

A DOM'S DILEMMA

By

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I would like to thank both Patricia Green and Verity Ant for their invaluable assistance in bringing this book to fruition. Both of them helped teach me that a submissive who tops from the bottom will wear out a Dom's patience faster than a dervish can whirl. And those little fellows are fast.

I also want to recognize and thank my husband for his continued patience and support. And yes, I will get back to doing my chores again--soon. Promise.

KRB

CHAPTER ONE

"Saw your sub come visitin' at the station today, Kyle," Jim Evans mentioned casually before taking a sip of ice water. In addition to being another Dom at the Velvet Chains BDSM club, Kyle Sinclair was also a fellow police officer in the same precinct as Jim. They weren't friends exactly. More like associates who had an occasional beer together. "She in trouble?"

Seated at the bar, Kyle gave a dejected nod without looking up from what Jim believed to be a scotch on the rocks. "Yeah, you could say that."

It had been a while since Jim had seen Kyle's little sub at the club. He'd always considered her an attractive bundle of fun, and one he'd like to top, if Kyle would let him. "You intendin' to do a punishment scene with her tonight?"

Kyle sighed, sounding depressed. "Looks that way."

Shoving his hands into the rear pockets of his black slacks, Jim rocked back on his heels, preferring to stand at the bar, rather than sit. "Mind if I watch?"

"Not at all," Kyle answered, appearing ... relieved. "In fact...."

Jim stood up straighter. "What? You lookin' to make a party of it?"

Kyle shook his head. "I'm looking to find her another Dom. Daniel tried to work with her and so did Greg, but I don't think they were strict enough to meet her needs."

Jim's eyebrow rose. "A bit of a hellion, eh?"

"She can be. She can also be a sweet submissive if she's mastered properly. It's just I've met someone else...."

"Got it. So, tell me a little about your sub, and when she gets here, I'll put her through her paces to check how she responds to me. If I'm pleased, I'll most likely want to scene with her. I should know within a half-hour whether or not I think we'll click."

"Thanks," Kyle said, relief evident in his voice. "I really appreciate this, Jim."

* * * *

After he finished talking to Kyle, Jim strode over to a darkened corner a few feet back to watch how the pretty blonde greeted her Dom without realizing she was being observed. When they spoke, Kyle had said Kelly Franklin liked pain. She preferred Doms who were strict and punished severely. However, that actually surprised Jim.

He'd seen the little filly in action before, and she hadn't looked like a pain slut at all. She'd been feisty enough to mouth off at Kyle a couple of times, and though Kyle had been quick to correct her, he wasn't overly strict. In fact, if she needed to be mastered with pain, Jim didn't think Kyle was giving Kelly enough of what she required. It wasn't always easy to determine what a submissive really needed, unless a Dom worked with her directly, mainly because of all the role-playing involved in BDSM.

When he'd seen Kelly alone, either waiting for Kyle or after he'd left, she'd looked a bit lost and uncertain. More than once, the Dom in him yearned to offer the lonely-looking sub reassurance and comfort, except she'd scurried away like a terrified coney every time she saw him approach. The lady, it seemed, was afraid to even talk with him. He knew he had a sour puss at times, but he didn't think he looked that scary.

Had she been free, Jim would have pressed a little harder to corner her. He liked the thought of mastering Kelly Franklin. The occasional flash of sassiness he'd seen in her had him

itching to put her over his knee, and she had just enough sweetness and curves to make him want to taste, touch and fuck every inch of her. But when he'd last seen her, Kelly considered herself Kyle's, so he'd politely backed off. However, if Kyle was looking to pass her on, Jim was definitely interested. He'd like to sample everything the sweet, little filly had to offer.

Deciding Kyle knew her better, if only because he'd worked with her longer, Jim thought he'd start out rougher than usual, to see how she responded. He liked to be firm with women, not forceful. He liked them submissive, not subservient or scared. And he liked them a little uncertain, so they were never quite sure what he intended to do next.

With his thoughts intently focused on his more erotic inclinations, Jim sensed the moment Kelly arrived and his cock began twitching in its eagerness to possess her. Unfortunately, given his current plan, it would be denied that particular pleasure this evening. She appeared excited and bubbly and he could hear her infectious laughter from where he stood. He smiled, finding he enjoyed its clear bell-like quality, and couldn't help feeling a small tinge of regret that his actions would be bringing it to a quick end.

Her golden blond hair hung in soft, gentle waves that beckoned for the caress of a man's fingers. She kept it a little longer than shoulder length, which was perfect for him. It looked feminine and lush and enabled her to wear it in many different styles. Tonight she wore it loose and free, which was also good. Made it easier to run his fingers through it. She'd put on a short black skirt, which barely covered her butt cheeks, and a skimpy top that exposed her midriff and belly button at the same time it emphasized her tiny waist. A waist so small, he could span it with two hands.

She was a bit on the thin side, though not overly so. Both her hips and breasts were generous in size, which meant she was padded in all the right places. And she had a luscious bottom that the mere sight of had him salivating with lust. She looked cute, sassy and had a sparkle in her eyes that spoke of a naughty devilment, which dared a man to try to take her in hand. And she'd been in the scene long enough to play the game without coaching, which saved time on training that he preferred to spend in pleasure.

Jim watched closely as Kelly approached Kyle. The vivacious spirit he'd seen earlier was wrapped up and smothered in an air of submissiveness as she knelt before her Dom with a bowed head. She knew she was about to be punished, and appeared more than willing to accept whatever Kyle decided she deserved. Watching her, Jim noticed there wasn't a trace of unease in her slender body, and though he admired her grace and form, she was a little too calm and accepting of her fate for his taste. That meant Kyle's displeasure didn't make her the least bit anxious, which wasn't at all good in Jim's mind. She should be properly submissive, but very worried right now about what was going to happen to her, not relaxed as if she'd come to get a back massage. Still, he had to admit she was an awfully pretty sub.

Walking over when Kyle gave him a nod, Jim ran his fingers through Kelly's silky, soft hair. Then, before she could turn to see who touched her, he fisted his hand in the golden strands and gave a firm yank to pull her head back as he stared down at her with a frown. She swallowed her yelp with a wince and started to raise her hands to his in protest when her eyes widened with shock. The little gasp that emerged when she recognized who was taking control, satisfied him immensely. Then those small slender hands of hers dropped down to her sides in obedient submission.

Good, she remembered him. And she wasn't quite as relaxed now, was she? Even so, he was pleased when she remained properly submissive under what he knew was somewhat painful handling.

"What's your name, sub?" he demanded in full Dom mode.

"Kelly, sir," she answered in a frightened, yet still lovely voice.

"Well, Kelly, I'm Master James, and I prefer subs to address me as either Master or Sir. Think you can do that, girl?"

"Yes, Sir," she replied sharply, giving a tentative swallow.

"Very good. Master Kyle has given you to me tonight, so you and I are gonna go over by the cross for a few minutes, where you'll strip for me then properly present yourself for my inspection. If I am satisfied with your performance, I'll most likely chain you up for a bit while I do some further exploring. Then we'll see where we go from there. What's your safe word, Kelly?"

"Banana, sir," Kelly answered, breathless and more than a little overwhelmed by Jim's agenda for her.

He shook his head, preferring his sub's word be short and easily said, since he tended to move quickly. "Too many syllables, sub," he informed her with a frown. "I want you to come up with something shorter by the time I'm ready to put you in chains. Understood?"

"Yes, Sir," she answered with a crisp snap in her voice, which also pleased him.

"Good, girl." Giving her hair a firm yank, he signaled for her to stand. She yelped and instinctively grabbed his wrists in protest, but he stopped her with another firm shake of his head. "Hands down, Kelly, and eyes front."

"Yes, Sir," she replied, her uncertainty growing as she lowered her hands and tried to keep tears from welling in her lovely blue eyes. Then she made her first real mistake by risking a tearful glance back at Kyle.

Unh, uh, girl. You're mine tonight. His reaction quick and decisive, Jim gave Kelly's hair another painful yank.

"Oww," she whined, grabbing for his wrist a second time.

"Hands down, sub. First and last warning for that. Do it again, and you'll be punished."

Kelly lowered her hands, but cried out, "You're hurting me, Sir."

"Am I now?" he asked, bending down to gaze directly into her face. "And do you have a problem with that, sub?"

The tears started to fall in earnest then. "I don't like pain, Sir," she admitted, her voice wavering.

"Really?" Jim asked. "That's most interestin', since I heard differently. I was told that you prefer rough handlin'. That you need it, actually. Have I been misinformed?"

When Kelly hesitated in her response, Jim gave her hair another tug. Not quite as hard this time, but firm enough to hurt. She managed to keep her hands down at her sides, although her tears fell a little more copiously. "I'm sorry, Sir!"

"For what?" he asked in a soft growl, his lips so close to hers that if either of them shifted a fraction of an inch closer, he'd be kissing her. He inhaled, fully appreciating the hint of mint he scented in her breath as well as the light floral fragrance she wore that teased at his senses. However, what he expected to smell, yet didn't, was the sensual allure of a woman's arousal. Kelly Franklin was clearly not enjoying this.

"For disobeying and complaining, Sir," she admitted on a small sob.

Jim released her hair and watched as she instantly reached up to rub her tender scalp. Thinking Kyle might be mistaken about little Kelly, Jim wrapped his fingers about her upper arm and snapped, "Come with me, sub."

Though he suspected Kelly wanted to glance back at Kyle in a mute appeal for help, Jim

was gratified when she obediently followed his lead without so much as a peek backwards. Aware that Kyle trailed them with a worried expression, he did not acknowledge his fellow Dom either. Jim's gut was telling him Kelly's quick obedience came from fear of punishment rather than a desire to please. He would continue along his present course a bit longer, but he'd already decided he would ease up on hurting her. If she needed or wanted more pain from him, he'd be able to tell it right off.

When they got over to the chaining station, Jim released her and crossed his arms over his chest. "Strip."

"Here, Sir?" Kelly asked, and he noted the hesitation in her voice. This sub did not like being exposed in public, but he wanted to see her, which meant he wasn't offering a choice.

Uncrossing his arms, he leaned in. Since he stood a good eight inches taller, her head didn't quite reach his chin. So when he towered over her, she had to bend her slender neck back to meet his gaze, as she did now. Her eyes were wide with apprehension as she took in his deliberately stern expression. Seeing her quick swallow, he knew she realized her mistake, but spelled it out anyway, to avoid any misunderstanding between them.

"Since we're just gettin' to know each other tonight, subbie, I'm gonna cut you a little slack. When I give an order, I expect it to be obeyed. Immediately. No questions asked. Hesitation will earn you a sharp correction. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes, Sir." Her response emerging as little more than a whimper, he could see fear bloom in her eyes. He wanted her unbalanced, not terrified, so he backed off a step.

"Good." He crossed his arms back over his chest and waited for her to obey his last command, without repeating it. When Kelly still didn't move, Jim decided she needed a bit more incentive than his scowl, so he spoke softly, but firmly. "You have until the count of five, sub, and if you aren't out of all those clothes and on your knees in a properly submissive presentation to me, I'm taking you over to the spanking bench and givin' you your first taste of Master James's discipline."

* * * *

Oh, shit! He's serious! Kelly realized as she scrambled to do what this scary Dom had ordered while he counted down from five.

Practically ripping off her play clothes, she was stripped and down on her knees, thighs spread with her hands clasped tightly behind her head before Master James had reached a count of three. Then thanked her lucky stars when he gave a nod of approval.

"Good, girl,"

Still breathless from her rush, Kelly barely suppressed her tears. *Oh, God. Why did Kyle have to give me to him?* She'd seen the way he mastered subs, and his technique had intimidated the living daylights out of her. Any sub he took under his command had a sore-looking butt, puffy red eyes, and a quivering lower lip within ten minutes of first meeting him. Kelly never stuck around long enough to see how the girl had fared when their session was over. She'd been too worried that he'd spot her next and imperiously signal her over to kneel beside his other sub.

Master James terrified her so much that any time she thought he was even looking in her direction, she scrambled to get out of his line of sight. And now he had her kneeling at his feet, with her pussy exposed, her back arched and her breasts pushed out ... all for his pleasure. Clamping down on her lower lip, Kelly concentrated on keeping perfectly still and not shaking while Master James slowly walked around her, taking his time. She didn't dare look up to see what he thought of her position, and was too scared to even contemplate if he liked her body.

Finally he murmured, "Very nice form, sub." Kelly was releasing an inner sigh of relief,

when the brawny Texan added, "Present your ass to me next, please."

Kelly winced, then went through a few mental exercises as she obeyed. *Don't think, Kelly. Just obey. He's only mind fucking you, girl. He's merely going to look, not touch. And he's not going to hurt you as long as you obey his every instruction without comment or delay.* By the time she'd finished her pep talk, Kelly had shifted to her hands and knees and lowered her front so her weight rested on her elbows and arms. Then with a deep breath, she touched her head to the floor and lifted her butt high for this Dom's inspection. Eyes closed, she swallowed and waited.

"You do that very nicely, Kelly." The cozy approval in Master James's words surrounded her in warm, sweet caramel.

His voice alone sent a rush of heat running along her bottom and thighs like a flow of sugary molasses, and a part of her melted inside from the glow of his intimate praise. Then his rough, firm palm skimmed over her buttocks. She hadn't expected him to touch her, and the sensation of his steady fingers caressing her with such purposeful intent caused her to shift her hips. The light smack he gave her right butt cheek stung enough for her to jerk and let out a tiny yip.

"You are not to move without permission, sub. Understand?" he growled in a low voice. *Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit!* This guy was the type of dominant that gave Kelly nightmares. He was a Master who didn't have subs. He had slaves.

"Yes, Sir," she answered back quickly, though even she could hear the cowardly, tremulous waver in her voice. Nothing happened for a moment, making Kelly want to curl up into a tight ball and hide, but she remained in what she thought was the most humiliating position for a sub to present. Then Master James ran a long finger down the crease in her buttocks as a test. Kelly held herself perfectly still, thinking he'd stop when he reached her anus. Instead, he spread his fingers to expose it. Unable to restrain the small whimper that escaped her throat, Kelly managed to hold her position.

"Good girl," the Dom praised. And despite her fear and humiliation, Kelly felt caressed by molasses again. "However," he added as a stern caution. "I expect you to remain silent unless I ask you a question, or give you permission to speak." Kelly closed her eyes and concentrated on holding still and keeping quiet, all the while quaking inside with uncertainty over what he intended to do next. Then his fingers slipped even lower as he plunged one deep into her vagina.

Oh God! Kelly's head came up with a gasp. When he rewarded her lapse with a much firmer smack on her left buttock this time, she couldn't restrain her yelp, though she tried not to move since his finger was still embedded inside her. Her nerves were so taut, she couldn't believe she hadn't burst into tears already, but somehow she'd managed to hold it together.

"What did I tell you, sub?" Master James growled as his broad silk-covered chest covered her back and he spoke directly into her ear. He may have meant the action to be intimidating, but the strength and heat from his firm, muscular body actually calmed her. Even the feel of his finger still lodged within her, neither pressing nor moving, served to center her.

Taking a deep breath she answered, "That I am not to move or make a sound, Sir."

"And what did you do?" he demanded, giving her no quarter.

"I moved without permission, then gasped and yelped, Sir. But I couldn't help it, Sir. Your first touch surprised me, and that punishment hurt ...Sir," she added, knowing the excuse wouldn't do shit to save her, yet needing to provide the explanation anyway. Then she tightened her buttocks in self-defense, expecting to feel the full weight of his hand descend sharply again

for her impertinence. But nothing happened.

After a long moment, Kelly felt his finger slowly pull out of her, making her acutely aware of a sense of loss and the lack of warmth when he stood up. She remained in position, since he hadn't given her permission to move.

Finally, he said, "Rise up on your knees and present your wrists to me, sub."

Though Kelly trembled inside, she obeyed without hesitation. Looking into his unsmiling visage, she saw him give her a slow nod of approval before he pulled a pair of Velcro-secured leather cuffs from his belt and fastened them on her.

Oh, God. He was going to restrain her somewhere, then punish her for her mistake. Keeping her eyes fixed on his face, she couldn't stop shivering as she wondered if he liked using whips on his slaves.

"Easy, Kelly," Master James murmured, helping her back to her feet. His rich, deep baritone caressed her between her legs, while an unexpected tingle rushed through her as his warm, large hands ran along her shoulders and down the length of her arms. When the quiet, purposeful motion calmed her, his long fingers wrapped about her wrists.

Maybe, he didn't intend to whip her after all. Maybe, he would only spank or paddle her. Despite her thoughts, his composed presence soothed her qualms.

"Good, girl. Now I want you to stand at ease for me, Kelly," Master James commanded, keeping his gaze riveted to her face the entire time. She had the feeling he was measuring her every reaction. He didn't have mean eyes. They were mostly brown, with a light scattering of gold specks sparkling throughout. They captivated her. Then she stared at his mouth. His lips looked firm, yet amazingly kissable. He wasn't smiling, but he wasn't scowling, either. He was merely observing and taking note. It should have made her feel like a specimen on display, except the way he held her, slightly apart, but with secure, firm assurance, made her feel ... protected. When she stood steadily before him on her own two feet, he gave a small smile with his nod of approval.

He approved of her. Kelly almost giggled with relief until she realized he was holding her this way because he intended to chain her. She hated being restrained. Really hated it. Unable to prevent a tiny whimper of fear from escaping her lips, she held still while his velvety brown eyes devoured every inch of her face and form.

CHAPTER TWO

"Have you got your new safe word picked out yet, sub?" Master James inquired in a voice that sounded sexy, yet kind. His slow, easy drawl stroked away Kelly's qualms as it enticed her toward trust.

"Pear, Sir," she answered without hesitation, pleased when Master James gave her another approving nod.

"That'll be fine. So, you wanna safeword now, Kelly?"

Kelly bit her lower lip with uncertainty. He didn't seem angry at the moment, but she had disobeyed him and he was the sort of Dom who dispensed punishments because of a sub's misdeeds, not his mood. However, he'd also managed to soothe her earlier, so she gathered up her courage. "May I ask a question first, Sir?"

His eyes still locked on hers, he gave another nod. "You may."

"Sir, are you going to punish me now, Sir?" she asked, unable to hide her wince or mask the panicked tremor in her voice the mere thought of one of his strict and painful punishments engendered.

"What makes you think I'm gonna punish you?" Master James asked, his expression genuinely curious.

"Because I yelped out, Sir, after you ordered me not to make a sound," she admitted, her breath coming in hitches now.

Master James gave a thoughtful nod, and Kelly feared his answer was yes when he released her wrist to skim one long, lean finger along the edge of her cheek in a light caress. Held in thrall by the pure seductiveness of his touch, she couldn't help wondering if that was the finger he had pressed so deeply inside her.

"Very good, Kelly," he answered. And though his smile was meant more to be reassuring than affectionate, it still warmed her. She began to think she'd submit to any punishment he chose, if he'd only hold and comfort her afterwards.

"While you're right, that would be a punishable offense," he continued in his warm western accent. "I'm not gonna punish you for it now."

Tears filled Kelly's eyes. Letting out a sigh of relief, she whispered, "Thank you, Sir," as she submissively lowered her gaze to the floor while Master James turned to glance over at Kyle. Then the Dom placed a gentle, but imperious finger beneath her chin to urge her head back up.

"Look at me for a moment, Kelly girl," he commanded. When she obeyed, her lower lip quivering, this large, stern yet handsome, strong man drew her into the refuge of his arms. "It's all right, darlin'. You're safe. I'm not gonna harm you."

Unable to hold back her tears against her relief and his offer of comfort, Kelly started to cry hard. But even between her sobs, she heard the man, whose arms surrounded her so securely, continue to speak warm, soothing assurances in her ear, until all she wanted was to stay where she was and listen to him forever.

After a while, he drew back to examine her. "Good girl." Though it was silly, those two simple words of praise made her feel like she'd done something wonderful because she'd made him happy. Then he removed a tissue from his back pocket and wiped away her tears.

"Better?" he asked, and Kelly was tempted to hug and thank him, but she maintained her

submissive pose, hoping it would please him.

"Yes, Sir," she answered softly, her gaze glued to his. Then realizing she had fallen to pieces before this strikingly attractive man, she added, "I'm sorry, Sir."

He shook his head, which surprised her. "You never have to be sorry for bein' scared, Kelly, though you do need to be honest with me if we are to work together. I can determine a lot from your expression, but I cannot read your mind."

Kelly understood. She knew open communication was important between a Dom and his sub to prevent unfortunate misunderstandings. Was he saying he wanted to work with her? That he wanted to be her Dom? Maybe develop an even deeper relationship with her? As she considered exactly what that meant, Kelly decided she not only wanted to please this Dom, but that she actually needed to be mastered by a man like him.

Giving him a positive nod, she added, "I understand, Sir," knowing he sought and expected her show of respect.

"Very good." He gave her another pleased look that caused tiny butterflies to flutter in her stomach. "Now, I'd like to chain you up and continue lookin' at you. I have no intention of punishin' you in any way right now. Do you have any problems with bein' chained? Any fears I should know about?"

He truly cared about her feelings. He wanted to ease her apprehensions by letting her know he didn't plan to hurt her while he held her naked, immobile and vulnerable before him. Despite her uncertainty over being restrained, she shook her head, convinced she would let this man do just about anything he wanted right now. "No, Sir."

"Good. Then I will proceed," Master James replied with firm, but gentle confidence as he lifted Kelly's wrists to chain them above her head. Once he had them positioned, he glanced down again. "Breathe naturally, Kelly," he instructed warmly, and she obeyed.

After giving her a nod of approval, Master James pulled the chains attached to Kelly's cuffs taut until her arms stretched out above and to the side until she had to stand on tiptoe.

"Nice stretch," he complimented, letting her down a bit before he secured the chains.

Kelly blushed with his approval. *He likes how I stretch.*

"Any issue with spreader bars?"

This time Kelly smiled at him. "No, Sir." She didn't like those either since they prevented her feet from moving. But if he wanted her locked into one, she'd let him.

He gave her an encouraging and affectionate smile back. "Very good," he praised again as he knelt down and positioned her feet so they were stretched as wide as her arms. "You have a beautiful smile, darlin'," he drawled, locking her ankles in place with the spreader bar before smoothly rising to his feet. "You should use it more often." Then he gifted her with another one of his sexy yet comforting smiles.

Wrapped within the comforting warmth of his caring approval, Kelly was only aware of him. Nothing else.

Then he took a step back and looked at her from head to toe. Really looked at *her*. "You're real pretty sight in chains, darlin'. Lovely, in fact," he complimented, stepping close to her again.

Closing her eyes for a moment, Kelly thought she'd start purring in a second if he continued lightly running his fingers through her hair, even though she knew his caresses came from a desire to ease her, not out of a desire for her.

"Thank you, Sir," she whispered gazing up at him with a sense of absolute wonder. He was so ruggedly handsome and virile, she grew wet between her legs by merely looking at him.

"All right now, Kelly. So you and I can get to know each other better, I'm gonna ask a few questions now."

She didn't care. He could ask her anything he wanted, as long as he kept caressing her with those strong, powerful fingers and talking to her in that sexy, western drawl of his.

"Some of 'em may be difficult, but I expect you to answer me truthfully all the same. Lie to me, and you will be punished. Clear?"

What did he say? Oh, that she needed to answer his questions honestly. "Yes, Sir," she replied in a voice made tremulous by wants and needs she didn't fully grasp.

"Very good." He cupped her left breast and ran his fingers over a nipple that instantly pebbled under his expert touch. The wetness between Kelly's thighs grew until she feared it would begin to dribble wantonly down her legs. How embarrassing.

"Do you masturbate, Kelly?"

Oh, God. He didn't really ask her that with Kyle standing right next to them, did he? Would Kyle assume she did it when they were together if she answered yes? She swallowed and glanced back at Kyle to determine his expression. A surge of pain shot from Kelly's breast to her brain. Unable to stifle her gasp of protest, Kelly gave a little jerk and snapped her gaze back to the displeased Dom standing before her.

"Eyes on me, sub. He is not your Master tonight, I am. So, I am the one you need to please. Also, I do not like repeatin' myself. That pinch was just a warnin', but it is the only one you're gonna get. Delay in answerin' me again, and I won't be nearly as gentle."

"Yes, Sir," she replied with an audible gulp, unable to stop the flow of tears from trailing down her cheeks. She'd stupidly angered him because she grew concerned about Kyle's feelings, and now Master James's expression held little of its previous warmth. Instead, she faced the strict, disciplinary Master whom she either obeyed or suffered the consequences for her failure. And she was trapped.

With her eyes remaining fixed on his face, Kelly watched as he stepped back and crossed his arms over his chest again. "I await your answer, sub."

She bit her lip. Oh, God, he'd gotten her so flustered, she forgot what he'd asked. And she knew admitting her failure would not be a good thing. He'd warned her she'd be punished if he had to repeat himself, and now he'd take her over to the spanking bench and....

Miserable, she realized she'd failed his first test by angering and disappointing him. He waited for her answer, and if she didn't say something soon he'd.... His steady stare remained focused on her as he gave her the look that indicated he was going to start counting again. Swallowing her guilt and remorse, Kelly held up her chin and met his gaze directly. "I forgot the question, Sir," she admitted, unable to prevent a choked sob.

Regarding her with a wry expression, he arched an eyebrow. And in that instant Kelly realized he knew she'd forgotten, he merely wanted her to admit it. "Do you masturbate?" he repeated a bit more firmly.

"Yes, Sir," she replied without hesitation, no longer caring what Kyle thought. All that mattered to her right now was the man frowning down at her so severely. She would give him whatever he asked for, right away, no matter whom it embarrassed.

He held her gaze for a moment, then with a nod, he stepped forward and ran his hands along her shoulders and back again. She closed her eyes at the firm gentleness of his stroking and the heated warmth of his touch. She was stretched almost to the point of pain, but she didn't care. All she wanted were his strong fingers and slightly rough palms to keep gliding over her flesh.

"Do you come?" he asked with a trace of huskiness, except to Kelly, it sounded like he was asking as one lover to another whether or not she found pleasure with herself.

"Sometimes, Sir," she admitted, thinking if he reached between her legs, she'd come instantly, right then, on the spot, just for him. She had to stifle a groan of disappointment when he stepped back again.

"Only sometimes?" The slight frown on his features puzzled her, but she answered the question.

"Yes, Sir."

"I see," he replied, and she moaned with delight when he slipped his hand between her spread thighs and inserted a single finger inside her again. She bit back a more vocal acknowledgment of her pleasure when he started sliding his finger in and out of her. Her nerves tingled with delicious frissons of pleasure.

"And what is it you do that keeps you from comin' sometimes?" he asked as though he was conversing about the weather instead of teasing her toward an incredible orgasm while asking how she pleased herself. She was finding it difficult to breathe. She really liked what he was doing, but she wanted more. She needed....

"I don't know, Sir," she answered gasping in a breath, with the pitch of her voice rising a little higher as she tried to shift closer so his fingers would stroke her where she most wanted, no needed, his touch. But he had her too well restrained. She had no choice but to remain exactly as he had placed her. Accepting only what he chose to give. Releasing a small moan of frustration, she closed her eyes and tried to relax. All she could do was let him lead, and willingly follow-- no matter where he led tonight.

The moment he withdrew his finger, Kelly suppressed a moan that quickly morphed into a whimper of discomfort when he replaced one with two very large, and long fingers. He had big, sturdy hands, which stretched her sensitive flesh more than was comfortable. Her eyes snapped open and she tried breathing through the pain as she gazed at him. Did he mean to hurt her? He slowly pulled his two fingers out, then pushed them back in with a more gentle glide, taking care to give her body time to adjust and accept the intrusion. His gaze never left hers as he continued to move his fingers in and out of her in a slow, carnal dance. Kelly bit her lip.

"For right now, I want your eyes open and fixed on me. You are not to close them or look away, no matter what I do." His tone remained stern, and a little threatening, while his magical fingers spoke another language as they continued to plunder for undiscovered erotic territory with a deep, rhythmic stroking.

Oh, God. Now he intends to make that really difficult for me. "Yes, Sir," she replied, giving another hard swallow as she struggled to maintain eye contact.

"You are very tight and wet, Kelly," he complimented, watching her expression as he continued to slide his fingers in and out of her. A sensual flush ran through her from her clit to her toes. Kelly moaned and closed her eyes, snapping them back open when he pinched her pulsing flesh. It surprised more than hurt her, but she still jerked and gave a little yip. He continued to watch her with an intensity she found thrilling as he moved in and out her with an expert smoothness intended to keep her quivering with need.

Oh, God. His fingers teased and coaxed her throbbing clit until all she yearned to do was close her eyes and let her body soar with the pleasure. She so badly wanted to please him and tried so hard to do what he asked, but her orgasm continued to build until she closed her eyes and stretched for the stars. He pinched her again. This time the pain zapped through her like a shock, causing her to yelp and go up on her toes.

His incisive, dark gaze remained fixed on hers. He looked displeased again, as if she'd done something wrong. "You may not come, until I tell you, Kelly."

"What?" she asked, breathless from her near climax. She'd heard him, she just couldn't believe he really meant to deny her this incredible.... Unforgiving pincers grabbed and twisted her tender flesh so harshly, Kelly's hips surged as she jerked back up on her toes and cried, "Oww!" She would have danced about if her feet and legs had been free, but she was locked in place, and that hurt. Tears instantly filled her eyes.

"That's for making me repeat myself, sub. I said you are not to come unless I give you permission."

Kelly didn't know whether to cry or come. What he was doing, when he wasn't punishing her, made her toes curl in ecstasy, and he'd resumed his pace without faltering, as though he hadn't compressed her most delicate tissue in a merciless vice mere seconds ago. Though her eyes overflowed with tears, and her lower lip trembled, she kept her gaze fixed on him. He didn't appear angry, nor was he scowling, just intently watching and observing. Then his lips eased into a small encouraging smile, and she smiled back. Despite causing her more pain than she liked, his pinches also served to relieve her need, but not for long.

Unable to suppress another moan as his fingers slid in and out of her with delicious and deliberate ease. *Oh, God.* He was torturing her on purpose.

"If you come before I've said you may, you will be punished for it.," he reminded thrusting in and out of her in the perfect tempo to send her tumbling. And, *Oh God,* he'd found the spot that made pleasure zing through her like a Chinese sparkler. Kelly needed to come so badly now she groaned, but she kept her eyes open and on him. She wanted to move her hips to match his powerful and masterful thrusts, except the chains held her fast. When her need grew to a point where she could no longer contain it, she had no choice but to surrender and accept the consequences.

Staring at him, she opened her mouth and pleaded one last time. "Ahhh. Please, Sir. I really need to come--"

"No, Kelly. You do not have permission. I expect you to keep your eyes on me and hold back your orgasm until I tell you otherwise."

"Oh, God, Sir. I can't." She was ready to cry she was so close, but he continued to press into her a little faster and deeper, seeking a treasure he'd forbidden her to claim. Not knowing what else to do, she began to pant in an effort to contain her pleasure. She so wanted to give this man everything he asked of her, but she was going to fail. She was going to come without his permission, and he would punish her.

Unable to keep silent any longer, she pleaded again, this time with her eyes as she moved up on her toes and murmured, "Ahhh...." He pinched her. Not nearly as hard, but enough to bring her need back under control.

"Thank you, Sir," she whispered, grateful for the help he'd given her.

"Good girl," he praised, his voice a silken caress on her raw nerves. "You feel so snug and warm when you grip my fingers like that, Kelly, and your face takes on a lovely glow. I suspect you will be beautiful when I finally let you come."

Finding his words as seductive as his sinful fingers, Kelly went back up on her toes again. She was going to lose it now. She knew it. "Ahhh. Please, Sir. Please. I beg you--"

"All right, Kelly. You've pleased me greatly tonight, so you may come." Then he caressed her exactly where she needed his touch. Her nerve endings flared to life faster than flames from a torch put to dry kindling. Heat engulfed her as pleasure sizzled through her veins.

With her neck arched, her vision blazed white as she screamed out her orgasm while he continued to milk every delicious ripple out of her climaxing body until the tingling spasms ceased, and she flew on a cloud of ecstasy--lighter than a feather.

* * * *

Jim watched the girl come apart under his guiding fingers with pride. He was right. She was beautiful when she gave into the pleasure he drew from her depths. Oh, he wanted her. His desire to be inside her at that moment was so strong, he suspected his aching balls had turned a dark blue.

Unwilling to let Kyle see how intensely Kelly had affected him, Jim took a deep breath, then turned back to his friend with a casual, almost indifferent expression. "I think we can work together. She needs a bit more tutorin' on obedience, but she wants to please me, which is good. I'd like a little down time with her before I take her over to the medical station to give her a full examination, measure her for a few toys, and then administer a thorough cleaning. Any objections?" After Kyle shook his head and moved to leave, Jim wanted to shout out his victory, but held off celebrating when the other Dom stopped and turned back.

"Look me up tomorrow, if you get the chance," Kyle requested. Jim knew Kyle was still fond of Kelly, even if he no longer wanted to master her. And though he understood why, the knowledge Kyle had been the one to previously pleasure Kelly caused a fierce stab of jealousy to pierce Jim's ego ... which surprised him. He wasn't usually this possessive over subs, especially not new ones.

"I'd like to know how things go," Kyle added.

"Will do," Jim replied with a nod, careful to support Kelly's weight before releasing her from her bondage. She felt so small and fragile in his hands, and yet he'd experienced firsthand the depth of her inner strength and passion. Her arousal and subsequent climax still surged through his blood like a potent aphrodisiac. Once he got her released and secure in his arms, she gave a soft moan of pleasure and curled into him with a sigh. Trust.

While pressing his lips against Kelly's hair to let her know how much she'd pleased him, Jim realized Kyle still watched them. Masking his eagerness to be alone with his new girl, he turned to reassure his fellow officer. "I'll make sure she gets home safely," he promised, holding his lovely, sensual, satisfied bundle close to his heart, his feelings for her deeper than he wanted to admit ... even to himself.

Once Jim had wrapped Kelly in a soft, pink, velour blanket, he carried her over to an unoccupied couch in one of the many resting stations, and stretched her out. Aware just how rough he'd been, he wanted to ensure her extremities didn't cramp on her. So, he began a slow, thorough massage, starting with her tiny feet, and following up those incredibly long legs and torso, all the way to her slender wrists.

She moaned softly as he worked her muscles, but didn't come to full consciousness. She wasn't insensible, merely flying high on endorphins.

Jim knew from experience that after he'd examined her and taken her through the bowel cleansing process he intended to administer, she would be far too drained to make love. But his cock was so hard now, he doubted he'd be able to go the entire night without claiming her. She'd probably be more than willing, submissive little thing that she was, but he didn't want to take unfair advantage of her. If she wasn't too sore, maybe they could appease their appetites in other ways. He'd have to see. And it was his decision to make, not hers.

In any case, he meant to keep her as long as she'd stay with him. He planned to show and

teach her things she never dreamed of before, while making sure she found all the pleasure and satisfaction he sought to provide.

When he'd finished the massage, Jim picked Kelly up to cradle her on his lap and rock her as he murmured inconsequential nothings into her ear until she fell asleep.

As he watched her rest, he noticed a small furrow appear between her eyebrows the moment he stopped talking. Testing a theory, he talked about how he enjoyed galloping on a horse through wide-open plains and her forehead smoothed out again. She was listening to him, and wanted to hear him talk. So, he obliged her with more silly chatter about clouds, swimming naked in rivers, and spying on girls swimming naked in the same rivers. Seeing a soft smile curve her lips, he marveled again at how trusting she was of him to care for her when she was most vulnerable.

Such trust was a rare gift, not often offered on the first day of a relationship. At least not in his experience. And knowing Kelly was unconditionally offering him hers filled Jim with a strong need to shelter and protect her. Although his desire to keep her safe didn't alter his plans for the evening, it did make him hope he could get her through these next few hours without scaring or upsetting her too badly.

After about a half-hour she blinked her eyes open and gazed up at him. "Welcome back, sleepy head," he murmured with a smile.

She blinked again then turned her face into his chest and stifled a yawn before gazing up at him with an apologetic expression. "Did I really fall asleep on you? I'm sorry."

He shook his head. "Don't be, darlin'. I wanted you to rest, so I just kept talkin', figurin' that would knock you out quicker than a shot of whiskey.

She smiled, then frowned. "Why did you want me to sleep?"

"I am very pleased with you, Kelly, and decided you deserved a rest after what I put you through. Besides that, you're a pretty little armful, and I like holdin' you."

Her smile turned soft and sexy. "Are those the only reasons I'm sitting on your lap now, Sir?"

"No, darlin', but they're the best ones."

"And what other purpose might you have for cuddling with a sub, Sir?"

He chuckled and lightly pinched her chin. "You are a curious little subbie, aren't you?" At her smiling nod, he relented. "Well, I'm not in the habit of explainin' myself, but you've been so good, I'll make an exception this time." She gazed up at him with a guileless expression. "Next, we're gonna be doin' some things which might be a bit difficult for you. So, I wanted you rested beforehand."

Her smile dimmed and her bright blue eyes took on a wary look, but she didn't attempt to pull away or even sit up on his lap. "What sort of things, Sir?"

CHAPTER THREE

Jim regarded her carefully. "Does it really matter, darlin'? Unless you safeword, you'll be doin' 'em, whether you want to or not. And I think you already know that. Don't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"That's my girl. Now do you need water or a chance to pee before we go on?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Okay, up you get, then," he ordered, shifting her so she sat up on his lap. "Take a moment and get your bearin's. Know where you are?"

Making no attempt to leave her nest on his knees, she looked around and nodded. "Yes, Sir."

"Good. Then head on over to the bathroom, and I'll meet you back at the Medical Station when you're ready to begin."

"Medical Station, Sir?" she asked, her voice emerging as little more than a squeak while her lovely face crinkled with worry.

"Yup, that's the place," he answered, helping her up to make sure she could stand on her own without faltering. Once he was assured she was steady, he removed the blanket and gave her round, pert bottom a playful swat. "You have fifteen minutes, sub, before I come lookin' for you. And if I have to do that, you're not gonna be happy about what'll happen when I find you."

She swallowed and gazed at him with such unease now, he instinctively knew she'd need a touch more reassurance or she'd work herself into a panic. Giving her fingers a light press, he lowered his voice and murmured, "Don't you worry none, Kelly girl. I'll take real fine care of you, I promise. And, if you're good, and do exactly as you're told, I'll make sure you also get plenty of hugs and kisses. Okay?"

Still a little unsure, she nodded, then obediently trotted off in the direction of the bathroom. He watched her hips sway, enjoying the view until she was out of sight. Yeah, he wanted her all right, and bad. Shifting his stance, he adjusted himself and strode over to the medical station to get everything set up and ready to use. George, a young Dom in training, worked as an attendant at the station. His job was to aid the senior Dom with whatever he needed and to help soothe the sub if she grew anxious while her Dom was occupied ... elsewhere.

Jim had worked with George before and liked his style. The young man had the right touch of firmness blended in with a soothing gentleness the subs responded to. In another month or so, he figured George would be out on the floor, working his own girl into a climax through the sort of painful pleasure only a Dom could provide.

About ten minutes later, Jim noticed Kelly standing a small distance away, hands behind her back, watching him with a wary, doe-eyed expression. Smiling, he crooked a finger at her, but rather than come to him, her face crumbled, and he knew she feared what he intended to do.

Giving a slight shake of his head, he opened his arms in invitation. "Come here, Kelly girl. I'm not gonna hurt you."

She ran over and curled against him as if she wanted to escape inside his body while her small frame trembled something fierce. Hugging her close, he soothed her for a minute. "Hey there, girl," he scolded gently. "You've been to a doctor's office before, haven't you? Well, this

first step won't be any worse than that, I promise. And once it's over and done with, we'll talk about the rest. All right?"

He felt her nod against his chest. Not an appropriate response, but he let it slide. She'd agreed, despite her fear, so he pressed his lips to top of her head, and when she glanced up, he kissed her lightly on the lips.

Though Jim had only meant to offer a quick peck to reassure her, Kelly immediately went up on tiptoe and wrapped her arms about his neck, desperate for more.

A part of him longed to give in to her unspoken desire, but he drew her arms down and held her wrists. "Easy, Kelly girl. Easy. Okay, come with me, hop up on the table, and lie back. She shook her head, but allowed him to lift her up and position her. However, when he reached for the restraints, she placed a hand on his arm.

At his questioning frown, she whispered, "Please, Sir. I'm afraid of being tied down."

Realizing this could be serious, Jim stopped and gazed at her with concern. "You weren't scared when I chained you up a little bit ago. So, what's got you all atremble now, darlin'?"

With her lips drawn into a tight line and her eyes scrunched up to keep from crying, she shook her head. So, he pressed his finger over her mouth. "Easy there. I can see you're frightened, sugar, so I gather somethin' bad happened when someone tied you up before. Is that right?"

"Yes, Sir," she affirmed softly, so he bent down to give her another quick peck.

"I'm not him, Kelly girl. I will honor your safe word if you wish to use it, but if you do, I will help you get dressed and take you home. That will be it between us."

Tears started to fall, and she shook her head again, clearly not wanting that either. So, he bent closer and pressed his lips to hers in a deeper kiss, which brought a responding tug to his groin and her arms wrapped around his neck again. Rather than scold or pull away, he lightened the kiss and palmed her face between his hands.

"I know you're upset, darlin', and I'm gonna do what I can to reassure you, but this is a matter of trust. Now, I'm not a doctor, and this isn't a doctor's office, though it is meant to look like one. This is BDSM Kelly, so I get to say what we do, not you. And I want you securely tied down for my peace of mind, not yours. So, what'll it be? Do I take you home, or do we continue?"

"Can you at least tell me what you're planning, so I won't feel so afraid, Sir?"

He seemed to be making exceptions left and right for her when he should be reprimanding and reestablishing his dominance. Except that would only make him feel like he was browbeating a child. Instead, he gently drew her arms down and placed his hands over hers. "For right now, I'm just gonna examine you, darlin'. I want to see your private parts inside and out. I want to see what brings you pleasure, or find out now if somethin' I wanna do might cause you problems. Now, I won't be far. I'm gonna be sittin right between your legs, so I'll probably wanna steal a couple of kisses while I'm there, but Master George here is gonna help you, too. He'll hold your hand and talk to you if you need him to. Does that help ease your fears any?"

She nodded. "Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

"Very good. So, I'm gonna bring this strap under your breasts and secure it, then I'll put one over your hips. We're also gonna strap your feet to the stirrups and your wrists to the table."

"Could you at least leave my hands free, Sir?"

Jim shook his head. "No, Kelly. It's all or nothin'. So, what do you say?"

She turned from him for a second, so he grabbed another tissue and turned her back to face him. With the gentlest touch possible, he wiped away those small traces of her unhappiness and soothed her by running his fingers through her hair. "All better?" he asked when her tears

stopped. She nodded uneasily. Again, not an appropriate response, but he let it go. "That's my brave girl. I'm gonna strap you in tight now, so take a deep breath and relax."

Receiving another nod, he made sure she was well secured to the table, pausing a moment to catch her gaze before he fastened her wrists. Then Jim checked her pulse and respiration while George positioned her feet in the stirrups and strapped them in place. First step accomplished without too much stress. Her breathing was a trace faster than normal, but her color looked good and she wasn't panicking. She tensed a little when George touched her legs, but Jim held her chin for a moment and shook his head, so she closed her eyes and allowed George to position and secure her feet to the stirrups.

"Good girl. I'm real proud of you, Kelly girl. I know this ain't easy, but you're doin' great," he encouraged, slipping on a pair of latex gloves. She attempted to give him a wan smile, so he smiled back. "Okay, darlin'. I'm gonna sit now, so take one more deep breath for me, then let your muscles go lax. Very good," he praised, sitting on the small rolling stool he'd positioned for his purposes. The moment he touched her she jerked. "Settle down, Kelly. That's just my fingers. I'm only lookin' so relax, darlin'. This part is easy." He nodded for George to monitor her pulse and breathing and hold her hand if she needed more reassurance.

Jim shook his head. He didn't understand it. Women did this at least once a year, yet they almost always freaked out when he told them what he was going to do. "She's a medium I think, George. Yup that one. Okay Kelly, I'm gonna open you up a bit now to get a better look, so I want you to take a deep breath and relax for me." When she did, he slipped the speculum in. She immediately tensed and tried to buck. They always did, and he knew what he was doing wasn't painful. So, he rose and said, "Kelly! That's enough. Calm down at once, girl. This doesn't hurt."

Her forehead wrinkled with obvious discomfort. "But it's uncomfortable, Sir."

He frowned at her. "It wouldn't be if you'd relax like I told you to. Now do you wish to please me or not?"

"Yes, Sir," she replied, her voice a whisper now.

"Then I expect you to do exactly as I say. Deep breath, young lady. Now!"

She obeyed him, but tears still filled her eyes. He shook his head, resumed his seat and opened the speculum to check for any conditions that might hinder their pleasure.

The muscles in her thighs and legs tensed as she tried to clamp down on the instrument. She was only making this exam more difficult for herself.

"Please, Sir. It's hurting."

"George." Jim gave the young man a nod, knowing Kelly would be a lot more comfortable if he concentrated on finishing up and removed the device. She held herself so tightly, he didn't doubt she was hurting.

Jim heard George encouraging Kelly to take deep breaths and relax, but from his viewpoint, he could tell it wasn't working. However, everything looked normal and healthy. Inserting a small instrument shaped like a swab, except with markings, he took a quick measurement.

"Sir?" Kelly called, her voice tense and high.

"Almost done, sugar. You just continue to breathe easy and slow while I finish up. George, would you take these numbers down, please." George left Kelly to scribble down the measurements Jim gave him.

Satisfied he'd gotten all the information he could at this point, Jim said, "All right, Kelly. We're done with this part. Now take another deep breath, darlin'." When she did, he removed

the plastic speculum and tossed the device into a small trash bin by his foot. Most of their instruments were plastic wrapped and disposable. And even though all subs had to fill out a comprehensive medical report before they could join the club, disposables eliminated any chance of an infection passing from one girl to another.

With that section of the examination done, he rolled his stool closer and inhaled Kelly's light, strawberry scent. Delicious. He placed his mouth on her moist, pink flesh and gave her the kiss he'd promised. Her taste as delectable as her fragrance, he used his tongue and lips to pay proper court to the area he'd so thoroughly examined.

"Ohhh." Jim heard Kelly's breathless moan and felt her thigh muscles tighten. Yeah, they didn't do this in the doctor's office. "You want to come, little Kelly girl?" he asked, using his fingers to tease the tiny nub peeking out from behind its protective hood.

"Yes, Sir. Please, Sir."

"Okay, but only a bitty one this time." And he worked her with this mouth and finger hearing her moan as she tried to raise her hips held immobile by a strap. Her moans grew edged with frustration as she struggled against her restraints. He should have told her to relax and take what he gave her, but continued pleasuring her, and within five seconds his little sub came right on the examination table with a cry. Using his gloved finger, he slowly eased her down. Maybe he should reconsider starting with an orgasm next time, if there ever was one. Admittedly, it was a good relaxation technique, but he preferred offering pleasure as a reward.

Once her clit retreated, he began teasing it out again with his finger, watching as its hood slowly retracted. "Sir?"

"Pleasurable, Kelly?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good girl." Standing up between her legs, he thrust two gloved fingers into her vagina and heard her give a little grunt. She was still wet, so he knew she wouldn't need lube as he felt around. With his gaze fixed on her face, he found the spot he was looking for and took a mental measurement of its location and the sensitivity of the surrounding area.

Her muscles gripped his fingers as her breathing started to deepen with her rising climax, and he smiled at her responsiveness. He often had to resort to toys to help get subs off while he had them strapped to the table. But not his Kelly. His mouth and fingers were all she needed to get going good.

"Sir?" she asked uncertainly, and Jim smiled, pleased she remembered to ask his permission first.

"Go ahead, darlin'. Close your eyes and give in to the sensations." Less than five seconds later, she came again.

"That's my girl," he praised, bringing her down gently. He'd collected everything he wanted with this portion of the examination. Now for the hard part.

"Scootch in a little closer to me, Kelly'. Somehow you've managed to inch back a tad with all your squirming'." Slipping his hands beneath her, he helped shift her forward until her butt lay two inches off the table, then double-checked her restraints."

"Sir?" she asked, fear building again in her eyes.

"Easy, sugar. You're doin great. I'm real proud of you, darlin'."

"Thank you, Sir," she murmured with a blush, clearly pleased by his praise, but still more than a little uneasy about what he intended to do next.

Curious, he met her gaze and asked, "You ever had anal sex, Kelly girl?"

Her eyes opened wide and she looked so scared he suspected he'd just hit upon another

area they'd need to work on. "No, Sir," she answered, surprising him.

"Hmm. You've got an awful lot of fear in you for somethin' you've never done. Wanna revise your answer?"

She considered it for a moment, then quietly said, "No, Sir."

"You don't wanna be lyin' to me, sugar. Lyin' is somethin' I have little tolerance for, and hand out very harsh punishments when I discover the truth. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir." Her reply came with a quivering lip. Not wanting to start her crying again, he backed down, though he knew something wasn't right. Fear that strong was not normal for an act a person hadn't experienced.

"Very well," he replied, letting her off the hook, but suspecting his new little sub had just earned herself a painful trip over his knees. "In any case," he added, regarding her with an arched eyebrow. "I happen to like doin' it... A lot. That means, this next exercise is meant to help prepare you so you'll eventually be able to take me back there without discomfort. Now, don't gape at me like I'm fixin' to rape you, girl. This examination won't hurt, but it may feel a little full and uncomfortable at first, so I'm gonna give you instructions you need to obey without hesitation. All right?"

She gave her head a vehement shake, which should have earned her a sharp reprimand. Instead, he gazed at her steadily. "Kelly girl, don't make me get firm with you, now. You're doin' so well, I'd hate to have to punish you for bein' difficult, but I will, if you force my hand."

Though her eyes opened even wider, she didn't respond. He would have liked a verbal acknowledgement from her, but let it pass. "Now, I need you to press down as if you're havin' a BM."

When she shook her head again, he scowled at her. "Kelly...."

"No!" she snapped back, actually shouting this time.

Jim considered her carefully for a moment. He knew she was anxious, but he also knew he had no intention of hurting her. Unfortunately, her fear had her openly defying him. He wanted to be patient and reassure her, except her attitude made that difficult, if not impossible. Taking a deep breath, he decided to give her one more chance.

"Darlin', that word is not in your vocabulary tonight, and you're bein' stubborn. Now, press down toward me." She shook her head again, so he extended one hand and depressed her abdomen in preparation to push inside her and she screamed. He hadn't even touched her, and she screamed like he'd ripped her apart. Not a normal reaction by half.

"Kelly! You quiet down this instant, young lady, or I'll turn you over my knee and give you the sound paddlin' you're beggin' for."

When she screamed again, Jim knew from experience no number of soft words or coaxing would calm her. She was too panicked to listen to him anymore. So, he removed his gloves, tossed them away, and glanced at George. "Mark this as 'in use'. We'll be back once we've had a talk about obedience."

George smiled and nodded. This wasn't the first time a sub had gone ballistic on them, but Kelly was in full struggle mode now. So, when George unbuckled the restraints on her feet he kept a firm hold on them while Jim unfastened the restraint under her breasts, then her wrists, making sure to capture both in one hand in case Kelly tried to wriggle free. After checking with George she was clear, Jim undid the strap at her hips, let go of one wrist, flipped her over on her stomach, captured the hand he'd released and clicked the metal fasteners on her Velcro wristbands so they locked together.

She hadn't stopped screaming, and now she kicked and bucked like a filly resisting saddle

breaking. He'd done his share of training horses, but his way of dealing with a recalcitrant sub was quite a bit different from his methods of gentling a mare.

"Looks like I may need to trot this filly back to the chainin' station, George, and take a crop to her hide until she settles down."

Kelly froze at those words. At least she was listening now. She breathed heavily, but outside of a slight shiver, she held quiet and still beneath the fingers he kept wrapped about her wrists.

Bending low, he whispered, "You'd best stop your shenanigans and start doin' what I say, or you're gonna be one unhappy little girl."

"I don't want this!" she insisted.

"Now, I didn't ask you what you wanted, did I? Wanna know why? Because your job, subbie, is to obey me. If you don't, you're gonna get punished, and that's a simple fact."

When she wailed at that pronouncement, he placed his left hand between her shoulders and brought his right palm down sharply on her butt, and growled. "Enough! You've already earned yourself one paddlin'. Don't make me add swats for willful disobedience and disruption."

"I don't care who hears me!" she screamed, struggling again for all she was worth. "Let me go, you asshole!"

Jim scowled down at her. "Swearin' is not acceptable at any time, so that little slip has earned you five more swats, sub." She was bucking hard again, not that she could go anywhere. He kept a firm hold on her. Giving his head a shake, he picked her up and swung her over his shoulder. Then restraining her kicking legs by clamping his right arm around her thighs, he gave another swat to her squirming buttocks. She screamed again.

"Quiet down, sub!" he yelled back. The angry sound of his voice provided just enough impetus for her to lie still, but not enough to keep gut-wrenching sobs from ripping through her. He didn't enjoy the thought of hurting her, but she needed to learn her lesson. So, without another word, he carried her over to a padded bench, yanked her down and pulled her across his knees.

Holding her down by her shoulders he brought his hand down once. "You are actin' worse than a bratty, little girl, sub. And this is how I punish bratty, little girls."

"Go to hell, you fucking pervert," she cried back, her voice angry and terrified, yet she still didn't say the one word that would get him to stop.

Bringing his hand down even more firmly a second time, he said, "You need your mouth washed out with soap, and a good ole fashioned paddlin' on the spankin' bench to my mind. But that's another ten you've earned."

"Noooo! Oww! You're hurting me. Let me go!"

"You aren't given the orders here, sub. I am," he insisted, punctuating each of the words he wished to emphasize with a sharp smack. "And for your information spankin's are supposed to hurt. So, you'd best get used to it, because I'm not plannin' on stoppin' until you convince me you're gonna start behavin'. After that, we'll begin your punishment spankin'." His hand came down smartly enough that time to sting his palm.

"Oww! Go fuck yourself, you sadist!"

Smack. Smack. Smack. Jim continued to apply his hand with each thwack delivered more firmly than the one that preceded it.

After he'd landed ten hard-handed swats, she sobbed out, "No more! Please!." Knowing he couldn't stop simply because she demanded it, he dispensed five more to the sobbing girl before he paused for a second.

"I got to say I'm real disappointed in your behavior right now, sub. Real disappointed." Though she cried even harder at those words, she still didn't call out her safe word. Considering how frantic her actions had been, that surprised him. But it pleased him, too, since it meant she would rather accept a punishment at his hand than call an end to their association.

"Well, you ready to apologize, yet, or do I keep goin'?" he demanded, lightly rubbing her rosy, pink bottom. He'd been firm with her, but considering what she'd given him, he'd let her off lightly, so far. Other Doms would have had her restrained on the cross, or the bench, and teaching her a much harder lesson than he just did. "Answer me, sub!" he commanded, waiting. But when the only sounds emerging remained tear-filled gasps, he brought his hand down again.

This time she arched her back and cried out, "I'm sorry!"

He shook his head. "Not nearly convincin' enough. I wanna hear a proper apology from you now, or I'm gonna keep at it until I do." She lay limp across his knees and continued to wail. He knew her fear wasn't natural, and a part of him wanted to hold and comfort her, but she needed a firm Dom right now, so that's what she got.

"I hate to see it come to this," he murmured, bringing his hand down again.

"No! Please. I'll behave. I promise," she pleaded. "I'm sorry for acting out and disobeying you. Please give me another chance."

Although the lesson had been light in number, she'd given him the response he required, so he paused. Listening to her sobs, he felt torn. He hadn't been overly harsh, but he needed to stay firm. And, since he couldn't let her get away with calling him names, he flattened his hand on her back. "Twenty more for swearin' and we're done," he informed her grimly.

"Oooh. Nooo. I'm sorry. Please don't. Please stop."

"Kelly, you're not listenin' to me, girl. You deserve much worse than what I'm givin', which means I expect you to do as a say and count out each stroke as you take your punishment. Afterwards, I'll hear your apology for swearin' at me the way you did." When her only response was a whimper, Jim drew back his hand and brought it down with the order, "Count."

"One." The word had been strained and tearful, but she'd minded, so he continued. She tried her best to be obedient and hold still as she counted out each stroke he administered, but her bottom started turning a fiery red and by the time he'd reached six, she started wailing and wriggling.

"No squirmin'," he reminded, "or I'll start again at one." She stilled then, but each wrenching sob that tore through her only made him feel worse.

When the last swat was delivered, he pulled her up in his arms and held her while she sobbed against his chest like a broken mechanical doll. They were large, gasping sobs that made her whole body shake. He rubbed her back and tried to soothe her, but when she showed no signs of stopping, he knew he'd have to get firm again to bring her out of it.

"That's enough!" he barked, and she struggled to draw in a calming breath, but even that didn't ease her sobbing. If she continued much longer, she'd make herself sick, and he couldn't allow that. So, he wrapped her up in a tight, compression squeeze until her wracking sobs lessened.

"Even with those last twenty, I didn't swat you near as hard as I should've to cause all this," he scolded, keeping his tone light, but his hold firm. "You must have an awfully tender butt, girl, because in my world those were mere love taps." Raising one hand, she clutched his shirt and hung on. It was the first voluntary movement she'd made since he'd finished her punishment, so he eased up on the pressure and rocked her in his arms.

"Shhh. Easy, there. Calm down now. I'm not angry, just disappointed. I don't like the

thought of punishin' you, Kelly, but you were bein' a very stubborn and unreasonable little girl."

"I'm sorry!" she sobbed out again, her face pressed against his shoulder.

Gently rubbing her back in an effort to soothe her, he bent his head low and spoke directly into her ear. "Now, you need to stop this and get a hold of yourself girl, or I'll have to give you another spankin' to make all these tears you're spillin' worthwhile. You're carryin' on way too long for the punishment you received. So, what's wrong?"

The only response Kelly gave Jim was a small hiccup, but her sobs were lessening.

He bent closer, so his lips touched her hair. "Tell me, Kelly. I can't help if you aren't honest with me, and your reaction was totally outta line for what was happenin'."

"I was scared," she admitted, her breath emerging in little hitches.

"I think you're lyin' to me, sub. And I don't like it one bit. Honesty is a two way street. If you aren't truthful with me, I can't trust you. And that's not a good way for us to begin a relationship, is it?"

"No, Sir," she agreed with another small hiccup.

"So, are you gonna tell me the truth? Or are you gonna keep maintainin' all your screamin' and callin' me names was only because you're afraid of me pokin' your butt?"

"That's all it was, Sir. Fear."

"Well, girl, all I can say is you must be a ton of yucks at the doctor's office."

