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The Slow  
Seduction of  
CLAIRe•MACDONALD

The Slow Seduction of Claire MacDonald

*by Marcus Andrews*

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## **Acknowledgements**

Having been a keen consumer of BDSM movies for many years, some of the ideas I get are bound to be inspired by others. I've forgotten the origins of most of these - they're just floating around in my gray matter somewhere. But the scene where Rebecca is tied to a pillar in the cabin in New York State was very definitely inspired by an Infernal Restraints video from 2010. This was called "Bendy", and starred Claire Adams and Mei Mara. For those of you who think a woman could not endure the kind of punishment I describe - Mei not only proves you wrong, but she endures much worse at the lovely Ms. Adams' hands. Yummy!

## **Introduction: Princeton, New Jersey, August 9<sup>th</sup>**

The most memorable summer of my life so far was almost over. The weather in Princeton was already uncomfortably warm and humid – it was a typical East Coast August. But the time I'd spent with Rebecca in the cabin in upstate New York – and in New York City the following couple of weeks was a memory I would cherish for the rest of my life.

I'd long finished packing my life into the shipment boxes – boy, I was putting a lot of stuff into storage; a lot of memories of my nerdy youth. I'd take only the bare essentials with me to England.

The house didn't look that empty – mom and dad were renting it furnished for the moment to avoid the cost of storing the furniture. They'd also rented a furnished place in England – near Cambridge, and I'd probably move into a tiny student apartment in London for my PhD studies.

In the words of the song – my bags are packed, and I'm ready to go.

The sound of the doorbell was a surprise; the movers weren't due until tomorrow and mom and dad were saying goodbye to friends across town. It might be a neighbour with a parting gift – I knew Mrs.. Ballotti hadn't been able to make it to the farewell party.

When I opened the door I was surprised to see who was standing there. She was wearing a tight blue sailor-stripe T-shirt and white Capri pants that clung to her perfect figure.

“Rebecca!” I gasped. “Shouldn’t you be at work?”

“I took a personal day,” she said, stroking a lock of her long, brown hair away from her face. I marvelled again how good she looked for a lady who was my mom’s age. Then again, mom and dad had taken pretty good care of themselves too – maybe forty five was the new thirty after all!

“Are your parents here? I didn’t see the car. M...may I come in?” she asked; I smiled and stepped back, giving her a peck on the cheek as she passed me. I glanced out to the street, but there didn’t seem to be anyone around to notice us.

“Of course! I’m afraid I don’t have much to offer you... we’re out of most things, but there’s still some ice tea in the refrigerator if you’re thirsty.”

“That would be nice, Anthony; thank you. It’s really hot today.”

“You said it.”

Rebecca Shaw had been a friend of the family all of my life and as the most attractive mature woman I knew it was inevitable that she’d been a key figure in some of my adolescent sexual fantasies. Twice-divorced; she was now in her mid-forties and she possessed a timeless, intelligent beauty that reminded me of an up-market news-anchor. Her long brown hair always seemed to be perfectly groomed, and her thoughtful, hazel eyes exuded an air of quiet confidence that as a teenager, had often kept me tongue-tied in her presence.

As a geek I found the fact that she worked in the high technology field an additional turn-on. She’d been a successful engineer in Bell Labs - the same company where my dad worked - and had then moved into sales for a series of networking start-ups. Financially she’d done pretty well from her marriages, but even better from the various stock option plans and bonuses she’d earned herself. She was quick to admit that she used her feminine charms to close deals with a predominantly male customer base - the white Ferrari outside was a testament to that success.

The first sexual contact between us occurred when I was in my sophomore year at MIT - during a family barbecue in the summer vacation when Rebecca had asked to see the computer rig that I’d hacked together from discarded PCs in the basement of our home.

She listened patiently as I explained how I'd built the array and modified a Linux kernel to run the software more efficiently; and how I coped with the different clock rates of the CPUs in the array - since they were all a mish-mash of salvaged PC boards. She also asked a number of quite insightful questions and I had to grab a notepad to sketch out my replies to her satisfaction. After a few minutes her next comment to me was quite a surprise.

"You know, Anthony," she said softly when I paused between sketching. "Girls prefer it when you don't keep staring at their boobs. My eyes are up here...I don't think you'd noticed."

I flushed a deep red. In fact, I'd been desperately trying not to stare at Rebecca's gorgeous cleavage - but Christ! What did she expect? The low cut white summer dress she wore presented them perfectly - in fact her lightly tanned flesh was beautifully framed by the thin, white material. Mom had taken great delight in telling me how Rebecca's current husband, a plastic surgeon, had bragged about giving her such a "lovely rack".

As Rebecca stared at me I tried to stop my eyes flicking down to her chest yet again - but it was like somebody telling you not to think of an elephant. I was babbling some kind of apology, but she kept edging closer to me. She may only be five four, but her sheer force of presence was making me nervous - especially now her right index finger was tracing slow figures of eight on my T-shirt, around my nipples.

"I think I'm going to take it as a compliment - because you're such a beautiful boy, Anthony. I'm sure any girl would be proud to be with you, and it's quite nice that you find me - or at least this part of me - so attractive. But if you look women in the eyes they'll respect you a whole lot more; and there'll be plenty of time to look at their tits once you get them into bed, won't there?"

"Y...yes, ma'am," I whispered. I could feel Rebecca's thigh pressing harder against my cock as she continued to rub my nipples gently...she would know exactly what that lump was.

"I think a quick spanking is in order," she told me. "Just to hammer this lesson home...what do you say, sweetie?"

"Wh...what?"

"Across my knee...twelve strokes...or I tell your dad all about you coping a feel when I came down here."

"B...but I never touched you!" I gasped.

"Oh, Anthony...I've known your dad since before you were born. I think he'll believe me when I tell him - especially when he sees that stain on the front of your jeans."

I looked down and saw she was right. There was a darker patch starting to form in my crotch. Shit!

"Y...you...seriously want to spank me?" I gasped.

"Sweetie; what I really want is for you to lick my pussy until I come, but we don't have time for that. You see; I can't imagine you're very experienced at giving a real woman pleasure that way. I'm sure the sweet young things that you fuck in the back of your dad's car are very grateful for the attention a good looking boy like you gives to them; so they're happy to fake their orgasms for you." She paused and stroked my hair gently. "But a real woman expects a little more...diligence...and a little more skill that, frankly, I don't think you have. I'm sure you could give me some kind of satisfaction sooner or later; but I'm afraid we just don't have the time for that. People upstairs - especially your mom and dad - will wonder what we're up to. So I'll just have to make do with spanking you...then when Reuben fucks me later I'll be able to fantasize about your tight little ass wriggling on my lap, won't I?"

Before I could answer Rebecca had sat on my office chair, and raised the skirt of her sundress so I could lie across her bare, tanned thighs. I looked at her in amazement - this was

like something out of a fucking porno movie! In fact, I concluded it was too good to pass up the offer. I paused for just a second, and then began to move into position.

“Jeans down, sweetie,” she said quickly.

“B...but...”

“Jeans down; shorts too...a bare-ass spanking really is the only way you’ll appreciate the lesson, believe me.”

I was red with embarrassment as I took down my jeans and boxers. My erection was there for her to see, and she could also see that I was leaking a clear, sticky liquid from the end of my cock too. I felt her hand stroking the bare flesh of my ass for a few seconds before...whack! The first slap was way harder than I thought it would be! She made me thank her for each stroke, and ask her for the next one...“full etiquette” she called it. After I’d taken a dozen smacks I was required to lick up the sticky mess my cock had made on her silky smooth legs. Finally, I was allowed to pull up my pants.

“Stay down here for at least the next ten minutes,” she ordered, flexing her hand and smiling. “I need to get back to the party. This will be our little secret, Anthony.”

“Y...yes, ma’am,” I told her. “Th...thank you, ma’am.”

She smiled again – her face flushed with excitement. “You’re thanking me? You enjoyed it, did you? Are you going to masturbate after I leave? Wait...that was a stupid question...of course you are.”

I couldn’t reply – Rebecca seemed to be the master – or Mistress of the situation. She walked over to me and kissed me on the mouth; her kiss was confident, and her lipstick tasted good.

“Please think of me when you jerk off, Anthony...you have my permission to come...and do let me know if you feel you need any further...instruction.”

“Th...thank you...ma’am.” I stammered, unable to think of anything else to say. I watched her gorgeous ass walk confidently out of the basement and back to the party.

Holy shit...I came about a minute after she left. I shot a load so large that I thought I'd pissed myself somehow. I'd completely misjudged it, and my T-shirt ended up covered in my own spunk. Luckily the laundry basket was down in the basement too; and I was able to find another T-shirt in there that wasn't too dirty. That had been the most intense sexual experience of my life so far - and I wasn't exactly a virgin even then!

When I headed back to MIT a few weeks later I had a pang of regret that I might not be able to see Rebecca again - she lived near my home town of Princeton and I'd be in Boston. But I remembered her advice and found that girls really did prefer it when you didn't stare at their tits! I also remembered her offer of "further instruction".

I dragged my thoughts back to the present day. I'd poured us both a glass of ice tea and we stood in the kitchen. Rebecca took a sip.

"That's good," she said softly. She stepped into a gentle embrace with me and sighed as she placed her head on my chest.

"How are you feeling?" I asked. "Is everything OK?"

She considered my question.

"I'm fine - really, Anthony. You were both right about using electricity to torture me. No marks at all; but it was so much more painful than anything you did to me before. In the end I felt utterly...broken; it was quite wonderful."

"It was like you were on drugs or something," I told her. "And when you came I thought you were going to explode."

"After the past few weeks, I really think you might have ruined conventional sex for me!" she chuckled. "Regular orgasms just aren't going to do it for me anymore; I'm pretty sure of that."

"Rebecca - are you sure you're OK? I mean...if you need to go to a hospital and you feel too embarrassed, I'll come with you."

"No! I'm fine, honestly. Between you and Kendra you seem to have amazing self-control...I'm so happy that she makes me feel as safe as you do. The marks will fade soon."

I sipped my ice tea.

"Is Kendra a 'she'?" I asked. "I must say I'm pretty confused by it. Are transvestites counted as women?"

She laughed. "Kendra's a pre-op transsexual - I'm getting quite familiar with the jargon. And yes, she prefers to be considered as a woman. She stopped being 'Kenny' a while ago."

"You're going to see...her...again, I assume?"

She nodded. "We got together for lunch yesterday, and we're going to meet for dinner again Saturday. I know it's early days, but she seems nice - she's an artist; did she tell you? She funding her art by working in the club."

"Yes...but I could have guessed she'd be creative," I mused. "Those tattoos were...impressive."

"Aren't they lovely?" she said eagerly. "She designed those wings on her back herself. They're so beautiful - so ironic too."

"A fallen angel?" I chuckled.

"That would certainly describe the both of us!"

"All three of us?"

I put down my glass and put both arms around her now. I'd psyched myself up to leaving her when we said our goodbyes the other day...but it was just so wonderful to be with her again. She smelled of honey and oranges - it was the shampoo she preferred at the moment and I loved the fragrance. She seemed so timid and vulnerable now - a huge change from the hard-ass Rebecca I grew up knowing. I knew this was a side of her that she only showed to me since I'd started training her. I was quite sure she was still the classic Type A sales woman in her other life.

"I'm going to miss you," I whispered.

She tilted up her head and kissed me.

"You know it wasn't just the sex, Anthony," she said softly. "Or the domination! I...I feel..."

"Rebecca - we talked about this," I told her gently. "Three thousand miles between us! That's quite a commute for a long distance relationship."

"And you're very gallant for not mentioning our age difference."

"Honestly - that doesn't matter to me," I told her. "You showed me a level of intensity to a relationship that I never thought was possible. But is it love? I really don't think so. I'm sorry if that's what you think it is."

"I wish it could be that way for both of us...but you're right - you'd be foolish to let it get that far anyway." She paused, and kissed me again. "Such a pity though."

This time I took her in a full embrace. I was careful not to squeeze her too much - I knew the single tail whip that Kendra had used on her back the other night had probably hurt almost as much as the electric torture. It would be wonderful to see those marks again.

"One last goodbye?" she asked, softly.

"Yes...but not here," I told her. "Mom and Dad said they'd be back in an hour or so, and I don't want to rush making love to you."

"That's a rather interesting thought!" she chuckled. "There's a motel over by the Interstate. It's nice - better than it looks from the outside. We can be there in ten minutes."

I pulled back and smiled at her.

"You know it well then?"

She blushed. "I've been there a couple of times, yes."

I had a feeling about why Rebecca would know the motel - the things she'd told me under interrogation at the cabin had been...quite a revelation.

"How about just straight love-making?" I asked. "I think your body's taken enough punishment for a while. And you need to give me Kendra's email address - I want to give her

some ideas for continuing your training before you come over to visit me in London."

Her eyes glinted. "Really?" she asked. "You'd do that?"

"I'd love to do that - you know I get a kick out that sort of thing - the mind fuck! I'll plot some really devious, horrible mental torture for you, Rebecca - don't worry!"

We just held each other for several seconds. For my part I was just lost in the notion that this might be the last time I'd have a chance to be with this amazing woman.

"You're such a wonderful lover, Anthony!" Rebecca sighed. "So...energetic. You really are going to be hard to replace."

"You know I feel the same way about you, Rebecca," I told her. "All the years I've pictured you in my fantasies - and yet the reality of making love to you was so much better."

She smiled and rested her head in my chest; and that's when we heard a discrete cough from the doorway.

"So...you're the mysterious girlfriend, are you, Becky?" my mom asked coldly.

Rebecca acted like she'd taken another stroke from the whip.

"Ellie - oh my God!" Rebecca gasped.

"Mom...I...I didn't expect you back..."

"Evidently!" Mom said archly. "Your dad's still drinking beer with Bob - since he's too drunk to drive he sent me to tell you that the deal closed for eight point three - you didn't answer the house phone when we called."

"I didn't even hear it...Jesus! Over eight million?" I gasped.

"You need to call Harry to make sure you sign the papers before we leave. Dad says it's important, Anthony. Until everyone signs they could still change their minds."

I staggered back against the kitchen unit. Eight million dollars! I'd written a series of algorithms for Internet search, and started to patent some of them a couple of years

earlier. Two big companies had challenged one of the patents, and at first it looked like it might cost us a fortune to sort it out in the courts. But what Dad had just told me - via Mom - was that they'd offered to settle! And would pay me - or rather my company - over eight million dollars! Holy shit! Of course, I wouldn't get most of it. Harry would get his ten per cent - and I was determined to split whatever I got with my parents. And the government would want taxes, of course. Even so...maybe it wouldn't mean a tiny student hovel in London after all!

"You and I need to talk, Becky!" Mom told Rebecca sharply. "Now!"

"Wait!" I said. "Mom...Rebecca and I are going out after I call Harry to make an appointment. And before you lay into her, remember I'm old enough to make my own decisions now; and I was the one who drove this relationship. So if you like you can scream at me for the three hours we'll be stuck waiting at the airport tomorrow. Right now, today, I'm calling Harry and then I'm leaving with Rebecca."

I gave Rebecca's hand a squeeze and walked through to the den. My cellphone contract had ended a few days earlier so I'd have to use the landline. I could already hear raised voices in the kitchen - Mom and Rebecca had been friends for years...as long as I could remember. Shit...I'd helped to ruin that! I'd make it my business to explain it to Mom and try to patch things up, but this was the last chance Rebecca and I would have to be together - maybe for a long time; and I wasn't going to waste it...not one second of it.

On the phone I arranged to see Harry later that afternoon - Rebecca could drop me off at his office on the way back from...from the motel. Eight million dollars! Holy shit. I'd treat my folks to an upgrade to business class - the airlines often had pretty good deals at the check-in gate for that.

When I walked out of the den I found mom alone in the kitchen. She was crying.

"Mom..."

"Anthony - how could you!" she gasped. "She's old enough to be..."

"My mother?" I asked. "That's a pretty out-dated notion these days, isn't it?"

"It's a matter of trust, Anthony! Jesus Christ, she's one of my closest friends! Or I thought she was."

"Mom, I'm twenty three years old - nearly twenty four. I'm old enough to make decisions like that for myself; and let's remember it's not like I was a virgin! We're not hurting anybody - and now I have to leave her to fly three thousand miles away. I want to go and comfort her, and say goodbye in a nice way. Let me do that, won't you?"

"Comfort her?" Mom spat. "Is that what you call it? Dear God; I just realized it must have been you in her apartment the other day when I visited! And were you with her at the cabin too? Is that where you disappeared to for two weeks? And now you're going to...to have sex with her again!"

"Yes, I probably will; unless she's too upset. But if I was dating a girl of my own age I'd have sex with her now, wouldn't I? I understand you feel betrayed - by both of us; and I'm truly sorry you had to find out like this. But it was just a last vacation fling, mom - two adults having a good time."

She was facing away from me now, shoulders hunched in tension. I touched her arm, and she recoiled.

"Go!" she sobbed. "She's in the car waiting for you."

"Please tell Dad I have a meeting with Uncle Harry at five. I'll catch the bus back...and mom - I don't think Dad needs to know about this, do you?"

"Anthony - right now I seriously advise you not to push your luck! Please just go!"

Rebecca was crying too. She had her sunglasses on, but I couldn't help notice a clear, red hand mark on her right cheek - and Mom was left handed. It looked like she'd given Rebecca a pretty good slap. Part of me wondered if Rebecca

had enjoyed it. I'd never dared to slap her that hard in the cabin - Mom must have been pretty mad!

I offered to drive us, and she accepted. It was only ten minutes in the car to the motel, so I tried to stay quiet and allow Rebecca to cry. I'd comfort her when we were in the room. I'd promise her that I'd patch things up with Mom - it would be a tragedy for them to lose the friendship they'd built up over the years over this.

Of course Mom was angry - she'd feel betrayed that her best friend - and her former lover - was now screwing her son. Yes...Rebecca's sex life was certainly pretty interesting!

## **London, January 20<sup>th</sup> 2011**

It was such a clichéd way to meet - our eyes meeting across a crowded bar. Well, it wasn't that crowded; the student bar at Imperial College in London was pretty quiet with it being a Thursday night. I'd just beaten a couple of my English pals at pool and was spending my winnings on a pint of warm English beer. But actually that was a myth - Brits drinking their beer at room temperature was one of the first misconceptions that I cleared up when our family moved here last August. I could have asked for a lager - ice cold beer that was pretty similar to the gassy water we call beer in the States; but the local bitters here were actually worth trying, and these student bars usually did a pretty good job of keeping them. They served them at "cellar temperature" - cold, but not ice cold.

There was something about that particular girl across the room. She wasn't conventionally pretty - but she had a striking, intelligent looking face. Her piercing blue eyes looked at me from behind fashionable glasses and she had the cutest turned up nose. Her mousey blonde hair was cut in a messy, shoulder length style that really didn't do her any favours. But apart from her quite astonishing eyes there were two things that really caught my attention about her. First, was her mouth - her lips were full, and pouting; it was a mouth that was born to kiss - and do many other wonderful things for a man, I was sure.

The second thing was that, as I smiled at her, she actually turned to look behind her - like I couldn't possibly be interested in a girl like her and I must be smiling at somebody else. But I nodded slowly, smiling more widely and she surprised me again. She blushed in a way that I didn't think possible for a girl these days. Maybe girls from my native New Jersey had nothing to blush about - but this girl was embarrassed; and couldn't help showing it. Was she blushing because I smiled at her - or because she'd been

caught turning around like that? Either way one of her friends had drawn her back into their animated conversation and she'd broken eye contact with me now.

She was sitting with a group of a dozen or so people - mostly girls too. Only two guys, I noticed. One of them was an obvious loser - overweight and spotty - I don't think I'd even seen him speak yet. The other guy was older - maybe forty. He had long hair in a kind of retro hippy style; with an unkempt beard that jutted out as he delivered points to his audience - he seemed to be some kind of self-appointed discussion leader

Terry - one of the guys I played pool with - had told me this was one of those reborn Christian groups, and that they met a couple of times a week in one of the rooms here. He'd claimed that the girls were mostly frumpy types - pretty girls would have better things to do of an evening, Terry had commented. But they seemed like a reasonably normal cross section of female human beings to me. Except for this girl...she was something very special indeed.

Our eyes met a second time and there was that blush once again; this time she smiled back briefly - her mouth a study in erotic possibilities.

I turned back to my beer - it was pretty good. I wasn't a big drinker, but not for any particular reason. I'd just never developed a taste for booze; although my parents had offered me wine a couple of times at Thanksgiving dinners. The heavy Tuscan reds from my family's ancestral village were a bit too dry for a teenager's palette. I don't smoke either - something that would have been ruinously expensive for me here in the UK, anyway. The result was that I spent a lot of my efforts on studying - computer science is my thing - and my spare time thinking about girls. After all - every man has to have his vices!

Only thinking about girls? In the past few weeks it had been that way. Since the end of an affair with the woman I thought I was falling in love with. She was over twenty years

older than me, and we'd agreed it was the right thing to do. She was clear that I should meet a girl closer to my own age, and that I needed to seduce that girl in a gentle and romantic way.

It had been good advice, but for the first month after I came to the UK I couldn't even think about other women. I'd never had a problem getting a girlfriend in the past - I'd inherited my dad's Italian dark curly hair and olive complexion; and my mom's blue eyes. I keep in shape, and I like to think I'm a pretty decent sort of guy. At college in the States I'd had a few girlfriends and we'd always had a pretty good time...somehow I even managed to stay friends with most of them after we broke up.

But now that I'd reached the heady age of twenty four, and I was a stranger studying for my PhD in this foreign land, there was something...unsatisfying about brief sexual encounters. Holy shit, was I looking to settle down? Both my parents had cautioned me to keep my options open; but I knew there was something missing from my life; and it wasn't just sex. The affair I'd had for the past few months with Rebecca had brought out a part of me that I knew I couldn't ignore. A cruel part of me that Rebecca had adored...even craved. Would I find another girl of my own age who could crave that too?

The girl across the room had stood up now, and was adjusting her jeans casually. It looked like she was asking a subset of the girls at the table for their drinks order. That made sense; she'd hardly buy drinks for the whole group. She walked to the bar and stood maybe three feet from where I was sitting. The bartender came over and took her order right away - I was the only other person at the bar so he wasn't busy. He scurried away to prepare her drinks and...it was now or never.

I turned to her just as she turned towards me. Our eyes met and now she was up close the impact of her gaze

almost made me falter. But I managed to smile and get my words out. "So...what do you think of the band?" I asked.

She gave me a quizzical look; but she was smiling back, at least. "Band? I'm sorry...what band?"

I deliberately paused, putting a slightly puzzled look on my face too. "Well...it's just that a study by the psychology department of the University of Louisville - that's in Kentucky, by the way - decided that the second most effective opening line when talking to a girl was 'what do you think of the band?'"

"Really?" she asked, still wearing that delightfully puzzled expression. I loved the way she held my eye contact. Despite her shyness when we exchanged looks earlier she now seemed to carry an air of placid confidence that was quite enchanting. "Even when there isn't actually a band playing? Like now, for instance?"

British sarcasm - you have to love it. I put on my own thoughtful expression - knowing she might guess I was deliberately trying to mirror her expressions. It was a clumsy attempt at body language, I knew. "Gosh...you have a point there; I wonder if they factored that into their study?"

"Wait a minute - you said it was the second most effective line - why didn't you use the one that was most effective? And what was it anyway?" she asked.

"Oh you don't want to know - that one's just silly."

"Sillier than asking what I thought of the band when there isn't even a band playing?" she asked in exasperation.

"You see, that's why women are so much smarter than men," I told her - also mirroring her exasperation.

She blinked, looking totally confused now so I carried on before she could ruin the moment. OK...I had to adopt a look of confusion now...and adapt my next line to that emotion.

"I guess...well...I guess what I'm saying is that your move was way better than mine."

"My...move?" she asked.

I decided to break the cycle and go with "epiphany".

“Sure; it was brilliant!” I assured her. “You could have walked up to any other place on this bar to order your drinks – but you chose to stand just a couple of feet away from me. On the one hand it signals that you might be interested, but on the other hand you haven’t done anything too blatant. In short, I think it was really classy – and it would be despicable of me not to at least meet you halfway.”

Her face was a picture – she was clearly trying to muster up a response, but I didn’t give her the chance.

“Seriously – I’m sorry if I embarrassed you,” I said, smiling again. “It’s just that recently I learned a lesson – that life’s too short not to take opportunities when they arise. So when I saw you across the room and looked into those eyes I knew I wanted to get to know you better. I suppose I could have hoped for a chance to talk to you...but the fact you’re standing a couple of feet away from me seems like more than just coincidence. It’s fate.”

She smiled. “Now I know why you never finish any of your thoughts! That was a dreadfully cheesy line! Does that sort of thing work with American girls? Or do you just try to drive them crazy by never getting to the point?”

“Actually...Jersey girls are easy – so I normally get to keep my supply of rohypnol for special occasions.”

She burst out laughing, covering her mouth with her hand and half turning away. The guy behind the bar had brought the four drinks she’d ordered and he gave me a wink as he put them down. The girl was still giggling to herself as she picked up three of the drinks, smiling at me again before she walked back to the table. She had a nice ass; and even better is that she knew I was looking and she gave me a little show on the way back to her table. As I’d hoped, she’d left her own drink on the bar and came back a minute or so later to collect it.

She looked over at me. “I hope you didn’t use any of your rohypnol in my drink!”

I smiled. "But that would be a tragedy," I told her. "I assume it would make you close your eyes...and why would I ever want you to do that? No...I'm afraid I've exhausted my sorry set of jokes and distractions. This is where I actually make my move, such as it is." I paused, lost in those beautiful eyes for a few seconds. I reluctantly dragged myself back to the real world and offered my hand to her. "I'm Tony," I said. "Tony Andretti."

"C...Claire," she said quietly, taking my hand. Her fingers were long and slender. She looked to be almost the same height as me - I'm only five ten. Was she wearing heels?

She cleared her throat. "Claire MacDonald," she added.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Claire." I smiled quizzically. "MacDonald? So that's a Scottish name, right? I'm sorry if that's also the kind of thing we Americans ask."

"No - you're right. Daddy was born in Scotland. Mummy's English."

"My mom's Irish - well a few generations back. Can you guess where my dad's family comes from?"

"Italy?" she answered, smiling.

"What?" I asked, in mock amazement. "You could tell all that just from my name?"

She laughed again, and took a sip of her drink; it looked like a gin and tonic. I wanted to ask her to take a seat, but she'd already hinted she had to get back to her friends and I had a feeling that the invitation to sit might break the tenuous hold I had on her attention.

We drifted into a casual conversation and I noticed a couple of her friends glancing over and whispering to each other. And the older guy at the table - well if looks could kill I would be a dead man; I was guessing that he had designs on the lovely Claire himself.

I knew that any second she'd have to go back to her friends, and I decided to keep control. I finished the last of my drink and stood up from the stool.

“Claire MacDonald of the Clan MacDonald...it’s been a real pleasure talking to you, but I’m afraid I’ve got some work waiting for me.”

“Oh...you’re leaving?” She sounded genuinely disappointed – mission accomplished.

“Like I say – work to do; and I think the old guy at your table is getting jealous judging by the evil looks he keeps giving me.”

She looked puzzled.

“Phil? Oh...but...well, maybe he’s just concerned about me talking to a stranger.”

I laughed. “Right...that’s gotta be the reason.”

Now I was standing up I guessed she must be about five eight. She wasn’t skinny – quite the contrary since she seemed to have some nice curves. If I was being picky I might say she could be in better shape – but a lot of the British girls seemed to skimp on exercise in their college days.

I held out my hand and I marvelled once again how deliciously soft a woman’s skin can be. Her handshake was firm though – and her skin was dry.

“Goodnight, Tony. It...it was lovely to meet you.”

I took two steps and paused, turning to face her. She’d been checking me out and I saw her eyes dart away back to her drink. She blushed again, knowing I’d caught her.

“Claire – I’m sorry if I came on too strong with that stupid opening line; but I meant what I said about seizing opportunities. Am I right in thinking your group meets here on a Tuesday too?” I asked.

“Yes! Yes, we meet on Tuesday and Thursdays. Would you like to come along...”

I smiled, shaking my head. “I’m a lost soul, ma’am. But if you’re around after your meeting next Tuesday maybe I could buy you a drink? I honestly did enjoy talking to you, but if you think I’m too much of a pushy Yank then just ignore me...I won’t hold it against you, I promise.”

Her face lit up in such a genuine smile I actually felt dizzy. Why the heck was I walking away from her tonight? I knew the answer to that - I needed to take it slowly with this girl. Besides - I was visiting my folks this weekend so I wouldn't have a chance to see Claire again much before then. So why not make it look like I was giving her the space?

"I...I'd really like to have a drink with you, Tony," she told me.

"Tuesday then...take care of yourself, Claire."

## **Upstate New York, July 12<sup>th</sup> 2010**

As I neared graduation there were a lot of decisions I needed to make. My dad had been offered a research fellowship over in the UK, and he was very enthusiastic about going. Luckily a couple of UK universities were doing leading edge research on the very thing I wanted to study for my PhD. So as a family we made the decision that a few years in Jolly Old England might be quite a hoot for all of us.

But before I left I wanted to see Rebecca again – and by that I meant a serious sexual encounter. Filled with the kind of unreasonable confidence that so many college kids seem to possess, I called her up – hoping I might get a one night stand out of it at least.

To my surprise she was more than happy to see me privately – in fact, she had her own ideas about where we could meet up. She and her second husband were divorced by that time, and I guess she was between boyfriends.

“Anthony...you remember the cabin my family has by the lake?” she asked me on the phone. “We all spent that lovely summer there when you were...maybe thirteen?”

“I remember. You wore that really nice red one-piece swimsuit...the shiny one.”

“Oh yes!” she chuckled. “Goodness! How sweet of you to remember. Anyway...the cabin is free for about ten days next month. It’s very peaceful and nobody’s around...to hear you scream.”

She said the final phrase quietly and the idea sent shivers through me. I could very easily submit to a woman like Rebecca...in fact it would be the simplest and most certain way to get her in the sack! But...it wouldn’t be consistent with what I was thinking about now. My view of the relationship I wanted with Rebecca had changed.

“It’s just before we leave for England...but it sounds perfect,” I told her; and so it was agreed. I had a month or so to make my plans.

Rebecca's family had bought a few dozen acres of land with a small lake on it about fifty years earlier. Her dad and his brother had built the first cabin, and over the years they've improved and extended the building. It was in a stunning location - totally isolated and about a fifteen minute drive into the nearest town. When I'd been here as a kid we'd had to use a tiny generator and there was no phone or TV. These days they'd upgraded the electrics and facilities so this was a true luxury home.

And Rebecca had been quite right - nobody was around to hear anyone scream here.

We'd had a long drive up to the cabin in the red Mustang convertible I'd rented for the trip; and Rebecca was just finishing her time of the month so she preferred not to make love that first night. To be honest, I really enjoy Rebecca's company - and that night she was an absolute delight for me even without the sex. She was clearly goading me like crazy, but I actually thought it was nice to do some light petting with her and then just sleep with her in my arms. She was an expert cock teaser, that was for sure; she'd touch my cock, but then as I grew more excited she'd refuse to give me a hand job or blow job. I played up to her... begging her to finish me off until she giggled and turned over in the bed. As I gently kissed her bare shoulder blades and felt her tight ass squirm into my groin I smiled to myself, knowing that she had a surprise coming up.

The next day we both ran off the stiffness after the drive with a long jog around the lake, and then a swim in the refreshing water. As ever I found conversation with Rebecca to be totally fascinating. One second we'd be discussing a problem in quantum mechanics, then the next second she'd be suggesting some humiliating thing she'd do to me "when she got me naked later". The stretching session after our run was extremely sensual - with Rebecca asking me to massage her calves and thighs, and help her with the

stretches. At least she returned the favour - stroking my thighs and buttocks as we cooled down.

After a light lunch we spent the rest of the day talking and generally building up a level of sexual anticipation that was almost making me explode. Rebecca continued to drop hints about me taking a "real whupping" now there was nobody around to see or hear it. She was even more beautiful than I remembered - especially as I was now allowed to kiss her beautiful lips, and even touch her breasts. She was a dreadful tease - and twisted away giggling each time I tried to cop a feel.

I cooked burgers on the barbecue and later I offered to give Rebecca a proper massage, which she readily accepted on condition I limited my touching to her back and her ass... her naked breasts were strictly off limits.

"You know, Rebecca, I often think of that time you spanked me," I told her as I stroked her soft skin.

"Do you, sweetie?" she chuckled, her voice muffled by the pillow. "Goodness, your hands are so strong! I love how they feel on me. I expected some clumsy groping, but you really know how to give a girl a massage...and you're very obedient. Some boys get quite angry when I tease them the way I've done with you. But you're...patient; you have a dignity about you, Anthony. It's really nice. Perhaps I could give you just a light spanking tonight because you've been so good, and such a gentleman."

"Hmm...well, that sounds good," I told her softly. "You know...that time...well...I think I was more turned on than any kind of vanilla sex I've ever had."

"Oh sweetie, you sound so experienced!" she said sarcastically. "It was a bit naughty of me to do that to you during a family party; but I just couldn't resist you any longer...you're such a sweet boy, Anthony. I've always loved your eyes - and I'm really glad you didn't get fat like your cousin Todd! You have a lovely body."

It struck me a slightly creepy that Rebecca might have been thinking of me as a sexual target since I was a kid. But at least she'd waited until I was "street legal"!

"Rebecca, I think there's only one thing I'd change about what we did...or rather what you did."

"Mmm," she said, almost sleepily now. "What's that, sweetie?"

I reached under the bed and pulled out the pair of handcuffs I'd brought with me and hidden there earlier. At first, Rebecca didn't seem to realize what I was doing, and I managed to slip both of her wrists into the cuffs before she could react properly.

"Anthony! What the fuck's going on?" She was trying to get up now - and struggling with her hands secured behind her.

I slipped my hands into her hair, pushed her head back to the pillow, and leaned down until my lips were next to her ear.

"How many young guys have you spanked, Rebecca?" I whispered. "Do you get off on seducing them? You're such a beautiful woman...I can understand how you can take advantage the way you did with me; but now I think it's time for you to be punished instead."

Rebecca seemed to explode with indignation. "Anthony! What the fuck? What are you talking about? I would never, ever, do anything like that...not with...children! You...you were an adult! I never...you don't understand...look this is silly...I'm not submissive! You don't get it...I need to explain what I want...what we're going to do together! I've got this all planned out for you!"

I lifted her from the bed and put her over my shoulder - she knew I was too strong for her and she didn't resist.

During the day I'd spent some time looking around the cabin for useful ideas - and for places where a person could be secured. In the centre of the lounge there was a large wooden support pillar. I quickly unlocked Rebecca's hands

and relocked them behind the pillar. I'd brought several pairs of metal cuffs with me for the trip, and I used a second pair to secure her slender ankles together, and then the belt from my chinos went around the ankle chain, and held it tightly to the post. I pulled her arms back around the pillar and locked a third pair of cuffs just above her elbows. She has lovely slender arms, and is pretty flexible since she does a lot of yoga; but she still swore at me as the cuffs locked together.

"There!" I told her happily. "Now we can talk."

"Sweetie, please...you need to listen to me!" Rebecca told me desperately. "I...I need... look there's a thing in this kind of roleplay. We call it a safeword...so I'm going to..."

I slapped her across the cheek pretty firmly. She looked at me in total astonishment - her hair was now covering most of her face so I brushed it back to give me a clear second shot. She looked even more astonished after that second blow.

"You're going to shut the fuck up," I ordered quietly. "I know all about safewords, Rebecca. You never gave me a safeword; so now, I'm going to return the favour. Here's the deal; I'm going to punish you for all the impressionable boys you've seduced like you did with me. You're going to confess each and every one of them to me; and then we can think about the next steps in your...training. Let's begin, shall we?"

"Anthony! Please let me go! This is crazy!"

Another slap to the other cheek. Fuck - her hair was really cramping my style. I'd have to remember to tie it back next time, but I didn't want to break the flow now.

"No!" she was crying now. "I said no! You really have to listen to me! You have to!"

"Actually, I don't," I said softly. "Let's begin, shall we?"

I'd fantasized about punishing Rebecca for a long time. In my head I'd pictured her whipped and branded with red hot irons...and now that it was real I knew I needed to keep my

feelings under control - she was totally correct about the idea of safewords. If I was proceeding without one, I'd need to be ultra-careful not to allow my pent up fantasies to get the better of me. To be honest, my main goal at this stage was to frighten the living shit out of her - and that seemed to be going pretty well so far.

I'd also brought a two foot long, sturdy plastic ruler with me in the car. When Rebecca caught sight of it I thought I saw something like relief in her eyes. Was she prepared for something more painful?

"Don't do this, Anthony," she said quietly. "I don't like it!"

"Let's start with your first conquest. Who was the first young man you lured into your perverted little world, Rebecca?"

"I...do...not...like...this!" she growled in frustration.

I walked slowly around her, swishing the ruler through the air.

"Who was it?"

As I moved around behind her I brought the ruler around her right hand side and let it land with a "splat" on her right thigh. She wouldn't have seen the blow coming.

"Jesus Christ!" she shrieked.

"Really? I'm quite certain you're not that old, Rebecca!" I chuckled.

"You fucking sick bastard! Let me go!"

I delivered another stroke, almost in the same place.

"Anthony no!" she sobbed. "It's wrong to do this against my will! You need to unlock me!"

I stepped in front of her and stroked her hair back. She whimpered - presumably expecting a slap. But I kissed her forehead gently.

"Rebecca...let's talk for a second, shall we?" I said softly. "You are, without doubt, the most amazing woman I know. You must know I've fantasized about you for years...you were hoping to play on that to force me to submit - I get that."

I stroked her hair back again, looking into her eyes. She was intensely angry - I could see that.

"But it's not just because you're beautiful. There are so many beautiful women...and none of them are in your league."

I saw her gaze change now. Compliments always worked on Rebecca.

"You have a sexuality that oozes from you. When you arrive at a party...when you walk in a room and every woman hates what their man is thinking about you. How do you do that, Rebecca?"

She swallowed and looked like she might answer, but I spoke again.

"And you're smart - no...that's an insult. You're brilliant. For a geek like me the chance to talk to a beautiful, sexy woman about technical stuff is just a complete turn-on. And you know that too, don't you?"

Her eyes had softened now. I could actually see tears pooling in them

"And the most amazing thing...for as long as I can remember my dad has told me about sales deals you won... or deep, philosophical things you taught him...and Mom always says the same kinds of things about you. I'm kind of surprised because I'd think she'd be jealous about the way Dad talks about you. But she thinks you're a living goddess! I don't know how you do it...but I do know you've also been a role model for them...and for me for years."

I traced my thumb over her lips.

"The most amazing thing for me is that you've chosen such a male-dominated world to work in. And I'm quite sure you have to make compromises and sacrifices in your personality to exist in that world. Shit...you've been married and divorced twice. I suspect it takes a lot of man to satisfy you, Rebecca."

She smiled. Her initial anger seemed to have drained away now. "What are you now, Anthony...a fucking