

RESTRAINT

HIS EMPIRE BOOK ONE



TABITHA BLACK

BLUSHING BOOKS

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Tabitha Black
Restraint

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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.

*For Maggie, thank you for all your relentless support and encouragement,
and for waiting so patiently for me to finish this. I love you!*

CHAPTER 1



Faye couldn't suppress a shiver as the enormous steel gates loomed on the horizon. Despite being brand new and polished to a high shine, they made a starkly ominous contrast to the almost painfully blue sky and clear water the luxury speedboat was currently slicing a path across.

Only Simeon Harvey could make a modern private island look this threatening; even in blazing sunshine, she thought. Looks more like a twenty-first century incarnation of Alcatraz than a private luxury retreat. As the boat drew closer, she half-expected to see barbed wire coiled along the tops of the fences.

Beside her, George slid his hand into hers, giving it a gentle squeeze. Suddenly overcome with nerves, Faye found herself returning the pressure, despite the fact that she was still furious with her husband.

"You've been bugging me to take you on holiday for ages," George said at length. "You could at least pretend to be grateful."

"This wasn't the sort of holiday I had in mind," she replied, through gritted teeth. "And you know it. I told you that a month ago, and nothing's changed."

"I bet you're excited." The ship's skipper appeared, his teeth

flashing almost unnaturally white beneath a dark moustache. "You're amongst the first people to see it now it's all finished, and from what I've heard, they're already booked solid for the next two months!"

"We do appreciate how privileged we are," George told him.

"Speak for yourself," Faye muttered under her breath, then yelped as her husband increased the strength of his grip on her fingers.

"If you have any idea what's good for you, young lady, you're going to drop this attitude right now," he whispered, as soon as the skipper had moved out of earshot. "You're already in a whole heap of trouble, and believe me, you do not want to make it worse for yourself."

A tiny flicker of desire leapt through her at his words. It had been a long time—too long—since her husband had used that tone of voice with her. Still, as the boat slowed down and came chugging to a halt at the jetty, Faye couldn't help wondering whether this entire trip was going to be a case of too little, too late.

They disembarked and stood for a moment, taking in the sheer size and panache of the place. Beyond the gleaming gates, lush, emerald-green lawns curved around stunning, risqué statues of white marble or shimmering metal, dazzling in the sunlight. A wide path led straight up to the grand entrance of an impossibly tall, art deco building, which looked to be at least twenty stories high. The words 'Twisted Tower' were written in elegant black calligraphy above the main doors.

"If you'd like to follow me," someone said, "Sir's expecting you."

Faye barely paid any attention to the young woman as they followed her up the path and into the lobby of the 'Twisted Tower' building. It was all so grand... and aside from the naughty figurines in the gardens, there was no hint of what she knew the entire island had been reserved for.

The foyer was classy and clean, with a row of lifts along the far wall and a reception area to the left of the entrance.

"Sir Simeon's on the top floor," the young woman said, once they'd entered one of the three elevators. After typing a code into the panel with brisk efficiency, she hurried back outside.

Faye turned excitedly to George. "Can you believe this place? It's amazing!"

Pulling her towards him, he kissed the top of her head. "Certainly grander than I imagined."

She lowered her voice, as if she could be overheard. "I suddenly feel strangely shy at the thought of seeing him again. It's been ages."

Before George could respond, the lift doors whooshed open to reveal their old friend, with a wide, smug grin on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, you are looking wonderful! And as for you, sweet girl," Simeon drew Faye towards him and kissed her full on the mouth, "you look as stunning as ever—despite that scowl on your face." Holding her at arm's length, he smiled broadly. "Not to worry, we'll soon soften you up again."

"I'm not a pat of butter," she spat, trying desperately to hide how nervous she was.

Simeon Harvey was one of the most charismatic men she'd ever met. Even at his most light-hearted and jovial, he exuded a natural dominance; an alpha quality she couldn't quite put her finger on, but which never failed to reduce her to a quivering little puddle of submissive goo. Standing at just over six feet, he had broad shoulders and, even though he was in his early fifties, he still had an enviably muscular build—he'd spent some time in the Special Forces in his youth, and had remained particular about his own fitness. With his greying hair shaved close to his scalp, his twinkling eyes, rugged, tanned, handsome, smiling face, and casual white shirt unbuttoned at the neck, he looked almost deceptively harmless.

Faye knew better.

"Look at this, George," he said, indicating their lavish surroundings with a grand sweep of his arm. "Years in the making,

and it's finally all finished. And I can't think of anyone I'd rather have here to celebrate our grand opening with."

George returned his friend's broad grin. "It's pretty spectacular," he said. "Not that I expected anything less from you. You don't do things by halves."

"Not this. A lifelong dream has finally come to fruition. I wanted every last detail to be perfect." Simeon cracked his knuckles and shot Faye a look. "Now that all the building's done, we just need to christen the place appropriately. An honour I've reserved just for you, my sweet girl."

"I'm hardly a girl," she said, giving an awkward shrug. "I turned thirty-four two weeks ago."

"Which reminds me," Simeon said, "I got you a present."

"Oh, really, that's very kind, but very unnecessary—"

"Faye," George said, sharply. "I know you haven't seen Simeon for a while, but have you really forgotten how you ought to address him?"

She flushed at that. *Trust him to bring me up in front of others—he knows I detest it.* "I'm sorry, Sir," she said eventually, trying unsuccessfully to disguise the bitterness in her voice.

Simeon smiled, but she noticed the tell-tale gleam in his eye immediately. "That's better," he said. "As I was saying, I got you a present." Heading over to an enormous chest of drawers in the corner, he opened one and pulled something out. It was wrapped in shiny, purple paper and adorned with a gorgeous silver bow, but the moment he put it into Faye's hands, she knew what it was.

A paddle.

"Thank you, Sir," she said quietly. She knew what was coming next.

"Open it!"

"Wow," she breathed, impressed despite herself. It really was an exquisite thing; about eleven centimetres wide and fifty long; the thick wood polished to perfection, with carved wavy lines running across the surface.

"Silken oak," Simeon said, proudly. "Hand-crafted right here in Australia by one of my good friends. You can get these on our new website—well," he chuckled, "you can get pretty much anything you might need here on our new website. Have you had your birthday spansks yet?"

Faye was barely able to suppress a shudder of fear even as that old familiar tingle surfaced between her thighs.

"I thought you might like to do the honours," George spoke for her. "In fact, I haven't laid a hand on her since we received your invitation. Thought she might gain more from the experience if she'd had a bit of a break from play for a while beforehand, as it were."

"I do like the sound of that," Simeon said. "Nothing like a bit of denial to amplify intensity—although that might explain why she seems as tense as she does."

"I've been under a lot of pressure at work recently." Faye couldn't resist the temptation to defend herself. "And besides, it takes two to tango."

"Or three." The look Simeon gave her then made her mouth go dry. "Don't worry, sweetheart, you'll feel like a new woman when you go home. Now, let's all start by having a drink and then I'll give you a tour."



"I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE you actually went through with it," George said as they walked through the immaculately manicured grounds, drinks in hand. "An amusement park for kinksters, for fuck's sake!"

Simeon chuckled. "You've known me for twenty years... have you ever during that time known me not to follow through with anything I had planned?"

"Of course not, but then again, you've never had quite such a grand plan before." George took a sip of beer.

"Anything is possible—especially when you have the money. It wasn't actually as difficult as I thought."

"I never thought you'd get planning permission."

"It's a private island. Private property. Grease a few palms, write a few cheques, and Bob's your uncle. Planning permission, as it turned out, was the least of my worries..."

Faye walked between them, not sure whether it was the intense heat of the Queensland sun or her proximity to the two men that was making her feel light-headed. As they continued to discuss the logistics of building a BDSM retreat on a private island off the coast of Australia, her thoughts began to wander.

She knew she'd been bratty—bitchy, actually, to her husband of late. In fact, she was desperate to feel normal again; submissive, sweet, fun... the way she'd used to be. Casting a sideways glance at George, she admired his thick brown hair, square jaw and aquiline profile, and wondered for the millionth time when it was that she'd stopped feeling submissive towards him. After five blissful years together, everything had started to slide downhill... until she began to resent it whenever he tried to regain the upper hand. In anything.

I wish I could work out why, she thought, taking a long drink of her wine cooler. I still love him; I still want him, I still admire him. Why can't I submit to him anymore?

Despite her earlier sniping, she knew that this trip was the perfect opportunity to find out—and Simeon the perfect mediator. The man had decades of experience; at several times in his life he'd had a veritable harem of girls living with him, and he was nothing if not extremely astute. While a couple of weeks spent lying in the sand in Bali might have been more relaxing, if she wanted to save her marriage, she'd come to the right place.

"George and Faye, my dearest friends, welcome to the Playground," Simeon's deep voice roused her from her reverie, and

she looked up to see the enormous onyx gates, over which was written, in shiny black letters, 'Purgatory Playground.'

At Simeon's signal, the gates slid open and the trio went inside.

"It's really like an amusement park," Faye exclaimed in wonder, as they followed the white, pebbled path through the complex.

Various buildings shimmered hazily in the heat, all bearing signs to denote what the different attractions were.

"I dare you to think of a fetish we haven't catered to," Simeon said, proudly.

"Scat," Faye said immediately.

"Well, there is the wet room," Simeon countered. "Not my cup of tea personally, but to each their own and all that. All four walls, floor and ceiling tiled, with drains and hoses throughout for easy rinsing down and cleaning. Perfect for the messier kind of play... which will be confined to that room, I might add."

"Yuck." Faye shuddered.

George chuckled. Then he pointed to a large, oddly shaped building on their right. "And what's in there?"

"Every amusement park should have a ghost train, don't you think?" Simeon grinned.

"Let me guess," Faye said, draining her wine cooler, "no ghosts?"

"You can be one of the first people to find out tomorrow, even before we open officially," Simeon said. "For now, let's just say that it would probably scare the shit out of vanillas, and provide some comic relief for our more seasoned players."

"You ever going to have vanillas among your guests?" George asked.

"Never say never." Simeon's grin grew broader. "Of course they'd have to have displayed at least some form of kinky interest to even come across this place, and then they'll have to go through the vetting process, just like everyone else. So while the odd fresh-faced newbie will no doubt find their way through these gates, there will never be a prudish or judgemental one."

"Good call."

"A necessary call. One of the reasons behind my desire to create this place was so that people like us could have somewhere to go to just be ourselves without having to worry about being judged by people who have no idea as to what real BDSM is. Those who don't seem able to understand how anyone could get off on being spanked, or flogged, or treated like a child."

"There are thousands of BDSM clubs around," George said, reasonably.

"Indeed there are. However, most of them operate like nightclubs, which means attendees usually have to make their way there and back through the 'nilla world—and either risk being gawped at for the way they're dressed, or have to go through the hassle of changing once they get there. Not to mention the fact that a mere few hours at a time isn't always enough, especially if you want to catch up with old friends and enjoy a more elaborate scene. I wanted to create a kinky paradise, a place where people can spend days, weeks, even months if they want to."

"If they can afford to," Faye said. "I can't imagine what you're going to have to charge just to cover your overheads."

Simeon reached out and tugged her hair. "Don't fret about that, my pet. Anyway, you've only just arrived. We can discuss all the finer points later. For now, let's finish this tour and then I think it's high time one sour little brat got her birthday spanking."

A trickle of trepidation shivered up her spine at the thought. Simeon's spankings were legendary—even his more light-hearted, playful ones had reduced her to a quivering mess in the past. George had always threatened to send her for a 'proper session' with Simeon if she ever really stepped out of line; a thought that had Faye's insides churning with equal parts hopeless excitement and quaking terror.

"This," Simeon went on, pulling open a door to one of the buildings nearest them, "is one of my particular favourites. I assume you're both familiar with the concept of a glory hole?"

"We are," George said, a twinkle of sadistic amusement

appearing in his hooded, sludge-green eyes. "Often found in public bathrooms. Anonymous blow jobs abound."

"Excellent. This is *my* take on it." Simeon led them into the room and indicated a heavy, velvet, dark blue curtain swathed across one entire wall. At waist height, strategic holes had been sewn into the luxurious fabric, each one threaded with a tasselled cord.

Faye gaped in wonder. The opposite wall was hung with a terrifying display of implements; paddles, canes, brushes, crops, straps, switches, floggers and birch bundles of all shapes, sizes and materials, leaving her in no doubt as to what exactly the holes in that curtain were for.

"Imagine your little submissive has been particularly naughty," Simeon's voice dropped to a low rumble as he reached out and took Faye's arm, "and you want to humiliate and punish her at the same time. What better way than to sentence her to a little while in the 'Sorey' hole? George, if you wouldn't mind waiting for just a moment while I borrow your lovely wife?"

"Not at all."

Faye hadn't seen that sadistic glint in her husband's eyes for a long time, but didn't have time to enjoy it as Simeon promptly dragged her back through the door into the blazing sunshine, his fingers digging into her bicep in a way which made her knees weak with helpless longing.

"The naughty little girl would be led around the back by her Dom," Simeon was murmuring in her ear, "after all, we want to maintain the anonymity of this particular treat." Opening a hidden door on the other side of the little building, he ushered her inside and drew her over to the curtain. "Raise that skirt," he said in a low voice.

Blushing furiously, Faye hesitated.

"Now, young lady, or I will do it for you."

Swallowing hard, she tugged the tight pencil skirt up over her bottom, which was suddenly prickling with anticipation.

"Nice panties," Simeon said, glancing at her lacy violet G-string.

Then, raising his voice, "Has it really been that long since we last saw each other?"

"I'm sorry?" she gasped, her nipples tightening inside the matching bra.

"George," Simeon addressed the curtain. "What's the number one rule regarding submissive girls in my house?"

Her husband's voice was amused. "No panties?"

"So why is your pretty little wife wearing underwear?"

"She is?" George sounded less amused. "I'm pretty sure I told her not to."

"You did no such thing!" Faye was outraged.

"I'm not sure what's more tragic," Simeon reached out and traced a finger over the delicate lace covering her mons, "the fact that she's disobeyed my rule, or that you haven't even noticed it until now."

"As I said, I haven't touched her for the last little while... all the better to make sure she arrived at her most hot and ready." George sounded just a tad defensive, and Faye met Simeon's eyes. The unspoken threats and promises there had her heart pounding in her chest.

"Off. Now," Simeon said, pulling back the elastic and letting it snap back against her skin with a tiny, sharp ping.

With fumbling fingers, Faye obeyed. Once they had fallen to the floor and she'd stepped out of them, Simeon held out his hand. "Give them to me."

She watched with fascinated humiliation as he brought the purple lace to his nose, inhaling deeply before stuffing them in the pocket of his light grey chinos. "My, my," he said, mockingly, "you *are* excited. Now, keep your knees together, don't lock them, and bend over from the waist."

As if in a trance, she allowed him to guide her hopelessly exposed bottom through one of the holes in the velvet.

"Feel free to use the drawstring to ensure a nice snug fit," Simeon told her husband through the curtain.

"Fuck, this is a hot sight," George breathed. "I'm already so hard it hurts, and I haven't even started spanking her yet."

Simeon chuckled knowingly. "That was the intention. Imagine you're a Top currently without a partner, and you're in the mood to deliver a nice—or nasty—little spanking... you can come in here and indulge yourself on a naked, perfectly presented backside, no strings attached, anonymity guaranteed."

Faye suddenly found breathing impossible. Even with the knowledge that it was her husband on the other side of that curtain; the man who had spanked her so often and in such a variety of ways that she'd lost count, she was apprehensive. She couldn't imagine how much worse it would be if those behind the curtain were nameless, faceless people intent on one thing; using any implement they chose on her defenceless, exposed bottom.

"And how do you feel right now, little one?" Simeon bent down, his hand settling warmly on the back of her neck.

"Terrified," she admitted. "Uh, Sir, what about safety? I mean, I know it's George back there now, but when this is being used for real..."

"There's always the safeword," Simeon told her, his fingers massaging the base of her scalp, making it almost impossible for her to concentrate on what he was saying.

"You're fucking wet, Faye," George said, sliding a hand across her exposed labia.

Faye jumped as if she'd been branded.

"And besides," Simeon said, reasonably, "there will always be at least one spotter back here with the girls—or boys—to make sure no-one goes beyond their limits." Letting go of her, he straightened up, and she found her face suddenly on a level with his crotch. "Their Dominants, too, will probably want to accompany them... although they might be tempted to indulge themselves in other ways while their naughty little sub is being chastised."

She wasn't sure what it was... her husband's hand still sliding gently over her slick, swollen pussy lips, the way she felt being bent

over with her bottom framed in velvet for him to use any way he chose, or her hopeless excitement in Simeon's proximity, but Faye suddenly had an undeniable urge to pull down his zipper and guide him into her mouth.

SMACK!

The sound echoed like a gunshot through the room, and she felt the sting on her right buttock instantly.

"Well, you might as well warm her up for her birthday spanking while she's here," Simeon said, amused, sliding a big hand through her hair before gripping it hard, forcing her to look up at him. "Not a sound, sweetheart," he said icily, all trace of joviality gone from his rugged, attractive face. "Else I might be tempted to gag you with my cock."

A helpless whimper escaped Faye's lips as, behind the curtain, her husband began to spank her in earnest, setting every inch of exposed skin across her backside alight with practiced ease. Tearing her eyes from Simeon's intense gaze, she found herself looking at his crotch again.

He's huge, she thought irrationally as she watched him harden, his impressive length and girth growing ever more clearly discernible through the grey trousers. A particularly vicious spank right on her pussy tore her from her reverie, and she bit her lip in a desperate attempt not to cry out.



GEORGE WAS IN HIS ELEMENT. *My wife really has the most gorgeous butt*, he thought, as he set about painting layer upon layer of blazing pink across it with the palm of his right hand. He was hard to the point of discomfort, and wondered idly how Faye would react were he to

plunge himself deep inside her without warning. Simeon wouldn't mind, he knew—Christ, the man had managed to cram more diverse sexual experiences into his lifetime than most people could ever dream about. Nothing would shock Simeon. In fact, he'd probably join in.

The thought of what he and his friend had planned for the shapely redhead he was currently spanking was almost enough to make him groan aloud.

Her tiny breathless mewls of pain were punctuated by the amplified clapping sound his broad palm made every time it connected with her rapidly blushing ass, and he grinned when he heard Simeon speak on the other side of the curtain.

"Don't make a fucking sound, I said. I shouldn't be able to hear you."

"S-sorry, Sir." She actually sounded contrite. George couldn't remember the last time he'd heard his wife speak in the hushed, deferential tones she'd always used to use with him.

"You will be," Simeon continued. "George, feel free to avail yourself of anything you like from the far wall."

"Be my pleasure," he responded, spinning on his heels and heading straight for the vast array of implements. After perusing them for a moment, he settled on a nasty, round, Lexan paddle. Faye loathed that sort of implement, he knew, and he wanted to give her a short, sharp lesson.

"How many do you think I should give her?" he addressed Simeon through the blue velvet.

"As many as it takes for her to obey my instructions."

He could see her buttocks tense up the moment he laid the cool, clear plastic against her skin. "Relax your cheeks, baby, you know you're not allowed to clench," George said sharply.

"Sorry, Sir."

Now we're getting somewhere. "Good girl."

Drawing the paddle back, George brought it down sharply in the centre of her ass, savouring the way the implement flattened

the rounded globes before they bounced back up, a hot pink oval immediately springing up where he'd just smacked her.

Faye squealed.

"He's going to keep smacking you with that until you can take three strokes silently," Simeon said, roughly. "So the duration of this paddling is entirely up to you."

"I'm sorry," she gasped, "it just stings—OW!"

George grinned broadly as he watched another crimson oval splotch appear on the back of her curved ass. He loved his woman with every fibre of his being, but somehow the entire D/s aspect had vanished from their marriage over the last few months, and he'd been wondering whether they'd ever be able to recover it.

Now, a mere couple of hours after having arrived at Simeon's new 'playground', as he referred to it fondly, George was feeling far more optimistic. The tell-tale glistening between Faye's plump buttocks was a great sign, as was the catch in her voice as she breathlessly apologised to Simeon for crying out again.

"If I didn't know better, I'd think you were really, really keen to have my cock in your mouth," the older man was now telling her. "Are you? Is that the only way to get you to be quiet?"

SMACK! George let the paddle paint another patch of searing heat on her backside when his wife didn't respond. "Answer the man, young lady," he barked.

"I-I didn't know whether I should answer him," she gasped. "I'm trying to be quiet!"

Simeon's deep chuckle resonated around the room. "Got to keep you guessing, sweetheart," he said at length. "At least you'll be nicely tenderised for your birthday swats."

George spanked her again.

This time, she didn't make a sound.

"Much better," he said, pausing briefly to rub some of the sting from her hot flesh. "Two more like that and we'll be done here."

She was trembling now, and he could smell how hopelessly excited she was.

SMACK! SMACK! The last two were the hardest yet, and when George didn't hear any noises from the other side of the curtain, he wondered whether Simeon had indeed made good on his promise to gag her with his dick.

"Th-thank you, Master," she whispered, then, and it was all he could do not to tear the velvet from around her butt, fling the curtain aside, and crush her to his chest. He couldn't remember the last time she'd addressed him as 'Master'.

"Good girl," he said instead, sliding a hand between her thighs and finding her clit, rigid and swollen between her soft pussy lips. Faye let out a low moan. "So, so wet," he went on, slowly dragging his index finger across the pebbled nubbin. "Bet you wanna come, don't you baby?"

"Oh I do, so very much," Faye whimpered. "Please, Master, may I?"

"Nope." George removed his hand abruptly and tugged the fabric loose from her mottled bottom. "But you may come out from behind the curtain and give me a kiss."