



Sue Lyndon

*Maid to
Submit*

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by Sue Lyndon

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Note: This story contains a naughty French maid who looks good in handcuffs, a no-nonsense firefighter with a twitchy palm, bare bottom spankings galore, and other erotic scenes sure to make your e-reader sizzle. Please don't buy this book if such material offends you.

Ally preened in front of the mirror, her pulse racing with excitement as she thought about the night ahead. She smoothed her hands down the French maid costume she'd donned, enjoying the way the skirt flounced with her movements. When she turned and bent over, the bottom of her lacy black panties peeked out.

Finally satisfied with her appearance, she rushed around her apartment in search of her keys and purse. If she left now and didn't run into any traffic, she'd make it to Mark's house right on time for dinner.

"Ally!" Jen called as she burst through the door. Frizzy strands of hair stuck out from her head and her chest was heaving. She held up a hand and took a few deep breaths. "Glad I caught you. You weren't answering your phone. We have to talk."

"Can it wait? I, er, don't want to be late for my date with Mark. He's making ravioli and then we're going to watching scary *movies* all night." Ally wiggled her eyebrows and smiled suggestively, but her enthusiasm faded at the concern spreading across her roommate's face. "Hey, are you okay, Jen?" she asked gently.

"Me? I'm fine. You? Well, you won't be fine a second from now. I've got bad news, sweetie." Jen gestured for Ally to sit, and they plopped down on the couch beside one another.

A sinking feeling came over Ally as she waited for her friend to speak. The mischievous twinkle that usually lit up Jen's blue eyes was absent, and she grabbed Ally's hand in a comforting gesture that only deepened her worry.

"I saw Mark having lunch today at that new Mexican place."

"So?"

"So he was with another woman. A blonde." Jen paused and her face melted with sympathy. "I was a few tables over, in a booth with Tommy, so Mark didn't notice me sitting there."

Anyway, they were laughing a lot, and her tits were so big. I'm talking *B... I... Gee-normous*. I'm really sorry, Ally."

Ally stared at the floor, shock rendering her speechless. The numbing disbelief didn't last long though, and a burning rage soon ignited in her chest. Not only had she and Mark been dating for months, but they'd recently been intimate for the first time. They were compatible in every way, especially when it came to their mutual interest in spanking and domestic discipline. For the first time in her life, she'd been dating a man with whom she envisioned a future.

Until now.

"He's an asshole, Ally." Jen squeezed her hand. "Look, sweetie, I know how much you liked him and I'm sorry this happened."

"I can't believe this." Ally glanced down at her attire. She'd spent the day gallivanting around town trying to find a French maid costume at the last minute in an effort to surprise Mark with a sexy getup, only to discover he'd spent the day wining and dining a busty blonde. "You're sure it was him?"

"Oh, sweetie, I wish it wasn't. But he was wearing that blue shirt you like so much, the one that hugs his chest and biceps in all the right places, and I got a really good look at him. Unless he has an identical twin, he was cheating on you with Tits McGee."

Ally ran a hand through her hair, not caring if she messed it up. Not only had her evening just taken a turn for the worse, her hopes and dreams for a future with Mark had crashed to the floor. It didn't matter what she looked like right now. She certainly wasn't going to go through with her plans to have dinner and watch movies with Mark. Not anymore.

Her heart ached and her throat burned as sorrow settled heavily upon her. She tried to swallow her vulnerable emotions to make way for the anger that continued to rise up in her.

"That cheater!" She pounded a fist on her thigh.

"What are you going to do?"

What *was* she going to do? Ally bit her lip as she considered her options. In the past, she'd always shied away from confrontation at the end of a relationship, even if the guy had done something seriously wrong, like lying or cheating. This wasn't the first time she'd been cheated on, and suddenly all her past hurts rose to the surface. She trembled with anger as she met Jen's inquisitive gaze. "I'm going to get even. That's what."

Ignoring her roommate's questions, she hurried around the apartment as she gathered up the supplies necessary for revenge: five rolls of toilet paper, a jumbo size box of plastic forks, and a squeezable bottle of ketchup. She shoved all the items into a large tote bag and grabbed her keys and purse, pausing at the door to look over her shoulder at a wide-eyed Jen.

"Do you want me to come with you, sweetie? I can drive the getaway car."

Ally shook her head. "Thanks, but no. I know you have plans to go out with Tommy later. You go have fun and don't worry about me." With that, she left the apartment building and headed for her car, her heels clicking on the pavement.

A cool breeze ruffled her hair, and she spotted giggling children scampering up and down the street in their costumes. Goblins, fairies, witches, princesses, monsters, and ghosts passed by with bags full of candy. She smiled at the innocent sight before crawling into her car and driving toward Mark's house outside of town. He lived in a rural area, so the risk of being spotted vandalizing his front yard by trick-or-treaters or neighbors was minimal.

How could he do this to her? Looking back, she couldn't pinpoint a single instance, even the smallest sign, to lend credence to what Jen had witnessed today. Yet Jen had seen him flirting it up with Miss Boobs over enchiladas and fried ice cream, or so she imagined. She ground her teeth together and stared at the road ahead, her emotions wavering between sorrow, anger, emptiness, and frustration. Maybe it was immature of her to toilet paper her cheating boyfriend's house, but she couldn't stop driving. Couldn't find a good reason to

turn around and go home. After what he'd done, he deserved worse than a vandalized front yard. Tears rolled down her face when she remembered the deep tenor of his voice and the sincerity in his eyes when said, 'I love you, Ally girl.'

She recalled the first time she'd met him, when he'd arrived with several other firemen from his station to supervise the burning down of a structure on a movie set she was working on. His dark eyes had immediately sought her out, and throughout the shot, during which she'd had to jump out the window of a makeshift burning building, he didn't look away once. After she landed on the huge air mattress forty feet blow, he'd been the one to grasp her hand and pull her up. "Nice jump," he'd said. The simple compliment had made her cheeks flush and her stomach flutter, and when he'd called to ask her to dinner the next day she'd been giddy with excitement.

Sniffing, she wiped the moisture away and resolved to be nothing but angry. She didn't want to spend the night feeling sorry for herself. It was easier to get even, easier to act on impulse and worry about the repercussions later. She doubted Mark would call the cops on her if he caught her hurling toilet paper through his trees, but she'd deal with it if he did. Part of her hoped he reported her crime, because then she'd have one more reason to hate him.

Except she didn't really hate him in the first place, she realized as she parked her car at the end of his long, curving driveway, shutting the headlights off and cutting the engine. Out of all the men she'd ever known, Mark was the last she'd suspect of being unfaithful. He was principled and hardworking, kind and exceedingly generous. It didn't make sense, but she didn't think Jen was lying either. They'd been friends and roommates for years, and Ally trusted her completely. The heaviness of Mark's betrayal weighed her steps down as she slung the tote bag over her shoulder and quietly shut the car door.

Outside of town, the stars and moon shone down upon the countryside unencumbered by the glow of streetlights, but she didn't have time to stop and admire the scenery. Ally moved through the trees with stealth, zigzagging her way up to

Mark's house. Years of working as a stunt double had given her plenty of experience running around in heels, among other talents that had impressed Mark. Or so she thought. Most, if not all, of her previous boyfriends had been intimidated by her. Maybe Mark was no different.

She approached his house to find every last porch light blaring through the darkness. *Crap*. He was expecting her to knock on his door any second now for their dinner and movie date. If he glanced outside looking for her headlights, he'd get quite the shock when he spotted her running around with armfuls of toilet paper.

She surveyed his illuminated lawn and hurled the tote bag beside a large tree on the edge of the clearing. With a sense of determination, she retrieved the box of plastic forks. Starting in the center of his yard, she began sticking forks in the grass, making a wide row of fifty before starting a new row. By the time she finished, she was breathless from constantly bending over, but all five hundred of the forks were sticking straight out of his lawn. God bless Jen and her love of buying everything, including plastic utensils, in bulk.

"How do you like that, Mark?" she muttered as she jogged back to the tote bag. "Fork you and your busty blonde friend." She beamed inwardly with satisfaction. She almost wished she could stay hidden in the woods overnight, just to watch him bend over and pull out every single plastic fork the next day.

The toilet papering job was a work of art. Ally's older sister, Leanne, had taught her how to gingerly grasp the end of a toilet paper roll and hurl it high over tree branches when they were in high school. Though years had passed since their last naughty escapade, she still had an arm for throwing. She used every last square of toilet paper, winding it through each tree in his front yard until the job was complete. Standing back, she surveyed the scene with pride, knowing Leanne would approve.

Grasping the bottle of ketchup, Ally headed for the concrete walkway that led from his driveway to his front door. Using long, elegant cursive strokes, she painted, "Cheater

cheater pumpkin eater,” across the entire length of the walkway.

Just as she stood up to inspect her handiwork, someone grabbed her from behind and placed a hand firmly over her mouth. She dropped the bottle of ketchup and screamed.

* * *

Mark held onto to Ally as she struggled. The state of his yard came as a shock. He glanced from the lawn filled with plastic forks, to the thoroughly toilet papered trees, to the message written in ketchup. What the hell? He'd spotted Ally at work outside and decided to surprise her by sneaking out his back door. He didn't want to scare her, but he also didn't want to risk her trying to run away. Apparently they needed to talk. But about what he had no fucking clue.

“Shh, Ally. It's me, Mark.” He kept his hand clamped over her mouth.

She responded with a muffled protest and tried to stomp on his feet. He dodged her blows and uncovered her mouth, spinning her around to meet his gaze.

“Don't touch me!” Fury blazed in her pretty blue eyes.

Mark stared at her, still completely at a loss. “Sweetheart, what's going on?” he asked, not releasing his grip on her arms despite her incessant squirming.

“What's going on?” she asked mockingly. “I'll tell you what's going on. You're cheating on me.”

He stared at her for a moment, stunned. “Ally, sweetheart, I swear to God I'm not cheating on you. I love you. Where on Earth did you get that idea?”

“Don't you stand there and deny it. I know all about the big breasted blonde you've been seeing. Jen saw the two of you at the new Mexican place today, having lunch and looking quite cozy together.”

The big breasted blonde. He threw his head back and laughed, unable to help himself even as Ally glared sharp

daggers at him.

“Stop laughing at me!” She pushed against his chest, but he only drew her further into his arms and placed a quick kiss on her lips.

“I’m sorry, Ally.” He tried to quiet the laughter that still bubbled up in his chest. “Look, I can explain.”

“There’s no need. It’s over between us.”

His gaze dropped to her heaving chest, and he studied her lovely form. He hadn’t gotten a good look at her outfit until now, and he was suddenly very aware of how little she was wearing. His cock shifted when he stepped back to survey her attire, holding her out by her arms while his gaze swept from her high heels and thigh high stockings, up past her short flaring French maid’s dress, and to her hard eyes. He took a deep breath, preparing to explain himself, when she gave a loud scream and pushed him so hard he flew backward and hit the lawn.

“Don’t ever call me again.” She turned and raced off through the trees.

Mark couldn’t let her get away. He had to explain himself, but first he had to make her settle down enough to listen to him. Moving fast, he jumped up and chased after her, figuring she’d parked her car near the end of his driveway. She certainly hadn’t walked here all the way from town. Not in those heels. As he watched her speeding through the moonlit forest, he was impressed by how fast she traveled in those shoes. He’d seen her run in heels on movie sets plenty of times, but never this fast, and never through the woods in darkness while extremely upset. Worry overcame him. If she wasn’t careful, she might hurt herself.

“Ally! Ally, stop!”

“Go to hell!”

He captured her just as she came to the edge of the woods. Grasping her arms, he pulled her body against his while she fought him as if her life depended on it. She was strong and he’d have bruises tomorrow, but he couldn’t allow her to leave. Not only was she in no condition to drive, but she

meant the world to him, and his heart ached knowing the turmoil she must be going through.

“Ally girl, I love you,” he said.

“Do you?” she asked softly, a tear rolling down her cheek. She ceased struggling and looked at him with a faraway expression. “I thought you loved me, until I found out you had a side chick.”

He stifled a laugh at her terminology, especially considering the identity of the blonde in question. “A side chick?”

“You know what I mean. How could you, Mark? I trusted you.”

An ache stabbed through his chest at the hurt and accusation in her voice. “Come into the house and I’ll explain everything, Ally. I promise.”

The moonlight reflected off her eyes as she shook her head. “I don’t think so, Mark. I’m leaving.”

He backed her against her car and placed a hand on either side of her, leaning down to speak directly into her ear. “You are either going to walk with me up the driveway and into the house, or I’m going to toss you over my shoulder and carry you inside, sweetheart. What’s it going to be?”

An outraged cry escaped her, and when she resumed pushing, kicking, and clawing at him, he knew he had no choice. In one swift move, he tossed her over his shoulder and headed for the house, taking the driveway instead of the woods this time. Ally cursed him and pounded against his back, and the moment her nails dug into his sides he responded with a rapid series of firm smacks to her upturned bottom.

“Put me down, you caveman! I hate you!” She twisted and flailed herself around. Her heels flew off her feet to join the mess in his yard.

Mark managed to keep her over his shoulder, though her strength was so great that she almost succeeded in tossing herself to the ground a few times. She jogged and went to the gym regularly, sometimes stepping into the boxing ring for a friendly spar with her friend, Jen, and it showed.

He avoided the ketchup covered walkway and ascended the steps to the front door, immediately locking it once he got her inside. If he had to hold her against her will while he explained himself, so be it. But he wasn't letting his spitfire girlfriend go without a fight. She was everything to him and one day he'd hoped to make her his wife. Sweet and kind, yet headstrong and confident, she was his perfect match. He thought they were great together, and it shocked him that she'd jump to conclusions and try to break up with him without talking it over first.

"Young lady, you will settle down right now." He rolled her off his shoulder and onto the couch. "Keep your bottom on the sofa and listen to me."

Her chest heaved from her exertions, and she glared up at him with tear-filled eyes that broke his heart. *Damn*. His gut twisted as he gazed down at her. He sat next to her and grasped her hands, not allowing her to resist his touch.

"Sweetheart, look at me," he said.

She met his eyes, her lower lip trembling. The urge to kiss her pain away fell upon him, and he had to restrain himself from taking her mouth in his. First they had to talk.

"You know how my grandparents raised me?" he said.

She nodded, her stare still bright with suspicion.

"As I've mentioned before, they raised me because my mother was quite young when she had me. She was sixteen, and after I was born she skipped town and eloped with an older man."

"What does this have to do with you cheating on me, Mark?" Her voice faltered and she dropped her gaze to their entwined hands.

"I wasn't cheating on you with the blonde Jen saw me with today." He sighed deeply and waited for her to look into his eyes again, wanting her to see that he was speaking the truth. God, he'd never cheat on Ally in a million years. He cleared his throat. "The busty blonde... was my mother."

A gasp left Ally, and she straightened and turned to face him fully. "What?"

“Apparently she divorced her first husband and went on to marry a plastic surgeon. So I bet, especially from a distance, that’s why Jen thought I was cheating on you. She called me out of the blue a few days ago and said she would be passing through town today and that she wanted to meet me. My grandparents refuse to talk to her because they’re furious she abandoned me, and I’ll admit my first instinct was to continue to be upset with her and say no. But I’m glad I took a chance and met her. We spent three hours at the restaurant today, just talking. She apologized for not looking me up sooner and said she wants to become a part of my life. She also wants to meet you.”

Eyes wide, Ally fumbled for words. “I... well ... Oh my God.” She released a breath and her face melted with remorse. “I’m so sorry, Mark. For everything. Um, you told her about me?”

He squeezed her hand. “Of course I did, sweetheart. You’re the most important thing in my life right now. I told her all about you. Her eyes lit up when I told her you were The One.”

“Th-The One?”

“Yes, sweetheart. The One.”

Ally swallowed hard and her face melted further. “I feel absolutely terrible right now, Mark. I’m sorry I jumped to conclusions like that. I just assumed...” Her words trailed off and she gazed around the room, sadness darkening her eyes. “Can you forgive me?”

He cupped her face and brushed a soft kiss across her lips. “I can forgive you, however that doesn’t change the fact that you were very naughty tonight, Ally. Instead of coming to me and talking to me about your concerns, you vandalized my yard and tried to break up with me Jerry Springer-style. We’ve been dating for three months now, and I’ve come to care for you very much. We’re supposed to trust one another, and most importantly, we’re supposed to be honest with one another.”

“I am so sorry.”

He tipped her chin up and forced her to look into his eyes. A shudder ran through her body, evidence that she knew just how much trouble she'd landed in. In their relationship, he had strict rules about talking out their problems and not running from them. She'd disobeyed, and for that she would be punished.

"Do you understand why I'm upset with you right now, Ally?" he asked in his most authoritative tone.

"Y-yes, s-sir."

"Tell me what you did wrong."

She briefly described her wrongdoings, her lip trembling as she spoke, her demeanor humbled and submissive. He knew she'd surrender to his authority and accept whatever punishment he deemed fit. Her prior boyfriends had done a number on her, some of them cheating, while some of them didn't understand her desire to submit, especially given how much of a go-getter she was in her career. He couldn't blame her for being wary of any man, even him in the beginning of their relationship, but he wanted to make sure she never pulled a stunt like this again. The toilet paper and the rest of the mess in the front yard didn't anger him, but the way she'd tried to abruptly end their relationship did.

"All right, Ally. I am going to punish you for your naughtiness."

"Wh-what kind of punishment?"

"First I'm going to give you a thorough inspection, and then you're going over my knee for a hard spanking on your bare bottom. And that's just for starters. Your body belongs to me, Ally girl, and I am going to spend tonight making sure there's no doubt left in your mind just how much I love you."

* * *

As she took in the whole situation, the weight of her transgressions threatened to choke her breath. Hurt shone in Mark's eyes, and she felt like the worst kind of scum to have

accused him of cheating. Here he'd been spending the afternoon with a mother he hadn't seen in since—well, ever—and she'd decided to condemn him for stepping out on her without even talking to him about it first. Hell, she'd called his mother a side chick. Even as her heart ached, her face flushed. She was so sorry, and so embarrassed over her mistake.

“Go up to my bedroom and stand in the corner, young lady. Lace your fingers behind your head and stick your naughty bottom out. I will be up to deal with you shortly.”

Though his command struck her with worry because she doubted her spanking would be a light one, his words also filled her with a deep sense of relief. She'd screwed up royally, but along with pain, a punishment from Mark always brought closure, and she knew they would be able to heal and move past this terrible misunderstanding before the night ended. Though her legs felt like jelly, she managed to make it up the stairs and into an empty corner in his bedroom. After lacing her fingers behind her head, she arched her back and stuck her bottom out, per his instructions. The urge to please him flooded her, as did her longing to submit to him in every way, even if he pressed her limits.

Her heart raced as her anxiety heightened, the minutes ticking by ever so slowly. She licked her lips and swallowed past the burning lump in her throat. God, why couldn't she just have talked to him first? Why did she have to go and make such a blunder? Her initial disbelief that he'd cheated on her should have been her first clue. She hadn't believed it in her heart, because she really did trust him. Yet she'd allowed her imagination and insecurities to get the best of her, and her anger too.

As she listened for the sound of his footsteps on the stairs, she replayed their conversation in the living room, particularly the last part of it. He'd said he was going to inspect her before he spanked her, and also that it was just the beginning of her punishment. He planned to take all night with her, proving to her that he loved her. Pulses of warmth quickened between her thighs as she imagined all that awaited her. Inspections. Spankings. Intimate punishments.

She sucked in a shaky breath as desire tightened in her core, the little waves of pleasure causing her nipples to grow taut inside her bra. Her breasts felt heavier and heavier, and the aching of her pussy deepened the longer she stood there. Waiting. Just waiting. For him.

“Look at that naughty young lady standing in the corner,” Mark said, his deep voice catching her by surprise. “She’s about to become one very sorry little girl.”

How had he walked up the stairs so quietly? She yearned to turn around and peer into his dark brown eyes, but resisted. Moving out of position without permission was a big no-no. The heat of his body radiated against her, and the entire surface of her skin danced and came alive with the need to be touched by him. To feel his lips trailing all over her, to experience the sting of his hand as he punished her, and to endure the shameful prodding of his fingers as he inspected her.

He cupped her bottom and she gasped despite herself. She was so on edge aching for her punishment even as she dreaded it, and the throbbing of her pussy as her body reacted to the strength of his presence didn’t help matters. She wanted him to hurt her and fuck her. Repeatedly. No holds barred.

“Spread those legs and arch your bottom up higher, Ally.” He patted her butt and moved back, giving her space to follow his instructions. She obeyed, lifting her bottom as high in the air as possible while parting her thighs. The skirt of her maid’s dress rose up, revealing her panty-clad bottom to him. “Good girl,” he said.

He stroked her backside, and his gentle caresses left her quivering in place, her legs barely holding her up. She felt moisture slip from her pussy to soak her panties further, and her face heated knowing he’d soon discover her vast wetness. As if reading her thoughts, he began to work her panties down, taking his time as he peeled them down to rest above her knees, which were still spread wide apart.

“I can smell your arousal, Ally. I know you’re wet. Now, let’s see just how wet you are.”

She gasped as the cool air hit her most private places. He knelt behind her and gripped her cheeks, one in each hand, and parted her bottom wide in an uncomfortable stretch. At first he simply kept her spread open, not yet delving into her moisture. The pause during which she was on display, his hot breath fanning against her slick pussy lips and quivering bottom hole, left her clawing at the wall as she fought to remain in position.

“I can see all of you right now, Ally girl. Your slick pussy lips and the wet, pinkness within. Your tight puckering hole. There’s even a drop of moisture sliding down your thigh right now, young lady.”

A heated wave stole through her, and her shame over being inspected so thoroughly, so intimately, caused the aching below her waist to turn into a full blown throbbing sensation.

“And these panties,” he said in a scolding tone. “These panties are so wet that you won’t be able to wear them again.”

“I-I’m sorry, sir.”

He released her bottom and tapped the side of her leg. “Remove your stockings and panties, Ally. Then bend over the bed and pull your bottom cheeks apart, young lady. I’m not through inspecting your holes yet.”

She nodded with a whimper and began to comply with his demands, her hands trembling as she worked the stockings down her legs. Her panties pooled at her feet as she stood upright, and she pushed them away into a pile with everything else. A deep sense of vulnerability filled her as she approached the bed with her head lowered. From the corner of her eye, she glimpsed Mark’s massive form and swallowed hard when she noticed his arms folded over his chest. Though she didn’t look up far enough to see his eyes, she knew his gaze was fixated on her every movement.

“Good girl,” he said as she bent over. “Now reach back and pull those naughty cheeks apart, Ally.”

She flushed so hard it was a wonder she didn’t burst into flames. Perspiration trickled down her temple, and she felt positively feverish. The aching of her pussy, deep in her core, and the pulsing of her clit intensified with each second. All

through this, she couldn't stop thinking about how badly she'd messed up. She'd jumped to conclusions and accused him of cheating. She'd hurt the man she loved, the only man who'd ever made her feel special and like she mattered to him. A simple conversation could have cleared matters up. They could be eating ravioli and getting ready to snuggle up for their movie night, but instead she was bent over the bed, half-naked, waiting to be chastised for her poor behavior.

"I want to see all of you, Ally. Pull those bottom cheeks wider," he said sternly.

"Yes, sir. Sorry, sir." She did as he asked, certain she'd never been so embarrassed and exposed in her life. It was more than showing him her body. By submitting to him and obeying his most humiliating commands, she was baring her soul to him. She hoped he forgave her in his heart. He'd already said she was forgiven, but she wouldn't feel forgiven until the ordeal was over, until she was sore and weeping and uttering heartfelt apologies in his arms.

* * *

Mark approached Ally, taking in her rapid breaths and shaking hands as she kept her bottom spread wide to his liking. Tremors besieged her body, but she didn't break her position or beg him to allow her to stand up. She was such a good girl, taking her punishment like this. As he watched her shaking, the insides of her thighs gleaming from her escaping moisture, he focused on her inner core, where her wetness pooled between her smooth shaven folds. He glided his fingers inside, swirling and spreading her arousal across her delicate flesh, eventually bringing that wetness up to her bottom hole.

Her pucker clenched and unclenched against his ministrations, his prodding becoming more forceful as he nudged at her entrance and finally slipped one finger inside. She almost lost her grip on her bottom cheeks but managed to recover just in time.

“Such a good girl. It’s too bad you were so naughty today, Ally. I can’t allow your misbehaviors to go unpunished. If you ever have any doubts about us, you need to talk to me. Never ever try to walk away from me like you did tonight. I love you and I won’t tolerate it.”

She whimpered and raised her head. “I know, and I’m sorry, sir.”

A tiny sob drifted up from her as he pumped in and out of her tight asshole, adding a second finger and placing his free hand on her lower back to hold her steady while he probed her and punished her private entrance with slow, deep thrusts. As the moisture he’d stolen from her pussy began to dry up, she squirmed and made little distressed noises.

“I know it hurts, Ally, and I want it to.” He leaned over her, not slowing his thrusts as he put his mouth to her ear. “And I know you want it to hurt too.”

She released a deep breath and moaned at the same time.

“After I spank you, I am going to fuck you here, Ally,” he said after a particularly deep thrust. “I am going to fuck your tiny little asshole as punishment.” He gave a few more pushes into her tightness, then pulled out and stepped backward, admiring her pretty form as she remained on the bed bent over with her cheeks still spread wide. She was panting, and locks of her sleek brown hair stuck to the side of her head. His cock ached and pressed against his pants. God, he wanted to unzip his jeans and slam straight into her hot, wet center. But he couldn’t. Not yet.

“You can get up on the bed now, Ally, and relax for a moment. I will be right back.”

“Thank you, sir.” She released her grip on her butt and curled up on her side, sniffing and wiping at her face.

Mark hurried downstairs to the kitchen. He washed his hands and put the dinner he’d prepared in the oven to keep warm. They’d eat later. He doubted she had much of an appetite at the moment anyway. He grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and was at Ally’s side moments later, the urge

to return to her hastening his steps. He opened the bottle and tossed the cap aside.

“Here,” he said, raising her up so her head rested in his lap. She peered up at him with a sad, watery smile. He lifted her head and pressed the bottle to her lips, giving her a drink. Once she finished, he placed the water on the bedside table and returned his attentions to her, cradling her in his arms. He brushed her hair from her face and kissed her forehead, needing to connect with her and knowing she needed a bit of tenderness from him before her spanking.

“I really do love you, Mark,” she said, “and I’m sorry for not trusting you. Are you going to spank me now?”

“Yes.” His throat tightened as he answered, but he wasn’t going to give her a reprieve. He couldn’t command her respect by going easy on her either. Her bottom and upper thighs would be bright red and stinging, and she’d be sobbing and likely pleading with him to stop before her punishment ended. He’d take her to that place she needed to go, that place where the pain crossed over into agony, that place where she’d surrender fully to him despite her suffering at his hands. “All right, Ally. Let’s get this part over with.”

“Yes, sir.”

He guided her to stand between his knees. “Take off your dress and bra. You will be naked for the rest of the night.”

After a deep, shaky breath, she pulled her dress over her head and tossed it to the floor. Then she reached around to unhook her bra, and her full breasts spilled out as it fell away. She was so beautiful, her smooth skin glistening under a light sheen of sweat. The inspection and bottom hole punishment had already taken a lot out of her, but he knew she could handle the rest.

He guided her across his lap and draped one leg overtop hers, securing her in place. He rested one hand on her back, to soothe her and just in case he needed to quickly pin her hands down, should she attempt to cover her butt. With his other hand, he began massaging her cheeks.

“I love you, Ally. Don’t ever forget that.” He raised his hand and brought it down with a resounding smack that made her gasp.

* * *

Fire blazed across Ally’s bottom as Mark spanked her, the pain of the sharp blows taking her breath away. He covered her cheeks, alternating from left to right, and he also swatted the backs of her poor thighs. She tried to remain still, but she soon found herself squirming and trying to dodge the smacks. The strong hold he maintained kept her in place, and she wasn’t able to escape a single smack. She gripped the covers in her distress, clutching them so tightly her fingers ached.

“Please, Mark,” she begged. “It hurts so much!” Anguish over her actions filled her, seeming to increase the physical agony of her punishment. “I’m sorry, sir. Please, no more.”

His pace didn’t slow and his spanks didn’t falter. He continued on, giving her the sound thrashing that in her heart she knew she deserved. Her bottom throbbed. Each blow rang out in the room and echoed in tune with her gasps and cries. Burning tears gathered and escaped her eyes, running down her face to fall onto the covers. She sobbed into the bed, tossing her head from side to side as she endured each stinging slap.

Finally he stopped, and she gasped for air as he rubbed her bottom.

“Shh, Ally girl. We’re almost finished. I’m going to administer your last ten strokes with my belt. Then there will be no more spankings tonight, so long as you don’t get yourself into any more trouble this evening.”

Ten more strokes.

With the belt.

Her heart thudded, and she gulped before taking a deep breath to steady herself. He helped her stand up, and she

melted when he pulled her in for a quick hug. His familiar, masculine scent soothed her, and she took comfort in knowing the spanking portion of her punishment was nearly over. He held her out by her shoulders and looked her up and down.

“Are you all right, sweetheart?”

Sniffling, she nodded. “Y-yes, sir. I’m all right.” Her voice cracked over the last few words. She loved that he checked on her, loved that he made sure she wasn’t under any true distress even as he corrected her and caused her pain.

He cupped her face briefly and placed a quick, gentle kiss to her forehead, before turning to dig around in his bedside table drawer. Excitement and worry blended and her pulse accelerated. She watched intently to see what he retrieved from the drawer, and her heart almost stopped when he turned around with two items in his hands.

A pair of handcuffs and a blindfold.

Holy hell. She bit the inside of her cheek and obediently walked to the foot of the bed. Prior experience told her that he’d wind the cuffs around the railing there before attaching them to her wrists.

“Good girl,” he said in a praising tone that melted her further. God, she loved him so much. He was so good to her, so perfect for her. She was thankful he was such a forgiving and understanding man. He could’ve sent her away in anger after she yelled at him and tried to break up with him, but instead he’d chased her through the trees, tossed her over his shoulder, and carried her back into his house.

He cuffed her right wrist first, and the cool metal against her flesh made her shiver. He pushed a finger between her wrist and the cuff to ensure the restraint wasn’t too tight. Again, the care he showed her during a punishment left her melting at his feet.

The railing on the foot of his bed was high, so high that she had to stretch her arms up as he looped the other cuff through one of the top rails. He grasped her free wrist and closed the cuff over it, once again checking to ensure it wasn’t too tight before he stepped back. She stood with her feet

planted wide apart and her arms above her head, feeling very much on display and at his mercy.

He brushed her hair from her face and placed the blindfold over her eyes. Only the faint glow of the lamps reached her eyes through the dark fabric, and in the absence of her vision her other senses heightened. His woody scent became stronger, even as she heard him moving away. The floor creaked faintly beneath his steps. Her heart pounded a quick rhythm in her ears. The clinking of his belt buckle made her tummy flip, and she shuddered at the familiar whooshing noise of it being pulled from his pants.

“I’m going to make these strokes fast, Ally, so you don’t have to worry about counting them.”

“Thank you, sir.”

The floor creaked with his approach, and her stomach fluttered as she awaited that first lash to blaze across her already tender bottom. He didn’t make her wait long. The first strike caught her sit spot, and she danced in place as a cry was wrenched from her throat. Another lash landed and scorched her flesh, this one hitting a notch above the first one. True to his word, the strokes were fast, and he sped through them, working his way up her bottom to cover her entire backside with the sharp blows from his thick leather belt. She counted to ten in her head, and when the final lash fell, she burst into tears that were wrought more from relief than pain.

Emotion swelled within her, and she wanted nothing more than to curl into Mark’s strong embrace and feel his forgiveness. He freed her from the cuffs and rubbed her wrists for a moment, though they weren’t sore at all compared to her flaming bottom. She met his eyes as he turned her and gently drew the blindfold off her head.

And then she was in his arms as he carried her to the rocking chair in the corner of his room. The first time she’d seen the rocking chair, she’d thought it strange for a man to have that kind of furniture in his bedroom, but after her first punishment spanking he’d pulled her into his lap in the rocking chair and held her until her tears dried up. She’d

understood and appreciated its purpose then, just as she did now.

She sighed against his chest as he sat down and circled his arms tighter around her. He kept one hand on her bottom, caressing her tender mounds, and the other hand in her hair to pet and soothe her into a blissful state.

“You are forgiven, Ally,” he said. “Shhh, don’t cry, little girl.”

His gentle words and the warmth of his embrace as he rocked her helped her settle down in small measures. She sniffled as the last of her tears ceased falling. She’d never felt so safe, loved, and treasured in her whole life.

Though the night wasn’t over, and the next order of business left her bottom hole tingling with anticipation, she wasn’t afraid. He’d fucked her ass for punishment and for pleasure before, and even the times it was part of her correction, it really wasn’t any different in a physical sense. In her mind though, when she bent over and offered her bottom to him because she’d been a bad girl, she never felt as submissive and truly humbled as when he pumped in and out of that tight, private hole. Just the thought of being taken and dominated in such a primal way sent shivers of desire through her, and her pussy began to ache anew, moisture seeping out to coat the insides of her thighs. Mark, of course, noticed the change in her demeanor, and he slipped a hand through her wet folds.

“My my. What’s all this, Ally?”

* * *

God, no woman looked as adorable as Ally, most especially when she blushed. Her reddened cheeks contrasted with her otherwise pale skin. Mark stared down at her as he sought out her moist entrance, gliding his fingers through her arousal and exploring each fold of pink flesh, from her outer lips to the sweetness that lay within. Her keening moans were

music to his ears, and his cock hardened beneath her squirming backside.

“Now, refresh my memory, Ally. What hole do naughty girls get fucked in?”

She whimpered and met his gaze with wide, pleading eyes. Her lips parted and she breathed hard, her face twisting with pleasure as he moved to stroke her clit. “Na-naughty girls get fucked in the ass, sir.”

“That’s right,” he said, spreading moisture back to her bottom hole and nudging at the snug entrance. “This is the hole I’m going to fuck you in right now, and you’re going to be a good girl and take every hard thrust I give you, until I come deep in this tight, puckering hole of yours.”

She threw her head back and gyrated her backside against his probing fingers, and he shoved two digits into her ass, startling a gasp from her. After a few deep thrusts, he pulled out and nodded at the bed. “Get yourself into position, young lady. You have three seconds.”

She scampered off his lap and hurried to the bed, bending over and offering her bottom up. Without being told, she reached back and drew her red cheeks apart. Mark shed his clothes on his way over to her, and his hard cock sprang out ready and throbbing. He fisted his length in his hand as he took position behind her. He looked at her little rosebud, his desire escalating as he watched it pulse and quiver as she awaited his entrance.

Knowing he wouldn’t be able to hold back, he stepped to the side to retrieve a bottle of lubrication from the bedside table. Her natural moisture wouldn’t suffice for the long, hard fucking he planned to give her. Uncapping the lube, he trickled the liquid between her bottom cheeks, then applied a liberal amount to the tip of his aching cock. His breaths came ragged as he stared down at the tempting sight Ally presented, with her dark pink cheeks spread wide to reveal her naughty little hole that glistened under the lubrication.

With two fingers, he spread the moisture around her pucker in slow circles, gradually pressing inside her tightness with shallow thrusts before replacing his fingers with his cock.

She trembled beneath him, and he groaned as he pushed into her asshole. It took all his self-control to move slowly at first, giving her time to adjust to his size as he filled her up. Once he was fully seated inside her, he began to move in and out, withdrawing almost entirely and then shoving back into her tight hole.

Whimpers and moans floated up from her, but she kept her bottom spread for him and he felt her softening beneath him as she accepted her fate. He upped the pace, fucking her faster with each thrust, until he was riding her with movements so rapid the bed shook beneath them. He gripped her hips and surged forward, only to pull back and enter her again, faster and harder than before.

“This is what happens to naughty little girls, isn’t it, Ally? They get fucked in the ass hard.”

Her only response was a soft cry that sounded like a mixture of pain and pleasure. He reached underneath her to stroke her clit, drawing her natural moisture over that swollen nub.

“Oh, Mark. I-I’m really close.” She sounded frantic, as if she were worried she might not be able to keep from falling into her release even if he commanded her to wait.

She’d been such a good girl though, accepting her spanking and the belting with minimal fuss. She’d obediently presented her bottom hole to him for inspection and for her ass fucking too. As he pounded into her, he pressed down harder on her clit and circled the button faster.

“You may come at any time, Ally girl.”

His permission sent her over the edge. A shudder coursed through her and she shattered beneath him, crying out in the throes of her pleasure. He kept fucking her the whole time, not slowing his pace even after she lost her grip on her bottom. Spreading her cheeks to his liking, he continued on, thrusting into her until his balls tensed and heated tingles raced up his thighs.

Dark spots clouded his vision as he came hard inside her, his cock jerking with the pulses of his desire. He collapsed

overtop her for a moment, catching his breath. She was panting beneath him, her face turned to the side, her eyes closed. A peaceful expression softened her features. His heart danced to see her so relaxed after all that they'd been through tonight. He withdrew from her bottom and scooped her up in his arms, carrying her into the bathroom.

“Let's take a bath together, Ally.”

“Mm. Sounds good,” she said, her eyes fluttering open.

“Then we can eat a late dinner. You'll need your energy tonight, young lady. I won't be finished with you until the sun rises tomorrow morning.”

She toyed with the hair on his chest, her eyes darkening as she stared up at him. “Well then, I hope you're serving a dessert too.”

He brushed a kiss across her lips. “You can have all the dessert you want, Ally girl.”

A note from the author:

Thank you so much for purchasing *Maid to Submit*. I hope you enjoyed reading about Mark and Ally. Please feel free to contact me by email authorsuelyndon@gmail.com and let me know your thoughts. Reviews on Amazon and Goodreads are also very much appreciated.

Hugs and spansks,

Sue

About the author:

Sue Lyndon is a multi-published author of erotic BDSM romance and spanking romances. She enjoys a good book in any genre, loves Star Trek and Battlestar Galactica, and runs on coffee and chocolate.

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