

DENIAL

HIS EMPIRE BOOK TWO



TABITHA BLACK

BLUSHING BOOKS

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This book is intended for adults only. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

This is for all those who enjoyed Restraint and were patient enough to wait such a long time for the next book – this one. I truly appreciate your support more than I can express.

CHAPTER 1



Shanna couldn't believe the day had really arrived. After months and months of planning and dreaming, she was finally there, at the infamous resort. Nox Oasis, where open-minded adults went to indulge their kinkiest fantasies. Or so it was said.

It had only been a short ride via speedboat to the island, after which she and the other guests had followed their guide straight through the lush gardens to the huge, art deco building on which was emblazoned 'Twisted Tower' in elegant black calligraphy. She'd been unable to resist sneaking glances: not only at the luxurious surroundings, but also at the fellow guests. Expecting to see a crowd of fatally glamorous people, Shanna had been surprised to discover that they all looked fairly ordinary. A roughly equal mix of men and women, ranging in age from their early twenties to her grandparents' ages or older, they were all wearing loose, casual clothing and didn't look at all the way she'd expected. *On the other hand, I'm hardly dolled up*, she reasoned, glancing down at her own pale pink t-shirt and denim skirt. *Then again, Mum and Dad would never have believed I was off to holiday in Bali if I'd left wearing my corset and black tulle petticoat.*

As she waited in line at the reception desk, Shanna was hardly able to stop herself from tapping her foot, so impatient was she to check in and go exploring. Nox Oasis was all anybody in the scene talked about, at least on the websites she frequented, and she had read enough BDSM erotica to know exactly what to expect: handsome Doms, stern Masters, pretty girls, and sound spankings. It was about time someone created such a place for real.

And the infamous Sir Simeon had obliged.

"Hi, how can I help you?"

Shanna smiled at the pretty, brunette receptionist. "I'd like to check in, please."

"Certainly. Do you have your token and paperwork?"

Shanna slid the requested items over the polished counter, holding her breath as the brunette scanned the documents.

"Excellent, everything seems to be in order... and you've signed the waiver. You've booked to stay for two weeks?" the receptionist said, flicking her shiny hair over her shoulder.

"I have."

"You've been assigned the Pearl Suite. Floor twenty. The valet will show you the way. If you have any questions, please don't forget to go through this—" she slid a glossy brochure across to Shanna, "and if you still need anything, you can dial zero for reception. Have a lovely stay."

Shanna realized with a start that her fingers were trembling as she reached for the pamphlet. "Thank you," she glanced at the silver name tag the receptionist was wearing, "Hazel. Um... I do have one question I'm not sure will be answered in here."

Hazel smiled, and Shanna felt some of her anxiety begin to subside. "Ask away."

"How would I go about meeting people? I'm alone here, and," Shanna dropped her voice to a whisper, "well, I'm here to *meet people*. You know?"

"I completely understand," Hazel said reassuringly. "There's a

mixer in The Slippery Nipple every evening at eight for guests who are looking to mingle."

"The slippery what?"

Hazel chuckled, and Shanna was suddenly struck again by how pretty she was. "The Slippery Nipple. It's the resort bar. On the second floor. There's a map in the brochure. I'd highly recommend attending at least one of those events if you want to socialize with fellow guests."

"Thank you," Shanna said faintly, stepping aside to allow the valet to pick up her suitcase.

"Don't mention it. Oh, and," Hazel leaned forward, lowering her voice, "don't look so frightened. We were all new once. I promise you, everyone here is very friendly. Well," she shot a glance at a tall, blond man who was prowling past, rather like a lion on the hunt, "almost everyone."

"Thank you," Shanna said again, and meant it.

Her room was exceptionally gorgeous. Shanna had never been overly fond of pearls, considering them more appropriate for great-grandmothers than young women in their twenties, but the Pearl Suite had been decorated so tastefully that she couldn't help but be impressed. The walls were a pale pink, the otherwise feminine look offset by crisp, sharp, modern lines and white pleather furniture. A huge four-poster bed with a creamy velvet canopy dominated the room, and there was a little kitchenette in the corner on whose white marble counter stood a sleek coffee machine and a stainless steel kettle. Beside those was a giant basket of fruit and chocolate, to which a little note was attached: *With Compliments, Sir Simeon.*

Resisting the urge to drain the well-stocked minibar to calm her nerves, Shanna wandered into the bathroom and gasped. It was almost as large again as the bedroom, and contained not only a shower big enough for two people, but a tub big enough for four. Deciding now was as good a time as any to wash off the traveling dust, she stripped out of her sweaty clothes and

switched on the spray. Once she'd had a nice cool shower and slipped into something a little more alluring, she was ready to go and explore.



"HOW WAS YOUR DAY?" Dain nuzzled the back of Hazel's neck before nipping it sharply, making her squeal.

"Long. Hard. Relentless. Kind of like you," she shot back, closing her eyes as his fingers found her nipples and began to pluck them expertly through the flimsy material of her blouse.

"That's six," he growled.

"What for?" she protested.

"For being cheeky."

"It's not being cheeky if it's telling the truth!" She giggled. "And besides, I thought we had a rule that if I say something witty and you laugh, you're not allowed to punish me for it!"

Spinning her around, he pulled her close to him, brushing her cheekbone with his thumb. "Did you see me laughing?" he said earnestly, although even as he said it, the corner of his mouth was quirking up in an attempt to disguise his humor.

Looking up into his slightly slanting, black eyes, Hazel felt a familiar wave of desire and affection wash over her. "No, but that's only because you're good at hiding your amusement. And anyway, I was telling the truth, not being cheeky. You *are* long, hard and relentless."

"And you are mine, to do with as I please. Are you not?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then you will be getting twelve."

"I thought you just said six!" she squeaked.

"Are you questioning your Dom?" He raised a dark eyebrow and at his sudden, piercing stare, Hazel's insides melted, as they always did when he looked at her that way. "Do I not have the right to change the number if I feel like it?"

"No, Sir, I'm not questioning you. May I ask which implement you'll be using?"

"Excellent question. Let me see." Letting go of her, he strode over to the cabinet in his well-appointed bedroom. As Sir Simeon's PA, he had been assigned the Steel Suite—gleaming aluminum and chrome accents, and dark blue furnishings, the crown jewel of which was a king-sized bed with an ornately wrought, cast-iron frame. "Which ones haven't we tried yet?"

Hazel swallowed hard. She and Dain had been seeing one another for almost two months, and the experienced Dominant was taking his time initiating her into the lifestyle, introducing her to one toy after another. She had never even been spanked when she'd first arrived to start working as Sir Simeon's head receptionist, and now barely a day went by when she wasn't on the receiving end of a new, evil instrument of doom. Even so, Dain's collection was so vast that they'd barely worked their way through the contents of one cabinet drawer, let alone all three.

"Most of them," she said breathlessly, that familiar tingle beginning to grow between her thighs.

Dain chuckled. "So true. But you will, sweetheart, mark my words. One day you will have been on the receiving end of everything in my arsenal, and on that day, we will start all over again."

A glow of happiness suffused Hazel as she considered the implication of his words. She still sometimes caught herself glancing at the handsome American and wondering why on earth he'd chosen to be with her when he could have his pick of any submissive in the resort, so any references he made to a longer term future together filled her with incredulous joy.

"But for now, let's try this one."

Her eyes widened as he tossed a small paddle, shaped like a hairbrush but without the bristles, onto the bed. "Is that wood?" she asked.

"It sure is." He gave her a wolfish grin. "Why, are you scared?"

"Of course I am! That thing looks nasty!"

"That might be because it *is* nasty," he said, crooking a finger and beckoning her to his side. "There's a reason why I've mostly used leather on you so far."

"Because you didn't want to kill me before today?"

He chuckled at that, then, when she reached him, he brushed a strand of hair away from her face with gentle fingers. "Do you trust me, little one?" he asked.

Hazel would never be able to understand how a simple change in the timbre of his voice could have such an instant physical effect on her but there it was: that sudden shortness of breath, the pounding heart, the inexplicable desire to please him, to be a good girl. "Yes, Sir."

"Do you remember your safeword?"

She nodded. "Espresso."

"Only use it if you absolutely have to."

"Of course."

"Good girl. Then bend over the bed, raise your skirt... you know the drill."

Her heart in her mouth, Hazel did as she was instructed. She left her white lace panties on, knowing that Dain preferred to lower those himself. And as he did so, his fingertips grazing over her bare skin as he gently slid the underwear to her knees, she took a deep, calming breath.

"So beautiful," he breathed, sliding the palm of his hand up her inner thigh until his knuckles brushed her tingling sex. "And already hopelessly excited, aren't you, sweetheart?"

Unable to speak, she nodded.

"I didn't hear you," he said.

"I am, Sir," she managed at length.

"Would you like a warm up?"

She hesitated. In the short time during which he had been 'training' her, she had experienced sessions both with and without a warm up, and was still undecided as to whether or not it really

helped. "I'm still not sure how adding a hand spanking to the twelve swats I'm already getting makes it better," she said.

Dain chuckled and patted her naked buttock. "I suppose it depends on how hard the warm up spanking is," he said reasonably.

"I guess so. I can't decide, Sir." She gasped as his fingers found her clit, already ripe between her thighs.

"The sooner this is over, the sooner we can move on to more... pleasurable... things," he whispered hoarsely. "Does that help you decide?"

Hazel had had a few lovers before meeting Dain, but none had ever had the capacity to reduce her to a puddle of delirious pleasure with just one expert fingertip the way he could. Already she was having trouble concentrating on what he was saying. "Yes, Sir," she panted. "No warm up."

He chuckled. "That's my good, horny little girl. Besides, the marks will be more impressive if we abstain from warming up this gorgeous butt of yours."

She almost groaned her disappointment when his fingertip left her throbbing bud, but then she saw him reach for the little paddle out of the corner of her eye and her tummy flipped.

"Are you ready, sweetheart?"

"Not really." She laughed nervously.

"You can do this. I know you can. You're going to make me proud."

The warm pleasure his words had invoked were cut short by the first brisk, sharp smack of the paddle against her right buttock.

"Fuck, that hurts!" Hazel yelled, straightening up and clutching her behind in a vain attempt to lessen the sting.

"Tut tut. What did I say would happen every time you straightened up?"

The blazing, scorching fire was slowly abating to a slow burn, and Hazel bit her lip as she resumed her position without being asked. "That stroke wouldn't count," she said with a sigh.

"Exactly. So, we will start again. Twelve. Count them."

"Am I still allowed to swear?" she asked.

The smile was evident in his voice. "With me, you may—unless it's a punishment session. If I ever decide to allow you to play with others, other rules may apply. My godfather, for example, will automatically add an extra five to your tally for every time you curse."

Hazel shuddered at the thought, once again counting her lucky stars that she had never had cause to be on the receiving end of a spanking by the legendary Sir Simeon. "I'd better be careful never to mess up at work, then," she said.

"You're far too good a girl to do that," Dain said evenly. "Now, are we done talking? I'd like to continue."

"Sorry. Please do, Sir."

"That's better."

For a brief second, she could feel the smooth polished wood brushing her left cheek as Dain took his aim, then there was a rush of air and a resounding wallop as the paddle smacked hard into her bare flesh.

"Fuck *me!*" It took all of her willpower not to jump up and clutch her ass again, but she really didn't want to be receiving any more strokes of this evil thing than were already planned.

"I will, my darling, but first things first." He raised the paddle again, giving her the next swat on her already stinging right bottom cheek.

Hazel went up onto her toes and let out a howl, but managed to remain in position. It helped to grip the sheets until her knuckles were white.

"You're doing so well, baby," Dain said soothingly, pausing briefly to rub the base of her spine in small, gentle circles. "You're making me damn proud of you. Don't forget to breathe."

"That thing hurts like buggery," she whimpered. "I don't know how anyone can take it, let alone enjoy it."

"It's all in the training," he said. "There will come a day when you'll laugh at the idea of twelve measly swats with this little thing."

"I sincerely doubt that. It's just as nasty as it looks. Nastier!" She squealed as the fourth stroke landed with a resounding *crack* right in the center of her bottom. "Ow! Owowowowow!"

"Breathe," Dain said again. "Focus on your body. On the pain, yes, but also on the other sensations."

Always obedient, Hazel did as she was told as the paddle rose and fell again and again, sometimes landing on one buttock a couple of times in succession, other times alternating sides. She breathed deeply as Dain had taught her, slowly, purposefully, concentrating on the situation as a whole.

I am bent over a bed, my skirt around my waist, my panties around my knees, getting my naked butt paddled by a gorgeous man who loves me... who desires me... who can make me come harder and for longer than I've ever experienced before I met him...

It was working. The gnawing ache between her thighs was growing steadily with each swat, becoming hotter and hotter until Hazel was no longer sure where the pain ended and the pleasure began. Her entire body was trembling, and when she turned to Dain and whispered, "Fuck me," it wasn't an exclamation of pain. It was a request.

"Just two more," he growled, delivering them so hard and fast, they almost merged into one searing stroke.

The pain had barely even begun to subside before he was inside her, his thick cock filling her slick heat, his strong fingers digging in to her hips as he pulled her towards and on to him, over and over again.

"Is this what you were asking for?" he growled, his right hand finding her ponytail and wrapping it around his fist, pulling sharply.

"Yes, Sir."

"Say it." He tugged her hair harder, impaling her more deeply, somehow hitting that magic spot deep inside her pussy which always pushed her over the edge when he rubbed it right.

And Dain always rubbed it right.

"I asked you to fuck me, Sir," Hazel moaned, knowing she was blushing furiously at the admission but so close to coming that she didn't care.

"I'll never get over what a tight, wet little cunt you have," he said. "So perfect for me. Such a delight to use and abuse."

"Please, Sir, I need to—"

"Such a wanton little girl, always so hungry for my cock," he interrupted her.

Hazel knew it was deliberate. He was well aware what effect his words had on her, and he was purposely making it harder for her to obey his orders not to climax without his express permission. "Please," she begged.

His lean pelvis was smacking into her sensitive, still tingling buttocks, and his dick was doing things to her insides which were driving her crazy with need. His fist in her hair was excruciating... delightful...

"What? I don't think I heard you," he said mockingly, giving her a sharp slap with the hand which had still been gripping her hip.

"Please Sir, please mayIcomemayIcomemayIcome?"

The wait for his reply was agony, torture, delicious... until his fingertip once more found the rigid spot between her legs and began to circle it. She could feel her body tensing, tensing, she wouldn't be able to hold it for one more second—

"Now."

Hazel keened as she climaxed on and around his still relentlessly pounding cock, his fingertip dragging on and on around her clit, drawing wave after wave of shuddering, pulsating orgasm from her body until she thought she might pass out from the pleasure of it all.

"Good girl," he crooned, still milking her with ruthless skill. "I love the way you come all over my cock. I can feel you gush, you know that? It's just beautiful."

No longer capable of speech, Hazel would have slumped onto the bed if he hadn't still been holding her up by her hair.

"You want to go again?"

Wondering how he could keep his voice so steady when she was barely coherent from the intensity of the feelings he was creating in her, she tried to shake her head, then realized she wasn't able to. "No," she croaked. "Thank you, Sir."

He chuckled. "Then how about we finish this the way I like?" He let go of her hair and slipped out of her. "You know what to do. On your knees."

Hazel loved and hated being forced to suck him after he'd been inside her. She could taste herself on him... something which seemed so naughty, so humiliating, it made her feel incredibly submissive. As she placed her hands behind her back and bent forward to take him in her mouth, his hand once again found her hair, guiding her, directing her. He was always so in control.

"You gonna take it all for me, baby?"

Unable to reply verbally, she looked up and met his eyes, hoping he could read the message there. *Yes, Sir.*

"Such a good girl. I love you."

I love you, too. And as he began to thrust deeper, and Hazel forced herself to relax her throat, to accommodate his thick length, she thought she had never known such happiness.