

A woman with short, dark hair styled in a bun, wearing a black, backless, spaghetti-strap dress. She is adorned with a delicate necklace, a pair of dangling earrings, and red lipstick. She is looking over her right shoulder towards the camera. Her right hand is resting on a dark, reflective surface in the foreground. The background is a smooth, dark gradient.

Obsession

by Don Julian Winslow

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by
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"No healthy person, it appears, can fail to make some addition that might be called perverse to the normal sexual aim; and the universality of this finding is in itself enough to show how inappropriate it is to use the word perversion as a term of reproach."

— *Sigmund Freud*

Chapter One

Caught In The Web: Part One

Sheila was fascinated, intrigued by the powerfully erotic stories of the mystery woman known only as "Nadine." It took all her courage to arrange, and then go through with the meeting with the imperious webmistress. Was Sheila looking for love in all the wrong places?

Carefully balancing the brimming cup of mocha, Sheila maneuvered her way through the clutter of small round tables to find a place next to the windows. From her vantage point, she could observe the blank facade of the non-descript apartment building on the other side of 6th Avenue. The row of shops along the street floor were starting to open for the new day. The sun was laying down a precise band of morning light, illuminating the top three tiers of windows, glinting off their shiny rectangles. The remaining rows were still in shadow, their windows untouched, opaque, and anonymous.

Sheila studied the square matrix of windows, knowing that somewhere up there was the woman: "Nadine." Was it her real name? Was the woman, even now, standing behind one of those windows, inching back a drape just a crack to look down on the awninged canopy over the front door, watching for Sheila's arrival?

Sheila was keyed up; had been all week. This morning she skipped breakfast; not hungry, far too nervous to eat. A wave of fluttery anxiety had settled in her stomach. It would take all her courage to go through with this, and she still wasn't sure she could do it. She shifted in her seat, crossed and uncrossed her slim, stockinged legs, tugged the narrow skirt down to the top of her knees. She cupped the mocha in both hands, reassured by its warmth.

Of course, she was early. She knew that. Sheila drew the cup closer; eased back a gabardine sleeve to check her watch. Looked up once again at the even rows of windows.

Twenty minutes early. She adjusted the sleeve back into place, covering the oversized face of her watch. It wouldn't do – for her to show up early. She knew instinctively that Nadine would expect her to be on time; right on time. Not early; not late. Nadine had made clear to her that she had her standards, her rules. She would expect compliance with those rules. A quiver went through Sheila. She noticed her hands were shaking a little as she lifted the cup, and took a sip of the bubbly milk.

Now, as she sat at the marble-topped table staring up at the even rows of windows, she thought about her life, and the hopelessness of it all. She didn't think Robin's going would affect her like this. They both had agreed it was for the best. Their relationship had died some time ago; the spark of life gone out of it. Still, she felt adrift without Robin. And Robin's not being there, made the apartment seem so empty.

It was ok at first, but gradually the loneliness had set in. And now she was so lonely...so terribly, terribly lonely.

The days weren't too bad. She could spend those buried in work, but the nights were something else. Those were spent restlessly roaming the internet in her darkened apartment, her intense blond features bathed in the light of her computer screen. Like a hyperactive moth flitting among a thousand points of light, searching, driven by her desperation and, to her surprise, an unbelievable sense of randiness that seemed to seize her each time she slid into the seductive promise of cyberspace.

It had been Nadine's stories that drew her in, tales of love between women, if "love" was the right word for it. They told of power, of sexual domination and sweet and total submission, of captive lovers — obsessed and helpless, caught in a web.

That same wave of randiness swept over her now at the thought of Nadine's website – sitting out there, like a spider's web with its imperial webmistress, a self-contained,

patient woman, perfectly prepared to wait to see who might show up.

She let her mind drift to its image of Nadine: an older woman, with a stern face; tightly-drawn lips set in grim determination. Under the table, the blond girl's restless legs shifted uneasily, closed; her thighs clenched, and she straightened up with a wiggle as the knot of lust tightened in her belly.

Her mental picture of the remote woman was always the same, but it was one constructed entirely from the reflected glory of those wonderful, highly arousing stories: Nadine's stories of lesbian infatuation that left her shaken, breathless and sweating. Those stories, and the curt, tight-lipped e-mail messages were all she had to go on. The woman gave her nothing more. What if Nadine turned out to be some dumpy, saggy, middle-aged, frump? Or worse, what if she were one of those muscle-bound, tattooed dykes, a body-pierced sadistic menace with lip-rings and spiked hair. She shuddered. What had she gotten herself into? A wave of desperation swept over her. This was dangerous! Sheila shook off the scary thoughts.

No, the stories were too elegantly drawn to have been written by a thug! Still, what did she really know about Nadine? Next to nothing, while Nadine knew all about *her*; demanded details; insisted she reveal herself, bit by bit. And later, when she graduated into the chatroom and finally into their own private corner of the chatroom, Nadine had asked for, pestered, insisted on — a photo. Sheila dutifully scanned an old picture she had of herself, one of the few where Robin wasn't in the picture, and she sent that one along. A tentative offering sent with butterflies in her stomach.

The picture was taken years ago, by her roommate in college. In those days, her silvery blond hair was much longer, and she wore it tied back in a perky pony tail. She had on a pair of tight-fitting jeans; her favorite blazer over a thin tank-top. Casual, yet kind of preppy, she thought. It was

taken from the balcony as she stood in the yard behind her dorm, and she was squinting up at the camera from under her bangs with a tentative smile on her lips. Sheila wasn't happy with the picture, but it was the best she had.

Now she turned and caught a glimpse of her reflected face in the mirrored pillars of the coffee shop. The face was older than the face in that picture, the eyes sadder, the lines more pronounced. She seemed pale and drawn; wished she had used a little more makeup today. What she saw was a gray-suited blond woman, not exactly young but reasonably good looking, she thought, with soft brown eyes, a delicate nose and chin, wide full mouth. Still attractive, but no longer the college girl. Today, she wore her hair up, fine, sleek hair pulled back from her face and gathered in a very short pony that looped softly above the nape of her neck. Nadine told her to do that, to wear it pulled it back like that — like it was in that picture, from so many years ago.

Although there was a camera trained on the entrance to the apartment, Sheila wondered about it. Was it really working? She knew that sometimes dummy cameras were installed in apartment buildings. They were cheaper. Still, if this one was active, the observer would have seen, striding hurriedly up to the glass doors, an attractive blond woman, who now stopped on the top step to study the double panel of doorbells. The woman was in her thirties or maybe early forties; sharply dressed in a mauve blouse under a trim gray suit well-tailored to her slender figure. She might have been some businesswoman, a saleswoman perhaps, scurrying off to some meeting with client. The woman was clearly nervous, biting a curled lower lip, looking around with the furtive glances of a thief about to case a job. She brushed back a sleeve to consult her watch one last time. Then, with a wiggle of her shoulders she came to attention, squared her narrow shoulders, smoothened her bangs, took a deep breath, and quite deliberately pressed the button beside

number 820. She noticed that, unlike the others, there was no name in the rectangular slot beside 820.

Sheila was mildly disappointed that her ring did not immediately summon Nadine's disembodied voice. Instead, there were a few seconds delay, long seconds while she stood there all a-tingle, her palms sweating. She straightened upright, tightened her grip on the purse she wore slung over her left shoulder; waited tensely for some sort of response; her rising excitement a palpable thing. The angry buzz, when it finally came, caused the girl to jump. She recovered quickly, and made a grab for the handle of the big glass door just as the buzz faded away.

It was a short walk down the deserted lobby; high heels clicking, echoing on the hard tiled floor. She paused as she stood facing the bank of elevators, as if once more wavering, uncertain. This was it! She could still turn and run, beat a hasty retreat out through those glass doors, fly down the concrete steps to the street below, back to the safety and freedom of the real world. It was her last chance.

With an effort, she stifled the sudden wave of panic, and extended a slender, neatly manicured finger to touch the small orange disk that was the elevator's call button.

The elevator was dreadfully slow, lurching from floor to floor with a muffled groan. Sheila was grateful that she was, and remained, the sole occupant all the way to the 8th floor.

She moved slowly down the silent, carpeted hallway, as though she were some condemned prisoner about to meet her fate. Summoning up all her courage, the slim, well-dressed blonde continued along the rows of identical doors till she came to number 820. There she took a breath and lightly tapped the little knocker on the metal faceplate.

The door opened. The woman who stood there was tall, taller than Sheila in her heels; a lanky woman, in her fifties, and dressed all in black, her long lean figure glamorous in the high-collared tunic and flared slacks of a silk shantung

pants-suit. A splay of coarse dark hair fell down past her angular shoulders, frizzy, witchy hair — defiantly untamed. But the most remarkable feature of the women who stood regarding her in the doorway was her eyes, large dark eyes with drooping, cynical lids, heavily lined; eyes that remained absolutely expressionless.

Taken aback, Sheila stood transfixed under that unwavering gaze. A flush of awkwardness swept over her, suddenly reducing her to a schoolgirl, squirming under the accusatory eyes of an adult. The woman didn't move. Sheila tried a smile, fumbling for words, looking down to avoid those terrible eyes.

"Hello, I'm...."

"Come in. I know who you are."

Of course she knew! Sheila flushed embarrassed with how ridiculous she immediately felt. She was such a fool! The door opened wide; the woman in black stood back to allow her guest to enter.

The apartment Sheila stepped into was cool and spacious, done in white and muted off-white, walls adorned with photographs in black and white, the furniture starkly modern in black vinyl and gleaming chrome. The large windows on the far side of the room must have overlooked 6th avenue; but now the creamy drapes were drawn, cutting off the outside light. Instead, the room was lit by strategically placed torchieres, augmented with indirect light flooding up from behind a row of bookcases.

The rooms were minimally, but tastefully decorated, with the occasional potted plant lending a spray of green. The only other color in Nadine's monochromatic world was a brilliant Persian rug overlaid on the pearl gray wall-to-wall carpet. The thought went through Sheila's mind: A rug that size must cost a fortune!

Sheila stopped after only a few steps into the room, hesitating while the taller woman slid behind her. She heard

the door lock with a definite click; the rattle of the security chain being re-attached.

Sheila was about to compliment her hostess on the elegant decor, when suddenly, unexpectedly, Nadine stepped up close behind her, bringing their bodies into light contact, causing her to gasp.

"Ummm...pretty," she heard the purr in her ear, sending a shiver through her rigidly-held body. Sheila felt the older woman's touch on her hair; fingers toyed with the flip of the abbreviated pony-tail, and Sheila half turned in her growing unease. A wave of panic set in; she wanted to escape!

"I..."

"Stay! Stand still! Perfectly still," the voice of command was slow, unemotional, and precise. And then, with lips just inches from her ear so she felt with hot breath, the simple words: "I want to look at you."

Sheila did as she was told. She let a wave of passivity settle in on her. She stood inert, as if rooted to the floor. She might have been a mannequin; relieved of her purse, docilely surrendering it, letting her arms hang limply at her sides. Sheila was afraid to move. She maintained the pose as ordered, standing at loose attention, her eyes fixed on the closed drapes at the far side of the room, while Nadine stepped back to more fully appreciate her guest's slim, gray-suited form.

Sheila could feel the other woman's eyes scrutinizing her; knew she was being looked at from behind, and while her body was paralyzed, her mind was racing full tilt. How did she get herself into this?! It was all so silly! Yet it was real. The stark, white room was real; the exciting woman in the shiny black suit was real. A quiet thrill rippled through her.

She jerked upright and stifled a whimper when a finger touched her from behind, pressed lightly, under the collar of her suit, just at the base of her neck. She felt that finger being slowly drawn the center of her back, following the

gentle curve of her spine, into the shallow dip of her lower back, then past the bottom of the jacket to continue without pause, right down the back of her narrow, silk-lined skirt. The exploring touch through her clothes became more intimate as the finger traced the pert curve of the girl's skirted behind. She was given a light pat on the bottom.

"Nice...oh yes...very nice." It was a low, dreamy murmur.

The words thrilled her. She didn't dare move.

Now Nadine stepped around, slowly circling, to take in her guest from all angles, ending up in front.

The dark-haired woman stood perfectly composed with folded arms, facing the tense blond girl, her expression — critical, that of someone considering a purchase, that she might well reject. Sheila waited, hardly daring to breathe, till she saw Nadine slowly nod, as if accepting the presented offering. But if the imperious woman was pleased with what she saw, she showed no sign of it. No glitter of appreciation brightened those hard obsidian eyes, no sign of pleasure softened the lines of that set, business-like face: tight-lipped, with pointed chin proudly raised. All of a sudden Sheila was struck by Nadine's singular beauty: the face was plain, pale, and tightly drawn, the hair, thick and frazzled, the eyes, devastating in their power, and then there was that unassuming air of icy elegance — that took her breath away!

Sheila, her head held high, gazed back at her new-found beauty of her observer, fascinated, enthralled by that coldly remote stare. She didn't move a muscle, but her big brown eyes widened in alarm when Nadine suddenly took a step forward to bring herself up to within inches of Sheila's rigid body.

Looking into Sheila's widening eyes, she lifted a hand and this time drew that single taloned finger down the side of face.

"Oh...yes, you're a pretty one alright," Nadine mused. "Pet," she enunciated precisely, as if trying out the words,

gazing all the while into big brown eyes that were tinged with apprehension. And Pet wants to play. Don't you Pet?"

"Uuuhh, Nadine," Sheila faltered, her eyes fluttered, she bit her lower lip, then continued, "I think that I probably...."

"Sssh," the finger on Sheila's cheek slid over to press lightly across her questioning lips.

"I don't believe I gave you permission to call me that, now did I?" It was the voice of sweet reason. "I think it's best if you address me as... 'Madam'. Yes, I think that would work quite well, don't you? You will call me 'Madam,' and I will call you... 'Pet.' Now wouldn't that be nice?"

The finger insinuated itself between Sheila's lips, probing gently against small white teeth, and when it found resistance to entry, it contented itself with exploring the inside of Sheila's lower lip, running over the gums, pressing back the fleshy lip to fully expose the tightly clenched teeth through which Sheila sucked in a shivering gasp of air.

"Open," Nadine coaxed in a honeyed tone, gently pressing on the set of clenched teeth. "Oooo-pen," the order was repeated, harder this time, drawn out, and laced with a threat, like a parent warning a child.

Sheila let her jaw drop; the insistent finger slipped in over the ridge of teeth to explore the inside of her mouth while she stood there, helpless, with arms at her sides.

"Suck." It was a heated whisper.

The blonde hesitated. The narrowing of Nadine's eyes was enough to get Sheila to promptly begin to suckle on the intruding digit. After few seconds, with the two women looking into each other's eyes while Sheila dutifully sucked the finger that was sawing in and out between her teeth, Nadine withdrew.

"I'll expect you to obey more quickly the next time," she said dryly, turning away to leave her distraught guest standing there with eyes closed, shoulders heaving as she struggled to catch her breath, like someone who just had a very narrow escape.

Sheila, still reeling from her first encounter with “Madam” Nadine, now found herself alone. Still warm and flushed, she sat tensely on the edge of a low leather-covered bench, cradling herself in her arms, rocking forward, as her breathing returned to normal. When she straightened up, and passed a hand over her brow, she found that she was actually sweating! She got to her feet, took a deep breath, peeled off her jacket, and laid it over a chair. In her sleeveless blouse, she had chosen her favorite – a soft pink mauve with a ruffled front, Sheila nervously paced the apartment. She considered for a moment the locked door, then turned away, drifted, and finally gravitated to the edge of the window, to pull back a drape and peer down into the street below. She felt a slight twinge of vertigo. The “real” world, she thought with a cynical smile.

“I’m going to change into something more... ‘appropriate’,” Nadine had informed her, on her way out of the room. “You stay here. Get undressed,” she said as she strolled away.

“What...here? Now?” Sheila cried to the retreating black figure.

“Yes, of course here ...and right now! And be quick about it!” Nadine snapped, looking over her shoulder. “And when I come back, I want you buck-naked. You can use that closet for your things,” she added, pointing to a walk-in closet just off the foyer as she sauntered off; a gesture of thoughtfulness which surprised Sheila.

Now she left her station by the window, and went back to stand beside the bench. As in a daze, the girl began stripping, unbuttoning her blouse with hands that moved mechanically, pulling it back off her shoulders to reveal a cream-colored brassiere loosely cradling her shallow breasts.

Sheila had given a lot of thought to her underwear, unsure of just what might happen on her first visit to

Nadine. Maybe they'd just have tea, talk, kind of get acquainted. Still, it was possible that Nadine might want to make love to her. She knew that at least a chance of sex was in the air, and if she had to undress, she wanted to be ready.

The bra was composed of flimsy silk straps edged in lace; the cups had bottom halves of a silky satin that curved up to modestly cover the nipples, while the top half of each cup was made of a lace mesh, thickly embroidered with scalloped edges. Pretty underwear, yet not the sort of outrageous things that Robin pressed her to wear. Robin dressed her in the most frilly, feminine things. It especially turned her on to see her blond girlfriend parading around in thongs, lacy garter belts, and thigh-high stockings. She still had those sexy underthings, somewhere in the back of her drawers — where they had been hidden since Robin walked out.

She thought of Robin now, and she reached back to undo the catch of her skirt, and lower the little zipper. What would Robin make of Nadine? She grinned knowingly, thinking of the two of them eyeing each other up. You could sell tickets to that cat fight! Gathering up two handfuls of her skirt, she worked it down over her hips with a girlish wiggle. Now the girl was reduced to her heels, bra and pantyhose.

Back on the bench she slipped off her pumps, hooked her thumbs into the pantyhose and rode the clingy nylon down her hips, baring her pantied loins in one swift motion. Having relieved herself of pantyhose, Sheila stood up, collected her things, and padded off to the hall closet, savoring the deep pile of the luxurious carpet yielding softly under her bare feet.

She spent some time there, carefully hanging jacket and blouse, folding skirt and pantyhose and laying them on the shelves. The bare, cedar-lined closet was illuminated by muted light, and the open door revealed a full-length mirror in which she caught a glance of herself as she bent down to

neatly set her pumps inside. It suddenly occurred to her: here she was traipsing around some stranger's apartment in nothing but her underwear! A sexy wave of naughtiness shimmered through her. She smiled into the mirror, straightened up, stepped back to take herself in from head to toe.

For a moment she stood there, studying the thin, lightly-tanned blonde in the cream-colored underwear. The skimpy bra she wore was more for decoration than support. Her panties were sexy, low slung, high arching sides had reduced them to a narrow band that rode just below the ridge of her compact hips. The silken underpants were opaque, yet thin enough so you could see the shadow of a matted bush of pubic hair through the curving fabric of the reinforced gusset pulled taut between her bare legs.

She regarded her body dispassionately. The slim, softly curved shoulders, arms that were straight and slender, a slightly tapering torso, almost hipless, like a boy's. She was pleased. Not a spare ounce of fat from bra to panties, although there was just the slightest curve to her once perfectly-flat belly, a mere contour that flowed down into the more pronounced curve of her softly-mounded pubis. Her thighs were lean and firm-muscled, smooth legs tapering in slim feminine contours to long and narrow feet.

As she stood looking into the eyes of the girl in the mirror, she leaned forward and reached up behind to unhook her bra. The loosened cups fell away to free a pair of petite breasts: small, tautly mounded disks, they might have been the tight, maidenly breasts of a young girl. "Darling little boobs," Robin had crooned, filling Sheila with a flood of unexpected pride. Like many small-breasted women Sheila fretted about the skimpy endowment nature had bequeathed to her. In time she had resigned herself that her adolescent tits were to be a life-long feature. But it was only when Robin had shown such genuine appreciation of what she had to offer in the bosom department, that

Sheila began to look upon her modest beasts in a new light. A hand came up to give herself an idle caress, splayed fingers scissoring the rubbery nipple.

Now she gave the blond girl in the mirror an encouraging smile and leaned over to run her panties down, slipping out of them, adding them to the growing pile of clothing accumulating on the third shelf.

Standing naked before the mirror, Sheila felt she could be proud of her slender body; lean, well-toned and fit. She smiled, examined her lipstick, her teeth, her hair, her pussy. She was all a-tingle. She felt free, marvelously free, deliciously, wickedly free. But walking around in the nude in Nadine's apartment, padding back across the carpet to the windows, the mild euphoria gave way to the scary sense of anxiety. What had she gotten herself into?!

The slight figure of the nude girl was exactly centered on the large black sofa. Her bare bottom was perched on the front edge of the seat, and she was leaning forward, legs modestly crossed, braced by rigid arms held on either side, extended hands clutching the thick seat pillow. The sense of dread was increasing by the minute as she sat tensely waiting, swallowing down the successive waves of panic, tingling with anticipation. She wondered about the time, and looked to her wrist to find she was still wearing her watch! Nadine has insisted she be completely naked. Did the watch count? She unbuckled the band, and laid it aside. Almost 20 minutes had passed since Nadine had gone off to change; the wait seemed interminable.

Sheila sat hunched over with huddled shoulders, feeling cool and slightly moist in that quiet, perfectly still room. She had the wildly irrational thought that she had been abandoned! Left naked sitting on this couch as some sort of joke! Nadine had walked out on her! What if they were taking her picture? She looked around to find evidence of a

hidden camera. Abruptly those crazy thoughts were shaken from her head.

“Well, look what we have here!” A voice behind her crowed.

Startled, Sheila turned to look over her shoulder at Nadine standing in the doorway, resplendent in a wicked black leather outfit! There was a new look in those gleaming dark eyes, a look of cold amusement that made Sheila shiver as she stared in awe, taking in the provocative sight: a trim jacket, sleeveless, and tightly fitted to that long narrow torso. The jacket had an oversized collar, turned up in back, and a thick prominent zipper that ran all the way down the front. The O-ring on the tab was pulled halfway down, giving a seductive view of two taut, low slung breasts — hard white bulges snugly nestled in the silk lining of the tight leather jacket. The mid-length jacket flared at the bottom, layering Nadine’s long hips, mostly covering the thong panties she had on underneath. Several inches of smooth thigh-flesh peeked out beneath the high-arching panties and the tops of a pair of gleaming leather boots that came halfway up sleek white thighs. It was a devastating, provocative outfit; the awesome sight of the imperious dom in her matte black playsuit, took Sheila’s breath away!

Sheila sat paralyzed watching the narrow figure of the woman in black as she strolled over to a small antique writing desk, and extracted from its center drawer, a ruler — a thin wooden, metal ruler, a thin and pliable blade, oversized at 15 inches long.

Sheila, still speechless, watched with wide-eyed fascination, as Nadine came to her with ruler in hand. The lean dominatrix folded her arms under her breasts, looked down on the huddled blonde, and let a knowing sneer curl the edge of her lips.

Without a word, Nadine placed the end of the ruler against Sheila’s nubile chest, indenting the soft tittie-flesh, scratching thoughtfully at the girl’s left nipple. Sheila looked