



SUBMISSION

A TREASURY OF WOMEN
WHO LIKE TO GIVE IN

Various Various
Submission

«HarperCollins»

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The thrills of power games and the pleasure of surrendering to the will of another. 'Submission' features new erotica short stories by Charlotte Stein, Primula Bond, Willow Sears, Rose de Fer and many more. Whenever Cate is summoned to her boss's office, the door remains closed for a very good reason. The rules are very explicit whenever Matilda visits the gentlemen of the Windsor Club. At the manor, the thrill for Saskia is a rare kind of obedience.

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SUBMISSION
A Treasury of Women Who Like to Give In
A Mischief Collection of Erotica



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Best in Show

Rose de Fer

I fidget, fussing with the hem of my dress as the car glides to a stop before an imposing Victorian house. The driver opens my door and I glance nervously up at him. He hasn't said a word throughout the drive and I can make out no expression behind his mirrored sunglasses. He merely waits for me to get out. I take a deep breath and step down on to the gravel. It's the last time I'll be allowed to walk upright for a while and I can't fight the powerful fear that threatens to make my legs buckle. The driver returns to the car and immediately pulls away, disappearing down the long winding drive. I am alone.

Slowly I make my way to the porch where a folded note bearing my name – Saskia – lies on the doormat. With trembling fingers I fumble it open.

'Undress,' it says. 'Scratch on the door when you are ready.'

I glance behind me. Fields and woodland stretch away into the chilly mist, but there is no one around, no one to watch as a frightened young woman strips naked outside a stately home. I'm not the first either. A small basket contains various items of clothing. Two pairs of shoes – sexy red stilettos and silver ballet flats – stand neatly to one side.

I know I mustn't delay so I quickly slip out of my dress, fold it neatly and add it to the basket. I unlace my strappy black sandals and place them next to the ballet flats. The tiled porch chills my bare feet. I hesitate only a moment before unhooking my bra and peeling my knickers off. I drop my lacy underthings into the basket and, stomach fluttering, I sink to my knees on the rough hessian doormat. I close my eyes, count to three and scratch gently at the large oak door.

Soon I hear the sharp taps of approaching footsteps. My heart gives a startled leap as the door opens and I look up into the face of a stranger. The man is immaculately dressed in a soft grey suit and shiny black shoes. He has a kind, handsome face and he smiles at me as he reaches down to ruffle my hair.

'Good girl,' he says, holding the door open. 'Come on, in you come.'

I creep inside on all fours, peering around curiously at the unfamiliar surroundings. The hallway is opulent and elegant. A high stained-glass window casts its image on the marble floor, staining my hands with reflected colours.

I hear the door close and then the man is crouching in front of me. He holds a thin strip of red leather in his hands and I realise he must be the handler. I obediently lift my head so he can fasten the collar around my neck. There is the soft jingle of a metal tag and I feel its chill against my throat. The collar is a strange comfort. It crystallises my position more than any other single step in the elaborate ritual. It instantly suffuses me with warmth and security, inducing a powerful feeling of submission.

As the man clips a lead to my collar I lower my head. He gives the lead a gentle tug and I follow him down the corridor and into a room towards the back of the house. The low murmur of male voices grows louder as we approach. I hesitate in the doorway, peering in.

We've come to what looks like a ballroom, although the room is obviously not used for dancing. The floor is covered with thick, luxurious Oriental rugs that cushion my knees as I am led inside. A huge space has been cleared in the middle, bounded by a semicircle of chairs. A show ring. Some of the men are seated and several others stand off to one side, talking amongst themselves. A fire roars warmly in the hearth along the near wall and two women, naked like me, kneel before it.

'Saskia.'

I look up in response to the familiar and cherished voice of my master and I find myself quivering with happiness as he emerges from the group and comes towards me. I kneel up to reach him, placing my palms against his legs as he strokes my face tenderly.

'Who's a good girl?' he says. 'Is my little pet going to make me proud today?'

I nod my head, pawing gently at him with one hand. He smiles indulgently at my puppyish behaviour before unclipping my lead. Then he reaches into his pocket to withdraw a morsel of chocolate. I nibble the treat from his hand while he scratches me roughly behind the ears. If I had a tail I would wag it.

He points towards the fireplace then and tells me to join the others. I leave his side reluctantly and make my way across the plush carpet to where the other two women kneel, watching me.

One is a lithe golden blonde with cropped hair and full breasts. She looks to be in her mid-thirties, like me. She offers me a sunny smile and I shyly return it. The tag on her collar says PHOEBE. The other girl seems extremely self-conscious, although I can't see why. She's the prettiest of us, with long black hair, olive skin and striking blue eyes. A petite, almost boyish figure. She looks away as I take my place with them by the fire.

'It's Tara's first time,' I hear a man say, presumably her master.

It's my first time too and I can't believe anyone could be more nervous than I am. Phoebe nudges closer to me and places her hand on mine, her eyes shining with friendly encouragement. She seems to contain an immense amount of energy; she's practically buzzing with suppressed eagerness.

'Shall we start with Phoebe, then?'

She perks up at the deep voice, abandoning me in favour of her master, who pats his leg and calls to her. She bounds over to him and adopts a puppy play-bow, arms flat on the ground, back arched, bottom high in the air. Then she barks and leaps up, playfully grabs the lead in her teeth and scampers back to the fireplace with it. There isn't a trace of self-consciousness in her. She fully inhabits her role with gleeful abandon.

The watchers seem charmed by her antics, chuckling good-naturedly as her master feigns exasperation and goes to fetch her. She drops the lead when he tells her to and blinks up at him, wide-eyed and adoring, as he fastens it to her collar and walks her over to the handler and passes him the lead.

'She's all yours, Mr Veith.'

The handler gives Phoebe an affectionate pat on the head and the show begins. He takes her through a series of basic obedience commands – sit, stay, fetch – and then leads her around the ring. She is very nimble on all fours, much more so than I am, and she tosses her head as she prances past the men I take to be the judges. Her enthusiasm is infectious and I find myself looking forward to my turn in the ring, my turn to show how good I can be, how obedient and responsive.

The judges mark their cards, occasionally smiling at something Phoebe does, occasionally frowning in serious contemplation. From time to time the handler rewards her with a treat – a small biscuit shaped like a bone. I worry at first that it's a genuine doggy biscuit. Phoebe is so lost in the role it wouldn't surprise me if she didn't notice. But when he tosses one near us and commands her to fetch it, I catch the smell of gingerbread and smile.

There is a small round of applause at the end of the performance and Phoebe dances in place, made even friskier by all the attention. Mr Veith lets her off the lead and tells her to stay and, although she clearly doesn't want to sit still, she obeys. Then she watches with keen interest as her master places a low grooming table in the centre of the room. Mr Veith joins him and Phoebe seems not the slightest bit nervous or uncertain as the two men lift her up and set her on all fours on top of it.

Her master stands in front of her and nods to the handler. 'She's ready.'

Mr Veith removes his jacket and rolls up his sleeves. Phoebe looks round at him as he approaches but her master gently guides her head back so that she is facing him instead. Mr Veith studies the naked woman before him, running his hands over her body as though testing the firmness of her skin. He squeezes her breasts one at a time and then pushes her lower back down, arching her body to raise her bottom up. She parts her thighs without being told and I see the men share a grin. It's obvious they know her well.

Mr Veith slowly draws a finger over the curve of each cheek, making her shudder. Then he slips his hand between her legs. She closes her eyes and a sigh of pleasure escapes her lips as she abandons all her canine mannerisms. Throughout the examination Phoebe never once seems embarrassed or discomfited. My heart begins to pound as I realise that I am likely to be subjected to the same intimate inspection and I know there is no way I'll have the composure that she does. Beside me Tara gives a soft little whimper and I take some perverse comfort in knowing that at least I'll handle it better than she will. I hope so anyway.

I glance over at my master, who is watching with detached interest. I lift my head, trying to catch his eye, but he studiously avoids my pleading gaze. Chastened by his silence, I turn back to the tableau in the centre of the room. Phoebe's master is holding her firmly by the arms now, keeping her still. Mr Veith's hand is well out of sight between her legs and Phoebe moans and gasps without a trace of shame. Suddenly I envy her fiercely, wishing I could be as uninhibited – as both a pet *and* a person.

Whatever he's doing to her soon proves too much and she reaches a fast and noisy climax. Blushing, I turn away, although I know she can't mind my watching. The room is filled with spectators, after all. I'm sure she relishes the attention.

Her master praises her and Mr Veith smilingly says she has done very well. The judges sombrely mark their cards, although I can't imagine what criteria they're evaluating.

The two men help Phoebe down and she makes her way over to me on all fours, wobbling slightly. Her face is flushed and glowing as she offers me a lopsided grin. She looks positively radiant. I bite my lip, too flustered to return her smile fully. I wonder if my arousal is as obvious to her as hers was to me?

Tara cowers on my other side, head down. I can sense her unease, although my intuition tells me it's only the public display that she objects to. I suspect I am the least experienced of the three of us.

The judges confer quietly and I silently hope I will be next. I'm so nervous about the prospect I'm lightheaded but I know that I absolutely don't want to be last. Better to dive in at the deep end and get it over with than linger on in torturous suspense.

'Let's have Tara next,' says Mr Veith.

My heart sinks.

Tara cringes and backs away towards the fire. For a moment I worry she'll burn herself but then her master comes forward. He's young. Early twenties, I guess, probably the same age as his pet. He doesn't convey the authority of either my master or Phoebe's.

'Tara, come,' he says sharply. He snaps the lead to her collar and pulls her like a reluctant mule into the centre of the room. 'She hasn't really been trained yet,' he mumbles.

'Well, let's take her around the ring at least,' says the handler, holding his hand out for the lead.

But Tara refuses to move. Mr Veith tugs at the lead, first gently and then more firmly. He tries coaxing her with a biscuit but she turns her head away. I glance over at her master, who slouches at the edge of the ring, hands shoved deep into his pockets, frowning at the floor. The judges' pens scratch away in the background.

'Oh dear,' says Mr Veith. 'Quite a stubborn streak.'

'You have no idea.'

'Shall we just proceed to the examination?'

Her master shrugs.

Tara struggles as she is lifted on to the table. Her master tells her to be still and when she doesn't obey he flicks the end of the lead smartly against her backside, making her yelp.

I edge closer to Phoebe, who presses against me with silent reassurance. She nuzzles my face and I return the affectionate gesture. She's back in full puppy mode and for one crazy moment I'm tempted to pounce on her and instigate a game of play-fighting. But I don't dare. Not until my turn has passed.

We look back to see Tara's master holding the lead firmly while the handler strokes her and tries to calm her. The black waterfall of hair hides her eyes and Mr Veith gathers it in one hand and draws it aside to peer into her face. She stubbornly turns her head away and he tightens his grip on her hair to hold her still. Her eyes blaze with defiance. Across the room several of the men shift and murmur to one another. There is more scratching of pens.

'Spirited,' Mr Veith says, although I can't tell whether his tone is admiring or disapproving.

When he reaches out to touch Tara again she bares her teeth at him and he frowns. Her master says her name in a warning tone and she closes her lips, only slightly cowed. Mr Veith tries again to approach her and this time she snaps at him. I jump as I hear her teeth clack together in the air just beyond his fingers.

'Bad girl!' her master says, his voice low and harsh.

Tara glares at both men and shakes her hair free of the handler's grasp.

'I'm very sorry,' Mr Veith says, 'but I'm going to have to disqualify her.'

Her master scowls and Tara lowers her head like a puppy scolded for biting the postman. He gathers her up and sets her on the floor, her body language conveying both ongoing rebellion and regret at having disappointed her master. In my submissive state the scene distresses me intensely and I watch in horror as he leads her to a cage in the corner of the room and shoos her inside. He latches it closed and shakes his finger at her. 'Bad girl,' he says again. Then, shaking his head, he returns to his seat and flops into it with a heavy sigh.

Beside me Phoebe grins and I immediately feel silly. Of course. For Tara, this is what it's all about. Indeed, now that she's safe in her cage I see the corners of her mouth curl in a mischievous smirk. As far as she's concerned, she's won. I know at once that the red stilettos outside are hers.

Mr Veith sighs and addresses my master. 'Well, looks like it's Saskia's turn.'

My stomach plunges with fear. Although nothing but simple obedience is expected of me, I still feel unprepared. I know I can't compete with Phoebe. I also know I'll have to be extra good following Tara's outburst. Suddenly the pressure seems overwhelming. I whimper and press myself close to Phoebe, who gives my hand a friendly squeeze.

'Come along, Saskia,' my master says, smiling indulgently, 'there's a good girl.' He holds out one of my chocolate treats and I nibble it gratefully from his hand, my submission enhanced by the fact that everyone is watching me. He delivers me to the handler and I peer up at him, telling him with my eyes what a good little doggy I'll be for him. I lift one hand slightly and Mr Veith smiles, bending down to shake it. He strokes my head and then we're off.

He leads me around the ring at a slower pace than Phoebe and I keep to his heel as I'm supposed to. I stop when he stops, turn when he turns and sit when I'm told to. He takes out one of his bone-shaped biscuits and holds it high over my head. I gaze up at it, knowing I mustn't jump up and snatch it, however much I want to.

'Good girl,' he says at last, lowering the biscuit so I can have it. I was right; it's gingerbread.

When I look over at the judges I see smiles on more than one face as they write. I don't need to see my master to know I've done well.

Mr Veith takes me around the ring one final time and, while I'm not the exhibitionist Phoebe is, I sense that I'm putting on a good show. It's over far too quickly and when I remember what comes next I start getting anxious. I try to hide my fear as Mr Veith leads me to the table and my master helps him lift me up on to it. He unclips the lead and I lift my head, happy not to need restraining like Tara. I am determined to make my master proud.

Mr Veith pats my head and I smile shyly, reassured by the silent praise. I jump when I first feel his hand on my naked back, but he strokes me gently and I soon relax into his unfamiliar touch. His hands explore every inch of exposed flesh, running along my back and up and down my arms and legs. He lifts my feet and strokes them, then peers at my hands. He takes his time with me, no doubt feeling somewhat cheated by Tara.

I flinch, ticklish, as he draws his fingers along my ribs. Then he deftly slides his hands underneath me, cupping my small breasts. A hot pulse surges through my body and I feel myself growing wet as he squeezes me gently. Then he releases me and I feel a hand at the base of my spine, pushing down.

‘Sit,’ he instructs.

I sink to my knees and he moves in front of me and positions me how he wants me: kneeling up, back arched, arms at my sides. I lower my eyes demurely as he palms my breasts again, this time brushing his thumbs slowly back and forth over the nipples. They respond immediately and I push aside my self-consciousness, giving in to the stimulation. He lingers, his continued touch a reward for my good behaviour. I moan softly when at last he stops and I hear my master chuckle softly.

‘Good girl,’ he whispers, appearing at my side and feeding me another bite of chocolate. The heavenly taste fills my mouth, a perfect counterpoint to the tingling in my body, the hot pulsing in my sex.

Now Mr Veith urges me back up on all fours again. I obey instantly, eager to please, keen for more. His right hand glides up the inside of my left thigh and I hold my breath as I wait for the touch I’m craving. I sense that nothing less than full surrender will satisfy my master and I’m determined not to let my inhibitions get the best of me. I want what Phoebe had.

He pats the inside of each thigh, urging my legs apart. I gasp as the exposure chills the dampness that must be obvious to him. With one finger he explores the delicate folds, as though coaxing open the petals of a flower. He traces the opening of my sex, teasing me beyond endurance. I can’t restrain a little moan of desire and my hips writhe, pleading, demanding.

‘Very good,’ he says, although whether he means my physical response or my general submission I have no idea. But he doesn’t give me much time to wonder before he finally slips a finger inside me. The sensation is electric after the painful wanting and I clench tightly around his finger. He reaches deep inside, sweeping around the soft walls and nudging against my cervix. It makes me gasp. My legs tremble with the effort of not collapsing and he steadies me with his left hand.

I steal a glance over at Phoebe and she looks as rapt as I’m sure I did when it was her turn. She catches me looking and gives me a lascivious wink. The thought steals into my mind that the two of us could get up to some fun games on our own – assuming our masters would allow it, of course.

Mr Veith slides his finger out and I protest with a whimper before realising it’s only so he can insert a second one. The penetration becomes rougher as he stretches me wide, manipulating me with clear expertise. At the same time he presses against my abdomen from the outside, as though trying to make his fingers meet on either side of my skin. I feel gorgeously invaded from every angle. I can’t escape and I don’t want to. Some part of me is vaguely aware of the rude display I’m making, grinding my hips wantonly as I am fondled before a room full of strangers. But I don’t care. All I want is more. Too much could never be enough.

The signs must be obvious to him because suddenly he directs all his attention to my sex, slipping his left hand down to tweak the tiny little bud that will make me lose control. Almost immediately I feel the rising tide of a powerful climax and it overtakes me like a wave, crashing over me and pulling me under. I cry out, lost somewhere between pleasure and pain.

Starbursts blink behind my eyes and the only sound is my breathing as I pant and gasp for air. From far away I hear words of praise but I’m adrift in a world of ecstasy and can’t make them out. Warm arms encircle me and I am lifted and then lowered to the floor, where it takes me a little while to remember how to make my arms and legs work. When I return to the fireplace I curl into a contented little ball, basking. Phoebe nuzzles me and kisses my cheek and I paw at her.

‘Well, gentlemen,’ comes the voice of Mr Veith some time later, ‘it would appear we have a tie.’

Phoebe and I share a smile at the murmurs of approval from the crowd. He calls us both to the centre of the ring and we go eagerly, sitting side by side at his feet. He gives each of us a treat and addresses the room.

‘I propose to add a new round to the competition. We’ve seen how the competitors interact with a handler. Now let’s see how they interact with each other.’

I see Phoebe’s eyes flash with mischief but before she can act, I do what I’ve been wanting to do all day: I pounce on her, knocking her flat on her back. She yelps in surprise but quickly recovers, rolling on to her front and preparing for the counterattack. I retreat a few steps and she launches herself at me, pinning me down and licking my face. I struggle beneath her, not with any real effort, and she eventually lets me up so we can trade places.

As we tussle my imagination goes wild and I fantasise that we’re outside in the garden, frolicking in the grass, in the sprinkler, in the mud, getting filthy. We wouldn’t be allowed back in the house then. Not without a bath. I can see us sitting together in a big metal tub on the patio, splashing in the soapsuds and the spray from the garden hose before being roughly towelled dry by our masters.

Someone tosses a foam toy into the ring and I grab it first, scampering away with Phoebe in hot pursuit. When she catches me she wrestles me to the floor and we tug it back and forth with our teeth, quickly reducing it to a scattering of fluff. I have never felt so free. By the time I finally capitulate and let her win, it’s no longer about the game. Or the show.

I’m too exhausted to resist when Phoebe finally pushes me down, breathing hard from more than just the physical exertion. She fixes me with her beautiful gaze and caresses my face, drawing her hands lightly down my throat and over my breasts. I tremble and urge her on with a look. She hesitates only a moment before obliging. My sex is begging for her touch.

Phoebe strokes my silky wetness and bends down, covering my mouth with hers. Her kisses taste like ginger. As we surrender to our mutual attraction, I hear her tag jingle against her collar like a bell.

I arch my back and see my master standing nearby, watching us, smiling. I know I’ve made him proud even though I didn’t win. But I imagine he has some more rigorous training in mind for his little pet. At least I hope so. For now I’m more than happy to let the winner have the spoils.

The Usual Dress Code

Elizabeth Coldwell

The e-mail arrives in her inbox without warning. 'Meet me at the Windsor Club for lunch tomorrow. One o'clock sharp. Be sure to observe the usual dress code.'

Even that simple message is enough to have her juices flowing as she reads and rereads it. So the lecture tour's over and he's back in the country, is he? So like him, she thinks, to arrive with no prior notice and expect her to fall back into their usual routine. But he knows she'll be there. She doesn't have plans for tomorrow lunchtime and, even if she did, she'd cancel them to be with him.

Though the work is stacked high on her desk, data needing to be inputted from a pile of forms, it's hard to concentrate on anything now she knows she's going to be seeing him again. Thoughts of him, and what he'll require her to do, push everything else to the back of her mind.

'The usual dress code.' Those four words contain the essential truth of their relationship: that he gives the orders and she willingly obeys them. From the day they met, he recognised the submissive heart of her, the part she'd never revealed to anyone for fear of being misunderstood. Even now, she still dreads the reaction from some friends and colleagues if they were ever to find out about the things he makes her do. To them, submissive means weak, easily trampled on, a personality lost and submerged beneath another's. She knows the truth: submitting makes her stronger, allows her to explore desires that would otherwise go unfulfilled. And the rules of the game are simple. If she says 'stop', they stop.

He'll love the outfit she bought in his absence, she thinks, giving up any pretence of work for the afternoon. His dress code is weirdly specific. If pressed, she'd define it as 'slutty 1950s secretary', fantasy fodder for the older, highly educated gentleman. Underwear that nips in her waist and thrusts out her breasts, giving her an exaggerated hourglass figure she suspects no real woman has ever possessed. Tight pencil skirts that give a wiggle to her walk, blouses with a fussy pussy bow at the neck, and gorgeous but impractical stockings. He likes them so sheer as to be practically invisible, with a fully fashioned heel and a seam running arrow-straight up the back of her legs. The straightness of the seam is very important – she's learned that over the years – and leaving them crooked is the quickest way to earn a couple of hard swats to her barely clad backside. If feminine intuition isn't a myth, it must have compelled her to spend time browsing her favourite vintage lingerie site, snapping up a couple of pairs of stockings in her size in preparation for his return. The parcel sits in her top desk drawer, delivered to her this morning by the office post-boy, who doesn't have a clue about her secret life but would probably nurse his erection for the rest of the day if he knew she was planning to truss herself up in seamed nylons and a six-strap suspender belt for the delight of a man who loves to see her wearing nothing else.

Every minute will drag till she's in his company once more. Her pussy is already wet and swollen with need but, from the time she receives his written instructions to the time she meets him, playing with herself is forbidden. He's very insistent about that. Once, he made her wait from Monday till Friday, four whole days spent stewing with frustration so acute she could barely stand it. She'd never be able to properly explain why she obeys him to the letter in this regard. All she can say is that if she disobeyed him, he'd know. He always knows.

The Windsor Club belongs to a bygone world. It is set on a quiet side street just off Piccadilly, a place where men can eat and doze and chat, away from any kind of female influence. Although the staff who fetch drinks on silver salvers and serve generous portions of nursery food at tables covered with crisp white cloths are all pretty young waitresses, she can't help but notice.

Arriving a couple of minutes before one, she announces herself at the front desk. The black-jacketed flunky looks her up and down, regarding her from tight blonde chignon to dizzying four-

inch heels. Clearly not the usual choice of dining companion for the club's members, but he responds with a polite 'Ah, yes, Miss Culver. Professor Matlow is expecting you. Please come through.'

The club's main room is almost soporific in its warmth, after the February chill of the West End. He's sitting in a wing-backed leather armchair, reading this morning's copy of *The Times*. All she can see is the top of his head, dark curls shot through with more grey than she remembers, and his long legs in faded olive corduroys, crossed at the ankles. Just that glimpse causes her heart to lurch and a thin trickle of juice to seep into her black silk French knickers.

Robert Matlow, professor of English at one of the country's most respected universities and a world-renowned authority on the work of John Donne. Not that she ever addresses him by his given name. To her, he is never anything other than 'Sir'.

Hearing her approach, he folds his paper and lays it on the table in front of him, next to the inevitable glass of twelve-year-old single malt. She wonders whether his instructions to the waitress as to how it should be served are as precise as the ones he always gives her. Two ice cubes. No more, no less. He requires his whisky to be chilled, not watered down. Nothing should impair its subtle, peaty taste, as he so often tells her. Perhaps one day he'll realise she's sometimes careless with the number of cubes simply to earn herself an extra stroke on her final punishment. Perhaps he already knows, and indulges her. Though she doubts that. From her experience, he is very seldom indulgent.

'Matilda. Punctual as ever, I see.' For the second time in a minute, she is scrutinised from head to toe. Where the door flunky looked at her with politely concealed lechery, this is a very different kind of inspection. His deep-set blue eyes check that she has, as he requested, observed the dress code – at least as far as he can tell from the outer layers of her clothing. They seek out any imperfections in her appearance: smudged lipstick; a stain on the sleeve of her cream jacket; a slight deviation in the straight lines of her stocking seams. He appears almost disappointed to find none.

'Do sit down,' he urges her, before beckoning the waitress over. 'Could you fetch the young lady a glass of white Burgundy?'

'Certainly, sir.'

And so it begins. He hasn't asked her what she might like, and by taking the choice away from her he has subtly reinforced his dominance within their relationship. She can't explain quite why this show of control turns her on so much; all she knows is that it's suddenly hard to focus on anything but the pulse beating insistently in her pussy.

'So, how are you, Matilda?'

With those words, he gives her permission to enter into conversation. He could just as easily have returned to his perusal of the obituaries, making her wait till he was ready to speak to her, but even though he'd never admit it to her face, she knows he's missed their regular chats.

'I'm fine, thank you, sir. Work's as boring as ever. How was America?'

The waitress returns and places a glass in front of her. He motions with his eyes for her to take a sip. She does, savouring the complex, buttery taste of the wine. It's an excellent choice, but she wouldn't have expected anything less. He's taught her so much in the time they've been together, not only in the bedroom. Before him, she existed on microwaved ready meals and supermarket plonk and never read anything more challenging than the weekly gossip magazines. He has refined her palate, given her a thirst to learn more about the world and fill the many gaps in her education.

He grins, the lines around his eyes deepening, one of the few reminders that he's almost fifteen years older than her. With his boundless vitality and body he keeps honed with an exercise regime bordering on the obsessive, it's sometimes hard to believe they aren't the same age. 'Oh, it's always nice to have a new audience for my one-liners.'

At his urging, she once sat in on one of his lectures, hidden away at the back of the darkened theatre. His dissection of love metaphors in metaphysical poetry went completely over her head, though some poem of Donne's in which he complained about how long it took for his lover to undress for bed still stuck in her mind, thanks to the outrageous manner in which he had acted it out, a neat

pantomime of impatient male and coy female. He had the knack of keeping his students hanging on every word, enthralled by his obvious personal magnetism and unfettered sexuality. She'd overheard a couple of girls talking on the way out, describing all the deliciously filthy things they'd like to do to Professor Matlow if they got him alone. If only you knew, she thought.

Taking a sip of his whisky, he continues, 'Seriously, it was very productive. I've made some useful academic contacts, and one of the senior editors at the Harvard University Press is very keen to read the manuscript of my Donne biography, but four months on your own in hotel bedrooms grows a little wearying by the end.'

She's about to ask him more, happy to bask in the reflected glow of his success, but they're interrupted by the arrival of a man she doesn't recognise. He's around her own age, and it wouldn't surprise her if he was another academic; he has the same dishevelled dress sense and distracted air, as though he's not properly connected to the world around him. He pushes a stray lock of blond hair out of his eyes, before thrusting out his hand.

'Robert, great to see you.' The man's grin is broad, revealing slightly crooked teeth. He smells vaguely of vetiver and shag tobacco, a combination she can't help finding strangely alluring. If she hadn't already found her master, she'd be curious to learn whether he was single.

'Dan. Glad you could make it. Matilda, this is Daniel Morison. We used to work together in the English department at Leicester. He's faculty head there now. Dan, this is Matilda.'

Nothing more in the way of introduction, which surprises her. The stranger now shaking her hand can't possibly know she is his friend's submissive; this side of their relationship has always been kept a sworn secret between them.

'Do sit down, Dan.'

Daniel accepts the invitation, making himself comfortable in the one available armchair. She wondered why her master had settled himself among a group of three chairs; it's becoming clear this is not going to be the cosy tête-à-tête she'd envisaged when she received his e-mail.

'So, how are things?' Daniel asks. 'I bumped into Maurice a couple of weeks ago and he said you were in Boston ...'

The two men launch into a conversation peppered with names and references to past incidents that mean nothing to her but seem to amuse the pair of them greatly. They only break off when the waitress arrives to take Daniel's order for a glass of Merlot, before returning to the anecdote they're sharing. All the while, she sits patiently, sipping her wine. He hasn't given her permission to join in and, even if he had, there's nothing at all she could add.

At last, he seems to remember she's there. 'So, Matilda. I believe that before Dan arrived you were just about to show me whether you'd complied with the dress code.'

He'd implied nothing of the sort. It's another part of their ritual with which she's becoming very familiar over the years – the raising of her skirt to reveal the tops of the stockings he loves so much, proof she's followed his instructions to the letter – but it's always been conducted in private. She'd make a strong objection, if it wasn't for the fact that the thought of submitting to him in front of an invited audience is making her even wetter.

'Didn't realise they had a dress code for women here,' Daniel interjects. He smiles at Matilda in conspiratorial fashion. 'Though you wouldn't be the first person they'd caught out, believe me. This isn't my tie; they found it for me because I didn't have one on when I arrived.' He waggles the end of the tie at her. It's a sober, black and grey striped affair that doesn't go with anything else he's wearing. Which makes it no different to the rest of his outfit.

Her master shakes his head. 'I don't think the club knows anything about this, and, if they did, they'd probably make it compulsory for all their female staff. You see, Matilda's dress code applies to her underwear as much as to anything else.'

Daniel's eyes widen. He grasps the implications with lightning speed, if the way he's shifting in his seat as though his baggy trousers have grown a size too small for him is any indication.

‘So, Matilda, are you ready for your inspection?’

Her eyes can’t help but dart round the room. Fortunately, the only man she can see is some old duffer reclining on the brown leather chesterfield close to the fire, snoring gently, a crumpled copy of the *Telegraph* clutched to his blazer-clad chest. Everyone else must have retired to the dining room for plates of steak and kidney pudding and spotted dick.

Satisfied her little display won’t be seen by prying eyes, she replies, ‘Yes, sir.’

‘Very good.’ As she begins to rise to her feet, he adds, ‘Don’t stand up, girl, there’s no need.’

She should find his use of the term ‘girl’ patronising and unnecessary, but it simply causes her pussy to cream more strongly. And he isn’t being kind to her by telling to remain seated. Hiking up her tight skirt the required distance is difficult enough when she’s standing; doing so sitting down is next to impossible, involving a wriggling manoeuvre that slows the process to a humiliating crawl.

Not a word is spoken, two pairs of eyes riveted to her legs as her stockinged thighs appear, inch by agonising inch. She’s all too aware of the wetness between her legs, causing the damp and clinging crotch of her knickers to slip between her lips as her backside writhes against the seat of her chair.

At last, the skirt is high enough that the thick dark welts of her stockings appear beneath its hem. Any higher, and she’ll be giving them glimpses of her suspender straps and pussy lips bisected by a strip of soaking wet silk.

‘Should have known you were a stockings man,’ Daniel comments. She can’t lift her eyes to meet his gaze, or that of her master.

‘Of course,’ he replies. ‘First thing I did when I started fucking Matilda was make her ditch those nasty, cheap tights she used to wear.’ He tosses the word into the conversation with casual abandon, knowing how delightfully shameful she finds it to have their relationship and the things they do together described in such crude terms. ‘Would you like to see what else goes with them?’

She can’t believe he’s extended such an offer, but the word that would call a halt to all of this remains unspoken. There’s no point pretending she doesn’t want this. She’s always wondered quite how far she’d be prepared to go in following her master’s instructions, and it seems to be quite a lot further than she ever believed. Why else would her fingers fly back to the hem of the skirt, ready to push it up further if Daniel accepts the invitation?

It’s Daniel who hesitates, as though he isn’t sure whether her master is joking or not. ‘Are you sure?’ he asks.

‘I wouldn’t say it if I didn’t mean it, Dan. You know me.’

Those words are all the assurance Daniel needs. With a little, jerking nod, he signals his desire to see her underwear. Taking a breath, she hitches up her skirt until it’s past her stocking tops and her partly covered bum cheeks make contact with the smooth, worn leather of the chair beneath her.

‘Oh, very nice. Very nice indeed,’ Daniel murmurs.

She looks round, cheeks flushing red. Nothing has changed. The duffer still snoozes on the chesterfield, the antique clock still ticks on the mantelpiece, the room still smells of stewed prunes and old money. But it feels as though a thick pane of glass somehow separates her from what’s happening around her. By revealing her underwear to her master’s friend, she has removed herself to a place where the normal rules of behaviour no longer apply.

‘If you’d like to take a closer look, she’ll remove those knickers for you,’ her master informs Daniel helpfully. ‘You’ve probably realised by now that Matilda and I don’t exactly have an orthodox relationship. She’s my submissive, and she follows my instructions because it makes both of us happy, even though she might look like she’s dying of embarrassment right at this moment.’ He takes a mouthful of whisky, savouring its taste, even though the ice cubes have melted down almost to nothing. ‘All you have to do is give her the command.’

Daniel beams like a small child who’s been given permission to open his Christmas presents early. ‘Matilda, take your knickers off.’ Excitement makes his voice crack halfway through the sentence but, though he doesn’t possess any of her master’s natural authority, she still obeys him. It’s

not his reaction she's interested in as she reaches up and awkwardly tugs down her underwear, thighs pressed tightly together so she doesn't reveal any more of her pussy than she has to. What concerns her is the approval in her master's eyes. As she bares herself on the instructions of a man she's never met before, he's gazing at her with something that looks very like pride.

Knowing she's pleasing him makes it easier for her to pull the French knickers all the way off, making sure they don't snag on one of her heels. She holds the damp scrap of material awkwardly in her hand, waiting for her next instruction. It isn't long in coming.

'I don't think Daniel can see what he really wants to. Open your legs, Matilda.'

'Sir, I –' Part of her still can't believe this is really happening. What will happen if the waitress walks past and sees her with her wet, needy cunt exposed? Because it is needy, she can't deny that. She's been desperate to come since the moment she received the e-mail, but without his express permission she will continue to remain tense and frustrated.

'I'm waiting, girl.'

That word is the trigger, prompting her to let her thighs loll apart. Daniel's gaze flickers from her blushing face to her newly revealed sex, shaved so that only a strip of hair remains, as per the dress code.

'Does she feel as good as she looks?' Daniel asks.

'Why don't you find out?'

That's how easy it is to give her to another man, if only for a few moments. Daniel comes close, crouching down on the floor so he can get a close-up view of her clit, the shining pearl pushing free from its covering hood. He puts his fingers to his mouth, wetting them with a sweep of his tongue, then presses them to her pussy. The merest contact is enough to have her hanging on the brink of orgasm, afraid she'll lose all control and come before she's allowed. *If*, she reminds herself, she's allowed.

'Easy, easy,' Daniel soothes, changing his tack so that now two fingers push up into her hole. Moving away from her clit dulls the strong, shivery sensations, making it a little easier to hold back, but even so the steady in-and-out fucking motion soon has her humping her arse against the seat. When she left the office, she had no idea she'd find herself in a scene like this, being played with by a stranger under the watchful eye of her master, but she feels crazily alive. Only he can make her feel like this, and when she comes, creaming around the fingers of his friend, it'll be for him and him alone.

But first she has to negotiate her orgasm. Though there's no attempt at negotiation in the breathless pleas she utters as Daniel's thumb brushes over her clit, this time with serious intent. 'Sir, I need to come. Please may I come?'

For a moment, she fears he may refuse, frustrating her even further, but he tells her, 'Since you ask so nicely, girl ...'

That's all the permission she needs. Closing her eyes, she surrenders to the rising pressure, pussy muscles clenching tight round Daniel's thick fingers as she comes. Though she tries to be as quiet as she can, mindful that there might be onlookers, she can't prevent a strangled gasp escaping her lips. The noise is enough to wake the duffer, who looks around for a moment before deciding nothing is amiss and returning to his slumbers.

When Daniel withdraws his fingers, slick with her juices, it seems to break the spell. At her master's command, she eases her skirt back down to a respectable level, though her knickers remain bunched in her hand.

'Oh, Robert, you've got a treasure here.' Daniel's tone is pure envy. 'If you ever get tired of her ...'

Her master shakes his head. 'I couldn't give my girl away. Well, not for ever. But if you want to borrow her from time to time ...' He smiles at her, giving her a moment to let the idea sink in. 'Have you ever been to Leicester, Matilda?'

'No, sir.'

‘I’ll keep that in mind. London’s a fine city, but sometimes it’s nice to have a change of scene at weekends. Though, of course, we’ll have to find some way of ensuring that even when you’re in Daniel’s charge you adhere to the dress code.’

He gives her hand a squeeze, his touch communicating his pride in her display of submission and the love he feels for her. Then he signals to the waitress, indicating that he’d like a fresh round of drinks, as casual as though they’d simply been discussing academic matters.

She has the impression life is about to get very interesting indeed, but, as long as it makes her master happy, she wouldn’t want it any other way.

Corporate Punishment

Kat Black

‘Wider.’

Arms clasped behind her back, knees stinging where they dig into the coarse twisted fibres of her office carpet, Cate obeys the order without hesitation.

Regardless of the muffled buzz of activity coming from beyond the closed door at her back and the risky choice of location, her blindfolded world is reduced to nothing but the man standing in front of her. Her awareness is narrowed to the commanding tone of his voice, the peppery scent of his arousal, the wet, velvet-on-steel glide of his thick cock between her lips.

‘Deeper.’

The strong hands grasping her head shift their grip to the back of her skull. Fingers fist in her hair and pull, leaving her with no option but to comply. Not that her obedience is in question.

Hot and hard, the erection invading her mouth forces forward. From above, a hiss of pleasure sounds at the same instant as the swollen head lodges in the back of her throat.

Too much! Her gag reflex activates and a series of strangled noises escape as she struggles for breath. For a long moment those hands hold her fast while the contracting spasms close tight around the wide tip of the cock. Then the pressure eases as they release to let her pull back, gasping, choking, eyes watering.

‘Shh.’ Accompanied by a soothing sound the hands move to frame her face, gentle now as they tilt it chin upwards, thumbs wiping at the tears trickling from beneath her blindfold in a gesture of impossible tenderness. ‘Good girl.’

No sooner has the worst of her coughing subsided than the touch hardens again, once more taking charge and positioning her to allow the erection to push all the way back in past her still gasping lips – slowly, inexorably, stuffing her mouth full of hot, hard cock.

Cate moans and shudders, stretching her jaw wide and opening her throat to accommodate the unyielding size, even as she squeezes her thighs tight, seeking to ease the fire pulsing between them. Her nipples ache where they’ve been left exposed to the air-conditioned room, her bra and half-unbuttoned shirt roughly anchored beneath her breasts. The puckered buds stand to full attention, tingling in anticipation of a touch that never seems to come.

She’s been burning for ever, it seems – kept at fever pitch while the man at whose feet she kneels takes his time establishing his absolute authority, reducing her to nothing more than this quivering heap of want. By contrast, his voice and actions remain cool and composed as he toys with her, taking what pleasure he desires, exactly as he desires it.

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