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Jacelyn's Rebellion

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Chapter One

Ms. Killian," Emma Reed's voice came over the speaker, "Mr. Trueblood calling. You know the Englishman."

"I'm not here," Jocelyn answered.

"He's called three times since yesterday afternoon. I don't think he believes me," Emma replied.

"I don't care what he believes, perhaps you should be more convincing." Jocelyn slammed down the phone only to have it ring again.

Sighing deeply there was a worried, weary look in her green eyes. A hand combed through her unruly red hair—she'd left her clip on her dressing table at home letting her hair dry in the spring breeze. Now it sexily framed her pert Irish features indicating the savagery of a spirit frayed at the edges.

"Yes, Emma," she answered the ringing line.

"Your attorneys are here," the secretary informed her.

"I don't want them here," was her exasperated reply.

"But . . ."

"I'll see them," Jocelyn relented, though she wasn't successful in changing her irritated tone of voice.

"It's a bad season, Jocelyn," Harry Wise acknowledged the obvious.

"Sued twice in one month. I've never been so popular," she replied.

"We should settle out of court."

"I don't have the money. The suits are spurious. And I'll come off looking like a weak-kneed buffoon who's way out of my league."

"Maybe you are," Ed Davis suggested.

"Thank you for such faith," she replied. Sarcasm had become dear to her in the past six weeks. Rumors, false accusations, her faith in humanity a dozen times destroyed by finger pointing, pompous bastards that had taken her business and stomped it beneath their feet as if it was so

much dust. All this because of Ibercon Corporation's latest disaster. After spending six months consulting time, to have them turn tail on her proposals and tube their company with several moves she'd advised them vigorously not to pursue, she was paying as dearly as the rest. She'd been swept into a black hole where anyone associated with their defunct Boston Project was being castigated by the press, the board of directors and everyone in the business world that watched Ibercon's demise. Her reputation had taken such a fall she was certain recovery was impossible—though she was still trying.

The discussion with her attorneys didn't end well. Their exit only brought her face to face with the nuisance, Arnold Trueblood, the private investigator she'd been dodging for days.

"Ms. Killian, or is it Mrs. Harold?" He was in her face with his fat jowls and beady eyes peering out of thick black rimmed glasses.

"It's Ms. Killian in business."

"Let me introduce myself ..." he started.

"I know who you are, Mr. Trueblood. Please be brief. Certainly you must know by now that I'm not answering any questions without consulting my lawyers and they just left." The stubby man grated on her nerves.

"It's a matter of some urgency."

"Isn't everything?"

Standing in the outer office where Emma's trained ears would hear any conversation no matter how muted, the man looked about, then took Jocelyn's arm by the elbow. She immediately shook him off. "I think in private would be more suitable for this," he said.

"If it will make you leave," she said, consenting to being led into her private office by the oily man who made her skin crawl just looking at him.

"You remember Ian Suffolk?" Trueblood asked.

At least he was to the point. "I'm sorry I don't know the name," she answered.

"Ian Bradbury. Ian Pennywhistle. Ian Devors? Perhaps?"

"Perhaps I knew Ian Pennywhistle fifteen years ago. The others..."

"All the same."

"Then he's probably the same scoundrel he was when I made his acquaintance."

"You know he's returned to the States?"

"I wouldn't know where he is, Mr. Trueblood."

"He's not looked you up?"

"Why would he? He's been out of my life for years."

"Years?" Trueblood did not believe that. "Didn't he post a letter to you about six months ago?"

"None that I received."

"And you've not received letters from him every few months in the last several years."

"One or two at the most," Jocelyn offered, knowing that it was unwise to have even admitted to that. Who could say what trouble Ian was in. "How did you know I was ever associated with him in the first place?"

"There are people interested in finding him, I've been investigating Suffolk for nearly three years. In that time I've learned just about everything there is to know about the man. Including your affair."

"I was young. I'm married now, happily so. I wouldn't have any reason to entertain a renewed relationship with Ian whatever you want to call him. And if I had replied to any letter he's written, I'm sure I would have told him as much. Now you have to leave."

"Does Mr. Harold know about Ian?"

"Mr. Trueblood you're treading into personal territory where you have no right to be."

"You say you have a sacred marriage."

"I said it was happy one," she replied, though as she vowed that, she wondered just how true that was. It had

been two weeks since she'd seen Reggie, and their last few days together were filled with barbs that stuck—all because of the sticky business of lawsuits and a fractured reputation. Her perpetually arrogant husband, under the guise of love, suggested it was time to give up Killian Management. "Banging your head against bricks is a tough and useless waste," was the first foul thought from his lips. "It's over, Jocelyn," was the second.

All that she'd built for nine years and he was so quick to cast it off as if it meant nothing to her. To suggest it was over made her heart ache, and her stomach burn with fear, even though he was likely right. (In such assessments Reggie was rarely wrong.)

There was still fight in her however, and she gave up going to Japan with him to stay home and work her way out of the predicament. But the way things had developed, she'd have been better to have spent the last few weeks in Japan wearing silk and serving tea with the Japanese matrons, watching them fawn all over her blonde Adonis, with his sculptured body and aristocratic face and uncommonly aloof resonance of darkness that was an accompaniment to his sapphire eyes.

The war between them was not unusual. They'd warred a hundred times in their five year marriage, but never to this impasse, and never without some degree of certainty that the darkness of their sexual attraction would eventually rule and begin to heal what had been broken.

"You have a fascinating way of being happily married," Trueblood stated.

"What makes you say that?" she asked.

Though he was a slimy creature, unctuous and sly, his speech disarmed her. Speaking with that snooty officious English accent, she thought she'd have to answer him when none was called for.

"Ian Suffolk, er ... a Pennywhistle, was noted for sexually deviant activities. I made it my business to check on those

of his acquaintances.”

“You what?” This was going too far.

“Just something cursory, of course. I’m hardly in your bedroom. But then, your husband’s proclivity toward bondage, discipline and the art of training women to be submissives is no real secret.”

Jocelyn was fuming, but dozens of chilling rejoinders were left unsaid.

“I have no more time for you, you’ll have to find Ian without me.” She imbued her words with as much venom as possible and pushed the man to the door and out. Having handed her his card as he was leaving, another ingratiating smile on his lips, she was moved to tear the card into pieces and drop them in the wastebasket.

“Emma, I’m leaving for the afternoon,” she announced moments later as she threw her coat over her shoulders and swept past her on the way out.

“You’ll be back at two?” her secretary asked.

“No, cancel my appointments.”

“But Mr. Donnally from the Ibercon board?”

“I’m not here,” she snapped at the freckled innocent face, and she was gone.

Like spring, the sun shone hot, but when the breeze blew the air was crisp. One gust raced right up Jocelyn’s skirt reminding her that in addition to being a bruised and battered business consultant she was a sexual being. The delicious tickle made her stomach grab, and reminded her of her unspent sexual energy. She walked three blocks away from the office in heels that should have made her legs and feet ache after the first block. However, Jocelyn was used to dressing in high-fashion statements of power that not only looked authoritative but also added sensuous to her list of personality traits. Jocelyn Killian Harold’s allure couldn’t be anything less than sexual; especially since Reggie had refined the seductive charm that had always been natural to her.

The aroma of fresh baked bread, Italian spices and cheese poured from a café she passed on her way to nowhere. Slowing her furious retreat from her office, she lingered in that fragrant space of sidewalk letting her nostrils feast on the smells. The jolt the breeze had fostered between her legs was only augmented. She remembered then the silk she was wearing on her breasts. Now sliding against her nipples it caused those sensuous rounds to draw into buds that any man would tongue with glee. A desire swept through her mind, one that would have taken her into an alley, where with a hand at her crotch she'd need little time to get off. Even in this marginal part of town she considered slipping into a private corner where she could take a moment to climax. But then she spotted the intriguing shop across the street.

Darting into the empty avenue, Jocelyn spent several minutes standing in front of the plate glass window looking inside a leather store. It must have cropped up overnight. Dozens of times down this street she'd never noticed the place. Since Reg, her mind was instantly tuned to spy such sights. Being so close to her office, she should have found this place before. Still, the storefront business looked ancient and well used. There was even dust on a few leather tooled bustiers displayed in the window, and the smell of incense was so strong it poured out onto the street even with the shop door closed.

Naked underneath her lime colored suit skirt, Jocelyn's labia were easily tickled by the fabric brushing against them as she moved. Even standing still, she couldn't stop the gentle sway of her hips that eroticized them even more. A banister, a railing, the arm of a chair would have sufficed to generate an orgasm. But having none of those, she took her arousal as an invitation to enter the sleazy establishment, nearly choking as she did from the plumes of patchouli and sage-scented smoke.

Behind a counter, a woman with a nose ring, purple spiked hair and silver rings on every finger perked up with the entrance of the redheaded business woman in the lime green suit. There was a sparkle back in Jocelyn's green eyes, the mood of decadence overpowering her gloom. She could almost feel Reggie's warm palm on her ass, massaging a rear cheek. She would push back against his fingers encouraging more. He'd slip his hand under the hem of the short skirt and probe her anally.

Peering inside a case displaying a good two dozen dildos, her eyes rested on an enormous anal plug that would be much too big for her to handle—despite her cravings that desired otherwise. Reggie had spent some energy and time making her ass as usable as her vagina for sex, and she could open that anterior orifice wide to accept a generous erection. Still, this plug was one of the largest she'd ever seen, which only reminded her of how long it had been since she'd indulged in an anal assault. There'd be pain the next time Reggie entered her ass, though she'd probably want that too.

"You want something?" the clerk asked. She looked like a girl on second glance, too young to be the proprietor of such a place. Young as she was, however, she looked like she knew what she was doing—at least as much as Jocelyn knew what she was doing in her late teens when Ian Pennywhistle absconded with her the summer she bummed around Europe. There was the thought of him again. When she hadn't brought the man to mind in two years, here he was appearing twice in one hour. The girl with the spiked hair was a sister in rebellion, obviously planted by the gods to remind her of her other life. A life much less reputable, but much more fun than the one she was escaping now. Reggie was fun sometimes, but he wasn't around.

"I don't know what I want," Jocelyn said sighing. The girl squirmed on the stool behind the counter—Jocelyn only then noting that this nymph was sitting squarely on her pussy,

her skirt pulled up so her thighs and ass cheeks showed. With Jocelyn staring at the obvious exposure, the girl did nothing to change her pose when she realized she was being watched.

"I'm horny," she explained.

"So am I," Jocelyn replied, her voice dipping into a huskier tone much more mellow than her speech just a half hour before.

"You look like you could use a good screw."

Jocelyn acknowledged the comment with a smile.

"Got a favorite fetish?" the girl asked.

"Hummm," was the redhead's answer as her eyes perused the array of bondage and discipline equipment in the cases before her. Reggie had as much at home, though that was so familiar to her that it hardly gave rise to much sexual titillation anymore. Together they were much less prone to using toys than early in their relationship. Reg kept the bondage simple, the domination as much mental as physical. Being able to mesmerize her with magical words evoked the stimulation that made such moments soar. "Frankly, I have this intense desire to be spanked right now," Jocelyn admitted, finding it as easy to talk with the girl as it would have been to confess her thoughts to Alexandra, her best friend and sexually deviant female lover.

"I'd spank you if you like," the girl replied, looking quite serious even though the suggestion almost made Jocelyn laugh.

"I need a man for that."

"You want to buy a paddle or strap, I can arrange that, too."

Not expecting to be so easily accommodated, Jocelyn backed off. This was just an innocent exploration of a sex shop, wasn't it?

"Which one do you like?" The girl pulled her pussy off her seat so the short leather skirt managed to cover her

sufficiently. A case on the opposite wall displayed leather paddles and short straps that Jocelyn knew from experience made a sensuous smack against bare flesh. Reggie's store of implements had been collected before she met him. Jocelyn always wondered where he found these especially designed wares that had such a devilish purpose.

Noting that each tooled piece of leather made her body's lust acute, she recognized the signs of sexual obsession urging her to some alarming choice. She pointed to a slapper inside the glass case, ten inches long, she estimated, and three inch wide with marble sized holes in the stiff rectangular hide. She imagined stern sensations in just a smack or two of the awesome thing.

"I want that one," she said, at first thinking she'd take it home and use it on herself. Hungry for the stimulation, passionately in need of something dark to set her off, the obsession was moving swiftly along to a rightfully sane conclusion. But that ended when a man walked out from the room behind the shop. An ass kicker. Like Gus, Reggie's foreman at their country estate, or like one of the burly Germans that she'd seen top submissives in German clubs. He loomed over her like god's wrath incarnate, and she was sure that Reggie would smile to see her first alarmed response. Bald head, goatee, he should have been wearing leather, but was dominant enough in black jeans and a black shirt that draped his muscled chest.

"You say you want to be spanked?" he asked her.

"I said I wanted to buy that slapper," she answered.

"Not if I don't get to use it." He eyed her gravely.

As if to suggest that he was being too presumptuous, Jocelyn drew up in a pinched expression that came from annoyance and puzzlement. All that was ignoring the gnawing need between her legs. Her bottom burned before even a strike was landed. There would be no question whether to submit if Reggie had been right there; but with

her husband due home from Japan any day, the risk to her monogamous agreement with him posed a dilemma.

The burly man placed his hands on either end of the counter that separated them and stared down at the leather implement. "You don't look at all content, lady, if you don't mind my observation. Let's just say I warm your ass the way you want."

Dominant men make assumptive proposals, and Jocelyn's obsessive need was basking in that kind of mind control.

"And you'll take pictures?" Jocelyn asked, noting a camera behind the counter. It was an impetuous request, but it suited her mood.

"We can do that too. Libra here gets off on photographing sessions," he nodded to the girl.

In the room behind the shop, there were boxes and a few chairs. On one chair Jocelyn placed her folded skirt after she'd let it drop to the cement floor. On another the Dom sat waiting for her ass. A soft fluff of red, cream white skin and a sticky wet pubis were revealed when she stood facing the man. He might have been seduced by the perfection of a lady in expensive clothes, but he was Dom enough not to care about her pedigree or her wealth. She was just a submissive, and she was going to pay for whatever crimes remained in her mind unresolved. It wasn't his to question the woman, only his good luck to know she needed his attention. Some man had done his work well to have this peach of a lady giving him so little flack.

"It won't take long," he advised her. She stood for one second before him, and the next was guided by his powerful hands to a humbled position over his lap, her ass end high. Two steps away, the young woman snapped pictures of all the important moments: the exposure, the positioning, and then of course the results when there was a crimson pair of ass cheeks getting more roughed up with each strike of the leather.

That Jocelyn cried her eyes out, and kicked with abandon, didn't seem to matter to anyone in the room. The girl caught that image, too, of Jocelyn's tortured face screwed up in agony.

She hadn't said the 'safe' word, 'Reggie', so the man kept up the spanking. Though seeing the red on her ass looking like fire-scorched flesh, he paused one time thinking she might have had enough. When she made no attempt to rise, he continued, letting the woes of the woman affect his most dominant desires. Obviously her need was great, and that produced great need in him. Like submissive and dominant should be, they were as harmonious in the task as any determined dominant and wailing submissive.

Jocelyn was sopping between her thighs when the spanking was over. She never did say her 'safe' word; rather there seemed a natural rise and fall of emotion that spelled the beginning and the end. In the man's last glance at the well-worked behind, he saw it marred with streaks that wouldn't fade, and noted places where there'd be small bruises by morning.

When he dropped the pretty woman to her knees in front of him and withdrew his erection, she was obliged to pay for the favor. While the camera continued to chronicle the episode, Jocelyn took his mean organ in her mouth and sucked until every trace of lipstick had disappeared and he spewed cum on her mascara smudged face. With her hot, naked ass resting on the cold cement, Jocelyn was satisfied, even if her loins still burned hot.

"You got some man to take care of your cunt?" the man asked her.

"Maybe," she whispered.

"Let me see your tits."

Still submissively inclined, she opened the suit jacket and raised the silk teddy so he could see the rest of her.

"You need a Dom, I'll do the chore," he told her.

“Thank you, you’ve been enough for one day. But the pictures?” She pulled down the teddy and started to rise from the floor. “How about I buy the memory card?”

“I’ve got other images on that I’ll need to download first. Truth is the computer is down, and til Roscoe fixes it, I can’t do nothing with that memory card.”

“Then I’ll stop by and pick it up.”

She was on her feet, putting her skirt on over her wounded bottom, letting the lovely feeling of warmth settle inside where it would remain until she was in her car and could masturbate herself to a climax.

“Couple of days. I can call you,” he replied.

“No, I’ll stop by,” she said.

He nodded, as he watched her button the jacket, then slip into her high heels. Handing her the slapper, she pulled from her purse a few bills, having no idea how much the thing cost.

“Will this be enough?” she asked.

He took three and returned one.

“That’s enough,” he said.

Then with the bell on the door tinkling behind her, Jocelyn was on her way home, a fallen woman in her own eyes, having broken one of Reggie’s strict commandments for fidelity. That would be remedied, she was sure, without too much damage to her marriage.

Chapter Two

The house was so quiet, Reggie felt as though he was creeping into a tomb. With a few lights on his home brightened, but now it was dreadfully dark. There was only the faint smell of Jocelyn in the air when he was used to a full bodied whiff of her delicious essence. Moving from the foyer, through the living room toward his private office, that room was normally bereft of any aroma of his wife. Yet stepping inside, Reggie found her fragrance was most noticeable inside these four walls. Perhaps an hour before she'd spent some time there, certainly she was somewhere in the house.

Maneuvering through the room without a light, when he turned on his desk lamp, his eyes abruptly focused on items resting on the blotter. Pictures and a leather spanker were deliberately arrayed for his eyes to notice. A quick examination of the photographs and he picked up the intercom phone and rang for the maid.

"Trina, where's Mrs. Harold?"

"You're home, sir?"

"Of course I'm home," he snapped impatiently. A lock of his blonde hair was uncharacteristically hanging over his face, casting a shadow on his austere visage. A man of precision, order, calm and practiced finesse, nothing about the unexpected sight of his wife in full color alarmed him, but he was aware that she was making a premeditated statement. "Where is she?" he asked again.

"I'm not sure, sir," the maid quipped. There was a little giggle behind her comment and a second giggle that was not hers.

"Unless you want me to throw your boyfriend out of your bed and haul your ass over my desk to be strapped, you'll answer better than that."

The command given, the girl shrieked, "Ooo, sir, I really don't know where Mrs. Harold went. The last time I saw her she was on the path to the lake. It was raining cats and dogs