

# To Sir, With Love Part I

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*Mathew leads Jamie to a life of service.*

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TO SERVE, WITH LOVE Chapter One Mathew began, "Are you sure you want to serve me?" "Yes." "Do you understand that service will require your complete obedience?" "Yes." "Do you understand that any failure to obey will be corrected and that correction will involve some sort of punishment?" "Yes" "Do you understand that I adore you and that I could never cause you any harm?" "Yes" "Your safeword is "red". I will assume that any pleading, protesting or screaming will be nothing more than gifts of submissiveness, unless....and only unless, I hear that word. Whatever is going on at that point will be immediately stopped, and you will be loved and comforted with every ounce of my being. Is this clear?" "Yes, Mathew. I understand." "Good, but that is the last time you will call me by my name when we are together this way. You will instead call me "Sir" and you will use that title of respect whenever you speak to me. You will refer to yourself as "girl". "It is very important that you understand all the rules of conduct that will be expected. I will explain them to you. Pay attention and ask any questions you may have to ensure your understanding. In the future, your understanding will be assured in much less "academic" ways. Do you understand?" "Yes...Sir." "Good start! Now let's begin. As I said, you will address me as "Sir". I will often address you by your name or as "girl". In fact, I will address you in any manner that pleases me. While some titles may be humiliating and perhaps even hurt, they are intended to reinforce the constant awareness of your submissiveness. It is that submissiveness that will most honestly and completely allow you to express the extent of your love for me. I crave that submissiveness and I have chosen you to provide it. I know you want to provide for my needs and I consider it my duty to guide you toward that goal." "Sir, I...yes, Sir. Thank you" Tears formed in her eyes. At first he was disappointed because he thought they might have been tears of fear, or worse, of sadness. He touched the side of her face and gently wiped away a single tear with his thumb. "Jamie, why? Where do these tears come from?" "I need to show you how...I mean, Sir, I need to show you my love. I want to be the source of your pleasure. What makes me cry, is that I know in my heart that you don't want to just use me for some self serving need of yours. I've been there, and it hurts. This...this is for ...us." He fought every impulse he had to hold her, but it didn't seem like a good way to begin her training. He said, "All that is well and good. Very good. But who is..." "I"?" That seemed to lighten things up. "I'm sorry Sir. I...girl meant to say "girl". This girl has already let you down. Please allow me to make up for it." "Oh, you'll make up for it girl.

Believe me; you'll make up for it. It's clear to me that you are not in the right frame of mind. I don't want to waste my efforts to explain the duties expected of my slave when she obviously is not ready to listen and learn. Go upstairs to the blue bedroom and stand in the corner. Ask yourself if you are truly committed to this journey. Keep your eyes closed to aid your concentration, and keep your hands behind your head. You will stay there until I come for you. Go."

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He poured myself a glass of bourbon and a glass of wine for Jamie. He thought it would be appropriate toast to destroying the barriers that keep them from "having it all". He was in no big hurry since he knew that waiting for an undefined period of time, and not knowing what was going on, would keep her off balance. And besides, he had to get his "tools of the trade" ready. He went to the basement and checked on the chains and the whipping post. He hadn't yet decided if he would need them tonight, but knew they would be needed in the very near future. He picked out some toys and put them in his black bag. He headed off to end her waiting when he thought better of the bourbon and wine. Champagne would be far better. This toast was too important. Jamie was standing in the corner, nose to the wall, hands behind her head and her eyes were squeezed shut. He couldn't help but stare at her for a few moments. She was so beautiful. So full of love. So his. Without saying a word, Mathew put cuffs on each wrist and on her ankles. Her breathing started to change. Jamie seemed to be focused completely on what was happening. He had meant the "time out" to simply give me some time to get ready, but it may have actually helped her settle down and mentally prepare. Mathew had picked out a simple black leather collar with 3 rings. You can never have too many rings. Mathew broke the silence. "This collar is a sign of your dedication to me. You will wear it on command. When you wear my collar, you are mine to do with as I please. You are to obey me immediately and unconditionally. You are mine. You are mine to love, to hold, to pet, to spank, to play with and to fuck. You will be fucked at my whim, and you will orgasm only if I grant you permission. From now on, your orgasms are for my pleasure." She nodded with the most beautiful smile he had ever seen. "Come to the center of the room." Once there, he took a seat on the only straight backed chair in the room. Mathew never understood the biology, but he could feel some kind of really great natural chemicals rushing through his entire body. Jamie made her way to the center of the room, facing Mathew for the first time "collared and cuffed". It was impossible for him to believe that this beautiful woman before him had such a willingness to please him. Mathew deliberately concentrated on his breathing. As excited and joyful as he was, he knew it was important to maintain a calm and authoritative temperament. Her hands remained behind her head which caused her to hold her shoulders back and force her breasts out. She had every reason to be proud of them. "When I call for you, you will present yourself in this position. You will not speak until spoken to. You will keep your eyes cast downward. You will listen attentively to my instructions, as I become less and less patient the more I need to repeat myself. Failure to comply with any of these standards of behavior will be punished. Pull your pants down to your knees and put your hands back behind your head." Mathew was amazed at her instantaneous response. She immediately dropped her hands to the waistband of her black elastic pants and pulled it to her knees. Her hands returned to their place. He was pleased to see a small black thong and not conventional panties. It was small

enough to make it obvious that she was completely shaved. Without acknowledging her compliance, Mathew continued. "Punishments will be varied. They may range from mild reprimands to intensively painful lessons. Usually the punishment will be earned. Other times, they will be provided to emphasize training points or simply because I want to. Spankings will be common. Sometimes the spanking will be the focus of our activities, and sometimes they will be administered as part of other activities. You will always thank me for each spank. Close your eyes." He maintained silence for a minute or so. Jamie was still, yet you could sense her building anticipation. He quietly walked around her and placed a rather hard and sharp swat to the right cheek of her ass. She jerked away instinctively. Her startled reaction was due more to surprise than then to pain. A small gasp came from her throat; otherwise she made no sound and resumed the required position quickly. A small yet sincere voice said, "Thank you Sir." The lesson was going well. Mathew couldn't bear to see one cheek with a slightly pink hand print while the other was so white. The solution was obvious. Jamie did not move anything except her lips. "Thank you Sir". Mathew rubbed each cheek slowly as if to ensure that no stinging remained. His fingers made their way to the soft area where the ass becomes the leg. Mathew realized he loved every part of her body, especially those "connecting points" where the breast becomes the chest, the ankle becomes the foot, the face becomes the mouth... "Restraints and various forms of bondage will be normal part of our time together. Your cuffs provide a convenient means to secure you in various ways. You may be merely handcuffed. You may be hog-tied. You may be secured to the bed in various positions. You may be chained up for display in the basement. You may be tied to a whipping post...for obvious reasons. Remove your shirt." She quickly pulled her shirt over her head. Her hair was mussed, but only momentarily. Its style was immediately restored without any manual intervention. This woman is naturally beautiful. Her tits seemed to be ready to explode from her black bra. The outlines of her nipples were faint, but unquestionably there. Mathew rubbed each breast, making it a special point to pinch each nipple through the bra. They instantly came alive. He wondered if the rest of her responded as quickly. He reached into the black bag to find the chain leash. The polished silver links and black handle made it a perfect accessory for her outfit. Mathew attached it to the front ring of her collar and let it hang down. The chain laid gently in her cleavage and the handle hung at the entrance to her vagina. He returned to my chair and resumed the lesson. "Now, a good teacher should not do all the talking. I will ask you questions that you are to answer completely and honestly. No detail should be overlooked. Vagueness, avoidance, silence and lying will not be tolerated. Honesty is very important to me and if I think I might not be hearing the whole truth, punishment will be immediate and, I promise, very memorable. Remove your bra." When she dropped her bra to the floor, Mathew told her she could keep her arms to her sides since they were probably sore from holding the position. "The girl will now tell me the story of the first time she sucked a cock. Begin." Something about his simple request stuck her as funny and she let out a short burst of laughter before recovering her composure. Not exactly the reaction he was looking for; but it would do. As much as Mathew wanted to laugh too, he put on his most serious voice. "Is there something you find funny about my request? Is this the way you show your respect for my wishes? Do you think I am trying to entertain you?" "No, Sir" came from her lips through a smile

that was one step away from a giggle. "Then why did you laugh?" She stammered, "I'm sorry Sir, but I guess something about it did strike me as funny." "So you did find it funny. But, I'm confused. Just a second ago, you said it wasn't funny. Which answer was a lie? .... Oh and, 'I'm' sorry? "I" guess? Who the hell is 'I'? Until the last minute or so, Jamie was in a very peaceful yet aroused state. She loved hearing what it would take to serve. And besides, she could feel the titillating effect everything was having on her, even the humiliation of standing in the center of the room with her pants down around her knees. Suddenly, she found herself failing two of the most important rules that had just been laid out for her. The peacefulness was gone. She started to shift her weight from leg to leg in an effort to regain her composure. Mathew continued my calculated anger. "I take the time and effort to explain the little things required to show your respect, and you disrespect me in the next breath! I guess you don't learn well without illustrations." She started to speak and you could hear the sudden change in temperament. "But Sir...the girl is sorry..." He cut her off. "Don't say something else we'll both regret! It's amazing how much disrespect you can show in a single sentence." He walked around behind her. She followed him with her eyes. He pulled her wrists behind her back and connected the rings on the cuffs with one of the clip connectors from the black bag. "Now turn your eyes back down to the floor and stand still!" Before she knew it, the blindfold was securely in its place; another black accessory to complement an incredibly breathtaking outfit. Mathew swatted her ass a few times with his hand; not hard enough for real pain, but hard enough to ensure he had her attention and add a little color. He pulled another toy from the bag. Walking slowing around to the front of her, he lightly licked one nipple and then the other. They reacted right away. He alternated pinching and rolling one nipple while vigorously massaging the other breast. Her tits are amazing. His mouth got back into the act sucking and licking each one. Every time he pinched a nipple, he increased the pressure a little more. From the look on her face and the sound of her moans, Mathew could tell that Jamie had forgotten that this was supposed to be a punishment. H took her right nipple in his left hand and pinched it with the most force he had used so far. With his right hand, he pulled the nipple clamp out of his pocket and attached it in one swift motion. "EEE!...OWW!, that hurts! It really hurts. Please don't!" "Punishment is supposed to hurt. And disrespectful sluts deserve punishment. Do you think you deserve this punishment?" "Yes, Sir...the girl deserves to be punished." She is smart enough to know that this would not be a good time to argue the point. The truth is that the clamps were adjustable and that Mathew had them set with the lowest amount of pressure. It was good to know that they had room for her to grow into them. In order to take her mind off the pain in that nipple, he put the other clamp on the left tit. Her squealing was not as sharp this time; Mathew was sure she saw it coming. The sight of the clamps connected by the silver chain was yet another perfect addition to her outfit. "Stand up straight and be still! Your nipples will be numb soon, and you won't feel a thing...until I remove them. Since you seem to insist on doing everything the hard way, take your pants all the way off." Between wiggling and using her bound hands as best as she could, she got the pants off. Mathew would have loved to video tape that, but Jamie had some serious issues around pictures and he needed to respect that. Maybe someday. Mathew grabbed the sides of her thong and was sure she thought he was going to take them off. Instead, he jerked them up and held them there.

The thin straps held tight from the crack of her ass through the length of her pussy. A few seconds of that, and he pulled them off. She looked like a masterpiece. Collared, leashed, cuffed and clamped. She was without question, the most exciting, stimulating and beautiful thing Mathew had ever seen. Oh yeah...she was hot too. She looked like the perfect combination of a loving and beautiful lady...and a fuck toy. "Now if there are no more interruptions, we will continue the lesson. You have already learned your first basic position of presentment. We will not go through all of them today, but that one and the next one are the two most useful positions. Get on you knees." "You are to sit back on your feet and keep your back straight." While she did that, Mathew unfastened her wrist cuffs to free her arms and cautioned her to keep her hands away from her nipples. "Now put your hands behind your head. When I say you may put your arms down, you will place each hand on a thigh with the palms facing up. You may put your arms down." He removed her blindfold and put the straight backed chair in front of her. He told Jamie to bend forward her rest her head and shoulders on the seat. Her tits hung down in front of her and the chain hung down from them. That was enough teaching for the day. It was time for some recreation. Mathew went to the other side of the chair and pulled her hands toward him. A length of rope through the ring of each cuff and a slip knot was all it took to secure her to the chair. Next, a spreader bar was attached to the ankle cuffs. On her knees, ass in the air, legs spread and her head effectively tied down to chair. The image was breathtaking. He walked to the side of the chair that her head was facing. Mathew starred at her, moving his eyes across her entire body. From the corner of his eye, he could see Jamie looking up at him, but she diverted her eyes each time he looked at her face. Mathew took his time removing his clothes. Once naked, he placed the head of his dick so that it was just barely touching her lips. She moved her head to take it in her mouth, but he backed off. "Oh girl, if you want to suck my dick, you'll need to ask." "Please Sir, may I?" With his right hand, Mathew came down hard on her ass twice, once on each side. With feigned exasperation he said, "Why do you keep referring to this person named 'I'? I don't know any I's." "The girl is sorry Sir." Now he put a little anger in my voice. "And you can't seem to remember to thank me for each whack on your ass! We'll start with 12 and see if your memory gets any better. After each swat Mathew rubbed her ass. This made the sting stop sooner, but more importantly, it extended the session and extended her endurance. Jamie thanked him for each blow. She had just begun her "Thank You" for number 12 when he reached under her and removed both of her nipple clamps at the same time. As the blood rushed back into them, all the feeling returned. Jamie let out her first true scream of pain. It was short, but loud. Mathew straddled her back and reached down to play with her burning tits until the pain was gone and her nipples regained their former erect beauty. Then he went back to kneeling behind her ass and proceeded to work his fingers from the small of her back to the hood of her clit. Care was taken to alternate between firm pressure and barely touching. His fingers grazed the insides of her thighs as he pulled his hand back out to her ass. Then slowly, Mathew made my way back to her clit spending a substantial amount of time on the cheeks of her ass, her anus, the lips of her vagina, and finally, her attentive clit. Finally, he separated the folds to the entrance of cunt and was greeted with a running spring of fuck fluid. Once the lips were parted, the juices dripped down the sides of her legs. He put his dick an inch or so inside her

pussy and held it there. Jamie pushed back as if to capture his cock in one gulp. Mathew moved back a couple of times to frustrate her efforts, put then, suddenly bucked forward as she pushed back, and impaled her in one swift strike. He managed to ask a question he really didn't need the answer to. "Would you like your ass smacked while I fuck you?" No sooner did the first sound of her urgent "Please slap...!" come out her mouth, when he laid into both cheeks at the same time and then alternated in time to the fucking. After a dose of Lavetra and more than a few drinks, Mathew knew it was going to take a while for him to cum, so he concentrated on Jamie and the climax that was well on its way. Jamie is without a doubt the quietest "cumer" he had ever known. Her face gets twisted, her arms flail (when not tied down) and her moans are the quietest whimper. Then suddenly, she will convulse into her orgasm. Mathew reached around to pay special attention to her clit. "Cum for me Jamie! Cum for me!" Her response was to squeeze the walls of her vagina like a vice. She exploded into one of those rare moments of complete release. Mathew released the slip knot from her cuffs and laid her on her back. He kissed her hard and deep, and held her face in his hands. Just as she was calming down, he pulled her knees up as far as he could and told her to hold them there with her hands. Her cunt was laid out for display and seemed to shout "fuck me!" Mathew rammed her pussy with his dick, mashed her tits with his hands and forced his tongue into every part of her mouth. Before long, he knew that he was about to explode. He rolled on to his back pulling her with him. With her leash, Mathew lead her face to his cock. "In your mouth, girl!". Jamie sprang up to her knees and fully engulfed his cock. The feeling of sliding down her throat was pure heaven. She used her tongue, her hands and her breasts. At that moment, his dick was the sole focus of her universe. Mathew held her with his fingers in the two side rings of her collar and fucked her face like a madman. He could feel the fluid explode from his body. He could feel Jamie inhale each and every drop. Not only was she the quietest, she was also the neatest. He lead her to the bed and removed the cuffs and collar. Mathew pulled the covers over her and laid down beside her. He held her to himself as close as he could. Jamie reached back to touch the side of his face and say in a sleepy voice and a bit of sarcasm, "Thank you...Sir." Mathew couldn't help being an asshole one more time. "Now that the interruption is over, I believe you were about to tell me about the first time you sucked a cock."

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CHAPTER TWO Jamie was on her way home after spending the afternoon getting her hair fixed and her nails done. She always felt, and looked brand new after and afternoon of pampering. As she pulled into the driveway, a text message came into her phone. She read the message as she turned off the engine. "Welcome home. Your instructions are in the top drawer of my dresser." She felt a familiar rush of excitement, mixed with just the right touch of fear and wonder. She knew she would need to get to her instructions as soon as possible. She did not want Mathew to be kept waiting. There was an envelope in the top drawer labeled simply, "Instructions". The envelope was on top of a neatly arranged leather collar, cuffs and of course, her leash. Her hands looked steady, but Jamie could feel the mild tremors that came with a call to service. The card inside the envelope read: "Put the collar, cuffs and leash on." The collar and ankle cuffs were easy enough to put on, but there was always a little fumbling when securing the wrist cuffs. It continued, "Go to the basement and kneel on the mat you will find in the center of the

playroom. There will be a blindfold on the mat that you are to put on. Put your hands behind your head and open your mouth as wide as you can.” When she reached the playroom, there was a single light focused on the mat, making it difficult to see the rest of the room. Mathew could not be seen or heard, but she knew he was there. She knew he was evaluating her compliance. Once the blindfold was in place and her hands and mouth were situated as directed, the sudden silence seemed deafening. Finally, the faint sound of a lighter could be heard and the distinct aroma of candles filled the air. Mathew walked around Jamie and spent some time correcting her presentation. Without saying a word, he spread her knees apart to the proper angle. He brought her elbows back and straight. By keeping her elbows in that position, she would force the straight posture and thrust breasts that Mathew so enjoyed. Jamie then felt Mathew’s fingers enter her mouth. Instinctively, she started to suck the fingers, but was quickly admonished. “You are to keep your mouth open and not suck or lick anything that enters it until you are directed to do so. Is that clear?” There would be no repeat of the errors of the previous session. “Yes, sir” was all she said. At first Mathew used his fingers to feel every part of the inside of her mouth. Jamie had to fight the urge to lick and taste him, and he made it more difficult. He caressed her tongue, rubbed the inside of her cheeks, and even explored the point at which the involuntary gag reflex kicked in. Jamie had no difficulty in suppressing the gag when presented with a cock, but she found it surprisingly difficult to do so with Mathew’s fingers. Mathew removed his fingers and replaced them with his dick. Jamie wanted nothing more than to swallow him, but she knew that Mathew’s instructions were to be followed. Mathew touched every part of her mouth and throat that he could reach. He could not help but stare at the loving face that was struggling to please him. “You are to remove all your clothes while keeping my dick in your mouth and your knees on the mat. I want you naked now.” One of Mathew’s little delights was to take a task as simple as stripping and adding some challenge. Jamie unbuttoned the front of her blouse and slipped it off her shoulders. It would have been difficult removing her bra with Mathew in her mouth, but she had thought to take it off before coming downstairs. Not only did Mathew prefer her without underwear, but she had a strange feeling that she would not be wearing clothes for very long. Her skirt came off easily and slipped under each knee in turn. In less than a minute, Jamie was naked as instructed. “Good girl. I see that you thought ahead. I will have to reward that kind of dedication. Stand with your hands behind your head.” Jamie quickly sprang to her feet, mostly to comply with Mathew’s direction, but also for the relief from kneeling up so straight. “For your reward, I will let you make a choice. What would you like to be spanked with first...the leather paddle or the strap?” Jamie loved the leather paddle and dreaded the strap. She decided to leave the best for last. “Sir, the girl would choose the strap first.” “Very well Jamie. You will count each strike. There will be six strikes, but if you lose the count, we will need to start again. Now, legs further apart and bend over arm of the couch. You may put your arms down, but keep your hands off your ass.” Jamie barely assumed the required position when she felt the first blow. It landed squarely on the right ass cheek. The sound of the crack left no doubt that her dread of the strap was well founded. Mathew was amazed at how brave she was being. A second blow to the left cheek fell with about the same force. Jamie wanted to let out a small scream, but she dutifully muttered, “Two. Thank you, sir.” Mathew rubbed her ass for a

moment to relieve some of the sting. The next two blows were not as hard, but they were delivered to the more delicate tops of the thighs. Jamie counted and expressed her gratitude as directed. "Jamie, I am thinking that the next two should be directed to your tits. What do you think?" While Jamie did not like the idea of the strap landing on the soft skin of her breasts, she answered not as a victim, but as a true submissive. "Sir, if master thinks that girl's tits should be strapped, then they should be strapped. Should the girl stand?" "Yes slut. Stand with your hands behind your head." Jamie rose and placed her hands as directed. She was glad she was wearing a blindfold. It kept her fear from showing. "Good girl. Now prepare to resume the count." Jamie braced for what she expected to be a major challenge to the control of her natural desire to scream. Her breasts held forth bravely, maintaining their beauty despite the challenge of the moment. Mathew flicked the strap on the side of Jamie's left tit. It was so gentle, that Jamie was not sure if that was his intent. "Did you lose your count Jamie?" Quickly Jamie uttered, "No, sir. Five sir. Thank you, sir". The sixth was just as gentle to the side of her right breast. Her count and appreciation was more sincere than ever. Mathew kissed Jamie fully and deeply. His lips danced across hers, and his tongue sought out the sweetness of every corner of her mouth. "Now come with me." Due to the blindfold, it took Jamie a minute to regain her bearings, but she soon found herself being led by Mathew to the bench. Jamie had not been on the bench before. In fact she had not even seen it. Mathew was becoming quite the handyman. The bench looked like a wide padded wooden horse with padded shelves on either side. Jamie was told to kneel on the shelves and then to lean forward on the top. Her wrist cuffs were quickly locked to the sides of the bench. Leather straps attached to the shelves were wrapped around each calf and buckled tight. A wider strap was buckled around her waist. While she could rest her chest on the padded bench top, the top was narrow enough to let her breasts fall to each side. Jamie's tits, pussy, ass and mouth were now easily accessible. Mathew ran his hands over every part of Jamie's body. Today's game is "Sensory Overload". First his touch was so light that he barely made contact. The firmness of his touch increased ever so gradually. Jamie was surprised at how comfortable and peaceful the bench could be. She almost drifted off to sleep a few times, each time awakened by a firm pinch of a nipple, a finger tracing the folds of her vagina, or a passing touch of her anus. Mathew was careful to take his time. He massaged her back, her shoulders, her back and paid particular attention to the cheeks of her ass. Jamie hoped it would go on forever, but of course, that was not the plan. Mathew laid hot damp towels across her back and down her thighs. Jamie could feel her muscles relax from the heat. When the towels lost their warmth, Mathew replaced them with fresh ones. When those towels became cool, she felt them being removed and expected Mathew to replace them yet again. The shock of the ice cubes pressing against her nipples caused her entire body to shiver, but the sensation was incredible. Mathew continued to run ice across her back. He used them to tickle the bottoms of her feet. He massaged her ass with the cubes until her rump was cool to the touch. When Jamie felt the ice touch the folds of her pussy, it was a sensation she had never felt before. Mathew used yet another new cube to circle her anus. Once it had melted down to a suitable size, he shoved it quickly into her ass. Another ice cube slid into her moist cunt, followed by the head of a 7" dildo. Mathew eased the dildo out and then plunged it right back in. Jamie shrieked.



“Quiet slut. You know you like it.” Jamie felt the first waves of an orgasm rising from her crotch. Mathew placed a small silver vibrator on her clit. “Come, bitch!” Jamie exploded in a fit of pleasure and humiliation. It seemed as if her lungs were emptied of air and her crotch was in a constant spasm. Her breathing came back in short bursts. Her voice returned. “Oh Math...er, Master.” Mathew tapped the dildo one more time to be sure it was firmly settled into Jamie’s cunt. He walked around to the front of the bench and unzipped his jeans. “Open up, sweetie.”

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CHAPTER THREE Mathew was glad to see that his last appointment of the day was with Cindy Alcott. Cindy had first come to Mathew for legal advice when she was about ready to open her first store. It was beyond his ability to understand completely, but Cindy had designed a unique support system for lingerie that smoothed out the occasional bulge or “muffin top”. It less than 2 years, her business grew from just another internet start-up, to a multimillion dollar line distributed by major retailers. Cindy was about Mathew’s age and while she reeked of ambition and drive, she had a down to earth sense of humor and treated everyone with the respect normally extended by the rich and famous. By the time she entered his office, she made sure she was up to date on the lives of everyone from the security guard to his secretary. Mathew admired everything about Cindy except her choice in husbands. Her first husband barely made a living, and then when she started bringing in the money, he grew resentful and put more than a small fortune up his nose. After shipping him off to rehab with a divorce decree and one time settlement, Cindy swore she was done with the marriage thing. That was until she met Don at the studios of the Happy Living Shopping Network. Don was the main reason she was there. He is responsible for bringing in companies with products that can be pushed to their demographic in volume. The network can make as much of a margin as traditional retailers, without the same level of overhead. Obviously, the model depends on attracting as many quality providers as possible. They found it easy, and even enjoyable, to discuss the potential both on the phone and on the internet. By the time Cindy agreed to come to the studios to see the capability of the network for herself, they considered themselves to be good friends. By the time Cindy’s product got on the air, the wedding invitations had been sent out. Mathew’s wedding gift was pro bono preparation of their pre-nup. “It’s hard to believe that it’s been three years already.” Cindy said as their meeting was wrapping up. “You still look like a child bride.” offered Mathew, with just the right level good humor. “You know Mathew; you’re not much of an attorney. I only keep you around for your obvious good taste. Tell you what, put together what you can and then let’s discuss it over dinner. It will give me an excuse to get Don out of the office, and a chance to catch up with Jamie. I’ll never understand what she sees in you.” “Sounds like a date. Let’s say Friday night at the Copper Kettle? 8:00 ok? Mathew pulled into the drive and started the walk up to the side door. He was more than a little tired, but always seemed to rally when Jamie greeted him. As they sat down to dinner, Mathew told Jamie about their dinner date with Cindy and Don. “Oh, I have no idea what to wear. Do you think it will be dressy or business?” asked Jamie. “I was thinking about that on the way home. I’ve decided that’s one thing you won’t have to worry about. I’ll be providing your attire for Friday.” Jamie knew this was not going to be some stuffy event. Mathew would see to it that she would find the entire evening interesting. “I’d help with the dishes, but

I need to call London on the Feldman matter. I'll be in the study." Jamie said, "No problem, this shouldn't take me long." It wasn't long before Jamie could hear Mathew wrapping up his call as she approached the study. "Everything go all right?" "More than all right. I think we have a deal that everyone will like. Would you please do something for me?" "Of course baby, what do you need?" "Strip and then go get your collar. The one with the single loop." Jamie's vocabulary changed instantly to "scene mode". "Yes, Sir." Jamie was hoping there would be some play time. By the time "Sir" was coming out of her mouth, her tank top was already going over her head. Her long skirt fell to the floor with what seemed to be the release of a single button. The bra landed on top of the skirt and her thong was off in short order. Efficient nakedness. Jamie scooped the clothes up in her arms and left immediately for Mathew's special drawer in the bedroom. Each time Jamie opened the drawer; there was a sense of wonder at the power it held over her. Each rope, cuff, whip, paddle, dildo, plug, clamp and blindfold held a special memory, and promise of yet another adventure. There was genuine joy in knowing that it was for her from Mathew, and that she was able to bring such complete joy to Him...her Mathew...her master...her love. The collar was on top in its normal place. She so wished that Sir had told her to put the cuffs on too. But it's Mathew's call, not hers. Jamie put the collar on and locked the clasp. It was always amazing how a strap of leather could make the submissive rise to the surface. The contrast against Jamie's white skin, light blonde short hair and blue eyes always brought Mathew an instant erection. There was not a more exciting sight on earth as far as he was concerned. A quick look in the mirror and Jamie rushed back to Mathew. Mathew was sitting on the couch that was next to his desk facing the fireplace. Although the study was carpeted, a soft rug in front of the fireplace increased the warmth and sense of comfort. Jamie stood on the rug facing Mathew. Her hands were clasped behind her head, her elbows were held back and her eyes looked to the floor. "Sir, would you like to inspect the girl to ensure her suitability?" "Don't you think you are suitable, sweetie?" "That's not for this girl to judge. It's completely up to Sir. Please let me fix anything that does not please you." "Damn", thought Mathew, "she's really in the space tonight. Jamie's incredible and I am one lucky son of a bitch." "Legs further apart please. Now turn around." Jamie always loved this process. Mathew never made it routine and always had a way of making her understand how treasured she was....even when he discovered a "flaw". Actually, especially when he found a "flaw". Mathew ran his fingers down her back and gave a tight squeeze to her ass with both hands. He reached around a lifted each breast as if to weigh them and let them fall. A quick pinch to both nipples at once brought them to attention. Mathew put his right hand between Jamie's legs and guided them further apart. His fingers danced gently from the hood of her clit to the edges of her anus. "Bend over and spread your butt cheeks apart." It always amazed Jamie that while this was a humiliating and vulnerable pose, it brought her excitement when it was for Mathew. What could be terrifying in another context was wonderful with Sir. "Very nice, little one. Is that for me?" "It belongs to you Sir. It is yours to do with what you wish. The girl is all yours, Sir". "Please kneel before me. You may put your hands on your thighs." Jamie could not help feeling a little disappointed. She expected something...a spanking, a penetration, a tickle...anything. "Jamie, you please me very much. I bought you a few of gifts today that I was going to save for the weekend, but I think you deserve at least one

of them now.” Mathew reached in the bag that was beside him on the couch and pulled out a thin bamboo cane. It was about 20” long and very strong despite its flexibility. He used the cane to guide her face up by pushing gently under her chin. “Does the girl know what this is for?” “Yes, Sir. It is used to guide me and correct me as needed.” “It can also be used to add some spice to your spankings. You do like your spankings don’t you?” The truth was that Jamie loved her spankings and still has not found her limit. She loved the sting of Mathew’s hand when it crashes on her ass. And Mathew gets more than turned on by the sight of ass when it glows pink. As he waited for her answer, he used the cane to outline her breasts, tease her nipples, circle her belly button and trace the outline of her Labia. A slight tap on the insides of each thigh was enough to move her legs further apart. The couch had arms that came crotch high to Jamie. “Get up and bend over the couch.” Jamie knew the position. She bent over and rested her stomach on the arm and put her elbows on the seat cushion. Mathew reached under the cushion on the far side and pulled out a good sized metal ring that was attached to the frame with a short chain. He retrieved the cotton rope from the closet and tied Jamie’s wrists together. The ends were fastened to the ring and the slack was removed. As Mathew tapped Jamie again to have her spread her legs to the desired width, a gentle push with his left hand on the small of her back brought her ass to just the right presentation. “Jamie, your ass is not quite perfect.” “Please Sir, what’s wrong with it?” “It’s not pink enough, sweetie.” Jamie closed her eyes and smiled. “You have been such a good girl tonight, you do not have to count or even thank me for your spankings. Just enjoy.” Neither Jamie nor Mathew bothered counting. Mathew gradually increased the hardness of each slap, taking great care, and time, to rub the sting out of each blow before bringing his hand down on the other cheek. Once Jamie looked as if her rear were spray painted a pastel, yet vibrant shade of pink, it was time to add the new sensation of the cane. Using only his wrist, Mathew laid the cane across both cheeks just above the curve to her thighs. Jamie had almost forgotten the cane, and jumped a bit at the surprise. “OH...both at once. That hurts!” “Good. For a moment I thought it would tickle and I’d have to return it as defective.” Mathew laid another five strokes in parallel lines across Jamie’s ass. The resulting strips were the perfect touch to his pink masterpiece. There would definitely be a bruise or two. With his left hand, he rolled each of Jamie’s stiffened nipples between his fingers. With his right hand, Mathew reached between her legs and parted the opening to her pussy. They parted easily due to her extensive wetness. He could feel it dripping down his fingers as Jamie whimpered in her normal quiet way. Mathew loved that sound. Mathew released the rope around her wrists and pulled Jamie to him as he sat on the couch. His dick entered her easily as she sat across his lap with her knees locked to his waist. He loved the access this gave his mouth to her mouth and to her tits. He drew in deeply on each nipple as he went back and forth between them. He held her ass, guiding her thrusts as she came forward on his cock. As he shoved his tongue into her mouth, she let out that small moan that told him her orgasm was near. He pushed faster and harder on her ass. Once he felt the contractions of her cunt around his dick, he used both hands to crash against her pink cheeks one more time. They each exploded. Once their heart beats returned to normal, Jamie slid off Mathew’s lap and knelt before him. She used her mouth and tongue to clean Mathew’s cock of her juices and his cum. Jamie would do anything for Mathew.

She wanted to keep his dick in her mouth until he could get hard again. As erotic and hot as that was, Mathew was simply too tired to continue. "It's time for bed Jamie. Please set the alarm for 3:00 am. I'll be needing a blow job then, and maybe again later when I actually get up." "Yes, Sir", she said as she kissed him on the forehead and headed to the bedroom.

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CHAPTER FOUR Jamie checked her email each morning at 10:00. By then, Mathew would have had time to send her his daily silly love notes, or to-do list, or instructions. Friday morning she was hoping to receive some indication as to how she was to prepare for tonight's dinner with Cindy and Don. Sure enough, Mathew's email was there. Her heart always jumped a little when she saw the Subject line filled in with the simple, "Instructions". J, You have an appointment at the hairdressers at 12:30. Robert knows what cut and color you want and Marie knows what nail polish will be used with your manicure. As usual, be sure to ask Marie about her latest sex adventure so that you can relay the details to me later. You will be home at 3:00. Shower and shave thoroughly. Smoothness will be essential. During your shower, you are to masturbate, but do not allow yourself to orgasm. Bring yourself to the peak three times. You know I will be able to tell if you lie. At exactly 4:00, log back on to your email for the rest of your instructions. I love you. At exactly 12:30, Robert was welcoming Jamie to his chair. She couldn't help but admire the mascara he was wearing today. She thought that his sex stories might be every bit as interesting as Marie's, but probably not as interesting to Mathew. Robert never shut up. Jamie doubted that she would be able to tell him how she wanted her hair done even if it was up to her. He was charming, but never seemed to take a breath. Her hair turned out a little lighter with no real change to the cut. Not surprising knowing Mathew's tastes. Marie started on one hand while Jamie's other hand soaked while it waited its turn. Marie was particularly animated today. The conversation always fell into the same pattern, the weather, complaints about the last customer or two, and then her latest sexual adventure. Jamie was never sure if her stories were always completely true. But even if they weren't, they were obviously rooted in some truth, and besides, they were always hot. Marie was an "aggressive submissive". Jamie could imagine her ordering a man to spank her ass, or else! There was no need for Jamie to bring the subject up. Marie always got to the hot stuff without fail. It took less time than usual for her to complete the story; probably because she had previously described her current boyfriend in great detail. And if she tells Jamie how hot her husband is one more time, Jamie is bound to scream. "So anyway," Marie started, "Saturday night and Harry is moping at home because his friend's bachelor party got cancelled. It seems the friend's fiancé had no sense of humor about the crabs he gave her for her birthday. It kinda bothered her that he didn't have them the week before. His explanation about a public toilet and a dirty jock strap didn't go down real well. So I tell Harry that I'm sorry his friend's not getting married, but life goes on, and I have a date tonight. Harry says he couldn't give a crap about the wedding...he wanted the hooker show! And now he says, he's got no hooker, his wife is off getting laid, and he's at home with blue balls! He's so cute like that." "So I call my friend Donna. Now Donna owes me big time, so I tell her paybacks are a bitch and that she should get her ass over here. Now Donna ain't no blushing bride, but she thinks I'm putting her on. I says...look, I'm not missing out on a night with Billy. He's been gone over two weeks

and he needs a piece of ass bad...and you know how much I like 'em when they're needy. So do me a favor and give Harry a roll will you? He's really a good lay." "Before she answers, Billy pulls up front and honks the horn. I yell downstairs for Harry to quit jerking off and get up here. He walks in and I tell him, look, I gotta go. I'll tell you all about it when I get home...which won't be tonight by the way. Donna's here...you're here...do what comes natural. Love ya...bye." "So to make a long story short...I don't think Billy came the whole time he was gone. We just get into a 69, and he lets loose like Mount St. Helen's or something. He shoots so much down my throat, I ain't hungry any more. At least it's low fat. So he settles down and spends most of the night fucking me this way and the other. A little sleep and I'm home about noon." "I head right for the bedroom for a little nap, and Donna's in there sucking on Harry like he's the last chicken leg and she's dying of starvation. Harry says hi, and Donna looks at me like a deer in the headlights. So I says...don't stop now girlfriend...if you don't finish, I'll have to. Drink up!" With that Marie laughs like it's the first time she's heard the funniest joke ever. Jamie got home at about 2:50 and logged into her email account for her rest of her instructions. At exactly 3:00, the familiar "You have mail" voice announced the arrival of Mathew's note. J, There is a box on the floor of my closet. At 5:00, you are to remove the clothes that are in it and put them on. You are to wear everything that's in the box and nothing more. I will be home at 6:00. I expect you to greet me at the door the usual way with a bourbon and water in your right hand and your favorite butt plug in your left. I love you. "Bourbon and a butt plug...that's new" thought Jamie. Jamie wanted to open the box right away. But it would be just like Mathew to have a camera on or something to catch her disobeying. Mathew's punishments could push the limits at times, and Jamie was so looking forward to a night out. She busied herself by looking for her favorite plug. 5:00 finally arrived. Jamie put the box on the bed and tore at the wrapping like a 5 year old at a birthday party. She had no concern over sizes...Mathew had that down to a science. Jamie fully expected something small and black. Instead, the dress was as red as red can be. Of course, it was two inches too short and two inches too low. But it was pretty. And it did make her happy to think that Mathew still thought she had the legs to show off. The half-cup bra was obviously designed to push her breasts together and maximize the cleavage that the dress would not doubt accommodate. The red 4" heels were only a surprise in that they were not 5". The stockings were classic nude. They were not meant to be worn with a garter as the elastic tops would hold them up. She just hoped the dress was at least long enough to cover the tops. One more item. On the bottom of the box was a matching red choker with a red gem of some sort on the front. A fashionable choker to the world perhaps, but she and Mathew would see it for the collar it was. It was only after Jamie got the stockings on that she realized there were no panties...not even a thong. She mixed the bourbon and water, but decided to hold off on the ice cubes until just before Mathew arrived. He could normally be relied upon to be on time, but when the timing is part of his instructions, he was punctual as hell. Jamie was surprised how hard it was to pick her favorite butt plug. It dawned on her that she rarely knew which one Mathew had selected. She did enjoy the sensation they provided; a kind of fullness that kept her aware of the total experience. She decided to bring a couple into the shower with her where she tried them on. At exactly 5:58, Jamie put the ice cubes in Mathew's drink picked up the plug she had selected and

headed for the front door. She took extra care as she assumed the normal kneeling presentation to prevent any runs to the stockings. Sure enough, the hem of the dress rode up as she knelt. About an inch of the decorative stocking tops showed. She normally rested her ass on the heels of her feet, but the four inch heels encouraged her to straighten out her posture. As she heard the car door shut, she held the drink and plug up to present to her arriving master. Mathew opened the front door and looked in astonishment at the sight before him. Here was the most beautiful, loving and exciting woman he had ever known, waiting for nothing more than the opportunity to please him. He knew he did not deserve this woman, and he would tell her so. Just not right now. He was glad he thought to bring his camera. He couldn't wait to see Jamie in the outfit he had spent so much effort on to get just right, and wanted to capture that image. Without saying anything, he took a few pictures. Silently, Jamie assured herself that she must of looked good. As Mathew took the drink from Jamie's outstretched hand he said, "Sweetie, you look breathtaking." "Thank you, Sir. And thank you for my outfit." "Come to the living room with me. But first, get yourself a drink to join me with." Jamie poured herself a glass of wine and joined Mathew in the living room. The dress highlighted her curves without appearing to be tight. It might have been a little too short, but what the heck. The combination of her pretty face, red choker and exquisite cleavage was nothing short of perfect. As Jamie sat across from Mathew, she allowed him a brief flash of her naked pussy. Sitting in public was going to take some effort. She hoped the table cloths would be long. "So, what did Marie have to tell you today?" Jamie told Mathew the story with just the right touch of humor. When she was done and they had discussed their usual doubts of authenticity, Mathew said, "Please tell me about masturbating in the shower." Jamie suddenly felt ashamed and even a little frightened. Mathew was so good at manipulating her like that. Between the excitement of the evening, the new outfit and the need to try on the plugs, Jamie had forgotten her instructions to masturbate three times in the shower without coming. She knew she could not lie to Mathew; even about something as silly as this. Mathew could tell by the look on her face that he was right is thinking she would not complete the required assignment. "You didn't do it, did you?" said Mathew; more as a statement than a question. "No Sir" "That would have pleased me, and it certainly wasn't a completely undesirable request. What have I done to deserve such disregard for my wishes?" Jamie actually felt a little ungrateful. He set up the evening for her, bought her a new outfit, set up the hairdresser appointment....all Mathew wanted in return was to for her to play with her pussy in the privacy of her shower; and she couldn't even do that. A tear formed in the corner of her eye. "Sir, I..er...this girl..." Jamie started to blurt. She honestly did not know if she should explain, or apologize or both. Mathew gently interrupted. "I can see you are upset, Jamie. Do you want to please me?" "Yes, Sir. Very much" "Jamie, I believe we need to do something to teach you to do what you are told...everything you are told. Do you agree?" "Yes, Sir" "Do you think a spanking with the paddle would be in order?" Jamie said yes, but hoped she would not have to spend the evening sitting on a freshly beaten ass. After all, the bruises from the other day had not completely gone away yet. "I am going to shave and get dressed for dinner. While I'm gone, use this pad to write down 20 punishments for me to pick from." Mathew threw the pad in her lap and left the room. Jamie was afraid that she would not be able to come up with 20 punishments. Mathew was so

much more creative in that area. She had always wanted to be tied to a St. Andrew's cross and subjected to one of Mathew's delicious floggings; so she put that down. She started to put down forced sex with a horse as a joke, but decided not to give him any ideas. Other ideas flowed and it helped pass the time until Mathew returned. Mathew had replaced his business casual outfit with his dark blue pin-stripped suit. Jamie always loved men in suits. She hoped it was for her. He carried a small bag. "So, let's see what you have come up with little one." Mathew scanned down the list grunting a bit to show his approval or dismissal as he read each one. "The St. Andrew's cross is good...maybe for Christmas." He put the pad down on the table and said, "For the most part these ideas are good; but I'm afraid they just aren't good enough. I believe that after tonight, you will never forget your obligations again. Bring your butt plug to me." Jamie stood before Mathew as he sat in the straight backed chair holding the plug out like an offering. "Turn around and bend over." Mathew took the plug from her hand and removed the tube of lube he had in the small bag. He pulled her dress up to her waist and told her to hold her ass cheeks apart. Mathew began to rub a bit of the lube on anus and slowly work his finger into the tight opening. A little more lube and his finger moved in and out with ease. He could feel his schpiter relax as it got used to the intrusion. He held the lubed plug to the entrance of her ass and push slowly. It entered easily and her ass tightened firmly on the narrow part of the plug. "Stand and walk around the couch...and don't lose the plug." Between the plug and the 4" heels, Jamie used muscles she had never used before to accomplish something as simple as a walk around the couch. As she returned to Mathew he took something else out of the bag. It was a thin elastic harness device. The clips allowed it to be put around Jamie's waist. Another strap was attached to the front and back of the waist piece to go between her legs. "I thought I'd be nice and give you a little help. That harness will keep the plug in. We wouldn't want it falling out in front of my clients now would we?" Jamie realized that she would be wearing the plug for the rest of the night. She never had one in that long before. She thought, "I have a feeling this would be on even if I did remember to fuck myself in the shower." "Thank you, Sir. That's very thoughtful." Mathew took pair of panties out of the bag that matched the rest of her outfit. "I have one more kindness for you. You insult me and I still think of you first." Jamie was thrilled to see panties. She had gone without them many times before at Mathew's request, but never with a dress as short as this one. Once Mathew help her put them on, she noticed something solid was in the front of them. A price tag perhaps? Mathew had her hold her dress up while he took sometime adjusting the front of the panties. She could feel some vague pressure against her clit, but thought that could have been her imagination. "You look ravishing. There's going to be more than a few bastards that would be willing to give their souls to put their dicks in one of your holes. Have a seat while get my wallet." Jamie practiced keeping her knees together as she sat in this dress. She was going to need to pay attention all night. As much as the plug make her want to move about a bit, the length of the dress limited her options. Suddenly, she felt a new sensation between her legs. It lasted a second or two and then passed. Again she felt it, only now it was for a few seconds. It seemed to be focused directly to her clit, and made her stop and catch her breath. Mathew returned, carrying Jamie's shawl. "We had better get going. No telling what the traffic will be like." He wrapped the shawl around her shoulders and helped

her into the car. As she left the driveway, Jamie felt it again. This time it was stronger and lasted for at least five seconds. She let out a faint whimper. "What is it Sweetie?" said Mathew. Her reactions were now clearly apparent. Just as she started to find the words to explain, it came again. "OH!" came out of her mouth and surprised even her. "Sweetie, sit back and relax." Mathew started. "See this? This is a remote control for what they call a butterfly vibrator. It's designed just for the clit and is quiet enough to not draw too much attention. Don't try and move it. It's attached firmly to your panties." That's why the son of a bitch was being so kind with the panty thing. "Between that and the plug up your ass, I hope you don't have any trouble interacting with Cindy and Don tonight. Cindy is a very important client and I know you won't do anything to embarrass me." "By the way, there's five intensity settings. So far I haven't gone beyond two. Whatever you do, make sure it's always squarely on your clit." Jamie's only real concern was keeping her cunt juices from dripping down her leg. Cindy and Don walked into the restaurant just as Jamie and Mathew arrived. The walk from the parking garage was a little more challenging for Jamie than it ever was before. Don could not help himself upon seeing Jamie. "Jamie, you look incredible." Mathew got a kick out of watching him check Jamie out from head to toe every time he could take a glance without staring. Cindy took it in stride with her usual good humor. Besides, Cindy was no bag lady herself. Mathew usually saw Cindy in routine business dress that did little to show off her looks. Tonight, she wore a sleeveless tailored shift that came a few inches above her knees and while not as low cut as Jamie's, provided an obvious compliment to each curve. Her auburn hair was down...Mathew thought he had only ever seen it pulled back. "Wow," he thought. "I have good taste in women...business or pleasure." While he wrapped up his internal review of Cindy, Don was headlong into multiple fantasies at the sight of Jamie. Jamie needed to excuse herself to use the ladies room before the main course arrived. Her make up was fine, but she needed to clean up the moisture leaking from between her legs. Mathew was having a wonderful time with the remote. He teased the hell out of her and delighted in watching her efforts to control her reactions. Mathew excused himself to use the facilities after he took care of the bill. As he stood, he turned the damn thing on again. This time he used the highest setting and left it on until he returned. Cindy asked Jamie if she was all right since she looked a little flustered. Jamie blamed it on hot flashes. She needed to cum. After getting back into the car, Jamie slipped the heels off to give her calf muscles some much needed relief. "That's not the only thing that needs some relief," she said to herself. "God, I hope Mathew allows me cum soon." She feared the 30 minute ride home would seem like hours. "You did very well, Sweetie. Wasn't that one of the best meals you ever had?" He turned it on again. Jamie was relieved that she did not have to fight to maintain a façade. Instead, she reached down and pushed the butterfly tighter to her clit. While it continued to run, Mathew asked, "Now the next time I ask you to fuck yourself, are you going to do what you're told or shall I just have you stick your fingers up your twat in the middle of the mall?" "I'll do it, Sir" "You'll do what, slut?" "I'll play with myself when you tell me to." Mathew kicked the buzzing up to five. "The girl will fuck herself when told..oh, God!" Jamie finally came. The relief was almost as welcomed as the climax itself. Mathew had never made her hang on that long before, and the orgasm was amazing. By the time they entered the highway, Jamie had regained most of her composure. "Thank you," was all she could



mutter. "You're nowhere near done yet, Sweetie. Take off the panties and the bra and hand them to me." It took a little effort getting the bra off, and she wasn't sure she wanted to give up the butterfly, but she figured she's see it again one of these days. "Lean against the door and let me see that pussy." Jamie has a bit of overachiever in her, so she not only spread her legs, but she turned on one of the ceiling lights and aimed it on her cunt lips." "Can you see all right?" she said. "I can see fine. Now do what you should have done in the shower this afternoon." Mathew could see that the lips of her vagina were a bit swollen from the evening's exercises, but the moisture was still flowing as if it were hooked up to a spring. He pulled to the left lane to get around two semis that were struggling to get up the gradual incline. Jamie reached up and turned off the light that was highlighting her pussy. "The truck drivers will be able to see me with the light on." Mathew turned the light back on and said, "So? Concentrate on doing what you were told to do. Haven't you learned anything?" Jamie had three fingers of her right hand shoved up her cunt and her left was working on her clit. She would occasionally look up at Mathew, but mostly kept her eyes closed. She wasn't thrilled about giving the truck drivers a show, but at least it would be quick. Or so she thought. Mathew pulled along side the first semi and slowed down to match its speed just as he was next to the cab. Jamie couldn't believe he put her on display like this, but then again she could. When Mathew finally sped up, the horn on the first truck blasted in celebration and appreciation. As relieved as Jamie was, she knew she had one more truck to go. Finally, after Mathew put some distance between themselves and the trucks, he opened the console that was between them. He took out a silver bullet vibrator, tossed it to Jamie, and said, "Turn it on and rub your clit with it. Move closer so I can reach you." As Jamie put the bullet on her clit, she slid down so only her head was on the door arm rest, and her cunt was well within Mathew's reach. Mathew fucked her with three fingers while she subjected her clit to yet another vibrator session. As the intensity was growing in her loins, Mathew pulled out the butt plug and jammed his fingers back into her cunt. Jamie swore she actually saw stars. Mathew pulled into the garage and used the remote to close the door behind him. Up to now, it had been Jamie's night, but he couldn't hold out any longer. As Jamie was getting out of the car, Mathew turned her around, pulled the zipper of her dress down and ordered her out of it. She stood there in stockings, choker and the remnants of the plug harness. A perfect fuck toy. Mathew bent her over the fender of the car and shoved his dick in her pussy from behind. His pants were around his ankles, he was standing in a garage and he was still wearing his suit coat; but he couldn't wait one more minute. He had to fuck Jamie now.... \_\_\_\_\_