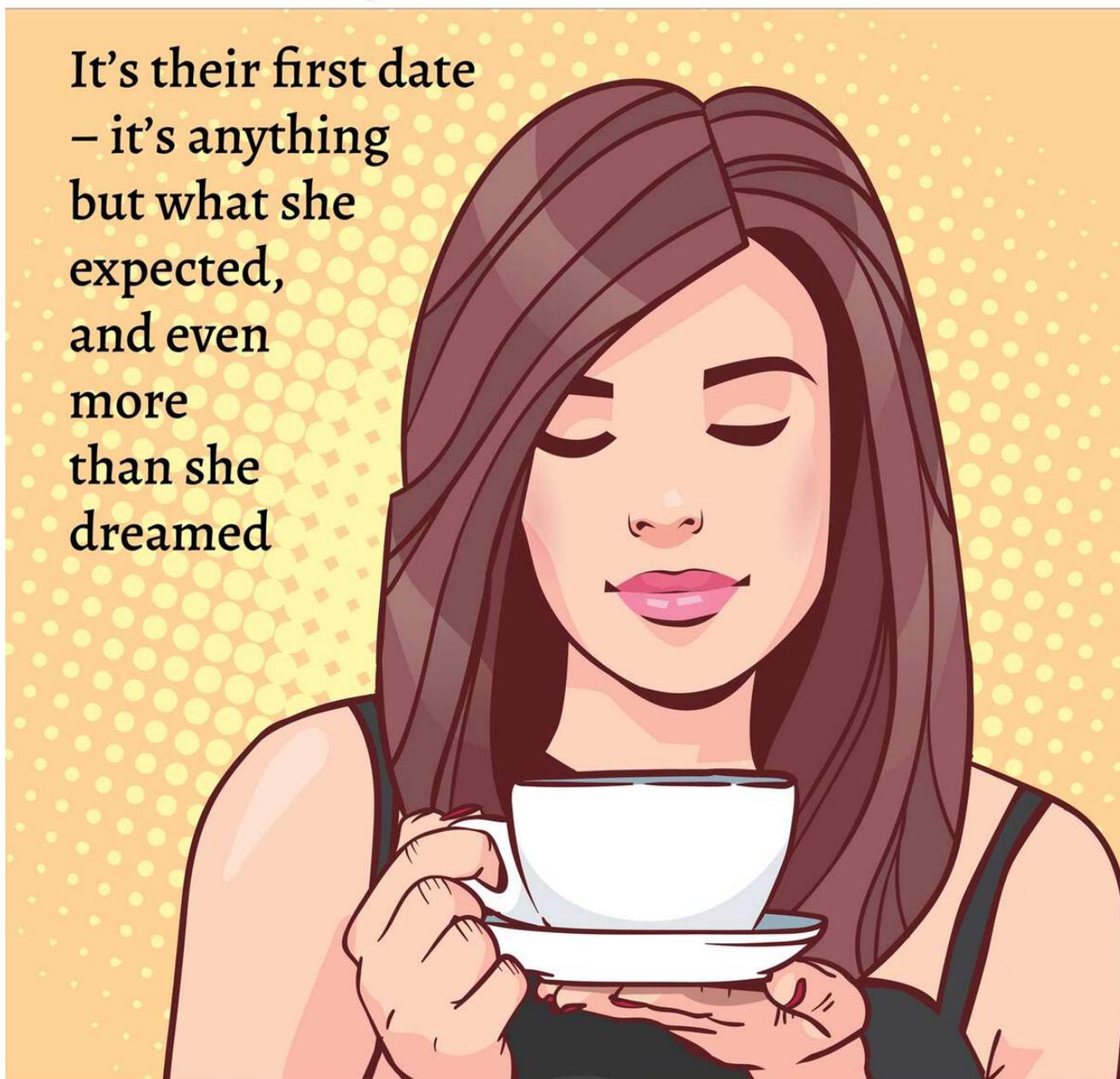


# TEASE FOR *Two*



Kink by the Numbers - Book 2

It's their first date  
– it's anything  
but what she  
expected,  
and even  
more  
than she  
dreamed



A First Time Maledom BDSM Novella by  
**JAMES HARDCOURT**

James Hardcourt

## Tease for Two

*A First Time Maledom BDSM Novella*

*First published by Edging Space Publishing 2020*

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*We know our readers love to get involved, so my diligent proofing team and I occasionally leave deliberate mistakes and typos in my books just so you can spot them and feel smug about messaging me at james@edging.space with any you find. Thank you!*

*First edition*

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*Edging Space  
Publishing*

*To my very first reader of my very first story.*

*You're in every book I'll ever write.*

*I love you.*

*Thank you for loving me.*

'Would you like an adventure now or would you like to have your tea first?'

Peter Pan

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# Introduction

Welcome to the second book in my *Kink by the Numbers* series.

I didn't actually expect there to be a sequel to the first Brandon and Natalie story, [\*The One-Bar Prison\*](#), published just a couple of months ago. But there was so much love for the characters (from me too) that I changed my plans and got onto this as soon as I could.

*The One-Bar Prison's* successes include a plethora of five-star, raving reviews; top ten on most of Amazon BDSM Erotica bestseller lists across the world, and for one, brief moment, it was the best-selling book of all English erotica on Amazon.de - you made me a #1 bestseller folks. The least I could do is write more!

I'll say more about my growing ambitions for these stories in the author's notes at the end of this book. For now - thank you for your support, encouragement, and enthusiasm. Unlike poor Natalie, there's plenty more coming soon.

## How to use this book

Not many erotic books come with instructions (or author's notes) and these are entirely optional. You're the reader, it's your book to enjoy however you want. But if you're into the kink of tease and denial then it's likely you also enjoy tasks and instructions. So I thought I'd build them into these books in a pretty subtle way, for those who fancy it.

Firstly, let's talk about a 'feature' of these stories. I don't describe the main characters much. In fact, the sharp-eyed among you may have looked at the cover of this book and said 'What's going on, I thought this was a series, wasn't Natalie blonde on the first cover?' Yes, she was. Well noticed. I care about that kind of thing, so this is, entirely, deliberate.

She'll be changing every cover, for this reason: You want to know what colour Natalie's hair is? Go look in a mirror (or picture that special someone). I don't describe the protagonists much, because the idea is, she's you - you're her. Or likewise, you're the male lead. I want you seeing what they see, feeling what they feel, going on their journey with them. Who needs virtual reality? The pictures are always much better in words.

**If you're new to this** let me explain the kink of edging and orgasm denial is built on the belief that as good as orgasms might be, it's even hotter to be denied. To be kept horny, wet, desperate, because it makes you feel amazing. Now, if you've never explored that idea before let me encourage you to read my blog and the other resources it recommends, because it's honestly awesome. You have to try it to believe it. But please, just enjoy this book as something that might turn you on in new ways. Have fun reading it, and playing with yourself as you read. I hope my writing will take you through some exciting highs and lows as you follow the story.

**If you're NOT new edging and orgasm denial**, you know who you are, we affectionately call you 'denial sluts' on the blog, then may I suggest some fun options that you might like to try as you read:

**Idea 1: You are only allowed to orgasm if the heroine does.** And as much as I love happy endings (these are getting pretty romantic already) I give you no guarantee at all that she's going to get to cum. If that thought excites you, you should do this.

**Idea 2: You only get to play when she's playing.** This is harsh, isn't it. This won't be for most of you I think. But some of you might get off on this. Just allowed to touch while she does, or at least while something sexy is going down.

**Idea 3: Act it out.** Is she humping something? Read as you hump. Is she sucking on a cock? Have something in your mouth. Is she naked, in a hot little outfit? Dress up. Pick up whatever you like from the book, have fun, bring it to life. Become her, she IS you.

With this book in particular there is a certain device involved, called the [Lovense Lush](#). It features very heavily throughout the second half of the book. If you have one of those, or any kind of variable powered vibrator, you might find it fun to simulate the level she's experiencing as you read through.

And maybe, mix those ideas up, try different things - or read it with a partner and get them involved. It's all fantasy, designed to arouse, surprise, and inspire you. Welcome to Edging Erotica.

Let's get reading!

# The Morning After

Natalie stretched, her arms poking out from the warmth of the duvet. She quickly pulled them back in and squirmed. *Why do I ache so much?*

Memories of the previous evening began to surface. She sank her whole head below the duvet as her face flushed. It felt noticeably warmer under there as the crazy events rolled through her mind like a badly scripted porn movie: The embarrassing first meeting with her hot neighbour, the arrival of that ridiculous sex toy, and then... getting stuck on it – having to be rescued.

*That didn't really happen, did it? Please let it be a dream.*

She reluctantly poked her head back above the covers, blinking the sleepy dust from her eyes. Natalie looked down beyond the end of the bed, unsure if yesterday's events had been a dream. It was still dark, but there was enough of the grey morning light coming through her shabby curtain to see a glint of metal, the steel pole she'd erected herself. The 'One-Bar Prison' sex toy she'd so embarrassingly got stuck on.

'Oh fuck, it really happened.'

But that meant the good stuff happened too. Brandon, her super sexy neighbour, coming to the rescue. The way he'd treated her when he'd discovered her there, foolishly stuck, naked, totally exposed. The cute way he'd offered to get a friend, but she'd realised that would be even worse than him as a stranger

A memory made her catch her breath. *He called me 'beautiful'.* The word set her tummy on fire, struggling to believe it, but wanting to, despite herself. She closed her eyes again, her hands moving to their familiar positions as she pictured him, walking around her. She began to touch, recalling *his* fingers on her, the first time it had been anyone's hands but her own.

Natalie blushed again when she remembered the things she'd confessed, the fun he'd had interrogating her. It didn't stop her middle finger beginning to revisit its well-known path, round and round on her sensitive clitoris, her legs spreading, knees lifting. Her other hand pulled at her nipple as she remembered his touch with wonder, as she recalled the look in his eyes that made her believe his words.

'Beautiful,' she reminisced.

Her fingers reached down, she was already so wet. She slid her middle two fingers inside, feeling the subtle soreness from being stuck on that big toy for so long the night before. She wanted them deeper, recollecting those incredible moments where he'd lifted her up and down on the dildo, fucking her onto it. She stared at it lustfully now. *Maybe if I get stuck on it now it could all happen again?*

Her clitoris was less sympathetic, calling her fingers back. Rubbing harder now, the memories of last night all beginning to blur into one. The reality, the fantasy, it was all so good, it all felt so good. She was close now, close to the orgasm she'd been denied the night before. It was all too much; she couldn't hold back.

The double knock on the wall made her jump. It was the wall their two apartments shared; his bedroom divided from hers by little more than a few layers of plasterboard. *He can't have heard me, again!* She listened out but couldn't hear anything more. Her breathing calmed a little. Maybe she'd imagined it. Her clit was starting to complain again, it had got so close to what it wanted.

The moment her fingers gave in to its demands there was another knock. *Fuck me, this guy can deny my orgasms without even knowing it Unless he's psychic...* She made herself laugh, and reached up over the iron headboard, and returned the knock with a 'shave and a haircut' knock, the one her dad had always used.

*Knock, knock* came the perfectly timed reply, putting a smile on her face. Suddenly her mind turned to where he was, in bed too, just a wall away. She hadn't seen anything beneath that crisp white t-shirt he'd worn. What a comparison to her, naked and in slutty heels, mounted like some obscene toy on the metal bar she'd put up.

A flush of humiliation ran through her, having the usual effect of making her blush, and getting her even wetter. She distracted herself, imagining him in bed. He was so fucking sexy, just her type. And the fact he'd treated her so tenderly, made sure she was okay, looked after her, and then gone to town with the crazy, embarrassing, arousing situation she'd got herself in... Her fingers found themselves busy again.

'What's your number?' she heard him shout through the wall. His voice brought back the questions he'd asked her, the deep, dark fantasies he'd wrangled out of her as she stood, helpless, a vibrator edging her. She bit her lip recalling her question to him, 'Does this get you hard?' *Damn, I got a guy hard, how hot is that?*

'Natalie?' His muffled call brought her back to reality. *The number, my number, okay.* Just shouting it back didn't seem very elegant. She reached up, pleased with her inspiration, and knocked seven times on the wall. Would he get it? Then three, five, and continuing with each digit of her number Would he get it?

Her phone tinged, somewhere. It wasn't where it should be, charging by the bed. She scrambled around. *Oh shit, now it'll be weird if I don't reply, where is it?* She spied it on the corner of the duvet but in her dash to get it, knocked it towards the edge of the bed. She

made a wild grab for it, missing not only the phone but the edge of the bed. She followed the phone over, sliding onto the floor with a muffled thump.

*Well, that was elegant.* She grabbed her phone in triumph nonetheless, opening up the messenger. 'You have a message from a new contact - Brandon. Do you accept?'

She stabbed at the green 'Yes' nearly as fast as when she was buying online stuff that she shouldn't. Up popped a few messages.

Hi! I liked the number knocks. Clever girl

'Clever girl.' She felt like a heat lamp just turned on right behind her neck. *Oh my God, I love being called that.* She read on, and her delight turned to panic.

Natalie, are you there?

What was that thump, are you okay?

Natalie?

'I'm here, I'm here, I'm fine I just fell out of bed,' she typed. *No, shit, I can't say that. I sound like an idiot.* She began to delete it when the screen went black.

'Battery 0%'

'Nooooooooooooo.'

# Texting and Sexting

Natalie picked herself up from the floor and dragged herself, and the sheets wrapped around her, to the charger by the bedside table. 'Come on, come on,' she said at the phone as the little battery on the front began its slow ascent, not daring to turn it on while it showed 0%.

'Natalie are you okay?' she just about made out from Brandon through the wall.

*No, I'm a clumsy idiot, I thought the pole incident would prove that already.* 'Yes, I'm fine sorry, the battery died,' she yelled back.

Now she was standing, a sudden urge to pee overwhelmed even her frustration at the phone's slow charging. 'I'll be right back, just need to pee,' she shouted without thinking.

She heard a laugh through the wall. *That might have been an unnecessary detail. Oh Natalie, you are not a clever girl.* She unwound herself from the bedding and walked as fast as she could to the bathroom without wetting herself.

She sighed with relief on the loo and collected herself. She couldn't stop thinking about the fact that he knew she was peeing. *Why did I have to say that?* Reaching down to wipe, the paper slid across her lips as it would after a long edging session. Her arousal instantly returned. She was tempted, as she often did, to spread her legs and edge herself right there on the loo, but the phone was waiting, Brandon was waiting. A real guy. *A real dom I think.* She stood up, looked at herself in the mirror. 'Natalie, don't fuck this up'

Walking back to her room she paused in the doorway. There it was. The 'One-Bar Prison' that had caused all this. A ridiculous, impulse purchase when she was too horny to think straight. An extendable steel pole, mounted with a dildo on top, that when lifted high enough into the right spot, would render her unable to escape. *Well, that fucking worked.* She chuckled.

She leaned against the doorway, just the way Brandon must have, imagining how she'd looked when he found her like that, naked, her bottom facing him, mounted and vulnerable. The flush of embarrassment she felt was mixed with arousal in the best way. It made her want to climb back on it. To be stupid again. To be made helpless. It had been awful at the time, to be stuck there, desperate, exposed, vulnerable. But as with so many kinky things, it was looking back, knowing you were safe, that made it so intensely erotic.

But it was more than that. The way he'd treated her was so perfect. It felt so good to be rescued.

She walked past it on the way to her phone, tapping the dildo with her fingers. It boinged and wobbled in a most satisfactory way. *I better unscrew that before I have surprise guests.*

Natalie picked up her phone. It had enough charge to risk turning on. *Time to talk to my rescuer.*

Hiya. Sorry about that.  
Someone forgot to put my phone on to charge  
when they tucked me into bed :P

Goodness. Who could be so inconsiderate  
when tucking a naked stranger into her bed?

*Shit. Now I sound like a dick. Way to fuck it up already Natalie.*

I'm sorry, you're right. Thank you.  
Truly. You were amazing.

So were you.

*He is so cute!* Natalie felt herself going pink once more. It seemed this was going to be a regular occurrence. *Play it cool.*

So watcha doin?

Lying in bed, thinking about you...  
...peeing

Shut up. I said that without thinking.  
I have poor impulse control.

That's reassuring. I was wondering if your  
damsel in distress act was actually a  
nefarious scheme to woo your hot neighbour

*Fuck my life he's not going to let me forget I called him that.*

Those are a lot of big words, mister.

I'm sorry, should I use shorter ones?

No I'm kinda a hardcore sapiosexual

Oh really. Intelligence turns you on huh.

*He knew what it meant, he knew what it meant. Oh my God this guy is perfect.*

And it wasn't an act. I promise.  
I'm just so grateful for... everything.  
I can't stop thinking about last night.  
It still feels like a dream.

Yeah. Me too.

What were your favourite bits?

So many... The way you checked in with everything.  
The way you looked after me. The things you did to me.  
What was yours?

Again, it was all incredible but when you  
begged to never be allowed to cum.  
Oh wow... I haven't been able to stop thinking about it.

Really? Why?

I knew about edging, but I've never thought  
about how hot it could be before.  
Hearing you say that.  
Thinking through what it means.  
It's so fucking hot.

You've never done it?

No. My ex wasn't into it the one time I did.  
And when I was learning all this stuff it never came up.  
But now you've got me thinking about the potential.

Oh really. What potential?

The headspace it must put you in.  
The constant feeling of arousal.

The perpetual reminder that you're under control.

Okay. Yeah. You get it.

*Okay, he seriously gets it.* The reality of the situation dawned on her. This super cute, dominant neighbour, who'd been so perfect the night before. Chatting with her. Interested in her. Interested in her obsession with edging and denial. She couldn't help herself as her fingers went between her bare legs, rubbing hard and fast. She got lost in it for what seemed a moment, but when she checked, she'd missed a few messages.

What's it do for you?

Sorry, was that too personal?

Natalie?

Are you touching?

'Oh bugger, how could he...?' she said breathily to herself. Her fingers reluctantly pulled away. She wanted to lie. She began to type a denial but deleted it *Fuck it.*

Yes.

That's so hot.

Don't stop.

This wasn't the first time she'd had instructions over chat, not by a long way. It was easy to find horny guys, or girls, or just, strangers to chat with online. Although most of them turned out to be guys, even if they said otherwise. And they'd all want pictures. She'd learnt her lesson on that one far too early.

But this time, it was someone who knew her. *Someone right next door.* Someone who knew what she looked like. Naked. *And said that I'm beautiful.*

Really?

As long as that's hot and you're okay with me saying that.

I am SO okay with that.

Do you want to know what I'm wearing?

*They always do...*

I wasn't going to be so bold as to ask but now I do.

*Great, now I'm a slut. Natalie, do NOT fuck this up. Her excitement at declaring she was naked was somewhat diminished, but she'd started this. She better finish it.*

I'm naked.

Hot. Me too.

*This just got interesting.*

Are you touching?

No. I got shy.

Do you want me to tell you what to do?

*Like nothing anyone has ever wanted in the history of the world.*

Yes please.

Okay. Spread your legs a little wider  
Just small, gentle circles on your clit.  
Not nearly as hard or fast as you'd want to.

Yes...Sir?

Are you comfortable calling me that?

I kind of want to but I don't know. Is it weird?

It's not weird but let's stick with Brandon for now.  
Save that for if it feels really right, okay?

Natalie felt a little burn of shame at his gentlest of rebukes, but she loved the way he'd said it. And it was such a wonderful change from all the wannabe dom assholes she was plagued with online, who demanded to be called 'Master' by complete strangers.

Yes, Brandon.

*Oh my God, I want to write 'Sir' so much now Was that his fucking plan?*

So, are you touching as instructed?

She got her fingers to work straight away so she could tell the truth.

Yes. I want more.

Good girl. That's your thing though isn't it.  
Wanting more... but not getting it.

Yes.

Do you remember what you said last night?  
The words I cannot get out of my head,  
the words that have kept me hard all morning?

*Holy shit.* Her mind began its fevered imaginations of him lying there, naked. '*Hard all morning*' - *my words, oh my God.* She began to think, it didn't take long. She thought she knew.

I think so.

Rub harder. What were they?

She followed his instructions, her fingers staying at the same pace, but pressing into her, circling her swollen clit. It felt so good, she had to force her breathing to slow as her mind went into edgework. *What if I'm wrong though?*

Was it when you made me beg?

It was. Clever girl. What did you say?

Don't let me cum.

Yes, but more than that...

Natalie gulped, only brave enough to say it again because of what her fingers were doing to her.

Never let me cum.

That's the one. Oh Natalie.  
So. Fucking. Hot.  
I can't even tell you.

Really? Does it make you...

Touch? Not yet. Would you like that?

Never in the hundreds of online encounters she'd experienced, had a guy asked if she'd actually like it.

That is one of the hottest things I've ever been asked.

Seriously? It just seems like the polite thing to do.

You've cybered online, right? Polite isn't the norm.

Actually, no not really.

And, you haven't answered my question.

An extra flush of excitement flooded through Natalie at her next idea.

If I said 'no' would you really not touch? Can I choose?

Well I think technically I only asked if you'd like it.

Are you trying to impose your orgasm denial kink on me, young lady?

*Oh shit, am I? I thought it was cute and now he's cross.* She began typing her retraction, but he got in first.

I'm KIDDING. This is super-hot.

Yes, you can choose.

Teach me all you know oh great denial guru.

Natalie dropped her head back into the bed, so relieved that she hadn't sent her grovelling apology before he'd clarified. And what a clarification, he was curious, and open. She thought about her answer.

Be careful what you wish for.

That's ominous.

LOL. No it's the first thing to learn.

Seriously, this kink, it's like the gateway drug of kink.

Like staring down the rabbit hole wondering what's at the bottom.

What is at the bottom?

Wonderland.

Curiouser and curiouser

*Oh fuck me, he can quote Lewis Carroll.* She got back to rubbing, having been distracted enough to stop. It meant he got in with the next message.

So does that make you Alice? If so, who am I?

*The King of Hearts?* Thankfully, Natalie self-censored for once and gave an answer she didn't instantly regret.

The White Rabbit?

I guess rabbits are known for certain proclivities.

That is NOT what I was thinking about!

Mhmmm. I bet you are now.

You are so bad!

He didn't reply for a moment. Instantly Natalie began regretting calling him 'bad'. *Did I overstep? Dammit, I'm so crap at this.* She was about to apologise again when it showed he was typing.

You have no idea.

*I want to find out though.* She wisely didn't type that, instead she opted to be cheeky

Did you make me wait for you to reply on purpose?

Ha. No, I was getting some coffee.

But that's a wicked idea. I like it.

*Oh shit. As if I needed to give him more ammunition.*

So where were we?

Oh yes, wonderland, and not touching.

That seems very mean.  
I was awfully nice to you last night.

I mean you can if you want. But you did offer.  
And what's it like not doing it when you want to?

Frustrating. Hot. I can see the power of it. Especially...

Especially what?

Especially when I know you're  
rubbing away at your needy little cunt  
like a desperate little slut, Natalie.

His dominant words took her completely by surprise. She read them again, and again, unaware how hard she was rubbing, letting the words take her down, down the rabbit hole, but almost too far. She snatched her hand away, her clit twitching, so near to what it craved.

Fuck. I nearly came.  
You're so good at that.  
How do you know just what to say?

LOL. I'm just good at guessing.  
I won't get it right all the time.  
Sometimes I might get it very wrong.  
It'll take time to learn what works for you.

*Time to learn? Holy shit. Is he seriously thinking like that about me?*

And you still use safewords, even for things like this.

For sexting?!

Yep. It's important actually. For me.

But couldn't I just stop?  
It's not like I'm tied up or...  
stuck on a One Bar Prison or something.

You ask good questions, Natalie.  
But okay, yes you could just stop.  
But then I've gone too far already,  
and not had the chance to learn where your boundaries are.  
Plus, as a submissive, you'll not want to say no,  
you'll want to push yourself. Right?

Yeah I guess so.

And what don't I have when messaging, that I had yesterday?

*He likes his riddles.* She thought about it for a moment and had a good guess. She secretly hoped for another 'Clever girl' from him.

You can't see me? You don't have that feedback?

Very good. I can't see you, I can't hear you.  
All I have to go on is your words.

Aren't our words only like 7% of communication anyway?  
The rest is non-verbal.

Natalie was very pleased to recite something she'd learned on a communications course.  
She was to be disappointed.

No, that's plainly bullshit.  
That research was proven to be nonsense long ago.  
Just Google it.  
The fact we are able to do all this just with  
just words proves that true, don't you think?

*Okay. Note to self, fact check what you tell him.*

I guess so.

Sorry, that one annoys me,  
I hear it so often from people who should know better.  
But you're right, Natalie, non-verbal is still really important.  
Which is why knowing you'll use a safeword if you don't like  
anything I'm doing from a distance is SO helpful.

Whether it's not liking something,  
or a reaction to a word I use,  
or what I might make you do.  
Being sure you're in a good place gives me the confidence  
I need to dom well.  
And now I'm monologuing. Sorry

Don't be sorry. It's kinda hot.

Really?

Mhmm, Brandon the teacher I like it.  
And you type fast without typos, that's hot too.

Well I DO have two hands free, thanks to you.

*Okay, tease mode engaged. Lets' not fuck this up.*

Aww, would you be touching otherwise?

Yes.

And what's it like, not doing it?

Surprisingly hot. I can see the appeal.  
I have NOT made use of this enough.  
I clearly need to build up some experience.

Of denying yourself?

I was thinking more, of denying you.

*Fuck.*

I'd... like that.

Well, I'd expect nothing less of Little Miss 'Never Let Me Cum'.

Natalie didn't know what to say. Thankfully, Brandon continued.

Talking to you isn't making this no touching thing easy

Don't let me stop you.  
It's insanely hot you even asked if it was okay.  
But it's even hotter knowing you are doing it...  
thinking about me.

I've not been able to think of anything else. Genuinely.

Wow. Tell me what you have been thinking. Please.

Of you, how you looked, when I first saw you.  
Up on those heels, naked, impaled.  
Holy shit. You looked so incredible.

Natalie bit her lip, refraining from typing a denial. She remembered his words last night, how to respond to a compliment.

Thank you.

Good girl.

*Oh my God he said it. He said it. I want to be his good girl.*

You know what those words do to me?

I can guess.

Natalie paused, unsure of what to say next. She read them over and over, 'Good girl. Good girl.'

You wanted to learn about denial?  
This is the biggie. For me anyway.

She paused, knowing this was really jumping down the rabbit hole.

Good girls don't cum.

Do you mean that? Not cum at all? Ever?

Yes, and no. It's complicated.  
It's super-hot to say it,  
it's insanely hot to hear YOU say it to me.

The whole idea of permanent denial drives me crazy.  
But the reality... I guess the reality is  
that would get boring and orgasms are great too.

Do you type that fast with just one hand?

Natalie laughed out loud, and she heard him laugh through the wall. The sound of it filled her with a warm glow.

Yep, I'm very well practised.  
But going back to your question.

No, I don't really mean never.

What I mean is that  
'Good girls don't cum without permission.'

That's so fucking hot. A perfect balance.  
I love giving orgasms, they're wonderful.  
So taking them away forever,  
I mean, anything permanent, limits your options,  
and I like options.  
But 'Good girls don't cum without permission.'  
I like that a lot.  
I can work with that.

Oh can you?

Yes.

Natalie stretched. The moment she stopped rubbing another hunger took its place – her tummy rumbled.

I should get up and shower and grab some breakfast.  
I think I forgot to eat last night for some reason. :P

I can't imagine what that could be.

Well I'll let you imagine while you, you know?

While I what?

That's mean,  
it's supposed to be you saying these things to me.  
Now I'm all squirmy.

That was pretty much the idea.  
I like you squirmy.  
Now what was it?

To think of me last night,  
and in the shower,  
while you *don't* stroke your cock.

No touch for me huh.  
That sounds like an interesting plan.

Natalie felt emboldened to try something a little risky

Can I, cum in the shower?

LOL while I can't touch. You're bold.  
Would you really like me to decide that?

I know you're just being awesome at consent,  
but you can take advantage of a girl sometimes you know.

Oh I plan to, when I've known you more than 12 hours.  
Trust me.  
But for now, I want to hear it.  
Plus, I bet it makes you hornier to have to say it.

You're too good at this.  
Yes, I want you to decide if I can cum.  
Yeah okay you were right, that was hot.

See I told you.

What's the ANSWER?!!!!  
You're doing this on purpose aren't you.

Almost always. Ask me again, properly.

Please, Sir. Can I cum in the shower?

Hmm, what did I say about 'Sir'?

I'm dying here!

Please, BRANDON, can I cum in the shower?

Much better, good girl.

No.

In fact, no touching besides a quick wash.

What?!!!

You heard me.

Damn. Okay. Wow. You're a fast learner.

Yes, yes I am. Speak to you after breakfast?

I have a suggestion to put to you.

Enjoy... not touching.

You too :P

Oh and Natalie?

Yes Brandon?

Good girls don't cum.

# Shower Fantasies

Needles of hot water bounced off Natalie's shoulders, cascading down her body. The water pressure in the apartment was about the best thing about it. *Well, besides the new neighbour.* She let the water massage her still aching muscles. Her calves and shins were the worst. All that time balancing on the heels last night had done a number on them. She tried to go up on tiptoes. 'Ouch!' Now they felt like they were on fire.

She distracted herself by thinking about Brandon's last words to her. *What's his suggestion going to be?* She couldn't guess, so she began to think about some of the other things he'd said. *I'm so going to screenshot that chat for my special reserve collection.*

*No touching.* Did he know how much worse that made it? She put some shower gel onto the mesh puff she liked to use in the shower. It was just that bit more abrasive than a sponge and felt especially good rubbed hard over her breasts. It made them glow a soft pink, her nipples dragging against the material, the little holes of the net catching them, pulling at them.

She longed to move it down, between her legs. It would probably be okay given some definitions of 'no touch', but Natalie wasn't in a bratty mood where she wanted to test the limits of the rules. No, she wanted them strict. Stricter than he'd probably have imagined.

She soaped herself everywhere but where she wanted it most. Scrubbing the soapy mesh ball over her skin. She remembered his fingers from the night before, letting her other hand pretend to be his. *He touched me, someone actually touched me.* She'd imagined what it might feel like for so long. Getting what she wanted hadn't quenched the fire of her fantasies. It only made the fire within her burn all the brighter.

The puff went down, over the curve of her tummy, stopping... so near, circling on her trimmed pubes, the bubbles making their own way down to where she wanted so much more. She tortured herself, sliding it into the crevices where her thighs met, carefully avoiding her mound. The urge to scrub there was overwhelming, the desire to grind against it. She resisted. *'No touching.'*

Natalie forced herself to wash lower, down her thighs, recalling how wet they'd been last night, her pussy juice genuinely trickling down her thighs as he'd fucked her with the toy that still stood just metres away. But it wasn't the toy she was imagining now. She leaned forward, a hand against the cool tiles, moving the soapy puff behind her, pressing it

in where she could scrub, down between her cheeks, grinding it almost painfully over her bottom, taking out her need and frustration on the hole she was allowed to touch.

She dropped it, she needed more. Pouring shower gel on her fingers she began rubbing it into her tight rosebud, fingers slipping up and down over it, then her nails, circling. It always felt better than she imagined. She let out a moan as she circled faster now, her fingertip masturbating her arsehole. It was so desperate to have them somewhere else, but it wasn't allowed. *'No touching. Did he know how crazy that would make her?'* She hoped so.

Her thoughts were interrupted by her shower pressure dropping slightly. *Did that mean?* She put her ear to the wall, it wasn't just their bedrooms that shared a wall. Sure enough, she could just about hear the water running next door.

Thoughts of Brandon showering filled her mind. He was right there, just next to her. She imagined his body, he was fit for sure. Not too muscled, just right, a little bit to cuddle, but most importantly, naked. He was naked, right there. Naked. Just like her.

*I wonder what his cock is like?* She pictured him soaping it. Was it a show-er or a grower? How big was he? She knew it didn't really matter, but she thought about it getting hard, as he soaped it, thinking about her. The fact he couldn't play, wouldn't play, because she suggested it was a huge turn on. Nothing was stopping her touching herself, of course, nothing but that instruction he threw in seemingly as an afterthought.

She wanted to watch, watch him touch. Her hands pressed against the wall, knowing he was just on the other side. *Imagine if he was in here with me?* Natalie envisaged him, in with her, stroking his cock, looking at her body again. 'Please can I touch?' she begged. 'No,' growled her imaginary Brandon, stroking himself just to make the point. 'Girls like you don't deserve to touch.'

'Girls like me?' she whispered to her fantasy. 'Mhmm, horny little virgins,' he replied. 'But what if I weren't a virgin, could I touch then? Will you make me a real woman, Sir?' Natalie spread her legs, letting Brandon with his now huge erection push himself against her, water pouring down them both, his cock hot against her stomach. 'Please Sir,' she said to the water, 'make me yours, so I can touch, so I can cum.' She shut her eyes, pushing out her lips in a kiss, imagining his thick cock pressed down, against her tight, wet hole, forcing itself in her, making her his. 'Oh yes, oh yes, that feels so... Oh shit!'

Natalie looked at her fingers now buried between her legs. It felt like the water turned ice cold. *I messed up the one thing he asked!* 'Shit, why do I fuck everything up?' She grabbed the shampoo, squirting far too much into her hair and lathering it up in anger at herself. It went into her eyes. Or at least that's why she told herself she was tearing up.

# 'Fessing Up

'Hi, nice shower?' was the message that greeted her when she'd finally dried off and dared to check her phone.

Natalie sighed, throwing the phone back onto the bed. *What do I do now? Do I tell him, tell him I can't even do the first thing he asked me to do?*

Her phone pinged. She ignored it for a little bit, before wanting to see if it was him again. Of course it was, he'd have seen she'd read his first message. 'Welcome back. How are you doing? Ready for my question?'

She sat there, her damp hair hanging down, cold now on her shoulders, and just stared at the message, biting her lip.

'Natalie?'

She picked it up. 'I need to tell you something first.'

'Okay. Are you alright?'

'Yes, I mean, I don't know.' Why did she feel so bad about something so stupid? She knew why.

'Hey, how about I call you? My fingers are getting worn out messaging.'

'Okay.'

'I'll call now?'

'Yeah.'

The phone rang. The thought crossed her mind that he could hear it from his room. *I guess it's better than shouting through the wall.* She swiped to answer it.

'Hello,' he said.

'Hello.' She didn't know what else to say but just hearing his voice brought back memories from the night before.

'Well, this is radical. Actually using phones to talk, a bit old school in fact.' That made her smile. 'What's up?'

'I fucked up. I can't do anything right. I'm sorry.'

'Hey now, it's okay. What happened?' His tone was reassuring, relaxed.

She shifted up the bed to lie back against her pillows, switching the phone to speaker and laying it on her chest. 'I got carried away in the shower. I didn't follow your instructions.'

‘Alright. And how do you feel about that?’

‘Disappointed with myself. Upset.’

‘Okay, I’m sorry, that’s not a nice way to feel.’

She sighed. ‘It’s not you who should be sorry. It was so hot, you telling me that and then I got all carried away in a stupid fantasy and before I knew it...’ She didn’t just stop because she didn’t want to give the details. She remembered what he’d done with the snippets of information she’d let slip last night. *He’s going to ask me what the fantasy was! Oh no.*

Brandon chuckled. It was a warm, sexy sound. ‘Fantasy huh?’

*I knew it, crap! Please don’t ask what it was.*

There was a pause. ‘Natalie, with the best will in the world, I don’t care.’

‘What?’ Those words stung a little. *Shouldn’t he care?*

‘Don’t take that in a bad way. What I mean is, it was a cute, hot little thing I came up with on the spur of the moment that I thought you’d find exciting. The fact you got so excited you didn’t manage it is potentially even hotter.’

‘Really?’ His words were just starting to push away the dark cloud she was under.

‘Yes really. Look, we had an amazing experience last night, but I barely know you, I certainly have no right to be telling you what to do. It’s super-hot you touched anyway.’

‘It was only the once. I’m still sorry.’

‘And I accept your apology, as unnecessary as it is. Does that help?’

She nodded, even though he couldn’t see her. ‘Yes, it does. Thank you.’

‘It was actually the “barely knowing you”, I had the suggestion about.’

‘It was?’ Her heart started to beat in her ears. Suddenly she felt very warm.

‘Yes, I wondered, if you’re free this afternoon, whether we might go out somewhere?’

‘A date?’ she almost yelled down the phone. *Oh shit, what if it wasn’t?*

Brandon laughed a little louder this time, and then paused for what seemed like forever. ‘Yes, okay. A date. Natalie, would you like to go on a date with me?’

It felt like her heart was going to leap out of her mouth. *He’s actually asking me out? Did he mean to? Did I just turn it into a date? What if he didn’t...*

Her self-doubts were interrupted by her name. ‘Natalie? Are you going to keep me waiting?’

‘Oh shit, I’m sorry. Yes, I’d love that, very much. Where are we going?’

‘I’m just sorting that, give me a minute.’

‘Yes...’ Natalie only just managed to stop herself saying ‘Sir’. *What does this guy do to me, oh my God. A date though, a hot, dom guy asking me on a date, holy shit.*

‘How’s 4 pm?’

*That’s an odd time. ‘Great.’*

‘Alright, brilliant. I’m looking forward to it. And Natalie, no more feeling bad, okay?’

‘Okay.’

Brandon paused.

*He wants to say 'good girl.'* Somehow she just knew it. She could hear him breathing.

'Very good,' was what he actually said, but with a definite hesitation, she took as proof to her theory. That was soon forgotten with his next remark. 'So what was the fantasy?'

*Fuck my life.*

Natalie didn't know what to say. Even she knew that 'I imagined your big cock taking my virginity' was probably way too much information. 'Ummm...'

Brandon rescued her once more. 'I'm only kidding. What's in your head is private. You don't have to tell me, I'm just teasing — being mean. I'm sorry.'

'You have nothing to apologise about. And...' she breathed out heavily, 'you being mean is really hot.'

'Oh is it? Good to know. But you have nothing to apologise over either. I should go grab some breakfast. I decided to have a shower first and still haven't eaten. I assume you haven't either?'

'No, but I tend to skip breakfast.'

'Hmm, okay. Well, you've had an intense evening and the morning hasn't been without incident either. You should eat.'

'Okay.' *What should I eat? I like you telling me what to do.* 'I'll eat something.'

'Okay, speak to you in a bit.'

'Alright.' *I don't want to hang up the phone. Oh God is this what it's like in the stupid sitcoms when no one hangs up?* She looked at her phone. Apparently not. He'd rung off.

## BFF and R&R

Natalie blew air through her lips and ran her fingers through her damp hair. 'A date,' she whispered to herself. 'I'm going on a *date!*' She jumped up from the bed and started bouncing up and down, barely clinging onto the towel she was wrapped in. *I have to tell Dana.*

She pulled up her best friends' chat.

You will not BELIEVE my news!!!!

Dana didn't take long to reply:

Hi babes. What what?!

I'm going on a date, TODAY, with the next-door neighbour!!!

WHAT? The HOT one you told me about?

That's so cool. Tell me EVERYTHING!

No screw that...

Natalie's phone rang.

The next half hour was filled with excited squeals and a very edited version of how they met. Edited to – the first five minutes of the night before and some flirty chat.

All mentions of impalement on sex toys and kinky interrogations were carefully omitted. But the excitement was just as high. Dana seemed to go through more boyfriends than a Love Island contestant but her joy for Natalie was real.

'So where are you going for the date?' Dana finally asked after she'd extracted a very detailed description of him from Natalie.

'I don't know actually, but it's at 4 pm.'

'That's an odd time for a date. Are you eating?'

'I have no idea. But that does remind me, I haven't had anything to eat and I really must.' *Because he told me to.* I'll keep you updated and you'll be my safety check-in, right?'

'Of course babes. If you don't appear after three days I'll tell the police your hot neighbour has you locked in his basement.'

*Oh, I only wish...* ‘Thank you, I’ll let you know where we’re going when I know. Oh gosh, what am I going to wear?’

‘Well, you haven’t got your money’s worth from that little black dress you got for the ball last year. And Nats, you know how good your bum looks in it.’

‘Yeah, but what if it’s like a movie or a quiet pub or something?’

Dana laughed. ‘You’d be the best-dressed belle at the ball. But yeah, you’re gonna have to ask him.’

‘I’m going to have to ask him,’ Natalie agreed.

\* \* \*

Natalie nestled into the solitary armchair in her small living room, munching on the toasted sesame seed bagel that was her brunch. She looked at the sofa, remembering with a smile the dildo hidden behind a cushion. *I’d thought that was embarrassing enough, I had no idea how the evening was going to turn out.*

She thought about the One-Bar Prison device, still firmly screwed into her bedroom floor. Part of her wanted to take it down, but she also liked it as a reminder that last night had really happened. She was so used to fantasising that having something real to think about was a very different experience.

Now she’d calmed down about her infraction in the shower she was aching to touch again. She felt released from his instruction, it was for the shower anyway. She undid her robe, letting her fingers begin to massage between her legs. The moment her fingertip found her clit it brought back a rush of memories from when he’d been there. It wasn’t enough now, her fingers there, she wanted more, she wanted him. To be helpless again, under his control.

Natalie hooked her knees over the arms of the chair, masturbating harder. She picked up her phone, opening up the page that Brandon had scrolled through last night. Knowing he’d seen these things she’d reblogged – her deepest secrets exposed – it drove her wild.

*And he’d liked it. He’d known what orgasm denial was, didn’t seem surprised. He didn’t think I was crazy. He said it was hot.*

Her clit was so responsive, even the soft circles she was making around it drove waves of pleasure through her. She spread her legs wider, feeling the thin arms of the chair dig into her thighs.

There was one word that she just couldn’t stop thinking about, what he’d called her - *Princess. Oh, fuck yes that feels so good. Princess. I want to be his Princess.*

She was close to the edge of orgasm now. It would be so easy to go over, it felt so tempting - every time. But she wouldn’t. She didn’t want to. She wanted to just edge, to feel

that unending bliss, that pleasure flowing through her body like a hot bath pushing out a cold chill.

She began to control her breathing, using what she'd learnt from years of research. If she kept her breaths low and steady it was much easier to not climax. She'd not believed it at first, but it had forced her to reflect on her orgasms. How she was always holding her breath as she went over, lungs full of air. Somehow that physical pressure was the final ingredient in most of her climaxes. Without it, she could do this. She could ride the edge.

The fingers of one hand reached down and gently pulled up above her clitoris, lifting her clit hood up and away, leaving her most sensitive flesh totally exposed to her other hand. As she got even more aroused her clit would swell enough to do that itself, but right now she wanted to feel everything she could. Her other fingers found the perfect speed, hard little circles, barely moving. She had to fight to keep her breathing slow. *In through my nose, out through my mouth.* Not big breaths either, low, shallow breaths.

Her jaw trembled as she got there, she let out a quiet, involuntary moan of pleasure. She plunged back into the fantasy from earlier, imagining Brandon, standing in front of her, his cock jutting out towards her. It was a fantasy she'd had a thousand times, but never before had there been such a vivid face to go with it. Her spare hand slid down past her circling fingers to trace a fingertip around the entrance to her pussy. She pictured him stepping up. 'Nuh-uh, that's not for you, that's for me.' She parted her lips even wider, offering herself to her fantasy, imagining him standing just inches away, aching to feel that swollen cock head pressed against her, pushing inside her at last.

'Please Sir,' she begged to the empty room, 'Please take me, make me yours.' She bunched her fingers together, pretending they were his cock, just teasing the entrance to her but not giving her what she was so desperate for. Even her fantasies kept her waiting.

'Can I cum, Sir, can I cum?' she pleaded. 'Yes,' she imagined him replying. 'Yes, you can cum as I fuck you. But remember it well, Princess. It'll be your last.'

'Oh fuck!' she said louder, pulling her fingers away. Sometimes a fantasy can just be too hot. *Where did THAT come from?* She wanted to rub again, but getting so very close to cumming meant she had to be careful. Instead, she hooked her hands around her inner thighs and pulled, opening herself up even more, picturing him there, his abs tensing as he teased her slick and needy cunt with just the tip of his cock.

Natalie felt her wetness seeping down between her cheeks, taking her thoughts with it. Her fantasy changed, as they often did in an edging session. He was back, teasing her, his cock back at the entrance, her virginity intact. And instead, deliberately, he traced the head down, to that other place, her own juices lubricating it for him. 'Maybe I'll just keep you like this, wondering how good my cock would feel in that untouched little fuckhole,' he'd whisper. 'This one will serve just as well,' as he plunged his cock into her bottom.

'Fuck.'

She shook her head, sitting up. *Maybe I should cum, I'm not going to make good decisions in this state.* But then she thought of the night before, when she was in just such a headspace, and how amazingly he'd looked after her. Wasn't that the ideal, someone who could handle her in full 'denial slut' mode? *I don't know what to dooo* she whined to herself, *someone tell me what to do.*

No, not someone, she knew who.

She stood, giving a little shuffle to try not to drip on the floor. There were days that her little apartment merited a 'do not slip' hazard sign.

This was definitely one of them.

# Checking In

After a pee and a clean-up, she decided she'd waited long enough to not look desperate and messaged him. 'Hiya.'

The reply was pretty much immediate. 'Hi, how're you doing?'

'I'm horny.'

'Well, that's good to know.'

She shook her head in mild despair at herself. 'Oh God, I'm sorry, I always overshare. I'm the one of all my friends who always overshares.'

'If someone wants to know everything about you there's no such thing as oversharing.'

*Oh my God, this guy...* 'You, want to know everything about me?'

His reply took a little longer, like he was typing and deleting bits. 'I do. You have me... very intrigued.'

'But you've only known me since yesterday.'

'Mhmm, that's one of the intriguing bits. And while it might only be a day, *what a day*, am I right?'

'You are so right. Shall we call again, I had a few questions.'

He didn't reply, the phone simply rang. 'Hello again,' he said.

'Hello.' She giggled.

'So a few questions huh, how can I help?'

Natalie was about to ask about what to wear for their 'date' when her brain decided to short-circuit. 'Did you touch?' she blurted out. *Oh my GOD, what am I doing?'*

Her question was greeted by his warm laugh. 'No, Natalie. I didn't.'

*Oh shit, he's going to remind me that I did. Why did I even ask?'*

But he didn't. 'If a man, if anyone, can't control themselves what right could they possibly have to control someone else?'

'Hmm,' she said, mulling it over, 'that's an interesting thought.'

'I have them occasionally. When I'm not busy with other stuff.'

She tried a more playful tone, 'What kind of stuff?'

'That sounds like an excellent date talking point, don't you think?'

*Well done Nats, overstepping as usual.* 'Yes, actually, that was the other question. Where are we going?'

'I thought I might keep that a surprise, but actually no, that's dumb, you should tell a friend where you're going. I booked a table at the Stag and Bull, you know it?'

'I've heard of it, sounds great! What should I wear?'

'That is a very good question. I'm sorry, I should have given you an idea. It's kind of posh, but not crazy posh. We're eating. It's about a twenty-minute drive, if you're happy travelling with me?'

'Absolutely.'

'You're very trusting, aren't you.' He sounded a little cautious.

'Is that a bad thing?'

'No, I mean, trust has to be earned, I always think.'

'You earned it, and more, last night. I can't stop thinking about it.'

'Oh really? Is that why you're "horny"?' he quoted her earlier reply.

Natalie laughed. 'Yes, well that, and the edging,' she teased.

'You've been edging, while I've been good,' he put on a tone of mock offence. 'Natalie, I'm flabbergasted.' He chuckled. 'Although I have to say, that really makes me want to break the rules now.'

Natalie imagined him, his cock hard, stroking it. Now she wanted to take the dare back, although, him not touching was super-hot too. 'Well at least one of us has some self-control.'

'Oh now, now, you edged, and didn't cum, right?'

*I can't believe I'm having this conversation and it almost feels natural.* 'Right.'

'Well, that's some serious self-control right there. I'm impressed.' He sounded like he meant it meanwhile, her cheeks took on an all too familiar glow. 'Do you ever go over by accident?'

She thought back, 'Not really, not for a long while. But, well it depends... I do orgasm, not by accident, I've learnt to stay on the edge, but I mostly cum because I don't have a good reason to hold back.'

There was a little pause. 'Because you don't have someone telling you not to?' he guessed. There was something about the way he said it that made her tremble.

*Hot damn.* 'You get it. Exactly that.'

'How do you feel when you cum?' He really seemed interested.

'Well the orgasms are usually good, I love cumming, don't get me wrong. But after that, after a few seconds of pleasure, it's not great. I feel disappointed, frustrated at my lack of self-control, and sad.'

'Sad?'

'Yes, because of what you said, that I don't have a reason to stop.' She continued, not wanting to linger there. 'Sometimes I even feel a bit guilty if I was edging to something'

especially dark.' *Oh shit, now I definitely said too much!* She held her breath, waiting for his response. He kept her waiting, or was thinking it over. She wasn't sure which was worse.

'I can understand that, I feel the same sometimes.'

'You feel guilty sometimes?' she clarified.

'Yeah, when I masturbate.'

'Why?'

'Hang-ups from growing up I guess? Catholic school was hardly encouraging. Getting caught by my parents, a few times.' He laughed.

'Brandon, once is understandable, a few times is just careless.'

'It got me a privacy lock on my door, so it worked out okay.'

'Oh wow, I wish I had one of those. Explaining to your mum why you're straddling your soft toy, and all sweaty, is not a conversation I ever want to have again.' She laughed and he joined in. 'I can't believe we're talking about this.'

'I know, it's weirdly natural, isn't it. You're very easy to talk to.' They both paused, not sure what to say. He broke the silence. 'We're getting off track, sorry. You were asking what to wear.'

She blew out a breath, her face red. 'Yes, right. Kinda posh? I don't know what fits.'

'Well, I'm wearing smart casual but, I mean —' he paused, she didn't know what he was about to say, but it was worth the wait. '— I could pick for you.'

Having a guy pick her clothes was something she'd fantasised about for years. She might have even role-played it and worn things she'd never have normally picked, imagining someone was making her, once, or ten or so times, maybe. Of course, to him, all this was just a very long pause.

'Natalie? Sorry, did I overstep?'

'No. Just... I'd really, really like that.'

'Oh, I see. Well, that's exciting. I have to admit, that's one of my things. I do love picking out an outfit for a beautiful woman.'

Normally the 'B' word would have sent her into spirals of delight, but for some reason, it conjured images of other women, not her, being dressed by this gorgeous guy. *Stop it, Natalie, he's talking about you.* 'What else are you into?' she prompted.

He chuckled. 'That's definitely another date conversation starter. So, is that a "yes", you'd like me to pick what you wear?'

*Oh my God, you have no idea how much.* 'Yes, please.'

'Awesome. How about you pick out three dresses, send me a picture of them, and I'll choose.'

'That sounds great.' *He has done this before.* She paused, weighing up the risk of what she was about to say. 'What about the rest... of what I wear?'

He let out the sexiest little hum of satisfaction and was quiet for a moment. 'You'd, like me to pick, everything?'

'Yes. Please.' *Oh God, it's happening again, my dreams are coming true.*

'Very good then. I'd love that. Lay out two sets of underwear for me to pick from. Do you wear stockings and a garter belt?'

'Don't be so American, I like calling them suspenders,' she jokingly rebuked him. 'I have them, I don't wear them much.' She was a sucker for buying fantasy lingerie that wasn't actually any use in real life. *Until now...*

'Perfect. I want both options to include them.'

*So good.* 'Okay.' She still fought off the desire to call him 'Sir'.

He continued. 'Shoes... How are your calves? Can you actually walk in those heels from yesterday?'

It was her turn to laugh. 'Only just.'

'You won't have far to walk. You looked incredible in them. Wear those. Plus, they're a nice little reminder of how we met.'

*As if I needed a reminder.* 'Okay.' She mentally noted down 'incredible' for another edging session.

'Hair down, please, and makeup however you like but don't hold back, and I like it coordinated, nails, lipstick, and all the rest.'

'Wow, you *are* into this.'

'I really am. I'm all excited now. Not that I wasn't before,' he added, hastily, 'just, it's been a while. Some people hate being micromanaged.'

'I'm definitely not one of them. I'm excited too. I'll send you some pictures soon?'

'Great.' He was quiet for a moment 'Natalie, I'm going to suggest one more thing and it is entirely, *completely*, optional. Okay? No pressure at all. You can even think about it, I don't need an answer right away.'

'Alright...' she scrunched up her brow trying to think what it could be. Hair, check. Shoes, lingerie, dress, yep. What else could it be, her perfume? 'What is it?'

'Something, I saw in your room last night.' He seemed to love making her guess, and this threw up some very interesting options.

She visualised the long, thick dildo still attached to the top of the device in her room. *It can't be that, surely?* Despite that, she began to imagine it, working it back inside her, being utterly filled. But she'd barely be able to walk. 'Not the dildo?' she asked.

'Wow, you don't mess around. No, that would be, awkward. Interesting that was your first thought though.' *I can hear the fucker grinning.* It was in your bedside table.'

Natalie protested. 'It's the only thing I can think of I didn't...' Her voice trailed off as she thought about what was in that drawer. No, he couldn't mean *that*. *Not on a first date.* It was though, she knew it before she even said it. 'The Lush.'

'The Lush,' he confirmed, his voice softer now.

*Fucking hell, he wants a remote-control vibe in me, for our first date. What is this guy like?*  
She snorted as her mind answered for her. *Perfect.*

He'd obviously heard the snort. 'I'm sorry, it's a stupid idea, I'm getting carried away.'

'No-no-no-no,' she stopped him. 'I just can't believe this isn't just a dream. I'd, like that, very much.'

'Are you sure?' He didn't seem convinced.

'Yes — denialgirl77,' was her reply. 'No caps. That's my username on the app.' She heard him exhale into the phone. Hers pinged - a Lovense friend request. Before she thought too hard about it she continued, 'I'm...' she tapped away on her phone, '...there, I'm giving you control of it.'

'Wow,' was his simple reply.

She took a breath again, and paused, taking a risk. 'Sr?' she ventured. It just felt right.

He didn't object this time. 'Yes, Natalie?'

She paused, unable to quite believe she was going to say this. 'Make me regret giving it to you.'

'Fuck,' he whispered back. A few heavy breaths and then, 'I'll do my best.'

# Getting Dolled up

‘It’s the Stag and Bull!’ she messaged Dana.

‘What, where he’s taking you?’ her friend replied back. ‘That’s *niiice!*’

‘Yes! Still a weird time but we’re eating and...’ she was about to mention that he was picking everything she was wearing but decided it would weird Dana out.

‘And?’ her friend picked up on.

‘Ummm, and he’s...’ *asked me to wear a remote-controlled vibrator, best not, ‘...driving me there. Just so you know where we’re at. Oh and I’ll share my location on my phone like you did with me that time.’*

‘Cool.’ Dana got onto the important stuff. ‘So what are you going to wear?’

*Well, there’s another story.* ‘I’ve got three outfits I’m considering, and yes, one’s the little black dress. It seems like I could get away with that.’

‘Do it, do it, plus that bra that makes your boobs look a-maze-ing.’

‘We’ll see, I don’t want him to think,’ she paused, *what do I want him to think?* ‘Okay it’s definitely an option. I’ll let you see what... gets chosen, I promise. I’m going to get ready, I’ve only got, oh, a couple of hours.’

‘Cutting it close then,’ joked Dana.

‘I do have to do my nails,’ Natalie objected.

‘Wow, it *must* be serious if you’re doing those.’ She seemed genuinely surprised. ‘You just met, yesterday, right?’

‘Yeah but he’s *so cute*, oh my God. You know what a disastrous history I have with dating, I don’t want to fuck this up.’

‘Natalie Posner, you are one of the most beautiful people I know, inside and out. He’s lucky to be going on a date with you, nail polish or not.’

‘Thanks, babes, I honestly can’t even believe he’s interested in me.’

‘Well you’re an idiot, and I love you very much. Go do your nails and remember I want to hear every, little, detail.’

*That could be eye-opening.* ‘It’s only a first date, don’t get too excited.’ *Try taking some of your own advice, Natalie.*

‘Everything’s got to start somewhere — I *am* excited! Now go get ready, I want to see which outfit you go with.’

‘So do I. Love you, babes, I’ll keep you updated.’

She hung up the phone and looked at the three dresses arrayed across the bed. One was the recommended little black dress, and it wasn’t kidding about the ‘little’ bit. The other was a turquoise knee-length thing that she’d got for an interview and then decided was a little too casual. The final one was her go-to dress for most occasions. A floral summer dress that had just the right amount of floaty bits to pull it off without looking like a teenager’s first grown-up dress. She looked again at her wardrobe. Most of the rest were long dresses, not what she was wanting.

She had plenty of other skirts, but he’d specifically said a dress and she wasn’t going to mess up any more simple instructions. With a sigh, she took a snap of each of them on her phone and attached them to a message.

‘Your choices, milord.’

She hit send and regretted her phrasing immediately, but managed to ignore it when he replied almost instantly.

‘I bet you look amazing in all of them, but the little black dress, please, milady.’

Once again he turned her regret into a smile. ‘This guy is cool,’ she said to herself and her phone before turning to look at her overstuffed underwear drawer. *Now the embarrassing bit.*

She pulled the drawer all the way out, reaching to pull out wads of lingerie she’d bought in random fits of excitement, tried on once, and then shoved into the back when the reality of lingerie being no fun if there’s no one to see it had sunk in. *I forget how nice some of these are.*

She laid out various panties on the bed. There were some matching bras, she was sure, although she’d have to hunt for them. *I really need to sort this stuff out, I might actually need some of it.* She stopped herself, for once. *It’s just a first date, let’s focus.*

One set was easy, it was a simple, black combined suspender belt and knickers, and she knew where the bra was for that one. That had got a lot more use than the stockings.

The other she chose was a white set, a pretty classic lacy number with a separate belt and thong. Her phone pinged.

‘Don’t forget to charge a certain something...’

She just sent back a blush emoji. It was very accurate as she reread her earlier message to him, *‘Make me regret giving it to you... what was I thinking?’*

But then she remembered his reaction, that little ‘fuck’ he let out in response had a very different effect on her. ‘I’m going to need a bathing suit at this rate,’ she muttered to herself.

She laid the sets out on the bed, spacing them as they would be if she wore them, blew out her cheeks and took a picture, sending it before she could overthink it all.

‘Wow, those are both beautiful. You have great taste. The black, please.’

‘You’re very polite,’ she messaged back, not knowing what else to say.

There was a pause, and then a message came in that made her have to sit down. 'Don't be mistaken, Princess. When I say please, it's because I have manners, not because I'm asking.'

*Fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. That is the hottest thing anyone has ever said to me.* She picked up the panties, playing idly with the lacey fabric. *Actually, everything this guy says is the hottest thing anyone's ever said to me.*

'Natalie, all okay?'

'Yes, sorry.' She made the decision to be open. 'What you said hit me so hard I had to sit down.'

'Wow. In a good way?'

'In SUCH a good way. You're really great at this you know.'

'Thank you.'

She waited for him to say more. He didn't. 'How do you do that?' she asked.

'Do what?'

'Just say thank you, without adding a 'but?'

'That is an excellent question. It's a decision. I used to 'but' all over the place. Someone pointed that out, and suggested I learn to take the compliments as they're given. Now I do.'

'That's very cool.' She really meant it, although she was curious as to who this person might be.

'Yes, and it's just second nature now. It comes off as arrogant sometimes, but if I'm polite with it most people can get over that. And if they don't I'm not bothered.'

'All I think about all day is what other people think of me. And it's usually not good. *Bloody hell, why am I telling him all this?*

'Do you know one of the best ways to counter that?' he asked.

'To just care about what I think of myself,' she spouted back.

'Actually no, that's way too hard.'

'What?' She was genuinely surprised.

'I mean, sure, that's one option, but it's an unrealistic jump for most people.'

She crossed her legs on the bed, totally focused on what he was saying. 'So what is the answer?'

'To learn to care about what just *one* person thinks of you.'

*Holy shit.* She sat there, and read it over and over. This time he didn't prompt her with another message. *That actually might work. Is he offering...?*

He messaged, 'Anywaaaay, we'll need to go in an hour; how are you getting on?'

'I'm good. But yeah, I need to finish getting ready.'

'Good girl.'

Once again his words rocked her. *This is crazy, but I want to be his good girl so much.* She began to type that, she wanted to tell him. His reply interrupted her

'Make sure you're drinking enough water. I'll let you get ready. And don't forget to charge the Lush.'

'Oh shit,' she said out loud, sending a hasty 'Okay' to him. She'd forgotten to put it on.

She crawled over the bed, finding it and plugging it in so the light glowed red through the pink silicone covering, making it look like an ET version of a giant pink spermatozoa.

She couldn't claim credit for that description, it was from a tipsy Dana when they'd been comparing sex toy collections. She might not be kinky but she loved her toys too. 'Why do you even have a remote-control vibe,' Dana had asked a bit too bluntly.

'Hope,' had been Natalie's reply.

She grabbed her nicest nail polish, a classic, deep red, and started inspecting her bare nails, pondering the upcoming date.

She'd never been more hopeful than this moment.

Or more afraid it'd all go wrong.

# Green for Go

She was sat on the sofa, all dressed up in the clothing he'd chosen, tapping her toes on the wooden floor. She had been pacing up and down the hallway, but her calves were still complaining about their previous workout.

Her nerves weren't helped by the ever-present sensation of the Lush vibrator pressing against her g-spot, its little antennae tail poking out of her and coincidentally, or not, pressed against her clit by her panties. Even if it wasn't vibrating, it was still an effective Kegel ball.

*So much for him making me regret it, I'm already having second, third and fourth thoughts.* She knew she could take it out, change her mind, he'd even messaged twenty minutes ago to give her a time check and to double-check she was okay with it. 'I'll buzz you when it's time to go,' he'd concluded.

And she *was* okay with it. The fact that in everything he'd been so nice, so reasonable, and then added this one extra request that was just pure domination made her achingly excited. But that didn't help the fact she felt like she was sitting with a primed grenade in her panties.

She looked at her 'going out' watch. She was actually early, which was remarkable in its own right. Something told her he'd be at her door exactly on time. She watched the clock hands tick down, standing up, feeling the body of the toy shift inside her as she smoothed the dress down to her knees, straightening the black stockings beneath them. She looked good, Dana said she looked amazing, she felt, okay.

She went and stood by the door with a minute to go, her heart racing. She heard his nearby front door open, then close, and his footsteps come down the hallway. Natalie reached up to open the door and then pulled back, realising if she did that before he rang it'd be obvious she was just standing there like a puppy waiting for its owner to come home.

But he didn't ring, or knock. She began to lean forward to look through the spyhole when, 'Shit!' she exclaimed. The vibrator inside her had come to life for just an instant.

She heard him laugh on the other side of the door. 'Knock knock' he said. She pulled the door open, not sure what she was going to say, but his expression stopped her. It was

adorable. Biting his bottom lip, eyes open wide, eyebrows high. 'I'm sorry, that was naughty, I just couldn't resist. I mean, I did kind of warn you.'

'You'll buzz me later,' she recalled, shaking her head. 'You're a dick,' she concluded, saying it out loud without thinking - the adrenaline from the shock still surging through her. She froze as she realised what she'd just said, but he only laughed, loudly, and warmly.

'That was, indeed, a bit *dickish*, I agree. But I hope to prove you wrong. There's a fine line between being a dick and being a dom, and I try to walk that very carefully.' He paused, his voice dropping into a low, sexy register. 'And Natalie, a girl who dares me to 'make you regret it' should be careful what she asks for.'

She looked at him in his well-fitted jacket over a crisp, pink shirt. He looked good, really good. She bit her lip now, a familiar tingle inside warning her that her pristine panties weren't going to be so pristine very soon. 'That was still mean.'

'Yes.' Brandon leaned in, a deep whisper now. 'Good thing you like mean.' He then stepped back. 'Wow. You look amazing.' His lingering look of admiration was genuine and thorough. 'A good choice even if I say so myself.' He smiled again.

'A little different from yesterday.' Natalie blushed again. *Did I need to remind him of that, now...*

'Just a little.' His eyes made contact with hers, holding it for a couple of seconds before he spoke. 'I know what I prefer.' He blinked, just a little bit slowly, his smile growing. Natalie felt like Alice in front of the Cheshire Cat.

Brandon reached out his hand. 'Every adventure requires a first step. Shall we?'

Natalie picked up her matching handbag from beside the door, took his hand and stepped out, closing the door behind her. His hand was warm and steady, she felt like she needed it. With a gulp, she replied, 'We shall.'

\* \* \*

His car was parked just a short walk from the building. Much to her amusement, he made sure to get to the passenger door first and open it for her. 'Milady,' he said with a grin and a little bow.

*He's not going to let that go, is he.* 'Well thank you, that is a first. I don't think I've had a car door held for me before.'

He shut it after her and scooted around to his side, sliding in behind the wheel. 'It's been quite the weekend for first times, hasn't it.' He turned to her, looking a little more serious. 'Are you doing okay, not too much for you?'

'No, I'm doing good I think. I mean, it feels like a whirlwind, I hadn't even met you this time yesterday.'

'I know, I feel the same.' He put his hand, palm up, on the centre divider between them. She looked at it, it was a subtle invite that she accepted, putting her fingers into his hand. 'You know what I've discovered, Natalie?'

She pressed her thumb to his fingers, holding onto him a little. 'What's that?'

'You only get a first time, once.'

She furrowed her brows. 'I'm not sure what that means.'

'I'm... I'm normally very cautious, even kind of shy. I know right, hard to believe. But my natural tendency is to take things slow.'

'This is slow?'

He squeezed her hand. 'No, no this is anything but slow. But when I find a beautiful girl, who thinks beautiful things, things that make my heart race, I want to make that first time as special as I can.'

'By "first time" you mean...?'

'I mean everything. Our first messages. The first date, the first... everything. It is completely crazy that I even asked you to, you know, the Lush.'

'You're telling me. Even the fact you know it's there makes me want to curl up and hide.'

'And yet?' he prompted.

'And yet, this is a fantasy coming to life. You are a fantasy coming to life. I have to keep pinching myself.'

'Hey, that's my job.' He gave her palm a playful pinch and she laughed. His fingers stroked her palm where he'd done it. 'But yeah, it's not just you thinking that way. I was nervous asking you to do that, but it just felt right. And oh, my, God. "Make me regret giving it to you." Are you fucking kidding me? I have not been able to stop thinking about that since you said it.'

Her eyes met his, 'Really?'

He nodded slowly. 'Really, really.' He lifted his hand up and did a little tappity-tap on the steering wheel. 'Okay, so two things I didn't want to forget. Firstly, what do you think I'm going to remind you about?'

Natalie tried to think but was still trying to process what he'd just told her. He saw she was struggling so he continued, 'What's at the end of the road?' He nodded out of the windscreen.

She looked forward. It was just the exit onto the main road. *What's he mean? Wait, I know*, 'Traffic lights!' she announced, pleased with herself. 'Yellow, red, safewords. That I can use safewords, this is still kind of a scene even if it's a date.'

He looked genuinely impressed. 'Yes, damn, exactly that. You're a smart little bunny aren't you.' She tried not to smile too hard, she'd put a lot of effort into her make-up.

'But, you missed one. Green.'

'Green is a safeword?'

'It can be, yeah. "Green for go." It isn't about stopping, it's a positive safeword, one I can use too, to check in with you.'

'Interesting. Why though?'

'Safewords are just as much for me as they are for you, Natalie. Sure, they give you a way to cut through everything and tell me you're close to your limit, or need to stop. But if I'm confident you're comfortable using them, it frees me up to go for it. I know that whatever I'm doing is with your consent.'

*Fuck me, he's so hot when he's in teacher mode.* She kind of got it but didn't want the lesson to stop. 'Right but why green, why isn't me *not* using yellow or red enough?'

'Because consent is sexy as hell. It's great knowing you're comfortable stopping things but it's even hotter to have you tell me to go for it.'

She nodded her head. 'That's cool!'

'It is. So yeah, I don't use it much but sometimes I just want that extra signal, a positive check-in, to make sure you're not just okay, but awesome.'

'Green for go, go, go.'

He chuckled. 'Exactly. Alright so, secondly,' he reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out his phone, 'you're in control for the journey.' He unlocked the screen and handed it to her.

'In control of... ohhhh!' She saw the Lovense app open. 'For the journey?'

'Mhmm.'

'But, how should I use it?'

'How about you turn it up for how turned on you are?' he suggested.

'Good lord, I'll cum before we get to the traffic lights.'

He laughed. 'You can cum from it in you?'

'Actually, no, bugger, I can't. Only if it's on my clit.'

'Can't cum from it inside, or haven't cum from it?' He looked at her pointedly and grinned.

She went quiet. *Oh shit I am so out of my depth here.* As her dad used to say, 'Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and to remove all doubt.' She decided to change the subject, looking at the clock. 'Are we going to be late?'

'No, we're just on time.'

She thought for a moment. 'Wait, did you *build in time* to have a safeword chat before we drove? Did you plan this?'

'Yep.'

Natalie shook her head. 'That's... Do you plan everything?'

'As much as I can, yes. And why not? You get twice the fun – planning *and* doing.'

She giggled at his enthusiasm, relaxing a bit more. 'That's such a dom thing to say.' She looked back at him, but his face was more serious than she expected. 'What is it?'

He'd turned and was looking forward. 'I was just thinking, there are some things you can't plan for.' He looked back towards her, biting his lip again, then blowing out a breath. 'I sure as hell did *not* plan for you.'

*What does that mean?* She stayed quiet again.

He didn't seem to expect a reply, snapping back into a happy smirk. 'Are we green?'

'We are full Kermit.' She didn't know where that came from but the way he laughed at it made her chest swell.

'Full Kermit indeed. I love that.' He checked her seatbelt was done up then looked at his phone in her hand, she'd pushed up the vibrations without him noticing, it was strong enough that he could hear the hum.

She caught his glance, her mouth opening a little as her breath sped up. 'You only get a first time, once, right?' she managed to say.

'Amen to that,' he said quietly, dragging his eyes to the road ahead and starting the car

# Tea and Trepidation

The drive was relatively uneventful, which was remarkable given the little task he'd given her. He didn't mention the vibrator at all, acting as though it were all perfectly normal. Natalie appreciated that, but the fact he was ignoring it was also something of a mindfuck. It made her push it up higher, trying to get the sound of it to cut through the road noise.

That wasn't very smart, as the rule of 'set it to how aroused you are' turned it into a feedback loop which sent her mind places that sometimes made her gasp.

He didn't ignore *that* though. 'What are you thinking about?' he'd say every time she made a noise, eyes still on the road. She hesitated at first, making him coax it out of her. But by the fourth or fifth time, she'd just give up, and would immediately admit what recollection from the night before had come to mind.

The most memorable response was something different though, when she'd straight up come out and said, 'I was imagining being here, like this, but naked.'

He shifted the rear-view mirror so he could more safely look into her eyes. She could see the smile in his gaze, 'I've been thinking that most of the journey'

The vibe was on full until they pulled into the restaurant car park just a few minutes later.

'I'll get the door.' He got out, went around and opened up hers. 'I'll take that, please.' She handed him the phone and let out a sigh of relief as the vibrations finally ceased. Of course, she instantly missed them, but a break would be good.

He reached out his hand again, helping her up. Natalie took a sharp intake of breath, 'Oh God.'

'Oh, gravity kicked in did it?' He chuckled.

Natalie had known she was getting wet in the car, the whole situation, plus the vibe, ensured that, but the extent of it only hit her as she stood. 'Well that's these panties ruined,' she tried to joke, the sensation of it overpowering.

'Oh no, saturated knickers are never ruined—' he took her hand and began to slowly walk, '—they make an excellent gag.'

She was forced to follow, every step making her panties more uncomfortable.

‘They’re probably not as wet as you think they are, it just feels like that,’ he tried to reassure her.

‘They are absolutely as wet as I think they are. It feels like I peed my pants...’ *or worse, I can’t tell him that though.*

Trying to walk across the gravel in the crazy heels, and cope with what was going on between her legs was all getting a bit overwhelming. But something caught both their attention and proved a useful distraction. As they walked through a flower-covered arch the gravel turned into a bright green, fake grass path beneath their feet. Thankfully, it was a bit easier to walk on. But that wasn’t what they were both focused on. At the end of the path stood a bright red, double-decker London bus. A neon ‘Reception’ sign hung next to the door.

‘Oh my God, that is so cool!’ Natalie declared, a little loudly. The couple waiting in line before them half-turned their heads.

‘I know, isn’t it funky! Look at this place, it’s brilliant.’ He swept his arm around.

She continued to distract herself, examining the quirky garden, with low trimmed hedges combined with palm trees and Romanesque patios where other diners sat in the afternoon sun, drinking and enjoying the conversation.

He turned to her, smiling. ‘I’ve booked us in for afternoon tea. It’s something quite special, or so I’ve heard.’

Natalie laughed. ‘Afternoon tea, now the time makes sense. Oh, I love it, thank you, this is a brilliant idea.’

The pretty receptionist called the couple in front of them up, and they took a step forward too. Natalie was sharply reminded of what was happening in her panties. ‘Brandon,’ she whispered, ‘it’s literally dripping down my thigh. Please, I don’t like it.’

He leaned in closer, talking quietly. ‘Okay, I hear you. We’re next in line, you can go straight to the bathroom now, or stay with me here and go before you even have to sit.’

Natalie huffed out a breath. Her failure this morning was still playing on her mind. She wanted to show him what she could do. ‘I’ll stay.’

She shut her eyes, feeling the trail of wetness hit her stockings. In all the times she’d played, she’d never felt this happen before. She’d assumed all the descriptions of women dripping that she read in her books were just hyperbole. *Apparently not.*

Unfortunately, the couple in front appeared to be booking into the hotel, not just there to eat, and it was taking ages. Natalie felt the wetness seeping down her leg, making her stocking damp. She could feel her pulse rising, her breathing was getting fast and shallow.

‘Natalie, are you okay?’ he’d picked up on her state.

She shook her head, she couldn’t speak. Tears started to form in her eyes. *I don’t like it, I don’t like it.* She just wanted to run away. Run to the bathroom, get clean.

‘Natalie, look at me.’ He took both her hands. ‘Breathe. That’s it. I’ve got you. But listen to me. You’re okay. You can choose how to react. Keep breathing, good girl. I can take you to the bathroom or…’

‘Sir, can I help you?’ the receptionist called out to him. He didn’t even turn his head, his eyes stayed completely fixed on Natalie’s, he held up his palm towards the bus, then raised just his first finger to indicate one minute.’

*Or what? She could only think.*

He paused, she could see he was thinking. ‘Or… I’ll go down on my knees right here, and clean you up.’

‘Fuck.’ Something switched in her head, that was all she could think about. *Fuck.* She sniffed and broke out into a teary giggle. ‘That’s quite the image.’

He shook his head a little. ‘I’m not even kidding.’

‘Sir?’ said the receptionist, sounding a little more annoyed. He still ignored her.

‘You okay? I’ve got you.’

She just nodded and squeezed his hand, wiping away the solitary tear that was on her cheek. *He’s got me.*

He turned, putting on a beaming smile and stepping up holding her hand. ‘Hi, thanks for waiting. Tea for two. Brandon Evans.’

The shock of his suggestion had helped. She could actually take in what he’d just said. *Evans, that’s nice. Damn, my first date was with a guy whose name I didn’t even know. That can’t be usual.*

She shifted, her panties uncomfortable against her, the Lush feeling very obvious as she stood next to him. *None of this is usual.* She felt a bit better though. That image he’d planted in her head had really done the trick, snapping her out of the panic cycle she could feel was setting in. *He’s good at this.*

‘Natalie?’ he took her hand. ‘Doing better?’

‘Yes, much. Sorry, I was daydreaming.’ She stepped up next to him and they walked around the curve of a little walled pond teeming with koi carp, heading towards the entrance of the restaurant.

‘I’ve booked a table inside.’

‘Oh, but we could sit out here, it’s a lovely day.’

‘It is, and normally I would but inside, well—’ she saw a little grin appear, ‘—it’s a bit more private.’

‘Oh?’ She realised why. ‘Oh.’

# Toodle Loo

They were led to their table by a pretty waitress in a black and white dress, not too unlike what Natalie was wearing. *At least I'm not feeling too overdressed.*

'Hi, I'm Branagh, you're having the afternoon tea, is that right? How's this table?'

Natalie began to sit down, but Brandon hadn't. He was looking around the large room. It was rather eccentric. Thick wooden beams everywhere, little nooks and rooms shooting off in every direction. Further down they could see a large bar area with all kinds of accent lighting showing off the steel furnishings, and old wooden beams.

'How about up there?' He pointed to a little set of ten or so steps that led up the side of the bar to what seemed like another side room.

'Umm, I don't think the tables are laid in there. We only use it when it's busier.'

'Don't worry, we don't mind waiting. Thank you so much.'

The waitress paused for a moment, taking in his charming smile. It seemed she couldn't resist it either. 'Okay, just give me a minute.'

'Perfect, thank you so much, and where's the bathroom?' He turned to Natalie. 'That gives you time to go to clean up.'

'Are you sure? I don't mind, I'm okay now.'

'I insist.'

She stared at him for a moment too, no charming smile to persuade her, just his words. *Damn, why is this so hot?* 'Thank you.'

She turned and headed to where the waitress had indicated, quickly awed by the wonderful, eccentric furnishings. Every area was different, leather or velvet chairs, some low down like a Turkish cafe, others high and posh around wooden tables. The little she knew about the place was their famous bedrooms, each one unique, incredibly furnished, and notably expensive.

She was thinking about how much the afternoon tea was going to cost, and then realised she didn't know if she was supposed to pay half. That thought filled most of her head until she was sat on the loo, facing the reality of what she'd only felt.

Her panties were slick with her juices. In most cases, she'd have just taken them off but they were attached to her stockings, she was stuck with them. *He probably planned that too.* She chuckled. The pink silicone end of the Lush vibe was poking out straight now the

panties weren't curling it up. She gave that a wipe too. It accidentally pulled forward an inch, the wide body of the toy inside her sliding right over her g-spot.

'Oh fuck!' she said out loud. It felt unbelievably good. She tried it again, this time pushing it in. It was even better. Before she knew it she was slowly pushing the Lush back and forth with one hand, and her other fingers inevitably started rubbing at her clit. The ride in the car, the constant stimulation, it had gotten her body into a frenzy. She needed this.

That image of him, casting aside his jacket, dropping to his knees in front of everyone at reception, lifting her skirt and cleaning her, with his tongue, she could feel him, feel the gaze of everyone. 'Yes, he's mine,' she'd stare at all the onlookers. *Oh yes, this feels so good, yes, this is it.* She was getting closer and closer, fucking, rubbing, losing track of time in her bliss.

*Buzz* went the Lush, just for an instant, but the shock of it, the extra stimulation totally surprising her, made her let out a little yelp.

*Brandon you little...*

'Are you okay in there?' said an older lady's voice from the next booth.

*Oh my GOD, I'm not alone in here!* She hadn't even thought to check. She tried not to think of what noises she, and her body had been making the last few minutes. 'Yes, yes I'm fine, thank you, sorry.'

There was no reply. She had to get out of there before her secret listener did. She could only imagine the embarrassment of standing next to her at the sink. Natalie whipped up her knickers, smoothed down her skirt and flushed, almost jogging to wash her hands and leave.

## Tea for Two

She found her way back to the little room, climbing the stairs to find Brandon sitting in a semi-circular nook at the end of the room. He was the only one in there, facing the doorway with one leg over the other like a king on a throne waiting for his subject to approach.

‘Oh you didn’t get lost, I was about to send a rescue party.’

‘No, thanks. Your *tracker* found me,’ she said shaking her head.

He didn’t look as apologetic as he had at her front door. ‘Well you know I wouldn’t normally do that, but I keep remembering this thing you said.’

‘Well, you’re certainly making progress towards that.’ She laughed, he was looking a little more sympathetic now. ‘A woman heard me.’

‘Oh no. The buzz of it. It was only supposed to be a tiny one.’

‘Well more my scream, and the stuff before.’ *Fuck my life, Natalie why did you tell him that.*

He patted the wooden chair next to him. ‘Oh really! Natalie — were you masturbating in the toilets when you were just sent to clean up?’

She looked around, she couldn’t believe he said that out loud, but they had the entire little room to themselves. She dropped into the seat, her panties making their cool wetness very apparent as soon as she made contact with the wooden seat.

‘Possibly the most embarrassing ever to happen to me.’

‘Since last night?’

She laughed. ‘You’re so right, since last night.’ She looked at him, hoping he’d forget his request.

He didn’t. ‘Details.’

‘But, but...’

He brought his phone out onto the table, and slid his finger a little up the screen. Instantly the vibrations began inside her making her give an involuntary moan.

‘Oh is that how you sounded?’ he asked.

Her breathing became ragged as he pushed his finger higher, the vibrations tormenting her extra sensitive g-spot. There was only one thing she could say, ‘Fuck you,’ she moaned, staring into his eyes.

'Oh someone's got a mouth on her. I kind of like that, Princess. Hands on the table.' She hadn't realised but she'd been flailing them around, unsure what to do with them. As soon as her palms pressed against the cool wood he pushed the vibrator the maximum. Her entire world consisted of what was happening inside her. And his finger. Something about the fact she wasn't in control, as he slid his finger up and down near the top of the scale, took it all to another level. She clenched her hands, but pushed them down again, wanting to do what he'd told her.

She was suddenly able to breathe again as he reduced the intensity. She let out a few big breaths. 'Wow.'

He smiled, moving the vibrations up and down gently, but at the low end of the scale now. 'Details.'

'You're unstoppable aren't you,' she said.

'That makes two of us.'

She gave in, starting to describe the scene, realising immediately the effect it was having on him. His hand touched hers, fingers on top of where she'd laid them at his command. She tried her best to describe how the pleasure felt, accidentally playing with the toy, how she got carried away. He didn't look away from her eyes or mouth the entire time. But suddenly the vibrations ceased, and he looked away. She followed his glance and then heard the waitress struggling up the stairs. *He was making sure it was private the whole time.*

'Hi, Branagh,' he made it sound like she was a friend already. 'Wow, those look amazing.' He turned and said to Natalie under his breath. 'Keep your hands where they are.'

She'd been just about to move them, and now he'd said she couldn't, everything in her screamed to do it anyway. But she didn't. As she watched Branagh come over, awkwardly just fitting the plate between her hands, she still kept them in place. Natalie couldn't help but think of that scene in one of her favourite films, *Secretary*, where the infinitely sexy Maggie Gyllenhaal sits at James Spader's desk and refuses to move her hands from where he set them.

'There's a selection of 16 different teas,' the waitress said. She went to give the printed list to Natalie, apparently seeing if she'd move her hands. She didn't, and she gave up and handed it to Brandon.

He quickly glanced down the list. 'Jasmine Pearls and Flowering Osmanthus, please.'

*Wait, is that two different ones?* From the way the waitress nodded and turned away, apparently it was. *Oh my God, he just ordered for me. Why is that so hot?* 'You just ordered for me,' she said once they had the room to themselves.

'I did.' He gave a big smile.

'How do you know what I want?'

‘Well, normally that’s something I’d learn. But do you have any idea what Flowering Ozymandius is,’ he grinned, getting it deliberately wrong, ‘or Jasmine Pearls?’ She shook her head. ‘Nope, neither do I, they just sounded cool. More importantly, how was it for you, having me order like that?’

‘It was super, super hot. I’m a little surprised by how much. Maybe it’s the hand things too.’ She glanced down.

He made a happy sound. ‘Do you have any idea how hot it is that you didn’t move your hands?’

‘Not really. I just kept thinking of that scene in—’

‘Secretary. I know right. Super, super hot.’ He stroked the back of her hand as he echoed her words.

‘Thankfully, you don’t have to keep them there all day. This all looks amazing, let’s eat.’

They both admired the different tiers of food that had arrived in two stacked tea trays, one full set each. On the bottom white plate were sandwiches unlike any Natalie had ever seen, thick, fresh bread curved into a tear shape with the filling in the middle.

The next layer was two fresh scones with miniature pots of jam and a little glass bowl of clotted cream. And then the top plate, which Natalie couldn’t keep her eyes off, was crammed full of beautiful French patisserie. Little fruit tartlets, mini caramel eclairs, big chocolate eclairs, some kind of fancy cupcakes, and most enticing of all, a chocolate parfait that made her mouth water.

Her thoughts were interrupted by him pouring her a glass of water. ‘Drink up. All of it. You can move your hands now.’ She dutifully drank the small glass of water as he watched. She had a question for him by the time she was done. ‘The ordering thing, was that hot for you?’

‘Not especially. It’d have been fun to discuss the options with you.’

‘What, so wait, why did you do it?’

‘Because I guessed it’d do something special to you.’

‘You guessed right.’ She started poking the different sandwiches, taking one that she guessed was filled with salmon mousse. It mostly smelt of fresh lemon, but one little bite confirmed she was right, and it was delicious. ‘But is that how it’s supposed to work?’ she asked when she’d swallowed.

‘What do you mean?’ he asked before he had his first bite, he’d started with the salmon too.

‘I mean, isn’t this supposed to be about what you want?’

He smiled, ‘No, well only if I’m a truly shitty dom, and true, there are a lot of them about. And obviously, my needs matter too. But a good dominant, in any kind of scene, will put your needs first, so that you are ultimately still in control.’

‘With safewords, you mean?’

‘Yes, that’s part of it, but, in my opinion, it should go much deeper. The Lush, for example,’ he waved his fingers over his phone which made her freeze, sandwich halfway in her mouth until he picked up his food again too. ‘Me suggesting you wear this, it’s hot for me, absolutely, but that wasn’t what prompted it.’

She gulped down the last of the sandwich, coughing a little. He poured her more water without her asking. *I like him doing that.* She made a final cough and then asked, ‘What did prompt it?’

‘A question.’ He finished off his sandwich too, chewing slowly with a smile, enjoying making her wait. He raised his eyes appreciatively that she waited patiently and gave a little nod. ‘Specifically, the question, “What can I do to blow this amazing girl’s mind?”’

Natalie felt a flash of heat spread from her face all down her body. ‘Well, in that regard, Mister Evans, you are seriously overachieving. Shall we, umm, move onto the scones.’ She was eyeing the patisseries but felt obligated to move through the scones to get there.

‘I was hoping our tea would, oh look, speak of the devil.’

The waitress appeared up the stairs again, carrying a tray with two teapots, and some beautiful wide, white teacups. One teapot was white china too, but the other was glass. She set them down on the table, there was no water in them. In the glass one, however, there were little green balls of something. ‘I’ll just etch the water.’

‘Ohh, that looks intriguing.’ Natalie shook the glass teapot. ‘Jasmine pearls do you reckon? I thought they might be like Starbucks bubble coffee.’

‘I mean it’s a fifty-fifty chance that’s the Jasmine. Speaking of chances, how quiet do you think you can be if she comes back?’ He tapped his phone screen to bring it to life. ‘If you can manage to not draw attention to yourself you can have control of this. I reckon the music in here will cover it up to about—’ his finger slid up, ‘—about there.’

The vibrator once again came to life. Natalie squirmed in her seat. He chuckled, ‘You’re not going to win the game like that.’

‘Fucking hell,’ she muttered, trying to keep her body from twisting and turning from the pleasure he was giving her.

‘Maybe you just don’t want control of it.’ He tutted.

‘Maybe not,’ she agreed, ‘but I hate losing.’ She looked to the entrance where Branagh was returning, took a deep breath, and with a smirk at the mean man teasing her, put her hands back on the table just where they’d been earlier.

Besides her slightly heavy breathing she managed to watch with interest as the boiling water was poured on what they’d correctly guessed was the Jasmine pearls, and they opened up, unfolding to become much larger, filling a third of the teapot. The waitress filled the other teapot too. ‘Leave them a few minutes to brew, enjoy!’ she said cheerily, without even a lingering glance.

Natalie sighed as the vibrations were taken back down. She looked at Brandon with expectation and got her reward. 'Good girl,' he said, and slid over the phone to her.

To his surprise she pushed her fingers right up the screen, the vibration audible now above the music. She beamed at him. 'Gotta let it brew, right?' She let out a moan, half because her body needed it, and half to see what effect it had on him.

She was pleased with the results.

# A Woman Sconed

After four scones with jam and cream and a few unusual cups of tea later, they were both eyeing up the top tier of patisseries.

They had debated which goes on top of the scone, cream or jam, and decided that their disagreement wouldn't be a reason to end the date. Natalie knew she was right with the cream on top, no matter what he said.

The vibe on high hadn't lasted long, but she had shown Brandon how to teach it a pattern to repeat, which he'd enjoyed enormously. Somehow he'd been able to create one that was random enough to surprise her each time it went through the cycle. She was ridiculously wet, and hornier than she knew was possible when not hours deep into edging to taboo pornography.

She was just about to reach for the parfait when he stopped her. 'Can I ask you something? Two things actually.'

She dragged her attention away from the chocolate, it wasn't easy, and back to him. 'Of course, anything.'

'Firstly, I'd love to touch you. May I?'

She let out a little squeak, that was not what she was expecting. 'Umm, yes. Like what kind of touching?'

'Just this.' He shuffled his chair a little closer and laid his hand on her thigh. 'God I've been aching to do that since you got in the car.'

'You... don't have to ask if you don't want to. You could just put your hand there,' she said quietly.

'Thank you, and, yes, right now I do need to ask. It's one of the quirks of being kinky, sometimes it means being a bit less spontaneous than others might.'

She thought about that for a moment. 'You asking *is* hot. But you not asking would be even hotter I think.'

'Noted, thank you. Okay, the other question, this is harder, but I'm thinking the Lush might help. Tell me about what happened in the queue earlier'

'I'm sorry. It was stupid of me to...'

He squeezed her leg firmly. 'Stop, stop, stop. Natalie, no. Don't you dare apologise.' His fingers moved to a comforting stroke and she parted her legs a little in response. 'It was

absolutely okay. You are allowed to not like stuff. You are allowed to struggle. You are allowed to freak out. Help me though, tell me what it was like for you.'

*I can't tell him what I'm thinking, can I?* 'I, well it just got a bit too much. It was...' she paused.

'Go on, help me get to understand it better'

'I'm not sure this is something you want to hear, like this.'

'Okay, now I'm even more interested. It's okay, tell me, please.'

*Sometimes you do use 'please' to ask...* 'Fine, it felt like my period. It felt like when my period is leaking.' She looked at him, expecting disgust, or disbelief. All she got was a nod and a squeeze of her thigh. 'That, doesn't gross you out?' she asked.

'No. I mean periods aren't fun, especially painful ones. I was often aware of just how easy us guys have it.'

'When you were in a relationship?'

'Right. But I guess, there's more to it than that - it brings back specific feelings? Memories of when you felt like that.'

'Yeah, totally. There's not a girl I know who doesn't have some horror story of leaking, and it's usually early on, and somewhat traumatic.'

'I had just not considered that. Thank you for being so open. You're remarkable.'

Natalie blushed. Talking about periods was not part of any first date fantasy she'd ever had, but even with this, he made her feel... special. Nonetheless, she wanted to change the topic. 'I think I'm making a big wet spot on my dress.'

'I thought you might, but it's black so I didn't worry too much. There's a solution though.'

'If you tell me you brought panty liners I'll love you forever.' She stopped, realising, again, she'd said something stupid.

'Oh will you, Natalie. If only I'd known I'd had brought a dozen. No, my solution is simpler. Do you want to know what it is or...'

'Yes.'

He laughed, 'I haven't finished. Or... do you want me to just tell you to do it?'

*What's it going to be? Go clean up? Somehow, I think not. You only get a first time once.* 'Tell me to do it.'

He breathed out a happy sigh. 'Excellent. Stand up.'

She took a moment, then pushed herself up on the table. The vibe was still buzzing inside her, and it moved to somewhere new which brought a fresh wave of sensations.

'Good girl. Reach under your dress, hook your fingers around your knickers, and pull them down around your knees.'

'What?! But, but...' She tried to think of a good excuse. 'They're all in one, connected to the stockings.'

‘That’s why it’s your knees and not the floor Hurry up, someone might come.’

She found herself sliding her hands down, and then up, under her dress, her thumbs hooking under the sides of her knickers. Her pulse was thrumming in her ears. *Fuck*. She pulled them down, she could feel the end of the Lush catch on the material and wiggle as it was set free. Her knickers fell, held at her knees, below the hemline of the dress. She was incredibly aware of her bare bottom under the material, and that he knew everything. ‘Now what?’ she managed to stutter

He smiled. ‘Now, lift your dress at the back, and plant your bare, wet bottom, right on the seat.’

‘But...’ she was about to protest about hygiene, he cut her off.

‘I wiped it down with anti-bac wipes before you came in.’

Her astonishment at this fact overtook all else. ‘You wiped it down?’ *He wanted me to do this, from the start, that’s crazy.*

‘I like to plan,’ he reminded her. He grinned, a smug grin that made her want to turn around and moon him with her bare arse more than anything. But she didn’t. She lifted the back of her dress, and sat, her wet thighs and bottom directly on the wooden seat. As soon as she did the vibrations were turned up, she let out a moan, wanting to push her mound into the seat, but didn’t dare with him watching.

‘How, how exactly does this help?’

He leaned in, fingers of one hand controlling the vibe up and down as his other hand slipped under her dress, sliding up her thigh and pausing, right at the apex. ‘Green?’ he whispered.

‘Full fucking Kermit.’ She moaned out loud as his fingertip found her swollen, neglected clit, masturbating her as he dove the vibrations inside her to a new height.

‘You know, Princess. I’d have planned to make you cum right now, cum hard, all over that fucking seat.’

‘Oh God, yes please, please make me cum.’

‘Oh, you say that, but I know, Natalie, I know what you really want. Orgasms are for other girls, this is what you’re for, my little denial slut, just the edge for you.’

‘Oh fuck, please, I’m so close, let me cum, let me cum!’

‘Nu-uh, this is it, feel the regret, know how much this is turning me on, keeping you like this, depriving you of the release you crave so much.’

‘Oh God, no, please, let me cum!’

‘I don’t believe you, Princess. I don’t think you want it.’

‘Oh my God but I do,’ she cried. ‘I always want it, I always need it. Please, please!’ She looked to him, his eyes taking everything in, his fingers unrelenting as he weighed up her request.

His eyes narrowed a little, his voice low and teasing. 'You really want to cum? You want to cum here, in a fucking restaurant, like a little virgin slut with a stranger's hand between her legs.'

'Yes, yes, oh please, I can cum, just say it, just say it. Please Sir, may I cum?'

He didn't reply straight away, pushing her hard, as though his fingers were seeing if they could make her betray her self-control. She fought it, she held off, nothing would make her cum now, nothing but his permission. She could see the realisation in his eyes. *This is it, he's going to let me, oh God.*

'No.'

'What?' she yelled, in true surprise. 'Oh fuck no, I beg you.'

He just smiled, his fingers slowing as the vibrations did too. 'You heard me, Princess. No.'

'Oh fuck.' She fell back against the chair, the tension falling away, her best efforts to cum, or to hold it off, rendered futile. His fingers massaged her mound and then returned to her thigh, keeping skin on skin contact. She tried to speak, 'I thought...' her breathing was fast, sucking in air.

'Shush, don't talk, just come down, good girl. You did so well, I'm very proud of you. Although you do say "fuck" a lot, quite the mouth on you. Who'd have guessed?'

She shook her head gently, her hair a little damp with her sweat, blowing it off her face with little breaths. He handed her a glass of water, she grabbed it, and his hand, not letting go of either as she drank it down. 'Holy crap, that was crazy.'

'I know right, wow. That was... I was *trying* to make you cum, you have crazy self-control.'

She snorted. 'I have a lot of practise.' She opened one eye, 'You were trying to make me cum?'

'Yeah, pretty hard, the vibe was on full, my fingers, doing all they can. I'm impressed.'

'You'll just have to try harder next time.' She grinned, pushing herself back up. 'Oh my God, I'm going to slide off this chair if I'm not careful. Oh, here they come.'

Brandon looked towards the door, but there was no one there. 'Who?'

Natalie grabbed the chocolate parfait off the top plate with no elegance whatsoever, and bit half of it and moaned again, with a different pleasure. She answered his question, 'The post-edging munchies,' she said with her mouth still full of chocolate.

He laughed loudly. 'I read edging suppresses your appetite.'

'Oh, it can, but when you do it that hard, yeah...' She popped the other half of the chocolate in, answering with her mouth full. 'It uses up a lot of energy.' She was delighting in the way he was devouring everything she was doing, sucking the chocolate suggestively off her fingers. The denial high was seriously kicking in. 'It's not as bad as if you'd let me cum. I'd be sticking everything on the table in my mouth.'

‘Oh really.’ He widened his eyes, suggestively.

She ignored his subtle innuendo, and grabbed the cream-filled éclair off the plate. He still hadn’t touched his desserts, she was completely captivating his attention, and she loved it. ‘Mhmmmm,’ she said, putting her lips to the tip of the éclair, opening her mouth around it.

‘Damn,’ he said instinctively. ‘I’m regretting I didn’t say “yes” now.’

‘They’d have heard me cumming in the garden.’ Natalie giggled and bit off the end of the éclair. He winced slightly, but the cream left coating her lips had him fixated. Watching him lose control just a little bit was really exciting her.

But that didn’t last long, he leaned close as she was about to bite more of the éclair. ‘You make me hungry,’ he said, opening his mouth. *Damn he is full of surprises, and that is so hot.*

She licked her lips and turned the éclair to him, putting it into his mouth. Watching him slowly bite it off was inexplicably erotic. But she was feeling naughty. As he opened it up for the last bite, she gave the éclair a squeeze and even more effectively than she hoped, the cream shot out the end and ended up on his nose and cheek. ‘Whoops,’ she dared, suddenly a little unsure if that was a good idea.

Much to her relief after a moment’s pause, he burst into laughter. ‘Well, there’s a first date story, the girl who creamed on my face.’ She joined in the laughter, relieved at his reaction. He grinned as he wiped his face with a napkin, ‘You show a distinct lack of decorum, Princess.’

‘I’m sitting here with my bare arse sliding on my chair, at your request. I think decorum flew out the window a while back.’

‘Good point.’

After he’d cleaned up — he did indeed have wipes in his pocket — they both got stuck in, working through the rest of the food. She was ravenous, he less so, seeming to watch her eat more than focus on the food himself.

# Finishing Off

‘Did you try this one?’ Natalie waved the little tartlet at him. She could feel the denial high combining with a sugar high, and he seemed amused at the effects.

‘No, I believe you ate my one of those.’

‘Oh my God, did I? Sorry, do you want it?’ She waved it back at him.

He laughed, ‘No no, I’m full. Although I do fancy some coffee. How about you?’

‘Life begins after coffee,’ she quoted. ‘Yes please.’

‘How’d you like it?’ he asked, standing to catch the waitresses’ attention.

‘Just like myself, dark, bitter and hot.’ She grinned. ‘Sorry, saw that on Tumblr. Latte, please.’

‘Long, milky with cream on top, gotcha.’ He winked.

He soon returned. ‘I’ve never used Tumblr, is it still a thing?’

Natalie sighed. ‘It was a big thing, then they screwed it all up.’

‘What happened?’

‘It was the coolest community for pretty safely exploring kinky stuff. Lots of good discussions, hot pictures and stories to inspire you. But they banned lots of adult content and broke the rest of it.’

‘I’m sorry. I really haven’t done much of the online stuff. Where else is there for that kind of thing?’

‘Nowhere really, that’s the problem. The best of them is probably Fetlife, but that’s pretty hardcore. And for every good thing on there, there are a dozen fake doms trying to pick up subs because they think being submissive means being easy.’

‘Oh, that sounds ghastly.’

‘It’s better than most places.’ She shuddered. ‘You have no idea what trying to explore your kink online is like. Especially for girls.’

‘Tell me.’

*I can’t tell you most of it, you’d think I was even stupider than you imagine.* ‘Okay, well, you get how strong these feelings are, right?’

‘I do.’ He nodded.

This was one of her pet topics. She sat up. ‘Right, so imagine horny, naive, curious girls, actually guys, trans folk too, all of us, just submissives right?’ He nodded. ‘Imagine us, not

daring to share with anyone in real life, but finding this enticing world of kinky stuff to read and watch and then find out you can talk to people about.'

'I can see a problem coming.'

'Exactly we're all desperate to find what we read about and imagine, and I mean, desperate. We often won't even tell our best friends. But online, you're anonymous, you can say what you want. You can take risks. You can think you found what you're looking for.'

'Only think?' he asked.

'Oh no, I mean for sure, some find it. But that's not who we attract. We attract the sharks. It's like feeding time every day. Fake, or sometimes even real doms, male and sometimes female too, who hunt for little naive idiots to screw with, use, abuse, manipulate, and worse.'

'Natalie?' He put his other hand on hers, she realised she was grabbing his very tightly. 'They aren't idiots, they're just innocent. Sometimes-' he paused for a long time. '-sometimes we learn from our mistakes, and it makes us who we are now.' He searched for something to say. 'If it makes you feel any better that does happen offline too.' He looked pensive, but she was on a rant and didn't notice.

'It doesn't really, it shouldn't be happening to anyone.'

'I totally agree. So, what can be done about it?'

'Well not closing down the only fucking safe places we have, for one. But umm, I don't know. Education really. Just helping the curious newbies know the basics, how to keep safe, how to not fall for the sharks. At least offline there were real people who'd often look out for newbies, and the sharks were beaten back. Online, anyone can pretend to be anything, and there's no one watching out for us.'

'You mean like BDSM munches, clubs, stuff like that?' Brandon asked.

'Yeah, although, God, they are so old school. I'd never think of going to one, so that leaves me back where I started. Did you do that kind of thing?'

'No actually. I get what you mean. I wouldn't say old school. My uni had a BDSM club that was really progressive, but it was much more about showing others what you were and for me, the challenge was to figure out who I was.'

Natalie relaxed a little. 'Maybe that's the real education. Figuring out yourself first.' She looked up at him. 'What about you, how did you discover this side to yourself?'

'Oh, that is a long story. But briefly, my first girlfriend was into bits of it, that started my interest, and it ended up being greater than hers.'

'How old were you then?'

'Oh like, 18 through to 21, basically for most of university. All of it actually.'

'Right.' *Is this normal, talking about exs. He seems okay with it.*

'And then I was in a short but very intense relationship after that. That was messy, but I learned a lot. Had a bit of a break then, I needed to sort myself out. I won't say too much.'

'Of course.' *Okay, maybe he's not so okay with it.*

'And then there was Annabelle, who I was with a couple of years until last month when I found out she was cheating on me.'

'Oh no. I'm so sorry.' She put her hand on top of his.

'Yeah, the plan was to take a break from everything for a while.' He looked pointedly at her, and then smirked. 'And then you got stuck on a fucking pole, and hee we are.'

'Whoops.' She couldn't help smiling.

'Whoops.' He echoed the phrase, and the smile.

'So, you're how old now?'

'Twenty-seven. You're...'

'Twenty-four.' She saw his look. She knew what he was thinking, she was embarrassed.

He saw, and like a gentleman, changed the topic. 'I'll get the bill.' Natalie reached down to get her bag. 'No, no, this is on me. In fact, you can just assume it's always on me.'

The feminist in her bristled. 'You know what happens if you assume, Brandon?' From the look on his face, he clearly didn't. 'You make an ass, of you, and me!' She smiled, happy with the pun her dad had taught her

'I'll remember that. Sage advice.'

She pouted, feeling obligated to object, 'And what if I *want* to pay?'

He put both his hands on the table and leaned in close. 'Don't you worry, Princess. I'll find ways for you to pay.'

The look in his eyes caused a fresh tingle inside her, she couldn't look away. Her mouth opened, ready to say something clever but failing. 'Oh.'

# Cleaning Up

The meal was done, the bill was paid. The gentle hum of the vibrator began to resonate again against Natalie's chair. 'I thought you were done with that,' she said breathily.

'No, I had one more thing I had in mind, and, I figured you'd need it to help.'

'Oh, really? What?'

'Well, what mood are you in?' he asked.

'Horny, horny, horny, to start, obviously.'

'Obviously.'

'Umm, I'm getting a bit sore from the vibe now.'

He lifted a cheek in a half-smile. 'Good.'

'Good? Seriously? Oh fuck.' He'd pushed the vibrator up higher again.

He perched his chin on his hand, elbow on the table. 'I told you, I'm a sadist. I wasn't kidding. You being sore, as long as it's not too bad, works just great for me.'

'Okay, well now I need to add two more "hornys" to the mood list. And about a dozen submissive, needy, slutty combos to the mix too.'

'That sounds perfect.'

'Perfect for what. Ohhhhh, God how can it still feel so good?'

He rose from his chair, standing over her, suddenly his waist was just at her face level. She looked up at him, and then the door 'You don't mean?'

He laughed, 'No.' He walked over near the entrance of the room, looking out, and then came back. Reaching out his hand, she took it, and was lifted up and turned, ending up cradled in his arms. He nuzzled his mouth into her ear, 'Look at the mess you made.' He slid his fingers up through her hair and gently tilted her head down, to look at the chair she'd just got up from. In truth, the mess wasn't as bad as she expected, but there was a clear wet bottom print. Still, seeing it there, facing the reality of all that had just happened, made her feel a little dizzy. 'You need to clean up the mess you made, Princess,' he growled.

*Wait, wait, he means with a wipe, right.* 'How?' she whispered, half-knowing the reply.

'With your pretty, little, mouth.' He kissed her ear. 'Good girls clean up their mess, Princess. Can you do it for me, be quick.'

She looked down, feeling shaky. This was almost too much, but only almost. 'I'll try, Sir.'

‘Good girl, one moment.’ She felt his hands slide down her thighs, pulling up her wet, cold panties into her rapidly heating slit. ‘I’ll be on guard, finish it off with this.’ He pressed a wipe into her hand. ‘Do it now, kneel down, before you change your mind.’

She heard him step away, missing his embrace. It was easier to just kneel, she wasn’t sure she could stand. And there it was, the mess she made, slick, on the wooden seat. A mixture of disgust and arousal played around her head, but she held onto his advice, “be quick”.

The Lush inside her surged in intensity; it gave her new boldness. Trying not to think about what she was doing she dabbed her tongue out. It tasted a bit different but not of much. She went for it, short, then long laps, the disgust somehow falling away, and an intense sense of submission taking its place. She was trying to be quick, but also, she didn’t want to miss any, she wanted to make him proud.

Finally, she was done. She opened up the wipe, cleaning it all methodically, only now aware of the hard floor under her knees. She turned back towards him to be met by a smile that barely masked the arousal she had caused in him.

The vibrations that had kept her going stopped. He put his phone away and stepped back to her, lifting her up by the hand. ‘Amazing job,’ he said, pulling her close. ‘Good girl, wow, you really got into that.’

‘I really did, thank you for making me do that.’ She smacked her tongue in her mouth. ‘I can taste chair and rich people’s butts.’

Before she knew it he had a mint in his hand and was unwrapping it. She instinctively opened her mouth and he popped it in. She stared at him with wonder. ‘You can’t have planned *that* too,’ she said, sucking on it.

He grinned and gave her bottom a gentle pinch. ‘Half the fun’s in the planning. I told you that. Shall we?’

He took her hand, leading her to the stairs, going down before her but keeping a firm hold, making sure she was steady in her heels after what he’d just made her do for him.

She felt like she was more than steady, she was floating.

## Vanilla Firsts

They walked back through the gardens. The evening crowd was starting to gather, the bar area had been heaving already and she imagined the dinner service must start soon.

'How're you doing now?' he asked, still holding her hand as they walked along.

'I'm good. A bit swirly, I can't believe I just did... that.'

'Yeah, things like that are odd. You'll look back and think it's the hottest thing you've ever done, but right now it's mostly just strange.'

'That's an interesting concept. A kind of delayed pleasure?'

'Yes, exactly that.'

She thought for a moment. 'I feel like that about yesterday.'

'Tell me more.'

'Being stuck on that One-Bar Prison was awful, one of the scariest things I've ever experienced.'

'Before I came to help, right?' He gave her an anxious glance.

'Yes, God yes. No *after* was amazing. I mean being stuck, by myself. *I can't say anything right.* 'And yet, now, even this morning...'

'You imagined being back on it?' he guessed.

'Yes.'

He squeezed her hand but didn't look at her. 'We'll have to see what we can do about that.'

*Fuck.*

Brandon paused and looked towards the car park. 'Do you want to head back now, or... we could go for a little walk? I hear they have llamas.'

'Llamas? Seriously. This place is so random. I could walk, but not in these shoes, on grass. I'll be stuck in the ground like a scarecrow.'

'Take them off then. Here, let me.' Without hesitation, he turned, went down on one knee and started undoing the straps on her heels. It did not go without drawing attention; neither did Natalie fail to notice his head was exactly where she'd been imagining it on the walk in. *While you're down there...* She imagined sliding her fingers through his hair.

But he didn't take long. She stepped out of her heels, jumping off the sharp gravel path onto the grass. He picked up her shoes, casually holding them by two fingers.

'Let me just message my friend and let her know you haven't got me locked in a dungeon.' She began typing to Dana.

'You wish,' he whispered in her ear before walking ahead, swinging her heels in his hand.

Despite the hot flush that went through her she wisely didn't say anything. *Well, that's tonight's fantasy fodder sorted.*

She caught up with him and they began their hunt for the fabled llamas.

It didn't take too long, the animals were just in the next field, found down a secluded pathway. They were fenced off but there was a cute little wooden bench looking out over the field. Brandon sat down and patted the seat next to him. About a dozen llamas wandered a bit nearer but then decided the grass beneath their feet was more interesting.

'So, how're you doing?' he asked again.

'You just asked me that.'

'And I'm asking again, you,' he paused, 'no, *we* have just had a very intense, semi-public, experience. I'm a little surprised you've not got more sub-drop.'

'That's where you need care after being in subspace, right?'

'Yes, it can be a bit of a rollercoaster of emotions. Aftercare is very much about handling it. And you had it yesterday.'

'I don't think I got very much into subspace today. The hands thing did, and the licking. But, it was mostly something else.'

'And what would that be?'

'Edgespace.'

He raised an eyebrow and smiled. 'Is *that* a thing, or are you just making it up?'

'It's totally a thing,' she said. 'It's that state of mind where the pleasure overwhelms you, where you stop thinking about all the stuff going on around and are completely in the present, because of pleasure. It's really the key to edging, to see *that* as the goal, rather than an orgasm.'

'That sounds, addictive.'

'My name is Natalie and I'm an addict,' she declared, laughing.

Brandon sat back and looked at her while she laughed. He blew out a big breath. 'We're going really fast.'

That calmed her down. 'You said you only get a first time, once.'

'And it's true, and I mean it but, Natalie, orgasms are not the only thing you can get addicted to.'

'What do you mean?'

He took her hand. 'You are utterly extraordinary. I have never met anyone like you.' He looked at his watch. 'I've known you for just 24 hours and yet it feels like I've known you forever. I'm just... I like to be *in* control. I'm starting to feel *out* of it.'

'I'm sorry, I was just trying to be cute.'

'You are impossibly cute, and funny, and smart, and I don't understand, it's all just too easy.'

'Isn't that a good thing?'

'I don't know, it's never been like this, and that means I don't know how it works. This is our *first* date. You're a virgin. I put a fucking vibe in you.'

'And I loved it! None of this is bad. Unless you think being a virgin is one. I know it's embarrassing at 24.'

'Oh my God no. Natalie, no. Are you kidding me?'

She looked lost and confused. 'You think it's hot?' she asked.

'It's not even that. God, how do I say this? Your sexual past doesn't matter to me. I don't even think that virginity is a big thing. It's mostly a social construct used to shame women for doing what they want with their own bodies.'

'Okay.'

'It doesn't matter, but if you want a positive spin on it then the fact that you are, is great. All it says to me is that you are confident and not swayed by social pressure.'

'Or that no one finds me attractive.' Her eyes started to tear up.

He took her hand, squeezing it. 'Having known you for a day, Princess, I swear to God that is not the reason.'

'How did you know I was a virgin, is it that obvious?'

'You said last night, you'd never been touched.'

'Oh, yes, right.'

'Never at all, nothing?' he asked, his voice gentle, his hand going to her knee as though it was making the point it wasn't true anymore.

'I've kissed a few drunk guys, got felt up through clothes at some clubs. Some bad dates that went nowhere. But no, nothing... real. Plenty of stupid stuff online. It's embarrassing.' She looked down at her knees.

'Natalie, look at me.' She didn't and so he lifted his hand to turn her chin to him. Finally, she made eye contact. 'It is not something to be ashamed of. Your body, sex, it's a precious thing. It just means you haven't found the right person yet. That's nothing to be embarrassed about.'

She turned her glance away. 'Or that no one wants me.' She shut her eyes, she could feel tears forming against her eyelashes. *Don't cry, you idiot.*

She didn't register him speaking her name until he repeated it. She forced herself to look back. He paused, looking like he was weighing something up. He fixed her with his

big, soft eyes. 'I have never wanted anything more.'

*If I don't kiss him right now I'm going to die.* She was up and on him in an instant, swinging one knee over, straddling his legs. Her mouth on his. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling herself in tight. He took a moment to respond but she felt him yield, his mouth opening. His arms surrounded her, one pulling in around her waist, the other in her hair. She let out a little cry of pleasure from the release the kiss was giving her, feeling him moan into her mouth in response.

But then she pulled back, their noses touching, staring into his eyes. 'Green?' she whispered nervously.

He paused, staring into her eyes. She saw fear, and then resolve. 'Full fucking Kermit,' he managed to reply before her mouth smothered his again.

They spent a while like that. Just kissing. It was lovely to just kiss. She spent so much of her time in elaborate kinky fantasies that she'd forgotten to think about something as simple as this.

And he was a very good kisser. Well, at least she assumed he was, it all made her feel fantastic. It wasn't all just tongues deep in mouths, although that was hot and fun. There was a connection as they kissed, him in her, her in him. Tasting, hearing, feeling each other like an intimate dance. Sometimes he'd pull back and trace the tip of his tongue around her lips and wow, she liked that a lot.

He didn't say anything. If his mouth wasn't on hers, it was making little kisses along her jawline, or her favourite, pushing in, under her ear, down the curve of her neck. That sent shivers down her back, she had to resist giggling at first but soon it just became pure pleasure. *Who knew kissing could feel so good?* She was genuinely surprised.

Sometimes they'd both pause, back to where she'd started, noses touching, looking into each other's eyes. One of them might start to say something but the other would kiss them before they could. It was good to just be quiet. This, being here, kissing, it made her feel safe. His arms around her, his hands sliding under her hair, or even better, grabbing her bottom. That it all felt so good, nothing kinky, just, kissing, was going to be something she'd have to think about. But later *You're overthinking, again. Be in the moment.*

Eventually, they parted, smiling at each other, still quiet. Natalie pushed her hair out of her eyes, the wind was picking up a little and it was starting to get darker. He still didn't say anything, so she broke the silence. 'That was, nice.'

His smile grew. 'It was nice.'

'Very nice. I like kissing. I've never been kissed like that.'

His smile turned to a smirk, but he still stayed quiet.

'Whatcha thinking?' she asked, trying to hide just how desperate she was to know the answer.

He let out a big breath. 'About potential.'

‘Potential, what?’

‘I mean, your potential, this. The fact everything is new. And yet, your attitude, your enthusiasm. It’s extraordinary. You’re extraordinary.’

‘I’m just little old me. I don’t feel very extraordinary.’ She shivered, unsure if it was from the wind or his words.

‘Stand up a second, turn around.’ Her legs complained a bit as she did, but she stood in front of him and turned. She felt his jacket slide over her shoulders. ‘There, that should help.’ She heard him pat his lap. ‘Sit.’

She did, and he pulled her back into him, arms around her, she held onto his hands. They both looked out over the field as she sat there against him. He quietly told her, ‘Trust me when I say, you are extraordinary.’

It wasn’t just the jacket warming her up now. She leaned back into him, staring at the clouds that were starting to glow a beautiful orange. ‘Okay.’

‘Are you ready to go?’ he checked.

‘Not yet. I have a question?’

‘You can always ask me anything, always. But, I *do* love you saying that. Ask away.’

‘Can I call you, Sir, now? I know you said earlier not to. But I did when it felt I had to and...’

‘Natalie. I love you calling me that, and when you did, it was fabulous. But I want you to get to know me as Brandon first, okay?’ Use “Sir” when you need to, not just when you want to, that’s all I ask.’

‘Thank you, that sounds good.’

‘I have a question,’ he asked in a deeper tone that suggested it was something sexual. Just the sound of it made her breath quicken.

‘Ask away,’ she whispered.

‘I want to touch you again, would you like that?’

Still sitting on his lap, she hooked her feet between his calves, spreading his knees with hers on top. ‘More than anything.’

He parted the jacket, arms crossing over her to take a breast in each hand, squeezing them through her dress. ‘You have beautiful breasts you know. As much as this bra has teased me with them all evening, I want it off.’

‘You like being teased,’ she said, leaning forward.

‘More than I realised.’ His hands moved under the jacket, undoing the bra catch with an impressive little flick. *He’s done that before.* But this time she didn’t feel any jealousy.

Natalie did the magic wiggle even with the jacket on and pulled the bra down one sleeve. *Practising that actually paid off.* She was very pleased with herself.

She leaned back against him again and his hand went back, caressing her breasts through just the thin material now. Her nipples were poking up through it and he took

advantage, scratching his neat fingernails in circles around the peaks.

‘Oh my God, that feels amazing. How did I never do that?’

‘It’s nice to know I still have some tricks to teach you. What’s it make you want?’

‘Your hands, somewhere else.’ That was an understatement. The nipple play had set off a need to be touched and played with between her legs that she was finding it almost impossible to resist. Her hands were clenching at her thighs.

‘No touching,’ he whispered, reading her thoughts. ‘That’s my job.’ One hand slid slowly down her tummy, coming to rest on her thigh, pulling her dress slowly upwards. ‘Yes?’ he asked.

‘Stop asking now,’ she said, lying back, spreading her legs wider. ‘It’s yours.’ She felt him freeze for just a second.

‘Damn. Take them off, take it all off. The stockings too.’

She put her toes on the ground, lifting up enough to pull her knickers down, and then leaning back against him, hurriedly pulled them off each leg and let them drop to the ground. The wind pricked at her bare legs, and suddenly cooled the wetness between them, but nothing could quell the fire he was stoking.

Brandon reached down, she watched his hand, but all he did was stroke the tip of the Lush vibrator that was still poking out from her. He gripped the end of it, pressing it to turn it off. But he wasn’t done. He pulled on the tip, just an inch like she had before in the bathroom. She moaned as the silicone ball of the body ground over her g-spot. ‘Is this what you did earlier, you naughty girl, is this why you kept me waiting?’

‘Yes, yes it feels so good. Oh, God.’ She clenched at his hands as he began stroking it back and forth. Then his other hand moved to her clit, beginning to rub, to masturbate her as he fucked her with the toy.

‘Hands behind my neck.’ *Just like last night.* She snaked them around the back of his head, interlacing her fingers, binding herself to him as he edged her. ‘Now, show me your potential. Tell me, about the *firsts* you dream of.’

‘With... you?’

He didn’t answer straight away. ‘Yes.’

‘I, want to be denied. Like this. Not me doing it, I don’t want control. I don’t want the choice. I need it to be yours.’

‘Never let you cum?’ he asked.

‘Never without your permission. Ever.’

‘So hot,’ he whispered in her ear. ‘What else?’

‘Oh, I want to be spanked, so much. Put over your knee and spanked hard and long until I stop wriggling.’

‘That, that makes me very happy to hear.’ It wasn’t just his words that confirmed this. For the first time, she became aware of something pressing into the small of her back. *Oh*

*my God, that's his cock, I can feel how hard it is. Fuck.*

That inspired her. 'I want to suck your cock. No, wait. That's not quite true.'

'It isn't?' He sounded confused, just as she'd hoped.

'No, I want you to *teach me* to suck your cock.'

'Fuck,' was his only reply, and she beamed with pleasure.

'What else? Tell me everything you can think of, I want to know it all.' His fingers ground harder, the toy was going as fast in and out as he could manage with just the thin lead to push it with.

'I want to be your pet, your toy. Your slave?' She asked the last as a question.

'Wow, don't stop. These are so good.'

Encouraged, she continued. 'I want you to mindfuck me, tease my brains out, degrade me, humiliate me, turn me into a dripping, blissed-out mess.'

He didn't say anything, but his fingers replied, driving her to the edge, keeping her there.

'Tie me up, use me, hurt me. Hurt me bad.'

Again, his fingers responded. The rubbing stopped, and he gripped her clit between his finger and thumb and squeezed.

'Oh, fuck yes, like that, like that,' she yelled. 'Oh fuck I'm going to cum, I'm going to...'

Smack. His hand slapped hard against her pussy, catching her swollen clit once again in his fingers and pinching.

'Oh shit!' she cried. 'That, that... do that again!'

Smack. Smack. Smack. She forced herself to keep her legs open, watching his hand come down each time. 'Oh, it hurts so good. Thank you, Sir.'

'You're welcome, Princess.' He began to close his legs a little, pulling down her dress, and then paused. He once again took hold of the Lush's antennae and pulled, harder than before, causing it to pop out. A thick strand of her juices strung between her pussy and the toy. He lifted it until it finally broke. 'Good girls clean up their mess.'

Natalie took the toy from him, opened her mouth, and with barely a shrug, popped it in. She made a bit of a show of sucking it, turning it in her mouth, and then pulled it back out. 'That tastes better than the chair'

'What a good girl,' he commended her

'Thank you, Brandon.' She snuggled back into his embrace, looking out at the setting sun. *His good girl.*

\* \* \*

After all the excitement it didn't take long for the pins and needles to start to set in. Despite not wanting to move, Natalie finally realised she'd have to restore some circulation to her

legs. She ended up sitting with her back against the arm of the bench, Brandon massaging the life back into her calves across his lap, snuggled into his jacket.

‘Oh, that feels good, don’t stop. Do my feet, do my feet.’ He stared at her, the corner of his mouth up in a bemused smile. ‘What?’ she asked, ‘what is it?’

‘I have run out of things to say.’

She could see it was true. He reached down and began working his thumbs into one of her feet and was met with a happy moan of pleasure. ‘Oh yes, they need that. And don’t worry, I never run out of things to say. Maybe it’s good for you to take a break from all those clever words of yours. Oh yeah, that’s nice, thank you.’ She wiggled the toes of the other foot.

‘You know, maybe you’re right.’

‘I do have one complaint.’ She sat up a little and he did too at her comment.

‘Oh, what is it?’

She rubbed her cheek against his arm. ‘You failed in one regard.’

He snapped his head back towards her. ‘What did I do, or not do?’

She looked up at him, his expression was serious. She tried to copy it but failed as she said, ‘I have no regrets.’

‘Hah. You little tease. But you’re right. I have failed in that regard. He bent her leg up and kissed her knee. She felt like it rippled over her whole body. ‘I shall have to try harder.’

‘But not today,’ she murmured, watching the llamas munch away at the grass on the other side of the fence.

He kissed her knee once more, and perched his chin on it, following her gaze. ‘No, not today.’

She reached out, running her fingers through his hair. ‘Thank you.’

He turned to her, cheek on her knee, a little smile forming. ‘For what?’

‘This, everything, taking a risk, being out of control.’

He kept his eyes fixed on hers, his smile wistful. ‘You only get a first time, once, right?’

She ran her finger down his cheek, stroking his lip with her thumb. *He’s so beautiful.* She hoped the thought was echoed as he looked again at her, she actually believed it might be. ‘I’m looking forward to lots of first times.’

He kissed her thumb and looked back at her. ‘So am I.’

# Author's Notes

Well, wasn't that quite the rollercoaster. You think *you've* been through it? I had to write this thing! It can't be normal getting teary sometimes while you write smut, can it?

And some of you may well be thinking, 'Did I just read erotica with panic attacks and periods and people messing stuff up?' Yes, yes you did. And that's the heart of what I want for these books, that they are real. That the characters are someone you can relate to, be assured by, and I hope, learn from.

The reaction to *The One-Bar Prison* caught me off-guard. I knew it was a cute, hot story. I'd had fun writing all about clumsy Natalie and the crazy situation she'd got herself stuck in. What I hadn't expected was how strongly she'd resonate with so many of you. How much you'd love and relate to the thoughts, self-doubts, desires, and needs that I poured into her head and gave you all access to.

So, I've tried to do it again, and I hope I've succeeded (and if I have, please, let me know in the reviews, they are the reason this book even exists.) As I said in the introduction, I hadn't expected to write more with Natalie and Brandon. The series it was part of was originally called 'Edging Erotica', for obvious reasons. I have four other stories about completely different people in the works. But Brandon, and most of all the delightful Natalie, had caught your, and my attention too much to do that, yet.

As I sat with a blank page in front of me, thinking what to do next with them (I love to plan, did that come across?) I started dreaming a bit bigger than I had before.

My Tumblr blog receives thousands of 'asks' a year. While many focus on edging and denial, just as many are about the wider questions, challenges, and issues that someone like Natalie faces, and thinks about, all the time.

What if, I thought, this reasonably experienced dom could help this inexperienced sub try all those out? What if they could explore them together, and we watch them do it? What if, their story isn't *just* about turning my readers on, but getting them to think about what they do, and maybe enjoy it even more, and do it even better? Oh yes, the educator in me liked that idea.

But it wasn't quite clever enough, I like clever too. What grand, unifying theme could I use to tie this all up?

I looked at the name of the first book, and the only thing that stood out was the fact it had the cardinal number in it: ONE-bar prison. Hmm, what if... what if every title had a number in it? It took me a while, and some punny contortions, but I now have a list of ten, yes ten, book titles that each centre around a different area of BDSM that Natalie and Brandon are set to explore in the future.

You can actually find that working list on my [SubscribeStar](#) if you're really interested. If you're not that interested, just look at the list of things Natalie says she wants as her 'firsts' in that last chapter for some very good clues as to where we're going.

And speaking of that last chapter. Where the hell did that come from? When did this turn into a fucking romance? As I look back — right there in the first book. I'm a big sappy idiot apparently. But you know what, if I want these books to be real, to model what I think good kink looks like, feels like, then if love isn't at the heart of it I'm teaching you the wrong things.

Dammit, I must have got some shampoo in *my* eyes.

Thank you everyone for your incredible support. As I write this, just two months ago I'd not published a single book. This is now my fifth. I hope there are lots more to come.

I could not do this without my incredible support team. My wonderful, eagle-eyed beta readers, my growing number of Advanced Reader Copy reviewers, my advisors and my friends.

A huge thank you to my growing number of Subscribers. They've put their money where their mouth is and for the price of a coffee or three a month, get to peek deep into my head and see what I'm working on, as well as get some content that's too racey for Amazon or Tumblr. Thank you all, it means so much to me.

The biggest thanks goes to the wonderful Poppy who's been learning how to edit books as fast as I've been learning how to write them. Thank you to her and her wonderful fiancé for the time and support they give me and my crazy books.

If you want to keep up with what's happening, make sure you're signed up to my rapidly growing [mailing list](#) - it's all 'safe for work' content, just talking about books.

Speaking of which, the next book in the series is called *Three-Line Whip* and will be out in October, all things going well. The best way to find out about it is to sign-up for my newsletter.

**[Sign up to my mailing list here](#)**

If you want to go the extra mile and support what I'm doing, you can do that by joining my [SubscribeStar](#) (there's a free tier just to keep you in the loop).

If you go for the Book Club tier then you will be the first to not only hear about my books, but read them. You get early access to everything I'm writing, as well as the chance

to shape bits of them and help me decide where to focus my efforts.

Lastly, you'll see after these notes is another new feature. Possibly unique within the erotica world - **discussion points**. These are obviously, entirely optional. But some pretty deep stuff comes up in this book, and I thought that a few questions to help you think about them might be a useful bonus. There are questions, and task ideas, for those who identify as submissives or bottoms, and for couples.

And then some questions for those who identify as dominants or tops (I wouldn't dare give you guys tasks...).

Let me know if they're useful, or if I'm overreaching. I honestly have no idea at this point. You can feedback to me by emailing [james@edging.space](mailto:james@edging.space)

So there you go, another book done. I'm really excited about this one. I think this, and the following books have the potential to be more than just hot, fun, smut. Although I want them to be that as well.

Thank you for reading, thank you for caring, and see *you* in the next book.

James Hardcourt  
September 2020

# Discussion Points

Helping you to explore some of the key ideas from the book

Each of the *Kink by Numbers* books introduces some key BDSM concepts, and beyond that tries to model realistic, and good practises for exploring this by yourself or with a partner

Here are some questions to help you reflect on those and apply anything that's useful.

## Questions for a submissives/bottoms

1. What of Natalie's experiences most resonated with you, and why?
2. What aspects of the way she behaved would you most like to be able to emulate.
3. What's stopping you?
4. What do you like most about her attitude? What could you do to be more like that?
5. Natalie has managed to master edging and denying herself without cumming. What were the key practises that she credited to that?
6. How comfortable are you using safewords? Have you considered using safewords even it's just sexting or a date where things are getting kinky?
7. Natalie talks a lot about online Doms, and the dangers of that - do you recognise those experiences and how can you keep yourself safe online? (More on this in Book 3!)

## Follow-up tasks for submissives

- Try edging, using the breathing and mental techniques described. See what you discover about yourself and your body. Do you find your 'edgespace'? You can find more ideas at my 'female-orgasm-denial'[Tumblr](#) blog
- Try wearing some nice lingerie, not because you're going on a date, but because of how good it can make you feel.
- Find your favourite quote or quotes from the book. Write them on post-it notes or somewhere prominent on your device to remind you of them. If appropriate, consider sharing them on social media #edgingspace will let me see them!

## Questions for a dominants/tops

1. What about Brandon's behaviour, speech and ideas did you find realistic? What did you think wasn't?
2. Were there some things he said that stood out as especially effective. How would you say them in your own words?
3. Natalie seemed to think Brandon looked for consent almost too much. Where do you think you tend to be on that scale, are there ways to improve?
4. Brandon sees losing control as a weakness, but does allow himself to be vulnerable in the end. Is this something you're comfortable with, if not should it be and how can you explore it?
5. Brandon plans a lot in advance, do you agree that half of the fun is in the planning? Are you a 'planner' or a 'seat-of-the-pantser'? What could you take from the opposite approach to your normal one to improve what you do?
6. If there was one idea you could take away from this book, what would it be and how can you put it into practice?

### **Discussion questions for couples**

1. Look at the questions for subs and doms, ask each other the ones you want to know the answers to and discuss.
2. What were the hottest bits of the story for each of you, and why? Was there anything you didn't like? Talk about that too.
3. What can you take from the way they communicate and use to better communicate with each other?
4. There's a mixture of kinky and vanilla experiences. Where is the balance in what you do as a couple? Is that where you want to be? Discuss where you each feel you are, and where you'd like to be, and see if you can reach a compromise and some practical ways to make it happen.

### **Follow-up tasks for couples**

- Try setting up a private messaging app for just you as a couple - it lets you be freer in sending sexy, romantic messages without worrying about others seeing them. Our favourite is Viber, which has lots of sexy stickers, the option for messages to delete, and you can even make your own custom stickers within the app which lends itself to some very creative options
- Do you have regular date nights? We've found these a vital part of maintaining a healthy sex and romantic life in our marriage. They don't have to be fancy afternoon teas, but just special time set aside for each other without distractions, where you can talk, and connect, and plan.

- Speaking of planning - take it in turn to plan those, and even better sexy evenings, or weekends away. The plans will NEVER work out as you expect, but the enthusiasm and excitement that builds, as well as whatever parts of the plans pay off, will mean you're far more likely to have a successful time.
- Lastly, if you haven't got a [Lush](#) - they're awesome. There are a lot of remote control vibrators out there but the Lovense range gives the most reliable connection and is the best option in our experience. The Lush is the insertable vibrator but there's a whole range of them available on their store - [www.lovense.com](http://www.lovense.com). A word of warning, buy the Lush 2, not the original. It's a huge upgrade in terms of connectivity power and battery life. But most of all, the power switch is in the end of the dongle, outside the body. Not hidden away in the body of it (a man designed that version, I'm telling you now.)

So there you go, discussion points in erotica! Whatever next? I have some idea, but you'll need to read the next book to discover just what.

James Hardcourt

## Book 3 - Three-Line Whip

Find out what happens next with Natalie and Brandon in book three of the Kink by Number series

[Get Three-Line Whip by James Hardcourt on Amazon](#)

**There was their first meeting (embarrassing but hot), the first date (kinky and even hotter), but now things are getting serious. Natalie is about to get spanked.**

In her first BDSM scene with Brandon (the dreamy Dom next door) they start to turn her fantasies into reality. But first he has plans, dinner plans. Little does she know she's the dessert.

And after that? She won't just bare her bottom, but her soul to him too.

**She's about to discover that over Brandon's knee, everything will take on a new perspective.**

# THREE-LINE

# Whip



Kink by the Numbers - Book 3



Dinner at his place  
with a kinky twist.  
After dessert  
she's going right  
over his knee...

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Thank you! I really want to write more, in this series, and others - knowing you like the book and letting others see they are good quality and well written is a huge help and encouragement for me to do that.

*James Hardcourt*

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## About the Author

James has been creating kinky smut for a couple of decades - it's mostly been in his head until now - and more recently on his unexpectedly popular Tumblr blog. He writes erotica and non-fiction about edging, orgasm denial, chastity play and anything else kinky he can come up with. His books explore the twists and turns of BDSM power dynamics, hot consent and erotic predicaments.

He's married to Jane, who runs her own blog too, and somewhere in the mix they've managed to produce a couple of wonderful kids. They live happily just outside of London, England, and their friends and family are entirely oblivious to just what avid kinksters they are.

You can find out more at [Edging Space Publishing](#)

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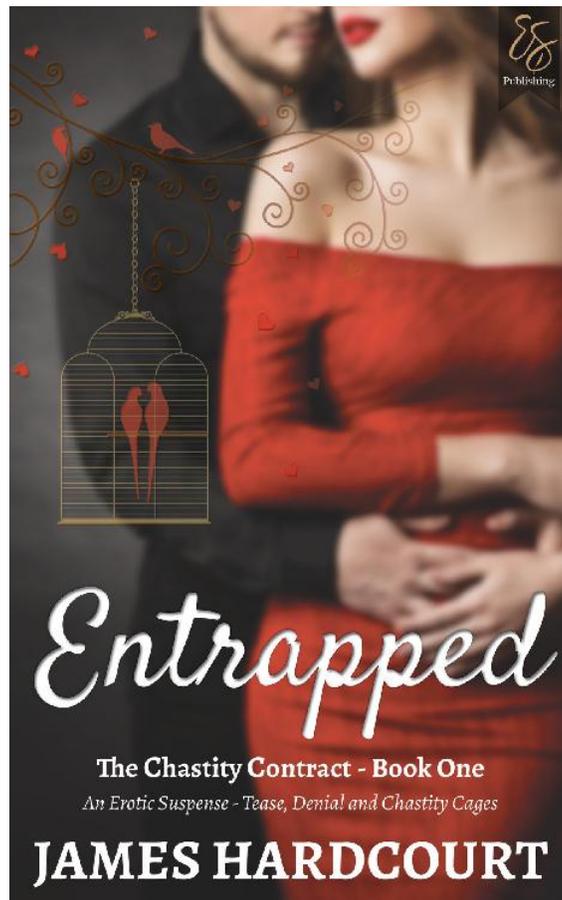
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