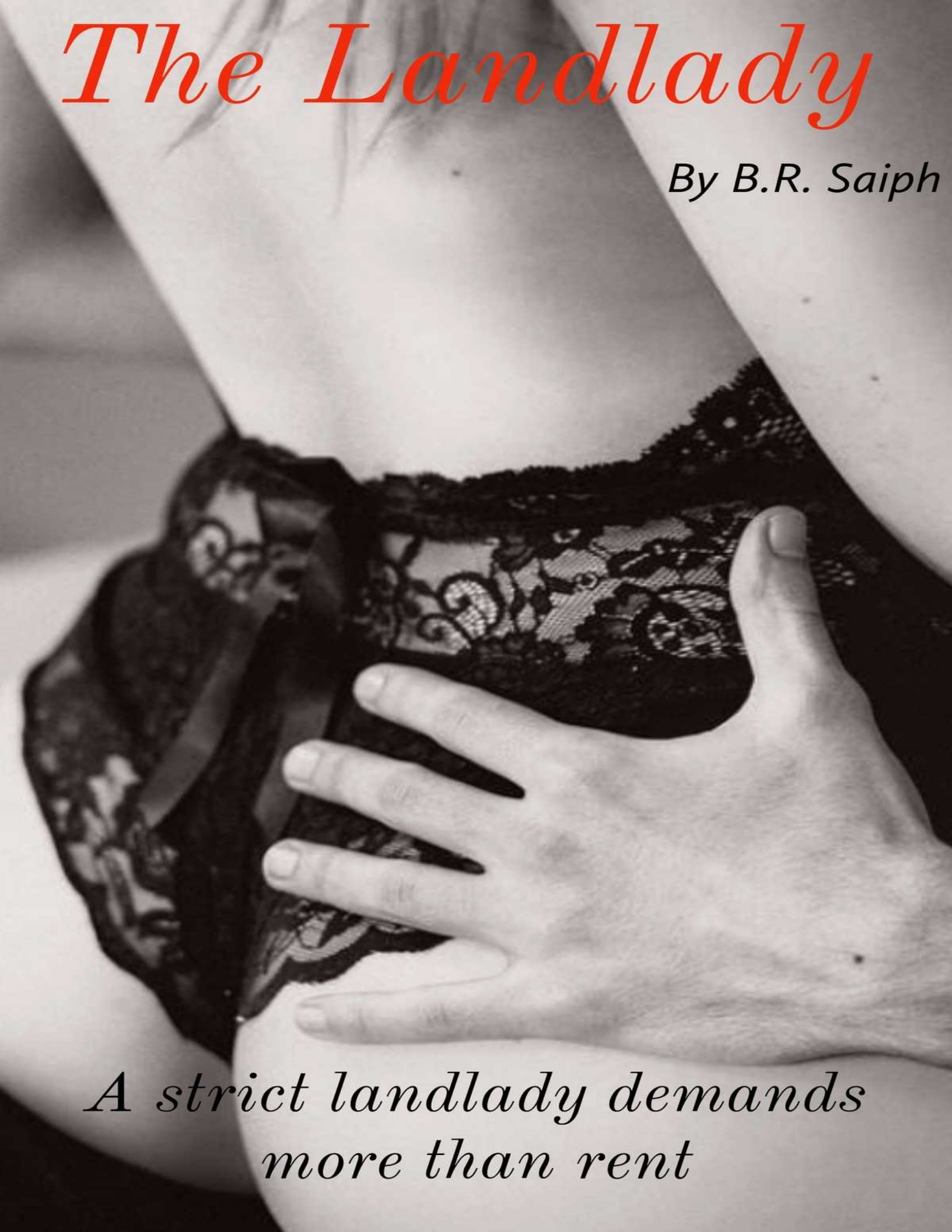




The Landlady

By B.R. Saiph

*A strict landlady demands
more than rent*

Also by B.R. Saiph

The Lonely Maiden

Misty

Rope Chain

The Good Wife

Rite Of Passage: The Claiming

The Landlady
(Previously published as Accommodations)

By B.R. Saiph

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First Printing, 2019

For my darling S.

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The Ad

He read the ad posted on the wall at the job fair. Times had been tough, sanctions and reprisals wreaking havoc on small-town America. He was just another casualty. He'd split with his girlfriend, amicably at that, but regardless he was soon to be homeless now on top of not having a job.

He had rugged good looks, and even though he wasn't the tallest guy around his natural killer physique and winning smile ensured he didn't take shit from anyone. Regardless, when it had come down to pleasing her or causing a fuss, it was an easy choice every time. He just found it hard to argue when he was trying so hard to make it work. Always the appeaser, that was his shortcoming and it'd set him up to fail from the moment he'd met her. That's why when she'd flipped on him for asking what she'd been so busy with she couldn't come home last weekend, he'd made a tactical withdrawal.

Too bad for him it was already over. She'd wasted no time in filing papers and fucking him royally, but he just couldn't deal to be honest. Half heartbroken, half-embarrassed at being such a chump, he was trying to put it behind him but he needed a few basics in place first, such as a place to live.

Accommodations Available: female preferred.
Offering a very small space.
1rst, last and contract.

He wrote down the address and left. An hour later he found himself standing in front of a regular everyday multi-story apartment building. Decent enough neighbourhood, parking if you had a car, it looked good as far as he could see. He pressed the intercom button and heard it buzzing at the other end.

"Hello?" a female voice asked. It sounded exotic, hinting of sultry, very self-assured.

"Hi, uh, I'm here about the room for rent?" he asked hopefully.

"I don't have a room for rent," came her reply, "I have some space I can rent. There's a big difference."

"Uh, oh yeah sure, I'd love to see it if I could?" he offered

"Take a step back," she instructed.

"What?" he asked, confused.

"I want to look at you, step back so I can see all of you," she countered.

He shrugged and stepped back. He stood there long enough to start wondering what the hell was going on. He was starting to feel self-conscious under the silent scrutiny when the lock buzzed open.

"914," she said, the buzzer clicking loudly when her finger lifted off the button.

He rode the elevator up to the 9th, staring at the wall. Old Chinese food and pizza flyers were tacked on small display board. He was feeling agitated, unsure but unable to pinpoint what exactly it was about this that bothered him.

"Just relax man, everyone needs a place to stay," he told himself.

The elevator bounced then stopped, the doors sliding open smoothly for a building well kept but obviously not new. Stepping out onto the 9th floor it struck him how he could never have imagined his life turning out like this.

"Dude, one thing at a time," he shook his head to himself. He resolved himself to just sort his shit out and worry about the rest later.

906...910...914, he counted up to himself and stopped at the last door on the left.

He hesitated a moment, staring at the door, then knocked crisply on its hard-painted surface.

A loud click followed, the door drawing a breeze as it swung open to reveal the woman behind the voice that sounded so damn good over such a shitty intercom. Five and a half feet of striking natural beauty was standing with one hand on the door, the other comfortably at her side.

He caught his breath at the sight of her, so taken with her that he wasn't aware of doing it, but she did.

In her mid-40s, the ivory skin of her youth defied time, seductively caressing her high cheekbones, making her look as young as she wished she felt. The light of the day flooded the hallway from her apartment, reflecting back onto and dancing across her face, his eyes giving chase over every square inch of her. Transfixed he watched the light skipping along her jaw and spilling over its silky-smooth edge, flowing down her long neck, wrapping it in a sultry embrace of red and yellow hues lapping at her unblemished skin. Her vivid brown eyes were ringed in long lush lashes, and they bore into him with the calm assurance of a woman who was well aware of her beauty and one who expected others to listen to whatever she may have to say.

Her full lips teased every breath across their soft perfection as she took silent stock of him. He was taken with her instantly. No thought, just completely taken with her but he worked himself to play it cool, stay cool and see what she had in mind.

“Hi, you said you had some space to rent?” he asked. *My God, she’s stunning!*

She raised an eyebrow, raking her eyes over him, almost it seemed with disdain.

“Well I did, but,” she turned from the door, “I would prefer a female over..you. I did just post it but you’re here, so come on, you can see what I’m offering with some stipulations...”

She didn’t wait, just walked away and he had no choice but to lunge forward and push open the door she’d carelessly left to swing close behind her. Sliding inside was instinctive and besides he’d known instantly after meeting her he wanted to stay here, even if she was a bit rude.

The apartment was beyond tiny, as they all were, hence the housing crisis, but at least she had a small kitchenette and a living room/bedroom area to call her own. As he followed her into the main room, he peeked around the wall and into the kitchenette to his left. There was a microwave and hot plate sharing the counter with the sink and a smattering of cupboards. A small refrigerator took up the rear and he could see opening the door would completely interfere with anything happening at the counter.

A large television was mounted up on the wall out in the common area along with a solitary bar stool and a small round high table stuffed into the far corner. There was no other seating.

The sliding balcony door directly across from the hallway was ajar and the sheer white curtains fluttered in the breeze. Their crisp hems danced over the floor, pushing up against the edge of the king-sized bed occupying the majority of the main room. The bedding flowed over the sides and partially covered a tall ornate wooden bed frame that looked like it weighed a ton.

It was amazing he'd taken in anything around him in the single millisecond he allowed his eyes to stray from the sight of her walking away from him. She was wearing what must have been airbrushed on black yoga pants with a skin-tight grey t-shirt, and she didn't have a single ounce of extra anything on her slender frame. Her body was as lean as any 20 year old's and moved like one, the ruby red 4" stiletto heels arched her feet up to her firm calves, bending his mind to the breaking point as she strode across the room.

Oh man, you've got to be kidding me! He said to himself as she suddenly stopped, only a few inches from him, shoving her ass back at him, bending at the waist as she did so.

Oh shit, I don't think she's wearing panties! He ogled at the sight of her legs and knees pressed together, her yoga pants material stretched over her pert ass to the point of almost being sheer. Where her thighs came together, daylight teased through enough to give just a hint of the pussy mound outlined within.

He shook his head to snap out of it, watching her pulling on what seemed like a very heavy drawer, seemingly running the length of the bed. Once she got it moving, it slid out smoothly on gliders mounted to the sides. She stood up straight and turned sideways, looking at him like she knew what a dirty ass staring pervert he'd just been.

She looked him up and down, making him feel guilty even though he knew that was ridiculous, then said, "It's just the drawer, nightly. When you're not sleeping here, you can get cleaned up, eat, quickly mind you, and then you need to get out. I won't have you lounging around like a stray dog."

Her Irish accent was one of a strong, confident woman and the way she spoke, the lilt to her voice, made him crazy for more. He couldn't think straight. The sight of her, the sound of her, the rhythm and tone of the way she spoke, the way she moved, she had a foreign allure that was making his cock swell and his head spin.

She looked down into the drawer then back at him, compelling him to look as well. He stepped up beside her and looked down into the barren interior, made of solid wood and not at all inviting. He was only slightly taller than her and assumed it had to be at least as long as her since she must fit the bed above it. That didn't make him feel any better about the box he was looking into. He imagined his feet pushing against the bottom of the drawer while his head brushed the top. It looked barely deep enough to hold him or anyone. Would his nose even clear the frame as it closed?

"What do you mean?" he asked, confused, staring into what was starting to look like a very small space, trying to ignore the smell of her perfume, trying to clear his thoughts.

"What I mean is I had a female tenant in mind, with whom I could share the other half of this large bed without any bullshit. A female would respect my space and not infringe on it even in these tight quarters. You? Well...you're a man."

"I don't know what stereotype bus you're throwing me under but that ain't me," he protested.

"Stereotype? Really? Please, I don't need to stereotype you to read you."

"What? I've done nothing to make you think..." he started.

"Look," she said sharply, cutting him off. She paused, licked her lips then steeled her gaze, staring him down in the ensuing silence. He finally looked away, uncomfortable under her scrutiny.

"If you wish to stay here there are two key points in the contract you must agree to," she paused to stare at him expectantly.

Oh what the hell it's just a rental contract, he thought.

"Sure I'll agree," he blurted out.

She didn't hesitate, "One, you are to be inside the apartment by 8 pm every night. Settled and in your box by 9 pm. I'm in bed at 9, so you're going to be too. I'll wake you at 6 at which point

you will get the hell out. The first night will be a trial run. If you're good, I might just let you stay. Regardless I'll be keeping your first and last deposit, as a gesture of appreciation for my inconvenience. Understood?"

"So wait, I have to sleep in that drawer all night? What if I need out? What if this doesn't work out, what will I do then, you'll have all my money?" he looked at her incredulously.

She shook her head at him, "I don't know or care, but I'm thinking that will be your problem not mine. You'll be locked inside by the way. I can only sleep at night knowing I don't have to worry about you prowling around."

"What, you can't be serious?" he asked, looking more than a little concerned as he considered his options.

OK, this is weird, but she doesn't know me and is likely just being cautious, he mused. *I'm sure I could force my way out if I had to.*

She looked at him with one eyebrow raises, her lips pursed in mild irritation at the delay.

He took a breath and let it out, "OK fine, I agree, I'll be in the drawer by 9 pm, every night."

She didn't acknowledge his acceptance, instead continuing, "It's not a drawer as much as it may look like one to most people. For you it will simply be your box. I don't want you thinking too highly of yourself as to deserve a drawer over a box. Understand?"

He stared at her a moment, *Was she serious? Oh man, she is, what the hell? Box? I'm not good enough for a drawer? I can't believe this, but whatever man.* He simply nodded.

She nodded imperceptibly at him, "Good." She paused then, "Two. Obey ALL house rules."

He looked at her standing there beside the box she wanted to put him in. The t-shirt pulled tight across firm breasts, the leggings hugging her body, accentuating her firm legs, and wrapped over her pussy mound, teasing his imagination with what lay within. The way she faced him head-on, seemed to stare inside him, unnerved and excited him. "OK, sure, yes I.. I'll do that."

"Do what, exactly?" she asked, tilting her head as if talking to an idiot.

"Ah, I'll obey all house rules," he said blushing at how it sounded and looked away.

She inhaled, taking the two steps to come within inches of his face, then let it out, her breath smelling sweet like the coffee and cheesecake he'd seen on the table over in the corner,

"Look at me," she commanded.

He tried to stay cool as her he drew in her scent while her cold stare filled his vision.

Slap!

Her hand hovered inches from his face, now burning from the sting of the blow.

"What the?!" he cried out in shock.

She stared at him showing no emotion, pushing her finger into his lips, silencing him. She leaned close, her nose almost to his and breathed, "The next time I allow you to speak you'd be wise to say what I'm expecting to hear."

She stood back and crossed her arms in front of her, pushing her tits up and pulling the t-shirt up just enough so he could see her bare midriff. The material of her leggings stretched over her tight stomach, little gaps visible where it bridged the distance from her hips to her abs.

He touched a hand to his burning cheek then looked at her. "Sorry," he said reflexively. *Oh my God! What am I saying?!*

She looked daggers at him until he glanced away, "I want you to leave now."

"Uh, OK but..." he turned towards the door still holding his cheek, looking totally confused.

"Leave. Go and think about this. If in a week you're serious about taking up some of my valuable space, then come back with first and last. The contract is verbal, but you will want to have those rules memorized." She followed him step for step towards the door. He opened it and turned back to her. She placed her finger on his chest and pushed him over the threshold.

"Don't come back unless you're serious about being a good boarder. Do not waste my time."

She leaned backwards onto the door as it closed behind him, first smiling, then wrapping her arms around herself, giddy as she felt the adrenaline wearing off from this insanity she'd suddenly thrust herself into.

She really had wanted a female boarder but when he'd showed up, looking so hot and young, she'd thought on her feet. She'd emptied everything out of the drawer onto the far side of the bed where he wouldn't see the mess. She tore off her track pants and ratty shirt to peel into her sexiest yoga pants and top. She took care of herself and she knew how good she looked in that outfit. It'd been a while since she'd even wanted a good fuck, busy with life and bullshit, and done with deadbeat men, but a girl has needs.

Managing a team of overpriced lawyers and dealing with lying snakes meant she knew how to read people. When he had buzzed up she could see just by how he stood there that he was uncertain. He was obviously desperate, chasing down meagre accommodations, so maybe she could use that against him, to her benefit. If she played this right, she could have some serious fun right here in her own home and no one would have to know anything about it. She was a shark by trade and even more ruthless in her private life, and she always got what she wanted.

The test had been in slapping him and she'd held her breath as she did it, uncertain as to how he'd react. Watching the look of shock, then pain, then confused fear flash across his face was delicious, his lack of aggression letting her know she'd gambled right. It wasn't until he'd apologized to her as he held his face that she felt herself grow properly damp.

She knew she had him, and it would just be a matter of letting him make the choice to come to her. If he came back for more after how she'd just treated him, he would be putty in her hands. She wasn't sure even what it was she wanted at this point. She sure as hell didn't want a relationship and she didn't want to know him. What she was always game for was stress relief, so she'd fuck with his mind and use his body and not overthink it.

If she could work this poor sucker into simply being an obedient fuck toy, then why not? She saw how he'd looked at her, his youthful attempts at acting cool had been pathetic. She liked

how it felt to have a young stud look at her like that, and if that stud happened to be under her bed, well even better.

He sank into the back corner of the empty elevator, staring at the floor.

Holy shit.

First and Last

The days past and to say there was anything else on his mind other than 'the contract' would be a lie. He couldn't sleep, couldn't focus at work, her lilting voice rang in his ears, and her piercing gaze burned a blazing trail from his heart down to his semi-engorged cock.

This chick was crazy, not just crazy hot because she was that, but no it was that she actually was, as far as he was concerned, crazy. Thing was, her crazy was lighting him up, he'd wanted more of it as soon as her apartment door closed. Things had been pretty shitty lately, so why not at least get some smokin' hot female company out of the deal?

He'd spent the week chasing down some job leads, and at the end of the day had grabbed some pizza, rushed to get his things and booked it over to her place. He found himself at her door, bags in hand, heart pounding with nervous excitement. She opened it and turned from him without saying a word.

He hesitated a second then followed her in, catching and closing the door behind him. She wore skin-tight faded jeans with a black silk top that left one shoulder bare, while it hugged and accentuated her curves in all the right places. She walked over to the bed then sat down on the edge of it, crossing her legs and allowing her eyes to drift languidly around the room.

He placed his bags down and stood in front of her. After a few moments he started feeling a bit the fool. His hands shuffled from his pockets to being clasped together in front of him as he waited for her to say something. The silence dragged on and he opened his mouth to speak when her eyes zeroed into laser focus upon his own.

"You. Do. Not. Speak without permission, do you understand?" She snapped at him, her voice like a whip on his psyche.

What the hell? he thought, but he gathered himself and merely nodded to her.

"I'm not here to be your friend. I don't want to get to know you. You are a boarder, that's it. You pay me to occupy space here, nothing else, do I make myself clear?" her face softened condescendingly, as she waited expectantly for him to respond.

"Well sure, I get it but don't you want..." he started to reply.

"What I want, is a boarder that can keep his mouth shut unless spoken to. Come in, sort yourself out for the night, and then get in your box. The sooner you're out of my sight the better."

He stared at her, mouth open. He'd never heard anyone talk like that before, and certainly not to him. He was off-balance because to boot, she acted like her behaviour was perfectly acceptable.

"I assume since you are here that you've decided to accept my terms?"

"I, uh..." He started.

"Before you say anything," she paused, dragging her eyes up over him before rolling them off to the side, half-lidded in disinterest and staring at nothing in particular, "I believe you have something for me?" She leaned her hand back onto the bed and tapped her foot in the air in front of her. As she moved the black satin top rippled in the light as it slid over her tight stomach, stretching in a cascade of reflected light over her breasts.

He took it all in, every inch of her. Including her sitting with no expression on her face whatsoever, other than mild irritation. She was perfectly fine with how she was treating him, that was obvious. *Am I OK with this? Do I have another option? Maybe she'll relax, this is probably just a tough guy act, she'll chill out once she knows me.*

She watched his eyes roam over her, then flicker over to the drawer, slightly ajar and dark within.

He sighed, dug into his pocket and withdrew a bundle of cash. Smiling hopefully at her he held out the last of his money. Her eyes never left his as she leaned forward, taking the cash deftly with one hand while lifting up off the bed to stand in front of him. She raised a finger to his nose.

"If I want you staring at me like a slack-jawed idiot, I'll ask. Otherwise, keep your eyes averted. Show some respect." She pushed down on his nose until he dipped his chin. She continued

pushing until his chin almost touched his chest and he had to lower his eyes to the floor. His face turned beet red and she could see his eyes darting around as he struggled with his situation.

Shit! She has my money and now she tells me I can't even look at her, talk to her, what the hell is going on?! This is nuts. Screw this, I don't need this kind of crazy.

"You know what, I, uh, I changed my mind, why don't you give me my money back and I'll be out of here in a flash. Sorry for any misunderstanding."

He boldly raised his head, looked her directly in the eyes and gave his winning smile for all it was worth.

Her eyes widened in shock. He didn't think he'd said anything odd especially compared to the way she'd been with him, but she looked shocked regardless.

She folded his money and pressed it into the front pocket of her jeans. They were so tight he could see the bills outlined when her hand moved away. She tapped her slender fingers on the pocket lightly. "There, all safe and secure."

What the hell, didn't she hear me? What's she doing with my money? He was anxious at her ignoring what he'd said but his mind kept imagining those slender fingers tapping on the head of his cock instead of her pocket. His eyes shifted over and drank in the sight of her pussy lips perfectly accentuated by the denim rolling over one lip then the other, caressing them with its rough kiss, leaving nothing to the imagination.

She took a breath, her face relaxing as she shook her head slightly, looking at him almost with pity.

"I realize this is your first night, and as such I'd like to forget all about that little outburst of yours. However, rules are rules. How can I expect you to respect them if I don't show you how important they are to me?" she asked, pursing her lips and raising her eyebrow at him.

"Look I get it, you have rules," he said as he tried to focus. He was having trouble, those lips were full, moist, her eyes still pools of self-assurance that seemed to see right inside him.

"No. No I don't think you do," she said turning to bend down and grasp the handles of the drawer. Pulling it all the way open she

straightened up and turned back to face him, blowing an errant strand of hair out of her face.

He wasn't sure what she was doing but watching her blow the hair out of her face, the way her lips moved as she pushed the air over them was a distraction he didn't need.

She pointed at the foot of the bed. "You can put your bag down there and sort yourself out tomorrow."

He didn't think anything of it and set his bag where she'd pointed then faced her. *Wait, man! What are you doing?!* He shook his head, realizing he'd gotten caught up in the sight of her. *Oh you sucker, grab your shit, put that Irish pussy out of your head and get out of here.*

He was turning to get his things when she spoke, her lilting voice sliding over him with a cold edge of finality. Not loud, not forceful, it was as if it was a conversation about the weather. "Get in your box."

Come on, is she serious?! He faced her. "Look lady, first of all, it's only 6 o'clock, and secondly, I already told you, this was a mistake. Just give me my money and I'll be outta here."

She stared at him. He held her gaze for a second then his eyes wavered and he looked away. She felt the hook slipping in and she knew she had only to set it.

She walked over to him and gently but firmly grabbed his chin and moved her face to within inches from his. "You had a chance to reflect on what living here would be like and you made your choice."

She looked down at his lips mere inches from her own. "You came back, you gave me your money. You accepted the contract. Now, do not make me repeat myself. Get. In. Your. Box."

Her breath on his face, the presumptuous touch of her hand on his chin, the heat from her being so close, it was too much. He wanted to leave. He wasn't some errant child to be put to bed or a 'thing' to be put in a box at her whim. He couldn't fight it though, he felt himself caving to her. It didn't matter how she was treating him, he wanted more of her anyway he could and that meant he had to play by her rules.

She saw his shoulders slump as the fight left him and she knew she had won. Her lips curled up into a smile of smug satisfaction as she stepped back to give him room.

He glimpsed the smug look as he looked down towards the open drawer, hating his own weakness. He'd vowed after the last breakup not to allow another woman to walk all over him, and her look told him he'd failed miserably.

His eyes widened at the sight of the newly mounted clasps along the topside of the drawer, with very solid looking padlocks sitting on the bed covers above. He looked up at her. *Holy shit she wasn't kidding about locking him in!* He took a deep breath and let it out as he tentatively placed one foot inside the drawer. It seemed as solid as it looked.

He leaned down to steady himself and manoeuvred down into the drawer. He stretched his legs out straight and rolled his back down flat, gingerly laying his head down, not wanting to knock it on the edge of the drawer. He could feel the wood tickling the top of his head and his soles were pressed tight to the opposite side. He literally just barely fit. His muscular shoulders filled the space around him and fought against the sides pressing in against them.

He felt like a complete and total fool laying in the wooden box she'd told him to get into, looking up at her. She had moved to stand at the edge of the drawer and towered over him imperiously.

She could feel herself growing moist as he fidgeted beneath her. *He had done it, Oh My God!* She hadn't been sure that he'd do it, but seeing him lay there, red-faced at her feet, because she'd told him to was intoxicating. He knew she was going to lock him inside that box for the night and yet he was going along with it despite the obvious humiliation of submitting to her and being treated like something she owned and was storing away in its place.

"You can use this extra time to reflect on your attitude. Maybe it will help you focus on doing better tomorrow." She watched the look of panic wash over him as she pushed the drawer closed with her foot. She closed it quickly so he wouldn't see her cheeks growing flush with arousal at the control she was eliciting over him.

It was almost pitch black. The slightest hint of light trickled in around the edges of the drawer face but it did nothing to alleviate

the darkness enveloping him. He tried to raise his head but could barely lift it before his nose pressed against the underside of her bed. He raised his hands but couldn't do much more than move them across his stomach, there just wasn't any room.

He started to panic and cried out, "Let me out, this is crazy, I don't care about my money just let me out of here!"

Her foot slammed into the drawer, sounding like a cannon in the small space. "Be quiet!"

Even through the wood he could tell she'd yelled it at him, obviously not caring about the neighbours.

He bit his lip and frowned, trying to stay calm as he heard the first, then the second padlock click into place, securing him for the night.

He moved his hands up towards his head, sliding them in the tight space between his body and the underside of the bed. Once they were at chest level he could rotate them and push upwards. It was futile, but he couldn't push sideways and he had to do something. He banged as hard as he could, which in reality was nothing more than a gentle thump because he couldn't get any momentum with the meagre amount of movement he had.

She heard the faintest banging from inside and kicked the drawer face again, even harder. She bent over and put her mouth to the edge between the drawer and the side of the bed. "Shut. Up!" She hissed loudly.

He stopped struggling and it went quiet inside. Just as she was about to pull her head away she heard a solitary, "Please?!" She waited, unsure if she was going to have to do something more drastic to keep him still for the night, but nothing more came from within.

She stood up and looked down at the locked drawer. She couldn't believe it. She'd locked a grown man into a wooden box under her bed. He'd gone willingly but now that he was locked he desperately wanted out and that just wasn't going to happen whether he liked it or not. She found that she liked that. Liked him wanting out and liked that she didn't care. It was all new to her, but now that they were into it, she was already finding this more electrifying than she could have ever imagined.

Even when she set him free in the morning and he was angry or whatever, she would not apologize. After showing him who was in charge she wasn't about to weaken her position by showing concern. He'd submitted to being treated like property and she wasn't going to let up now. She had him, what he wanted didn't matter, they both knew it now, and that kinky power dynamic made her wet with lust. Lust for the new found power she'd found, lust for having a man at her disposal who she could quite clearly treat anyway she wanted without worrying about any relationship bullshit, and lust for the thrill of as yet unknown adventure.

Settling In

He squinted as the light flooded into the drawer, washing over him in a brilliant celebration of his freedom. She stood over him, white satin blouse tucked into a black pencil skirt, nylons running up her legs and rustling underneath.

He tentatively raised his arms, unsure of his newly found freedom of movement and brought them to his eyes. He rubbed them, unsure if he was dreaming,

He didn't think, couldn't think, the night in the box obliterating any and all conscious thought. His hand stretched upwards towards her, unabashedly honest in its plea for help.

She reached down and clasped his hand, helping him up and out. He stood there in front of her, unsteady, unsure, and she could see he wasn't right. His shoulders were stooped, eyes unfocused but desperately darting around trying to make sense of things. She led him by the hand over to his duffle bag, marvelling that she'd done this to him and he'd let her. Her fingers grasped his chin and gave it a little shake.

His eyes zeroed in on hers, "Get your shit, have a shower, and get out. Remember, home by 8." She turned and walked to the door.

She looked back at him standing over his duffle bag looking completely lost. "Do NOT make me check on you." Her presumptuous tone raked over him, dressing him down in her complete dismissal of him.

He stared at the door as it clicked shut softly behind her. He shook his head to bring himself around and stumbled groggily into the bathroom. He really wanted to have a shower but before he could do anything he had to move her underthings that were hanging over the curtain rod. Black satin bra with red ruffled trim, matching garter belt, and sheer black nylons hung in front of him, assaulting his senses with their femininity. He wasn't judging, but he couldn't help but notice that she hadn't hung out a pair of panties.

Hmm, maybe she doesn't wear any, he thought as he leaned in and sniffed the soles of the nylons. They smelled fresh,

she'd hand-washed her lingerie and left it to dry and didn't care that he was left to deal with it.

Gingerly, with hands unaccustomed to such delicate things, he moved everything onto the counter to be re-hung later. His dick swelled at the touch of her silky things and the hot shower did nothing to calm him down. He stood with the water streaming down his face then turned, letting it beat some relief into his tired and cramped shoulders, easing the discomfort of the night spent in a box. He scrubbed his body with the bar of hand soap, slippery as it slide over his skin, aching muscles crying out for attention as it moved over them.

He cupped his balls, rubbing the soap over them, and then up his now rigid shaft. He groaned as he palmed the head of his cock, swirling the soap over it, gently teasing the tip as the image of her looking down at him in the box filled his mind. He could hear the thump of her foot on the side of the drawer telling him to shut up as he struggled to get free, the memory of her imperious attitude making him harder still. He didn't know why she was turning him on so, but thinking about how she'd treated him was triggering something inside him and he grunted as his seed spewed out and over his hand.

The hot water soothed, tickling the head of his cock with warm tiny kisses as he stared down at his hand covered in cum, drops of water splashing into the thick gobs, splattering them, washing them away. He closed his eyes and relished the momentary sense of euphoric relief only achieved from cumming, the tension in his shoulders long forgotten.

He finished his shower and put her lingerie back where he'd found it. She would know he'd had to touch it, feel it, move it, would know that he now had an idea of what she liked to wear under her clothes, and that she likely didn't care. He didn't understand what was happening but whatever it was, his body was telling him that he liked it.

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She buzzed him in and walked over to sit back down at the small corner table where she'd been sitting reading a book and sipping on a glass of red wine. It was just before 8, but she decided to let it go. There would be time enough to school him on the difference of 'just before 8' and 8 o'clock sharp.

He caught his breath as he entered the apartment. She was sitting at the table, the pencil skirt and blouse having been exchanged for bicycle shorts and sports bra. The setting sun glowed on her bare legs, long, lean, entwined in a slippery embrace of smooth skin sliding against itself as her calves pressed together and her toes danced casually to the music playing softly in the background.

*Are you kidding me?!* he thought, trying to act casual. He nodded at her but remembered to stay quiet. He walked into the kitchen and poured a glass of water, leaning against the counter as he drank.

She watched his Adams apple moving as the cool water slid down his throat and wanted to knock that cup right out of his hands, plant her lips on his and give in to heat simmering within her. She wouldn't though, wanting so much more to savour the long play and make this unsuspecting sucker want her more than anything else. So much so that he wouldn't think about what she was doing to him, making him do.

"Now that you've quite made yourself at home, why don't you get ready for bed," She raised her eyebrow and stared at him.

He cleared his throat, looking around, gave his head a half shake then stilled, staring at her.

"Unless..." her voice stopped him just as he reached behind himself, placing the now empty plastic cup upside down at the sink's edge. Their eyes locked, she watched them twitch as he tried to be polite, fighting against looking down as her hands shimmied between the tight spandex and her perfectly unblemished skin. The shorts came off in an efficient flourish, tossed to the side and out of her way.

*Guess she doesn't wear panties after all,* flashed through his mind. He licked his lips but his eyes didn't waver as at first she tickled herself then desperately pressed herself inside, arching and

groaning in self-satisfaction. He felt himself being drawn towards her, fingers slick with carnal desperation making wet smacking sounds, burying her knuckles with each and every thrust.

She slowed, stopped and raised her fingers to her mouth, drawing them in seductively. She slowly pulled them out, a sliver of glistening spittle draped an elegant arc from lip to fingertip, delicious in its delicate impropriety.

"You could make yourself useful for a while, up to you really." She looked to the side and ignored him as her finger slid up and over the hardened sensitive head of her clit standing round and proud exposed by her lips spread wide by the rest of her hand.

Her finger trailed up and she raised it to her lips, sweeping it over them but not touching, carrying on and around to bring the essence of herself up to his. A gift. She stopped, staring at him now only inches away. He stared back. She saw the struggle, watching the bead of sweat gathering at his brow. He licked his lips and then lowered his mouth to draw her finger up inside, wrapping his tongue around it, embracing it. He pushed hard, the flesh of his tongue curled around her finger, it's wet slick heat making her flush and damp, the firm naughtiness of her inside his mouth making his cock all the more rigid. He shifted his hips outwards, pressing the head of his hard cock against the rough inside face of his jeans zipper. It did nothing to quench the need inside him, and he pulled his mouth from her finger, his tongue trailing down to her knuckle, then her wrist, then her arm, then up to her waiting lips.

His heart raced as his lips met hers, warm, soft, wet, hungry...Slap!

She giggled as her hand brought a shock of reality to the situation, the confusion clear on his face. Still giggling, she hopped off the stool and pushed by him to stand by the bed. She bent over and pulled open the drawer. She looked down into it then up at him.

"I've changed my mind, I don't think you deserve any extra time out. Go on and get to bed." She looked impassively at him, but her nipples were rock hard, telling him the exact opposite.

*What the hell man, this woman's crazy, I knew it,* he thought but didn't say anything, trying to hide the disappointment and the irritation at being teased from his face.

He couldn't hide it though and she revelled in how it felt to fuck with him. "Wait."

He froze, foot in the drawer.

"Strip, there is no reason for you to wear clothes when you're in my apartment. I wouldn't want you thinking we're equals. After all, I'm not the one sleeping in a box now am I?"

He stared at her, slowly removing his foot. He looked down, shaking his head in disbelief but then reached down and pulled his shirt up and off, abs rippling as he moved. He bent down and pulled his pants and socks off and then stood up, looking her in the eye.

"Everything," she said.

He hesitated then sighed, pulling down his jockey shorts and stepping out of them. He felt completely exposed and embarrassed at allowing her to strip him naked. She hadn't just stripped him of his clothes, she'd stripped him of his dignity, and allowing her to do that to him made him feel completely under her thumb. He couldn't get into the box fast enough, his last sight was her toes wrapped over the lip of the drawer. Her eyes locked on his as she slowly pushed it closed, giggling as the locks clicked shut.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and lay back. Her hand found its way between her legs and she continued what he'd been witness to starting. She arched her back and moaned, her other hand slapping the sheet as her orgasm swept over her, making her forget the man in the box beneath her, forget everything as it took her away.

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The next night she had him strip naked as soon as the door closed behind him. He took a moment to consider his options then had done as he'd been told. She'd told him to take a shower because she didn't want 'man smell' building up in the drawer. In reality she just enjoyed watching his ass cheeks dancing around as he struggled with pleasing her and overcoming his own embarrassment at being paraded around like meat in the process.

The night after that she allowed him extra time out to do the dishes but it was straight to bed after that, despite her enjoyment of watching his thick semi swollen cock bob as he scrubbed the pans. Saturday night came faster than she'd realized, but she had no trouble thinking of what she'd like to do. He got home and buzzed exactly at 8 o'clock and she smiled to herself in quiet satisfaction.

He'd closed the door and had just stood up after peeling off the last of his clothes. He looked up as her shadow crossed over. She stood with legs slightly apart, unabashedly naked in front of him. His eyes widened in shock at her brazenness, roaming over her body, taking it in quickly then came back up and fixated upon her own. She could see him desperately fighting the urge to look down at the flesh taunting him mere inches away. The dish towel from the night before fluttered down to settle on the tiled floor at her feet. She looked at him, lips pursed slightly. She wanted more than dishes cleaned tonight.

"I think you dropped something," she said.

He looked down at the towel laying at her feet, her shiny red freshly painted toenails glaring back at him. *Ah, man, all in*, he thought, dropping to his knees in front of her.

"With your mouth," was all she said as she stared down at him.

He drew in a breath and bent all the way down, turning his face impulsively to rest his cheek on her ankle, drawing himself over it, savouring the silky smooth tease of her skin. He turned his head partway across to drag his lips over the delicate mound of her ankle bone. His tongue darted out and left a trail of slippery need, the dropped cloth lay between them, long forgotten.

Over the arch of her foot, around her little toe, dancing between its friends, a quick suckle on the largest one and onwards up her leg. He flicked his tongue up her leg, tasting her, what was at first salty sweat but which became salty heat. She grabbed a fistful of hair and pulled his mouth hard onto her mound. She rocked her pelvis into his face, her swollen flesh mashing his tongue against her, neither of them able to push hard enough to quench the need within.

“Oh fuck,” she panted as his face rammed into her crotch, his tongue dancing around her swollen bud, driving her mad. Completely. Fucking. Mad. She arched her back, dragging her nails into the back of his head, a moan of pleasure escaped her, filled with the pain of its intensity.

He dragged his tongue up her belly leaving a slick trail up to first one nipple, then the other. He carried on up to her neck and as his nose buried itself into her hair and his mouth found the soft flesh right behind her ear he growled. Low, guttural, primal. His lips locked onto her neck as he picked her up, like she weighed nothing and propelled them both over and onto the bed. Her back thumped onto the mattress as he pushed her down into it. She was all about power and control but in this moment, she wasn't sure who was in control and she didn't really care.

His mouth moved back down her body as she lay there, his body spreading her legs as he roamed over her, meandering back down to her waiting pussy, lips swollen in anticipation and impatient at the delay. His tongue found its way back inside her and lapped feverishly at her, the musky scent of her desire filling the room, and overcoming his senses. He drove his mouth into her, desperate to taste every single inch he could. She may have wanted to play it cool, but her body was having none of it as it responded to his touch, opening herself to him, desperate for more.

She reached up behind her and pulled against the edge of the mattress. She was grateful for the purchase the roped seams gave her. Her anchor in the stormy chaos of pleasure washing over her. She let one hand go, she couldn't help herself, slapping the mattress in angry frustration, almost there, but not quite.

He shook his head free of her thighs hungry grasp, growling, pushing up from between her legs to lay on top of her. His hands pressed hers together over her head. He looked down at her with wild eyes, roving over her, taking in her heaving breasts. He leaned down and sucked on her neck, drawing her into his mouth hard, mashing his tongue against her.

He dragged his tongue up and over her chin, lips mashing with hers, unabashedly, hungrily taking her in, all pretense aside as he gave in to nature's urge.

He was quite tired of going to bed with a raging hard on night after night on so it felt especially good when the tip of his cock pressed against and slightly into her hot wet pussy.

When she gasped the head of his cock pulsed, the pheromones of her ecstasy enveloping and driving his urges on, his heart pumping his cock so hard it almost hurt with the need to be inside her.

Pushing in slowly but steadily, inwards, moving, probing, spreading, lubricating. She raised her head up and planted her lips onto his shoulder, sucking on him to relieve her desperate greed for more. The hunger overtook them in a swell of kissing and sweat and unabashed need. Her need to let go. His need to rock her world and be the man, the lover he'd wanted to be from the moment they'd first met.

"Ohhhh," he moaned, clenching his eyes shut and pressing his hips as hard as he could against her, ramming his cock as deep into her as he could go.

Man, she feels so damn good!

She hooked her ankles behind his ass, clenched her legs back towards her, pulling him in, rocking her hips upwards to maximize the thrust of his cock inside her.

"Holy fuck, holy fuck," she panted to herself. She hadn't really known for sure where things would lead with this guy, just a general sense of wanting to have some no bullshit fun. Now here he was fucking her senseless, every thrust pounding the point home that she'd been right to let him into her home, and equally as right to use him for some fun.

Her tits jumped and rolled as he rocked her, mouths mashed together hard, his tongue firm and sure of itself as it danced with hers. He pulled away, closing his eyes as he raised his head, then buried his face into her neck, grabbing her shoulders with his hands as he moaned loudly into her ear. He thrust once more, deep, making her cry out and then came, his back rigid as his seed spilled out in a torrent inside her. As he lay there catching his breath she felt the cum tickling her as it leaked out and down the crack of her ass.

It made her want more, more of whatever that beast was that had been hiding inside him all this time locked under her bed. He kissed the side of her neck and then raised up to look down upon her half-lidded gaze betraying her languid *'just got fucked hard'* feeling.

He opened his mouth to say something, undoubtedly fitting for the moment but she raised her finger to his lips. Even as she wanted more, she felt her self control returning and she was not about to let him think he could just do whatever he wanted.

"Silence, remember your place," she whispered.

His eyes flashed in irritated frustration, but he remained silent opting instead to lower himself back down towards her. *I thought I just fucked that 'I'm better than you' attitude right out of her, but OK, I'll just have to do it again.*

She put both hands up onto his chest and pushed back, holding him off, then harder still until he rose back up off her. She kept one hand on his chest and the other behind her so as to push herself upwards with him in unison. She pushed until his cock slipped out of her and he was forced back and up onto his feet to stand at the side of the bed.

'What the hell?' was written all over his face but before he could even think of saying anything she herself was up and standing right against him, her lips almost touching his, her hard nipples teasing his chest. She reached between them and wrapped her slender hand around his still semi engorged shaft, slick with their juices and gave it a small tug. His eyes widened at her touch as he looked into hers. Unfettered emotions, confusion and frustration crashed against an unrevealing wall of steely determination.

"You're already naked so you can just go ahead and get in your box. I'm done with you," she purred, watching her words sink in and the emotions play across his face. As much as she would have enjoyed another go 'round, watching the effect she was having on him was even better.

He felt the cold air tease his cock as she let go and stepped back. He didn't understand, *What the hell was wrong with her?!* He could feel the anger building. *Who is she to treat me like this? She stands there naked with my cum dripping down her leg and acts like*

she can just put me away like some sort of sex toy, like I'm just some mindless thing for her to use when she wants? Bossing me around, locking me in a box like she owns me?

His cheeks burned so he knew she could tell he was pissed but she was so impassive, she obviously didn't give a shit about what he thought and assumed he'd do as he was told. Her quiet steady gaze needled its way in and he felt his anger dissipating, replaced by shame at this beautiful woman's attitude towards him.

He didn't know what was worse, the fact that she thought she could treat him like this, or the fact that she actually did treat him like this. They had just been intimate, her desire for him had been as obvious as his for her. He had done a pretty good job in his opinion at showing her a good time, yet it just didn't seem to matter. She was done with him and was putting him away. No pillow talk, no getting to know you, just a thing to be put away for the night.

His eyes drifted down to the drawer handles, no longer able to meet her stare. He was too embarrassed. Macho self-satisfaction that comes naturally to a man after a sexual conquest had been sucked right out of him and replaced with a feeling of despair at yet another woman treating him like shit. *He was better than this wasn't he? He deserved more in life than this didn't he?*

It didn't matter, he just wanted to get away from her looking at him like that. He lay down and could see the slick sheen of cum on her thigh as she raised her leg to push the drawer closed with her foot, leaving him alone with his thoughts and his shame.

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He awoke the next morning as the drawer slid open, squinting into the daylight as usual, and as usual she had to help him out of the drawer because his muscles were weak and cramped from being unable to move all night.

Today she was wearing baggy track pants and a loose t-shirt, just about the most unattractive ensemble a girl could wear if she was trying to not impress a guy. Her point was not lost on him as he stumbled into the bathroom.

*Geeze, did I imagine last night or what? She dressed sexier before we fucked, what the hell?* He finished his business and showered then walked back out to get dressed. He didn't even look at her sitting over at the table drinking a coffee. He couldn't look at her, he didn't know whether he was coming or going with this woman and walking around naked in front of her sure as hell didn't help.

He pulled on some clothes and rushed towards the door as fast as he could. He wasn't sure what he was going to do to fill his Saturday but anything was better than facing what was going on in this apartment.

She watched him rushing around, so very embarrassed at his enforced nudity, even though they had both just been naked together last night, "Wait."

He stopped, his hand on the door knob.

"I want you home at 6 pm tonight. It's going to be a special night. Nod if you understand."

His heart skipped at that, OK so maybe he had been wrong! He didn't turn around but nodded his head and opened the door, his shoulders now straight and a spring in his step.

She smiled to herself as the door closed behind him.

### **Never Assume**

He was whistling to himself as he approached the apartment door that evening but stopped once he got there, well aware of how she liked things. When he came through it he almost tripped over his feet. She was standing at the bed with her back to him wearing only lingerie. Her hands were stretched up behind her just finishing with the bra, fastening it between her shoulder blades.

Black sheer nylons whispered up her long legs, the garter belt clips tugging seductively on the top edges, the straps drawing his eyes up to the wide black satin band encasing her waist, flat and smooth as if pressed into her skin. Her black satin thong ran up her ass, nothing more than a string really, meeting up with the barely elasticized waistband which seemed to glide over the top of her ass before skating over the garter straps and on around her hips.

She turned, and the evening light shimmered off the black satin cups pressing her breasts upwards. For a moment she was in silhouette, and he could see the thin shoulder strap trailing down over her collar bone and then out into thin air before sliding onto the top of her breast to grasp at the upper edge of the bra.

He could see every rib outlined as her stomach pulled inwards and then flared out ever so slightly in line with her hip bones, the garter belt hugging her in its satin embrace.

She finished turning, ignoring him as she looked down upon herself, running her hands down her flat stomach, over the garter belt and onwards to the top of her nylons. She smoothed her hand over them, nothing requiring adjusting, just an acknowledgement of their sheer perfection.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and crossed her legs. Placing her hands one over the other on her knee she raised her head slightly and looked at him with lidded eyes.

"My shoes are over there," she said and then glanced over to the wall.

He shook his head to gather himself and then somehow untangled his feet to make his way over to where she'd glanced.

"My how quickly we forget ourselves," she said softly just as he'd bent down to pick them up.

He paused mid-air and then straightened, turning to look at her, and he almost breathed the words, '*what the fuck*', in his irritation but then caught himself. Looking at her sitting there, a queen, a vision of female sexuality, he wasn't going to fuck around. He closed his eyes and tried to focus. *What did she want, what is she going on about?* It came to him in a rush and he lowered his head and gave her a sheepish smile, hoping to placate her.

He strode over to his duffle bag lying at the foot of the bed and practically tore off his clothes. She watched his muscles flex as his arms pulled the shirt over his head, his abs rippling as the shirt tugged on the top of his head making him twist and tug on it, his entire upper body tense. He threw the shirt against the sliding glass window to the balcony, oblivious of anything other than getting naked so he could get to those shoes.

He couldn't have noticed in his frenzy but she pulled her legs together as the heat spread between them at his obvious frenzied need to get naked at her bidding.

His hands fumbled at his belt buckle, and he actually growled in frustration as it finally separated in a flurry of whipping and whooshing through the air onto the ground at his feet. The jeans and jockey shorts came off in a violent tearing motion down his legs as he practically jumped from one foot to the other to get free of them.

He tumbled over to the wall and dropped to his knees, sliding the last few inches up to her shoes, frantic, singularly focused on the possibilities they represented.

Midnight shiny black 4 inch heels, long and slender like her legs, forming into stiletto silver tipped ends. Open toed, with leather strapping criss-crossing over the tops, weaving their way up to the slender delicate ankle straps. He wasn't sure why she wanted to add things to her wardrobe when he'd hoped to be soon removing things instead, but hey if she wanted to look even sexier for him he was good with that.

He grasped them both in one hand and used the other to shimmy himself into a more comfortable position on his knees at her

bedside. In the back of his mind he knew how sad he looked practically crawling on his knees before her but he didn't care, couldn't care so focused was he on the end game.

He placed one shoe on the floor beside him and held the other in his palm, angled perfectly to slide up under and onto her foot. He held it there, inches from her stocking clad foot and looked up at her, already knowing enough about her that she wouldn't have liked it if he'd presumed to just put it on her without final consent.

She looked down at the poor boy on his knees, so pathetically hopeful, his cock rock hard and already dripping pre-cum as it stood tall and proud up between his legs the shoe held over it as an offering of his desperation to please her. Forget the hook, she had him line and sinker and knowing he couldn't even see how pathetic he looked at her feet for his desperation to please her made her more than a little damp. She knew she was a good looking for an older woman, but to have this young stud at her feet absolutely beside himself over her was intoxicating.

She nodded imperceptibly and he raised the shoe up to her foot perched so gracefully over her knee. He wanted desperately to press his lips to her stocking clad toes floating mere inches from his lips but held himself steady. The drops of anticipation dribbling from the end of his engorged cock just below the shoe betraying all he tried to hide but he was oblivious to it.

The pressure of the shoe against his hand as he adjusted it into position was almost as good as actually touching her and he revelled in it. She flexed her toes to better align her foot and watching the nylon dance over them as they moved was surreal. He pulled his hand away and brought up the other so he could grasp both ends of the ankle strap, bringing them together. The leather straps were so thin and delicate, belying the power they held in encasing her, harnessing her, in a way he never could.

The strap fed through the clasp and the tongue into the mating hole like lovers embracing on the dance floor, meant to be. He boldly raised his hand under her shoe and lifted up, bringing her leg up and then over as he lowered her foot to the ground.

He wanted desperately to sneak a peek up her skirt but he resisted, he just didn't want to mess up his chance to enjoy what was

looking to be one hell of a night. To be honest she was just so damn beautiful, no it was more than that. She was just so damn fucking hot. Crazy, all woman like no other he'd ever met hot, and she had his head spinning.

One stocking clad foot flat on the tiled floor, the other arched in sensual femininity, he didn't know which he wanted more. He didn't have to decide though as she raised her other leg and crossed it in front of him, nylons rustling against each other, so he could repeat his performance once again for her.

Both shoes now on her feet she uncrossed her legs and placed both feet together in front of her. She looked down at him looking up at her, fervent with need, desperately trying to contain himself. She shivered as the sense of power she wielded over him overcame her.

He misinterpreted, thinking she was growing excited for him and made to stand up.

She lay her hand on the top of his head to stop him and instead herself stood up. Her satin covered pussy mound was now right in front of his nose, his mouth. His vision filled with every ripple and fold of the elasticized satin waistband and the shimmering material as it hovered over her mound, softly tantalizingly cascading over every inch and fold of her damp femininity.

She pulled his head to herself, silently moaning as his nose pressed against and into her. She held him there a moment, allowing him to drink in her scent and allowing herself to enjoy him, then palmed his forehead to push him roughly backwards.

He spilled over onto his hands, legs splayed out around hers, looking confused.

"My dress is hanging in the bathroom," she said looking down at him, standing tall and confident in her lingerie and high heels.

He looked up at her and her satin covered sex right there in his face, her scent enveloping him, driving him. He pulled his legs up and got himself together, twisting around and away from her. When she couldn't see the embarrassment on his face, he pushed himself up and walked into the bathroom.

The dress was hanging over the bathtub where she'd steamed it to remove any wrinkles. He lifted the hanger off the curtain rod then slipped the dress over his hand, like a waiter in a fine restaurant, but here he was serving up a dish of pure sultry sexiness. He could feel it, almost rough yet so light and satiny slipping and sliding over his skin as he walked towards her.

He stood in front of her and shook it out with a flourish then raised it up to hold it out in front of her.

She stared at him impassively for a moment, then just as the corner of her mouth ticked upwards in the barest hint of a smile, she reached down and ran her hands under the hem line. Raising her hands she carried it up and over her head, as he raised his arms to bring it up as high as possible, allowing the dress to fall and settle over her.

Standing back as the material rustled down her body she looked the goddess. The heels, the dress, the way she carried herself, no man could stand a chance at resisting her wiles. He couldn't believe his good fortune. This sort of thing happened in the movies, not to a regular guy like him. Finally she'd realized he was a good catch and wanted to dress up for him, to make him feel special in a way only a spectacular looking woman like her could.

He moved to grab her waist, leaning in as if to kiss her at the same time.

Her hands slapped down onto his wrists as she pulled her head back away from his advance.

"What the hell!" she exclaimed, stepping back and looking at him with as much pissed off indignity as a woman can muster.

"So what, I throw you a bone and ask you to help me get dressed and you assume you can just have your way with me?" She shook her head at him even as she glared.

"No it's not.."

"Shut up, I'm just so tired of your presumptuous attitude. I thought you were better than that."

His eyes flashed. Angry, frustrated, real.

She caught her breath at his display of pure animal reaction, a glimpse of what he'd been struggling to contain just to please her. She liked his struggle, and his submission.

He stepped back, lips pursed tightly together. "I. Just. Don't. Get. You." He half growled, half hissed at her, not caring about her stupid rules. He'd had enough, he was going to sort her shit out right now, fuck her games.

"You don't get me?" she asked, her icy voice rising slightly. "In case you haven't noticed, the ONLY," her voice rose again then dropped back down, "thing you need to get is that you are here to sleep in that box." She pointed down at the drawer behind and below her.

"Anything else," she paused, "is purely a bonus to you and utterly at my discretion."

"But I..." he protested.

"You! You need to learn your place. That's what you need, and while we are at it, I'll remind you that you're to be seen, not heard." She looked daggers at him, indignant at his assumptions and pissed at his forwardness, at least as far as he was concerned. He had no idea how much she was relishing letting out the leash just far enough to be able to yank it back in.

His jaw clenched but he remained silent, frowning at her, short breaths revealing his ongoing struggle with not just tolerating but obeying her demands. Any sane person could see how ridiculous her demands were, how completely unreasonable they were, but even as he recognized it and struggled with it, obey them he did and remained silent and still.

She stepped up close and ran her finger over his closed lips, then brushed it backwards up his cheek and around the top of his ear, his head leaning into her touch even as she pulled away.

"Have we sorted ourselves out?" She asked gently, her breath tickling his face from standing so close.

Damn, he was so frustrated but her touch was electrifying and he couldn't think straight and so nodded, closing his eyes in resignation. He didn't understand her but she was unlike any woman he'd ever met and now that he'd shared her bed once he was willing to do just about anything to get there again, and again, and again.

She turned from him to reach down and pull the drawer open before returning to face him. "Now as you will recall I

mentioned that tonight will be special. It will, and not just for me, but for you as well." She smiled and his heart skipped, basking in the warmth of it.

"So why don't you go ahead and get in your box and we can move on with the evening." It wasn't a question.

He looked her up and down, taking her all in and was unable to process what she was saying. It just didn't make sense. She was done up and looked stunning, why would she want to put him in the box?

"I understand that you may be a bit confused, but trust me, soon enough everything will become clear to you. Before that can happen you need to show me that I can trust in you to know your place regardless of how difficult that may be at times."

"So, can I trust you?" She tilted her head at him, lips slightly pursed.

*Ah man, why does she have to twist everything around so it's all on me if this works or not?* However, feeling the heat of her standing so close, her soft lilting voice echoing in his head, he nodded before he could even think about it.

"Good," she said as she angled her head down to look at the open drawer.

He sighed and lowered himself in, squirming into position on his back, looking up at her.

She walked away and he could hear her heels clicking on the floor as she moved away out of sight. A bag rustled and then she came back with something scrunched up in her hand. She kneeled down beside the drawer and he eyed her quizzically as she traced his mouth with her fingers and then his chin. Her fingers tickled his neck and then made his cock swell into rigid attention as she circled his nipples, tugging at them playfully.

"I need you to pay attention to me now," she said as she twisted them sharply making him gasp. Her other hand appeared over his face holding a black leather strap from which dangled a brilliant red ball gag.

His eyes widened and he moved to raise his head and opened his mouth to object. She pushed down on his chest, twisting his nipple even harder. "Listen to me!" She hissed.

"This is the last time I'll say this. I need to know I can trust you to know your place. If you want more than just sleeping in this box of yours, you need to prove yourself to me. Do you understand?" She let go of his nipple and smoothed his hair back from his forehead, the gag still hanging over it in the other hand.

He relaxed back down and nodded. Looking completely freaked out but staying quiet. She teased his lips with the end of the leather strap before pulling it back.

"Open."

He looked up at her, blinking several times as he pondered what was about to occur. His lips parted and then his jaw.

"Good boy," she purred, grasping both ends of the straps in her hands and holding the ball just over his waiting parted lips. She paused a moment longer, savouring the moment, trying not to squirm as the heat throbbed between her legs at what she was doing, was about to do. She lowered the ball into his waiting mouth, her hands gliding over the sides of his head and then behind it, pulling it tight. The leather stretched his cheeks out and backwards drawing the ball in deeper as she deftly buckled the straps closed.

His face was beet red in embarrassment and he looked away, unable to face her, feeling completely the fool. He felt her hands tug on the sides of the ball gag and his eyes came back to her as her hair fell around his head like a curtain of silk as she moved her face down to his. She kissed the ball pertly and pulled away, tussling his hair with a giggle.

"There we go all secure, arms at your sides now while I close you in. That's the way. After all we wouldn't want you able to try anything silly like undoing those straps."

She stood up and started to push the drawer closed, the tip of her heel rising past the edge of the drawer face, inches from his erect cock quivering in hopeless frustration, oblivious the embarrassment the other head was suffering from.

"I wanted to make sure you remain nice and quiet tonight when I bring my date home later and I knew you wouldn't be able to do it on your own."

She blew him a kiss as his eyes went wide and he garbled something into the gag, head rising up as if to get out. It was too late

though, the drawer slid shut, closing him in.

She sat on the bed and took a breath. She smoothed out her dress and steadied herself. *Can I do this? He's actually a nice enough guy, I mean look at what he's put up with from me already.* She thought about all the assholes she'd dated in the past, like the one she was going to use tonight to teach her tenant his lesson. *Yes I could do this! He has to know he doesn't own me. I have to make it clear that he's my bitch, not the other way around.*

He lay in the darkness, making wet sipping sounds as he tried to keep the spittle from running out of his mouth and down his cheeks. It was a relentless battle, one that he was losing as not only was his face slick but it had run down his neck and was tickling the back of his head. He was disgusted with himself but helpless to do anything about it, his hands only came up to his chest in the tight space, with no way of undoing the straps holding the gag in place.

He couldn't help but struggle at first, even knowing it was fruitless from all the previous night's he'd woken in a panic, screaming and uselessly thrashing around trying to escape his cramped confines. After that he'd settled down and tried to relax and not think about what she'd said as she locked him in. He tried not to think about being gagged and locked in a box under the bed of a woman he could lift with one hand. *My God, how did I get here? Why am I allowing this to happen?*

He knew though, it was because she was spinning his head like no other woman had. She was strikingly beautiful yes, yet so much more. The intelligence behind her eyes, the self-assured matter of fact way she handled him, as much as his reaction to her was surprising him daily, it was real, and she was driving him mad. He had never considered himself submissive. Accommodating sure. Considerate most definitely. This woman though had blown past all that and demanded complete and unequivocal submission to her fucked up rules and way of doing things. She delivered it on a platter of enchanting beauty wrapped in mature sophistication that was impossible to resist.

He was just convincing himself that she had only been playing with him when he heard the door slam shut. It wasn't much

of a noise but when you're lying in a box with the only sound being that of your measured breathing, anything was something. He heard the muffled unmistakable baritone sound of a man's voice, and then her laughter, drifting in and over him in muted waves.

*What the hell?!* He thought as his face started to burn with anger. It wasn't like they were dating but they had literally just had sex last night, and in some part of him really had thought she was just messing with him when she put him in here tonight.

That all went out the window as he heard her muted giggle and then felt the bed shake as something, likely her, landed hard on top of it, quickly followed by another heavier something, likely him.

He felt the anger building, as the bed shook and minute particles of dust floated down into his eyes and over his face making him cough. He couldn't cough properly with the gag pushing back on his tongue and snot flew out of his nose as he fought to get a hold of himself, imagining just how disgusting he must look. That made him angrier, no one deserved to be treated like this, it was inhumane and he growled, shaking his head back and forth, desperately trying to bring his hands up past his chest to rip that dam gag off. He couldn't even get them up there though, the bed was bouncing so hard now, pressing down on the frame and bending it just enough to enclose him tighter.

He heard her screaming in ecstasy, no problem with her right above him on the mattress, and he screamed in return, into the gag, muted and wasted, his helpless rage falling on his ears alone, wasted, useless as he felt.

He tried to bang on the underside of the bed, tried to stop what was happening right on top of him, no longer giving a shit what she wanted, he wasn't going to be treated like this. He could barely move though and his rage was pushed sideways, forced to relinquish energy to the frustration at his situation, and the humiliation at what she was doing to him. She knew this was insulting and humiliating beyond words, and she'd bundled it up with a healthy dose of *'don't give a damn'* and shoved it right in his face.

The bed bounced and the dust rained down on him, the sounds of her passion washing over him like shards of glass falling to the ground in the aftermath of the train wreck that was his life. His

clenched his fists so tight his finger nails drew blood from his palms and he screamed from the depths of his despair. The pain and confusion and shame had welled up and burst forth, unstoppable, roiling in a tumultuous chorus up from his lungs only to break apart against the gag, coming out as a pathetic gasp, doing nothing more than force more spittle out and down his cheeks.

The scream sputtered out and he drew a deep breath, letting it out in a huffing sob, the rage now replaced by sorrow. The tears flowed uninhibited down the sides of his face, pooling in his ears tickling him in a macabre mockery of his pain. His hands had fallen to his sides, limp, exhausted.

He heard a muted deep grunting followed by a low moan and the bed bounced once more, hard, and then there was nothing. Nothing but him and his tears, the silence of his wooden cell, and the incessant wet sucking noises of him trying to breath through the spittle pooling in his mouth around the gag.

## **From The Ashes**

The light blinded him, he must have fallen asleep at some point and he didn't want to rouse himself from the sanctuary of his dreams, where he wasn't locked in a box, where the beautiful woman wanted him, where she viewed him as an equal and not something to be put away at night.

The drawer slid out fully and bounced slightly against the end stops, jarring him fully awake. She bent down and reached in to tenderly grasp his hands in hers and slowly ease him upwards. Her tenderness was confusing, as any other day she pretty much reached in and yanked him out, walking away as he came to his feet and not looking back.

Today she was different and it was like warm sun on cold skin. He rose and got to his feet, unsteady and leaning into her without thinking. He wasn't himself, weaker than usual, the mind shattering head fuck of the previous night having sapped everything from him and he was coming out of the box a damaged man.

She could feel his weakness and didn't let go, rather the opposite. Once clear she kicked the drawer closed while holding his hands in her own, taking in his shattered countenance.

He stood there eyes unfocused, idly meandering around the room, completely unaware of the gag strapped tightly to his head and the crust of dried spittle down his cheeks. She relaxed her grip on his hands once he steadied and ran them up his arms, his neck and then cupped his face.

"Hey," she said softly, her thumbs sliding across the slick surface of the ball, pushing on it slightly only to skid off the side and over his lips. Back and forth, pushing, sliding, caressing the gag and his lips, affectionately drawing their attention to it, much as you would with a dimpled chin, not to humiliate, just a familiar acknowledging that it was there.

Her eyes were warm, full of concern, and as he met her gaze, feeling her slide her fingers over his gag as if it was perfectly normal he felt himself losing what little composure he'd mustered in the few seconds since standing up.

“Shhh, shhh,” she pursed her lips and drew her hands softly over his cheeks, and then traced his ears, her touch sending goose bumps down his arms. He felt her hands move behind his head, but he couldn’t be sure because his eyes never left hers. She moved closer, the heat from her permeating into him through her thin satin robe, and he felt a tug as she fiddled with the clasp of the leather strap behind his head. She finished with it and immediately felt the pressure relief as she pulled the straps back and away from his face. She held them out to the sides of his face and tilted her head, smiling at him as she gave them a tug, the ball still reflexively clenched between his teeth.

He had forgotten he was wearing it, so lost in her gentle touch, his emotions raw, unable to think of anything more than the immediate moment. He opened his mouth and the ball popped out with a wet smacking sound, reluctant to leave its well settled in resting place.

She pulled it away and tossed it aside, neither of them noticing it as it bounced off the floor at their feet. She brought her hands up to his face and pressed her thumbs into his cheeks, massaging life back into them, drawing them up and down and then back and forth, skirting around the sides of his mouth before returning back up his jaw line.

The entire time, her soft warm gaze held him and absorbed the torrent of emotions spilling from his, the previous night’s struggle playing over his face like a book. He closed his eyes and tilted his head back, soaking in her touch, trying to calm his mind and sort through the chaos of emotions competing against one another. The anger wrestled with the shame that she’d cared so little for what they’d just shared the night before, so little for him that she’d take another man practically in front of him. Worse yet and trumping all else was the hurt of her even wanting to treat him like that and a solitary tear seeped out and trailed down his cheek. She watched it trickle down and wiped it away with her thumb, surprised at herself in feeling a twinge of regret at what she’d done.

She’d been with so many jerks, last night included, but this guy had actually thought they had something after just one night of passion and was clearly not submitting to her because he enjoyed it.

He obviously wanted more than just a one-night stand. The fact that any man would tolerate what had gone on since he'd moved in made it obvious that this was clearly so much more than him trying to get into her pants. She brought the back of her hand up to his eyes and brushed the moisture away from his closed lids and then pulled his head down towards her mouth so she could kiss each of them.

She had known he would need special attention this morning after the previous night's antics and had prepared herself to at least appear sympathetic to what he'd been subjected to. She hadn't expected to feel what was beginning to seem like a whole lot more than a twinge of regret as she gazed upon the wreckage of her making. She pushed the feelings aside, she'd worry about them later, but for now this guy needed put back together. She couldn't see her lesson through to the end unless he was well enough to grasp it.

She wrapped her arms around him and drew him against her. Her breasts pressed into his chest, hard nipples mashing against his skin, the satin robe doing nothing more than accentuate their effect. The heat from between her legs spread into his flaccid cock as she moved and positioned herself to maximize their skin on skin contact, meshing herself against him. The satin robe slid against their skin between them and she felt his nakedness stir as his body responded to hers regardless of the devastation his mind was navigating.

She pulled his head down onto her neck, holding it there while she kissed the side of his neck softly, her lips teasing his skin, her hot breath tickling his ear.

"It's OK, it's going to be OK," she murmured.

She ran her hands up and down his back, the tension in his muscles rippling under her. He tentatively placed one hand on her back and then the other and then tossed all reservations aside, pulling her tightly against himself. His body trembled as he let out a long shaky breath, not caring how he looked or what she thought, he just needed to let it all out. He was so confused, and so tired of trying to figure her out.

She held him, her still comfort giving him solace until his breathing calmed and his muscles relaxed.

“Shhh,” she whispered into his ear, her breath hot, moist on his skin.

His hands tensed, squeezing her tightly and she felt his cock grow stiff between them, thickening and moving tentatively upwards, bouncing off the satin robe, touching on the heat hidden behind it. Back down, then with another beat of his heart it swelled and rose back up with intent, harder, pressing firmly and longer this time against her. It moved away as if to gather itself only to return again, solid, rock hard and pressing against her mound. The satin slid over the head of his cock, wrapping around it as it pushed itself against the folds of her lips, pressing itself into her, their juices soaking it in a cacophony of unbridled desire and wounded pain.

He raised his head to look at her, a slight frown creased his brow and so many questions danced in his eyes. She stepped back, reaching down to grasp his hard cock, pulling her hand up it's length, squeezing a little more as she palmed the head, and then left it quivering in the air between them. He caught his breath and made to pull her close again. She quickly grabbed his wrists and then slid her hands down into his.

“No.”

She pulled him towards her as she backed up slowly, leading him towards the bathroom, the warm reassuring look in her eyes drawing him forward as surely as her grip on his hands.

They stepped into the tiny space and she pivoted slowly on the ball of her foot, almost swinging him around like twisting and spinning on the playground, but in slow motion. He moved with her, seeing nothing but her, wanting her, angry at wanting her, at wanting the burning lava her touched ignited in his veins.

She broke her gaze to manoeuvre his foot over the discrete tiled edging into the walk-in shower, and then the other, pushing backwards on him slightly. She pulled herself back up and smiled at him, her cheeks flushed from the blood rushing down as she'd bent over.

She licked her lips in satisfaction, her mound starting to grow more than just a bit moist as she thought about how empowered she felt at his reluctant submission to her. She leaned in

as if to kiss him but stopped a hairs breath away, close enough to reach behind him and turn on the shower.

She gave a little giggle, she couldn't help herself, as the water hesitantly spurted out and drizzled down on them from the shower head. Drops exploded off his forehead and splattered over hers, the water pooling at the end of his nose as he stared down at her in shock. A heavy drop gathered at the tip of his nose and then slid down, over his upper lip and pooling at the crest of his stubbly skin where it met his parched lips.

She raised her head to his, stealing the drop from him as her lips pressed into his. A million nerve endings fired at once as they came together. She'd barely felt the moisture of the drop absorbing into her lips, when his tongue pressed it's way in. Firmly, intentions clear.

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The satin robe clung to her now in a shiny embrace, nipples pushing proudly against the thin material doing nothing to keep them warm after the watery onslaught and abuse by his hungry hands. She pulled away from him and sighed slightly as his cock slid from her, making a wet smacking sound as it pulled free, tendrils of cum trailing back towards her in a final farewell.

She stepped out of the shower and looked at him. He wasn't great, but he was going to be OK. She'd tossed aside any games and simply enjoyed the energy of his pain driving his need, his need pouring gas on the pain. That was fine, but she'd come too far to stop now.

"I know things have been difficult for you but..." she paused, "you need to understand that you have no input on your existence here and most definitely not on our relationship, business or otherwise."

She stared at him, waiting, patiently as the wheels turned in his sex fogged head. His eyes cleared, and he stared back at her. Still, thinking. He nodded. She reached forward and ran her thumb over his slightly parted lips then pulled her hand back and crisply slapped his face.

“Now dry off and get the hell out,” she said with a tight smile, not too friendly but just enough to blunt the edge of her words and the sting of her hand in his still fragile state. Turning from him, she mouthed a pouty kiss to tease him and walked over to look out the sliding door window.

He gathered himself together, dried off, wolfed down toast soaked in butter, dressing and then at last closing the door behind him. She hadn't turned from the window, her ears her only gauge of his acceptance, closing her eyes and pressing her hand against her upper thigh in satisfaction as the door latched closed.

False Hope

The days and weeks after his tortuous night of being forced to listen to her fuck another man right on top of him blended into one another until they were just a blur of repetitive routine. They, or rather she, had barely spoken let alone acknowledge his presence other than the occasional request which was never really a request.

‘You can run the duster around the place tonight before I put you down for the night.’

Or

‘Why don’t you put your clothes back on and go fetch some milk for my morning coffee.’

Or

‘My feet are so tired today. I’ll let you stay out longer so you can rub them for a while.’

She was completely matter of fact about his position. She talked of locking him in that box like it was perfectly normal for her to do so and that he had no say in it. He was starting to forget what it was like to have a dialogue much less an opinion. He said lots in his head but never dared speak for fear of upsetting her. It was just easier to obey her rules and besides when she was happy with him, her warm tone of voice and gentle demeanor were like salve on his still bruised ego. He knew he was good looking and intelligent enough to carry most any conversation but couldn’t figure out why she couldn’t see that, at least enough to treat him like a human being if not as an equal.

He started to doubt himself as the nature of his very existence started to wear him down. Maybe this is why he never had luck with women. Maybe they had seen what he could not. Maybe it was just luck to have met the one woman who wasn’t going to tolerate it. Good luck or bad, he couldn’t decide. He didn’t like being treated like she owned him, he didn’t like that he was allowing it to happen, but he did like it when she wanted him, and his attraction to her was too powerful to ignore. He hoped that in time she would see him as a person and not just first and last rent with benefits, or at least treat him like one, even if just a little. He hoped it would

happen before all the self doubts and one-sided arguments in his head got the better of him and he could no longer be sure of what to think, let alone what was right from wrong.

He was trudging along the sidewalk, head down and deep in thought when suddenly he saw a pair of sneakers right in front of him just before he crashed into their owner. His head snapped up and his hands shot forward reflexively to steady whomever he'd just ran into.

A lithe blond with a pert nose and light blue eyes gasped in surprise as she tried to sort herself out, hands fumbling with her phone that had almost flew out their grasp.

"I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed as she got control of herself

"No, no I'm sorry!" he said, getting over his initial hesitation at speaking to her, after all this wasn't 'her', this was OK, this was normal.

"It was my fault really, I was looking at my stupid phone," she said her cheeks blushing in embarrassment.

His pulse raced, it felt so damn good to have a regular conversation, back and forth, actual dialogue with a woman, even if it was just platitudes and apologies. The fact that she was cute and not sporting a wedding ring was an added bonus. He was emboldened by this unexpected banter and feeling like he was being 'seen' by a woman, being treated with dignity and courtesy by a woman who genuinely cared that she may have been the cause of any sort of discomfort for him was overwhelming.

"Lucky phone to have your undivided attention like that," he quipped.

She laughed, and self consciously pushed some errant strands of hair behind her ear, eyes taking in his muscular physique and good looks before squinting at him curiously.

"You wouldn't be the kind of guy to take advantage of this sort of situation to flirt with a gal would you?"

"Well I might just be," he shot back, surprising himself at his brazenness. "Would you fancy a cup of coffee or something, I'd like to make it up to you for getting in the way of your phone just now?" He offered with his best smile.

Her smile was genuine, "I normally would never do this sort of thing, but...sure I'd love to!" She frowned, "but I'm late for an appointment and won't be free until later tonight. Can I take a rain check?"

"That sounds great, here why don't I give you my number and if you still feel like it later, you can call me. That way you don't have to worry about giving out your number to a stranger, at least not yet." He smiled mischievously at her.

Her laughter was infectious. The way she looked at him and talked with him washed over him like sunshine on a cloudy day after what he'd been through the last while.

"Sure," she said, handing him her phone so he could type it in.

"Well OK then, see you later," he said feeling like if he smiled any more he'd hurt himself

"You bet," she replied and carried on her way.

He started whistling to himself as he moved on down the street, *Man life's looking good. It's nice to have choices. Just because I'm having the occasional romp with that crazy firecracker doesn't mean I can't have fun elsewhere. She sure as hell seems to be doing her own thing.*

Obviously, I won't be bringing my new friend back to my place if we hit it off, he chuckled to himself.

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He returned to the apartment at 8 o'clock and wasted no time in stripping down. As with most nights, she was already home and waiting for him, making him feel like meat on a platter for inspection as his clothes pooled at his feet while she sat on her throne at the small table and gazed down at him with haughty disinterest.

Tonight though it didn't bother him as much, mostly because he was hoping to get a call from that girl he'd met. He knew he was supposed to be in his box by 9pm but it didn't count if he wasn't here right? He planned to get cleaned up, dressed and hit the street in case she called. Who cares if he didn't have a place to

stay tonight if it meant having a date. Besides he might get lucky and be able to spend the night elsewhere if he played his cards right.

She watched him as he shucked off his clothes. He seemed in a hurry though she couldn't imagine why. She'd given him no indication tonight would be unlike any recent other. It wasn't that she couldn't go for a good hard pounding to relieve the stress from work, but she wanted him off balance. His thinking he was going to get lucky on a regular basis would be tantamount to him thinking he had some semblance of influence on what went on in this apartment. He didn't, and she had no intention of that ever changing, even if he was a decent guy.

She did enjoy giving him small tasks to do, not only did they further her position of authority through his humiliation from being naked while doing them but he was easy to look at as well. She might not be getting fucked but there was no reason why she shouldn't get something out of it. She was just teasing some thoughts as to what to have him do for her tonight when he finished up in the shower and came back into the room.

She frowned as he went to his duffle back and bent to reach into it. *What could he possibly be doing? He's all ready for bed.* Her frown turned into a scowl as he withdrew his hand with a pair of jockey shorts in them. He pulled them up his legs and adjusted them into position, avoiding eye contact while he did so as he bent to the bag once again.

. *What the hell is he doing?* She didn't know what he was thinking but she did know whatever it was, it wasn't in line with what he should be doing at this time of night. Her lips had barely formed the beginning of a question when the silence of the room was interrupted by a loud Bzzzzz, Bzzzzz, coming from within the jeans he'd just fished out of the bag.

She was on her feet fast as a cat pouncing on a mouse. He'd straightened up, a smile on his face as he stared at the screen of the phone now in his hand. She stopped right in front of him, her arm stretched out from within the embrace of her satin robe and her hand palm up next to his holding the phone.

He couldn't help but notice her and his eyes flickered from the phone to her hand to her eyes. His smile had crinkled up the

corners of his eyes, she'd never seen him like this before, so... happy. She didn't like that because it sure as hell wasn't from anything she'd done. Their eyes locked, the phone buzzing incessantly between them the only sound in an eternity of tense deliberation. His smile faltered, and his eyes flickered to the phone, then back to her stone-cold stare, back to the phone and then again to her. She raised one eyebrow and snapped her fingers, not saying a word. He frowned, staring longingly back down at the screen, the smile wiped from his face now, hand shaking with his internal struggle as he placed the phone onto her waiting palm.

His frown deepened, barely able to tear his eyes from the phone to look back up at her, only to be met by the triumphant cold smile slowly forming on her lips. Her fingers gripped the phone and she brought it up beside his face. So close. All she had to do was press the green button and he could talk into it, it was right there, right beside his mouth. His eyes darted to the side, sweat beaded on his brow and he licked his lips in frantic desperation.

She glanced at the girl's name displayed on the screen, then slowly slide her thumb over the red button to cancel the call. He moaned out loud, unable to contain himself and she felt herself grow damp at what she'd just done. She didn't care if she was being irrational, allowing the rage to build within her as the implication of his phone call sank in. He didn't owe her anything, they weren't dating, but she didn't care. She wanted him all to herself, his undivided attention, regardless of what she herself chose to do. She could admit to being possessive, and also admit it wasn't fair. This wasn't about fair though. This was about him crossing a line she'd just decided to draw and he was going to regret it.

He was beside himself, *Who does she think she is? She doesn't own me!*

Yeah sure he'd chosen to give her the phone, but it had been more reflexive than anything after so many weeks of just doing what she wanted. It had been so intense he hadn't been able to resist her in the moment but now the realization of what he'd just allowed her to do threatened to overwhelm him. He didn't know whether to scream in anger at her or in frustration with himself, but he could feel the emotion boiling over and was ready to burst.

She could see it too and wasted no time. She tossed the phone onto the bed behind them and undid the satin band holding her robe closed. The robe parted to reveal her smooth mound and firm breasts as she pulled the band completely free of the loops holding it in place. The unexpected sight of her nakedness gave him pause, which was exactly what she was hoping for. She pressed herself to him, one hand on his chest, rigid as steel in his anger and the other on the opposing wrist. Her hand moved from his wrist to float in the air behind him, unobtrusively dangling the satin band between them as she moved herself around him, like an octopus encircling its prey.

As she moved around him her other hand dragged over his chest, then down his abdomen, skipping over the muscles that were rippling with tense short breaths. He was like an animal too long contained and barely under control. She pressed her lips in between his shoulder blades to calm him as her other hand came together with the first around his wrist. She ran her tongue over to his shoulder and nipped at him, distracting him for the moment it took to wrap the satin band around his wrist, loosely, barely there, not yet pulled tight.

One hand held his wrist and the satin in place, while she moved the other away, her fingernails dragging up the small of his back then over his shoulder only to then trail back down his arm. As she moved towards his other wrist she again slid her tongue, hot and wet, slip sliding over to the other shoulder. She nipped at his skin and then sucked it into her mouth, pressing her tongue hard against him, the push and pull of her mouth on his skin making him catch his breath.

She deftly looped the satin around his remaining free wrist and then quickly took a half step away from him pulling with all her strength. She grunted with effort as her arms spread wide as they could go, the satin loops gliding over themselves as the slack was taken in. His wrists followed, pulled harshly together by soft satin that may was well now be hard steel cable in its unyielding grip.

“What are you doing?!” He roared, his guts clenching to push every last bit of wind behind it. He’d had enough, this was it,

he couldn't take anymore of her craziness and her stupid quiet rule be damned.

She brought her hands together, leaning backwards to keep the tension on the strip of thin satin, gripping both ends with one so the other could grip further down towards him, switching back and forth until her hands were up against his. She quickly looped the material around both wrists, several times in opposite directions then tied it into a tight knot.

He shook his shoulders and pulled at the bindings, but the satin band was strong, its smooth shiny femininity belying its hidden strength.

She took a deep breath to steady herself, the adrenaline making her short of breath and then moved back to stand in front of him.

"I'm not really sure what you were thinking tonight, but I can see that you are going to need a whole lot more work than I first thought." She said as she grasped the waist band of his boxers.

"Lady, you need to listen to me!" He shouted again, completely beside himself and still struggling.

She dropped to her knees, yanking the boxers down in a single fluid motion. She pulled them as hard as she could against his feet and he was forced to lift them up to keep from falling over. First one, then the other and then they were free.

She stood back up, staring at him a moment before bringing her hand up to within a hairs width of his balls. She could feel the heat of them, the blood pulsing into them, pushing against the flesh, the flesh pushing the air, the air pushing against her.

He could feel the tickle of her finger tips as she strayed too close, the tips brushing against the hair covering his balls. A minuscule tilt of her head, a slight frown with pursed lips, a cool rush of air with the crisp flick of her hand, the backside of it to the underside of his balls, just once. That's all she needed to have him open his mouth in a wide 'O', gasping for air, bending over in shocked pain. She slid her fingers slowly, seductively through the hair at the back of his head and then yanked up, the motion causing his mouth to open even wider as his face stretched open to relieve the stress being put on his head.

She watched his mouth stretching open that little bit more as she pulled back on his hair, marvelling at the pain in his eyes as he huffed air in pain and shocked dismay. Her other hand came up and pressed the boxers against his lips. He squinted in reflection, trying to figure out what it was being held against his mouth out of his sight, relying on his senses. She caught her breath, the moisture exploding inside her with the widening of his eyes as he realized what she was pushing against him, going to push inside him.

He jerked his head to the side, "Fuck you, you crazy bitch!" He yelled at her, spittle flying in uninhibited droplets from spit frothed lips.

"Oh darling, you have no idea of how much you're going to regret saying that," she purred as she pushed the jockey shorts into his mouth.

He jerked his head backwards trying to get away but she was ready, her grip secure in his hair. The hand in his hair pulled back that little bit harder as the other pushed the shorts in causing him to arch backwards onto his heels, desperately trying to gain control of his body. He couldn't move away, bound and off balance, and she piled the material into his mouth with abandon.

At first it bunched up right inside and he was OK, thinking it wouldn't so bad. It kept coming though, relentlessly, forcing its way inside him, filling him, and then his tongue was stuck into place, the material jammed into the back of his throat, his mouth was dry and he couldn't make a sound.

He was starting to panic, he couldn't breathe through his mouth, his nose barely kept up and he felt like he was going to choke when she finally stopped, only a slight tail of material left dangling from his mouth.

She let up the pressure on his mouth and the hand in his hair relaxed its grip just enough to allow him to straighten up and his head to roll forward so she could bring his face next to hers. She kissed his eyes, one and then the other, pulling back slowly, the kiss lingering, her own eyes closed in the perverted tenderness of the moment. She gathered herself, savouring what she could never have imagined in just such a short time ago.

“Now that I have your undivided attention, I think it’s time you made a decision. Stay or go, but if you stay, you need to know your place.”

She bent over into his duffle bag and pulled out his jeans. He looked at her, obviously confused. His eyes widened as her intentions became clear, his leather belt slipping out of one belt loop then the next.

The buckle sparkled in the light as it moved in her hand, the leather wrapping around it in a seductive slow dance of tension, the grains of leather stretching and moving with every loop around her slender fingers.

She pushed against him, wanting to feel his heat, his fear. His flaccid cock hung limp in wounded indignation between them as she brought her mouth up to his neck, her hot moist breath leaving a trail of Goosebumps on his skin as she moved upwards until it was at his ear. His cock quivered at the touch of her tongue, his body indifferent to the tumultuous storm in his head.

“You brought another woman into my home tonight.” She breathed into his ear softly. She nibbled on his ear lobe and he moaned knowing she was only warming up to what was to come. “Ready?”

“Mmphhh,” he shook his head and pulled at the bindings around his wrists, his eyes wide and darting around the room as if he could find some way to escape what she was about to do.

She moved behind him and without another word shoved him hard, right between the shoulder blades. He stumbled forward, his shins coming to a full painful stop against the hard face of the bed’s drawer but his momentum propelled the rest of him onwards. He looked like a tree falling, legs locked and unable to do anything other than watch the bed sheets rushing towards his face as he toppled into them.

His body bounced upwards and started to roll over but she was on him, her hot wet pussy sliding over his ass cheeks as she pressed both hands onto his bound wrists, pinning him in place.

She held him a moment longer then manoeuvred to stand back up, giving his wrists a final shove downwards as she pushed off. “Don’t you dare move.”

She thought about the nerve of him thinking he could just bugger off for the night and blow off her curfew. Who did he think he was having some bitch call him right in front of her? His entire attitude suggested he actually thought her rules were only to be followed when it suited him. He acted like he thought her gift of giving herself to him had been no big deal and he could just fuck the first bimbo that came along. Who was he to treat her so casually? The more she thought about it the more he represented the self centred attitude of all men, the more he represented all the shit that they'd slung at women over the years. Shit she swore she'd herself never tolerate again.

She hadn't even realized her arm was in motion until the leather cracked over his ass, white welts forming even as the belt was pulling away, the flesh between them bright red. He screamed. Like an animal, all pretense of self-control forgotten with a single blow. He started to twist on the bed and she brought the belt down again, with everything she had. It cracked like a lightning strike over his skin and his body jerked upwards in agony before flopping back down onto the bed.

She hopped onto his back and pulled his head back, bringing her lips to his ear. She had to speak loudly to get past his frantic muffled pleading. "I told you not to move, tell me you understand."

She waited a moment as he struggled under her then shook his head roughly, "Do you understand?!" She yelled right into his ear.

He was shocked into momentary stillness, then nodded, trying to gain some composure.

Her words were like icicles falling into his ear, sending shivers down his spine, "If you stay, I will be the only woman for you, ever."

She got off him, mashing his head down into the sheets as she did so. She walked over to the stereo and turned it on, found a rock station playing something with a heavy beat and screaming guitars, hard, angry, like she felt. She cranked it up loud and turned to look at him. She felt herself grow damp at the look of sheer terror

in his eyes as he'd obviously realized why she was turning up the music.

She came back over and she could just barley hear his muffled pleading into the gag as she ran her hand over his already tender backside, now sporting a pair of well-placed welts. She took a breath, closed her eyes, saw that bitches number on his screen and let herself go.

The blows were steady, not fast, just ungodly relentlessly steady. One after the other, his body thrashing with every crisp snap of the leather biting into his flesh. His muted screams filled the air around them, pale in comparison to the music but she could hear them no less. They were like a solace, every blow and its resulting scream bringing her a small measure of comfort as she worked through her anger and disappointment in him.

Her arm was numb from the exertion, his ass was purple, criss-crossed with angry raised welts when the last blow snapped home just right. His body went ram rod straight, his muscles straining to break the bonds holding him, the snot and tears soaking the sheets under his face. She paused to catch her breath and watched the first minuscule drops of blood beading along the last welt line.

She felt purged, spent, complete.

He lay there, unmoving, unable to even feel his arms pulled back behind him, long ago having given up on escaping the satin binding his wrists so securely together. His world had been reduced to the singularity of the intense pain she'd relentlessly inflicted upon him. She had whipped him so long he'd lost count, and certainly couldn't have said when he'd started to sob like a baby, only that he knew it had been after he'd screamed shamelessly into the gag begging her to stop. She had rendered him helpless, had beaten him without mercy, reduced him to a blubbering fool and she'd done it effortlessly.

He felt sick. What would his friends think if they saw him now? He couldn't bear to think of it, of how he must look, bound, beaten, broken, by this woman as beautiful as a goddess and as wicked as the devil. He didn't know what he was going to do, only that he never wanted her to do this to him again.

The belt dropped out of her hand onto the floor, its purpose complete. She moved to turn off the stereo and the silence engulfed them, deafening in its contrast to what they'd just shared together.

She climbed onto the bed and pushed at his body until he flopped over onto his back, not caring that his bloody ass was staining her sheets. She manoeuvred herself so she was at his head, looking down the length of him before bringing her eyes to rest on his own.

She kept her face impassive as she gazed into his eyes, his wounded look only fanning the flames of desire within her. Her anger was being replaced by a need to use him, to extract pleasure from him in as much as she'd just inflicted pain. Give and take.

She pulled out the gag with a quick tug, flinging it across the room to land with a wet slapping sound as it pooled on the floor. Her satin robe lay open around her and it pooled around his head as she shimmied over top of him, creating a private oasis, the light infused with the colour of the robe enveloped him, soothed him. The sheen of her juices coating her inner thighs danced in the soft light, her lips swollen, wet, ready. He had time to take a quick breath before she lowered herself onto him. Her hot slit mashing onto his mouth, covering him with her sweetness, his tongue bursting forth of its own volition to spread her and taste the fruits of her obvious pleasure at his suffering.

He needed release too, he wanted to forget what had just happened to him, yet at the same time he wanted to show her how sorry he was for what he'd done. Yet, he wasn't sorry was he? Why should he be? He was free to see whomever he wanted, wasn't he? Why did he feel like that wasn't true anymore, like he had made a mistake, like he should be sorry? It was so confusing, he wanted to shake his head and scream in frustration, escape this mind fuck, just get back to being his old self.

He felt like that was a lie even he couldn't pretend to ignore though, because things had just changed. She had changed things, changed him, and he couldn't deny it. His burning ass cheeks, numb wrists bound behind him, and her juices being spread over his face would not allow it.

He tongued her with fervour, like a starved man shown a feast. He lost himself in her, tasting her, feeling her slippery cunt glide over his face as she coated him with her wetness, forgetting his situation, existing only in the moment, pleasing her. She moaned and ground herself harder against him, her hungry pussy wanting more, demanding more.

He pushed as hard as he could with his tongue, lapping at her, then he pulled it out and sucked her clit into his mouth, grabbing at it with his teeth. She caught her breath and held it as he paused, just long enough to get her attention then sucked harder. His tongue danced over it, teasing it, his mouth sucking it in further then letting it retreat backwards, but not far. The grip of his teeth on it was just enough to hold it in place at the whim of his tongue and his need to feel like he had some control, any control at all.

He didn't understand himself, but was beyond caring, he just wanted to feel pleasure, and pleasing her, making her cum with his mouth, in his mouth was in the moment the only way he could. He felt her weight shifting so she could lean backwards onto her arms behind her.

She started to bounce slightly on his face, lifting up an inch then dropping back down, his tongue pulling out of her and then her lips spreading as they mashed again onto his face make a wet slapping sound in the silence of the room. His breathing made wet slurping sounds, trying to drink down his spittle and her slick juices while maintaining constant pressure with his tongue and open mouth.

She closed her eyes, panting hard, feeling the wave building, the pressure spreading through her. She threw her head back, "Oh, oh,oh," she moaned, grinding down hard, holding it steady on his face as she came, "Uggghhhh."

It wouldn't end, it just kept coming, wave after wave, she'd never felt an orgasm like this, so intense she couldn't move. She could only let it wash over her like the solitary reed in the bay as the tsunamis washed over it, bending so as not to break.

He bucked under her, trying to keep up with the cum spilling down his tongue and pooling into the back of his throat and yet

breath and he couldn't. He coughed then choked even as he stretched his mouth wide desperately trying to draw a breath.

"Mmmphhh," he shook his head to no avail. He started to see stars, he couldn't breathe, he bucked as hard as he could and then just as the lights were dimming she lifted off and the cool air rushed into his starved lungs.

She flopped backwards onto the bed, he lay there where she'd left him, the two of them panting and staring at the ceiling without seeing it. Slowly her breathing calmed and she got up off the bed and walked around to stand in front of where he lay.

"Roll over," she said, her impassive look in contrast to her still flushed cheeks and the beads of sweat speckling her breasts, and their rock hard nipples poking angrily into the air.

He twisted and flopped around onto his stomach and she caught her breath.

*Oh my God!* She stared at his ass, a mess of purple bruises and raised welts and the obvious beginnings of where the broken skin from her last blow would soon scab over. She had been so caught up in the moment, so lost in herself that she hadn't realized fully how intensely she'd whipped him. She felt a twinge of regret but then told herself that even if she had gone a bit far, so did he and had only brought it on himself. To second guess was to be weak, and she'd be damned if she was going to be weak.

She went to the kitchen and grabbed some scissors, returned and quickly cut his hands free. He moaned, his arms dropping to his side unmoving, no strength to move of their own accord.

She went to the table and poured herself a glass of wine then sat to watch him. One foot up on the cross bar of the stool, the other tucked under her, and her robe open to expose her slippery mound pressing onto the hard wooden seat. She felt exhilarated, powerful, in her element and it felt good. Damn good. She hadn't thought of herself as a particularly dominant woman but this guy had brought out the worst in her, or was it the best in her? She smiled as she remembered how the belt felt as it struck his bare ass and took a sip of wine, the cool tart liquid soothing her throat, dry from panting as he'd so fervently pleased her.

She never looked back, it was one of her strong suites, it got her to where she was today. Things were what they were. She enjoyed having him around, on her terms yes, but nonetheless he had made things fun and interesting in a way she'd never experienced and it was addictive. He was obviously submissive regardless of whether he knew it or not himself, and that was seemingly mating well with whatever was going on inside her.

Why be alone and bother with tiresome brutes on boorish dates, just to have a few hours of fun escaping the tedium of life when she could keep this boy here, to herself, and experience all that she wanted any night of the week? His performance after being whipped soundly had shown her that she was right. She had read him like a book and played him like a fiddle and the only thing left was to let him choose what he needed, even if he wasn't sure of what that was himself.

He moaned, the pins and needles in his arms was excruciating as the blood flow returned and he could stretch himself out. He rolled onto his back and crossed his arms over his chest rubbing them, trying to get the numbness to leave.

As they calmed down and he could focus on his surroundings he glanced over at her sitting at the table. My God, she was stunning, her tussled hair hanging over her shoulder and in her eyes, staring at him with cold calculation. He looked away, unable to meet her gaze, ashamed of what she'd done to him, feeling completely unsettled, unsure of what he should do.

He knew that it wasn't right to be tied up and beaten for merely having a woman call him on his phone, but she had made it seem so wrong, been so angry with him. He felt like he should leave, maybe get away and get his head straight, think things through. He grunted as his ass flexed with getting off the bed and stumbled over to his jeans and belt laying on the floor.

"What are you doing?" She asked coldly.

His head snapped up and he looked at her like a deer in the headlights, making her feel warm inside all over again. The poor fool didn't stand a chance.

"Open the drawer. Now."

He looked at her, then down at the drawer, his hand shifting to touch his backside before pulling away with a grimace of pain.

“Do I need to repeat myself?” She asked, unfolding her leg from under her and laying it across her other knee, shifting herself into a more comfortable position with her legs crossed in front of her.

He looked back at her, frowning, wanting so badly to speak but knowing so much better than to dare to. He sighed, and bent down to pull it open.

“You know what to do.” She purred.

He glanced at her one last time, as if hoping she would somehow change her mind, let him go for the night, just for one night, to think and figure things out. Her deadpan look said it all.

He climbed in and laid down into the drawer, unable to stop from hissing in pain as the cold wood scratched at his burning raw ass cheeks. She smiled, squeezing her legs together momentarily at the sound, then swallowed the last of her wine. She rose to come over to the bed.

He looked up her standing over him, naked in her robe, lips swollen, satisfied and mocking him in their unabashed feminine superiority in comparison to his cock as limp as his wounded ego, while he squirmed in discomfort at her feet.

“You can lay here and think about your behaviour, I trust I won’t have to explain my expectations to you again.” She smirked down at him as her foot pushed the drawer closed, locking him in, alone with his wounded ass and wounded pride.

## **Choices**

She helped him out of the drawer the next morning and sent him on his way. He barely looked at her the entire time he got ready. His face turned 10 shades of red when she had him bend over the bed so she could inspect his wounded behind and his embarrassment didn't stop his cock from jerking when she rubbed some cream on his sore ass to help sooth it. He thought she was being nice, she was just reminding him that the wounds were there, and that she would touch him however she saw fit. It wasn't a choice. There was only one thing in his world that would be left up to him to decide.

Her words rang in his ears as he left, "When you return tonight your bag will be at the door. You will have a choice to make."

As soon as he left she got dressed and left for work. No time to waste, she wanted to leave early to go shopping. She'd been up far too late last night reading forums and learning about how woman 'like her' controlled their men. She knew what she wanted and there was a place nearby that had listed what she needed on their website. The young lady she'd live chatted with had been so very helpful in answering her questions and promised to leave the package at the counter for her to pick up. She'd also offered her email address in case she had any questions later on about 'anything'.

He came in at 8 o'clock sharp. He looked haggard, obviously the day had been a tough one. He walked a couple steps into the room and stopped at his duffle bag sitting at the end of the small hallway. She sat on the bed wearing a black velvet dress, thick shoulder straps leading down to a plunging neckline, breasts cupped and pushed together complimenting the cut of the dress as much as it complemented her. Her smooth bare legs shimmered in perfection and the stringy leather straps of her open heels criss-crossed their way up her foot then onwards up around her calves, tied up in small bows at the rear.

As she got up and moved across the room to him the light glinted off her necklace, something shiny hanging from it, resting between her breasts. He stood transfixed, watching her move, so lithe, graceful, her elegant beauty was mesmerizing as she glided over to stand before him. His eyes drew up her slender legs, over her slim hips and waist embraced by the smooth black velvet of her dress, pausing at what he could now see was a key hanging from her necklace.

He looked up at her, questions dancing in his eyes and unable to contain himself any further he said, "About yesterday, I don't know who you think you are but..."

She pushed her finger against his lips, shushing him, "I know who you are, that's all that matters."

She pushed a small gift wrapped box into his hands, "I told you that you have a choice to make. Stay or go."

She looked pointedly at the box in his hand, "If you're staying, strip now and put that on. It's your choice, but it's one you need to make now."

He stared at the package then lifted the lid and let it fall to his feet. The curved cylindrical steel cage glinted back at him, made of thin steel bars coming together at one end and attached to a thick steel ring at the other, unyielding and resolute. She held her breath, unsure despite herself. She exhaled slowly, as if she was pressing on herself as he lifted the cage out of the box held it in front of himself.

He couldn't make sense of it, staring at it then wiggling it around until it became clear as to how it worked and just exactly what it was for. She watched the recognition wash over him, the panic in his eyes as he realized just how high the stakes were. He looked behind him at the door, then slowly turned back to look down at the duffle bag then up at her. He met her gaze, steadily, she'd never seen this hesitation to obey her, to think things through so obviously in front of her before, obviously the stakes were high.

He looked back at the door once more then turned back to her. His eyes started at her feet and roamed up her body, slowly, taking in every inch of her. She held her breath in nervous anticipation, the dress hugging the flat of her rigid stomach tensed

with the effort. She had pushed him hard, beyond the breaking point really and as much as she thought she knew him, the flight response was a powerful thing.

He hadn't been sure what he'd do until he got here. He'd thought a million times about what a cruel bitch she was, possessive, controlling, and so abusive. She obviously felt like monogamy was a one way street, a concern meant only for him. That was a tough one, beatings were one thing, but cuckolding was on an entirely different level, one that he would never have imagined himself being at, ever.

Then he thought about how he felt when he was with her, how she electrified him with all those same traits, and her beauty combined with her strong confidence in how she always seemed to know how to handle him was as unsettling as it was mesmerizing. He had tried to tell himself all day that he was a strong independent man, deserving better than being treated like some woman's kept bitch, but when he'd walked in and saw her it had all simply come back to the basics. The basics were that she got him, and something about that called to him, on a level he'd never before felt. The choice was in the end an easy one to make, as difficult as it would be to face in the now, and the later. We are who we are.

His eyes lingered on the key nestled between her breasts and then lingered even longer on her full lips, which she chose to lick at that moment, just the tip of her tongue teasing them, teasing him. He caught his breath and then met her stare with a resigned sigh.

She almost moved to push her hand into herself as the electric thrill of seeing him undo the top button of his shirt hit her. His eyes never left hers as his fingers fumbled nervously with each button until finally the shirt fell to the floor around his feet.

She smiled kindly at him, reassuring him, and he pulled his jeans open, tugging them down over his hips in an awkward dance as he shifted the gift box from one hand to the other, using his insteps to pull each leg down the rest of the way before stepping out them. He took a breath, still looking at her, then dropped his drawers to his ankles with a flourish.

He straightened up, letting the box fall to the floor with everything else, the cage and ring now in his hand, along with the

tiny brass padlock. He hadn't seen a key and as such assumed it was the one around her neck.

She moved up to him and wrapped her hands around each of his, taking everything in them before pushing them down to his sides. "Allow me, you will have plenty of time to figure this out on your own, believe me."

She knelt down onto her knees, his semi erect cock bobbing in front of her face. He looked down at her on her knees in front of him. Most men would be thinking about her wrapping her lips around their cock, fucking her throat and showing her what a man they were. He however was standing here waiting for her to lock his cock in that steel contraption, the fact that she was on her knees in front of him having absolutely no bearing on the power dynamic in their relationship.

He was standing still, like a good little soldier for this woman while she jostled and fondled his bits, pushing and pulling and tugging and squishing, he couldn't look, it was too much. He thought about how all his friends were still out carousing at the clubs, picking up women, hot women and fucking them with abandon, leaving them in the morning for the next one. Their cocks swinging free and fucking and cumming all they wanted, when they wanted.

Not him though, he glanced down as the steel tube was being pushed into place against the ring around his balls, no not him. Maybe that was why he'd never had luck with women, maybe it just wasn't meant to be for him, freedom like that. Maybe this was best, just accepting that she knew best, and if that meant he was locked in this evil device and she fucked other men and beat him when he pissed her off, well could it be any worse than what he'd done so far with his life?

She gave his steel encased cock a shake and giggled as it bounced in front of her, the head of it already mashing against the steel bars, desperate to escape it's captivity that had only just begun.

She stood up, running her hands up his arms as she did so. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him tightly against her, pressing her hips against his cage and grinding on him ever so slightly. She smiled at him as their eyes met, genuine, content, melting any remaining indecision that had been lingering in

his mind. He closed his eyes as her lips met his, and his cock swelled within the tight confines of his cage. He grimaced and she pulled back, "Are you OK?"

Looking at the way she was looking at him, so relaxed and happy now that he'd committed to her and her rules, yeah, he was just fine. He nodded, smiling back at her, moving in for one more kiss.

The End

### **About the author.**

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