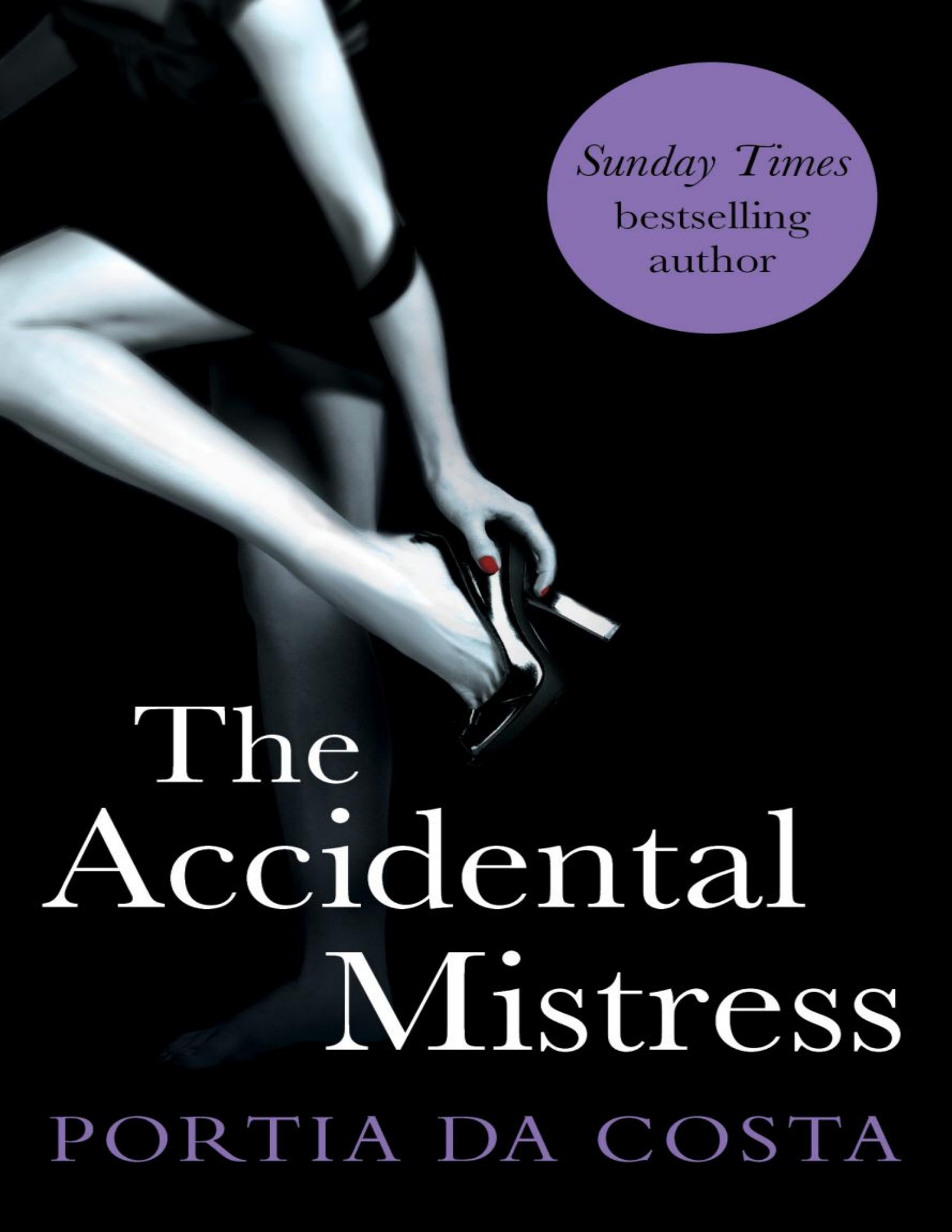




Sunday Times
bestselling
author

The Accidental Mistress

PORTIA DA COSTA

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About the Book

Seduced by a billionaire . . .

After being mistaken for a high-class call girl when they first met, Lizzie now enjoys a fiery relationship with John, her gorgeous and incredibly rich older man. Devoted, romantic and devilishly kinky, John knows exactly how to satisfy her every need.

But John has a dark side – and a past he won't talk about. He might welcome Lizzie in his bed – and out of it – but will she ever be anything more than a rich man's mistress?

About the Author

Portia Da Costa is one of the most internationally renowned authors of erotica.

She is the author of over fifteen *Black Lace* novels, as well as being a contributing author to a number of short story collections.

Also by Portia Da Costa

Continuum
Entertaining Mr Stone
Gemini Heat
Gothic Blue
Gothic Heat
Hotbed
In Too Deep
Kiss it Better
Shadowplay
Suite Seventeen
The Accidental Call Girl
The Devil Inside
The Red Collection
The Stranger
The Tutor

The Accidental Mistress

PORTIA DA COSTA

BLACK
LACE

Dedicated to the real Alice, gone now, but never to be forgotten.

Call Girl for a Night

When Lizzie Aitchison first met John Smith in the Lawns Bar of the Waverley Grange Hotel, she didn't realise that he thought she was an escort in search of a client. The chemistry between them was dynamite from the outset, and Lizzie couldn't resist the allure of John's fallen angel face and the way his lean body looked in a sharp business suit. In a daring leap, she decided to play along with his misapprehension and become 'Bettie', the high-class call girl ... if only for one night.

John, too, was captivated. Shaken out of a state of ennui, he was gripped by an unstoppable urge to possess this beautiful young woman, whose combination of a distinctive vintage style and a bold yet strangely vulnerable personality was the ultimate call to his senses.

The two embarked on an intense, kinky affair for the duration of John's stay in the area on business, sharing pleasures far more intense than either one of them had ever expected. Especially when Lizzie was forced to admit that she wasn't really a call girl after all.

But what was supposed to be a simple, temporary, sex friendship, just for fun, quickly turned out to be something deeper and more meaningful. And when John returned to Lizzie after a month spent apart, suggesting they try a more permanent relationship, as lovers, the next stage of their passionate journey had begun.

1

An Undiscovered Country

He's come back! He's come back! It wasn't just temporary ... He's come back! He's come back!

Lizzie walked beside John, her hand tucked under his arm, and the sun shone overhead, benign and warm. She matched his long stride easily, as if he was giving her some kind of turbo energy boost. In fact, if he hadn't been her anchor, she'd probably have been bouncing around him Tigger-style, or floating upwards like a balloon full of excitement. She couldn't stop looking at him, either. She simply couldn't stop looking at him.

The most handsome man she'd ever seen, the most daring, fascinating, exciting, demanding man she could ever have imagined ... he'd come back because he wanted to be with *her*.

Don't go mad, woman. And don't get all gooey. He'll think you're mental!

'Are you OK?' John gave her a sideways smile as they walked, his sandy eyebrows lifting. He could feel her insane excitement, she knew he could. He'd been able to read her like a book from day one. Now, more than ever, she was convinced he'd suspected she wasn't a call girl on that night they'd first met at the Waverley. But being John, he'd played along with her silly masquerade. Because it'd suited him, and he'd wanted *her* to have fun.

But this ... this was a new game, with new rules. Infinitely more challenging. The thought of it made her heart thunder,

thud, thud, thud.

‘I’m fine ...’ Who was she kidding? Fine? What a small, stupid word. ‘Actually, I feel a bit giddy ... as if I’m in a dream.’ No use trying to hide it from him. He knew anyway.

John’s grip tightened on her hand. ‘You know what? I feel a bit the same ... Exciting, isn’t it?’ He leaned in close, his breath like a zephyr in her ear. ‘And I’m dying to fuck you. It’s been a long hard month, gorgeous girl. *Very* hard. I thought I might die of frustration.’

‘Me too.’ No point in denying that either.

‘Well, won’t be long now. Here we are.’

They’d reached a car. John’s car. Half expecting the limousine, Lizzie was taken aback. The vehicle they were standing in front of was still substantial and luxurious, a sleek black Bentley Continental, if she wasn’t mistaken, recognising the badge from a car owned by a friend of her mother.

Goodness, he drives. He drives himself. I thought ...

John gave her a searching look as he opened the passenger door and she slid inside, settling into a deep, leather-upholstered seat, as comfortable as a Scandinavian armchair, and as cradling as if it’d been tailored to fit her.

The driver’s door closed with a soft, perfectly engineered clomp as John settled himself at her side. But he didn’t start the motor. Instead, he turned in his seat, a quizzical yet serious expression on his face.

‘It was over twenty years ago, love.’ His eyes were steady, and he looked calm, but there was a hint of something stark and melancholy, far back in his expression. ‘You don’t think I’d ever have got back behind a wheel if I wasn’t completely sure I’d learnt my lesson, do you? There isn’t a day that goes by without my thinking about what I did. You’re perfectly safe. I’m not the man I was back then.’

They’d never discussed this, not properly, but no doubt he knew that she’d Googled him. So he must know she’d discovered his troubled history on the road. The car crash in

his twenties, his conviction for dangerous driving. And the fact that he'd lost his licence for several years too.

'I trust you. I know you'd never do anything bad deliberately ... you're not that kind of person.'

John laughed; a short, brusque sound. 'Well, now you're giving me far too much benefit of the doubt, woman. I'm no angel. But buckle up anyway, and I'll drive you to the Waverley like a punctilious maiden aunt. Never over twenty miles an hour, promise.'

'Actually, that sounds more like my mother.' Lizzie grinned, thinking of her *über*-cautious parent. 'She's the slowest driver in the entire world.'

'Well, I'll drive like her, then.' John gave her a quick, salacious smirk, and then fired the engine. 'I bet your mother would probably have a fit, though, if she knew what I've got planned for her daughter when I get her to the Waverley.'

The smirk became a wicked wink, and then was gone in an instant. As if a switch had tripped, John's face straightened and he was all attention to the road: sharp of eye, serious, completely focused. The junction out of the car park was an awkward one, but within moments they'd smoothly negotiated it and were scudding on their way, heading out of town, towards the Waverley Grange Country House Hotel.

I do feel safe.

It was true. The momentary blip she'd experienced was gone. Behind the wheel, John was as assured, confident and as unassailably competent as he was in all things. Not that she'd experienced John in many 'things'. She knew him almost exclusively from the bedroom, and sex ... and from the way he'd taken charge and got her back home within an hour when her friend and house-mate Brent had tried to commit suicide. The circumstances couldn't have been more different, and yet in both, John had excelled, and been supreme.

He didn't speak while he drove, and she wondered whether that was for her benefit, so she'd feel confident in his total concentration. Only while waiting at a junction did he glance sideways at her, with a smile.

The silence gave Lizzie the chance to ogle him.

Slyly, and out of his sight-line, she pinched her own thigh. He was a dream. A beautiful, golden, alpha-male dream with the profile of an archangel and the gilded curls to match. During the month they'd been apart, time after time, she'd almost managed to convince herself that he'd been a figment of her fantasies, and that the emails and thoughtful gifts were imaginary too.

But now, the fantasy was reality. John Smith, billionaire, aristocrat and world-class sexual genius was beside her, and whisking her away to his hotel room to make passionate love to her.

And after that, who knew? An undiscovered country ...

It didn't take long to reach their destination, even though, true to his word, John didn't drive particularly fast. But here they were again at the Waverley Grange Country House Hotel, the place she supposed they could call their old stomping ground. The place where a different life had begun.

In the lobby, astonishingly, John almost seemed hesitant. Good grief, surely he wasn't as big a bag of nerves as she was, was he?

His hand tightened around hers. 'Lunch ... or room service?'

I shouldn't. You shouldn't. We should talk, really, not just throw ourselves at one another like a pair of randy animals.

And yet, out came the words, 'Oh, room service, please.'

John's blue eyes flared, and he led her towards the lift. Usually the coolly contained gentleman in public, he was in a rush now, fingers gripping hers almost to the point of pain again, just as in the car park. It was as if he feared she might break free and bolt.

‘Oh, love,’ he sighed as the lift doors closed. Taking her in his arms, he brought his mouth down on hers again, the taste of his lips, oh God, so delicious, so right. Lizzie opened her own mouth to welcome his thrusting tongue.

And that wasn’t the only part of him that was thrusting. Had he been erect all the way here, since the car park? She’d hardly dared look. Now, though, even such a short ride up was plenty long enough for him to pin her against the lift wall and mould his body to hers. She almost laughed against his lips. *This* was the elevator scene she’d joked about on that very first night when they’d met in a hotel bar and he’d easily persuaded her to go up to his room. A thousand times more meaningful than it could ever have been back then.

John no longer had to hustle her along. She was with him all the way as they hurried to his room, and the door was no sooner shut than they were pulling at each other’s clothes, kicking away shoes, wrenching at buttons and zips. Then, kissing her again, and still in his underwear, John fumbled like a youth with the hooks of her bra as he walked her backwards to the chintz-covered bed and tipped her on to it.

‘Oh, hell, yes,’ he growled, hitching sideways across the bed then climbing on, spreading himself on top of her like a living quilt. He kissed again, deep, deep, deep, exploring her mouth while he rocked against her, his cock like an iron bar in his trunks, rubbing against her hip.

Oh, hell, yes!

Beside herself with excitement, Lizzie spread her thighs so he could press against her pussy instead, hot and hard through the thin fabric of their underwear.

Oh John, I want you ... I love you ... even if it’s crazy.

Her brain whirled, critical faculties fighting to survive, and failing.

He smelt divine. His body was perfect. He kissed like a god.

Her own body was shaking, shaking really hard now. She was out of control. She couldn't think. What the hell was happening to her?

It's too much. I think I'm going to faint.

Immediately, as if he'd heard the thought, John sat up beside her. His eyes were dark, yet lambent, his cock enormous in his jersey trunks, but there was concern on his face, an expression that looked ascetic, almost pure.

'Lizzie? What is it? Are you all right?'

She sat up too, still shaking. Shaking very hard. Was she in shock? John's blue eyes narrowed and he dragged a soft blanket from the bottom of the bed and draped it carefully around her shoulders.

'I ... I'm sorry ... I just feel a bit odd.' It came out in a thin, wavery voice, but he took her hand, and instantly she felt stronger. 'I ... oh, this is stupid. I'm stupid.'

'You're not. You're the least stupid person I know.' John's arm was around her shoulder, holding the comforting blanket in place. 'Now, tell me what's wrong?'

'Nothing ... I don't know ... I'm really not sure myself.' She wasn't. Not right now. He was still temptation incarnate, and yet the intersection of a month's worth of dreams and longing with the warm reality of John and his beautiful body had sent her into some kind of emotional tailspin.

'I think we need a little drink. Even if it is early.' John squeezed her shoulders again, and then slid off the bed, heading for the sideboard. For a special guest like him, there was a silver tray with various bottles upon it, plus a selection of crystal and a rather splendid cut-glass ice bucket. He picked up a familiar green bottle and gave her a questioning look.

Gin. Why not? 'Please ...' she responded.

He sloshed a measure into two glasses, then looked back at her again. 'I bet you really prefer it with ice and tonic, don't you?'

'Um ... yes, I do, actually.'

He smiled and then added tonic and ice to hers, along with a slice of fresh lime from a small dish.

‘Cheers!’ They clinked glasses. Lizzie took a long sip, feeling the spirit settle her and put the brakes on the strange whirling sensation. She hadn’t had gin since she’d last been with John, and now she realised how she missed it. But it *was* much better with ice and tonic.

‘Better now?’

‘Yes, I think so.’ She tweaked the blanket round her shoulders and took another little sip of her drink. ‘I’m sorry. I had a bit of a turn there.’

John reached out, and did some blanket tweaking of his own. ‘You gave me a bit of a scare. You went quite white.’ He brushed his fingertips gently down her cheek, making her shiver in an entirely different kind of turn. ‘You have the most gorgeous creamy skin, love, but that icy white was way too much.’ He cradled her chin, looking into her eyes, searching. Concerned.

Oh, this is ridiculous. I want him to jump my bones, not turn into a nursemaid!

‘I’m OK now, John. In fact ... I feel great! It’s just that it’s not every day that someone like me gets a handsome squillionaire for a boyfriend. I’m entitled to go a bit funny!’ She turned her face so she could kiss the palm of his hand, parting her lips against his skin. ‘But I’m all better now. Completely recovered.’

‘Oh Lizzie, Lizzie, I’m all right too. So all right that I’m bloody desperate to f—’ He shook his head, making his golden curls dance. ‘Sorry ... I’m bloody desperate to *make love* to you. I just want to touch you and hold you and be in you. No funny stuff ... just plain old missionary ... Well, that’ll do for the moment.’ His blue eyes twinkled in the wicked boyish way that she loved.

‘Don’t worry, a fuck works for me.’

She wanted to say more but the words wouldn’t form. She opened her mouth, but a silly grin got in the way. She

couldn't stop smiling long enough to communicate verbally any more, so the only thing to do was to use actions instead. Putting aside her glass, she reached for his hand, then shuffled backwards on to the bed, dragging him along with her as she went and swivelling around so she was lying against the pillows.

'Oh Lizzie, Lizzie,' he murmured again, and like a horny schoolboy, he almost threw himself on top of her. Claiming her mouth in a messy, frantic kiss, he rocked his pelvis against hers. Lovely heat bloomed, born of the friction, her pussy loving the pressure and his hardness, her body quickening in familiar, rampaging lust. Cupping his muscular buttocks, she pressed herself even tighter against him, using him to shamelessly work her clit, knowing she was but a breath away from coming after only moments. Such a rocket-ride to orgasm was as absurd as the entire situation, yet it was happening, boy, how it was happening.

But how could it not happen when she loved this man so much?

Kissing her hard, John ran his hand up and down her body, supporting himself on his other arm. It was a frantic exploration, as wild and inaccurate as the kisses, but as rousing as his most complex and sophisticated sex games.

When he thumbed her nipple, and jerked his hips, knocking her clitoris with the knot of his cock, she growled against his lips, coming quick and hard.

Holding her tight, he let her soar, pulsing with pleasure. The peak lasted just a few moments, but when she descended she was smiling, renewed and energised. Her funny turn was a thing of the past, and she was ready to go again, and take him with her this time.

'Well, that was very nice, John, but I thought you wanted to fuck me?' She tugged at the waistband of his underwear.

He laughed. 'Of course I fucking well do, you minx!' Rolling on to his side, he wiggled out of his trunks, still managing to look elegant while his erection bounced free

and slapped against his belly. As Lizzie reached for it, he tapped her fingers gently aside and went for her knickers too, helping her out of them. Moving against her, pressing his body to hers, he kissed her hungrily, then drew back, even while she was winding her arms around him again and squirming against him.

John grinned then kissed her again. 'And you're a demanding madam, Ms Aitchison. Perhaps I should spank your luscious bottom first for being so forward.' Sliding his other hand beneath her, he squeezed her bum.

'Later, maybe ... But let's do the wild thing first, eh? I've been gagging for it for a month.'

'So refined,' he said with a laugh, adjusting their positions so he could slide his hand between her thighs. 'Now, let's concentrate on the job in hand.' Twisting his wrist in a clever, clever way, he slid a finger inside her, and rubbed her clit with his thumb.

'Please do. Although could we possibly engage some of your other anatomy ... you know ... further south?' She rocked, pressing herself against his cock.

'Hell, yes!'

He clasped her sex in a brief hard squeeze, making her gasp, then shifted around with a swift mammalian grace. Sliding his hand beneath the pillow, he pulled a condom packet out from under it.

'You were sure of yourself.' She watched him handle himself, sliding on the contraceptive. 'Condom always at the ready, eh?'

'Hopeful, rather than sure, love. One always lives in hope,' he said, adjusting the fit, then, happy with it, rolling between her thighs.

Leaning his weight on his arm, he kissed her, his mouth soft, beguiling, and loving. Between her thighs, he guided his cock to her entrance, notched himself there, and pushed in, working his hips in a long, smooth shove.

Lizzie clove to him, bringing her knees right up, tilting her pelvis, coaxing him, *commanding* him to go deeper.

‘Yes. Oh God, yes,’ he chanted, starting to thrust. It wasn’t eloquent, but to Lizzie it was music. She added mutterings and encouragements of her own, swinging herself against him as he plunged into her. On instinct, she locked her ankles at the base of his spine, straining against him and drawing him in deeper.

Grunting, gasping, and happily cursing, they rocked and slammed against each other, every one of John’s thrusts knocking against her clitoris, again and again.

It didn’t take long, and within moments, she was coming again, shouting out loud, barely coherent, praising his name as her body rippled and clenched and embraced him. Her fingers gouged at his back and buttocks as she climaxed, and she knew, in a clear high-floating part of her mind, that she was hurting him, but she could no sooner stop doing it than stop breathing.

‘Oh my lovely, lovely girl ...’ John’s voice cracked as his hips hammered, the unmistakable strokes pounding into her as he seemed to come and come and come, taking her up, flying high with him again.

‘Oh my lovely, lovely man,’ she echoed, laughing with pleasure and going limp as they floated down together, spent.

2

What Now?

‘So, what now?’

It had to be said, but still Lizzie froze, waiting on tenterhooks. Back in the car park, at the station, he’d been all about her ‘taking him on’, but what did that really mean? They led completely different lives, located in completely different places. How on earth was a proper ‘relationship’ going to work?

John gave her a crooked grin, and a shrug, and her tension ebbed. The gesture was so boyish, so not the all-powerful businessman, that it always got to her. She loved him as the dominant one, and her sometime master. But seeing glimpses of this other John, the cute, slightly unsure, slightly younger incarnation, was just adorable ... and another huge turn-on.

Focus, woman.

‘Well, to be honest, love, I haven’t really thought it all through yet. I just decided to drop everything and come north, when Brent said ... well, when he said you were missing me.’ He poured tea into two turquoise china cups, then added milk. He’d rung down for room service after they’d made love, and it had arrived while Lizzie had been showering. Now they were sitting together on the bed, bundled in towelling robes, nibbling the Waverley’s delicious home-made biscuits, the tea tray their impromptu ‘what next’ picnic.

‘And I thought I was the impulsive one. You’re usually the man with the plan right out of the gate, being Mr Business and all.’ Lizzie grinned at him. It was always fun to tease him. She knew what it often led to, and that was something simple and thrilling and relatively uncomplicated, compared to the tangle of ‘relationships’.

‘Indeed I am. Just shows what you do to me, you perplexing madam.’ John grinned back, his face alight. She’d never seen anyone with a smile quite like his. Always new, it had that magic quality of lighting up a room. Her hand shook as she reached out for the cup and saucer he held out to her.

The tea was perfect. Milk, no sugar, just as strong as she liked it. He’d clearly noted her preferences a month ago.

‘It’s quite a kick to be able to send a grown man, and such a mega alpha male, doolally. I’ve never quite managed to do that before.’ She took another sip of her lovely tea. Why did a simple cuppa taste like nectar after sex? Or even *before* sex? The glint in John’s eyes had subtly changed. ‘I could really get a taste for driving you to distraction.’

‘Careful, little escort girl, don’t get above yourself.’ His tone was teasing and husky, and there was desire in his gaze again. A fond kind of desire, but still fiery enough to make her heart rev up and her own lust gather low in her belly.

‘Ah, but I’m not your escort girl any more, and I can do what I want now.’ Shooting him a fierce look of her own, she reached for a biscuit and nibbled a bit. It was heavenly, but gorgeous as it was, she wanted something *more* heavenly. And just as delicious.

‘Is that a fact?’ replied John, his voice arch as he set aside his cup and saucer on the tray, and gave her cup and saucer a look as if to say they were superfluous, and that she was blatantly defying him by hanging on to them.

Favouring him with a slow, provocative smile, Lizzie sipped her tea in a leisurely, savouring fashion, and ate

more of her biscuit.

John shook his head in mock despair.

‘I think you owe me something, Lizzie.’

‘Since when?’ She knew what it was. She couldn’t help but smirk.

‘Since when we were at the party at the mansion, Ms Wicked, and don’t grin like that at me.’ He sat so still, and his face had a slightly stern look now, even though there was laughter in his eyes. ‘I granted you a rare privilege, and now it’s your turn to pay me back.’

Excitement surged, a sharp, high wave inside her. For a while, memories of that party had been a blur, and it’d felt wrong to revisit them in the face of what had happened afterwards. But now that Brent was well and happy, it was OK to look back, and the erotic thrill of dominating John – albeit temporarily – was a treasure she recalled with profound relish.

He was in charge now, though. And probably would mostly always be. It was a sweet thrill all of its own and one that she’d missed during the weeks since he’d left. Not knowing if she’d ever see him again, she’d banished all thought of being spanked or played with in the way John had spanked and played with her ... because she knew there’d never be a man she’d allow to do it to her again.

‘I don’t know what you mean.’

‘Oh, I think you do, Miss Aitchison, and it’s payback time. Now take that tray and put it on the sideboard, then come back here.’ His eyes still fixed upon her, he slowly rubbed the palms of his hands together, as if assessing the rigour that they might inflict on her. Watching him made Lizzie’s desire roll, like a pot of thick honey on a flame. Her sex fluttered, as if already anticipating the reward she’d receive for her ... endurance.

‘Come on, be quick about it,’ he added.

Sliding to her feet as gracefully as she could, she snatched up the tray, making the cups and spoons rattle.

Her gaze shot to his, and he gave her a mock frown. At the sideboard she set the thing down as gently as she could, but there was still another clatter. Her whole body was trembling in anticipation.

Walking back towards him, to where he now lounged on the bed, she lifted her head, staring back at him boldly. She couldn't help it; she knew she was the most useless submissive really, but perversely, her master seemed to like it that way.

John shook his head slowly, making his blond curls dance, and a smile haunted the corners of his beautiful, plush mouth. 'Remove your robe, slave.'

That word always made her want to giggle at first, but his eyes blazed so fiercely at her that she lowered her gaze, and obeyed.

Oh God, it was always the same. The deep, randy surge of desire. Baring herself to John was new every time, always like the first time, when she'd undressed for him while masquerading as an escort, freshly picked up in the bar downstairs. She'd never been vain about her shape, and always ruefully admitted that even though she looked a bit like the 1950s glamour model Bettie Page, she didn't have that goddess's incredible figure. But seeing the reflection of herself in John's brilliant eyes, her self-esteem soared and she *loved* being in her own body.

Slowly, and with a bit of a burlesque flourish, she let the thick, fluffy robe slide down her arms, then straightened her spine and set back her shoulders, to present herself to the eyes of her master.

'Beautiful,' said John softly, drawing in a deep breath, as if she were Venus rising from the waves, or even the great Bettie herself, reborn to her glory days. 'Now touch your breasts. Put on a little show for me. Let me see how you pleasure yourself when I'm not around.'

'Well, I don't stand up to do it, and that's a fact.'

Oops, a slip-up. Insubordination. She could already imagine the impact of his hand, hot on her bottom. Retribution.

John sighed, a gusty theatrical sound. 'Did I say you can speak? No. And if I desire you to play with yourself while standing up, you play with yourself while standing up. Do you understand me?'

Lizzie nodded, snagging her lower lip between her teeth as she braced herself up and went about her task.

First, she cupped herself, cradling the slight weight of her breast and flicking at the nipple with her thumb. Just that small action made her gasp, sending a sharp silvery jolt of pleasure right from the tip of her breast to her aching clit. She couldn't help but rock her hips, and she dared not look at John, knowing he'd have seen the movement, as he saw everything.

'Be careful. Be very careful. Now, pinch your nipple. Do it hard.'

Swallowing, she obeyed, shocked by the pain, yet in the eternal paradox, also loving it. In all the brief time they'd spent together, she hadn't completely figured out why she could both dread and enjoy punishment. In normal logic, it didn't make any sense, but in a beautiful chintz-clad bedroom at the Waverley Grange Hotel, it was exactly as it should be.

She pinched harder, suppressing her gasp as her clit throbbed, almost as if that were being squeezed too. Maybe that was next?

'Touch your pussy with your other hand. Rub and squeeze at the same time, caress your clit.'

Again she obeyed, shocked at the wealth of slippery, silky fluid between her sex lips. As she stroked her clitoris lightly, she held her breath. She was incredibly close. As a woman with a fairly average relationship with her orgasms – sometimes easy, sometimes not so much – it always astounded her that with John, they were always within

reach. Sometimes, he only had to look at her and she was on the brink. If anybody had suggested that was possible before she'd met him, she'd have told them not to be so daft. But with him, strange miracles could happen.

'No climax. Not yet. Not until I've spanked you.' His wonder-smile was devilish, a wicked icon to her eyes. 'But try and get as close as you can without orgasming. Go right to the edge.'

You swine! You perverse swine!

She railed at him inside, but she obeyed him, loving the perversity, loving the way he pushed her. Her clit trembled beneath her fingertip, and she tried to back off a bit, rub a bit to one side. Could he see what she was doing? She was often convinced he had X-ray vision, and that he could see every secret of her body, and sometimes even her heart.

'You're cheating, Lizzie,' he said, swinging his legs off the edge of the bed. The bathrobe he wore was thick and luxurious, but she could still see the prominence of his erection. Its tantalising promise took her mind off her own problems. Soon ... soon ... she would have him again.

'The game's rigged.'

'Tut tut ... I never said you could speak. When I was in the army, we'd have called that insubordination, young lady.'

Despite his instruction, her fingertip stilled, and her other hand dropped away from her breast. 'You were in the army?' Curiosity skyrocketed, and the desire to know more of his life outside the bedroom momentarily made her forget about sex.

Slowly shaking his head, John favoured her with another despairing grin. 'You really are the most incorrigible submissive, Lizzie. And yes, I was in the army once. But only for about a fortnight, so I didn't rise all that far in the ranks.'

'What happened?' She imagined him, however briefly, in uniform, his curls brutally shorn. He'd still have looked fabulous, and despite his pampered lifestyle, she knew his mind and body were rigorous. Why hadn't he stayed in?

John reached out for her hand, drawing it away from her body. 'I'll tell you one of these days. But now can we get back to the matter in hand? I think you need your bottom smacked, to get you back on track.'

'Yes, sir. Just as you wish, sir.' She feigned a subordinate, military tone.

'I do wish,' he said, tugging gently on her arm, guiding her towards the classic position, across his lap. It seemed so natural and easy, and in the blink of an eye, she was lying belly down, stretched over his knees, her head dangling, her hair a black curtain around her face. John caught her hands together at the small of her back, holding them in one of his while with his free hand he started stroking her naked bottom.

Softening her up ...

Inside, Lizzie trembled, even though she tried to keep still, and not be that oh so incorrigible submissive. Being motionless, pliable and obedient was a great goal to shoot for, but not easy. It was John's fault, though. He was too gorgeous when he was stern, or acting that way. His faux severity induced a volatile reaction, mostly the near uncontrollable desire to wriggle about and rub her body against his. The compulsion gripped her now, the need to work herself against his cock, through the thick cloth of his robe, and excite his flesh as much as he excited hers.

'Hush. Be still.' His voice was soft, authoritative but not harsh. His hand stilled on her bottom, fingers shaped to clasp the outer curve of it.

Lizzie quieted down, but it wouldn't last for long, that she knew.

'Oh, you beautiful woman, how I've missed this.' He squeezed a little, as if savouring the resilience of her musculature. 'All the time we've been apart, I've fantasised about touching you like this. Touching and stroking this gorgeous arse of yours. It's just perfect.'

'I hope you've thought about the rest of me too.'

‘Of course I have. The rest of you is perfect too, but you know what a horny old dog I am, love. My mind tends to run to sex, and to doing kinky things with you.’

‘Me too.’ It was the truth. She had fantasised too. And she’d played with herself, dreaming of a moment like this, even if she’d not truly expected it to arrive. The truth of it overwhelmed her again, and a few tears formed in her eyes.

I am so lucky!

‘Did you dream of me touching you?’

‘Yes, all the time.’ Not strictly true, but near enough. There’d been times when all she wanted was just a glimpse of him again, a sight of his smile.

‘And did you touch yourself, thinking of me touching you and spanking you?’

‘Hell, yes!’

‘Me too.’ She could hear that longed-for smile in his voice, and feel the desire in his exploring hand as his finger slid into her cleft from behind, gliding and tickling. ‘Do you want an orgasm now, before we start?’

She did, but she didn’t. She didn’t know what she wanted. Just anything really, if it came from him.

‘No ... it’s OK. It’ll be better after.’

Not sure if she’d made the right choice, she shuffled on his lap, ruffling up his robe and dislodging it. Bingo! Where the panels slid apart a bit, there was bare thigh beneath, with a bit of body hair ... and his cock pressing hard, pressing hot.

‘Naughty, naughty.’

Without warning, the first slap landed like a thunderclap. She’d barely had time to register his fingers quitting her pussy before they’d struck her.

‘Oh!’

It stung. How it stung. The heat from one simple blow was enormous. No matter how much she’d thought about this in the last month, she’d forgotten its intensity. Before she knew it, she was squirrelling about on John’s knee, fighting

his hold on her hands, and bumping and jostling his erection.

But he was unswerving and resolute. He spanked her steadily, his rhythm and aim breathtaking, spreading an even veil of simmering heat across both her buttocks within the space of a minute or two.

Even though she was the one being disciplined, Lizzie was in awe of *his* discipline. His control. His quiet composure in the face of extreme provocation, mainly in the form of her rubbing herself against his cock so shamelessly.

When her bottom felt as if it were about to combust, he stilled his hand, fingers resting on the fury. 'Oh my God, you're amazing. You look so gorgeous, Lizzie. Your skin marks like a dream.' Nearly bending himself double, he pressed his lips against the crown of each hot round in two little kisses. 'Perfection ... pure perfection,' he breathed against the heat. 'I've got to have you again, love. I've got to have you *now*.'

'Thank God for that,' gasped Lizzie as he released her hands. Desperate for him, she shuffled on to her knees on the soft rug beside the bed. Looking over her shoulder at him, the sight of his stiff cock made her want to purr. From between the folds of his dressing gown, it jutted, so eager, so hard, and a perfect fit for her. *The* perfect fit.

'Come on, I'm waiting,' she commanded him, full of sudden power. The switch was automatic. Submitting to John filled her with strength and confidence, and the power to order him about in return. With a happy laugh, he tumbled on to the rug behind her, and draped himself across her body. The press of his skin against hers, and the texture of the towelling robe ... both stirred the heat in her spanked buttocks. She hissed through her teeth, but the sensations only excited her more than ever. Made her want him more and more. She dished her spine, pressing her bottom and her sex against him, loving the rock-hard feel of his erection pushing against her.

Leaning on one arm, he explored her with his free hand, caressing, squeezing, arousing. He fondled her breasts, her belly and her thighs, then slid his fingers into her sex, finding her silky wetness and stroking her clit.

‘Oh ... Oh God,’ she crooned as he pleased her with his fingertips, stroking and circling the tiny organ, touching and teasing with exactly the right pressure and action. Within seconds, the pent-up yearning fractured and her sex flexed and rippled in a hard, deep orgasm. She pitched forward on to her forearms, overcome, tossing her head from side to side, making incoherent sounds, some of which just might have been, ‘John! John! John!’

With his body pressed against hers, the pleasure was contained and magnified, but after a few moments, some semblance of thought returned. ‘Please ... oh please, fuck me,’ she gasped. ‘I want you in me.’ It sounded so wanton, yet her heart soared, loving her ability to command him, the dominance *he* provoked in *her*.

‘Nothing would make me happier,’ he whispered in her ear, then fell back a little, lifting away from her to rummage in the pocket of his robe, and then shuck it off.

‘Another handily placed condom?’ She lifted up a bit, turning to look back at him, grinning. He was always prepared, and was already rolling on the latex.

‘Do you blame me?’ he said, flashing her a quick, hot look, then concentrating on his task, snagging his lower lip between his teeth as he smoothed the fine rubber over himself. Like that, he looked boyish again, like a horny but responsible lad, suiting up ready to shag his first love. For a moment, Lizzie remembered his story of Benjamin, John’s heavy crush back at public school, the one he’d said he’d loved for about two weeks. Had Benjamin been his first sex partner ever? Or simply his first man? Maybe one day, when they knew each other better, she’d ask him.

But not now. Now, all she wanted was him. He was *her* first love. Her first real love. She’d thought she’d loved

before, a boy or two, a man ... yes, even Brent. But fond as she'd been, and no matter how much she still cared for her house-mate, it wasn't this. This wonderful, all-consuming, all-encompassing emotion she experienced with John Smith, the miracle man she'd found completely by accident that first night here at the Waverley.

Not wanting him to see the raw love on her face, she collapsed on to her forearms again, offering herself to him. She did love John, but she couldn't expect him to love her back in quite the same way, if at all. He'd said he didn't do the hearts and flowers thing, but he *did* care in his own fashion, she was absolutely certain of that.

Especially when she felt the hard push of his cock against her entrance. Hard, but measured, thoughtful of her, not greedy. He eased in, making her his, entering not simply her body, but her very heart and soul.

With a gusty sigh of happiness, she let him in, relaxing to ease his progress, and then, when he was right in, lodged deep, she clenched actively around him, embracing his hardness.

'Oh Lizzie, yes, yes ... you beautiful woman, yes!' He gripped her by the hips, his strong thumbs pressing against the soreness in her bottom, making her growl with the pain and the perverse delicious thrill of it. She clasped him harder, tensing her inner muscles, and he let out a fierce oath, then thrust, deep and hard.

He was wild, a force of nature, and she responded with a savagery of her own, giving as good as she got, pressing back against him as he pressed into her. Still she squeezed him as best she could, but it was getting more and more difficult to concentrate, like being in the centre of a whirlwind.

'Touch yourself, love,' gasped John, still pounding. 'Touch yourself ... I want you to come. This's not just for me ... it's for you too.'