

**The Professional:  
Master For Hire  
Fidelis Blue**



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**The Professional: Master For Hire**

*by Fidelis Blue*

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## PROLOGUE

Marcus was sitting in his favourite armchair, reading a book. A log fire burned in the grate, its crackling the only sound in the room. Roxanna knelt naked at his feet, her head resting in his lap. In her lovely mouth she held his cock, soft and warm and still. She was not allowed to suck or lick. You're my cock-holder, he told her; your job is to keep it safe and snug.

Earlier that day he had told her that she would be beaten that evening. It was four days since he had last done so. She was a quick healer and the marks he had left had almost faded now. I wish they didn't go so quickly, she said; I'm proud to carry them. But he was glad when they faded; he preferred to beat a pristine white ass, to set his mark upon her unblemished flesh.

That would come later. For now, a mood of reverie had come over him. He put his book aside and sipped from a glass of wine. He looked down at Roxanna and stroked her hair, smiling, wanting her to know the tenderness he felt for her. Her mouth full of his cock, she could not smile back, but he saw how she looked at him and he was content. He could hardly imagine his life now without her, and yet it was barely six months since they had first met. They had travelled so far in that time. How different he was way back then, when she had first approached him. Yet if he had not made the decisions he had made a year ago, had not done the things he had done, she would never have made contact with him. His hand still stroking her hair, he closed his eyes and thought back to those early days before they met, the first tentative steps that had taken him along the route to where he was now....

## CHAPTER ONE

'Am I getting through to you?' Marcus raised the leather tawse to shoulder height and brought it sharply down across the girl's bare bottom.

She squealed. 'Yes, yes, please sir!'

'Please what?' he demanded and lashed her again.

'Please sir, don't smack me any more, it's hurting!'

'It's supposed to hurt,' he said, and laid the tawse across her bottom again, slightly harder than the previous time. He pulled her skirt higher up over her waist. Her knickers were down to her knees. She tried to wriggle free, but he pushed her firmly down onto the desk with his left hand before once again whacking her across the rump.

'I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't soon forget,' said Marcus.

'No, please, no more, sir. I'll be good,' the girl cried.

'Dirty little slut,' said Marcus. 'I'll teach you to keep your fingers out of your knickers.'

He hit her again. Her bottom was bright red now. She had stopped wriggling. He thought she might have reached the stage where the warmth caused by the stinging leather strap was spreading into her loins. He smacked her with several more carefully measured blows. She moaned each time. Her breath was coming in short gasps. He paused again, then thought, six more strokes, hard ones, would just about do it. Best to err on the side of caution with a novice.

When he finally laid the tawse down she was trembling. He put one hand on the back of her neck, a firm but gentle pressure. With his other hand he softly stroked her bottom. It felt hot to the touch.

'Well done,' he said. 'Are you going to be a good little girl now?'

'Yes, sir,' she said. 'Thank you, sir.'

'Excellent,' said Marcus.

He crossed the room and put the tawse back in the drawer. 'I'll give you ten minutes to get your breath back and get dressed,' he said. 'Then perhaps you'll join me in a glass of wine?'

'Yes, okay,' she answered.

He went out, closing the door behind him. He took out his phone and made a couple of calls. Then he went to the kitchen and took a bottle of wine from the rack. Picking up a corkscrew and a couple of glasses, he walked back to his study. She was seated on a chair, applying lipstick with the aid of a small mirror.

'Red wine okay?' he asked.

'Mmm, yes,' she said. 'Something full-bodied.'

She gave him a knowing smile. She was a well-built girl with large breasts and a well-proportioned bottom. He found her comely rather than beautiful but she was undeniably attractive. And he liked her. She had a sense of fun, and she spoke her mind.

Marcus raised his glass to her. 'I always find it helpful to have a bit of a de-briefing afterwards. It helps to get some feedback for next time. If there is to be a next time.'

'Oh, yes please,' she said. 'It was good.'

'You weren't tempted to use the safe word?'

'No, not at all. We could go further. But I wanted to ask you about that.'

'Yes?'

'There's a contradiction. I'm not sure how to resolve it.'

He thought he knew what was coming, but he let her continue.

'The real buzz, the real excitement, comes from the feeling of losing control, of being totally in another's power. Of course there's pleasure in the pain too, after a while, when the endorphins kick in. But what gave the whole thing its edge was the fact that however much I resisted it made no

difference. I knew that you would deal with me as you saw fit. And that was very arousing.'

Marcus smiled. 'So, what's the problem?'

'At the same time I had a safe word. You insisted on it. And I think I see the necessity. I needed to feel safe, to be sure that things would not get out of hand. But this means I'm trying to have it both ways, to be safe and yet to be powerless.'

Marcus was thoughtful. She had put it very clearly, what he liked to call 'the paradox of the submissive'.

'Yes,' he said, 'there is a dilemma. How can you be really taken out of yourself if you know you only have to say one little word and everything returns to normal? But this is not the only situation in which such contradictions occur.'

She sipped her wine, looking at him quizzically, waiting for him to elaborate.

'Take reading a novel,' he said. 'You know it's all made up, from beginning to end. It doesn't have any basis in reality. But during the time that you read it, you suspend your disbelief. You pretend it is real. If it's a well-told story.'

'Yes, I see,' she said. 'So it's like we are enacting a little story?'

'Something like that. You can if you wish bring reality crashing back. But it's fun if you pretend. Now here's where the skill comes in, if I may be immodest for a moment.'

'Yes?'

'It's up to the Dom to create a convincing scenario, one which will appeal to the submissive's particular needs. That way, she can lose herself in the fantasy. Every submissive is different, responds to different stimuli. Some like to be treated rough, some like to be humiliated, some like to be forced to admit their slutty nature, others like a lot of pain. The skilled Dom will know each one's peculiarities. And also, as the scenario develops, he will be alert to the responses he is getting, and modify his behaviour

accordingly. Furthermore, and here we get to the nub of your question, he will know exactly how far to push things. Often this means going just that bit further than she thinks she can bear, pushing her limits. But it's fatal to go too far too fast, because then you will destroy trust.'

She sipped her wine again, considering what he had said. 'I see what you are saying,' she said. 'Yet I still wonder if the ultimate thrill wouldn't be for me to say, there are no limits, do your worst.'

'We'd have to know each other much better before we could approach that point,' he said.

She smiled. 'Perhaps we shall. Can I make another appointment?'

He consulted the large desk diary on the table nearby. They chose the same day next week. He showed her out. She kissed him on the cheek.

'Thank you,' she said.

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Marcus worked in his garden for an hour, planting bulbs for the spring. While he worked he thought about the girl who had just left. Though she called herself , he knew it wasn't her real name. Hardly anyone wanted to use their real names, although they all knew his. He felt they needed to know it, for reassurance. He admired the women who came to him. They were all taking a risk, some of them risking almost everything. It was an indication of their deep need, that they were prepared to take a chance.

The procedure, though not invariable, was usually the same. They contacted him through his web site, which they had discovered from one of the many informational Bdsm websites that now existed. They would ask him questions about what he could offer, and in return he got them to tell him about their situations. was thirty years old, a fashion buyer, 'between boyfriends', as she described it. She told



him that she'd had fantasies as long as she could remember about being a naughty girl and being spanked for it. Once or twice she had tried to tell a boyfriend about these, but she was met with either blank incomprehension or ridicule. She told Marcus the fantasies were getting stronger. In the beginning she had tried to repress them. Now she had become convinced they were important to her, so important that she wanted to act on them.

He suggested, as he usually did, an initial meeting in a public place. They had talked for a couple of hours over a bottle of wine, and she had grown more confidential. She told him that she masturbated once or twice a day, almost always while thinking of herself powerless, being beaten by a man in authority, older than herself. He asked her if she had ever actually been beaten. No, she said, not as a child, not ever. But I can't stop thinking about it. Do you think I'm a pervert?

'No,' he said. 'Well, yes, actually,' he added, and they both burst out laughing. 'But what's wrong with that? You aren't harming anyone, not even yourself. And as perversions go, it's pretty normal. If that's not an oxymoron.'

She laughed again. It was clear she felt relief at his acceptance of her. They chatted some more, then he asked her if she wanted him to beat her. She fell silent, then blushed.

'Yes,' she said. 'Yes, I do, very much.'

'Okay,' he said, 'but there are conditions.'

He explained to her the rules. It was by appointment only, decided several days in advance.

'I don't do sudden impulses,' he said. 'I have to have a schedule.'

'Because you have other clients?'

'Yes,' he said, 'partly that. Next thing, time limits are strictly observed. If it's a one-hour session, that's it. No overtime. I ask that you don't tell anyone else about it, or at least not in such a way that my name is revealed. Only you

are to know that. You must have a safe word. I have to know that you feel able to stop any time you want. You have to know that, too. Finally, we will never have intercourse. I mean, I will never penetrate you with my cock. You probably won't even get to see it. If you want, I will masturbate you or do other things like that, but there won't be any fucking.'

'What's the reason for that?' she asked.

'It's because there must always be a distance between us. We aren't going all the way. I'm not going to be your lover. Do you understand?'

'Yes, I think so,' she replied.

He told her what his fees were. Usually they were surprised it was so much. He kept them high because he wanted to scare off those who weren't serious, who just wanted to try it for a laugh. He figured if they were prepared to pay what he demanded, they must really want to go through with it.

He'd talked through the scenario with in advance. Today had been their first encounter. He thought it had gone well. Next time he'd take it further. He could tell that she'd be willing.

He went inside, washed and had a drink. Then he cooked himself some halibut and a few green beans for dinner, reading a book at the table while he ate. He'd become pretty used to living on his own now, ever since his wife died. It would be eight years next week. He still missed her, but he'd managed to set up a routine that kept him busy and happy.

After dinner he went to his study, carrying a glass of wine. He had an appointment online with an American client. Megan lived in the mid-west, in , where it was still early afternoon. Her husband would be at work, her two children both away at university. She'd booked a couple of hours of his time. They hooked up via Instant Messaging. Each had

a camera and a microphone, so they could see each other and speak.

When Megan came on he chatted to her for a while. He always liked to ease into things, not bounce the clients into submissive mode, though with some, it seemed that the mere sound of his voice was enough to set them off. After a while he asked Megan if she had been a good little girl. She knew what this meant.

'Yes, sir,' she said in a low voice, not looking at him.

Almost from the start with Megan he had instituted a regime of strict orgasm control. She wasn't allowed to masturbate unless she had permission in advance. He would normally send an email every day stipulating if it was allowed. Yesterday he had denied her any orgasms at all. He knew this was hard for her. She was a woman of strong sexual urges; it was nothing to her to come four or five times a day.

'And are you wanting to now?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' she said, still not looking up.

'Take off your top,' he said.

She was informally dressed, in a pink t-shirt and a knee-length light blue cotton skirt. She took off the t-shirt. Underneath was a white cotton bra.

'Take the bra off, too,' he said.

He let her sit there a while, saying nothing, looking at her naked breasts. He knew she was shy. He knew also that she wanted him to make her do things that she was shy about.

'You want me to let you come today, little girl?' he asked.

'Yes, sir. If you please, sir.'

'I need to be sure that you are obedient,' he said. 'Only very good little girls get to come. Ones who do as they are told.'

'Yes, sir,' Megan said.

'Are you going to do as you are told?'

'Yes, sir,' she repeated.

'Touch your breasts for me. Make the nipples come up hard.'

She blushed as her hands went to her breasts, caressing them, then pinching the nipples till they stood up proud.

'Go to the kitchen and get two clothes pegs,' he ordered.

She came back with the pegs, her small neat breasts sharp at the tips, her nipples still erect. She knew what was coming.

'Put the pegs on your nipples, sideways on,' Marcus said.

She squeezed the little wooden jaws apart and carefully pushed them onto her tight brown nipples. He saw her wince as she let go.

'Does that hurt?' he asked.

'Yes, sir.'

He knew it did. He'd tried it on himself. He thought he ought to have some idea of what he was putting her through.

'Good,' he said. 'It's meant to.'

He sat and watched her in silence for a while. He imagined the pain she was feeling, the pegs biting cruelly into the soft skin.

'Is the pain getting worse?'

'Yes, sir,' she answered, so softly he could hardly hear.

'Take off your skirt,' he said.

She stood up. He saw her wince again; the movement made the pegs hurt more. She removed her skirt then sat down again, now wearing only her white cotton knickers.

'Put your hand between your legs, inside your knickers,' he said.

She did as he said.

'Now put a finger inside yourself and tell me if you are wet.'

He saw that she was blushing again.

'Yes, sir, I am wet,' she said after a moment. It didn't take long for her juices to begin to flow. It excited him that she was so easily aroused.

'Show me,' he said.

She took out her finger and raised it to the camera. He could see that it was glistening.

'Take your knickers off,' he said.

She stood up, pulled them down over her hips and stepped out of them. Then she sat down again.

'Open your legs,' he said. 'Show me your cunt.'

He knew the word embarrassed her. And he knew she wanted him to make her do things she was ashamed of. She opened her legs wide.

'Now pull apart the lips of your cunt, so I can see it properly,' he said.

Her face coloured as she did so. He stared at the pink flesh between her labia, like coral; or like some exotic sea creature.

'Do you want to take the pegs off?'

'Yes, sir,' she said.

'Ask me nicely.'

'Please sir, I humbly ask if I may take the pegs off.'

'Soon,' he said. 'Not yet. Now touch your clit and tell me how it feels.'

Slowly she circled her clit with her finger.

'Sir, it feels a bit swollen. And it is wanting.'

'And why is that?'

'I don't know sir. It just is.'

'I'll tell you why,' he said. 'It's because you are a little slut. You're a horny little tramp who thinks about sex all day. Now tell me, what are you?'

She hesitated before speaking. 'I'm a little slut, sir.'

'You pretend to be a good little girl, butter won't melt in your mouth, but I know better, don't I?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You want to jerk off while I watch you, don't you?'

Again she hesitated. 'Yes, sir,' she said at length.

He paused, looking at her, still with her finger on her clit.

'Take the pegs off,' he said.

Gingerly she removed them, gasping as she took the pegs away. He could see how the skin around the nipples was white at first, then almost immediately grew red as the blood rushed in.

'I'm going to sit here and watch while you show me what a dirty little girl you are,' he said. 'But don't come till I tell you.'

'No, sir.'

He told her to stroke her clit. As she did so he talked to her, describing a fantasy in which she was naked except for a leather collar round her neck, to which was attached to a chain. He told her how he was going to take her into a room full of a dozen men and lead her round and show her to each man in turn, letting them inspect her, feel her breasts, put their hand between her legs. And then, he said, I'll take you round to each one on your knees and you'll have to fellate them. You'll have to suck each one till he comes in your mouth, and then we'll move on to the next one. And perhaps I'll let one of them fuck you from the rear, doggy fashion, while you're sucking cock.

All the while he described the fantasy to her, he watched her. They'd done this several times before and he knew the signs when she was near to orgasm. He told her a bit more of what these men would do to her, then asked her if she was ready to come.

'Yes, sir,' she said. 'If you please.'

'Not yet,' he said. 'Slow down.'

He spoke to her some more, of how if she did not please these men she'd be whipped, and he could see she was very near now, even though her hand was moving slowly.

'Come for me,' he said. 'Come now, like a little slut.'

Her eyes closed and her head went back. He saw her hips tremble and her thighs clench around her hand. Then she was still.

'Good girl,' he said. 'I am pleased with you.'

'Thank you, sir,' she said, and smiled.

He kept her naked for a while longer. Now was the time of intimacy, when they could speak freely and easily of her needs, of her pleasures. They discussed a subject that had cropped up more than once, whether they might ever meet in the flesh. In principle he was willing, and she was eager, but the logistics were difficult. There was a possibility her husband might go to on business, and a chance she might accompany him. But that was several months away.

Before they parted, Marcus let her get dressed, then ordered her to come once more, this time with her vibrator pushed up under her skirt. Then it was time to go.

'I'll send further instructions,' he said. 'Be good.'

'Yes, sir,' she said. 'Kiss, kiss.'

Marcus closed down his computer and went to bed. He tried reading his book for a while, but images of Megan, naked, her legs splayed while she fingered herself, would not go away. Marcus began to rub his cock slowly. It didn't take him long to come.

Afterwards he felt, as he sometimes did at such moments, a little sad. Is this your life now, he thought? Talking dirty to girls but never touching them, never getting close to them? And then solitary masturbation, just so he could get to sleep? He lay in the dark for an hour, musing over his past life. He still missed Jacqueline, his wife. It was the companionship, the affection that he missed, not the sex. He'd known for some time before she died that his sexual desire for her was waning. He tried to hide it from her, but in the nature of things it was difficult. A man could not pretend a lust he did not feel. The problem was in him, not in her. He had become more and more interested in the sexual psychology of domination and submission. Increasingly it was the thought of exerting power over a woman that aroused him. But Jacqueline had no interest in such things. She was a sweet affectionate girl who enjoyed sex but who didn't have an ounce of kink in her body. Or rather, in her mind. Once or twice he'd tentatively tried to

spank her. But it had been a disaster. He could tell she allowed him because she loved him, but it was all too obvious that she felt degraded by the experience. He hated to see what it did to her, and he abandoned the experiment. But when she died, after a short but shocking illness, he resolved to explore the side of himself he had hitherto kept in check. For several weeks he could do nothing but grieve, but then he met a woman through his work. Something had clicked between them, and even during the first sexual encounter, he was sure that they were on the same wavelength. The second time they went to bed, on an impulse he turned her over and began to spank her bare bottom. At first she protested, but he persisted, and she soon stopped wriggling. She began to make little moaning noises, from which he took encouragement, and by the time he let her go, her bottom was bright red. He fucked her hard, almost violently, in a frenzy of lust.

Despite their sexual compatibility, they did not have much in common on a personal level and the relationship petered out after a few weeks. But Marcus now, for the first time in his life, knew exactly what he wanted from sex, and had the freedom to go after it. He plunged into a whirlpool of erotic activity, setting up encounters with a dozen or more women during the following three months. Mostly he met them on the internet. They weren't hard to find. It surprised him how many women there were out there who hungered after submission. He discovered scores of blogs in which women lamented that the men they were involved with had no understanding of their deepest needs. He read their accounts of how they attempted to lead their men on, tried to explain to them that their fondest wish was to be put across a man's knee or sent to kneel in the corner until it was time for a whipping. After repeated attempts at persuading a reluctant partner, most of these women had been forced into the painful realisation that if a man did not have the urge to be sexually dominant, then no amount of



pleading or cajoling would induce the exercise of the power and authority which they craved to submit to.

And so Marcus made contact with some of these women, and found that he not only had a taste for giving them what they wanted, but that he had a talent for it too. It seemed to come naturally to him to adopt just the tone of voice that set their knees trembling, that made their hearts beat faster and their breath come shorter. He knew it was only a game, but what an exciting game it was! The surge of sexual excitement he got when he ordered a woman to her knees, or forced her to show herself naked to him, or admit to some imaginary offence so he might have the satisfaction of punishing her, was of an intensity he had never known before. With many of these women, he felt that he had an instinctive sense of how their minds worked, or at least the sexual part. He knew just what to say to them so that they were powerless to resist his commands. He knew just when to force them, against an apparent show of resistance, or when to alternate cruelty with kindness. He seemed to sense when they were getting close to the limits of what they could endure, and he seemed to know just when to stop, at the very last moment, but not before. For if he ceased too soon, if the whipping was not hard enough, if the abasement was not sufficiently humiliating, they would invariably be disappointed.

Of course there were dangers, and he soon learned how to recognise them. He found that he could induce a kind of trance in many women, a state of mind he learned to call subspace, a condition almost like hypnosis, in which the submissive would feel pain as pleasure, would lose all sense of herself as an independent-minded adult and seek only to be his creature, at his service. And in that state they were vulnerable. He learned to care for them, to treat such conditions with respect, even awe, and never ever take advantage.

One day, after a long and particularly rewarding session with one woman, she told him that she had had many such experiences with men, but none so satisfying as with him. Marcus was pleased by her praise.

'You're so good,' she said, 'you ought to do it for a living. I feel greedy keeping you all to myself.'

They both laughed, but after she had gone Marcus found himself mulling over what she had said. It planted a seed which grew. He read assiduously in the voluminous literature of the subject, mostly stuff he found on web sites. He learned the terminology, the acronyms like 'bdsm', the technical terms like 'top' and 'bottom', he learned about what increasingly to him seemed to be the unbridgeable gap between the world he had entered, and the so-called 'vanilla' world of those for whom 'perversion' was something to recoil from in distaste and disapproval, not something to be embraced and celebrated.

He read fiction, too. He devoured the classics of the literature such as *Story of O* and the Beauty books of A. N. Roquelaure, he read such works of Victorian pornography as *Walter: My Secret Life*, and even earlier works such as *Fanny Hill*, with its delightful description of birching. He thought that some of the blogs he read were probably fiction too, with their long, detailed descriptions of ecstatic torments received, sometimes surely more than any sane person could bear. He soon found out what he liked and didn't like, and came to realise that within the world of domination and submission there were many mansions, each with their specialised activity. Some women needed bondage, others pain, while others again craved humiliation. Marcus was partial to many different activities, but not all. He thought that whereas the submissive required a certain formula, a particular combination of activity to satisfy their longings, a dominant might accommodate various preferences just so long as he felt able to make a connection. Sometimes it clicked with a

woman, sometimes it didn't. Just like in real life, he said to himself with a smile.

As soon as he knew he was serious about going professional, he made a number of rules for himself. He would never take more than five sessions a week. He was afraid of burn-out, and he thought it wasn't fair to the clients if he didn't keep himself fresh. After all, it wasn't a full-time job. His career as an architectural journalist was going well these days, and he had no intention of giving it up just when all his years of hard work were paying off with some rewarding commissions. But if you were a writer, there were always times when work was slow to come, or when you needed to refresh yourself. And a completely different line of work was a good way to do that.

He also made it a rule that he would never take on a client for whom he felt no physical attraction. He thought it unfair to pretend he was attracted to a woman when he wasn't; she would surely sense that he lacked desire. And while, since there was to be no fucking or any kind of genital contact for his part, there would be no problem of his cock letting him down when faced with an unattractive woman, he thought that honesty would, so far as possible, be one of his guiding principles. After all, he told himself, he supposed that the clients would not make a booking if they for their part found him unappealing.

There were certain things he had no taste for and would not participate in, whatever the demand. Water sports repelled him. Anything to do with cutting or needles he found distasteful, and he would always be careful to make this clear. He had no liking for blood, and although it might be that a particularly severe whipping could lead to the skin breaking in a minor way, he would never make this his aim. Other rules were formulated as things progressed. Early on, one client had told him of her desire to be whipped by him while her husband watched. Marcus felt this was getting into deep water. Who could tell what

emotions might be aroused in the other man by such a scenario? He wasn't prepared to risk an unpleasant scene if things got out of hand. Another early request was for photographs. He had no objection at all to taking pictures of his clients bound with ropes, or to photographing their red bottoms after a beating. Indeed, he rather enjoyed it, doing his best to make the pictures as aesthetically pleasing as possible. But when one client asked that he photograph her on her knees, her face pressed to the floor as he stood over her, he managed to satisfy her request, but ensured that his face wasn't visible. He couldn't take the risk his face would pop up on a porn site one day.

His first instinct had been to maintain anonymity, but he soon saw that this was impossible. His clients were vulnerable in many ways, not least to an unscrupulous man who might try to blackmail them. It was only fair that they should know who he really was, as a surety that he would not engage in anything disreputable. And he soon abandoned his original intention of hiring premises for the work. It would be too expensive and too inconvenient. Far better to work from home, and if they knew where he lived, well, that would give them additional security.

While he thought about the possibilities of taking paying clients, he continued to experiment. But after the frenzy of the first few months, things quietened down, to the point where he was seeing just two women, each on a regular but not frequent basis. Each of them interested him and excited him, but neither knew about the other, and he began to realise that if he was serious about going professional he would have to face up to the question of how this would affect his private life. Could he indeed still maintain a private life at all? With each of the women, Clare and Angela, he had a full relationship. That is to say, he played D/s games with them, but he also enjoyed full sex with them, and, more to the point, there was an emotional investment. Not that he would have said he was in love