do.”

“Have you got safe words and things?”

“What? “

“You know so he knows when you’re saying ‘no, Daniel, no’ you mean ‘yes, Daniel, yes.’” Katie was putting on a silly breathy voice and heads were turning again. “And when you say ‘no, Daniel, no’ and you actually mean no.”

The man at the next table coughed and choked on his coffee.

Ruthanne shook her head.

Katie shook hers too. “Not good. Not good at all. So is it like a relationship, you’re dating, he’s falling for you, you’re going to get married and have lots of rich little Rollestons?”

Ruthanne smiled, wondering what it would be like to marry money even if it meant a lifetime of Daniel. "I don't know. I don't really know where I stand with him. One minute he's all red roses and diamonds and dinners at Reynard's and La Maison and the next —"

"You have to marry him. I'd marry anyone if I could have dinner at La Maison and Reynard's. Have you really been there?"

"Yes, a few times now."

"Oh my. Now tell me everything." She made Ruthanne describe her visits to the restaurants, the food, the waiters,

the famous people she'd seen there.

"Ruthanne. You've hit the jackpot. So what if he's a bit crazy in the bedroom?"

"I don't know. I don't know if he actually likes me or if it's just sex."

"For that lifestyle and those diamonds, who cares? Just enjoy it!"

They both laughed but then Katie was serious again. "So how do you feel about him?"

She shook her head. "He's fun to be with sometimes. I like being a part of the lifestyle."

“You like the diamonds.”

“Yes, I like those but I don’t know. Is it enough?” Ruthanne still wasn’t sure. Daniel had done strange things to her last night. He’d put those cups on her nipples and he’d hurt her and afterward he’d sat drinking in silence while she bathed and crawled into the huge bed by herself.

In the morning he had already left when she awoke, leaving just a little note saying “thank you.”

For all the roses and champagne and the fancy hotel room, it hadn’t felt romantic at all. On the other hand she had to admit she’d had

the best orgasm of her life.

“So what does he do to you?” asked Katie. “Does he tie you up and beat you?”

“Yes. Basically. But he’s not brutal—just, I don’t know, it hurts but not too much. And he makes do stuff and say stuff that makes me uncomfortable.”

She blushed just thinking about the corset, the way her nipples had looked after he’d cupped them and especially how she’d begged to be hit with the paddle until she came. Sitting here in the café with Katie it didn’t seem possible. And yet even now the memory of it gave her a

little tingle between her legs.

The man at the next table wasn't even pretending not to listen now.

"You could stop seeing him if you're really not sure. If you really don't like it."

Did she like it? She wondered. *Could you like something but not like that you liked it?* How could she explain that, especially to Katie, who was always so sure of herself, who was always so clear about what she wanted?

"I do like some of it," she admitted.

The man at the next table stood,

his newspaper in front of him. Was he hiding an erection? He gave Ruthanne a long look as he passed, then bent down and said, "He's a lucky man."

Ruthanne frowned at him.

"Just dump him," said Katie. "Text him now. Just put *'Hello you old pervert. I don't want you to whip my sweet ass ever again. Goodbye.'* He'll get the message."

Ruthanne laughed again. "I wish it were that easy. Look, he'll never keep me on for PR if I dump him. And that means I'll lose my office and Ian says half of us could lose our jobs if Daniel takes his business

elsewhere. I can't risk that, not for me and not for everyone else either."

"But you can't get your ass whipped every night just to keep your job."

"And your job," Ruthanne reminded her.

"Oh. In that case tough luck. You'll have to get used to it. Become the bondage queen." She sighed. "But really, Ruthie, do you want to break up with him?"

"I don't know." She shrugged. "I just don't know. He said we might go away next weekend."

"So you're just in it for the fancy

trips away, the diamonds?"

"The five-star hotels, the meals at Reynard's," Ruthanne added, grinning.

"You're living the high life. But you're paying for it."

"Yes. And I don't know if it's really worth it. The price might be just too high."

Chapter Nine

It was Mexico that decided her. After that she knew that somehow she had to end things. She had to get away from him. She just didn't trust him.

Until then she had thought she was getting used to Daniel and his games. She'd even begun to look forward to them, to wonder what he'd make her do next, to enjoy the feeling of giving in to him, of letting him decide what she would do, what she would feel, when she would come.

They saw each other once or twice a week and each time was excessive, luxurious, extravagant and then humiliating or painful. There was no intimacy, no easy relationship. She didn't call him if she'd had a bad day or expect him to be interested in the details of her life.

There were just their nights together when Daniel made her say things, wear things, do things, things she didn't want to do—at least not at first—and each time she swore it would be the last time she let him treat her like that. Each time she ended up having a

shattering orgasm or two that left her reeling and breathless and each time she went back for more.

But then he took her away for a vacation to Mexico and he'd crossed the line.

The trip had started out so well. It had been one of the most romantic times of her life. They flew business class and the hotel was an elegant old building. She'd worn a lovely dress to dinner and Daniel had been romantic, tender even, making sure the waiter attended to her every need, holding her hand across the table.

There was no hint of

domineering Daniel, no strange requests, no odd garments for her to wear. She had really begun to wonder if their relationship was moving on. Daniel might even be starting to fall in love with her.

After dinner they'd taken a walk hand in hand through the city streets, stopping for more drinks until Ruthanne knew she had had too many. But the warm night air, the Mexican voices, the whole atmosphere made her so happy. It was the best night of her life and she wondered if she might be falling for him too.

Going back up to their room

Ruthanne knew that they would make love and that Daniel being Daniel, he would probably want to play games.

It had started normally for Daniel. He had produced a fishnet body stocking for her to wear. The large holes in the net meant it covered nothing. Her nipples peeped through and it was open at the crotch.

She put it on and wasn't sure if she felt more naked with or without it. But it was Daniel's kind of thing and she was getting used to the dressing up, the games, the way he liked to control her

reactions and exploit her desires. She stood in front of him, wearing the body stocking and her high heels.

He looked admiringly at her. "You look very nice. Very accessible." He smiled at her and reached out to caress her breast.

It felt like she wasn't wearing anything.

"This won't offer much protection at all." He smiled again, turning her around in front of him, stroking the curve of her hips then gripping the flesh of her butt tightly. "Beautiful. But there's something missing."

Ruthanne felt a quiver of anticipation. What else did he have for her? A corset of some kind? Some cuffs perhaps? Was this fear or excitement she was feeling?

But then he'd taken out a small shiny black latex thing. What was it? Not a sex toy. It was the wrong shape.

He smoothed it out in front of her. "It's a head mask. I think you'll find it changes everything."

He helped her put it on, pulling it down over her hair. It covered her whole head like a balaclava, with flaps that could be left open or fixed closed over the eyes, ears,

nose and mouth.

He looked at her. "It suits you."

She saw herself in the mirror. She didn't look like herself anymore but like some kind of doll, a faceless figure wearing fishnet.

He demonstrated it, pulling down the eyeflaps.

She immediately felt helpless, vulnerable, not sure what he was doing. Then he closed the earflaps and it was even worse. She couldn't see anything, she couldn't hear anything. She was completely disoriented. She wasn't even sure she could stand upright.

And where was Daniel? She felt

his hand grazing at her nipple and flinched away from him, then felt a sharp slap on her ass cheeks. She tried to step away from him but he was in front of her now. He pulled her hard against him, her near-naked skin against his suit and crisp shirt.

Then he opened the eye- and earflaps again. "Interesting, isn't it. Everything is magnified when you can't see or hear. But you can wear it open for now anyway." He smiled at her. "I could close the nose and mouth holes too but I'm not going to control your breathing. Not until you're more fully trained.

And I want your mouth available.” He rubbed his fingers over her red-lipsticked lips. “I might need it. And I like to hear you scream.”

He inspected his fingers and the lipstick smears, then he rubbed them on her nipple so the lipstick made it stand out bright red against her pale skin. He admired his handiwork. “Let’s match them up.” He rubbed his fingers over her lips again and rubbed her other nipple so they were both dark red now. “Look in the mirror.”

There was a huge mirror over the dressing table and another full-length mirror next to it. She saw

herself, covered in black fishnet, high heels, head mask, the only color the flashes of deep red from her lips and now on her nipples too.

She didn't look like herself anymore. *I could be anyone. Daniel would do this with anyone.*

She put the thoughts to one side and watched as Daniel began to touch her, both of them still looking in the mirror. He rubbed his hands over her shoulders, her neck and down her sides, standing behind her and staring in the mirror.

She felt like she was watching it happen to someone else. Then he

put his hands over her breasts, squeezing them and kneading them. She felt the familiar prickle between her legs. He tugged on the nipples, liking the way they stood out from her body. He was making them hard, watching himself rolling them around between his fingers.

He nudged her ankles apart and she shifted so she was standing with her legs apart, feeling her outer lips open slowly. He reached both hands around and gripped her plump outer lips and pulled them apart, exposing the pink inside, her little clit and the tender inner lips.

She glanced away shyly.

“Look.” His fingertip grazed her clit, making her shiver. “Look at yourself. You get so wet for me don’t you, Ruthanne?”

She nodded, sighing. She did and she always came so hard when she was with him.

He touched a finger to her entrance. “It’s starting to get wet already. You see how much you love it. And tonight I’m going to make sure you are fully satisfied.” He was smiling. “You’ll feel more satisfied than you ever have before, I promise you”

She felt another flutter of

excitement at his words. *What was he going to do?*

“Now look at yourself and look hard because I’m going to close you in and get you ready and then you’ll just concentrate on what you can feel. You won’t be able to see or hear much, just feel and taste. Is that okay?”

She nodded, pleased he was asking her and knowing that now they had got this far, any refusal would probably be met by a spanking by him, arousing her until she couldn’t say no and then he’d do it anyway.

The he pulled down the flaps

over her ears and she felt him pressing them closed, then the same for her eyes, the Velcro holding them tight. It was dark and all she could hear was the blood rushing in her head. She felt vulnerable suddenly and completely dependent on Daniel.

He continued to touch her body, stroking her gently, pinching at her nipples. She could only imagine how she looked in the mirror. Then he left her standing there, waiting and wondering, not touching her, not doing anything. Where was he? What was he planning? She tensed up, knowing that whatever it was it

would probably hurt.

But the next touch surprised her. She felt his hands suddenly touching her again, eagerly pressing and squeezing her. He was stroking all over her body now, her shoulders, her sides, over her hips, down her thighs, sweeping moves stroking over her skin.

She could smell something. Had Daniel put on a new aftershave? Her sense of smell seemed so acute now that she couldn't hear or see. In the pitch darkness she tried to picture what he was doing.

The touches felt more intense, more surprising. She couldn't

predict where his hands would go next or what he would do. Then his mouth was on her nipple and she gasped. He had never done this before. He'd used his fingers, the suction cups, even the paddle but never his mouth.

His tongue flicked at her nipple then his mouth closed around it, sucking the whole area hard, pulling it deep into his mouth. His teeth closed gently onto her nipple, biting at it. She moaned as the tingles seemed to race straight from her nipple to between her legs.

If she had to wear a head mask for Daniel to do this to her it was

okay with her. He turned his attention to her other nipple now, nibbling gently on it then sucking hard at it, making her squirm and push her breast against him, wanting him to carry on, to do it more. "Mmmh, that's good," she murmured.

She felt him grip her upper arms and push her back. She stepped backward, glad he was holding her and not sure she could even walk now she couldn't see or hear. She bumped into the edge of the bed and sat down suddenly. The hands carried on pushing her backward so she was lying back on the bed, her

feet still on the floor. His hands went between her knees and opened her legs, pushing them wide apart. She felt her inner lips peel open and knew she was exposed now.

She lay back waiting, wondering. Would it be the harsh crack of the whip or the sharp smack of his hand? Would it be on her breasts or on her plump, fleshy mound? Would he pinch her inner thighs or turn her over and whip her rear?

The waiting was unbearable. She had no sense of where he was in the room or what he was doing,

what he was preparing. She lay there waiting.

She felt his hands under her butt cheeks, tugging at them, pulling her slowly until she was right on the edge of the bed. Then the hands moved to her inner thighs, one gripping each thigh. She fought the urge to close her legs to protect herself, knowing it would only result in punishment.

But the expected pain didn't come. His hands caressed her thighs, massaging her almost, working their way up and up. Then she felt his fingertips grazing her outer lips and a little moan escaped

her. Would he hurt her now? Pinch her lips, smack a crop or a whip down onto her most delicate parts? She wriggled, breathing hard now and not sure what he would do.

But the hands just kept massaging, stroking her, touching her until she relaxed again. He was touching her outer lips, stroking them, squeezing them gently, pulling them gently farther apart, then tracing a fingertip over her inner lips, softly, softly. He touched a finger to her entrance and she knew she was wet.

She tensed, wondering if he would slam his fingers into her,

making her wince and gasp, stretching her wide, too wide, but no.

A finger slipped inside her, just up to the first knuckle then deeper. At the same time she felt what could only be his warm breath on her inner lips. Surely Daniel wasn't going to do that? She'd gotten used to him not really touching her, not without leather or latex anyway. This intimate contact was something completely new from him.

She felt the warm breath as he blew gently on her and she held still, almost afraid to move in case

he realized what he was doing and stopped. Then she felt his lips kissing her plump mound. She moaned at the feel of his warm lips. He kissed her again and again, over the mound, down the sides, pressing into her plump outer lips. His finger stayed half inside her, pressing a little, pushing a little.

She wanted him to kiss her inner lips, to kiss against her clit, to make her come like this. But surely he wouldn't. Then she felt two fingers inside her or was it three? She didn't know but she felt full and she wanted more.

She moaned and pushed against

his hands, hoping his mouth would touch her again. And it did. Suddenly his mouth was covering the whole area of her clit, sucking on her inner lips, pulling them softly into his mouth, licking at them.

She moaned. "Yes, yes, that's good."

His tongue was circling the hood of her clit and she gasped again and pushed against him, wanting him to lick her, bite her, press his teeth against her. His other hand was on top of her mound now, pinching it firmly and pulling it while her clit stayed in

his mouth. His tongue was teasing her, flicking against the hood of her clit.

She moaned again. "Please, please." She needed him to do it more, to do it harder.

He pulled her mound tight away from her clit, making it ease out of its hood, intensifying everything. His other hand was still pushing against her, his fingers buried deep inside her. And his tongue was flicking against her clit over and over again. He was so good at this.

Why had he waited so long to do this? She wanted it to last

forever. She moaned louder now, grinding up against him, wanting him to use his teeth. Like he could read her mind he rubbed his teeth against her clit.

She cried out. It felt too good. She pushed against him hard. He kept rubbing his teeth on her, his tongue flicking out too and his lips pursed, sucking her tender clit into his mouth as he pressed his teeth against her and flicked at her with his tongue.

She cried out again, her body beginning to tense with the orgasm that was building hard inside her. "Oh yes do it, do it."

His teeth gripped her clit gently and his tongue lashed at it. His fingers pumped inside her and his other hand held her mound tight. He lapped and licked again, squeezing her clit with his teeth and she knew this was it. She could hear her own voice begging him to keep going. "That's so good. Don't stop. Lick me. Make me come." She was going to climax. She couldn't stop it.

The sensations powered through her, leaving her helplessly forcing herself against his mouth, pushing herself into his mouth again and again, moaning and gasping and

crying out as his tongue flicked and his teeth gripped her.

Each time his tongue flicked, his teeth gripped and another wave coursed through her. The waves of pleasure ran through her again and again. She was moaning, crying out helplessly as she pushed herself against him.

Then finally it was over and she lay, unable to move, not wanting to move ever again. She was surprised, delighted Daniel had done that for her, that he'd just let her come like that—no games, no teasing, no pain. Did this mean he was changing? Or that their

relationship was changing? Or would she pay for it later? Right now she didn't care. She just wanted to lie there forever.

Then she felt hands at her shoulders, pulling her. She tried to work out what he wanted, turning over and being repositioned until she was on her hands and knees, kneeling with her ass level with the end of the bed. She knew what this meant. She was going to be spanked or whipped. She waited tensely, not able to hear or see, not knowing what he was doing and feeling the cool air on her buttocks.

It came sooner than she had

expected, the sharp smack of the paddle on her near-naked rear and she gasped. Three, four, five, more blows rained down and she moaned softly, not flinching, letting him hit her. The orgasm had robbed her of her strength and she knew Daniel needed to do this.

He pressed something against her lips and she opened her lips obediently, feeling an oversized latex cock-shaped dildo force its way into her mouth. She complained but her voice was muffled, the sound hardly able to get out. Then he switched it on and the head rotated inside her mouth.

She complained again, shaking her head, trying to say “no, it’s too big,” but the dildo just stayed there, its head twisting around and around in her mouth. Just when she was starting to wonder if she could cope with it without gagging, it was out of her mouth and she felt something—was it the same dildo?—pushing into her still-wet tunnel from behind. It felt big and stretched her and she leaned back into it, wanting to be filled.

Something else was against her lips now, something warm and alive. She parted her lips immediately, happy to let him push

deep into her mouth and lashing at him with her tongue while the huge dildo worked away behind her. Another vibrator was underneath her now, searching for her clit.

She pulled away from it. She wasn't ready yet. She didn't want it now. She was still recovering from the last orgasm. But he was persistent, pushing the buzzing vibrator against her where her clit was.

She moaned deep in her throat, not able to cry out with her mouth full of the penis edging in and out, filling her mouth then drawing out

until she almost closed her lips, then pushing in again.

The vibrator stayed against her clit, buzzing, insistent, not stopping and against her will she felt another orgasm starting to build. Surely she couldn't come again? The dildo was pumping away inside her, thrusting hard inside her. Her mouth was full and the vibrator was tight against her clit, pressing in as it vibrated.

She was going to come again. She could feel it. She moaned again, the sound hardly escaping round the penis thrusting in and out of her mouth. She pressed down on the vibrator, suddenly

wanting it harder up against her clit. The mask was still tight against her eyes and ears, making everything more intense, making her just concentrate on what she was feeling.

The lifelike dildo was still pumping hard in and out of her from behind. And the pressure was building, that sliding sensation of something she couldn't control, of knowing that now she needed to come more than anything, now she was going to come.

The vibrator kept pressing against her harder and the cock was filling her mouth. The dildo was

slamming into her now. She didn't know how Daniel was doing it all but she didn't care.

The feeling of fullness, of completeness and that buzzing away hard and tight against her clit was too much and she pressed down harder and harder knowing she was just at the top of the hill and that any minute she would fall, fall, fall down the other side in a helpless wave of orgasm.

The dildo pushed harder into her and she could almost imagine warm thighs slamming against her legs as the vibrator pressed harder. The cock in her mouth climaxed

and she ground her clit harder and harder against the vibrator.

Then she was coming, screaming even as the spunk hit the back of her throat, making her gag and choke as she cried out. The waves of the orgasm pushed through her, ripped out of her, making her buck and writhe. Her body was out of control, just coming, harder and harder, wave after wave of it wrenching through her.

Then it was over and she collapsed down on the bed, exhausted, trying to swallow the come still in her mouth.

She lay like that for a long time,

not sure if she was asleep or awake in the pitch darkness and silence, letting her body recover and not really caring what Daniel was doing, hoping it was over for tonight, that she could sleep now.

By the time Daniel took off the mask, it seemed he had already showered and was ready for bed.

“I suggest you take a long, hot bath.”

She agreed. She seemed to be covered in semen, drying in sticky white patches all over her. Daniel must have really enjoyed himself. And she had too.

A bath and bed was all she

wanted now. She lay steaming in the bath for ages, half asleep, sure that they had turned a corner in their relationship, sure that Daniel was now giving her intimacy and affection alongside the sex even if she did have to wear a full head mask.

There had been no games, not really, not by Daniel's standard. She had come twice, once with his mouth on her. She smiled to herself. Perhaps she would end up being the very, very rich Mrs. Rolleston after all.

* * * * *

Daniel had been asleep when she got out of the bath last night and already up and dressed when she awoke. She sat at breakfast with him, still half asleep, as the waiter — a dark Mexican man — approached to pour her coffee. She smiled at him to say thanks, then she smelled it — the same aftershave that Daniel had put on last night during their lovemaking. What a coincidence! She looked at the waiter and he was smiling at her.

“Did the lady enjoy her evening?” he said with a smile.

“Yes, thank you.”

“Bueno, bueno. I am happy

when the lady enjoy herself and have the pleasure." He smiled at her again.

"Thank you, Jose Luis," said Daniel. "That will be all for now."

Ruthanne looked up again and caught the waiter's eye. Why was he looking at her like that? And where was his name badge?

"How do you know his name?" she asked Daniel suddenly, a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach.

"Jose Luis sometimes does little jobs for me." Daniel smiled at Ruthanne.

She knew something was

wrong. That was the way he smiled when he made her humiliate herself, made her do something she didn't want to do, made her take her panties off in public and reveal herself.

"Daniel. It was just you last night wasn't it?"

"Just me?" he said innocently. "Just me doing what?"

"You know, when we were, you know. On the bed."

"Oh. You mean when we were having sex?"

"Yes. So?"

"So what?" He was enjoying

this.

“So you were the only one there?” she said, her voice low and urgent.

He smiled again. “You mean you don’t know?”

She stared at him, not willing to answer.

He frowned. “Really? You really don’t know? He laughed a little bit. “What sort of woman doesn’t even know how many men have fucked her?”

“Daniel. Don’t say that.”

“But really. You should know who’s been inside you, shouldn’t

you?"

"I was wearing the mask," she reminded him.

"Oh, yes. I forgot. So actually, it could have Jose Luis or even half a dozen of the staff taking turns at you and you'd never have known."

"That didn't happen, did it?" She was unable to believe that Daniel would do that to her.

"No. Of course not." He lowered his voice and leaned in toward her. "I wouldn't invite a whole group of men into the room to watch as one of them pleasures you, as one of them makes you come with his mouth and then fucks you, would

I? Not without asking you or telling you. Even though I know you'd like it if I did, wouldn't you? You might even come twice." He paused. "Oh, you did." He smiled and shrugged at her and returned to buttering his toast carefully and precisely.

She shook her head. He wouldn't. That would be going too far even for Daniel. But the aftershave and Daniel's uncharacteristic closeness, tenderness even, during the sex? It just hadn't felt like him.

She looked across the room. Jose Luis was watching her, smiling. So was another waiter. Were they just

being friendly? Or had Jose Luis and even the other one, come into the room last night? Had they seen her in the body stocking and head mask? Had the other one and Daniel watched while Jose Luis had gone down on her and she'd begged him to lick her, make her come, then taken her from behind while Daniel came in her mouth? She looked back at Daniel. He was watching her too, enjoying her confusion, her distress.

He leaned forward. "You really would look wonderful writhing on the bed under the mouth of another man. I would like to see you with

him and beg him to make you come. And I would like to see you taking a whole procession of big cocks one after the other. You're putting ideas in my head. Naughty girl." He smiled at her.

She hated it when he talked to her like this, especially now at breakfast, when it should have pleasant, fun, romantic, domestic even, rather than this humiliating banter, these unpleasant comments. And she knew that whether he had or hadn't invited people into their room to use her body it was the same. He wanted her to think he might have and she honestly

believed he might have.

She didn't trust him at all anymore. This time he had gone too far. She didn't want to be with him anymore. She needed to end the relationship.

Chapter Ten

She pretended to have a headache all the way home, sitting in silence in the taxi, on the flight, closing her eyes.

Daniel didn't seem to mind. He talked on his mobile, sent emails, happy not to talk to her. He had dropped her off at home and said goodbye as if everything was fine between them. "I'll be away for a few days on business," he said as she got out of the car. "But I'll be in touch when I get back. I might have another surprise for you."

She'd just nodded and waved at him, knowing the surprise could be anything from giving her thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds to pimping her out to a whole gang of men.

As soon as she was in her apartment she phoned Katie and told her everything. For once Katie listened without talking or interrupting with her own long-winded anecdotes.

"You have to dump him," she said as soon as Ruthanne had finished telling her the whole story.

"I know. But he's bound to sack me. He'll probably leave our

company altogether like he's been threatening to. Then what about my job and yours?"

"You could go to Ian."

"And say what? Daniel has pushed me into doing some strange things in the bedroom? He hasn't forced me, not in a criminal way. I've pretty much agreed to it all. And I should have gone to Ian the first time Daniel suggested something and complained or asked to have him passed on to someone else but I didn't. And now after everything I've done it doesn't seem exactly believable to start complaining. And you know Ian's

only loyal to the bank balance. He'd rather sack me than lose Daniel. You know that." Ruthanne didn't know what to do.

"You could look for another job," suggested Katie.

Ruthanne considered. "It might be the only way out."

"Get a new job and then you can dump him and not worry because he won't be the department's biggest client."

"That might work." Ruthanne was thinking aloud. "But it would mean finding a new job quickly and with a good reference from Ian. And he'll be annoyed if I leave

because I was the one Daniel chose. If Daniel spreads the whisper that I'm unreliable that won't go down well. I'll be out of work in no time. Everyone respects him so much. If only they knew what he was really like."

"Yeah. A complete psycho freak."

"A sex-crazed lunatic." Ruthanne giggled despite herself.

"A demented dom." Katie was laughing now. Then she stopped. "That's it. We've got to get some proof of what he's really like."

"But if I tell people no one will believe me. Why should they? I'd

sound like some hysterical dumped girlfriend or something. And if you're not there it's really hard to explain what he does."

"Then show people," said Katie.

"What?"

"Show people. Film it. You don't have to actually show anyone. Just let Daniel think you might if he does anything you don't like."

Ruthanne thought. It might work. The language of threats, of power games—Daniel understood that. "But how?" she sighed. "How am I going to film that? He's hardly going to agree to it and he might suspect if I get out my phone and

start taking snapshots.”

“Hidden cameras.” Katie was pleased with herself. “Surveillance. And I know someone who can help.”

“Okay,” said Ruthanne, a flicker of hope growing inside her. If she had some leverage she might be able to end it with Daniel and keep her job and make sure her colleagues kept theirs too. “That might work. And who do you know who could help?”

“Ed the editor. He’s a film geek, a surveillance guy. We went to college together. He’s a good guy. You can trust him.”

“Right,” said Ruthanne. “We might have a plan here. Can you give me his number?”

“I’ll set up the meeting,” said Katie.

Chapter Eleven

Early Friday evening Ruthanne was sitting in a bar waiting for Ed the editor. It was the kind of place she hadn't been for years. There were tattered posters on the wall, the carpet was sticky and the clientele was mixed to say the least.

One guy standing hunched at the bar looked homeless but was probably some about-to-be-famous musician. Girls who looked like hungover models draped over guys with tattoos. Men and women with laptops, looking like they might be writing the next great novel or

some fashionable screenplay.

She looked around for Ed. How would she know him? She wasn't sure what to expect—a Woody Allen-type figure perhaps or a spy wannabe?

She saw a man walk in and stand looking around before seeing her and striding toward her. He was tall, with dirty-blond hair that looked like it needed a wash, three or four days worth of stubble, scruffy student-y clothes and black-rimmed glasses.

“You must be Ruthanne.”

“Hi. And you're Ed. How did you know it was me?”

“Look around. You’re the only one in office clothes. And Katie told me what you look like.”

She looked down. She’d come straight from work and her skirt suit and crisp blouse did look quite out of place here.

He sat down, his long legs just squeezing under the tabletop.

He grinned at her. “Katie told me all about it.”

Ruthanne smiled, embarrassed to have this stranger know what had been going on. “All about it?”

He shrugged. “Maybe not all the details. But the general idea. The guy’s out of control. He’s got you in

a place where you can't say no. And you need something on him to get rid of him."

It sounded so simple and so, well, not her fault for letting it all happen when Ed said it.

"That's about it," she agreed. "But how is it going to work? He'll never let me film him."

"I make most of my money from the surveillance work."

"What? You're going to follow him?" Ruthanne couldn't imagine Ed hiding out, sneaking around. He was so tall he'd be spotted straight away.

"I'm not a private eye. I do it the

modern way. Fix up someone's house, car or office with cameras to record everything that happens."

Of course. Ruthanne remembered what Katie had said—hidden cameras. "Is that legal?"

"If it's your own house it is. It's mostly for people to see what the nanny or the help gets up to and of course for people who want to see what their partner gets up with the nanny or the help." He grinned. "And it's mostly nothing. Most people live quite boring lives. But now and again you find the wife and the pool boy or the husband and the nanny. Bingo. Or the wife

and the nanny. Double bingo!"

She laughed with him. At least he was used to seeing things like that.

"And if it's your office that's a bit of a gray area. But this man won't be taking you to court over it. Not once we have the tapes."

"But what Daniel does. It's quite extreme."

"I know. Katie told me some of it. All the more reason to find a way to get him to leave you alone."

She nodded. "But, but..." How could she say it? "I don't want everyone to see...to see things," she said lamely. The thought of having

it all on film, of having anyone look at it, seeing her begging Daniel to whip her or make her come was awful.

“Look, I’ve seen all this kind of stuff. Some of the movies I’ve edited have been BDSM kind of stuff, you know, whips, chains, ‘yes master, no master.’ It’s hot stuff. I can see why you’re into it.”

She was about to contradict him. She wasn’t into it, Daniel was. But then she realized the thought of having entirely normal sex didn’t appeal to her that much anymore. What she really wanted was to do the things she did with Daniel but

with someone else—someone she trusted, someone she cared about, who cared about her.

“Look, it really will be all stuff I’ve seen before.” Ed leaned forward and touched her arm. “Don’t worry. I’m absolutely unshockable.”

She rubbed her temples for a moment, trying to think. Even though they’d just met, there was something about him—an honesty, an openness that made her feel as if she could trust him. More than that she liked him. And whatever she felt about Ed, he seemed to be her best chance of getting out of this

thing with Daniel, of making sure she could walk away with her career intact and without any of her colleagues paying the price either. There was no easy way out but this might be the best option she had.

“But how would it work? Do you have to see it?” she asked. “Can’t you just help me record it? I mean I’m just not sure about there being a film out there of me, well you know, doing that kind of thing.”

“It can work two ways. All the images are stored on a receiver that only you have access to. You can upload them, edit them, do what

you want with them, delete everything if you want. Or you can hand it over to me and I can do the editing." He grinned at her. "I'm Ed the editor. Give me some film and I can make him look bad, really bad."

"You wouldn't have to try very hard," she said ruefully.

He laughed. "I know. Katie filled me in on some of the details."

"But I've never edited film. On the other hand I'm not sure about you seeing everything."

He shrugged. "Two things to think about. First if I do it it will save you a big headache. And I can

do it well, make sure your face is never in it so he can't turn it back on you and I can make sure he looks as bad as possible. Second I'm a big boy. I've seen a lot of stuff. I've edited all kinds of stuff—adult movies, home surveillance tapes.” He shrugged. “It pays the bills so I can make the films I want to make.”

She felt a bit reassured. “All right. I guess it will be okay. As long as you promise it will be.”

“I'll make it all right, I promise.” He looked pleased. “Don't worry, Ruthanne. I'll get you out of this. And then...” he hesitated and

stopped himself. "So let's talk surveillance. Where do you do the stuff you do?" He grinned. "And which locations can we get to?"

She felt a little embarrassed but she had to talk about it if he was going to be able to help her. "There's my office. And my apartment."

"That's no problem. I'd need an hour in your office max, maybe a little more in your apartment depending on the size. Where else does it all happen?"

"In his car—well, cars. He has three that I've been in. He may have more."

“Not much chance of rigging anything up there, plus it would be risky. There’s always a chance the cams would be found in a car. But you can wear something, a tiny pen cam or button cam, which might get some good footage.”

“And hotels. We’ve been to a few.” She tried not to think about the last time and what had happened or what Daniel wanted her to think might have happened with the hotel staff.

“Same problem. Someone else’s turf. You can get into a lot of trouble doing that. Especially in a hotel. You could end up filming all

sorts. Okay.” He paused, thinking. “So we’ll rig up your office and your apartment and get some cams for you to wear. That should get enough coverage. And then you can make a decision about the editing later.”

She nodded.

“So. I could come over on Sunday morning.”

She looked confused.

“To your apartment. To fix up some cameras.”

“Sure.” This was moving faster than she expected. But he was right. If she was going to do it it might as well be soon. The sooner she filmed

something the sooner she might be able to get out of her relationship without causing too much collateral damage.

“Okay,” she said. “So how am I going to pay you for all this? How much will it cost?” She was asking like it made a difference but he could have named almost any price. The thought of getting Daniel out of her life was worth it even if it took all her precious savings. She’d just have to put off buying her own apartment for a few more years.

“Didn’t Katie tell you? It’s free. A favor to her. She’s helped me out a lot in the past. It’s about time I

did something for her.”

Chapter Twelve

Ed looked like Daniel when he arrived on Sunday with a travel bag full of strange devices. But these were going to help her, not hurt her. She made coffee while Ed put things out on the table—a teddy bear, a smoke alarm, an air freshener, a wall clock and even a hook for the back of a door, all hiding wireless motion-activated cameras that would transmit to a base unit she could keep in the closet and which would record everything.

“Let’s walk it through then.

Come to the front door. Pretend I'm him. So, I come in here, you open the door." He paused, looking around. "We could put the smoke alarm on the ceiling. The angle's not great of course but it will give us a basic coverage. Have you ever done it in here? Is it likely to be a crucial area?"

She flashbaked straight away to the first time Daniel had visited her apartment. He'd presented her with a big bunch of flowers and kissed her on each cheek. He'd complimented the way she looked and said how much he had been looking forward to spending the

evening with her.

If the camera captured that, he'd be winning boyfriend of the year awards. The next time though, things had been different. They had been "playing" already in the car and she was willing to do whatever he asked.

As soon as the door closed behind them he told her to get on her hands and knees. He'd stood behind her, lifted up her skirt and pulled down her panties so she was completely exposed. "Crawl," he'd said, standing behind her, watching the view. "And stay on your hands and knees until I give you

permission to get up again." She'd gone down the hallway like that, knowing he was watching her, feeling aroused by the power he had over her, by the way he took complete control. And now if he did that again, Ed would see it too.

"We've used it," she said, blushing slightly. "But not a lot."

"Okay, just a ceiling cam should do it. Front room." He looked around. "Important?"

She nodded.

"Where? Sofa?"

"Yes." She pictured herself bent over the back of the sofa, her bottom raised high in the air as

Daniel spanked her hard. Then he'd moved her onto the coffee table, still facedown and made her stay there with her legs apart while he sipped a glass of wine.

"And the coffee table," she said.

He looked around. "Okay. A camera inside the TV so whether it's on or off it still records what happens in the room. But just to make sure, we'll put the air freshener can here." He placed it on a low shelf. "That should capture a good side view of the coffee table, not too high up."

"Now," he said, looking around. "What about the kitchen?"

She nodded again, remembering leaning up against the fridge, rubbing ice over her nipples so they'd harden up while Daniel watched before he put a clothespin on each one, the soft plastic ends pinching her hard. He liked the way it looked and squeezed her breasts together, then let them go, watching the clothespins dancing and tugging at her nipples. Then he'd slapped her breasts gently, enjoying seeing how each slap made the clothespins move again and making her gasp.

"The clock would go well here. You can replace your old one for a

while. Say it broke if he asks. It's a small room. So that should cover it." He stood against the wall where the clock would go. "Move around in here. Let me check."

She moved between the fridge and the stove and the countertop, aware of his eyes on her, wondering what he would see when he viewed the film.

"Great. That's covered. Now the bedroom. I guess that sees a lot of action." He smiled at her.

"Apart from Daniel not much at all." She didn't want Ed getting the wrong idea, thinking she was some kind of sex-crazed woman who had

all kinds of partners doing all kinds of things.

“So you weren’t seeing anyone when you met him?”

She shook her head. “Going through a dry spell.”

“Hard to believe.”

“And I’m not seeing anyone now. Daniel doesn’t count.”

“Good, good, that’s great. For you I meant. So you’ve got no emotional attachment to him at all?”

“I had.” She sat on the edge of the bed. “I liked him at first when I thought it was a real relationship.”

“How do you mean real?”

“That he liked me for me, not just for the things we did—well that he did to me,” she corrected herself.

“He must like you.”

“He doesn’t,” she insisted. “He’s nice to me a lot of time, really nice but I could be anyone really. He doesn’t really care about getting to know what I think or what I like. I sometimes wonder if I could be any one of a hundred girls, a thousand girls whom he flatters, buys off with expensive gifts then does the stuff he does.”

Ed put his arm round her and

squeezed her against him. "I'm sorry. You deserve more, a lot more. But we'll get him."

She nodded, liking the way it felt to have his arm around her, feeling reassured and comforted, liking the way he said "we" as if they were a team.

"And he's an idiot too if he doesn't see how special you are." Ed's eyes seemed to be an even deeper green than before as he looked at her.

She held his gaze, not sure what was going to happen next but he stood. "You stay there. In fact, lie on the bed and I'll see what we can

do. I'm guessing we need a couple of cameras in here?"

She nodded.

"The bear can go here." He made a space between a couple of other cuddly toys. "From what you said he won't notice you have a new one."

She shook her head and laughed.

"We need a few more angles covered. A hook on the back of the door will get one angle, then we need the other side of the bed and one from the head of the bed. Are you usually lying down?"

How much detail did he need?

She wasn't sure what to say.

"I mean does most of it happen at bed level? He doesn't suspend you from hooks in the ceiling or anything?"

"Not so far. Not yet."

"Shame. It would suit you."

She laughed. Was he flirting with her?

"Joking. But I can see why he's fixated on you."

Their eyes met and she felt that familiar flutter in her stomach.

He looked away. "Sorry. Not really the right time, is it? But thinking about you doing all this

stuff—I'm only human."

She looked away, not sure what to say.

"Lie down on the bed. Let me work out the angles."

She lay there, her mind drifting. What would it be like to kiss Ed, to do the things she did with Daniel with Ed, with someone who really cared about her?

The bed shifted as Ed reached across her. "It's okay. Don't move. Just finding a place for this little bad boy. I'm going to fit it in the headboard."

She was very conscious of him close to her again, of his arm

reaching across her, of the centimeters between them. If she rolled toward him they'd be practically cuddling.

"Can you see it?" he asked.

She turned over and looked at the headboard, her eyes scouring the ruffled patterned velvet. She shook her head.

"It's here." Ed pointed to a small black circle that disappeared in the black and rich-brown pattern of the velvet.

"Great choice of headboard. Perfect for this. Okay, one more over here." He got up and crossed to the other side of the bed,

bending his knees so his eye-line was almost at bed level. He scanned the wall behind him. It was a blank white wall. There was nowhere to conceal a camera. "This might be difficult but it would be shame not to cover this side. I don't suppose you want to hang a picture on this wall?"

She shrugged. "I've never thought about it. I haven't got anything."

"Something with an ornate frame that could hide one of these. Think about it. I can come back and put one in if you like. Or I could put one up in the light fixture but

overhead shots aren't great. You just get a lot of the top of people's heads. Not that useful unless you want to prove someone's going bald or wearing a toupee."

She laughed. Maybe that was the way to get to Daniel.

"Come on." He stretched out his hand to pull her off the bed. "Let's see if we've missed anywhere."

"No. I think you've done everywhere."

He pushed open the door to the bathroom. "Never anything going on in here?"

"No. Not so far anyway. And you'd get footage of me in the

bath.” She didn’t say it but she was thinking—would she be able to use the toilet if she knew it was being recorded?

“So we’re done.”

She felt a pang of disappointment. Was he really finished so soon?

“Now I just need to install these others and get you up to speed on how to use them. It’ll be at least another hour yet. I hope that’s all right?”

It was very all right.

Ed got to work while Ruthanne made more coffee and scrambled some eggs for them to eat. It felt

curiously pleasant and domestic having him there, having someone to talk to. She could get used to this.

They sat at the table in the kitchen, eating.

“When he’s here you need to think a bit about the cameras, try to maneuver things so you know you’ll get a good angle.”

“Okay.” She was dubious, not entirely sure either what a good angle would be or how she would maneuver Daniel. “Can you show me?”

“No problem. Well do a run-through. But I’ll let you keep your

clothes on.”

They both laughed.

“Probably,” he added with that cheeky grin again. “And when he’s here you need to think about what you’re saying. I’ll block out your face but we’ll need your voice for the biggest impact. You’ll have to say no a lot. Even if you say yes in the end. I can always edit the yes out. The camera always lies.”

He smiled. “Do you say yes in the end?”

She nodded, embarrassed to admit it. “He makes me enjoy it. He makes me want to do it.”

“That’s good. I mean it’s good

that you enjoy it. I mean..." He looked confused. "Well, whatever. Like I said, I'm not called Ed the Editor for nothing. I can make him look bad however much you enjoy it. So." He looked at her speculatively. "You do enjoy it then?"

She shrugged, embarrassed. "Yes and no."

"What's the yes and what's the no?" He wasn't letting her off the hook that easily.

"I like some of the things he does, the feelings. I like the lack of control." She realized that was true as she said it out loud. "But I don't

like that I don't trust him and he just goes too far. Well this one time he went too far." She didn't want to tell Ed what Daniel had done or what she suspected he might have done.

"Maybe you would like it if you both agreed on your boundaries beforehand."

She nodded. "Yes, sometimes it's like he does things because he knows I don't want him to. He does it almost because he wants me to suffer not because he wants me to enjoy myself."

"That's the difference. You should try it with someone who

really respected you, someone who really liked you.” He looked at her with his spiky hair all messy and his green eyes behind his glasses and her stomach started doing somersaults.

She looked back and the moment stretched, then she looked down, not sure she was ready for this.

He turned back to his food, the clatter of cutlery breaking the tension. “Great eggs. Can I come every Sunday?”

She laughed. “Of course,” she said lightly but meaning it. It would be nice to have him around.

She had never cooked for Daniel. She had never eaten a relaxed Sunday brunch with him. In fact there were a lot of ordinary everyday things that she had never done with Daniel.

“Okay. Let’s run through. The cameras are ready to go. We’ll test everything out and get some footage. Then I’ll show you how to delete and keep and make sure the cameras stay charged up.”

Chapter Thirteen

The next hour was one of the strangest of her life.

“Right. I’m not Ed, I’m Daniel.” He took off his glasses and stood straight and glared at her.

She started giggling and he laughed too.

“So you answer the door to me.” He went outside and knocked.

She let him in. “You look divine, darling,” he said in a crazy English accent. “Now get on your knees and give me some head.”

She laughed. “He’s not like a

baron or something.”

He shrugged and grinned.

“Should I kneel down?” She felt silly. How much of this should she act out?

“Yep. You have to or there’s no way of knowing whether the cameras are in the right place. Kneel down and pretend or you can do it for real if you like.” He grinned. “I don’t want to stop you.”

She laughed and got on her knees.

“Okay.” He looked down at her. “Now pretend.”

She held on to his hips and

moved her head around like she was giving him a blowjob as he watched her. She felt silly but she was giggling and Ed was laughing and somehow it was okay.

“Almost as good as the real thing,” he sighed. “He is one lucky man. Now into the front room. Let’s try out a few positions. Lie on the coffee table face up.”

He walked around her. “Now facedown.” She turned over, feeling a flutter of pleasure as he told her what to do as she lay there in front of him. She almost wished he’d go further, do the things that Daniel did. *Stop it. Concentrate on*

what you're supposed to be doing.

But then Ed gave her a few gentle smacks on her behind and a soft moan slipped out of her mouth before she could stop herself.

“Good. We need to check the sound levels too. Let me just do that again, harder if you don’t mind, and you moan a bit more.”

“Okay,” she laughed, like it was just messing around. But as Ed’s hand came down hard on her buttocks, even through the denim of her jeans she felt the painful pleasure of the sting and she cried out. The familiar warmth between her legs was growing and she knew

she was getting aroused.

Then he knelt behind her and gripped her hips. "I'll do you from behind." he gave a few thrusts. "Then I'll come round here." He shuffled to her head. "And give you some from here." He held her head, grinning at her.

She hoped he wouldn't notice she was slightly flushed, that her breathing was bit heavier than before.

He made a few thrusts in front of her face.

She looked at the denim of his jeans. It would be so easy for him to unzip his pants, to command her to

suck him, for her to open up to him and take him in her mouth.

He stood. "It would last a lot longer in real life," he joked. She tried to laugh.

"Right, now onto the sofa. Sit next to me."

She stood and joined him, so glad he couldn't read her mind.

He turned to her. "So I might touch you around here." He moved his hands in front of her as if he was touching her breasts without actually making contact. "You could lie down and I could be here."

He talked her through the

various poses, over each end of the sofa, over the back of the sofa. Each time he touched her she felt a little shiver of desire, wishing this was real, not playacting. Of wondering how it would feel if she was half-naked and he was really thrusting into her from behind or into her mouth or playing with her breasts or between her legs where she was getting wetter and wetter.

Was he feeling the same or was this just a job for him?

“Come on. I hope you’re not falling asleep. It’s no wonder he spansks you.”

She giggled, wondering how it

would feel if Ed spanked her really hard. *Stop it. Keep focused.*

They went into the kitchen. She leaned against the fridge and Ed leaned over her, his body only centimeters from hers. He looked down into her eyes. "So. Kitchen sex. I like the idea. Maybe a little whipped cream, some strawberries."

"Daniel doesn't whip cream. Only me."

He laughed and stepped away from her. "He's missing a trick then. I think I could do things with whipped cream that you might like."

She laughed, embarrassed. She didn't want to meet his eyes in case he could see how interested she was, how much she'd like to find out what he could do. The thought was making her throb between her legs.

Don't be silly. He's just messing about having fun. And she needed to concentrate on getting rid of Daniel first.

They went into the bedroom next. He surveyed the room.

"So where would you usually be?"

She sat on the end of the bed facing him. "Here. Doing, well you

know.” She reached out for his waistband and slowly pulled him toward her, laughing.

“More head.” He groaned. “This guy is the luckiest man alive.”

He held her head, his hands in her hair.

Ruthanne liked the feel of his hands on her, holding her.

“Then what?”

“Maybe like this.” She felt embarrassed still but she knelt down over the edge of the bed, her butt sticking out. She felt Ed right behind her.

“Yes, yes. I can see how that

would appeal. So I should spank you a little bit so we can test the sound in here and you say no or yes?"

She tensed herself and then his hand smacked down on her behind.

"No," she said, feeling silly.

"Is that hard enough?" Ed asked.

"Not really." She didn't want to explain that she was usually naked and that Daniel often used something—a paddle, a crop.

"Okay. Try this." He smacked her much harder this time, his open hand meeting her ass with a satisfying sound.

“Mmh,” Ruthanne said, then remembered what she was supposed to be saying. “No, Ed, no.”

He smacked her again, two, three times and she cried out, wondering if he knew just how much it was turning her on, wondering how it would feel if she were naked. How would it feel for Ed to bring to her that point where pleasure and pain crossed over? She could feel the wetness spreading between her legs, the warmth growing.

“Harder,” she said without thinking and Ed slapped her again,

putting some force into it, making her gasp and say, “No, no, no,” for real.

He stopped, breathing heavily and she felt a flicker of disappointment.

“I could get into this,” he said, his voice deeper, his hand still resting on her behind, stroking it now. “Okay.” He talked to himself. “Right, come on, pull yourself together, Ed.”

“So next I’d do some stuff.” He ran his hand over her buttocks, squeezing them, almost dipping between her legs where she wanted him to touch her. “Then I’d give

you some.” He laughed, knelt behind her and bumped his hips against her a few times.

Ruthanne was almost sure she could feel his erection as he touched her, sure she could feel it ramrod-straight inside his jeans. Was he enjoying this as much as she was?

But then he stopped. “Okay. Then I tell you to get up.”

Ruthanne stood.

“Then I’d throw you on the bed and make crazy love to you.”

He pushed her back so she fell on the bed and he fell on top of her, his weight pinning her to the bed.

He was leaning on his elbows looking down at her.

She could feel the length of his body pressing into her and how aroused he was. She could definitely feel his erection now, long and hard. So he was excited too.

She didn't want to say that Daniel never lay with her. Daniel was always standing away from her, doing something to her. He didn't lie with her, on her, his face close to hers, his eyes looking into hers. She smiled up at Ed and pushed her hips up, pressing him into her even harder, wanting to

feel him grinding against her and liking the feeling.

“Ruthanne,” he said and then he lowered his head and he was kissing her.

This wasn’t playacting. This was real. His mouth was warm and his lips were soft as he kissed her.

Then he lifted his head. “Sorry,” he said shaking his head. “I’ve stepped over the line but I...”

“Please. Kiss me.”

His eyes widened and he didn’t need asking again. He lowered his head and his mouth was on hers, his lips warm and soft, his tongue between her lips. His hips were

pressing into her, grinding into her and she pressed back, arching into him, wanting him to do more, go further.

But he won't want you, not once he's seen what you do with Daniel. She closed her mouth gently, turning her face to the side.

“Too much? Do you want me to stop?”

No. Kiss me again, make love to me, hold me and never let me go. “No but until, until...”

“Yes. I see. Wait until we've got the job done?” He raised his eyebrows, questioning.

She nodded.

“And then?”

She leaned up to him and kissed him, wanting to feel his lips on hers, his body pressing into her again full with desire.

They kissed for moment then he pulled away. “Promise?”

She nodded and he rolled away, groaning a little. “What have you done to me?” He laughed a little as he rearranged his clothes.

She stood, feeling self-conscious too. She wanted him so much. She could have made love to him there and then, knowing the cameras were filming it from four different

angles and not caring.

Chapter Fourteen

Ruthanne poured them both more coffee as Ed hooked the receiver up to the TV, ready to review the footage. She sat on the sofa watching Ed lying down, stretched out as he fixed the cables into the back of the TV.

The kiss. Ruthanne could still feel it on her lips. She tried to think about Ed objectively. Was he really boyfriend material? He was scruffy, he was unconventional, he needed a shave, a decent haircut and some new clothes. He was obviously into filmmaking, not making money.

He turned to her and smiled and all her thoughts vanished. She wanted him and nothing else really mattered. He was kind, he was capable, he was fun to be with and he was really hot. She smiled back. But this made it worse, she thought. Now if he couldn't bear to look her in the eye once he'd seen the footage of her with Daniel she would really care.

He joined her on the sofa. "Ready for the show?" He grinned and they clinked mugs.

Ed was all business and she could see how passionate and how knowledgeable he was about

making films. He talked about angles and focus and depth of field. All she could look at was Ed and how good they looked together. She wished they were doing it for real, not playacting scenes.

He talked her through how to stay in the center of the frame, how to hide her face, how to exaggerate the sound.

They got to the bedroom scene. He was flicking between the different cameras, showing her how each one took a different angle, talking about how she could position herself best for each one.

Then they got to the moment

where Ed pushed her back onto the bed and lay on top of her. "Shall I skip that?" He looked embarrassed.

"No." She wanted to see it, to see how they looked together. She watched him kiss her, their bodies pressing together. She watched carefully. They looked like they fit, like they were meant to be together.

"Can I keep that for my archive?" he asked suddenly. "I'll call it 'Best Moments of My Life.'"

"Do you really keep film of stuff like that?" she asked, a bit shocked.

"I haven't before. This would be number one. This is this is the first

best moment I've had." He laughed. "I've had moments. Don't think I've not had moments but not ones like that." He looked into her eyes and she leaned into him again and they were kissing again, slow and soft and warm.

"Damn. I didn't get that one on camera. Can we do it again sometime and film it?"

She smiled.

"Otherwise my Best Moments file will be a bit thin."

She smiled again but it had made her think and she suddenly felt anxious. "If you edit it, you won't keep any of the footage

between me and Daniel?"

He shook his head. "You can check. Come to my studio, bring the receiver and we'll do it together. You can see exactly what I'm doing, where I'm saving things to, what I'm deleting."

"Okay. That would be reassuring."

"And I'd like you to see the studio anyway. Where the magic happens," he joked.

"I'd like that too."

"But you might get bored. Editing takes hours and hours. Would you mind hanging out there all day?"

“I could bring a picnic and a book for if I get really bored.”

“Sure,” he said. “And I’d like you to be there.”

But will you? Once you’ve seen me on my knees, whipped, dildo in, choking on Daniel’s cock. Will you still want to hang out with me then?

“Okay. It’s a date.” He grinned at her. “But for now you might need some body cams in case it goes outside the apartment, for your hair and handbag. And how do you feel about getting a picture for that bedroom wall today? We could hang it this afternoon, get a camera in it and then you’d be

covered properly.”

“Really?” she said. “Do you have time?”

“I’ve got all day. And all night if you like.”

She laughed. “There’s a Sunday market near here. We could try there.”

* * * * *

They wandered round the stalls in the spring sunshine looking for old pictures. They found dusty old prints of galleons sailing into the sunset, faded landscapes that could have been anywhere and one of a

senorita doing the flamenco dance which Ed tried to persuade her to buy.

“Do the flamenco.” He held one hand above his head, striking a pose and grabbing her by the waist. “Come on senorita, get your castanets.” He stamped his feet. “Olé.” She couldn’t stop giggling.

People looked at them and smiled. She smiled back, wondering how long it had been since she’d felt so relaxed.

They rummaged through another pile of dusty pictures. She pulled out a big print of Gustav Klimt’s “The Kiss.”

“I love this,” she said. “I used to have it on my wall when I was a student.”

“I like it too. And look, the detail means I could even put the camera into the picture. See, down here, among the flowers. The center of one of them could be the camera. What do you think?”

She looked at the picture again. It was an old print in a cheap plain wood frame, the glass dusty but it reminded her of happy, carefree times.

“Yes. Why not?” She paid for the picture but Ed insisted on carrying it.

“I’ve got some tools with me but I need some picture hooks and wire so I can hang it.”

They found a stall selling hardware and bought what they needed.

Is this what it would feel like to live with him? We’d wander the market on Sunday, maybe do some home improvements. Instead of sounding dull and middle-aged it suddenly felt like it might be nice, fun even.

They stopped for coffee, finding a table out in the sunshine and propping the picture up against the table.

“I’m taking up nearly your whole day,” she said to Ed.

He shrugged. “Can’t think of a better way to spend it.”

“You really don’t mind? And I can’t pay you for your time?”

He looked hurt. “No.”

“Oh good. I just meant — because I’m having a good time and I didn’t want to assume you were.”

“Are you having a good time?” he asked.

She nodded and smiled at him. “I am.”

He looked doubtful.

“Really. I am.”

“Enough to want to do it again? You know, hang out, have lunch, go the market, the movies or a gallery or something? Would you?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Okay, when?”

She laughed.

“No,” he said seriously. “I want you to commit before you can change your mind. So assuming you get some footage during the week on Saturday we could edit the film and Sunday we could have a date day? What do you think?”

She laughed again and nodded. “I’d love to. It’s a date.”

“Excellent.” He reached over and held her hand. He looked at the picture. “Look at the way he’s holding her head and she’s kneeling. It looks like he might be a dom and she’s a sub.”

Is that what I am? A sub? She looked at it again. A dom and a sub, perfectly matched. And when she was in college she had just thought it was a pretty romantic picture.

“The original’s in Vienna. They have loads of his pictures in a gallery there,” he said.

“How do you know that?”

“I studied film at college but I took a few art history courses too.

It's all related."

"I'd like to see the original." She looked at it, wondering how the colors would look, how the gold leaf would glint and shine.

"Me too. We'll do it one day. It's another date." They both laughed.

But she knew inside that all this talk of art galleries, of trips and dates was in the future—a future that probably would never happen, not once Ed had seen her with Daniel.

They chatted more, about his college days and hers and the courses they'd taken and the way life hadn't turned out anything like

they'd thought or planned. Ed talked about the documentary he was working on and his eyes lit up as he spoke.

It seemed clear to Ruthanne that however good it was, he'd need some effective PR for it when it was finished. She suggested a few ideas and approaches to making sure it was well-received and got good press coverage when it was finally released and he was delighted.

"You're hired! But seriously, will you help me?"

She promised she would, hoping it meant they would have an excuse to stay in contact after all this.

Eventually a gust of wind made her shiver and she realized they'd been there for almost two hours.

"Come on," he said. "We'd better finish this."

Back at her flat, he put the picture up quickly and installed the camera and checked it.

Ruthanne wondered about opening a bottle of wine, suggesting he stay for dinner but she knew where that would lead. And she didn't want that, not yet. Not while there was still the risk—the almost certainty, she told herself—that he wouldn't want her once he'd seen her with Daniel.

It was time for Ed to go and suddenly she felt nervous. When Ed was there it seemed like fun. It seemed easy. But once he'd gone, she'd be on her own, checking the cameras, waiting for Daniel. She stood at the door, thanking him for everything he'd done, putting off the moment when he'd leave.

"Don't thank me. You know I did it for you. Because I, because of this." He put down his tool bag and held her face gently between his hands. He leaned in and kissed her again.

She closed her eyes and concentrated on the feel of his lips

on hers, firm and full and the way his tongue insistently pressed against her lips until she eased them open and his tongue touched hers.

She felt the flicker of electricity between her legs and his tongue pressed into her deeper and she responded, pushing back against him. Then his tongue eased back and she closed her lips again, feeling him pressing on her lips, kissing again. She didn't want him to stop but he did.

"Until next week. Saturday and Sunday. It's a date. Two dates." He smiled and she smiled back.

“Two dates,” she agreed and he left.

Chapter Fifteen

It wasn't long until she heard from Daniel. On Tuesday, mid-afternoon, a huge bunch of flowers and a gift bag were delivered to her in her office. She knew they were from Daniel—they were expensive, exotic flowers which looked more like miniature sculptures which could eat flies whole rather than something pretty to look at.

She opened the gift bag. Inside it was a package wrapped in silvery tissue paper. It looked so pretty. Could it be jewelry? Somehow she didn't think so. It was too heavy,

too big and she felt sick wondering what was inside it. She read the label before she opened it, written in Daniel's flowing handwriting with a fountain pen and old-fashioned ink. It said, *"To wear now, all day, until I see you."*

Checking that her door was closed, she unwrapped the package. She could tell from the feel and the weight of it that it wasn't clothes either. There were three things inside. One she recognized immediately as a large pair of love eggs, joined together, the larger one covered in a silicone sleeve with soft spikes all over it.

The second thing was tiny bottle of "Fire Power." She read the label "Extra-hot lube—for an ultra-intense burning sensation inside and out." Finally there was a pair of tiny black panties. She examined them and felt a bullet in a pocket in the front, like a mini-vibrator, positioned so when she wore them it would fit against her clit. But there wasn't an on-off button. Perhaps just the pressure was supposed to feel nice. She was to put these on now and wear them for the rest of the day.

She checked the clock. It was half past four. Not long left at

work, then she could go home—maybe take a cab instead of the bus—and wait for Daniel. He was usually there by seven. But that was still two-and-a-half hours with these in. She'd put it off for a while. He wouldn't know what time the delivery came.

Her office phone rang. She picked it with a heavy heart. "Mr. Rolleston for you," her intern said brightly.

"Hello," said Daniel. "How do you like your gifts?"

How did he know? He'd probably insisted the delivery company call him as soon as they'd dropped it off.

“Hello. I’ve just opened them.”

“Good. And are you wearing them?”

“Not yet. I was just going to.”

“Make sure you do. And use all the lube. I’ll call you back in ten minutes.” He hung up.

She sighed irritably. What if she had been in a meeting or had some important stuff to do? As it was, she only really worked on Daniel’s company case now. What would happen after she ended things with Daniel? Would she still have a job?

She went to the ladies’ room, her packages tucked into her handbag. Lucy was in there and

started chatting away to her but Ruthanne couldn't concentrate.

She locked herself in a cubicle and stared at the items. She checked her watch. She'd better hurry up. First the lube. She opened the tiny sealed bottle and squirted it onto her fingers. She immediately felt a burning sensation. Nervously she covered the double sections of the egg in it and eased them inside her. She waited, wondering when she would feel something.

It didn't take long. She felt warm inside, then the warmth became a hotter, burning sensation. She wriggled, feeling the eggs shift

inside her, feeling pleasantly full and hot. Then she tucked her panties into her handbag and slipped on the ones Daniel had sent her. They fit well but tightly and she could feel the little bullet shape pressing against her, edging between her lips and against her clit. It felt nice—not too much, just a pleasing pressure, a gentle reminder of the pleasure to come.

She left the cubicle, feeling the eggs moving inside her as she walked, thinking it wasn't so bad. She could easily handle this for a couple of hours. Back in her office the phone rang again and it was

Daniel.

“Mission accomplished?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Everything in place?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Are you feeling nice and warm?”

“Yes,” she said again, shifting in her seat.

“Are you alone?”

“Yes.”

He laughed and she felt an incredible sensation as the eggs started to move inside her and the bullet buzzed her clit.

“Oh. Oh.” She gripped the edge of the desk.

They stopped as suddenly as they had started and she relaxed.

“It’s working then? Both of them?”

“Yes,” she said, breathless.

“Good. I can do them one at a time.” The clit toy buzzed and she gasped and crossed her legs, not sure if she wanted to stop or to press it harder against her. Then the love eggs moved inside her, not so much vibrating as turning up and down, like something alive.

“Oh, God. Stop.” Both toys were very quiet but in her office

someone could still hear the faint buzzing.

“I know,” said Daniel. “Someone could hear. Someone could walk in and hear you using sex toys at your desk, even—” The clit toy buzzed again. “Even having an orgasm right there and then in front of them. Imagine that.”

“No,” she said urgently. “No Daniel, that’s not fair. I’m going to take them out.”

“Oh dear. If you do that I’ll have to punish you.”

“I can’t do this at work, Daniel. Be reasonable.”

“Very well. If you ask me nicely

I'll promise not to make you come at work. Ask nicely."

"Please, Daniel. Please don't make me come at work."

"Spell it out. Say exactly what it is you don't want me to do."

"Please don't turn on the toys and make me come."

"Because?"

"Because someone might hear me or see me."

"And why would that matter?" he asked. "Don't they know what a dirty girl you are? Don't they know you're really a bit of a slut?"

"No," she insisted. "I'm not."

“Really? I would suggest that wearing sex toys at the office means you a dirty girl and most definitely a slut, wouldn’t you?”

She sighed. “I suppose so.”

“So say it.”

“They don’t know I’m a dirty girl and a slut.”

“And if I turn the toys on for too long you might come in front of them and then they’d know for sure you’re a dirty girl and slut wouldn’t they? Say it then.”

“Please don’t turn on the toys,” she said, her voice low, hating the things he made her say. “Because I might come in front of them and

then they'll know that I'm a dirty girl and a slut."

"Oh very well then. Seeing as you asked so nicely. I wasn't going to anyway. I just like hearing you beg." He laughed. "Text me when you're on your way home." He hung up.

Ruthanne watched the clock obsessively, knowing that she couldn't trust Daniel to stick to his word and keep them turned off while she was at work. He could make them vibrate at any minute. The lube was still burning and tingling inside her, making her aware of every movement of every

shift in her seat. She felt full and stretched.

At five she decided she'd had enough. She gathered her things and called a taxi. She told her intern to tell anyone who asked she'd gone early with a headache.

"You don't look well," said the intern sympathetically.

She walked carefully out of the building, conscious of the eggs rolling inside her, desperate for them not to fall out. Could that happen? She didn't know. She'd never tried walking with something like this inside her before. She took small quick steps

and got into a cab and sat down.

As they moved into the traffic she texted Daniel. He texted back immediately. "Is the driver's radio on? Is the screen closed?" She replied, "Yes and yes," knowing what he was going to do and he did it immediately.

First the eggs seemed to come to life, turning somersaults inside her, making her squirm and press into the seat. Then the clit toy buzzed briefly and stopped. Another text came in. "Don't come."

None of this would be on camera and what would anyone see anyway—a woman wriggling in

her seat looking a bit desperate? Ruthanne didn't know if she was pleased or not that none of this would be on film.

On the one hand she didn't want Ed to see her like this but on the other it got her no nearer to getting rid of Daniel. The clit toy buzzed again and she gasped and pressed her hand against herself, not sure if she was trying to stop it buzzing up against her or press it harder against herself. If it carried on she knew she would come. It stopped and the eggs stopped too and she relaxed again.

She looked out of the window,

seeing people walking home from work, living normal lives. Were any of these women wearing sex toys, being stimulated against their will? Was she the only one?

Both toys started again, the egg swirling and turning inside her and the clit bullet buzzing against her. She suppressed a moan, pressing back into the seat, crossing her legs tightly, closing her eyes, fixing on the pleasure. Was it against her will? She didn't have to do it. And she didn't have to enjoy it so much.

Finally she was home. She paid the driver quickly, not meeting his eye, hoping he'd not noticed

anything. She stepped carefully out of the taxi, keeping her legs together as much as she could, taking baby steps with her thighs pressed together. She made it inside and waited for the lift.

There was no one around, thank god. Then the toys started buzzing again. She drew in a breath and leaned against the wall by the lift, hanging her head, just hoping no one else would come in before the lift got here. *Come on, come on.* The eggs moved and twisted. She pressed her knees tightly together, hoping they couldn't fall out. The clit toy buzzed and she had to stop

herself from doubling over with the pleasure.

“Enjoying yourself?”

Ruthanne jerked upright with shock as Daniel stepped out from the shadows of the stairwell.

“Oh,” she said, her hand at her heart. “You really made me jump. I didn’t know anyone was there.”

“I’ve been close to you all afternoon,” he said, smiling. “These only have a short range.” He pulled the two remotes out of his pocket and watched her flinch and jerk as he turned the switches on and off, turning them up to full power then down again.

The lift arrived and she staggered in with Daniel close behind her. The doors closed.

The toys were still for a second.

“Look at me.” He held her gaze as he turned the clit toy on full, watching her lips part and the little moan escape as the vibrations pulsed through her tender clit.

Then he turned that off and switched on the eggs again. They turned over and shifted inside her. She put her hand to her stomach, drawing in her breath.

“How do you like it?”

She looked at him, not sure if she did or didn't. The doors opened

before she could answer and she took a few small steps to her front door. As she let them into her apartment she thought about the cameras. They were motion-activated and the one in the hallway would be filming them now. Instinctively she dropped her head, not wanting her face on camera.

“So.” Daniel helped her off with her coat. “You didn’t answer me. Do you like it?”

“No,” she said, aware her voice would be recorded. “I don’t. I don’t want you to do it.”

“Are you sure?” He lifted her

skirt abruptly. "Open your legs." She did so, hoping the eggs wouldn't fall out. He pulled her panties to one side. "But you're dripping wet. Look." He held his fingertips to her face. She could see the moisture glistening on his fingers.

"You see. That's not lube, that's you getting wet again. Taste it." He pushed his fingers against her lips but she tightened her mouth and shook her head.

"Oh dear. You never learn. Either that or you *want* to be punished. First you lie to me, saying you don't like when you

clearly love it and now you're refusing to do what I tell you. You'll be punished for this." He sounded pleased rather than annoyed. "Now open your mouth."

He held the back of her head with one hand and pushed the fingers of his other hand against her lips.

Reluctantly she opened her mouth and he put his fingers inside. "Good girl. Now suck my fingers, taste yourself. Now let me ask you again. Do you like it?"

"Yes," she said, her voice thick around his fingers, her mouth filled with a mixture of the burning lube

and her own salty-sweet taste.

“Good. Because I’ve got a lot more toys in the bag for you. We’ll see which ones you like best.”

He went into the front room, taking a bottle of wine from his bag. “Open this. You’ll want to have a few glasses. It will be better if you’re relaxed.”

She moved into the kitchen, aware that every move, every word would be picked up on film. She poured two glasses of wine and took them into the front room.

Daniel was settled on the sofa, his bag at his feet. “Now let’s drink to pleasure!” He clicked glasses

with her and she found herself wishing it was Ed here instead, clinking coffee cups with her.

“So did you feel aroused this afternoon in your office?”

“Yes,” she said softly, not wanting to speak loudly not wanting the camera to hear. There was no point saying no. He’d only make her say yes anyway. And it was the truth. She had been aroused and she was still aroused now. Whatever she thought of Daniel she wanted him to do things to her, to make her come.

“Good. I thought you might like your gifts. I like the thought of you

getting wet for me in the office.” He leaned forward, touching her blouse. “How much were your clothes?”

“I don’t know. Why?”

“Because I’m going to tear them off you soon,” he said casually. “And I’d like to make sure you are properly recompensed. Pleasure can’t be its only reward.”

She wasn’t sure what to say.

“Would five thousand cover it?”

She nodded. Where did he think she shopped? She could buy half her wardrobe for that. “But I don’t want your money,” she said clearly, making sure it would be heard by

the cameras. "I don't want money."

"No of course not. But it would be unfair of me to do this and not compensate you, wouldn't it?" He lunged forward, gripped her blouse and ripped it sharply open so the buttons sprang off and the cloth ripped, exposing her bra underneath.

He leaned back in his seat and surveyed her. "Nice. Very nice. You look like you've just been attacked."

I have, she wanted to say but he flicked the two switches and she arched her back, her head thrown back as the moan of pleasure

escaped her lips. "Stop, stop. It's not fair."

"Oh, it never is." He stopped the toys and began to fondle her breast through the black lace of her bra. He reached into his bag and pulled out a pair of scissors. The glinting blade made her flinch and she was glad the cameras were on.

"Keep still." She froze as he leaned toward her. He gathered the delicate lace of her bra cup in his hand, rubbing it between his fingers, checking it was just lace and not skin before cutting it. He looked at what he had done. A rough circle of lace had gone from

her left cup, leaving her nipple and some of the surrounding flesh spilling through. He pinched her nipple hard and she gasped.

“You should wear this style more often. But it’s a little uneven.” He cut the other side so both nipples were revealed and gave her breasts a gentle slap, making them jump and jiggle. “Very nice.” He took a sip of his drink. “So how are you, Ruthanne?”

She couldn’t bring herself to make small talk, not when she was sitting with her blouse ripped open and her breasts and nipples showing through the roughly cut

holes in her bra.

“Are you well?”

She opened her mouth to speak and he flipped both switches again. Her back arched and she cried out. Each time was more intense. Each time she was more tender, more aroused, more ready to come.

He turned them off. “I’m not sure your conversation is up to much but you make up for it in other ways.” He smiled at her, completely relaxed. “Have a drink now while you can. I have plans for that pretty little mouth of yours.”

She sipped the wine and then took a big gulp of it. She didn’t

know what was going to happen next but she felt fairly sure being a bit tipsy might help. She lowered her head again, trying to picture where the cameras were, what each one would see and how she could hide from them.

Daniel looked around the room. "Where would I like you? Over the back of the sofa?" He looked at her and raised his eyebrows. "Facedown? I wonder. That would give me good access to your delightful behind but it would hide these." He reached out and flicked one of her nipples, making her gasp.

“Or on the coffee table. Face up so I can see you. That might work. But,” he paused, like it was a weighty decision. “Then I wouldn’t be able to spank your ass and I know how much you love that. What do you think, Ruthanne? Facedown over the back of the sofa or face up on the coffee table?”

“I don’t know. The sofa?” It would hide her face at least.

He smiled. “So that means you would quite like a good spanking, wouldn’t you?”

She shook her head then remembered to speak so her voice would be picked up by the cameras.

“I don’t want you to spank me.”

“What?” Daniel looked amazed. “You don’t want me to? But you seemed to love it last time. I remember how hard it was to stop you from coming. And the way you screamed when I did finally let you come. Oh no. You can’t pretend. You loved it.”

“But I don’t want you to do it, not today. Not now.”

“Really? I tell you what, Ruthanne, because I am a kind and gentle person and because I only have your pleasure in mind, I’ll spank you and if you don’t like it I’ll stop. Is that acceptable?”

This wasn't good. He's seeming too reasonable, too caring. He'll never look like the monster he is on film. Should I provoke him? Dare I refuse? "No," she said again. "I don't want you to."

"Very well. Of course I would never go against your wishes. Just stand up and let me look at you then."

She stood slowly, surprised he had given in so easily. Perhaps all this filming wasn't necessary. Perhaps all she had to do was say no. "Thanks, Daniel," she said, pleased that he was listening to her.

He had stood too and moved

behind her, stroking her back, massaging her neck. It felt lovely and she began to relax under the feel of his hands on her skin, on her tight tense muscles. Then she felt something else—a click on her wrist. He pulled her other hand back and clicked that too.

“Handcuffs,” he whispered, his tongue licking slowly down the side of her neck and along the top of her shoulder, making her shiver. Her hands were behind her, cuffed together. “But not too tight. After all I wouldn’t want to hurt you.” As he spoke he reached a hand around and gripped one of her nipples and

squeezed it hard, making her cry out in pain.

He sunk to the ground and she knew he was going to cuff her ankles too. She moved her feet, trying to stop him but not wanting to fall over. It was so hard to balance once your hands were behind your back. "No," she said.

Then he turned the switches.

She had almost forgotten about the toys. The eggs moved inside her and she bent over, crying out. The bullet buzzed against her and all she could think about was whether he would leave it on long enough for her to come. But then it

stopped. "Oh, oh," she panted.

"Did you want me to carry on?" He was in front of her again, toying with the remote. "Do you want more?"

"Yes, no." She felt breathless. Her legs were wide apart. She tried to stand properly but she couldn't. She looked down to see a cuff on each ankle and a bar in between them, about 30 inches long.

"A spreader bar. It does what you'd expect. It spreads you. You can't close your legs at all."

She stood there, her legs apart, her skirt tight around her thighs, her blouse ripped open and her

breasts spilling through the holes in her bra. Her arms were behind her and she couldn't close her legs.

Daniel was watching her, a smile on his face. "You look almost ready. But first let's get this access sorted." He took the scissors again and cut up from the knee-length hem of her skirt.

Immediately she could move her legs more.

He stopped cutting when he got to the top of her thighs. "Let's give you a micro-mini. I think that will suit you." He cut roughly around her skirt, leaving it so short it left nothing to the imagination. Her

smart business skirt was now barely grazing her bottom.

He felt under her skirt, pressing the little bullet more tightly against her clit, rubbing it over her for a second and she moaned again. She had been in this state of arousal for hours now. She needed to come soon. Then she could focus again, then she would be able to think straight. But right now she just needed him to touch her, one more rub, one more touch but he stopped.

“You’re close, aren’t you?” he said, “Close to coming. But not yet. Not until I say so. Now let’s get you

bent over the back of this sofa.” He led her, hooking a finger under her bra strap and pulling her while she shuffled, taking awkward steps with the spreader bar holding her legs apart. He pushed her when she reached the back of the sofa and she bent over it, her chest resting on it, her ass raised high in the air.

“Nice,” he said, his hand caressing her naked butt cheeks each side of the flimsy material of the panties. “Oh, I almost forgot. Stay there. Don’t run away. Oh, you can’t can you?” He took something else out of the bag. “Here you are.” He waved

something big and black in front of her face. "Just a little something for you."

"It's huge," she replied.

"Indeed. A very large black dildo. Well it's more of a vibrator really. Look what it can do." He flicked a switch and the head of it twisted around, then he touched something else and the body vibrated, leaping and writhing in his hands. "It's got the most powerful motor available. I described you to the shop owner, your likes and dislikes, what you needed and he recommended this. He said it's for women who really

need to know they've got something big and powerful inside them, women who need that bit more."

"Daniel." Ruthanne was dismayed, hoping he hadn't really been talking about her in an adult goods store. "And you can't put that in me," she said, dreading the thought of something so big trying to force its way inside her. "It's too big. And I've got the eggs in."

"We'll see. But for now let's turn it off and you can hold it in your mouth. Open wide."

She shook her head.

"If it doesn't go in your mouth

I'll put it somewhere else right now," he threatened.

She opened her mouth. Her lips only just stretched around it. He arranged a few cushions from the sofa so it was propped up and she could just hold the first couple of inches in her mouth. The silicone was soft and squashy and she pushed her tongue against it so it couldn't go in too far.

He watched her. "Yes. I like to think of you sucking on that enormous cock while I attend to the other end."

He disappeared behind her.

Ruthanne closed her eyes,

wondering what Ed would make of all this, whether he'd still like her, still respect her, still want her, after he'd seen this.

Daniel lifted what was left of her skirt up over her ass. He was touching her, his hands caressing, stroking, gentle, squeezing the flesh of her cheeks, stroking it, pulling her cheeks gently apart, tracing a delicate finger between them, making her shiver.

He pulled the panties to one side slightly and she tensed as she felt his fingers began to find their way between her legs. He stroked her outer lips gently then her inner

ones, his fingers soft and delicate. He pressed against the opening of her hole and she felt his fingers slip inside.

“You are so wet, Ruthanne. It’s running out of you.”

She squeezed her eyes more tightly closed.

He was feeling inside her now, two fingers pushing all the way in, stretching her, feeling the eggs, pushing them deeper in, moving them.

She moaned and twisted a little.

“You should wear these every day. I think they’re good for you.” He pushed harder inside her and

she groaned again. He switched the eggs on and she heard him laugh as they started moving inside her with his fingers still in her too. "Very nice. I can see why they make you so wet."

She hoped he'd switch the other toy on too so she could finally come.

He withdrew his fingers and she felt him wipe his hands on the back of her blouse. He left the eggs switched on but didn't turn on the other toy.

She wriggled, trying to rub her clit against the back of the sofa, trying to get the sensation again.

“Bad girl. You’re trying to make yourself come, aren’t you, like a dog in heat? Well, you can’t come until I’ve done this.”

Smack. The paddle came down on her behind and she flinched and cried out, pushing the dildo out of her mouth.

“Does it hurt?”

“Yes,” she said. “How many more?”

“Just until you’re nice and pink.” *Smack.* He brought it down hard again, sending shock waves through her flesh.

She closed her eyes tight, trying

to block out the sharp, stinging pain.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“Yes. Please.”

He rubbed between her legs and she moaned.

“You’re so wet. I don’t think you do want me to stop, do you?”

She shook her head. “No, yes. I don’t know.”

He touched her again between her legs and she pushed against his hand, wanting him to touch her more, harder, to make her come finally.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No,” she admitted.

“Do you want me to make you come?”

“Yes.”

Smack. He hit her hard again, the paddle coming down across her buttocks.

She screamed, flinching away from the paddle. She wondered how much of the redness on her buttocks would show on the film and whether Daniel would keep doing it if he knew he was being filmed.

“I thought you’d like that.” He hit her again three more times, the smacking sound ringing through

the apartment.

She felt her buttocks burning, the stinging and the heat in them somehow making her clit hotter too. She rubbed herself against the back of the sofa, wanting him to turn on the clit toy, wanting him to make her come.

“Oh Ruthanne, you really will have to wait. Look at this first. It’s new.” He dangled it in front of Ruthanne’s face. “The man in the shop recommended this for you too once he’d heard all about you.”

She opened her eyes. It was a narrow black paddle, like he’d used on her before.

“Can you see what it says? Can you read it? No I suppose it’s like trying to read in a mirror.”

She could see a word in raised silicone on the face of the paddle.

“It says SLUT. And now it says SLUT all over your backside. Well,” he corrected himself, “Not quite all over. I still have some work to do.”

He touched her bottom gently. Was he tracing over the letters?

He pulled the panties away from her butt, which made the little bullet press tighter against her.

She groaned.

“Don’t move.”

It was difficult not to rub against it. She wanted to come so much.

“Suck on the dildo again. I want your mouth full.”

She stretched her mouth around it again, feeling it fill her mouth.

The blows came down again, each one stinging, making a resounding slapping sound, making her flinch and moan.

He covered each butt cheek and then started on the top of her thighs. This was even more painful and she moved her legs, trying to escape but the spreader bar was holding her legs wide apart.

“You’re a slut. A slut. Look.

That's what it says and you know it's true."

"Slut, slut, slut," he said loudly each time he spanked her.

Then he stopped.

She could tell he was breathing heavily. Was it from exertion or excitement or both?

"Look." He touched different parts of her bottom. "It's quite clear you are a slut. I wouldn't mind getting this permanently branded into you. Or tattooed. How would you feel about that?"

She groaned, trying to say no but just a muffled noise came out. Her mouth was starting to ache

now from being so wide for so long.

“You’d prefer branding. Very well. I’ll look into it. But for now, let’s get you around here. Bring the toy. Hold it in your mouth. Now stand up and come round to the table.” He pulled on the cuffs holding her wrists behind her back until she was standing upright.

She held the big black dildo in her mouth, its weight making it swing as she gripped the end of it in her teeth. She moved awkwardly toward the center of the room, aware that her shuffling steps, the word “slut” imprinted all over her buttocks, her breasts falling

through the holes in her bra and the huge dildo in her mouth were all being captured on film.

“Good girl, now drop.” He was holding the base of the big dildo and she let it go immediately and closed her mouth, stretching her aching jaw.

“And now let’s see if you can lay an egg.” He rubbed gently between her legs, which were still held wide apart by the bar.

She resisted the urge to press herself against his hand, to show that she wanted him. “What do you mean?”

“Come on little chicken, lay

your eggs.”

She stared at him.

“Squeeze. Get them out.” He pulled her chin so she was looking at him, “Or they will stay in there when I put that in you.” He gestured at the enormous dildo she had been stretching her lips around.

“Okay. Okay.” She closed her eyes, trying not to think how she must look, squeezing her muscles together trying to make the eggs pop out. She could feel them moving inside her as she pressed against them trying to make them come out. It didn’t take long and

they dropped to the floor.

“Well done. Now a quick drink and then on we go.”

He handed her a full glass of wine and she drank it greedily, dreading what he'd do next but knowing that he would make her come loudly and hard and that it would all be filmed.

“Now. Let's have you lying back on the coffee table.” He helped her to sit on the edge of it. “I'll cuff you around this way now.” He unclicked the soft cuffs.

She stretched her shoulders and arms gratefully before he cuffed them again, in front of her this

time. Then he laid her back along the length of the table, putting a cushion under her head. Her legs were still wide apart and her buttocks were right at the edge of the table.

“Good. You look very relaxed.”

She felt anything but. She felt open, exposed, vulnerable. What was he going to do to her?

He sat on the edge of the table, his hand roaming her body. He focused on her breasts, squeezing a handful of flesh, watching how his fingers sank into the soft mounds, admiring the imprint of his fingers on her pale flesh.

“You look more naked with this bra on. You should wear bras like this to work. I’d like to think of you at your desk, looking prim and proper but with your nipples and your breasts spilling out, naked under your blouse.” He squeezed one hard as he spoke.

He was using both hands now to pull and tug on her nipples and even though she didn’t want him to touch her, she couldn’t help herself —her nipples hardened and tightened and she felt them prickle and tingle, wanting him to carry on, wanting to be touched, to be pulled, to be squeezed and rolled,

wanting to be sucked.

She closed her eyes, remembering when Daniel had sucked long and hard on her nipples. But was it him? Or was it someone else, Jose Luis perhaps, who lowered his head to her breasts and sucked and bit on them, sending waves of electricity down to her crotch?

Daniel was doing something else now, holding one of her nipples really tightly. She opened her eyes and looked down as he fixed a tiny clamp onto her erect nipple. She gasped as it closed. It felt like someone was holding her hard.

Then he pulled her breast upward toward her other nipple and fitted a clamp on that one as well, tightening the chain between them until it was very short, pulling her nipples toward each other and squeezing her breasts together.

“The tighter the better, in all things.” He pulled on the chain.

She breathed hard as the chain pulled on the clamps. It felt like someone was pinching her nipples hard and the pulses of desire were flowing into her clit now.

Daniel pulled gently at the chain, watching her nipples move, her breasts move, enjoying the

sight.

She panted, groaning with each movement. Each movement was on the edge of pleasure, almost pain but making her clit throb and engorge, making it tender and needy.

“You like it don’t you?”

She shook her head, not wanting to admit it, not wanting to say how close it made her feel to coming.

He dipped his finger in between her legs. “But you are so wet, so ready, so close to coming and this is just making you closer, isn’t it?”

He pulled on the chain, tugging at it hard making her nipples burn

and tingle, then he flicked the clit toy remote and it buzzed against her.

She opened her mouth to scream in pleasure or pain—she didn't know which—and then he stopped.

“So,” he said slowly. “Your body says you do like it. Now let's see what else. Ah yes.” He picked up the big dildo.

“No,” she said, her eyes wide, knowing it was too big.

“I think so. I think it will go in. And if it doesn't,” he laughed, “I'll strap you down to this table and force it until it does.”

“No. Please don’t put that thing inside me. It’s too big.”

“Too big? Not for you, not for a slut. All sluts like big ones. And that includes you.”

She shook her head. “No.”

“Let’s lube it up first.”

She recognized the little bottle. It was more “Fire Power.” He coated the dildo liberally in it.

She felt him press the head of it against her entrance and tensed up.

“No. It’ll hurt if you do that. You have to relax. After all I don’t want to hurt you. Well not too much anyway. Now, let’s try

again.” He pushed the head of the dildo against her, using his other hand to spread her wider, to pull her open.

She felt it pushing against her.
“No. Daniel, don’t.”

He pulled down the top of her panties and moved the bullet to one side. He opened her lips and flicked at her clit, once twice, three times.

She moaned, wanting him to touch her there, to forget about the dildo and just make her come.

“So shall I stop?”

“Yes,” she said.

He placed a fingertip each side

of her clit and rubbed quickly across it.

She tensed up. This would make her come if he carried on.

“I’ll do that again if you’ll just let a little bit—half an inch, nothing really—inside you.”

She groaned as he pressed the dildo hard at her entrance and she felt it edge inside, stretching her wide, pulling at the skin, opening her right up. It was starting to burn too all around the entrance and inside her. She breathed heavily.

“Good.” He pushed on the dildo, still forcing it in. “It’s going in. I knew you could take it.”

Ruthanne felt as though she were too full, like it would burst out of her. The stretching and the burning were intense. "Stop, stop."

He rubbed his fingers across her clit again, teasing at the hood, brushing it side to side, rubbing it. Now that was heating up too with the lube that was left on his fingers.

She moaned. "Please, Daniel, please."

"Please stop or please carry on?"

"I don't know." She wanted him to touch her but didn't want any more of the enormous dildo inside her.

"Please stop?" He took his hand

away from her clit. It was tingling, burning, needing to be touched. "Or please carry on?" He pressed her clit softly, nudging it from side to side.

"Please carry on," she whispered and pushed against him, trying to make him touch her.

"No. Not yet." Then he leaned onto the base of the dildo and she thought she would explode as it slid inside her, pulling her wide, stretching her open, making her feel fuller than she had ever thought possible and filling her with an intense burning warmth. "And a little strap just to keep it in

place. I'd hate it to slip out just when you're enjoying it."

He fixed something round her waist and under the base of the dildo and it seemed as though the big toy went in even deeper.

She moaned and shifted on the table trying to get comfortable, trying to stop feeling like it was pushing her apart, like it was filling her too full. It was the biggest thing she had ever had inside her. The heat was intense and she moaned again, not sure if the burning sensation was pleasurable or not.

He gave her clit one last flick and replaced the panties, nestling

the bullet back between her lips against her clit. He stood back. "Nipple clamps and chain," he said, pulling it up and down making her moan. "Good. Dildo, good. Clit vibrator." He flicked the switch on for a millisecond.

She tensed up, the vibrations in her clit suddenly making everything feel good.

"Good. Now what's missing? Ah, something in your mouth." He pulled her up the table, his hands under her arms so her head was falling back off the end.

"Daniel, that's uncomfortable."

He smiled at her. "It won't be

for long. Just let your head fall back. I'm going to fuck your throat."

Before she could say anything he'd switched on the massive dildo and it turned and roiled inside her.

She screamed out. It was too big. It was moving too much. It felt like it was alive and huge and hot and unbearable. She twisted and moved on the table trying to get away from it but it was held deep inside her.

Then he pressed another button and it began to vibrate. Not the gentle buzzing of the eggs but as though she were sitting on a

washing machine—a hard, intense movement deep inside her, almost shaking her on the table, while the head of it was still turning this way and that, pushing and pressing and moving inside her. She tried to reach down with her cuffed hands to pull it out but she couldn't reach. "Please take it out of me," she gasped.

"No. I know you're enjoying it."

"No, no," she cried out, reaching down again with her bound hands.

"I love it when you struggle. There's nothing nicer than a girl all tied up struggling against what's going in her, whether she likes it or

not."

He leaned forward and pulled on the chain between her nipples. "Too hard?" His voice took on that tone she knew too well, that tone that said he would be harder and crueller until he came.

She cried out again but he pulled harder on the chain, watching her breasts pull up, held by the tight mouth of the clamps.

"Stop," shouted Ruthanne, the sensations too much to bear.

"Now how can I stop you making all that noise? I know." Standing behind her he gripped her head firmly in his hands and she

could see his erect cock in front of her mouth. "Suck me. And do it well or I'll fuck you right down into your throat."

She opened her mouth and he pushed himself inside. At the same time he finally turned on the bullet, which buzzed and hummed against her tender, swollen clit. The feeling was overwhelming. It added to the tenderness of her nipples, still gripped by the clamps and the incredible feeling of fullness, of heat and movement, of stretching inside her. Now the clit toy was buzzing again it all started to feel good, like she wanted it, like she

wanted Daniel to treat her like this.

Daniel was sawing in and out of her mouth, his hands holding her head. He was breathing heavily and she knew he wouldn't be long. She lashed at him with her tongue, trying not to think how easy it would be for him to force himself all the way into her throat.

The dildo inside her was making her whole body vibrate. It was huge and powerful and strapped in and she couldn't escape. She twisted and turned on the table but each time she moved the nipple chain pulled on the clamps and tugged and pulled harder at her nipples.

Daniel pushed into her mouth again and the clit toy buzzed and buzzed. She knew she was close now—she knew she was going to come. She needed the clit to push harder against her. She writhed against the dildo and the clit toy kept pulsing.

Then Daniel was reaching down her and smacking at her clit with the paddle, forcing the bullet hard against her, smacking again and again. She knew that this was it. This was sending her over the edge, making her come. With each smack the orgasm grew. Each time he spanked her clit she was nearer and

nearer, knowing she was going to come, knowing that nothing could stop it now. He hit her again and again, forcing the buzzing toy hard against her.

Then she was coming and the orgasm pulsed through her, wave after wave, more and more, harder and harder each time he spanked the toy hard against her clit, the buzzing pressing into her and grinding into her with each smack. She wanted to cry out, to scream as her body bucked and convulsed, feeling so full, so powerless as the sensations tore through her. Then Daniel was coming too and even as

the spunk was coating the back of her throat she was trying to scream out, "I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming," and he spanked her again and again until she was completely spent.

Finally he pulled out of her mouth and wiped his sticky rod across her face. He leaned over her and flicked the switch on the huge vibrator and turned off the clit bullet. Suddenly it was silent except for the sound of her panting and his heavy breathing.

"I'd like to tie you down and leave you like this until tomorrow or send in a few of my friends to

come and use you. But I suppose I had better not, not this time."

He pulled the nipple chain hard and the clamps pulled off her nipples, making her groan. Then he released the strap holding the huge dildo in her. She squeezed hard and it slid out of her, hitting the floor with a thud.

She breathed deeply. She was sore, she was tired, she was aching but she had never had a better orgasm.

"Look," said Daniel. "It's early I know but I have to go. I've got a business meeting. Do you mind?"

She said quite honestly that she

didn't mind. She didn't want to spend the evening with him, making small talk, playacting that he was anything more to her than a big problem. She just wanted to have a bath and relax for a while, enjoying the afterglow and trying to forget what she went through to get there.

"Next week?" said Daniel.
"Dinner?"

She nodded, wondering if she'd be able to get out of it, hoping she had enough on tape already.

He unclipped the cuffs on her wrist and she sat up, stretching. Then he took off the spreader bar

that telescoped down and folded away.

It felt good to be free again. She stood and moved her legs. She could close them again, at last. She looked down at her ruined outfit.

"I like your clothes like that." Daniel flashed a smile at her. "But you had better buy some new ones." He pulled a roll of bills out of his pocket and tossed it down on the table. He gathered up all his things, refilling his flight bag.

"No. It's okay, I don't need it."

"I know. But you've earned it." He winked at her.

Did he really think of her like

that? Was he buying her like a prostitute? “No,” she insisted. “Take it back.”

He looked at her and shrugged. “Spend it, save it, throw it in the trash. It’s up to you.” He leaned in and kissed her forehead. “Next week, dinner. Somewhere nice. Tell you what. We’ll go Mexican. I know you enjoy a bit of Mexican.” He smiled at her and left the apartment.

Chapter Sixteen

The next day, Katie caught up with her on her way into work. "How's it going? Did you get anywhere with Ed?"

Ruthanne laughed. "Yes, I did actually."

"He's great, isn't he? So, you're going down the whole secret filming route?"

Ruthanne nodded, keeping her voice low. "Yes. In fact it's all happening already. Daniel came over last night."

"And you filmed it?" Katie

exclaimed. "How did it turn out?"

"I haven't watched it yet," admitted Ruthanne. "I couldn't face it last night."

"And Ed is going to edit it as well?" Katie asked.

Ruthanne nodded.

"So how much is he charging you?" Katie asked.

"Nothing. It's free."

Katie laughed. "He told me he'd charge you a bit less if he liked you. He must like you a lot. The stuff he does doesn't come cheap."

"He said it was a favor for you for everything you've done for

him.”

“I haven’t done anything. Except just introduced him to the love of his life by the sound of it. You’d better invite me to the wedding.”

“Don’t be silly. Once he sees these films he’ll be running a mile.”

“I don’t know,” said Katie. “That was one reason I thought of Ed. Apart from the fact he’s my buddy and he’s Ed the editor, he’s also into the scene. I hear he can be pretty hardcore himself. I wouldn’t worry.”

Ruthanne was dying to ask more but the lift opened and they were at

their floor. There were too many people around and Katie rushed off to talk to someone else.

The words kept going through Ruthanne's mind all morning. "He can be pretty hardcore himself. He's into the scene."

Was she into the scene? Was this what people would say about her now? "Oh Ruthanne, she's a sub, she's into the scene." Was she?

She liked some of the games Daniel played. She liked the way he pushed her and made her do things she perhaps secretly wanted to do. After all she'd been letting him have his way with her for months—

months in which she'd done things she'd never done with any man before. She wasn't just dazzled by his money and his status and his own sense of self-worth. She actually enjoyed it. She had to. She kept going back for more.

And the main reason she kept going back, she had to admit, was because she'd never experienced orgasms that powerful, that intense and overwhelming at any other time. But she had to end it with Daniel. She didn't trust him and she didn't even like him very much anymore.

After Mexico she felt he was

capable of anything. Mexico. Had she really had two men at the same time? Had other men, other strangers, been watching? She shuddered at the thought. The man's lips, his tongue, his mouth on her and the way she ground herself against him, crying out, wanting it. She had thought it was Daniel but of course it couldn't have been.

Daniel just wouldn't kiss her or touch her or pleasure her like that. But he would stand there and watch while another man did it. He would delight in the knowledge that she didn't know that she was

letting a stranger dip his head between her legs and lick her until she came.

Daniel would watch Jose Luis entering her, thrusting into her while Daniel was coming in her mouth. He would enjoy that. And she had enjoyed it and Daniel knew and she hated him for that. It was really wrong and she would never have agreed to it. And Daniel should never have done it.

It was the worst breach of trust there could be. And if he hadn't done it—if it was all an elaborate double-bluff, one of Daniel's mind games—that made no difference to

the way she felt. She knew he was capable of it and if he hadn't done it yet he would do it one day, one night. Even though she felt a flicker of arousal whenever she thought about having two men at once or about other men watching her, she knew it must never happen again.

Daniel had to go but maybe Ed would be a good replacement in more ways than one. He was clever, he was kind, he was into her and if Katie had her facts right he was "pretty hardcore."

What would it be like to do that stuff with someone who really liked you, loved you even? Just

because she wanted to be rid of Daniel it didn't mean she had to leave behind that kind of sex too.

That night she made herself watch the film—or films, as there were so many cameras all taking different angles. She focused on the ones from the front room, the camera in the TV and the one on in the air freshener. They gave clear views.

Even though the lights in her front room weren't that bright, the image quality was good as the cameras were designed to work in all conditions. She skipped forward until the part where she was on the

coffee table. If she could show Ed that she could show him anything.

As she found the right place in the tape and pressed play, an image of her lying back on the table was clear on the screen. She drew in a sharp breath. Seeing herself like that—she looked like someone you might see in the darker recesses of the internet. It was hard to believe it was her. The ripped clothes, the spreader bar, the handcuffs—it all looked so intense.

And Daniel moving around her body with purpose and elegance like he had done this so many times before. Why did she let him do it?

Because there was a part of her, a part of her she had never known was there before Daniel that wanted it, that needed it, that liked it.

When he started forcing the huge dildo into her she closed her eyes. It looked obscene. She couldn't watch. She focused on the audio, on her pleading with him not to put it in her and his insistence that she would take it, that he would strap her down and force it in.

She flicked forward again to the part where he said he liked to see her struggle. She listened again—he

said he liked to see girls struggle. That was even better. That showed that he was always doing this kind of stuff. She watched the screen, taking in the details of the cuffs, the bar, the holes cut in her bra, the clamps and chain and Daniel's tone of voice and wondered how it would look to someone else.

Anyone would think he was a monster if they saw this—and that she was totally depraved. Is that what would Ed think? Would he be shocked how quickly she had agreed to Daniel's demands? How she had let him cut her clothes, expose her, put clamps and chains

and cuffs on her and then force the biggest dildo she had ever seen inside her and whip her until she came? What would Ed think of her? Surely he wouldn't still want her?

Her phone rang. It was Ed. Embarrassed even though she knew he couldn't see anything, she paused the tape.

"Hi, Ed," she said, suddenly shy.

"Hey you. How are you?"

"Good, fine." She wondered why she felt so awkward. She caught a glimpse of herself on the screen her head back and Daniel positioning himself to enter her mouth. That was why.

“Have you got anything on tape yet? Did it work?”

“Yes. He came round here last night and I got it all.”

“Have you watched any of it back yet?”

“I was just starting to.”

“What’s the quality like?”

“Okay. You can see who it is pretty clearly and what he’s doing.”

“And the sound?”

“Good, clear.”

“Can you hear everything he says?”

“Yes.” *And more. The panting, the moaning, the crying out, the screams of*

"I'm coming I'm coming."

"Good. All good. So do you think there's anything we could use against him?"

We. She liked the sound of that. She was part of a team now, part of...she didn't want to say couple. She didn't want to tempt fate, not before he'd seen what she had done with Daniel.

"I think so. There's a bit where he kind of threatens me, another bit where he says he likes watching girls struggle."

"Sounds promising. Don't go enjoying yourself too much, though," he warned. "I still want

you to dump him.” He laughed but Ruthanne wondered if she could hear real worry in his voice.

“Are you still free on Saturday and Sunday?” he asked. “Two dates, you remember?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Great. I’ll see you on Saturday.”

He gave her directions to his studio and instructions on how to unplug and carry the receiver.

She hung up, hoping that Ed would be able to stomach what he saw, hoping even more that it wouldn’t change the way he thought about her. But how could it

not? Who would show a film like this to a new prospective partner and expect them still to be interested? Someone on the scene, she thought. Someone who was “pretty hardcore” might like it. Would Ed like it?

That night she dreamed of Ed, of Ed acting out Daniel’s role, of Ed cuffing her and making her kneel in front of him, of Ed tying her to the bed.

But then he brought Daniel into the room and Daniel pushed himself into her mouth and she tried to stop him, wanting Ed instead. Then Jose Luis appeared

and forced himself between her legs, his penis looking huge, thrusting into her while Daniel was in her mouth. Somehow Ed was still spanking her, telling her off for letting Daniel and Jose Luis near her.

It's not my fault, she was saying, despite Daniel in her mouth but he kept spanking her with a paddle on her bare behind. She woke up hot, the bedclothes tangled round her, feeling anxious but aroused at the same time.

She slipped her hand between her legs. In her dream she'd been so close to coming. She closed her eyes

and touched herself again, trying to think her way back into the dream, remembering the sensations of being spanked, focusing on Ed touching her, imagining her fingers were his.

She pinched her clit, rubbing it, a finger each side of it, then all four fingers flat across the top of it. She wanted Ed. She wanted him to do things to her, things Daniel hadn't even done. Her hand moved faster and she pictured all three men pleasuring her, spanking her, forcing her to take their enormous cocks in her mouth, between her legs.

She rubbed harder and faster, imaging three pairs of hands pulling and pinching at her, touching her, squeezing her nipples and rubbing her clit, spanking her and using her. And then she was coming, the pleasure intense and she cried out in the night. Then the images faded and she was left with just Ed's face, smiling at her like he did when he was about to kiss her.

She drifted back to sleep.

Chapter Seventeen

Saturday seemed to come around too soon. She wanted to see Ed again but she didn't want him to see the tapes. And he wouldn't just see them. She knew from what he'd told her about the editing process that he'd watch them again and again, cut bits, re-edit them together and then do the same with the soundtrack.

One way or another he would spend hours and hours and hours looking at and listening to her having sex with another man. And not just ordinary, everybody-does-it

sex but sex that involved pain, humiliation, suffering and her doing things she would never ordinarily do. Even if that was the reason she liked it.

She got ready to go, the receiver in her bag. She checked her hair again and reapplied her lipstick. She straightened up the apartment even though she was going out. Then she went to the mirror again. Her hair still looked fine, her makeup was fine. It was time to go but all she could think about was what Ed would think when he saw her doing those things with Daniel.

She almost called him to tell him

she wouldn't come, not to bother waiting for her at the studio. She would learn to edit herself and put something together. But that would be too hard and then she pictured Ed's face, his disappointment, his sense of rejection. *No*. He would be on his way to the studio already, waiting for her. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply. *It would be okay.*

He opened the door to his studio, looking tall, scruffy and rough around the edges but all that disappeared when he smiled—when he looked at her with those big green eyes.

She smiled at him and followed him inside. "I've brought a picnic." She started getting the food out of her bag, telling him what she'd bought, the words tumbling out.

Then she spotted the coffee brewing in the tiny makeshift kitchen. "I'll pour us drinks." She carried on, finding mugs, a spoon, sugar. But her hand was shaking and the coffee slopped over the side of the mug. She stared at the mess like it was a huge disaster, not a little spill of coffee and a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Hey, hey," said Ed. "What is it?"

“Nothing. I’m just being silly.” She started looking for a cloth to wipe up the spill, not wanting him to see her face.

He reached out and took her hands, making her be still. “Now.” He looked down at her. “What’s wrong? “

She shook her head.

“Is it me? Do you want to leave?”

She shook her head again, still not wanting to talk.

“Is it Daniel?”

She nodded.

“Look, this is your easy way out,

the way to get rid of him without any comeback. That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"But it isn't an easy way, is it? There is no easy way out. Because of the tapes, because..." she started then felt her throat closing up. *Don't cry, don't cry, your nose will go red and your makeup will go everywhere.* But she couldn't help it. Her eyes filled and the tears rolled down her face.

"You feel nervous about me watching them." He grinned. "I suppose it is a bit unconventional to spend a date watching tapes of one of you making out with someone

else.” He was still smiling. “But like I said, Ruthanne, it will be nothing I haven’t seen before, really. Stop worrying.”

“But it’s me,” she said, not knowing how to explain it without seeming as though she really cared what he thought of her.

“True. I haven’t seen that before. But as to what you’ll be doing, well nothing will shock me. Or put me off you. Now come sit with me and let’s get this over with. The sooner I see you naked and crawling around on the floor begging him to whip your behind the better.”

She laughed, the tears still wet

on her face, knowing he was joking, hoping he realized how close to the truth he was.

He put his arm around her and led her firmly out of the kitchen and to the old squashy sofa in front of a projector. Next to it was a long desk with a lot of techie equipment and an office chair. She could see another room through a window. She sat down on the sofa.

“Now you sit there and I’ll get things set up. Then we’ll watch together and if you get too embarrassed you can close your eyes.”

He fiddled with the projector

and the receivers. "So," he said, businesslike. "Where do we start? Hall cam? Bedroom?"

"Hall," she said. "Then front room."

He found the feed from the camera in the smoke alarm in the hall and an image flashed up on the screen.

Relieved, she saw that the picture was odd, just showing the tops of their heads and it wasn't clear what was happening. But the voices were clear. She could hear the way he was almost bullying her and the satisfaction in his voice when he said "you'll be punished

for that.”

“Bingo,” said Ed. “That’s what we need. More of him saying stuff like that.”

The images from the hall cam went blank for a second and then stopped.

“Okay.” Ed got up again. “Which camera now? There were a couple in the front room. How about the one from inside the TV?”

She nodded. It didn’t matter. Whichever view he saw it would be the same—the same images of her begging Daniel to carry on, being abused and whipped until she came.

“So where were you mainly?” he said, as if they were just chatting about anything.

She hesitated.

“You know, while you were doing the deed? Where in the front room were you?”

“The back of the sofa first, then the coffee table.”

“Good,” he said.

She looked at him.

“For picture quality. If you’d spent half the night cowering in the corner we wouldn’t have much to work with.”

He flicked between the feeds,

locating the right ones. He forwarded the TV cam slightly then paused it. On the screen she could see Daniel leaning forward, then ripping her blouse open. A moment later he was cutting her bra.

“Good image.” Ed looked at it closely. “Good resolution and if we cut it right it’ll look like he tears open your blouse then comes at you with scissors like he’s thinking about cutting you. And we can keep that in,” he said as Daniel’s voice came out of the screen saying “like you’ve just been attacked.”

“Perfect. Nice look by the way.” He grinned as the tape continued

and her nipple and breast were clearly visible through the hole in her bra.

“Thanks,” she said, not sure she meant it.

“No really.” He was watching the screen carefully. “I’d love to take you shopping for some kinky clothes, some stuff you could wear for me in the bedroom.” He stared at the screen then turned slowly to face her. “Oh god. I said that out loud, didn’t I? Sorry.”

“Don’t apologize.” She smiled at his embarrassment, her tears dry now. “I might like that.”

He grinned at her and turned

back to the screen. "So things are getting interesting. I'm gathering," he said, turning his head and leaning in to the TV, "that you have some kind of device connected to that remote he had."

"Yes," she said. "Two actually. "

"What were they?" Ed tried to sound casual but his voice was getting a little huskier.

"Love eggs. He could turn them on and off. And another one, a bullet thing, which was in these panties that I wore."

"Mmmh," he said, watching the screen as she bucked on the sofa as Daniel played with the remote.

“We won’t keep these bits in. But I would love to see that look on your face for real sometime.”

He turned to her and stroked the hair away from her face. “I would love to know I could make you feel like that.”

She moved closer to him and he kissed her, gently at first but then more urgently, his tongue digging deep in her, his arms tightening around her. She felt herself respond, she felt herself wanting him—but she couldn’t, not yet, not until she was sure, not until he’d seen the worst. She pulled away and he released her, sitting up

again, turning back to the screen.

“Back to the grindstone.” He grinned. “It’s a hard job but someone’s got to do it.”

They watched in silence as Ruthanne was cuffed and spread and laid over the back of the sofa.

Ruthanne looked away as Daniel lifted what was left of her skirt and stroked his hands over her naked behind.

“We’ll use this,” he said as she told Daniel no, she didn’t want to be spanked. “And this. We’ll get a close-up of this, possibly enlarge something from one of the other cams.”

Daniel was spanking her hard now and the word slut was appearing in red all over her buttocks and thighs.

She was crying out and moaning, clearly in pain while Daniel spanked her and called her a slut over and over again.

Ruthanne couldn't watch. She couldn't look at Ed either.

"Perfect," said Ed. Then he turned to her. "I didn't mean, you know—I meant perfect for our purposes. He's getting really carried away. By the way, did you choose that paddle?"

"No," she said. "I didn't choose

any of it.”

“I’ve seen them before. But if it was me I’d choose the one that said *love*.” He smiled at her. “And I’d make sure you wanted me to do it. Would you let me? Spank you like that?”

She nodded, not meeting his eyes. “It wouldn’t be like that though, would it?” she said softly. “It would be different.”

“Different better,” said Ed. “Better if you choose to do it, better if you do it because you both want to.”

Ruthanne felt butterflies in her stomach. Could Ed really give her

the same kind of feelings she got when she was with Daniel? But without that sense that she couldn't say no and that feeling that Daniel didn't really know her or even like her very much?

They watched in silence for a while. Ruthanne pretended it wasn't her on view on the screen and that it wasn't her cries of pain or pleasure that filled the room. Then came the part she was dreading.

She was walking—trying to—with the spreader bar and the big dildo in her mouth and Daniel was making her squeeze out the eggs.

Ruthanne closed her eyes. She couldn't watch. It was too humiliating.

She felt Ed's arm around her again, holding her tightly, reassuringly. "It's okay," he said softly into her hair. "It's okay."

When she opened them the tape had moved on and she was on the coffee table. Daniel had the big black dildo pressed against her. The view wasn't clear. Her leg was in the way but the look of determination and desire was clear on Daniel's face.

"He looks like he wants to hurt you," said Ed. "Which is great for

us for the film. Probably not so great for you though."

"No," said Ruthanne. "I could have done without that."

"He's a sadist really, isn't he? A sadist more than a dom," he said. "He actually wants to hurt you and I'm guessing that it's the feeling of being controlled rather than the actual pain that does it for you."

She nodded, pressing her face into his shoulder, not wanting to meet his eyes, not trusting herself to say anything, surprised that Ed could read her so well.

"And I like that. Not all the time, just at playtime. I'd like to

control you, control your pleasure. But I wouldn't hurt you, not more than you wanted me to."

He stroked the side of her face and she looked up. He kissed her again but the tape was still playing and she could hear herself moaning while Ed was kissing her, pressing her back against the arm of the sofa, his arms around her, holding her tight.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," came her muffled voice from the tape.

"I didn't know I was that good at kissing," he said as she pulled away. Instead of feeling embarrassed she laughed.

He turned back to the screen. "I seem to have missed the ending. I wonder what happened?" He laughed. "I'll have to watch it all again. What a shame."

"What do you think?" She needed to know.

"It is a bit distracting when I'm kissing you. But very, very hot."

"Seriously. You don't mind, you don't think of me..." She hesitated. She didn't really want to say it in case it put into words what he was thinking.

"Go on," he said. "Say it."

"I thought you might not like me anymore. I thought you might

think differently about me once you'd seen that."

"Oh, I do. I do."

She turned away. She knew this would happen. How could it not? How could any man watch that and still want her?

He stroked her hair. "Before I thought you were beautiful, interesting and way out of my league. Now I think you're all of that and the perfect match for me in the bedroom. If I had you I'd be the luckiest man alive."

She turned back to face him. "Really?" she asked, not able to believe it. "Honestly?"

“Honestly, really, seriously and every other word,” he said. “I can’t believe I’ve met you. I can’t believe you let me hang out with you and I can’t believe you let me do this.”

He leaned in and kissed her again. He forced her back against the arm of the sofa, his lips hard against hers, his tongue in her mouth. His arms were around her and his body pressed tight against her, his weight pressing her down.

Then he pulled away and looked at her. “You are everything I’ve ever dreamed of in a woman and more.”

She smiled, the relief

overwhelming. “Thanks Ed. For saying that, for doing this,” she gestured toward the screen and all the equipment. “For everything.”

“My pleasure,” he said, sitting up and stroking her hair. “But I’m not going to get any work done like this. If you want this edited, I’ll need to watch the other feeds then it will take me few hours at least to put something together.”

“I’ll get us some coffee and let you get to work.”

She blanked out the next hour as he looked through the other feeds, stopping here and there with his headphones on—so at least she

didn't have to hear herself being spanked, crying out, coming.

She couldn't believe he was still interested in her, more interested in fact than before he'd seen the tapes. She felt like hugging herself or jumping up and down with excitement and relief.

She made fresh coffee then lounged around on the sofa reading her book until she started to get hungry and they took a break for lunch. She'd brought fresh bread and a selection of salads and bits and pieces from the deli.

"I'm doing well. I've got some great shots. Daniel has really given

us some beauties.” He grinned. “I’m going to be able to do something pretty powerful with this material.”

Then he was back to work.

She watched him for a while, fascinated by how he cut and shifted images, how he zoomed in on certain things, making the image bigger like a close-up—and then how he manipulated the sound, putting the things she and Daniel had said in a different order, linking them with different images.

She read her book a bit more, cleared up the lunch, made more coffee, watched Ed again standing

behind him, her hands on his shoulders.

“Right,” he said finally. “I’ve got a rough cut of it. It still needs work in places but this will give you a good idea of how it will look.” He fiddled with the equipment again.

They sat on the sofa, Ed’s arm round her shoulders. He pressed play.

The final video was short. Two hours of sex and the feeds from all the different cameras had been cut down to a three-minute film. It started with a close-up of Daniel’s face, then his voice asking, “Do you like it?” and her reply coming quite

clearly saying “No. I don’t. I don’t want you to do it.”

Then you could hear him laughing and the camera cut to him ripping her clothes, saying “you’ve just been attacked.” The next shot was of Daniel brandishing the scissors and Daniel’s voice over the top saying, “You’ll be punished for this.”

There were images of her being cuffed and the spreader bar being put on. The soundtrack continued with Ruthanne saying, “I don’t want you to” and “no, no.”

The next shot was of her rear end being paddled. You could

clearly see Daniel's face and the cold smile on it. Then another angle showed the words appearing on her skin with a voiceover of Daniel calling her a slut over and over again.

Then it cut to the clamps on her nipples and her cries of pain as Daniel said, "the tighter the better" and pulled on the chain, making her nipples pull and her breasts bounce.

In the last section she was on her back on the coffee table. She was begging Daniel not to put the big dildo into her, the fear clear in her voice. But Daniel was insisting,

laughing at her fear, saying, "It will go in. And if it doesn't I'll strap you down to this table and force it until it does."

There was a brief shot of him pushing the dildo into her while she cried out "stop, stop," and Daniel said "it's going in." It cut to Ruthanne's body, struggling. She was reaching down with her bound hands, crying out "no, no," and Daniel saying "I love it when you struggle. There's nothing nicer than a girl all tied up struggling against what's going in her whether she likes it or not."

The last shots were of her head,

her face blurred out, hanging off the end of the coffee table and Daniel pumping hard into her mouth and his voice saying "Suck me. And do it well or I'll fuck you right into your throat."

Then it was clear he had finished and there was a close-up of his face where he said, "I'd like to tie you down and leave you like this until tomorrow or send in a few of my friends to come and use you."

Ruthanne sat in stunned silence. It was awful.

"I've edited it fairly heavily," explained Ed. "Taken the voice

from one section, moved it to another, kept in all the bits where you refuse and cut out all the places where you consent."

"It makes Daniel look terrible," she said, suddenly doubtful. "Isn't it really dishonest?" She felt uncomfortable. Daniel was bad, yes but this made him look like an attacker or rapist and he wasn't that. She had consented all the way. The only thing she hadn't agreed to was involving Jose Luis and she didn't even know if that had happened or not. All she had to go on was the smell of some aftershave and few sly comments from Daniel.

“Yeah,” said Ed. “He looks really bad. But that’s the point isn’t it? If I put together a tape showing you two having a great time what effect will that have? With this, you can mail it to him and I’d guess he’d do anything to stop this getting out there on the internet.”

“It’s blackmail,” she said.

Ed shrugged. “Are you going to ask him for money?”

“No,” she said indignantly. “Of course not.”

“Or favors or any other benefit?”

“No. You know I’m not.”

“Then it’s not really blackmail. Think of it more as an insurance policy.”

“Yes,” she agreed slowly. “I suppose so. And if it wasn’t so bad it wouldn’t work.”

“Exactly,” he said. “Daniel will have to really want to stop this getting out, to think it would really damage his reputation if it’s going to do you any good. If it just showed him and a lady friend enjoying some consensual kinky sex then why would he care? I mean he might be embarrassed but it’s not going to ruin his life. In fact it might even give him a bit of kudos.

But this.” Ed gestured at the screen. “No one would want to be associated with this.”

Ruthanne nodded. It was the sort of thing she did all the time—image manipulation, controlling what information went out where and when to make sure companies got the most credit and the least damage. She’d just never played a starring role in any of her material before.

“Thanks, Ed,” she said. “I can see why they call you the Editor. You’ve done a great job. Even if it’s quite disturbing.”

“Makes you think, doesn’t it?”

Never let anyone film you. The camera always lies." He laughed and put his arm around her.

"Just make sure you word the email carefully so it doesn't sound like blackmail. You can send it from here. I've got an encrypted ISP so no one will be able to trace where it's come from. You write something and I'll do a few tweaks to the film and get it ready to send."

Ruthanne nodded, thinking what she could say.

She spent a while composing the message, wanting to get her meaning across but without

threatening him.

Daniel, I am sorry but our relationship will have to end. I don't want to see you again. I want you to stay on with my company for your PR work but work with someone else in the office. I don't want you to blame me or to let anyone think there were any problems with the PR work I did for you. I have attached a memento of our relationship. It will remind you of the things you did. I am keeping the file with a friend in a safe place so you don't need to worry. I will do my best to make

sure it never leaks out onto the internet. And I am sure you will do your best to see that there are no negative consequences for me as a result of ending our association either.

Ed read it over and agreed it was good. It was clear about what she wanted and clear too that she didn't hold the film so there was no danger of him turning up to her apartment threatening her or destroying her laptop and phone.

Ed attached the film.

She typed in Daniel's email address with a shaky hand and

pressed send. It was done. She sighed with relief. "And now we can delete the rest."

He nodded. "There is something else, though. All that footage of you. It was so hot. I couldn't destroy it, not yet. I put this together. It's really rough—I just spliced it."

Ruthanne turned to the screen again. It was more images from that night but this time of her, of her face, of her saying yes. Close-ups of her breasts, of her nipples tightly clamped and her moans of pleasure, every time she had said yes. Of her being spanked, of her

writhing in pleasure, of her finally crying out “I’m coming I’m coming,” her voice muffled and thick.

Ed was watching her carefully.

“You have to get rid of that,” she said, embarrassed.

“I know. I will. We’ll delete it in a minute. I just wanted to show you so you’d know how sexy you looked, how sexy you sounded.” He rewound it to a view of her whole body with her torn clothes, her nipple clamps and the cuffs and spreader bar. “Just look.”

She glanced at it but it looked so perverse, so wrong. “You don’t

think I'm a slut?"

"No way," he said earnestly, moving closer to her. "It is really the hottest thing I've ever seen. The only thing that would make it hotter would be if I was the one doing it all to you."

"You don't think there's something wrong with me for enjoying that kind of thing?"

"No. You're a very together woman. You're beautiful, sexy, in control of your life. But in the bedroom you like to play. So do I."

"Like that?"

"Yes. Ever since I met you, I've wanted to tie you up, tight and

hard." He moved closer to her. "So you can't move and tease you and spank you and do things to you until you come."

He leaned in and kissed her, his lips teasing at hers, his body warm against hers. "What do you think? Do you think one day you might trust me enough to let me do that?"

"Yes," she said, imaging herself tied up and Ed touching her, teasing her. She felt a little flutter between her legs. She wanted him to do it soon. Now.

"My worst nightmare would be to fall for someone who didn't

share my passions. Imagine a lifetime without satisfaction. But you're perfect. If you were making a singles advert, this would be the picture to put on it." He gestured at the screen, smiling. "Sub seeking new master. Do you think I could be it?"

"You could," she agreed.

"But right now let's delete it all except the film for Daniel. Although the only way I can come to terms with getting rid of this is the thought that we might make a film of our own one day?" He looked at her with raised eyebrows.

"No faces," she said.

“No faces but lots of body. Lots of close-ups of your beautiful body held in restraints, maybe with wrist cuffs tied up to a hook in the ceiling with you almost naked, helpless in front of me.”

He leaned over and held her wrists, pulling them slowly above her head, pinning both of them in one of his own hands and holding them there. He used his other hand to stroke her cheek softly and down the side of her neck.

He brushed her lips gently then held her lower lip between thumb and forefinger and squeezed it. He did it all so slowly and with such

tenderness that she hardly felt the pain. He leaned in and kissed her, licking at her tender lip, then pushing his tongue into her mouth, slow and hard and deep.

She gave in to the sensation of his tongue in her mouth, of his lips on hers, of his free hand moving over her body, stroking her neck and tangling in her hair, tugging it gently, then gliding lower, to her shoulder, then lower, finding her breast and skating over the surface gently.

She felt helpless. She couldn't move. Her arms were pinned tightly above her head and his

weight was pressing into her. She couldn't escape and she didn't want to. She wanted him to hold her like this, to keep her like this, forever.

Epilogue

She was dreading going into the office on Monday. Would Daniel have read the email, seen the film? What would his reaction be? Would she get away with it or would her letter of dismissal be waiting for her on her desk?

Her phone beeped on the way and she checked the message, wondering if it was Ian telling her not to even bother coming in. But it was from Katie. "Best news," it said. "My turn now!" What did it mean? She couldn't think straight, not until she knew if anything had

changed at work.

Her stomach sank as she saw Ian at the entrance to their department. He raised his hand when he saw her. He was clearly waiting for her. This could only mean that Daniel had already spoken to him and that couldn't be good.

"Ah, Ruthanne," he said as she approached. "Little bit difficult, this. A few issues came up."

She couldn't breathe. Why didn't he just say it? She was sacked without a reference? She was being arrested for blackmail and perversion or pornography or something? What was going on?

“There’s no easy way to say this. I’m afraid there has been a little rearrangement,” Ian said. “It’s Daniel, Daniel Rolleston,” he added, as if she wouldn’t know who he meant. “Difficult man. Hard to predict. You’re returning to your former desk.”

She’d lost her office. Well, that was the least of her worries. But she still had a desk so that meant she must still have a job?

“Katie is moving into your office,” he said. He shrugged. “I’m so sorry but it’s Mr. Rolleston’s express wishes. He made it clear he was very happy with you, very

happy and of course you did a wonderful job but he's a difficult man. Mr. Rolleston said he feels it is time for a change. No reflection on you. Katie is delighted of course. But I hope you don't mind too much?"

She smiled broadly at him and she could see his surprise at her reaction. "I don't mind. I don't mind at all."

About Tara Tennyson

I've published a lot in other much less interesting fields. But what I really love doing is letting my imagination run wild and thinking about all the "what ifs" in life. In my stories I try to trace exactly how ordinary people end up doing really quite extraordinary things, following their hearts into unknown territories and even falling in love along the way.

Tara welcomes comments from

readers. You can find her website and email addresses on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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