

His

By

Carolyn Faulkner

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Chapter One

Raina grasped at the ropes that held her, trying to obey, trying to submit, even though she didn't feel as if she even had any control over whether she did or not.

But her Master would disagree with that idea, she knew from experience this past year. It was her body, and she was solely responsible for its submission to him, every single inch of her, up to and including the very area he was exploring now – one of his most favorite.

She could see the clear plastic container where it was placed near her head, which was held in just such a position that she couldn't look away from it. She was always forced to watch as he emptied the nasty contents of that awful thing inside her, forcing her to accept the somewhat cooled water through force of her own will as it rightfully bent to his. He didn't use a butt plug nozzle. Not her Master. He went for a much subtler approach. He didn't want to take the option of disobeying him away from her. He left it entirely up to her after he'd required her to fill that awful container with the usual solution which was very light on irritating soap, but cool enough to still cause spasms that would remind her of just exactly who it was that owned her throughout.

Raina had also been mindful of his rules and had added the light green food coloring he required that would make the descent of the water level as it emptied into her bottom just that much more dramatic.

While she was forced to stare at the way her "tonic" as he called it made its journey into her insides, she could also see, through artfully rigged mirrors, the entire route it took as it descended down the clear plastic tubing, only held up again by her unnaturally curved buttocks as she was held in what he called the "receptive" position. Normally, when he wasn't trying to show her her own submission in action, her head was down, her face laid into one of those round, cushioned massage rings that he'd liberated from somewhere and jury-rigged for her. He loved it, because it was inherently comfortable for her, and it eliminated the need for any sort of a blindfold, because she couldn't see while her face was pressed against it.

He patted her naked hip, very much as if he was patting the haunch of one of his many thoroughbreds. He enjoyed how she looked, most especially in this position. He had lifted her

onto her punishment table – the heavy gage one he'd had built to his own specifications that were quite baroque and overblown. He adored seeing a tiny woman – Raina was only about five-feet tall and about ninety-eight pounds soaking wet – on a huge table, or being fucked by a big guy, such as himself. It had nothing whatever to do with her being in the least childlike – not with those natural D cup breasts of hers – and everything to do with being the biggest person in the room.

He liked being able to pick her up and carry her around to wherever he wanted her. And this evening after he'd awakened her from a nap he'd put her down for not too much earlier, he'd wanted to clean her out for some reason. And around here, his whim was law.

So he'd put her on the huge black table and secured her ankles to a spreader bar so that they were well separated. This way, he would have instantaneous access to any part of her that he might become interested in. Each of them was secured to the imbedded restraints at the corners, as well as the one from the floor directly beneath them, so she couldn't move them from side to side or up and down. He liked her to be able to move as little as possible when he was working on her, and the spreader bar also made it that much harder for her to retain the enema.

Sometimes, he was a real bastard.

Then he'd secured the imbedded thick leather belt around her tiny waist, again enjoying the brutish contrast. Moving up to her arms, which he bent at the elbow to give her some support, so that she wasn't leaning all her weight on her head and neck, but also secured much like her ankles, bound tightly together using the four inch leather wrist cuffs he had collared her with. He required her to wear them at all times when she wasn't working, attaching them together then individually then to the hook in the floor, so that she was well and truly bound and held fast for her cleansing.

And whatever depraved thing he thought to do to her before, during and after.

He had things set up perfectly. He liked for her to have to watch herself getting punished or cleansed or inspected or whatever. He believed that it helped her experience her own submission on a different level from the norm, and he knew she hated every minute of it, which is why she was always on orders never to close her eyes when he had her positioned like this so that she was always forced to watch the intimate details of her own violation, as well as feeling them.

She could also feel the coolness of the liquid on that small patch of her bottom it was draped over, before entering her through the douche nozzle he favored, and she could see peeking out from between her forcefully rounded cheeks.

Raina hated this position. She was so horribly exposed, her slick and bare as a whistle, femininity hanging down between her legs for anyone to see – not that he would ever let anyone near her; he was much too possessive for that. But she had absolutely no defense against anything he might want to do to her.

None.

And that was exactly the way he liked it.

He knew she wanted to rock back and forth to try to cope with the forceful invasion of the solution he favored as it wound its way through her colon, but he denied her even that comfort. She was his, and she wasn't allowed to comfort herself. He was the only one who could do that, and he had deigned that she didn't need it for a simple enema.

There were rare occasions when he required that she be completely silent while being punished and it didn't matter what kind of punishment it was. It was usually just a notion that took him at the time, whether it was a cane in his hand or his well-lubed hand.

But her enemas, which were strictly administered every three days, using the exact same ritual each time, were not one of those times, so Raina was moaning and sobbing softly as the cramps threatened to overtake her.

The fact that he was so consistent was usually very good for her. But the enemas he forced her to take, even after more than a year with him, had never gotten any easier.

And he liked that. He didn't believe that submission should be easy, so he kept raising the bar.

When she'd first come to him, he'd given her very small enemas, since she'd never had one before that she could recall, and they were simple warm water – nothing added. But when he felt it was getting to be a non event for her, when she wasn't truly struggling to obey him and hold it to the very last, then he upped the ante, adding small amounts of lemon juice, or mild soap or adjusting the temperature down a degree or two. He was in no hurry. She was going to be his forever, and he was in no hurry to force her to take and hold a soapy, crushed ice enema.

But he would, eventually.

He loved bring her along in increments, always making her work for her submission, always taking her just a bit – or sometimes more – past what she would consider the edge of her tolerance, whether it was this or a punishment or an exercise in humiliation.

He kept meticulous records of everything he did to her, too, even these more routine rituals, noting how much he gave her, what its ingredients were, and how well she took it – as well as notes of what he did if she was unable – or unwilling – to submit to his will.

Raina could see that she was nearing the end of the first part of the enema – the container was nearly empty. But that just meant that the worst part still loomed.

"Looks like you're ready," Master said from behind her, where she finally heard that welcome click that meant he'd shut off the flow.

Unfortunately, it also meant that he would remove the nozzle and expect her to hold her water all on her own – no plug, no nothing – until he deemed she could go and release it.

"Clench, clench, clench," he ordered softly as he removed the nozzle, then began to release her bonds, leaving her that much freer and that much more restrained. Once her legs were free, he brought her ankles together, strategically slipping a pair of pink bikini briefs over her ankles.

She stayed exactly in position, as he required, as he wandered around her, whispering occasionally, "hold it, hold it, hold it."

He could see how hard it was for her to do this, which only made her submission to him that much more precious. It wouldn't have been any fun for him at all if it had been easy, if she hadn't been writhing and wiggling and desperately trying to avoid the horrid punishment she knew would be hers if she spilled just one drop. It was very close to the dance she did on those rare occasions when he fulfilled her pleasure.

She was moaning softly, rhythmically behind the pacifier he'd tucked into her mouth, and it was music to his ears. Low, plaintive music that never let him forget the position he'd put her in. Even if she hadn't been gagged by that small mouth plug, she'd been trained not to beg. To him, a constantly whining, pleading slave needed more training, needed to learn that no amount of annoying utterances would sway him.

She'd learned that.

The hard way.

But she'd learned.

Raina knew that non-verbal noises – as long as they weren't too loud or strident – were permitted, even expected in a lot of the situations she found herself in with him. But unless it was an emergency situation – like a cramp or an asthma attack – she was not allowed to say anything he hadn't given her permission to.

Her master, being the ultimate control freak, sometimes even orchestrated her every word.

He watched avidly as her dance became more and more frantic, as the punishing liquid made her insides angrier and angrier.

He made her hold it until he thought she was going to explode, then – not fancying having to clean up any such mess – he tapped her right flank and said but one word,

"Release." Like the Southern gentleman that he was, even in times like this, he helped her down off the high table, patting her bottom possessively as she tried to scurry away.

But even then, having been given permission to ease the ache in her tummy, she wasn't free. The panties around her ankles hobbled her, and she had to stumble her way to blessed relief.

Ever mindful of any sort of germs – even though they were the only ones to ever use this equipment – he wiped everything down with antiseptics, then put the smaller accoutrement into a dishwasher he'd had installed in the room he euphemistically referred to as the library, especially for that purpose. It wasn't the only place in the huge house that there were reminders of the backbone of their relationship. The library just happened to be the place with the highest concentration of paraphernalia.

Then he shut off the light and wandered into their huge bedroom – knowing she knew to not to so much as stand up from the commode until she'd received permission – drawing the wall of curtains open to reveal the screen doors behind them, the gateway to their huge private balcony as it faced a huge expanse of the Pacific Ocean. He knew how the sea appealed to every one of her senses, how it soothed her wordlessly, and tonight she would need comfort he would not give to her until much, much later.

He pattered around the room, unlocking cabinets and extracting the tools of the trade: a plastic speculum – the metal ones could pinch sensitive flesh without permission – a soft leather flogger that was anything but in his hands, a wooden spoon with a hole in the middle that left the most intriguing pattern of welts. Inspired by that thought, he put his digital camera within easy reach on the bedside table.

He'd taken videos of her, especially when they were first together and everything was so brand new, including all of her responses to his efforts. But as their relationship progressed he'd found himself less and less captivated by that medium and more and more riveted by the reality of it all. Even when he was being more avid about video documentation of their exploits, they never ended up being particularly prurient. He preferred almost artful shots of her reactions much more than the money shots.

And it had puzzled him to no end.

It wasn't like he was a chaste beginner himself. More like a jaded old timer.

He had always had money – thanks to his grandfather – had always been privileged, and had always pretty much done as he'd damned well pleased. Especially when it came to women. It seemed that no one could – or would – turn him down, no matter what outrageous demand he made of them.

But he knew what motivated each and every one of the women he took into the library, and then, usually, eventually, into a bed – although not his. Before Raina, he'd never allowed any of his little playmates into his inner sanctum. He'd used one of the other master suites, keeping it looking relatively lived in so that none of them guessed that they weren't in the bedroom he slept in.

They wanted his money. He'd never, ever, unless there was another Depression, have to read a price tag. Neither would his wife, not that there was ever going to be another one. He'd married early and for love, fool that he was. He'd never again let himself be lead around by his dick.

Instead, he did the leading, and he kept his emotions – such as they were now – very carefully under wraps. Frankly, despite the fact that he had a raging libido, he very rarely indulged himself. It was too dangerous to do so with his...predilections. He didn't want to see himself in the headlines of the Enquirer – "Billionaire Playboy Prefers Whips and Chains".

A shudder ran through him at the mere thought. He may have had all the privileges of wealth, but he wasn't one of those trust fund babies who partied, fucked, and slept and contributed little else to the world around him. He hadn't rested on his grandfather's monied laurels. He'd created his own highly successful companies and was a force – a jaded, cynical force, but a force nonetheless – to be reckoned with in the business world. He had a reputation as

a ruthless man who tended towards hostile takeovers of companies that no one knew were teetering on the brink of insolvency.

But Raina had caught his eye from the very beginning.

Raina Boardman was a self made woman – his exact opposite. She wasn't born with anything in her mouth, much less a silver spoon, but she'd managed to pull herself up by her bootstraps. She was the CEO of a corporation called Infinity that was solidly established as a leader in the cosmetics industry. She was a Type A of the highest order, first one in and last one out, every single day.

They'd been invited to the same charity benefit, and he had seen her walk in – head high, looking drop dead gorgeous and completely comfortable without an escort, male, female or otherwise. She didn't need anyone or anything, and her carriage and attitude fairly screamed it.

He finagled an introduction, not wanting to confront her head on. He didn't know what it was, but something in him told him to be a more subtle in his approach to her than he might be.

And he was right.

When their small talk petered out, and a group of people who seemed to know her well arrived, he managed to insinuate himself into their fringes as they laughed and talked with easy camaraderie. She had a reputation for being a tough, hard-nosed bitch, but, like with most publicity, the positive side of her was never portrayed.

He hated it, but he liked hearing her laugh. It was a soft, tinkling sound, and it made his heart contract, but only once, before he brought it strictly back into line. He wasn't going to go there again with any woman, even her.

He found himself drawn to her almost against his will, but he remained on the fringes of the group, not joining in, just listening and watching. She was just what he wanted in a woman – although she was wearing too much makeup for his tastes; she was smart, funny, and could hold her own with anyone without seeming shrewish or bitchy, just calm and strong and sure of herself. He'd never put a lot of stock in looks, but she was gorgeous, even by his standards, and he'd been fully hard since the moment his eyes had found her across the room.

Patience, man, he'd chided himself. He didn't speak to her again until he called and set up an appointment to see her. He was always more comfortable talking to people on a business level at first.

When she'd ushered him into her office, which was tastefully, classically appointed and shown him to a comfortable wing backed chair in front of her big oak desk, he hadn't been able to take his eyes off her. So much so that he had barely listened to what she was saying to him.

He'd never reacted to any woman – even Amy – like that in his life, and he didn't like it one bit.

But that did nothing to dull the throbbing ache she inspired in his loins.

He consciously dispensed with chit chat, which he abhorred anyway, and got right down to the brass tacks of letting her know that he admired what she'd done, and that he'd like to help her as much as he could.

She'd been excruciatingly polite, no doubt not wanting to offend him, but had quietly refused every offer he'd made until he hit on a way for her to branch out that she hadn't thought of.

Then he had her, and they began to work very closely – and extremely well – together on it. He didn't usually like to partner with anyone, but things seemed very natural between them from the very beginning, and their long nights together paid off for the both of them, in very varied ways.

It was late one night when he'd realized just exactly how perfect they were for each other. They'd been working all day; he'd already wrenched off his tie and unbuttoned his collar. He was inches away from stripping off his shirt altogether. She'd kicked off her ridiculously high pastel pink heels and literally let her hair down, complaining that the bun she'd scraped it into was giving her a headache. She hadn't done it as a come on at all, just practically removed the pins that were holding it and let it fall.

She looked incredible, regardless, as far as he was concerned.

They got into a small disagreement about how to fund something. He was insisting on doing it himself, since it was a tricky proposal, and he didn't want her to have to feel any of the financial crunch if it didn't work.

But she was at least as stubborn as he was about some things and kept giving him a hard time about it, trying to reassure him that she wanted to stand on her own two feet and that she didn't accept help from anyone, including him.

Finally, he drew himself up to his full six-two and came around the table to stare down at her, glaring fit to subdue even a man much bigger than himself, not that she seemed to notice it

much when he was intimidating, unlike most of the rest of the people around him. One sharp look and he could practically clear a crowded room. But then, she wasn't a sycophant or a hanger on or a yes person. She was a highly successful woman in her own right, and she was just trying to assert the fact that she didn't need him, or anyone else, and she wasn't going to just knuckle under because of who or what he was.

For some reason, though, she did, this time, as he stood over her, his hands on his hips. "Now. I'm going to provide the backing for this, and you're going to be quiet and obedient and let me do it. Case closed."

It amazed him when she just sat there and uttered a meek, "Yes, sir."

He sucked in his breath quickly at the sound of it, standing there very deliberately until she looked up at him, and he knew as soon as their eyes met.

She would submit to him.

In every way.

And she'd enjoy every second of it.

He'd make damn sure of that.