A Masterful Seduction by the Book

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A woman comes upon her submissiveness in a surprising way.

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It had been forever since I had time to spend an afternoon wandering through a bookstore. I could have downloaded a book with a push of a button, but there was something I really missed about thumbing through pages and trying to decide what I was going to take home to read. Plus, I needed to get out of the house even if I didn't have any intention of interacting with anyone except for the college kid doing his homework behind the checkout counter.

The bookstore was empty, or at least it felt empty. It gave me the courage to linger a little bit longer than I planned in the erotica section. I didn't want anything that was patently smutty. I didn't want anything about college girls gone wild or housewives in heat. I wanted a story about a strong, intelligent woman with a deep understanding of her sexual desires.

A collection of poetry by Sappho? No. Too challenging. Too encrypted. I wanted something that flowed much easier on the eyes and the brain.

"Lady Chatterley's Lover"? Hmm … now this had some scandal about it for decades. And it involved a woman of privilege involved with a man not of her stature. "The Story of O"? Now this had a bit more of an edge but still involved a proper female protagonist who willingly gave herself up to high class sexual slavery.

I scanned through the prologues of each book and debated which one I would take back with me to spend the night. I got so wrapped up in trying to make my selection that I was taken aback by a low, gravely and velvety voice behind me say, "Don't turn around, but tell me what you're reading."

My casual lean went straight and rigid. I held my breath in fright. I should have been completely creeped out but there was something about this man's presence that intrigued me, even though I couldn't figure out what it was.

"'Lady Chatterley's Lover' and 'The Story of O'," I said in a soft voice clipped with trepidation.

“Both lovely reads,” he said. “Intelligent choices.”

“Thank you,” I said.

“Lovely reads.” “Intelligent choices.” Those were unusual combination of words to describe books of questionable morals meant to fulfill secret sexually savory appetites, and here I was being exposed and prodded by some man who was a stranger who wouldn’t let me see him.

“You should read ‘The Story of O’ first,” he said.

Really? Who was he to decide what I should read? But there was something in his voice that was extremely confident, intelligent, and well-spoken.

“I would love the chance to discuss the book with you some time,” he said.

“You’ve read this?” I asked.

I was about to turn around to have a more in-depth face-to-face conversation with him until I heard him say, “Don’t turn around.”

Woah. This was getting a bit scary. My breathing came to almost a complete halt until he put his hand to my side and gave it a few gentle calming strokes. I should have felt more scared to have a strange man I didn’t know and couldn’t see touch me like that, even for a brief moment , but there was something calming and reassuring about his touch.

“To answer your question, yes, I’ve read the book,” he said. “It’s a favorite of mine. I’m getting the feeling it’s one you need to read.”

“Why do you say that?” I asked.

He hesitated for a good, long moment before he finally said, “Do you trust me enough to hand over your phone to me?”

Did I trust him enough to hand over a $200 phone? Not really, but I was curious to see what he was up to.

I dug into the black hole of my shoulder bag and pulled it out just by feeling for it so I could keep my eyes open and focused around the periphery to make sure my surroundings were safe. I handed my

phone to him and I could hear him punch in some buttons.

He handed the phone back to me along with a $20 bill, and said, “I don’t want you to turn around or try to look for me for 60 seconds. I want you to buy this book with the money I gave you and call me as soon as you get to your car.”

I stood there probably longer than the 60 seconds partly because I felt strangely compelled to follow his direction and partly because I was too scared to move. I didn’t move until the gruff looking hipster kid from behind the counter came up to me and asked, “Are you OK, miss?”

“I’m fine,” I said, not knowing how to really respond.

“You weren’t hurt or bothered in any way, were you?” he pressed. “I have him on video if you need to file a police report.”

“No,” I said. “It’s OK.”

Lie.

I should have asked to see the video. I wanted to get a look at this guy. But part of me was intrigued with the mystery of what just happened. I’ve had men I didn’t know buy me drinks, but this man bought me a book. Hell, most men I met in random social situations didn’t even read books.

I paid for the book and walked out to my car to see what he typed into my phone. There was a new entry in my contacts: Sir George with a telephone number.

Sir George? I doubted he was some kind of British nobility; his accent was much more local and his voice sounded like a man closer to my age. Maybe he was just some arrogant prick who liked to toy around with people. Maybe he was just playing off his choice in my reading material.

I was curious enough to call but smart enough to block my number to see what this guy was all about. Hell, I had nothing better to do on a Saturday afternoon. He picked up right away.

“Hi, this is Patrice from the bookstore,” I said.

“It’s nice to have a name with the lovely woman I saw today,” he said.

Lovely. There was that word again. How many men use that word these days? I found that strangely romantic considering how he approached me.

“Are you normally in the habit of taking women by surprise like that?” I had to ask.

“Never like that,” he said. “It was the first time I ever did anything like that, but I am full of surprises.”

“How so?” I asked.

“Would you like to find out?” he asked.

Of course I wanted to find out. This man amped up my curiosity at least a hundred times since he left me at the bookstore the way he did.

“Who are you? Why did you approach me like that? Why didn’t you want me to see you? You couldn’t possibly have approached me the way that you did if you weren’t some kind of sick and twisted fuck,” I said.

“You’re very direct,” he said.

“You’re not,” I said. “You’re avoiding my questions.”

“I just paid you a compliment,” he said.

“Thank you, I think,” I said.

He still didn’t answer my questions, but he said, “You’re an attractive woman in a rather cerebral way based on the particular shelves I saw you browsing through. You don’t seem to be the type of woman I’d see in a bar, but then again, I don’t hang out in bars looking to meet women. To be honest, I wasn’t looking to meet anyone, but you captured my attention.”

“Thank you, but you left me at quite a disadvantage,” I said. “I have no idea what you look like. I have no idea what your game is. I don’t even know why I called you.”

“Yet you did call me,” he said.

He had a point, and I was playing into his hand. Willingly.

“I’ll tell you what,” he said to break my pause. “I think we should continue this conversation in person in a public place. I’m pretty sure you won’t be disappointed. Are you free right now?”

“Umm … yeah, I can be,” I said.

“How about the coffee shop on Main and Second?” he suggested.” Bring your book and take a seat on the sofa facing the rear wall. What would you like to drink?”

“An iced tea would be fine,” I said. “With lemon.”

“An iced tea with lemon it will be then,” he said. “I’ll see you in a few.”

I was five minutes from the coffee shop but it took me 10 minutes to find an open parking spot. I walked into the shop and figured I’d see him sitting on the sofa where he told me to sit, but there wasn’t anyone there. The only other men in the shop were two guys playing chess at a table up front and the barista who looked a bit waifish to have a deep voice like Sir George.

Sir George? Did he really expect me to call him that?

After about ten minutes, I was beginning to wonder why I came out here. Maybe this guy was just taking me for a ride to see what kind of crazy nut would come out to meet him after the way he approached me. He was probably standing outside looking in the coffee shop and laughing his ass off. I figured I’d give him another five minutes. If he didn’t show up, it would be game over.

As soon as I opened my book, a hand holding an iced tea came from over my shoulder. I was just about to turn around, and he said, “Don’t turn around.”

I was just about to turn around to tell him to tell him I didn’t appreciate his game until he said, “I said I wanted to continue to continue our conversation in a public place. I didn’t say anything about revealing my physical identity.”

“It would be nice if you did,” I said.

“Why?” he asked. “Are looks that important?”

I heard him pull up a chair behind me. I’d let this go for the time being, but there was no way I would let this go indefinitely.

“Yes,” I said. “And don’t try to pull that double standard crap on me. You chose to approach me based on my looks. Besides, this is embarrassing and silly to carry on a conversation like this in public. I’m going to leave.”

I got up off of the sofa and caught a glimpse of him as I started to pass by.

Actually, I didn’t continue to pass by. I stopped in my tracks to check him out. He smiled back at me in both a smug and contented way.

He was attractive. Very attractive. Bald with glasses and a hefty, muscular build. Well dressed for a Saturday afternoon – a tribal print button-front short-sleeved shirt, a neat pair of cargo shorts, and a pair of leather sandals.

“You’re embarrassed, huh?” he asked. “Uncomfortable?”

“Before I leave, I want to know what the point of this whole exercise you’ve been in control of all this time is about,” I said.

He walked me back to the sofa and sat down next to me.

“There are things I look for in a woman,” he said. “First of all, you’re gorgeous, a stunner. Secondly, I was intrigued with your book selections – cerebral and carnal. Third, you asked good questions and I was taken by your curiosity and by how far you came along with me on this. Fourth, you take direction well.”

“Take direction?” I asked. “Really? I’m so out of here.”

I started to get up, but he grabbed my wrist that I was using to brace my weight on in order to get up off of the couch, and said, “Please don’t take offense. I meant that in the nicest way. You won’t have to get far into the book to know what I mean.”

I settled back down into the sofa. Now I really wanted to know what I had gotten myself into.

“Well, since I haven’t read the book, tell me what you mean,” I said.

“You obviously aren’t familiar with Dominance and submission,” he said.

“No, but I’m curious,” I said.

“Good,” he said. “All of those traits I tried to compliment you on, even the one about taking direction, well, are all what I find ideal in a submissive.”

“But you’re forgetting about me being rather direct,” I said.

“I haven’t forgotten at all,” he said. “It will make it all that more interesting to challenge and get to know you and temper you. If you weren’t the way you are, I wouldn’t be able to be as creative as I’d like to be. Besides, I don’t want a doormat and I don’t want a woman who gives of herself too willingly.”

“What you want?” I asked. “Never once did you ask me what I want.”

A devilish grin broke out on his face.

“I know that you want to find out what this is all about,” he said.

Damn. He was right, and he was intelligent, well-mannered, and gorgeous, too.

“Tell you what,” he said. “Go home and start reading the book. Give me your email and I’ll send you a list of questions so I’ll know your sexual interests and turn offs. I’ll call you later in the week to set up another time for us to meet.”

He handed me his phone so I could enter my email and phone number. He made it a point of telling me that I’d have to trust him with my phone number and not block it.

He got up, kissed me on the cheek, and said he was looking forward seeing me again.

“By the way,” I said as he started to step away, “What made you think you could approach me the way that you did? I could have kneed you in the nuts, made a scene, or called the cops on you.”

“Because, my dear, it’s all about taking risks,” he said. “Even for me.”

I went home and poured into the book until two in the morning and most of the next day. It was absolutely perverse and fascinating, especially considering it was written by a woman in the middle of the chokehold sexually repressive 1950s.

I got Sir George’s email the next day. It was 10-page of questions about my BDSM likes, dislikes and “Willing to trys” along with room to write in specific experiences. Cuffs? Definitely yes. Rope bondage and restraints? I’d certainly be willing to try. Spanking? Sure. A little swat on the ass was hot every once in a while. Paddles, floggers, crops and canes? I’d give them a try but I wasn’t too sure about canes. Visions of cruel and unusual punishment came to mind when it came to canes. Exhibitionism? Definitely. My ex-boyfriend was totally into that, and it was hot – giving him a blow job in a coat room of a fancy restaurant, sneaking off to a bedroom at someone’s house during a party for a quickie,

getting fucked from behind with my tits pressed against the window of a hotel that my ex and I stayed on vacation one time. Oh, yeah. Bisexual or homosexual sex? I always thought about what it might be like to have sex with a woman, but only as a one-time deal. I took a big leap of faith in marking the “Willing to try” button. Sex with multiple partners? I typed in an “X” between “Yes” and “No” and wrote the question: “Does having sex in the same room with another couple count?” Humiliation? No. Welts? Absolutely no. Scat play? Golden showers? Absolutely fuck no! I spent three hours filling out the form and sent it back to Sir George.

He called me Wednesday night and said he was pleased that I got the questionnaire back to him so quickly. I expressed some concern to him that I really wanted to get to know him better first. I didn’t even know his last name or if George was really his first name. I had no idea what he did for a living. He said his name really was George and said he’d email me the link to his bio on his company’s website. He asked me what I did for a living and told him I was a regional editor for a national online news service. He seemed impressed.

“As for the other things you may want to know, I think that’s better left to time we can talk in person,” he said. “Are you free Friday night?”

I told him I was.

“Good, I’ll give you two choices,” he said. “We can meet for a cocktail in a public place and talk or we can meet at my place. I have this outstanding bottle of Australian Shiraz I’ve been wanting to crack open and share with someone, but I want you to feel that you are absolutely safe. If you want to come over, you can call a friend and let him or her know where you are, but I assure you that you’ll be in safe hands.”

Going out for a cocktail would be nice, but I didn’t know how privately we could talk, especially if it got noisy. Oh, what the hell. I’ll roll the dice and meet him at his house.

“I was hoping that you’d say that,” he said. “For that matter, let’s make it dinner. I’ll cook. I’m pretty good. I promise that I have nothing untoward or dangerous planned, and I will not have sex with you.

“Oh, and one more thing. I’d like you to wear a skirt. Something pretty and feminine.”

I showed up on Friday promptly at 7. He said to bring nothing but myself although I picked up a couple of wedges of cheese, crackers and some grapes. It was just the good guest thing in me that had been engrained in me since I was a kid. And I actually managed to run out and get a girly-looking sundress. I rarely wore them and the few skirts and dresses that I had were quite tailored that I had were mostly reserved for the big wigs came in from corporate.

There was a Post-It Note on the front door that said, “Come in!”

His house was gorgeous – an Arts & Crafts bungalow that was beautifully restored and was furnished in mix of period Shaker furniture with some arty and modern touches. The man certainly had good taste.

Sir George was pretty easy to find. He was in the kitchen from where all the good smells were coming.

Dinner was wonderful – pork tenderloin in a dried cherry marinade, blue cheese scalloped potatoes, and haricot verts. As for that bottle of wine he was so eager to share, it was superb.

We talked about our lives, our families, our work. We found out that we had a few friends and acquaintances in common and that we both liked cooking, reading, and had the very similar views on politics and social issues. It was all like a very normal first date.

He showed me around the house and all of the work he had done, mostly himself, including the landscaping and the woodwork that had mostly been painted several times over the years that he stripped and refinished. He saved showing me his bedroom for last, but kept me at the door in an attempt to be a gentleman. I had to admit, the way things were going and for as charming as he was, I could have easily fallen into that bed with him.

We went out to the back screened-in porch to finish the wine and have some cheese. But before we sat down, he asked me to hold out my hands.

He picked up two plastic lock ties from a side table and put them around my wrists.

“This isn’t normally what I consider bondage, but I just want to give you a very tame introduction to what you might expect,” he said as he secured them.

He sat me down in a comfortable padded wicker rocker and fed me a sip of wine.

“How do you feel?” he asked.

“Actually, pretty turned on,” I said. “This is sexy.”

“Even though I haven’t touched you and said I would not have sex with you tonight?” he asked.

I nodded.

“Good,” he said.

He pulled out a stack of papers and pulled out a photograph of a nude woman kneeling on the floor with leather cuffs secured around her wrists behind her back.

“She looks beautiful, serene,” I said.

“Even though you can’t see her face?” he asked.

“It’s her body language,” I said.

He rifled through the papers and came across my questionnaire.

“You say that you’ve played with cuffs,” he said. “What happened?”

I felt awkward talking about my sex life with a former boyfriend, especially in explicit detail. It wasn’t a BDSM situation. It was just for kicks, but I had to admit that not being able to move or touch him while he went down on me and drilled me like an oil rig really intensified my orgasm.

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” he said. “It’s important for me to know where you’ve been and at what level I can start with you. And just to let you know, if I do restrain you, it won’t always be about giving you mind-blowing orgasms. It might be because I’ll just find you beautiful that way. Or because you’ll need to be taught a lesson.”

I was glad that I started reading “The Story of O” and some discussion boards online about what BDSM relationships are all about. Had I not, I would have said something like, “Are you fucking nuts?” Instead, I was extremely curious about his interest in restraints. He said he had quite an extensive collection of tools in his dungeon.

“Dungeon?” I asked. “For real?”

“Yes, and I’m quite proud of it,” he said.

“I’d like to see it,” I said.

He looked as if he was completely unprepared for my response and my reaction. I thought perhaps I that I caught his bluff about being a Dom, especially when he said, “I wasn’t prepared to show it to

you tonight, especially since I'd really like for us to get to know each other better and I promised you that I would not have sex with you."

"I'd just like to see it, that's all," I said.

He took me by the arm and guided me down the wooden steps since I couldn't hold onto the handrail. His basement had never been finished. The cement walls and cinder block walls were painted dull and dingy shades of waterproof grays. Aged pipes and vents and bare light bulbs hung from the wood supports above. It felt cool and damp and creepy yet clean.

He led me into a separate room that looked very innocuous from the outside, like a storage room. Inside, there were ropes of different fibers, colors and lengths neatly hung from hooks on a pegboard wall. On another pegboard wall hung a collection of crops and floggers of different sizes and materials, as well as an assortment of cuffs and restraints that I had no idea how they were used. They certainly weren't the kinds of things I saw in the sex toy shops that looked like, well, for lack of a better word, toys. Wooden beams with metal clasps were bolted to one of the cinder block walls. There was a workbench with plastic drawers that I had no idea what they contained. It was all so primeval looking. Scary, yet intriguing. Intriguing because of the contrast of his otherwise well-appointed and decorated house. Intriguing because of his rather proper and gentlemanly nature. It just didn't seem to fit.

"I would have preferred that you would have given me a chance to explain how deep I am into this before I brought you down here," he said. "Believe me, I've brought women down here before who I thought were well prepared and had some experience as subs. Some of them got freaked out by all of this and headed for the hills. I could understand where they were coming from."

I didn't say a word. I just looked around the room in awe. I was drawn to the wall with the ropes. I took one of the longer ones in my and ran it through my hands. I was surprised with how soft it felt to my touch. I kept running my hand over it almost as if I were caressing it.

"It's meant to be soft," he said. "It's excellent for beginners who aren't used to being tied for extensive periods of time or if there's any kind of mobility involved so it doesn't chafe the skin."

I stayed silent Instead of asking him what he did with these ropes, I imagined what it might be like to be tied up in them — how he would do it, how I would feel in them, what he would do if he were to bind me up In them.

He came up from behind me and put one arm around my torso and whispered in my ear, "You look lost in thought."

“I am,” I said.

The words barely came out of my mouth in a tone much softer and different than what I was used to hearing. My words were short, but not terse. I felt lost, if not hypnotized. I continued running my hands over the rope.

“I’d like to know what you’re thinking,” he said.

“I’d like to know what this feels like … to be tied … to know what would happen if …” I couldn’t finish the sentence.

He turned me around, looked me straight in the eyes, and asked in a very calm voice, “Would you trust me to show you? I promise to start you off slowly.”

I said, “Yes.” It was a very eager and excited “yes,” but it didn’t come out that way. That single word fell out of my very soft way without any thought.

He cut the plastic bands off my wrists and rubbed his thumbs across my skin. It felt like heaven, even though he said he just wanted to check to see if they hadn’t cut into my skin, which they hadn’t. He pulled a piece of the same kind of rope off the wall, made me hold out my wrists, and wrapped the rope firmly around them and attached them over my head to a drain pipe. I couldn’t concentrate on the ways he was wrapping the other ropes around me, but he took a great deal of time and care in doing so as if it were all part of an intricate task.

I was surprised he kept me dressed, even when he wound the rope around my tits and chest. I was beginning to wonder what the point was to all of this if he didn’t want me naked and exposed.

He didn’t say a word to me and never explained what he was up to all that time until I heard him say tersely, “Spread your legs shoulder width apart.”

I did what he said, but my legs kept moving inward to find a sense of comfort while he continued wrapping and tying rope around me.

“Keep your legs apart,” he said. His tone was short, almost menacing.

I complied, quickly and without complaint. I didn’t know why I would follow orders like that except for my inane sense of never wanting to be corrected for doing something wrong a second time. It was a lot like the same way I learned to never make the same grammar, spelling or style mistakes in my first

few years as a reporter.

I thought it was odd that he ran one piece of rope from the middle of my back, between my legs, and then up to my sternum. It was rather taut. It didn't make sense. It wasn't as if I was truly bound and couldn't move at all.

He walked away and sat back in a comfortable arm chair with his glass or wine. He lit a cigar and just stared at me. His face was expressionless.

Just how long did he expect me to stand here like this? I couldn't do it all night. I wanted to pull my feet together just to get a little more comfortable, but I knew better. I could feel a little slack in the rope that he used to bind my wrists and attach to the pipe. I shifted slightly and figured out why he ran that rope the way he did between my legs.

With that tiny movement, the rope rubbed against my pussy lips and clit. I moved a little more to feel that sensation again. I was amazed how tingly it made me feel. I looked at him and a small, sly grin came upon his face.

I shifted my weight from the balls of my feet to my heels. That tingly sensation felt even more intense and I could feel the rope pull and dampen where it rubbed through my pussy. It was unlike any way I had ever pleasured myself or been touched by a man. It was definitely something in the twist and softness of the rope that created a feeling I had never felt before. There was no comparison.

A huge smile came across my face that lightened up George's face when I looked at him. I rocked back and forth on my feet a few more times and let out a few of "Ooohs" and "Ahhs." I had to have more of this until he said, "I'm amazed at what a magnificent slut you can be. Do you always perform like this for men you hardly know?"

"I've never been in a situation like this before!" I said with an enthusiastic lilt in my voice.

I picked up the pace of shifting my feet back and forth bit by bit, and got lost in enthrallment. I had absolutely no sense of inhibition or propriety like I should have had. I was sure if I really went at it, I could come like a mad woman without being touched or fucked.

At that point George got out of his chair and walked out of the room. I heard his feet go up the stairs and walk around the floor above me for a bit.

Then I heard nothing. I had no frame of reference of where he was upstairs or what he was doing or when he would be back. My uncertainty stiffened my body. I didn't dare move. This was not the frame

I wanted to be in to pleasure myself all by myself. Not like this. Not being tied up and uncertain of his intentions.

My arms and shoulders started to get sore and I didn't want to put my feet together in fear that he would come back in at any moment and see that I wasn't following his directions. Why did that matter to me? I had no idea. I was just confused by his behavior and had no idea what he had in mind or what his expectations were of me. All I could do was stand there and wonder and wait.

I heard him walking around upstairs. I was sure he would be on his way down, but no. The sounds from upstairs went silent again. I heard him turn on some music – Stan Getz – and then nothing again. Really, was this the time to sit back and listen to music while I stood totally immobile with my muscles sore, achy and starting to burn?

I had no frame of time when I finally heard his steps come back down the stairs. Was it 10, 15 minutes? A half-hour? When he came back in the room he looked normal – pleasant, in fact. Not serious like he was when he was tying me up. Not mischievous when he sat in the chair watching me get off on a single strand of rope.

He came up to me, put his arm around me gently, and gave me a soft peck on the cheek before he started untying me.

"Were you scared that I wouldn't come back?" he asked in a rather concerned way.

"Not scared, but I had no idea what you were up to," I said.

"Did you know I would come back?" he asked as he let my arms down and shook them out.

"I figured you would eventually."

He told me I could pull my feet together, stand up straight, take in a deep breath, and relax as he continued untying me.

"I'm surprised you felt that way," he said. "That shows you have a great deal of trust in me."

"I guess I do," I said. "At least I'd like to."

"I'd like that, and always know that I'll never harm you or put you in danger, but I will challenge you and I will punish and reward you as I see fit," he said as he massaged my arms, shoulders and back until they felt loose and lithe.

As far as I was concerned he could have worked his hands like that on me all night. His touch felt wonderful. I wouldn’t have minded his hands on my skin all over my body until he said, “It’s getting late. I have to send you home. I have things to do in the morning.”

I sighed and gave him a look that could have said, “I wish this evening didn’t have to end.” Actually, I was quite surprised that my typical smart ass side didn’t come out and say, “I suppose this is your idea of punishment,” but I wasn’t going to push that line. I could only imagine what he could do with some of those implements that hung on the walls.

He gave me a quick kiss on the lips, a warm hug, and said, “You surprised me in the nicest way, but I need to prove myself to you, as well. This is about control and restraint for me, too.”