

# *All For Love*

The Odyssey of a Submissive

A BdsM Erotic Novel

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All For Love  
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*by Fidelis Blue*  
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## Chapter One

The others are all asleep now, exhausted by a night of sexual excess. Like theirs, my body is weary and aching, soiled with sweat and saliva and semen. I should bathe; but, in truth, I enjoy feeling the last drops of ejaculation oozing, mingled with my own juices, from my bruised and tender cunt. And my mind refuses to sleep, still racing on the events of the past few hours, the past few days and weeks and months. The only way I'll ever make sense of it is to try and get it down somehow. Perhaps none but me will ever read these words. No matter; they will have served their purpose if they help me understand what has become of my life.

I suppose you could say that everything that has happened could have been foreseen. Or if not foreseen, then at least logically deduced once the initial connection was made. In my beginning is my end. Yes, you could say that. But it wasn't how it looked to me at the time. I certainly didn't see things coming. Not that far back. When it all started, I was too wrapped up in it. I was intoxicated by the excitement of it all. Everything in my life up to that moment suddenly appeared pallid, insipid. Nothing else mattered to me but the intensity of what was happening in the moment. The past had slipped away; the future was nothing but a blur.

Like so much in our lives, it began with a random event, a chance encounter that could so easily have never happened at all. I don't like to think about this, about how easily I might have missed him. It brings me out in a cold sweat if I really think about how nearly the encounter didn't take place.

I still wonder what exactly persuaded him, at that precise moment, to take a second look. I don't think I'm beautiful. Attractive, yes; at least, men look at me, and when they do, I know what they are thinking about. I know I've got a good

mouth, and they want to do something with it. My breasts are a nice shape, and I see their eyes go down to them. And my legs are not bad, I think. But beautiful? Me? Oh, and I've been told my eyes are 'lustrous'. I think that was the word used. They're green, in case you want to know. A man once said I'd got bedroom eyes. He looked offended when I burst out laughing.

The way it happened was like in one of those movies; don't they call them rom-coms? Where the boy and the girl "meet cute". It was raining. I was trying to get a taxi, which you never can when you really need one; and, at last, one pulled up; and, as I walked towards it, he dashed out from a doorway and pulled the door open. When I got there, he was halfway inside. He saw me, but he was going to pretend he hadn't. And then he looked at me again.

"I'm sorry," he said. He looked at his watch. "Which way are you going?"

I told him I was going to the West End.

"Wonderful," he said. "Piccadilly Circus?"

I told him that would do. He held the door open for me, and we both climbed in. My hair was wet. I thought I must look bedraggled, but he kept looking at me. He was well-dressed in a suit with narrow stripes. I liked his black shoes. They looked expensive.

He started talking. He had a good voice, mellow, soothing. I sat back in my seat, only half-listening. I'd noted his initial intention, albeit reconsidered, to run off with the taxi on his own, and I'd put him down as one of those pushy, undoubtedly successful but off-putting men who are two a penny in the city. I was sure he worked in a bank. He wasn't the sort of man I was looking for. In fact, I don't believe, at that moment, that I was looking for any kind of man at all.

I judged him to be around ten years older than me, perhaps in his late thirties. I noticed, though not with any special satisfaction, that he wasn't wearing a wedding ring.

But then, many English men don't. A lot of them, the middle-class ones, still think jewellery is for sissies.

As he talked, I stared out of the window at the rain-swept streets. I wasn't studiously ignoring him. I just thought if I turned sideways on my seat to look at him that might seem a little forward. I didn't want him to think I was in the habit of sharing taxis with strange men, even in daylight. Then I became aware he'd asked me my name.

"Anna," I said. I didn't ask his, but he told me anyway.

"I'm Roland," he said. He took his wallet out of his pocket and drew out a business-card. I took it. 'Roland Fenner,' it said. 'Broker.'

"What do you broker?" I asked.

"Anything profitable. Or interesting." He laughed.

I put the card in my pocket. We were in Farringdon Road, about halfway to our destination.

"You work in the city?"

"No," I said. "I've been to see an author."

"An author?"

I didn't really want to tell him what I did for a living. I didn't want to tell him anything. But it seemed rude to just clam up.

"I'm an editor. Book publishing," I said.

He asked me the name of my company. I told him. He hadn't heard of it; I knew he wouldn't.

We fenced with each other for a while. He was trying to find out things about me, but I stone-walled. At last, we reached Piccadilly. I offered him some money for the fare, but he insisted he would pay.

"It's all on expenses anyway," he laughed.

He waved cheerily as the cab drew away. Did I think of him in the next few days? Perhaps fleetingly, once or twice. He was quite good-looking. I noticed he had long eyelashes, almost like a girl. But he would have soon vanished from my memory had I not bumped into him, quite literally, that Friday night as I came out of the office. I was turning to say

goodbye to a friend, not looking where I was going, and knocked into a man. It was Roland.

“Oh,” I said, flustered. “What are you doing here?”

“Just passing,” he said. “Is this where you work? What a coincidence.”

I was too taken aback to be suspicious. It was only several weeks later that he admitted he had engineered the meeting, lying in wait outside in the street.

“Look,” he said, “got time for a drink?”

I glanced at my watch, as if I had some appointment to go to. In reality, I had nothing more exciting before me than a Friday evening in my flat eating pasta and watching TV.

“Just a quick one,” I said.

One turned into another, and he ended up taking me to dinner. I found him easy to talk to, and he actually listened, a rarity in a man. He kept looking at me and smiling, as if he couldn't believe his good luck. I was surprised that he seemed so pleased to be with me; surely he can get lots of girls, I thought, better-looking than me. I suppose I've always lacked self-confidence and belief in myself. I think lots of women like me, lots of submissives as I have learned to call myself, share this tendency to self-deprecation. It seems to go with the territory. Not that I called myself a submissive in those days. I didn't think of myself that way at all.

At the end of the evening, he kissed me prettily on the cheek. He asked if he could see me again on Sunday. I pretended I wasn't sure if I was free. I told him to call me the next day, Saturday.

I lay in bed that night thinking about Roland. After a while, my hand strayed down to my belly, stroking, exploring lower and lower. There were bad men lurking in the shadows of my imagination, wicked men who were waiting to do filthy things to me. As always I pretended to be pure and innocent, but this did not save me from their clutches. One of them reached out, putting his hand

between my legs in an obscene gesture. I realised, with a shock, he had Roland's face. I was excited. I rubbed my clit, quickly, urgently, until I came explosively. Afterwards, I felt guilty that I had enrolled Roland in my dirty little game. He's a nice man, I thought. Don't spoil it with your disgusting, slutty ways.

He called, as expected, on Saturday. I really wanted to see him that night, but I forced myself to put him off until the next day. I said he could take me for a walk on Hampstead Heath in the afternoon. Fortunately, it was sunny. We had some tea in the restaurant at Kenwood House. Roland started asking me about previous boyfriends. I thought it was too soon for that and told him so. He laughed. "I'm nosy," he said. "I know it."

I let him take me back to my flat in Camden Town. I knew he would try to have sex with me. I wasn't quite sure if I'd let him. I thought it might depend on how he behaved. While I opened some wine, he browsed my bookshelves. He made a couple of intelligent comments about the contents, which definitely improved his chances with me. I put some music on, and he seemed to genuinely approve my choice. He was doing well. We sat on the sofa. He took my hand; then, after a while, he put his arm round me. Eventually he brought his face close to mine. Leaning over me he slowly raised one eyebrow. I started giggling and, of course, then I couldn't resist. He's a clever bugger, I thought.

The kissing was good. If only more men would think about what they are doing, not just dive in slobbering. His lips were dry but warm and firm against mine. He sort of gripped me with them instead of just pressing limply against me. I found myself wondering whether I should open my mouth or wait for him to try and push his tongue in. I can be very cerebral about sex sometimes.

He took the decision away from me, sliding his tongue inside my mouth slowly but insistently. He put a hand on my hip then moved it round to stroke my belly. I was wearing a

skirt, and I kept my legs together; a girl doesn't want to give the wrong impression. After moving his tongue around in my mouth a little, he took it out and started kissing the side of my neck, slowly working up to my ear. He didn't know it, but this was the shortest way home. Once a man starts seriously working around my ear, I'm inclined to lose control unless I'm very determined.

I wasn't very determined. On the contrary, I sighed and made a kind of languorous movement with my legs which he not unreasonably took as encouragement. He put his hand on the outside of my skirt, just at the top of my thigh, and began to rub it very slowly. He started pressing his hand in between my legs. I was sure he must be able to hear the beating of my heart.

His tongue was in my ear now, and I tried to keep from squirming. Then he whispered to me.

"Show me your bedroom."

I couldn't be bothered with playing the shy virgin any more. I took him by the hand, pulled him to his feet, and led him to my bed. He made me stand while he undressed me, calmly and efficiently. He left my knickers on, and I got into bed. He stripped quickly, taking everything off. I just caught a glimpse of his cock as he climbed in beside me.

He went to work on my ear again, this time the other side. He knew he'd struck pay-dirt there. I wriggled around a lot, and he tried to keep me still. He was enjoying driving me wild. After a while he put his arm under my head and gripped my wrist, while trapping my other arm beneath my body. He looked down and smiled at me, seeming to enjoy my helplessness. Then he took my nipple between his thumb and forefinger and began to squeeze it. I gasped, and he let go. He took hold of the nipple again; by now it was as hard as a bullet. He squeezed it once more, twisting it too. I made a kind of moaning sound. How did he know so soon what I liked?



He bent his head and took my nipple in his mouth, sucking it at first then locking his teeth round it and biting gently. I made a little sound in the back of my throat. He bit me harder.

“Oh,” I said.

“Hurt?” he asked me.

“Mmm.”

“Stop it?”

“Not necessarily,” I said. Then I blushed. Shameless hussy, I thought.

He lowered his head and, again, took hold of my nipple.

“Oh, god,” I said.

At last I had to pull his head away. I could see his teeth-marks at the base of the nipple. He pushed on top of me and, without hesitation, drove his cock into me. I groaned. He fucked me with long, firm strokes, raising himself up on his hands to keep from crushing me and to give himself more leverage. I could tell how excited he was. I liked that, even though it meant he came too soon for me. He whispered in my ear if he could help me come too.

“Later, maybe,” I said. “There’s no rush.”

We lay in bed for an hour, talking, caressing. I went and got our wine glasses. When I came back he made me sit naked on the edge of the bed for a moment so that he could look at me. He put his hand over my breasts then let it trail down to my belly.

“It’s an extraordinarily sensual body,” he said. “I can’t remember feeling such desire.”

I blushed, feeling embarrassed at such fulsome praise. Bet you say that to all the girls, I thought. But it was good to hear it, all the same.

After a while we began to make love again. He went down on me which surprised me. My cunt was sticky from his semen. Not a lot of men care for that, in my experience. But he seemed, literally, to lap it up. I couldn’t quite manage to come with just his tongue on me, and he

encouraged me to use my fingers, and it felt good that he wanted my pleasure and didn't mind how I got it. And I wanted his; it surprised me just how much I wanted to please him. After I'd come, I pulled him on top to fuck me again.

We showered together, and I shyly washed his cock. It was a good size, possibly just a shade above average length and a nice thickness. I rinsed carefully under his foreskin and felt him getting big again, but I wouldn't let him fuck me again. I don't know why; I guess I just felt, leave him wanting more. I also thought he'd think less of me somehow if I wanted sex too much. I was wrong about that, as it turned out.

He took me out to dinner at my local Indian. I saw someone I knew, and I liked the way she looked at Roland with admiration. Afterwards we kissed warmly as I saw him off at the tube station. We both had early meetings in the morning.

We didn't have sex again until the following weekend. Roland had to go to Germany on business, so we didn't meet up until that Friday night. He took me to a swanky restaurant in Knightsbridge then back to his flat in the Barbican. I'd had several glasses of wine by then; and, besides, I'd been thinking about him all week. I was hungry for him.

I could tell he wanted it badly too. Yet instead of plunging in, he held back, teasing me. In bed I took hold of his cock and tried to draw him on top of me, but he got me in the same grip as last time, pinioning one of my arms underneath him and holding on to the other by the wrist.

"Fuck me," I gasped.

"Greedy!" he said. He twisted my nipple. "Perhaps you should wait a little while."

"Why?" I protested. "Don't be so mean."

He twisted my nipple harder.

"Bastard," I said.

Suddenly, he reached over to the bedside table, opened a drawer, and pulled out a pair of metal handcuffs.

“What the hell is that?” I asked.

“It’s for restraining little girls who get too greedy,” he replied.

There was a look in his eye which made me a little nervous. “No,” I said. “It’s OK, I won’t be greedy. I promise.”

He’d already got the cuffs locked round one wrist. “I won’t hurt you,” he said. “Trust me.”

Nervously, I let him thread the chain connecting the cuffs through the rail at the top of his brass bedstead then click it shut on my other wrist. Despite my apprehension, I was excited. The danger was intoxicating. Roland knelt over me, his cock rock-hard. He took hold of it and rubbed it against my face, over my eyes, my nose and cheeks. I tried to take him in my mouth, but he wouldn’t let me.

“You may lick the tip but not suck,” he said, holding it just beyond the reach of my lips. He pulled the foreskin back, and I could smell his male scent. I pushed my tongue into the little slit at the tip.

“You like it?” he demanded.

“Yes,” I said, still trying to take it in my mouth.

“You feel its power?”

I almost laughed, but it was true. I did feel it. “Yes,” I said, “yes.”

“You want it?”

“Yes,” I said.

Suddenly, he pushed it into my mouth, all the way back so that I nearly choked. Then he pulled it out again. He started to rub it with his hand.

“You want it in the face?” he demanded.

“Yes,” I said. “Anything. Any way you like.”

He rubbed his cock some more, and I saw the hot milky stuff spurt out and splash onto my face. A lot of it went round my mouth, and I stuck out my tongue and licked it up. He put his hand on my face and smeared his semen over

me. It began to dry on my skin, feeling stiff. It wasn't the first time anyone had come on my face, but I'd never previously enjoyed it much. This time was different. I wanted him to mark me with his scent, like an animal. He put his sticky fingers into my mouth, and I licked them clean.

"Dirty little slut," he said.

I don't know what shocked me more, the fact that he used such words to me, or that my cunt clenched when he did so.

"Fuck me with your hand now," I begged. "Please?"

He put two fingers in me. It didn't take him long to find my g-spot. He pressed against it while he licked my clit. I came quite quickly. Afterwards he took the cuffs off.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked.

"No, I don't think so," I said. "Should I be?"

"I want to go to the dark places in your mind," he said.

I laughed. "How do you know there are any?"

"I've got this feeling about you," he answered.

It was several weeks before I asked him if he'd had a feeling about me right from the start, about what sort of woman I was.

"I'm not sure," he told me.

"I don't see how you could have," I replied. "I didn't even know it about myself when you met me."

But that wasn't exactly true. I had always had my secret life, the thoughts I kept buried even from myself except at night in bed when solitary lust overcame me. I'd never acknowledged them to any man, and I never intended to. I reasoned that if a man knew what I was like, deep down, he'd despise me for a filthy little whore. I wasn't looking for a man who'd bring me out, expose my dark and dirty desires. I don't know how Roland could have known those things about me just from my manner, my way of talking, or the way I looked. I still think that, at the start, he just liked the look of me. But as soon as we began having sex, he

began to get intimations. That much I could see. And being the sort of man he was, he pushed deeper.

It didn't happen all at once, nor did it happen gradually. Things escalated in an even curve. Instead, there would be a week or two when sex proceeded pretty much as before, and then there would be a sudden lunge into something we hadn't done previously, something edgy, even a bit scary, which would excite me so much I sometimes felt giddy with desire. So after he handcuffed me to the bed, we did that once or twice more with not much variation. He didn't come on my face again, but he did come between my tits; his cock spurting into the hollow between them. It excited me to see the stuff coming out of him, see the visible evidence that I excited him. At the same time, I couldn't help feeling that, while he was doing that, he wasn't fucking me, and I'd got to like that very much, the feel of his rock-hard cock driving into me like a jack-hammer. I guess I was just greedy; I wanted it all ways. I'd never quite known lust like this. I'd always enjoyed sex a lot, but this was something special. There was so much psychic energy between us, so many sparks flying.

One evening we were sitting in his flat kissing on the sofa; and, suddenly, he grabbed hold of my hair at the back of my head, twisting it hard. He brought his face right up to mine.

"I know what you are," he hissed. "What are you?"

"I don't know," I said. "What am I?"

He twisted my hair harder. "You're a little slut," he said. "What are you?"

I looked at him. I couldn't bring myself to say it. He leaned forward to kiss me then bit me on the lower lip. I yelled out in pain.

"Fuck you, you've bitten me. I'm bleeding," I cried.

He looked at my lip carefully. "It's nothing," he said.

"Bastard," I said. I don't know how seriously angry I was with him.

Still gripping my hair with one hand, he slapped my face with the other. I was too surprised to say anything.

“Now,” he said, “tell me what you are.” He slapped me again.

My face was stinging. One half of my mind was outraged. But below this, I could feel something else. In the pit of my stomach, there was a sensation like an electric current passing through. I could feel my cunt clench.

“I’m a slut,” I said.

“Good girl,” he said. He slapped my face again but not as hard. He let go of my hair and stood up, pulling me to my feet. He put his hand on the back of my neck and steered me to the bedroom. He undressed me carefully and laid me naked on the bed. When he was naked too, he lay beside me, stroking the small of my back. He kissed my bruised lip.

“I get carried away,” he said. “I’ve never known such desire. It’s so intense.”

He slid down the bed and began to kiss my belly, the inside of my thighs, the lips of my cunt. Slowly, tenderly, he licked me until I came shuddering in his face. He turned me round and spooned against me, slipping his cock into me from behind, fucking me gently.

There was another period of relative calm after that. I was starting to know him well. We’d swapped life histories. I found out he’d been married once when he very young. He spoke fondly of his ex-wife but said they were children really, not ready for such responsibility. He’d had a lot of affairs since then, even had one or two women move in with him. But he said that none of them was the right one. I wondered if his telling me this meant that I was supposed to think I was the right one at last. Or maybe not. I dare not ask in case I wasn’t.

I was falling for him. It wasn’t just the sex though that was spectacular and exciting in a way I had never known. I found myself dreaming of Roland; and, in my dreams, I was shameless, flaunting myself before him. But it was more

than that. He was kind to me and interested in what I had to say. I know I'm intelligent, and I think I have some ideas and opinions that aren't entirely banal, but men don't always want to know about that. Roland let me talk, and his eyes didn't glaze over.

One evening, we went out to eat. It was a rather expensive restaurant. Roland had quite a lot more money than me. Publishing isn't well paid whereas he seemed to be forever completing lucrative deals that earned him tidy sums. So usually, when we went out, he insisted on paying. At first I tried to resist, but he argued with me.

"I can't imagine anything which would give me more pleasure to spend my money on than you," he said. "Won't you allow me that indulgence?" And I did because he was so nice about it. He never once threw it in my face that I couldn't pay my way.

We'd gotten to the end of the first course. He was telling me how much better sex was with me than with anyone else. I was blushing a little because I thought the people at the next table were listening. But it was good to hear him say such things. The waiter came and cleared away some plates, and then Roland fixed me with one of his 'looks', the kind I'd come to recognise. It's usually the precedent to his making some kind of a sexual move on me. When he looks at me like that, the hairs on the back of my neck start to rise.

"I have the feeling that I could make you do anything I want right now," he said.

"Anything?"

"Yes, I think so," he said, looking me right in the eye.

"What sort of thing?" I said.

"Well," he said, "I think I want you to go to the ladies room and take off your knickers and then come back and hand them to me across the table."

I blushed and glanced sideways at the neighbouring table. The woman seated there looked away hurriedly. I was

sure she was eavesdropping.

I hesitated. "I don't know about that."

"Go and do it. Now," he said.

"They're watching," I hissed, nodding at the other table. "I'm not going to let them see me give you anything."

"Go and do it now," he repeated. He seemed quite in earnest. "If you don't, I'll be very cross with you, and you won't like that."

"Don't be cross. Please," I pleaded.

"Then do it," he said firmly.

I got up and crossed the room to the ladies' loo. There was no one else inside. I went into a cubicle, pulled up my skirt, and stepped out of my knickers. They were black silk briefs. I sat down and had a pee, putting my knickers in my handbag. I washed my hands before stepping out again. When I sat down at the table, Roland put out his hand.

"Give them to me," he said.

I blushed and glanced sideways once more. Furtively, I took the knickers out of my bag, scrunched them up into a tiny ball, and passed them quickly across. Roland took them and held them to his nose while he sniffed. Mortified, I stared down at the table too embarrassed to dare look at the other diners.

"I love your smell," he said. He put the knickers in his pocket. "Have you been wearing these all day?"

"Yes," I said shyly.

"I thought so. They are impregnated with your scent. Just the faintest whiff makes my cock come up really hard."

"Roland," I hissed, "behave."

He giggled. Just then, thankfully, the next course arrived, and I managed to change the subject. I tried not to think about my cunt, naked under my dress, my juices slowly seeping out of me.

We left the restaurant and began to walk towards the tube station. It was late by then, and there were only a few people about, though London is never completely deserted.



As we walked past a dark alleyway, Roland suddenly grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me into the shadows.

“What are you doing?” I protested.

By way of a reply, he pushed me back against a wall and began to kiss me. I tried to avoid his mouth, mumbling a protest. I didn't want to make too much noise in case we attracted attention. Roland put his hand up my skirt, feeling between my legs. I squirmed, trying to get away. It wasn't that I didn't feel excitement, but I was terrified of discovery.

“I've been thinking about doing this for the last half an hour,” he hissed in my ear.

He pushed a finger into my unguarded cunt, moving it quickly in and out. Then he took his hand away, and I heard him unzip.

“No, really, we can't,” I said.

But I was too late. Deftly, he pulled my thigh up. His cock went in easily. I knew I was very wet. He began to fuck me furiously, his knees bent, his body straining furiously to maximise the leverage in his hips. In no time at all, he groaned out his pleasure as he came inside me then quickly withdrew.

“Give me back my knickers,” I whispered. “It's all going to run out of me otherwise.”

“Good,” he said.

He grabbed my hand and pulled me after him. I sat on the tube with my legs tightly squeezed together. When we got off, I could feel it started to seep out of me as we walked to his flat. Once inside the door, he dragged me into the bedroom and stripped off my skirt. He threw me on the bed and knelt between my legs, lapping greedily at my runny, sticky cunt. I grabbed his hair and held his head against me, grinding my clit against his lips and tongue until I came with a wail of ecstasy.

And so it went on. A few days later, on a Sunday afternoon, we were in bed at his place. We'd been fooling