

*Nearly
Forbidden*

**THE NEARLY FORBIDDEN SERIES
BOOK ONE**

Gemma Stone

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Nearly Forbidden
by Gemma Stone

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Chapter One

An Unexpected Call and a Visitor

"Hello, Peter. It's Jacki," the voice on the other end of the phone said.

"Hi, Jacki," said Peter cheerfully. "It's been awhile. What can I do for you?"

"Richard has asked me to marry him and move with him to his new institution in Chicago," she said.

"Congratulations," he replied.

"The point is that I'm more attracted to you. Before I give him an answer, I wanted to call you and see if there was any possibility with you. If you're at all interested, I'll say no."

Peter Porter, professor of history, had met Jacqueline Ross about a year earlier at a reception for the beginning of the academic year. He'd been introduced by his friend Dan, the chair of the anthropology department, which sponsored the party. She was beautiful and funny. Peter got her number and called her two days later to ask her out. She had said yes. There was no violation of university policy. She was a graduate student, not an undergrad. She had completed her coursework. He had no supervisory role over her. In fact, she was in a completely different department.

For their date, he took her to the best restaurant in the Little Italy section of town, in what had once been a heavily Italian, industrial city. It was an amazing first date. There was a clear attraction, and they had many common interests. They were incredibly comfortable talking to one another, despite their age differences. She was twenty-four. He was thirty-four. Somewhere near the end of the entrée, after some good Chianti Classico, he leaned over and kissed her. Her mouth willingly opened to him.

Peter walked her home, their fingers intertwined. When they reached her apartment building, he repeated the kiss. He did not press for more, but in the cool fall night air, they stood for twenty minutes, just kissing.

“I should tell you,” she said, “there is someone else circling.” Shortly thereafter, Peter heard that his colleague Richard Elfman and Jacki were dating. Peter felt pretty sure that that was a violation of the rules. She was Richard’s teaching assistant. That, however, was none of Peter’s business, he reasoned. It would be between Richard and the Conduct Committee—if it came to light. Peter backed off. He had seen her a couple of times at campus functions, but otherwise he had had no contact with her. Now, a little over a year later, Jacki was calling to say that Richard had proposed.

“If you are calling me, Jacki, I think you have already answered your basic question: you’re not comfortable accepting,” he said flatly, without any trace of hostility.

“I said that I’d rather be with you.”

“Jacki, we went on one date. There was an obvious connection. I like you. I’m attracted to you. You’re smart. You’re funny. If it hadn’t been for Richard, I would have seen where it would go. You’re a great kisser. That’s about all I know about you.”

“I feel the same way about you. So what do we do?” Jacki asked.

“Ultimately, that’s a question you need to answer for yourself. Before I could say if there was a possibility for us, I’d have to know if we are sexually compatible,” Peter replied.

“*Excuse me?!*” she responded.

Peter’s response was matter-of-fact but firm. “I’m a highly sexual person. Sex is extremely important to me.” There was nothing but silence in response. After a long pause, he continued, “Do you like sex, Jacki? Anyone who kisses like you must.”

Another pause followed. “Of course I do!” Jacki protested. “I love sex!”

“I don’t want to have this conversation over the phone. I need it to be face-to-face,” he replied.

“Can I come over?” Jacki asked, urgency in her voice.

“Yes,” Peter said. “Do you know where I live?”

“Is your address in the faculty directory right?”

“Yes.” He was deliberately not giving her any energy.

“I’ll be right there,” she said.

The line went dead. *That’s an encouraging sign, Peter thought, if Jacki were submissive.* He was reasonably sure she was. He had gotten that vibe on their date. The phone call had confirmed him in his belief. The question was: how submissive? He assumed that he would soon find out.

Exactly seventeen minutes later, Peter checked his watch when his doorbell rang, she arrived. He smiled to himself as he walked to the door. “Good afternoon, Jacki,” he said with a smile that bordered on a leer. The young woman threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. He pushed her away gently. “I said I knew you were a good kisser. That’s not what this is about.”

Peter led the way two flights up to where his den was. He seated her on the couch. “You look like you need a drink, honey.”

“What have you got?” she inquired, sounding desperate.

“Anything you want. Wine...whatever. I’m going to have a scotch.”

“That sounds good. I’ll have one, too,” she replied. Peter turned and smiled to himself. Jacqueline Ross did *not* strike him as the single malt type. *Was she just trying to please him, he wondered.*

Peter walked to the bar, grabbed two Old-Fashion glasses and the bottle of 25-year-old Caol Ila. His anticipation of the outcome of Jacki’s visit called for the good stuff. He poured her a healthier amount than he would normally. She looked as though she needed it. Crossing back to the sofa, he handed one of the glasses to her and sat next her, turning to face her. Raising his glass, he said, “Cheers.” They clink glasses, and she took a gulp, as he sipped his.

“So, you said you needed to know if we were ‘sexually compatible,’” she said, drawing air quotes with her fingers. “Exactly how do we do that?”

Peter began slowly and carefully. He did not want to spook her, though he thought there was little real chance of that. He asked about her sexual history and shared what he chose to about his own. With the casual, comfortable rapport between them and the scotch, Jacki began to relax. It was exactly what he wanted.

“If and when we ever do have sex,” he said, “it sounds as though we wouldn’t have to use a condom because of STDs. You must be on the pill, right?”

“Of course,” Jacki replied.

Peter pushed his advantage, but only slightly. “What sex acts do you enjoy?”

Jacki’s head was spinning from the absolutely ordinary tone of the conversation and the liquor, but she wasn’t drunk. She was less than halfway through what Peter had given her. Peter did not want her drunk. He wanted her relaxed but clear-headed. “I like sex,” she said. “You know, I like intercourse.”

Peter pushed on. “And when a guy fucks you,” he said, deliberately getting coarser, “do you come?”

“I do.”

“And do you like giving head?”

“Yes.” This was becoming just normal conversation to her. Again, it was what Peter wanted.

“Do you know what D/s is” he asked. Jacki shook her head. “Dominance and submission?”

“I’ve heard of it, but I don’t really know anything about it.”

“It’s where one partner dominates the other, and that partner submits for their mutual sexual gratification. Tell me, do you like it when guys tell you what to do in bed?”

“Yes,” she said.

“And when they tell you what to do, what do you do?”

“I do it.”

“Always?” he queried.

Jacki nodded and lowered her eyes. Peter put his hand under Jacki’s chin and lifted her head. He kissed her softly and tenderly. It was same kind of kiss he had put on her lips there in front of her apartment house. Smiling, he whispered very close to her face, “There’s no reason to be ashamed, Jacki. It just indicates that you are submissive—or at least have submissive tendencies that can be nurtured.” He stood up, facing her. “So, if I undid my pants, exposed myself to you, and told you to fellate me, you would do it?” he asked as her began to unbuckle his belt.

Jacki nodded and lowered her eyes again. “Yes,” she said softly. She could see the bulge in Peter’s pants. He was fully erect. Then, without explanation, he refastened his belt and resumed his seat next to her. Confused, she said, “What are you doing? I just offered to blow you!”

“Patience,” he said. “I found out what I need to know at the moment. Jacki, the deepest and purest form of D/s is a Master/slave relationship, in which the sub submits totally to the Dom.”

“I’ve fantasized about being a sex slave—you know like a slave girl in a harem or something,” Jacki offered.

“Thank you for telling me that. I thought so,” Peter replied. “But you don’t just jump into a Master/slave arrangement. There needs to be a process of discernment on your part, and there are further conversations we will need to have. You would have to be trained over time. I don’t know how submissive you actually are, and I don’t know if you actually have the aptitude.

“What I do know is that I have been involved in BDSM since college and that I’m a very experienced Dom. I need a submissive woman as a partner. That’s what I meant by my needing to know if we were sexually compatible. I believe you, as I said, at least have submissive tendencies. If we

were together, would you be interested in exploring them and try a D/s relationship?”

“If that is what you want, yes,” Jacki responded eagerly.

“That’s a submissive’s answer. But you can’t do it because it’s what I want. You have to do it because you want to do it for yourself—because you think it might fulfill you in some way, gaining pleasure from submission to another,” Peter cautioned.

“Well, when you said you needed to know if we were sexually compatible, this certainly wasn’t the conversation I played in my head. It’s kind of sudden, but as I said, I have fantasized about it, even if I haven’t acted upon it—until now,” she said. There was no missing the pause and the words “until now.” “And you say that you think that I’m inclined in that way. So, yes, I’d like to give it a try and see where it leads,” she continued.

“Normally, a novice submissive would call her Dominant ‘Sir,’ and he would call her ‘sub,’” explained Peter. “In this instance, because I would hope that we would eventually reach that deepest level—and because I don’t want you to develop bad habits that might be hard for you to break—I will call you ‘slave’ and you will call me ‘Master,’ with the explicit understanding, however, that neither of us have agreed to that arrangement. Do you understand?”

“Yes—Master,” she said, smiling a wicked little smile and lowering her eyes once more.

This might be something after all, thought Peter. You’d better be fairly sure, if you’re asking her to turn down her boyfriend’s marriage proposal. But, then again, she doesn’t want to marry the guy anyway. After a year, you are just a convenient excuse, he rationalized.

“Then, before we go any further, we need to address the elephant in the room,” he said, getting out of his head and returning to their conversation.

She chuckled a little. “You mean asking me into a BDSM relationship *isn’t* the elephant in the room?!”

“No,” he said, sounding serious, “but they are related. The elephant I’m talking about is the fact that I’m white and you’re black.”

Jacki scoffed. She was incredulous. “Peter, it’s 2017. Do you think anyone cares about interracial relationships except white supremacists and hardcore racists? Does it matter to you?”

“Of course not. If it did, I never would have asked you out. I wouldn’t have asked you here this afternoon,” he said, trying not to sound defensive and succeeding.

“Then what are you talking about?”

“Are you sure that as an African American woman in the twenty-first century you want to call a white male ‘Master’?”

“But we’re talking about consensual sexual slavery, not chattel slavery,” Jacki responded.

“Yes, but you well know that during black chattel slavery, black female bodies were sexualized, fetishized, and commodified. And you also know that sexual violence victimized and violated those black female bodies regularly,” Peter said.

“Yes, Professor Master,” Jacki replied playfully. “This *is* a faculty member talking to a grad student, isn’t it?”

“I’m serious. There are those who will raise the question.”

“How is anyone going to find out what goes on between us in private?” she asked.

“For a modest-sized city, there is a pretty active BDSM scene here. I’ll introduce you to it gradually. If things proceed that far, I will eventually introduce other participants into our play,” he replied.

“You mean you want me to have sex with other men?”

“Under my supervision. Is that a problem?”

“I—guess not,” she responded hesitantly. “I just didn’t expect it.”

“Don’t let it worry you. We may never get to stage-two training,” Peter replied calmly.

“Stage two?”

“Yes, training designed to help perfect your submission. It often involves sex with others. It could also involve other women. Have you ever been with another woman?”

Jacki shifted uneasily in on the couch. “No,” she said. She was aroused.

“You just got wet at the thought, didn’t you, slave?”

“Uh...yes, Master. How did you know?”

“Being a professor and being involved in D/s have something in common: you learn how to read people, to recognize little tells. Just as I was fairly certain that you were submissive, I could tell that you got excited at the prospect of being with a woman. You’ll develop the same skill set.”

“Yes, Doctor Porter,” she teased him again.

“Well, I think that is enough preliminaries for now, though there will be much more later. Shall we get started with your training, slave?”

“Yes, Master!” she said beaming.

Standing, Peter said, “I know just the thing to wipe that grin off your face, slave.” He resumed his former position in front of Jacki and started to unfasten his belt again. Then he stopped. “You do it, slave,” he commanded.

Jacki reached up and undid the belt and then his pants. She slid his pants and boxers down to his knees. Looking at his very erect penis, she stared wide-eyed. “You’re *huge!*” she declared in wonderment. “How big *are* you?”

“Just under ten inches,” he said, grinning. “Do you like it?”

Peter received his answer as Jacki dove in hungrily and began performing fellatio on him. He let it go on for a minute or so. Then he took a step back, awkwardly because of the clothing around his ankles. She looked up at him quizzically. “Get on your knees, slave.” She rose from the sofa, knelt before him, and resumed her ministrations. He placed his hand on the back of her head and began to bob her mouth on his shaft. Without warning, he released her.

He took another step back. He pulled his pants up and closed them, buckling his belt.

From her kneeling position, Jacki looked up at him and said, "I'm sorry, Master. Was I not doing it right?"

"No, you're a talented little cocksucker, slave. I have other plans for you, though. Get undressed," he ordered in a flat but forceful tone.

Jacki stood. She was dressed in a tank top, jeans, and sneakers. Peter could see her erect nipples through the fabric. *A wife beater? Ironical under the circumstances, he thought.* He didn't have long to ponder it. She reached down and pulled it off over her head, revealing beautiful breasts with large areolas. Then she lifted first one leg and then the other, removing her shoes and socks. *Nice balance, he thought.* She unbuttoned her jeans and unzipped them slowly, alluringly. She wiggled out of her pants and tossed them onto the couch. Then she hooked her thumbs into her panties and slipped them off. Stepping out of them, she deposited them with her jeans. She threw out her arms, inviting him to look.

Peter stood, his arms crossed, admiring her. He smiled. She stood about 5'9" in her bare feet. She had full breasts and shapely hips above a pussy that was shaved clean. As he watched, she folded her arms across her chest. "Don't ever do that, slave," he instructed. "And never cross your legs in my presence. Both gestures imply unavailability, and you are always available to me, slave."

"Yes, Master," Jacki replied. She took her hands and placed them on her hips. It was not an act of defiance. She just didn't know what else to do with them.

"How does it feel being naked in front of me with me fully clothed, slave?" he asked.

"Uh...exposed."

"Good. Do you feel vulnerable?"

"Yes. I mean I *am* totally exposed to you."

“Yes, you are, slave. Let me explain how I work as a Dom. I will require you to always be naked when you are with me. You will be constantly available to me for whatever I want. You will be constantly vulnerable to my gaze.” He crossed to her and continued, “To my touch,” he said, running the back of his hand on her breasts. “My taste,” he said, sucking on her left nipple. “And my sex.” He took one of her hands and placed it on his crotch. “Do you understand, slave?”

“Yes, Master,” she said, smiling once more.

Peter did not remove Jacki’s hand from his bulge. “I also will require you to verbalize a lot, repeating what I tell you to say and acknowledging your owned status as a slave.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied trying to act serious.

“Put your arms at your sides and relax.” Jacki did as she was told.

“Let me inspect you, slave,” Peter said. He began to circle her like a leopard sizing up a kill, looking her up and down from every angle. He was close to her. She could feel his breath against her skin. He continued for so long that she could hardly stand it. She ached for his touch. Just when she was about to break down and when he was behind her so she could not see, he placed a hand on each of her buttocks. She almost jumped. “Whose ass is this, slave?” he asked gruffly.

“Yours, Master.”

“Say it, slave,” Peter demanded.

“It’s your ass, Master.”

“Very good, slave.” Coming around in front of her, he took her breasts in his hands. “Whose tits are these, slave?”

“They’re your tits, Master.”

“Yes, they are.” He slid a hand down between her legs. “Spread your legs a little more, slave.” She complied, widening her stance just a bit. Cupping her mound, he asked, “And whose cunt is this?”

“It’s your...cunt, Master. Master, couldn’t we use a different word?” she pleaded.

“My property, my words, slave. Now, whose cunt is it?”

“It’s your cunt, Master,” Jacki said obediently.

“Very good, slave,” Peter said, fingering her labia. “I’m glad you have a Brazilian,” he said, running his palm up and down. “If you didn’t, I’d make you get one.” Removing his hand, he took a step back and regarded her again. “You have an exquisite body, slave.”

Jacki had had her body called “hot” and “smokin’.” The more articulate of her lovers might have called it “beautiful” or “lovely,” but no one had ever called it “exquisite” before.

“Thank you, Master,” she said, looking down shyly.

Peter stepped forward and placed a hand under each of Jacki’s breasts, bouncing them slightly. “Very nice, slave. What are you, a 36 C?”

“Thirty-seven, Master,” she said proudly.

Peter enveloped her in his arms, pulling her close. She could feel his erection pressing against her body through his khakis. He kissed her—not the soft tender kisses they had exchanged in front of her apartment building. This was hard, firm, and passionate. She loved the raw energy of it.

Peter released her and stepped back. “Undress me, slave. And as you do, kiss every patch of newly exposed skin—front and back. Stop when you reach my boxers.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, crossing to him. She untucked and peeled off his polo shirt. She kissed him all over his smooth torso. Then she moved around and repeated the process on his back. Returning to the front, she knelt and slipped off his shoes and socks, covering his feet with kisses. For the second time that afternoon, she undid his pants, this time pulling them all the way down, helping him step out of them. She kissed his legs front and back and then sat back on her heels facing him, obeying him and stopping before removing his underwear—though she fervidly hoped he would take them off himself.

Jacki did not have to wait. Peter stripped his shorts off and kicked them aside. She continued to sit on her rump,

awaiting instruction. As she did, she sized him up. There was that massive erection that she had already sucked. Though he had very fine hairs on his arms and legs, his body, including his public area was entirely smooth. He was better built than she would have guessed, never having seen him naked. She knew his arms were muscular and that his stomach was flat. But his thighs were thick and muscular. His chest was broad and his torso v-shaped. The drop between his chest and waist must have been at least seven inches.

Turning his back to her, Peter ordered firmly, "Go back to your work, slave."

Jacki grasped Peter's bottom with both hands and covered it with small kisses. When he turned around, she engulfed his dick in her mouth. He gently slapped her cheek, and she pulled back. "Did I tell you to suck my cock, slave? Or did you ask permission?"

Apologizing again, she said, "No, Master. I'm sorry. As you know, this is all new to me."

"I know, slave. You will learn, and I appreciate your efforts thus far. Now, just cover my cock with the same sweet kisses that you gave my ass." Jacki immediately began giving quick pecks all over his shaft. "Don't forget my balls, slave." In response, she cupped his testicles in one hand and licked them. "Good girl," he said. Then, grabbing his cock with one hand and bending it perpendicular to his body, he said, "Now open wide."

Jacki slacked her jaw and opened her mouth to receive Peter's member. He placed his hand on the back of her head again and forced her down on his massive erection. Immediately, she began to gag. He instantly stepped back and withdrew. He stroked her throat and said, "Just relax, slave." Waiting until the gag reflex subsided, stroking her throat all the while, he murmured, "It's all right, slave. Let's try it again. Relax your throat, and I will take it slower. Rest your hands on your thighs, and let me do this." She did as

ordered, keeping her mouth open. Peter inserted his glans into her waiting mouth. Then he placed his hands firmly on either side of her head and slid her mouth slowly onto his long shaft until she had taken it down her throat all the way to his testicles. Using his hands, he moved her head back and forth on his cock. "Mmmm," he purred. "You *are* a good little cocksucker." He withdrew his member.

"If you say so, Master."

"I do say so. Now you say it."

Looking up at him and smiling, she said, "I'm a good little cocksucker."

"Have you ever been erotically spanked, slave?"

"No, Master."

Peter walked to the couch and sat down. The leather felt cool against his naked buttocks. "This is the 'discipline' part of bondage and discipline. And B&D are really the only parts of BDSM that interest me." He instructed her lay face-down across his lap. When she complied, he ran his hand lightly over her bottom. Then he brought his hand down sharply. He did not permit his hand to linger but brought it up very quickly. He spanked her, alternating between cheeks. Periodically, he would stop and run his hands over her nates to soothe them. Then he would resume spanking. He continued until she was warm. He put his hand between her legs. She was wet. He smiled to himself. *A good sign, he thought.*

"This will be your normal discipline, and it will happen frequently. If you disobey me or refuse or hesitate to obey my command, you will be punished, and that will take a different form."

Still facing the floor, she said, "Different how?"

"I hope you don't have to find out for some time, but of course inevitably you will."

Peter helped her up. Taking her hand, he led her to his bedroom. As they walked, he said, "I must have total control over your body. You must ask my permission to orgasm."

When you are about to come, you must ask, 'Please, Master, may I come for you?' And you must ask in sufficient time that if I refuse permission, you won't go ahead and climax anyway. Do you understand, slave?"

"Yes, Master."

Peter positioned Jacki by the edge of the bed. He put a hand on each of her shoulders and pushed. It wasn't hard, but it was enough that she lost her balance and fell backwards onto the bed. Before she really knew what was happening, he was on top of her and had penetrated her. As he began to pump, he said, "Mmm. You're so tight, slave."

"Any girl would be tight with that monster in her," she responded.

They were lying across the bed. He pulled out and repositioned her so that she was lying lengthwise. Then he plunged into her again. He pulled her arms above her head and stretched them just a little, his hands on her wrist, pinning her to the bed. "Put your legs on my shoulders, slave, and wrap them around my neck."

Jacki did as he ordered. "Oh, my god, you are so deep inside me!"

"You're a horny bitch, aren't you, slave?"

"Yes, Master. Your slave is a horny bitch!" she said grinning up at him.

Almost immediately, she felt a climax building, and the smile left her face. "Please, Master, may I come for you?" she asked desperately.

Peter did not deny her. "Yes, come for me, my horny slave bitch," he whispered in her ear.

"Oh, god! Oh, god!" Jacki gasped. A moment later as her vaginal muscles were still contracting, Peter arched his back and froze. And they came together. She felt his warm cum explode inside her.

Jacki relaxed her ankles' grip on Peter's neck and collapsed, totally spent. It hadn't been a long fuck, but it

had been intense. "Is your slave allowed to say, 'Wow!, Master?'" she asked, giggling.

"I wouldn't make a habit of it, slave, but perhaps in just this one instance, your Master would permit it," he replied, smiling a crooked, wry smile down at her, his dick still semi-rigid inside her cunt.

Peter pulled out and stood next to the bed. "Clean me up with your mouth, slave," he commanded. Jacki sat up and took him in her mouth. His semen tasted wonderful mixed with her juices.

"Yum," she cooed.

Stepping back, Peter said, "Very nice, slave." Extending his hand to her, he stated, "It's almost supper time, and I think we have both worked up an appetite. Shall I whip something up for us?"

Taking his hand and stepping off the bed and moving close to him, Jacki said, "I would love that."

"Don't get too excited. It's not going to be anything fancy. I'll see what I've got. But I know I have a couple of nice bottles of Vouvray chilled."

The pair walked into the kitchen. "First things first," Peter said, as he fetched two wine glasses from the rack. Going to the refrigerator, he retrieved a bottle of wine. He opened it and poured two glasses and put the bottle in a marble wine sleeve on the counter. Crossing to Jacki, he pressed the cold glass in his left hand against her right nipple. She flinched and shivered, then giggled as she took it.

Taking a sip, she said, "This is yummy. What did you say it was?"

"Vouvray. It comes from the Loire Valley in France. It's made with Chenin blanc grapes," he replied taking a drink himself. "Now let's see what I have to eat." He walked back to the refrigerator, opened the door, and peered in. Turning his head toward Jacki, he said, "It's not looking too good. We could just order Chinese."

"That would be fine," she responded.

“No, wait. I’ve got it. I’ll make a frittata.”

“Sounds wonderful. Can I help?”

“Absolutely. And the good thing is that it won’t require either of us to put on an apron,” he declared, highlighting the fact that they were both still naked.

Setting down his glass, Peter pulled two cutting boards from the cupboard and placed them on the granite countertop. He grabbed a sharpening steel out of a drawer, pulled two knives out of a butcher block labeled Sabatier, and sharpened each in turn. Placing one on each cutting board, he said, “You work there,” pointing to the farther board. “You can prep the vegetables. I’ll do the eggs and meat.” Going to the fridge again, he gathered everything up in his arms. “Here, chop the onion, the mushrooms, and the tomato. Cut the Chinese chives into about three-quarter inch pieces.” Grabbing a head of garlic from a dish on the counter, he continued, “As I recall from our meal at Amalfi, you aren’t averse to garlic,” putting it on her board.

“It’s not very conducive to romance,” Jacki protested weakly.

“*Au contraire, ma Cherie!* All the way back to ancient Rome, garlic has been considered an aphrodisiac. It contains allicin, which increases blood flow—which is crucial to both parties in sexual congress. Besides, if we both have it, what does it matter? I don’t remember it inhibiting our make-out session after that dinner at Amalfi,” he said, smiling that sexy smile of his. “Mince two cloves.”

“Yes..., *Master,*” she said, returning his smile.

As Jacki cut, Peter chopped some bacon. Then he cracked four eggs into a bowl, added some garlic powder, and ground some pepper in. As he picked up a jar of salt, he said, “You probably remember that I’m a Francophile.”

“French wine, French knives, addressing me in French. I *do* remember.”

“I got my Ph.D. from Sciences Po in Paris. I loved living there, even on a graduate student’s budget. I didn’t have a

lot of spare time, but I tried to always spend some portion of the day hanging out in a café, watching the people go by, usually Café de Flore or Les Deux Magots. I made friends with the *patrons* of neighborhood restaurants that I liked, and they taught me how to cook.” Showing Jacki the jar, he said, “This is Muoi Bien, Vietnamese sea salt.”

“You can’t get French salt?” Jacki asked, not understanding the connection.

“Of course, you can. You can get perfectly wonderful sea salt from the Île de Ré, but to me the best in the world comes from Vietnam. I think the French taught them how to be *sauniers* during their occupation, and the Vietnamese adapted to it, the same way they assimilated baguettes, sandwiches, coffee, and *pot au feu* and made them distinctly Asian. Did you ever see the movie *Julie and Julia*?”

“Yeah, I streamed it one time. It was cute.”

“If you remember, Julia Child says, ‘French people get to eat French food every day!’” he said, mimicking the cookbook author’s trademark falsetto.

Jacki stop her paring and chuckled. “Yes, I remember.”

“I love French food. But I discovered Vietnamese food when I lived in Paris. Since then, I’ve been to Vietnam half a dozen times. Vietnamese food is the most elegant cuisine in the world because it insists that every taste be in perfect balance. A former partner of mine said, this time using his normal pitch, ‘Vietnamese people get to eat Vietnamese food every day.’”

“And yet, you are cooking Italian,” Jacki said. “A little ironic, isn’t it.”

Peter sprinkled a liberal amount of the salt into the bowl. “Don’t try and change the subject, and don’t be insolent, slave,” he said with mock seriousness. He poured a splash of milk into the bowl. Then he grabbed a whisk and began to whip the eggs. “Are the vegetables ready?”

“Yes, Master,” she replied with a little curtsy. “And that was the longest, most pedantic explanation for the use of a

particular salt I have ever heard.”

Peter smiled slightly. “I still don’t know how submissive you actually are, slave. You seem to have a feisty and prideful streak in you that I will have to try to drill out of you, if I can.”

“Isn’t this supposed to be enjoyable?”

“Yes, it is, but it is also serious. You are supposed to get pleasure from your surrender, and it can be fun, but it is not *funny*.”

The smile left Jacki’s lips. “The vegetables are ready,” she said flatly. “Maybe this isn’t right for me,” she thought. Peter thought exactly the same thing at the same instant.

Peter went to her and hooked his arm around her waist. He gave her a soft kiss and then locked his eyes on hers. “I told you that there are many more topics we need to discuss. If you want to leave now, I’d understand.”

“No,” she said. “I’d like to stay, but I can’t make any promises.”

“I can’t either—if that affects what you are going to say to Richard.”

Jacki lower her eyes and shook her head.

Peter drew the wine bottle out of the sleeve. Deliberately conjuring up cheerfulness, he said, “Let me refill our glasses!” As he poured, he continued, “Let me get to this frittata. Thank you for preparing the vegetables.” He grabbed a deep cast iron skillet from the cabinet and threw in the bacon, putting it on the stove and stirring it around. When it started to cook through, he repeated the process with the vegetables. Turning down the heat, he swirled in the eggs. “There you go. In six minutes we’ll have our supper.”

Rather than set up the dining room, Peter suggested they eat at the kitchen table. As they sat down, he refilled their wineglasses again. “It’s not much, but it will keep body and soul together.”

“I think it’s delicious,” Jacki said, smiling for the first time since Peter had chastised her.

“You’re beautiful when you smile, Jacki,” he said, stroking her cheek. The smile broadened. “You said that when I talked about seeing about our sexual compatibility, you didn’t think of D/s. What *did* you think?”

“I thought you just wanted to screw me and see if I was any good.”

Peter grinned. “Well, there *was* that,” he said, reaching out and fondling her breast. The foul mood banished, he leaned in and kissed her. “Can you stay tonight?”

Jacki giggled. “Do you have an extra toothbrush?”

“I think we can find one.”

“Of course, I’ll stay, Peter.

“When you leave tomorrow, I’m going to send some things home with you—homework, if you will, my pretty pupil. It will include three books. One is *SM 101: A Realistic Introduction*. It’s by Jay Wiseman, and he knows whereof he speaks. Don’t panic if what you read sounds too extreme. As I said, I’m primarily interested in the bondage and discipline aspects of BDSM. Another is *Conquer Me: Girl-to-Girl Wisdom about Fulfilling Your Submissive Desires* by Kacie Cunningham. I think you’ll find it more useful. She knows what she’s talking about, too. Wiseman wrote the foreword. Finally, there is *Confessions of a Bad Submissive* by Summer Sterling. It’s a memoir, and I think you can relate to her. If Sterling can be a submissive, I am sure you can be, too. Read them and see if what’s described is something you’d like.

“If it is, I’ll want you here as often as possible. I do *not*, however, want to interfere with your work. It’s important to me that you become *Doctor* slave.”

Jacki laughed out loud.

Peter continued, “Before we go on, there are a few things that we do need to discuss, that I need to say. First, D/s

relationships must operate on trust. You must trust me completely. Do you?"

"Yes, Peter."

"Why? We hardly know each other really?"

"I guess because I believe integrity in one sphere of your life—the professional—must also be reflected in other aspects," Jacki answered.

"I will do everything I can, Jacki, to earn your trust and then live up to your faith in me. You must know that you will always be completely safe. I will never let any harm come to you. I'm going to give you a safe word. Whenever you use it, whatever is happening will stop immediately."

"Why do I need a 'safe word'? Why can't I just say 'stop'?"

"Because there are certain scenarios, roleplay for instance, where you might want to say 'no' or 'stop' as part of the scene, but it's just acting. Play rape would be an example."

"Play rape?" she asked nervously.

"Don't worry. It's nothing I'm really into. Some like it, though. It was just an example. When you say your safe word, though, that communicates that some line is being crossed. It might be physical, mental, or ethical. Use the word, and it calls a definitive and unmistakable halt."

"So what's my word, Master?" Jacki asked, almost coquettishly.

"Wisconsin," Peter said.

"*Wisconsin?*" she asked, laughing out loud.

"It has to be a word that won't come up during a scene or sex," Peter replied, smiling that sexy smile that made Jacki so wet. "You must admit, slave, that it is extremely unlikely that either of us will be saying 'Wisconsin' no matter what we're doing."

Jacki had to acknowledge that he was right.

"The second thing is that you will read about setting your limits to our interaction. There are 'hard limits' and 'soft