

FEISTY SUBMISSION

EXECUTIVE GAMES BOOK ONE



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BLUSHING BOOKS

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CHAPTER 1



*U*nattached and ready to move on with my life. Sticks and stones may break my bones, but whips and chains excite me. Do you have what it takes? I read the words again. Did I really write those as the opening words on my profile? I had just joined a new adult website that focused on the kinkier side of life, adopting the nickname of *InterestedSubMiss*.

I'd been alone for longer than I cared to think about since I split with my now ex-husband, Brad, and I felt life was passing me by. For nearly two years I remained celibate and if not for my trusty vibrator and a few other toys, I think I would have gone insane. As I re-read my words and thought about my sanity, I wondered if it was too late.

Celibacy was not a lifestyle choice. I just never found the time to start and develop a relationship with anyone. I wanted more than a one-night stand. I wanted intimacy and friendship. I wanted a partner. If it had just been about physical pleasure, I could achieve more from my own selection of toys. I could have as many or as few as I wanted, large or small and with as much variety as took my fancy. When I was finished with them, it was simply a hot soapy wash and they would be back in the drawer for next time. There were no

awkward moments spent making lame lies and promises about how much fun we'd had and how we should get together again soon.

Aware that the center of my sexual pleasure was the brain, in my quest for sexual titillation I read more stories than I could count. I was drawn to ones where the heroine ended up submitting to a dominant partner. Sometimes it was a man and sometimes it was a woman. Sometimes it was both. It didn't matter as long as she ended up on her knees before receiving a sound spanking or paddling and being taken in whatever way her dominant chose. It was directly the opposite of my real life where I tended to be more in control, but the fantasy of having that control taken away turned me on no end.

I wanted to know if such relationships existed in real life. I figured they must and began researching, eventually finding the kinky contacts site that was now taking up much of my spare time. I needed something to inject a spark into my life—well more specifically, my sex life. Actually, just having a sex life would suffice at this point. My favorite vibrator, the life sized—oh, okay the slightly oversized—dildo and the butt plug I used in the privacy of my bedroom could only take me so far. I wanted a partner who would explore with me, who would help me fulfil my fantasies. I wanted a partner who would tie me up, maybe cuff my hands behind my back, put me over his knee, and then spank me.

One of my favorite scenes was in a book I had only recently read. The main character was a domestic servant, a maid who had not been meeting the standards of the master and mistress of the mansion. The words aroused me like few had before. She had been summoned to her mistress's parlor.

"Mary, your performance is simply unacceptable of late. We pay you good money to keep the house clean, yet you seem to regularly fail to meet our expectations."

"Well if you didn't make such a mess..."

That was as far as I got as she stood up and grabbed me by the wrists.

“You ungrateful little minx. We’ve treated you like family. How dare you speak to me like that. Well, now you will find out what it’s like to be punished like family.”

“Like you get from Master James, ma’am? I’ve seen him deal with you. And I’ve seen how hot and wet he makes you and what he does when he has finished.”

“Oh, you disgusting girl. How dare you intrude upon our privacy. You will get exactly what you deserve and even more. You’ll be unable to sit for a week if I have anything to do with it.”

She was stronger than she looked and before long she had my arms twisted behind my back and had forced me to my knees before lowering me, face down, to the colorful Turkish carpet. As I struggled to escape, squirming wildly, I knew it was futile. She was too strong for me.

“James,” she called out to her husband. A few moments later he entered the room. “Get some rope, will you. Mary needs to have her attitude adjusted. And I figure that you’re just the one to do it. I mean, my rump has only just recovered from last time you provided me your own special form of correction.”

Before I knew it, I was bound hand and foot, and Master James lifted me to my feet. Placing a chair in front of me, he sat, pulling me down over his knee. As he held me, Mistress lifted my skirt and pulled my panties down and then the spanking began. I was mortified as his hand crashed down upon each cheek.

“No! Please, I’ll be good. I’ll work harder. I’m sorry.” I wailed but the spanking continued.

After a time, he paused briefly and gently rubbed my butt as my tears dripped onto the floor and I moaned softly. Mistress moved back to my head and as I focused on her black pumps, she took my breasts in her hands and the spanking continued. This time it didn’t feel quite as hard as before although I still fought to avoid each blow. Mistress was teasing my nipples until they were hard little buds whereupon she squeezed them and rolled them around between her fingers.

“This is how naughty girls get treated in this house,” she whispered.

Then with remarkable tenderness she continued. "You deserve to be spanked like this, don't you, Mary?"

A warmth had overwhelmed my whole body and I found myself waiting for the next series of blows to rain down upon my butt as she alternated between teasing and squeezing my nipples.

"Don't you?" she demanded as she squeezed again.

I moaned. "Yes, mistress," I replied. "Yes, I do."

Master James then slipped his thumb deep inside me before slowly finger fucking me. He must have been able to tell what was about to happen as he ordered, "Don't you dare come, you filthy little girl."

It was those words that tipped me over the edge. Totally helpless to control myself, I climaxed almost immediately, the waves of pleasure cascading through me as each of them continued what they were doing.

"See, Mary, there can be pleasure and there can be pain," Mistress whispered as my body jerked and squirmed in its dying throes of ecstasy under their hands. "I think we will need to make this a regular ritual, weekly punishments for the naughty maid."

That writing spoke to me. I knew that was what I wanted, what I needed—that and more.

Thinking that my profile needed something more, I added this little teaser: *Old enough to have experienced a lot and young enough to do it all again, and then some. Are you the firm hand that I need?* I figured I would add to the profile over time, adjusting it to suit my changing moods. I had attached a few pictures I had found on the internet showing hand cuffs, chains, and a whip plus a couple of *selfies*. The *selfies* didn't show my face, but I managed to get some flattering angles while I was wearing my favorite black lace peek-a-boo bra and matching bikini panties. It was about time someone other than me admired them!

I didn't dress up for the titillation of others. I enjoyed the look and feel of lingerie on my own body and had a fertile imagination which helped to fill in the gaps in my personal life. Quite often I would attend business meetings looking every bit the power player on the outside but if the people I was dealing with could ever see

what lurked under the power suit, most of them would have been shocked, to say the least.

On my web profile, suggestive but certainly not explicit was my approach. Replies flooded my inbox, increasing exponentially as the days passed. Who would have thought I would get such a response? I didn't think that someone who was approaching middle age would have generated much interest at all.

It didn't take long before I started to become disillusioned. I had no idea there were such a wide variety of dicks out there in the community. By dicks, I mean cocks—the kind that are the center of every male's universe from the time they first discover theirs—in the womb. It seemed that a good proportion of the male population wanted to show me theirs.

I quickly learned how to effectively use the delete key on my computer, although I must admit, I did see some interesting looking *appendages* in my scanning and I had no idea of the types and ranges of jewelry men wore down there. Maybe there is a genuine basis for the term, *the family jewels*. And size? I honestly never knew there was such a range. At the lower end of the scale I would ask myself, Is that really a dick or just an oversized clit? At the other end I would think, oh my god you are not getting within a block of me with that monster, before I would delete the message.

After that, it was time to delete those that started with an address such as *Dear Mistress* or *I am on my knees ready to serve you and be fucked, whipped, kicked, pissed on, locked up, humiliated, caned*. It was endless. I had no urge to be someone's mistress or to do any of the other things they were suggesting although after trawling through enough of them, I started to have second thoughts. The idea of giving some of these twits a good swift kick in the balls appealed, but not necessarily in a sexually satisfying way. And certainly, the lucky recipient wouldn't be begging for more. Then again, the more I read, the less sure I was about that.

No! Metaphorically I had more men than I wanted on their knees in front of me, at least in a business sense. I needed some

balance in my life. It was me who needed to be on my knees. It was me who needed to be told how to act and what to do. It was me who needed to be punished and debased, at least in a sexual sense. My imagination was running wild, conjuring up fantasies that would make a pimp blush.

I was cleaning out more of the same one evening when my toolbar flashed. I had an instant message from someone who went by the name of *GentlemanDom*. Curious, I opened it to read: *Does a cane count as a stick? How do you feel about ropes and hand cuffs? And to answer your question, yes!*

Initially I was puzzled by the words and was about to delete the message but then I remembered the first two lines of my profile and it stopped me in my tracks. What was it about those few words that caused me to hesitate? It was direct and straight to the point, that's what. A simple response to the silly little rhyme and a simple question I had put in my profile. It showed that he had taken the time to at least read part of my profile, which put him in front of over ninety per cent of the respondents. It wasn't telling me to get down on my knees or to call him *Master*. It wasn't saying what he intended to do to me with his nine-inch cock. Honestly, how many men have a nine-inch cock?

Intrigued, I clicked on his profile. If any of it were true, it told me he came from my city, although that covered a large area, so he wasn't necessarily close by. He was forty-eight years old, well within my target range. I wasn't looking for someone whose heart attack during a Viagra charged climax was likely to be the last experience he ever had. Conversely, while the idea of a twenty-something body was appealing, experience taught me that few men at that age know how to use it. From what I read, others shared the same opinion. Sad. Young energetic lovers tended to be very self-centered and didn't really grow up until their thirties. Besides, I didn't want to be labelled as a cougar. *GentlemanDom*'s avatar, which didn't show his face, was of a well-dressed man in a business suit with a lingerie clad woman across his knee. Her butt was red

and one foot was in the air, as was his hand, looking to be on its way down to her red butt, clearly not for the first time. It made at least one of his interests quite clear and I wondered if the picture was really of him or whether, like me, he had picked it up from the internet.

His profile told me he enjoyed long walks on a moonlit beach, and drives through the countryside as well as fine dining and travel. He also indicated an enjoyment of dressing up in rubber suits and partaking in various watersports. Although that comment grabbed my attention, it was a potential double entendre if I'd ever read one. I had no idea how to take it. It then got into the nitty gritty of power exchange, restraint, discipline as well as a range of other unspecified kinky pursuits to be enjoyed with consenting partners. If he didn't have my attention before, he certainly had it now.

His selection of photos, most of which showed women, sometimes bound and gagged, sometimes cuffed but always in various states of undress, had been posted over a couple of years which told me he was not just a recent blow in who wanted a quick fix. They were certainly X-rated but not as graphic as many that I had seen. Apart from the kink factor they were no more explicit than one would see in any one of dozens of men's magazines that were readily available in the market.

I gave considerable thought to whether to reply or not—about ten nanoseconds worth, before beginning to type. Desperate much? Me? With nothing pressing to do, why not amuse myself for a while. I typed: *A man of few words. With pick-up lines like that you must have all the girls flocking to meet you.*

The response was almost instantaneous. *You would be surprised. It's less about what one says and more about what one does.*

I would be surprised, quite surprised. *Is this where you send me a photo of your cock, or someone else's cock, in an effort to have me panting with lust?*

I don't mean to disappoint you, but you have not earned the privilege

of seeing my genitals, and I'm certainly not in the habit of sending photos of mine or anyone else's across the internet, regardless of how much you might like to pant.

Hmm. He was keeping my attention. He was different. *And you don't want me to send a naked photo of myself on my knees with my legs spread?*

Not at all. I can see all I need to see in your profile photos. I will see the rest in real life, if and when you decide you want that to happen.

Well, the ball was firmly back in my court. Did I want to continue to play? The toolbar lit up again.

I offer my compliments on your appearance. You have been blessed with good genes and you have obviously looked after yourself. You should be proud. I have no doubt your face is even more beautiful than the rest of you.

That caused me to smile. Flattery. Was it genuine? It didn't really matter at that point. It was just nice to read so I replied, *Thank you. You are too kind.*

He shot back with *I wonder if you will still feel that way when it is you who is over my knee and you are receiving your first spanking.*

Shocked at his response, I shut down the site immediately. To hell with him. What caused him to write something like that, just when I thought I had met someone I could get to know? Jerk! Dang! I was little disappointed at my own response. I had reacted too soon. I was safely sitting behind a keyboard. Even if it turned out he was a creep or a troll, he didn't know where I was or what I looked like. What did I expect? Discussions about bible class? I was on a kinky adult web site for chrissake. I needed to talk this through with someone and I knew just the person.