

SIGHS, LIES AND WHISPERS

People lie, even in love and lust.
Bodies don't.

JJ MORTIMER

People with a secret, looking for others
with the same secret, must find the
courage to show who they are.

"Three young women and a young man find truth, and lies, at the loving end of bdsm ... funny, human and sexy as hell." -Freya O'Neill

Also by JJ Mortimer

Lucy and Fetu

1: Lucy's Got a Brand New Bed

Sighs, Thighs, Lies and Whispers

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Sighs, Lies and whispers

"All Cretans invariably lie," said Epimenides, a Cretan.

Kirby was shy with girls. He had a shameful secret, or he thought he did. It made him, and kept him, nervous.

When he was seventeen Mason, a pretty blonde girl from his class who hung around the sports field watching the male players, had been annoyed with her boyfriend. She'd learned that he'd been fucking one of the cheerleaders.

Kirby didn't know that when she invited him to her home, that afternoon. Kirby knew nothing that he hadn't learned in books, but neither had her football-player the first time she'd fucked him. She took Kirby in hand. She took him in her bed, her mouth and her cunt. She taught him things.

Kirby took his opportunity and he took his time: book learning isn't completely useless. He kept his shameful sexual secret to himself. But his stamina and enthusiasm, and his adoration of her firm-mango body, had surprised her. He never came out to the track, so she'd assumed he wasn't interested in physical stuff. Such as sex.

She had to let Kirby down gently, because he'd fallen instantly in love with her, as he understood it, while she'd decided to go back to her football player, though she'd keep a closer eye on him. She swore Kirby to secrecy. They'd always know and never forget, but neither of them should ever speak of it.

He swore it. And with sexual access shut off, he fell out of love with remarkable ease. But he liked Mason, and he owed her. He kept the faith.

The next day a friend, who'd seen him leaving with Mason, asked him what had happened. "Oh, we just talked." He shrugged. "Then she went home."

So, keeping the faith meant lying.

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A couple of weeks later, Kirby lay on Ava's bed. She was probably going to be the second girl he'd have sex with. That thought made him nervous, and he found himself babbling about Claude Levi-Strauss.

Ava looked at him, the words flowing out of him. He was still fully dressed, and he hadn't kissed her since his talking jag had come upon him. She was amused, correctly reading what had happened to him, so she pretended to listen, smiling encouragingly, for a few minutes.

Then she grabbed his cellphone. "Hey!" he said. Indignantly.

"I bet you have pics on this. Can I see?"

"No!" Kirby had seven pictures of Mason, including one of her face down on the bed, naked, ass a little raised, legs apart, head turned to smile back at him. He found he looked at that a lot. If his phone had been a book, it would have fallen open, every time, on that dog-eared page.

“So, you do have pics! Now, I wonder what your password is?” She looked at him, considering. “You’re a slayer fan, aren’t you? Buffy? No, you’d be into Willow.”

Kirby, whose password was darkwillow, tried to seize the phone. Ava snatched it just out of reach. She rolled off the bed, grinning triumphantly. He got up and made a grab for her. There was too much furniture in that room. He found himself on one side of her desk, with her on the other side. Ava smiled at him, angelically, holding the phone out at him. Just out of reach.

He spoke. “You give me that phone, Ava.”

“Nope.” She turned so he could watch her slide his phone into the back pocket of her skin-tight jeans. “I’m keeping it. Maybe the password’s Faith? She’s hot, isn’t she?”

He dropped his voice. “You give me that phone, Ava.”

The phone, and her ass, swung out of sight. She had dimples when she smiled, and she was up to mischief. “Oh, yeah? What if I don’t?”

“Give it back, Ava, or I’ll spank you.”

That threat had taken all his courage. That had been his darkest secret, and suddenly it wasn’t secret any more. She wasn’t shocked. The game was still on. And it would still end back on her bed, he realised, unless he fucked it up. She drew herself up. She was nearly as tall as him. “You wouldn’t dare.”

But, face pale as his bones, heart beating like a diesel engine, he dared. He advanced, and Ava danced back to the far side of the bed. He dived across the bed and grabbed her knees, and pulled her forward, so she

landed on top of him. That was good. She laughed, and he grimaced.

He rolled onto his back, pulling her properly on top of him. She helped him undo the button on her jeans. He pulled them down, along with the tiny blue thong between her buttocks. She sighed happily. His hand landing on her bottom was a surprise. "Hey! What are you doing?"

"Um. Did I say I was going to spank you?"

"You said, if I didn't give your phone back! It's in the pocket of my jeans! On the floor. You can take it back if you like!"

He considered. Ava was still lying across his lap, bottom slightly upraised. It looked inviting. Not just in the sense that he wanted her, so hard his cock poked over the waistband of his jeans. It was inviting in the sense that she seemed to want him to continue. There was a pink handprint already formed on her left cheek: he could see his fingers and his thumb. It looked as wonderful as he'd imagined.

He put his left hand on the small of her back, to hold her, and smacked her again with his right hand. Same place. His mark merged with the earlier handprint, so she looked like she'd been spanked by a creature with a six fingered, two thumbed, hand. The brighter pink patch and the surrounding pale, rounded skin rose and fell on his thigh, slowly, voluptuously. He watched her in open-mouthed wonder. This was a miracle and he wanted to be sure he remembered it forever. Some things were the way he'd dreamed.

He said, in answer to the last thing she'd said – it already seemed a long time ago – "Too late for that."

He pulled her closer, so her thigh pressed against his cock. And continued her spanking, the first he'd given. Ava wriggled and sighed, and occasionally yelped. After a time, she relaxed, bottom arched over his body, and let him build the heat, the slaps ringing out in her room.

And at last, when her ass and thighs were red, and she'd managed to press her thighs round his cock while she moved under his hand, he rolled her down and kissed her. She looked up at him and put her hand up to touch his face. She was surprised by him, and her reaction to him. He tugged her t-shirt off, and hurriedly stripped off his pants and shirt, and he rolled again until his body was over hers, knees between her thighs. He kissed her and, because he couldn't think of anything else, said, "Ava." Her thighs rose to hold him.

She was so wet. And welcoming. He took her so slowly, trying to imprint every moment, every sensation, on his memory.

Her parents were out, so he stayed the night. They fucked, desperately, with wild need, until they were both sore. He made sure her bottom stayed sore, too. She made an odd noise when she came, a sort of melodic alto hum like a singing vacuum cleaner. He loved the sound, and set about hearing it a lot. Until the last time he came in her, some time in the early morning, and fell into heavy-bodied sleep.

When it was light he woke up with a naked girl, her hair a sweaty black mop, her face relaxed, open-mouthed, slowly releasing dribble onto the pillow. She was the most beautiful sight he'd ever seen.

She felt his gaze, or his stillness while he watched her. She opened her eyes. "Hello, you."

He kissed her, despite his breath. "You."

"Jesus, my cunt. Wore me out, you bastard. I should be complaining about my ass, but it feels good. Hot but good. But you wore me out."

"I think I lost skin, beautiful Ava. But in a good cause. Fantastic cause."

"And what the fuck? What the fuck were you doing to my ass?"

"I. Um. I spanked you."

She frowned. "Yeah. That was good. You can do that again. Fuck, I must be a weirdo. No! You're the weirdo! You... Woman-beater, you."

The term "woman-beater", or something like it, would have terrified Kirby eleven hours ago. But he'd seen Ava's body wrenched with sex, and heard her uncouth, joyous cry while he hurt her. So he didn't believe she was as indignant as her words suggested. He was still learning how small talk worked, but he suppressed the urge to apologise and throw himself on her mercy. He said, "Well, I only beat you when you don't behave."

And she grinned and kissed him, so that must have been right. Eventually she said, "Fuck, Mason never mentioned that."

Kirby said, "Mason?" Then he stopped. Mason had sworn them both to secrecy. She'd broken her faith, while he'd kept his. He was indignant for, oh, seconds. Then he realized that he wouldn't be waking up in Ava's bed if Mason hadn't said whatever she'd said about him.

He thought back to his unskilled performance two weeks earlier and wondered what on earth Mason might have liked about him. He'd been enthusiastic, he guessed.

He said, "Ah, Mason is such a trickster." He kissed Ava again, with force and focus. That morning he spanked her harder, hurting her, knowing it and glorying in the way she responded to that pain, and when he took her from behind he could feel the heat of her ass and thighs against him while he ground and pumped her.

But Ava's parents were rich. She was going to Yale, and ironically he'd helped her earn the school marks that made her eligible. Her parents' money had done the rest. So, although they kissed and cried at the airport, three months later Kirby was alone. He'd *had*, for the happiest three months of his life so far, and he had not held.

But he'd *had* because a woman, Mason, had looked him in the eyes and made him a promise, and then broken her own promise. Her promise had been a lie.

On the other hand, Mason had spoken what she thought was true about him. And that had led to him freeing himself, for the first time in his life, to be his true self.

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Three weeks after Ava had gone, there was a knock on his door about eleven on a Wednesday night. He'd moved out of his parents' home and into an old house

in a cheap suburb seven months ago, when Ava and he had moved in together. He turned his music down but not off, and went to open the door. He said, surprised, "Oh! Hello."

Mason looked embarrassed. "Is there anyone with you?"

"No. I'm just chilling."

"Oh. That's Bach, isn't it?"

"Shostakovich, but close enough." He didn't expect Mason to know anything about classical music, and it didn't worry him that she didn't. He was pleased to see her but he had no idea why she was visiting.

She said, "Can I come in?"

"Oh!" He stepped back from the door and gestured her inside. "Yes, of course!"

His front door opened into the kitchen. She stood there, near the fridge. She'd come to say something, but she wasn't ready to start. He smiled and said, "Would you like a glass of wine? Or ... juice or something?"

"White wine would be wonderful. Thank you."

She still seemed awkward when he'd poured her a glass of chardonnay and passed it to her, and led her into the living room where there was music, his glass of merlot, and his father's copy of Robert Coover's *Giles Goat-Boy*, which he was reading.

She sat on the couch opposite his chair, and held the glass between her knees. She wore a red t-shirt and a little skirt. He tried not to look too obviously at her inner thighs.

Kirby had learned some things during his time with Ava. So he smiled at Mason and said nothing, letting the silence continue.

Eventually Mason said, "I talked with Ava, a week ago."

"How is she?"

"Oh, she's fine. School's going well. Actually, we mostly talked about you."

He frowned. "Yes?"

"Yes. You remember I talked to Ava about you, once?"

"Yes. You promised you wouldn't."

"And I made Ava decide to give you a go. Don't pretend you weren't happy."

"I was happy with Ava, that's true."

"Ok." Mason drank her wine in one gulp. He stared. He'd never seen anyone do that before. "She said you used to spank her."

Kirby said, "Christ. I didn't expect to hear you, hear *anyone*, tell me that."

"She said you did it playfully at first. Just for sexy times. But then you started to give her spankings when she screwed up. So it wasn't just play any longer. It got real. You were, well, the boss. She was the ... the not-the-boss."

Kirby nodded. He had been in charge, in the end. It happened by degrees and without planning, or a conscious decision on his part or hers. "All right. I didn't, um, *bully* her. I mean, we both chose it. It felt weird for, I don't know, a day, maybe, and then it felt natural." He shrugged.

"Oh! I'm not going to report you to the Women's Rights Police, or something. She said the same thing. And it suited her, and it was hot. She said I was right, what I'd said about you."

He frowned. "So what *did* you say about me?"

"I said you didn't know anything about sex. But you wanted to learn. So while we were together you listened to me when I said I liked something. And you made sure I got lots of whatever I especially liked and nothing of what I didn't like. And it wasn't just listening. You paid attention to me, to how I reacted. You were the most ignorant boy I'd ever fucked. You were a virgin, right?"

"Yes."

"But you were the only boy I've ever fucked who knew that he knew nothing, and really wanted to get better. And put in the effort to get better, fast. That's what I said to Ava."

"Oh. I'd always thought it must just have been that I was enthusiastic."

She smiled, for the first time since she'd arrived.

"Oh, yeah. I did say that too."

There was silence. At last he sighed, remembering and mourning his time with Ava. He said, "I miss her."

She laughed. "She misses you. She can't leave Yale, but she's still half in love with you. She can't find a guy like you in New Haven"

"Oh?"

"She can find guys who want to be in charge by throwing their weight around and being scary and violent. And she can find safe guys who'd never tell her what to do, let alone put her over their knee. She said she can't get any of them to understand that she really wants a red ass, but not a black eye."

"I've ruined her for life, then."

“Oh, she misses other things about you too. About your heart. I’ll tell you about them some other time.”

Kirby glanced at the clock. It was eleven-thirty. He frowned. “Ah, it’s kind of late. Mason? I’m glad you’re here, but why are you here?”

“Can I have another glass of wine?”

“Of course.” Kirby took her glass from her outstretched hand and walked through to the kitchen. He heard her stand. She was doing something quick. He wondered what he’d find when he returned. But he refilled the glass and walked back unhurried.

“Oh,” he said.

Mason had taken her skirt off. She stood waiting for him in her tee-shirt and little floral panties. She held out a paddle, a fierce looking wooden one with holes. “When I was showing you what I liked, I was hiding this from you. Like you were hiding yours from me.”

“Yeah, it’s hard to search for people and hide, at the same time.”

Mason looked, just for a second, irritated. She’d just given him truth, at some risk of embarrassment, and she didn’t want philosophy. “Kirby, I need this, like you do and like Ava does. Will you please spank me, and then fuck me, and then spank me again, and then fuck me, and then ... Till we can’t any more?”

“Give me that paddle, Mason.” She held it out, palms flat. He put her wine down and took it from her. He said, “Those are pretty panties.”

She smiled. She expected she knew the rules of this game. “Should I take them off?”

“Don’t move.” Kirby crossed behind her, and smacked her lower buttocks, which the panties left bare. That paddle was a difficult instrument to use lightly, and the impact rang loud in the room. Her skin coloured almost immediately, with white circles where the holes were.

When he was in front of her again she looked at him, wondering. Her mouth was open but she said nothing.

“Don’t make suggestions, Mason. Just do as you’re told.” He thought. Ava had taken to calling him Master. He didn’t want to hear that title spoken by anyone else, yet. “And you can call me Sir, from now on.”

Mason was still wide-eyed. “My ass ... wow. Yes, Sir.”

“T-shirt off. Panties off. Now, Mason!”

She stripped hurriedly, putting her clothes on the table. She wore no bra. Kirby smiled at her, to reduce the tension a little. “You look absolutely hot, Mason. Just beautiful. Get on your knees.”

She looked surprised for a second then nodded. “Yes, Sir.” She dropped, then looked up at him, her hands behind her back. “Like this?”

“Good girl.” He stood in front of her, penis still in his jeans, but inches from her nose. “Take my belt out of the loops, fold it once, and give it to me.”

While Mason obeyed him and the belt slid along and free, he wondered about his attitude. He was being colder, more formal than he was with Ava. He supposed they were creating their own dynamic, and he was getting signals from her that he wasn’t consciously aware of. She held the belt up for him.

He took it. It was a badge of office. "You know what to do, Mason."

"Yes, Sir."

She undid the jeans button, drew down the zip and reached in a hand to take his cock and free it from his underpants so it was fully available to her. She grinned. "Hello again." She kissed the tip, and his cock jumped at the contact.

She opened her mouth, made an O with her lips and took him in. He let her perform the way she wanted, was used to, for a luxurious minute. But then he took a handful of her hair and held her back. "We're going to play a game now."

"Sir?"

"Yes. It's called Perverse Incentive. You take all my cock in, so it's in your throat and you can't breathe. Each time you manage that for thirty seconds, I give you a stroke of the belt. That's your reward, and then you can break off and get your breath back."

She considered that, awed. "God. I mean, yes, Sir."

"Good girl. Deep breath." Kirby took her hair again and pulled her onto his cock.

At ten seconds, at least by his own count, he said, "Ten." He called the twenty-second mark, and at thirty he swung the belt down so it arced over his shoulder and down her left buttock. Her mouth opened wider as the pain reached her. He pulled her off him then.

Mason gasped in air. Two strings of her saliva reached from her mouth to the shaft of his cock. Kirby watched her until she seemed to have recovered, then tightened his grip on her hair. "Breath."

And he pulled her onto him again. This time she coughed somewhere after twenty seconds, and got no stroke of the belt.

When they'd managed six successful trials he took her to the couch and sat her beside him. He was still fully dressed. Mason wore only six vertical stripes, red, hot and a little raised, evenly distributed across her bottom. He drew her in, so she straddled him, facing him, in his arms. "So what did you just learn?"

"I think you were teaching me my place. That wasn't just a spanking; I completely surrendered. That was submission, and I gave it and it felt right. I had no rights, except to do as I'm told."

"It's called service. You served me. You did well, lovely Mason."

"You didn't come..."

"I want to fuck you, and come first in your pretty cunt. In your mouth too and in your ass, but later, maybe not even tonight. What else did you learn?"

She pressed against his cock, getting the denim a little wet. "It became really important to serve you, and keep your approval. And I knew it was weird; it was a whole different mindset, but I was working hard to get your belt across my ass. It really was a reward! That game worked. Really quickly. Sir."

He kissed her. "It was about truth. You admitted things to yourself. And to me. And I showed you me. The real me, the sexual one. Mason, we'll go to bed now. I'm going to give you a long hard spanking."

"With the paddle?" She sounded both fearful and hopeful.

He kissed her again. "My hand will be fine. If you misbehave badly, I'll send you out to fetch it. But I can't spank you long with that paddle, Mason; you couldn't take it. Not yet. So..." He held his hand to her mouth, palm flat. She kissed it.

"You'd rather spend some time giving me a *long* spanking. Yes, Sir, I think I'd rather that too."

He took her hand and led her to his bedroom.

Sometime after two in the morning they lay comfortably intertwined, exhausted and relaxed though Mason's ass had passed from scarlet to the deep dark red of beetroot. Clearly she did not feel it as pain.

She said, "Will you take me, Sir? I mean, take me to serve you but also to teach me? And there's something I need from you."

Kirby nodded. There were many things they hadn't talked about. It had not been a night for talking. "What do you need from me?"

"I know that when we first fucked, you thought I was hot-but-dumb. I mean, you were awed to fuck me; that was sweet. But I was cheerleading and fucking the jocks. I wasn't exactly living the life of the mind."

"I thought you were wonderful. I still do."

She ignored that. "My marks aren't brilliant, but they're better than I expected. I could get into a university. Not Yale like Ava, but one of the local ones. I want to. I just need to you to make me work."

So Kirby accepted the charge, and the girl Mason, and they slept.

She never formally moved in with him but they slept together most nights. She was, he quietly thought,

less loveable than Ava, and there were gaps between them that sex and affection would not quite close. They weren't in love, but he loved her anyway, and she loved him.

His application to the University of California was successful, while Mason got into the University of Illinois Urbana. Their parting at the airport, when it was time for Kirby to leave, hurt him.

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“So, where's your whip?”

Kirby was at university, three years later. He'd learned more about small talk and fucking since the months he'd spent with Ava and Mason.

He learned that not every woman wants what he'd had with them, not the spankings, nor the dominance. His good luck with Ava and Mason seemed to have run out. Kirby had a lot of sex with the women on campus, but he had to keep part of himself out of sight.

Still, he'd learned more about what his desires meant. He was a man who liked, no, needed, to be in charge of his lover, to reward and punish, to lead and guide. To respect her, but protect her, mostly unobtrusively.

He didn't know what that was. It was part of him, and it was deep in him, like his orientation, that he loved women and not men. He'd learned it was about much more than spanking, good though that was. He knew, too, that it didn't seem to suit his pro-feminist

politics. And it didn't suit the politics of most of the women he slept with.

He hated bullies, men who hit women because they were angry with them, or frightened of them, or wanted them to be afraid.

But he'd once tried to explain the difference to a woman in his bed, between the sensual and consensual thing he wanted and what a bully wanted. And she'd said there was no difference; she wasn't angry with him, she said, because he was a victim of pornography.

So he'd explained he'd been speaking hypothetically. He wasn't into that sort of thing, himself. They'd had careful, prickly sex. After that he hadn't tried to explain that part of himself, let alone let anyone suspect it was there.

Now he had Toni Bracewell on his bed, down to her t-shirt and panties, and he'd made a mess of her lipstick. He'd expected they'd fuck soon. Until she'd asked him this question about whips. That was alarming because it meant she knew something about him, something he hadn't revealed for years. There must be gossip that he didn't know about. On the other hand, she was asking with apparent interest.

But he knew that she'd once taken a younger girl to a biker clubhouse and left her there when the atmosphere turned rapey. The girl told him she'd only escaped by taking out the louvre windows in the toilet and crawling out to fall on the lawn and creep away. The girl had told Kirby she'd never trust Toni again. That had seemed reasonable. So he said, "Oh, my whips? They're at the laundromat."

She snorted. "Huh. That's not very brave. The thing is, I've been a bad girl. I need ... Correction, isn't it? I need discipline."

"What? You're doing a script. It's not my script."

"Really. Then," she pressed three fingers against her pantied cunt, "if I asked you to spank me, nice and slow, but hard, on my bare ass, you wouldn't be interested?"

"Um. Toni -"

"And then when you had my ass across your knee, and you felt I hadn't paid yet, you made me bend over your table. With my ass arched right up, and my feet well apart, and you go and cut a piece of bamboo while you order me to wait, and I stay, my tits pressed against the tabletop. And you, you come back and you cane me until I cry out. No, until I fucking *sing*. The way you like. And when you've got me all hot and striped, you fuck me, nice and deep, and rough."

Kirby, appalled, knew that scenario had reached him. She knew it too. She touched his cock. "Now, this. This cock wasn't hard before. Would you like to lie to me some more? Or will you shut up and let your cock tell me the truth?"

Toni wasn't someone to trust. And she couldn't mean what she was saying. But the contours of her t-shirt influenced his judgment, all the same. So he pushed her down on her back. He said, "I'm sure you want what you want."

He pulled her t-shirt up to her shoulders, and tugged up the cups of her bra till her breasts lolled free. He kissed them and then closed his mouth on her left nipple, grazing her, licking and then biting. Then biting

hard enough to be cruel. Toni let her shoulders fall back, offering herself. Her sigh, when he kiss-bit her right nipple while pinching and twisting her left between his thumb and forefinger, told him that some choices had already been made.

By the time he pushed her over a pile of pillows he'd thrown to the middle of the bed, he'd already heard her come, her thighs clutching his face, fingers frantic in his hair. He whipped her, careful only at first, with his leather belt. In the noise and heat and pain, she'd screamed out her demand that he fuck her. Now!

Some time later he put his belt down, while she continued to roar her demand. He grabbed her ass, parting her buttocks. He kicked her feet apart and placed himself to plough this girl. He'd intended to take her anally, but his cock slid into her cunt, and that was too sweet to correct. Everything was confused, and her sweat and their heat and her pain and their pleasure seemed like a thick fog they both lived in.

Her ass bucked under him once he'd entered her. He pulled her hair back, hard, so her head rose from the bed. He was her rider. He wanted spurs. She muttered, "Yeah," when he had that thought. Had she heard it? Her sides were wet, he noted abstractedly after a while, with his sweat.

Eventually Toni roared her orgasm noise again, with desperation, a lost girl. She'd been lonely, and she'd found something she'd wanted. Or needed. He still didn't trust her. At last they were still, hearts pounding like marathon sprinters, and they had to have minds again.

He kissed her neck. "Fuck. Girl. That was a surprise."

"I just met you, didn't I? I mean, *you*." This time it wasn't a challenge. The side of her face that he could see was smiling.

"Yes. I guess you did. That is indeed me."

"Christ. It seems to be me, too. Jesus. I'm not straitlaced. But you are. And yet we're both freaks."

He could have told her why they were not freaks. But he knew Toni, trustworthy or not, was an intelligent woman and he'd say nothing she wouldn't already have read. So he slapped her face. Not very hard, because the act was shocking enough without force. "You might be a freak. I'm not. But I can see you need a, a firm hand."

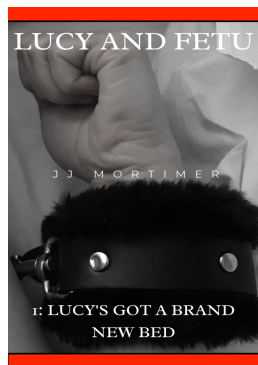
"I need a firm cock." And Toni turned and took his cock in her hand. "A good, honest cock. Not a liar, like its owner." She stroked, affectionately. She was a happy, though alarming, girl. But his cock didn't have his reservations. He was hard for her. She said, "And I think I need a Master."

So Kirby wrapped his belt round her, and tightened it on her breasts as hard as it would go. And he used her sandal on her ass. Until he couldn't wait any longer. This time, when he put her over the pillows, he applied lube, liberally, and told her to guide his cock into her ass.

He still didn't trust her. He had no idea whether she trusted him, though it had to be a consideration that he'd lied to her. But his cock had told the truth. And something in her had told him deep truth too.

So there was a kind of truth between them. Maybe they could make more. Riding rough and hot skin, cock buried tight in her ass, he grinned, though she wouldn't see it. He said, Cretanly, "You can trust me."

Sneak Previews!



Lucy and Fetu 1: Lucy's Got a Brand New Bed

Lucy loves her Mistress Fetu, and Fetu loves her slavegirl Lucy. They live together in a tiny town in the shadow of New Zealand's Mt Taranaki.

They're a loving couple and very happy. Except that Lucy wants her mistress to bind her sometimes, so she can feel helpless and let events happen with no input from her. For some reason Fetu is reluctant.

Can Fetu overcome her difficulties and help her girl have the pleasure she longs for?

From Lucy and Whetu 1: Lucy's Got a Brand New Bed

Lucy had learned that Fetu caned her when she felt Lucy was still begging or arguing after an issue was

closed. Fetu hadn't declared this issue closed, but Lucy knew she'd have to take care. She said, "I want to feel held down, Mistress. Held in place, by ropes. If you put them on me, it'd be like a caress."

"You don't have trouble staying in position, Lucy. Even when I cane you." There was warning emphasis on those last words. Lucy heard it, but this was important.

"No, I don't find it hard to stay where I'm told. Even when it hurts. I want to obey you."

"And I love that, fluff. When you stay in place and there's nothing stopping you getting up but your love and submission, that's so beautiful to me. Beautiful and *incredibly sexy*."

"Mistress, I love that too. You know that! It's just that sometimes--"

Fetu said, "Enough!"

Lucy closed her mouth, instantly.

Fetu continued, "I love your self-discipline, little girl." She was an inch taller than Lucy, but she made sure Lucy was always aware of that inch. "If I tied you, I'd take that away. You'd have no choice, so you couldn't show me your obedience."

Lucy nodded. This issue wouldn't go away, though Fetu would certainly cane her the next time she raised it. For now she said, "Yes, Mistress."

"I was going to do you with my face, but I think we'll have something stronger. Stand up, girl."

"Yes, Mistress." Lucy stood. She watched Fetu the way a dog watches a human about to throw a stick.

“Fetch the cane, Lucy. You haven’t earned it, not *quite*. But it’ll do you good to know it’s in reach. Put it on the bed.” Lucy obeyed, her heart beating hard. There was an enormous weight, a tightening ball of need in her lower belly. She hoped she’d guessed what was to come.

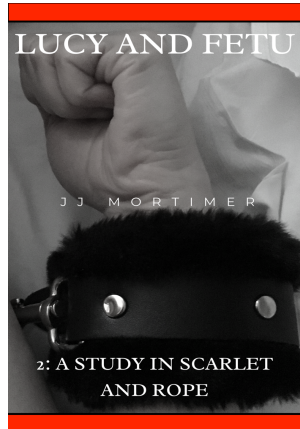
Fetu said, “I want you on the bed too. Ass in the air, knees well apart. Your face, shoulders and tits touching the duvet. Arms down, holding your knees. If you let go of your knees, Lucy-girl, I’ll remind you what the cane feels like.”

Lucy knew that many people would think she was crazy if they could see how happy she felt at that moment. But she loved Fetu even more when she was in this mood.

So: What does Fetu have in mind, that means Lucy has to put herself in this position? Has that argument about bonds really ended? Will Lucy be happy, while keeping Fetu happy?

To find out the answers to these any many other questions, get yourself a copy of *Lucy and Whetu 1: Lucy’s Got a brand New Bed!*
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Lucy and Fetu 2: A Study in Scarlet and Rope



Lucy's day was bad, but it seemed likely to be worse when she came home. She found Fetu talking to some guy in leather pants. He looked like the sort of fitness freak that Fetu liked, and Lucy loathed.

But, she found, sometimes snap judgements aren't the best judgements. By the time her mistress had sent her to fetch the paddle she realized her day was definitely looking up.

From Lucy and Fetu: A Study in Scarlet and Rope

Then Hone moved forward and down and he and Fetu yowled like rutting cats when he entered her. They would come very quickly, thought Lucy. They were both so excited mostly because of her: their orgasm would in a sense be hers. She watched them plunge

together, taking no concern for timing or grace, hungry and urgent.

Fetu's feet lifted into the air, pointing joyously at the ceiling, then came down to rest on Hone's buttocks while they rocked together. Fetu moaned, a sound Lucy knew well, and for some reason she blushed. Then – Lucy had no idea how much later – Hone grunted and they became more vocal, yowling and shouting in lust, and Fetu froze for a second, her body an arc touching the bed only at her feet and shoulders. She screamed, and a few seconds later screamed again, then made a series of happy, high noises as she subsided.

Hone came in her as she returned to the bed, and they lay still. Fetu shifted her head out from under his shoulder, and stared intently at Lucy.

Lucy watched the two of them laugh and kiss. Eventually, after about twenty minutes, Fetu took his cock, already showing signs of new life, in her hand and threw the condom onto the floor. She took Hone in her mouth and sucked him hard. She said, "Hone."

"Yes?"

"You said my girl is beautiful. Is she sexy?"

Hone turned onto his back, Fetu kissing his dark-olive nipple. He looked up at Lucy. "Of course she is. Very. And she definitely wants to be fucked, right now."

Lucy stared at Hone. If she didn't belong to Fetu, she could desire him. Especially now. But he wasn't Fetu. She couldn't sort out her thoughts, or her desires. Perhaps she didn't have to. It looked unlikely to be her choice.

Fetu stroked his cock. "I'm pretty sure she misses cock. Even though she loves me. You can take her, if you like."

Lucy was shocked. She'd known that was coming, but hearing it was... like falling down into a lower floor of her submission. She could feel herself dropping.

Fetu stood up. "I need to go to the bathroom now, Hone. Lucy. But she's yours for the taking, if you want her. Lucy, mind: that's up to him. Not you." She left.

•

There was silence between Lucy and Hone. Lucy bound by ropes and by her submission, freely given though it was; Hone free, and hard for her. He said, still lying on the bed, "She's right, it is up to me. But I don't want to fuck you if you're not keen." Then he smiled. "Though I know that whatever you say, if I took you, you'd come in about thirty seconds. True, little Lucy?"

"Actually, yes, that's true, Sir."

"But if you don't want to, this is when you say, Not."

What will Lucy say? Can she resist a gentleman? Especially a gentleman who smells of her beloved Fetu? Has having been bound been as hot as she'd hoped it would be? What, and who, is coming next?

For the answer to these and other questions, get your copy of *Lucy and Fetu: A Study in Scarlet and Rope* now!

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