Enchanted Again

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Birds of a Feather
9

Curly Locks
61

Desperate Dan
105

Georgie Porgie
147

Hot Cross Buns
179

Little Miss Muffet
227

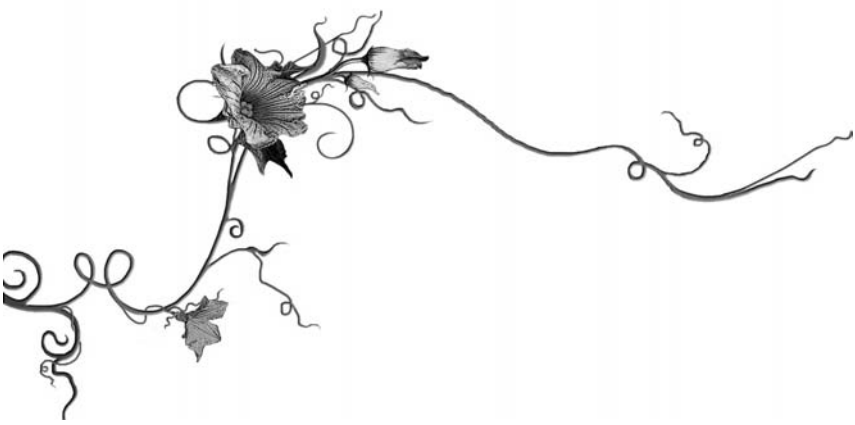
Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater
259

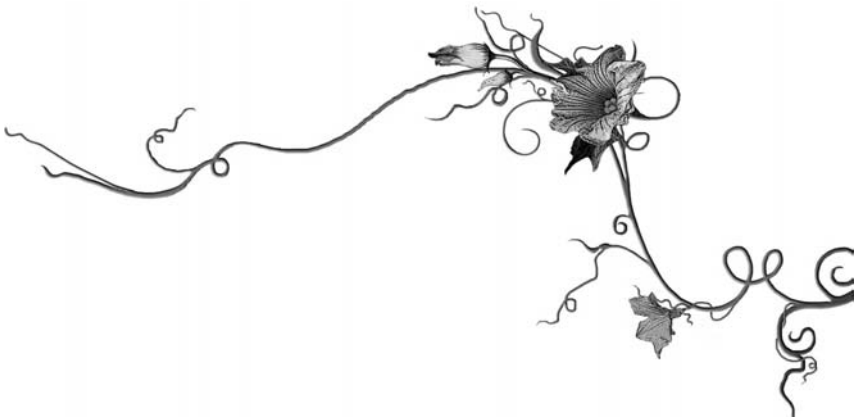
Humpty Dumpty
291



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Birds of a feather
flock together
and so do pigs and swine.
Rats and mice will have their choice,
and so will I have mine.





Pansy's spine arched reflexively where Jack's hand gently prodded her forward, and a shudder crept menacingly along the length of it. She stepped timidly into the room ahead of him, hardly mindful of her actions or the events that were unfolding around her. She seemed more in a dream than real life, as detached from the events as a figurine in a game of chess. For the moment at least, she felt more like a spectator than a participant.

The instant that Jack shut the door behind them, however, Pansy suddenly snapped out of her dream state and came fully alert, and even the air all around her seemed to crackle with life. Jack, too, abandoned his cool demeanor and was seized with a violent passion, grasping a fistful of Pansy's hair and jerking her head around so that her face was directly beneath his, with her lips parted for his approaching kiss. Pansy awoke to an explosion of sensation, and she clung to Jack frantically as he captured her lips in

an all-consuming kiss that devoured the last of her reserve. She pressed her body against his with a sigh, causing him to kiss her even more passionately. His hands began moving deliberately over her clothing, finding buttons and zippers and clasps as he expertly removed every stitch without ever interrupting their kiss. Pansy was stripped to the skin before she even realized what Jack was doing, and though she normally had reservations about having her body so utterly exposed, Jack's unyielding, take-charge manner left her with no time for objections—neither uttered nor even imagined, for that matter—and no choice but simply to enjoy the wonderfully vulnerable sensation of simply submitting to another's pleasure. Pansy felt a slow, languid tightening in her womb that pulsated outward, causing the flesh between her legs to tingle and swell and moisten.

Once her clothes were removed, Jack took hold of Pansy's hair again and gently pushed her head down toward the floor. She twisted awkwardly at the waist at first, but then bent her legs and moved onto her knees, supposing that he wanted her to take him in her mouth, but he kept pushing her down even farther, until her elbows too rested on the floor. With a mixture of apprehension and delight she succumbed to the position and waited breathlessly for what he would do next. She was keenly aware of the dirty hotel-room floor where she waited on knees and elbows, but it only seemed to accentuate the moment, making it all the more thrilling. She had only the briefest of seconds to consider any of this before she heard a long swooshing sound from behind her

where Jack stood. Even as her mind was registering the sound of his belt sliding out from his belt loops, Jack swung it around with vigor and landed it with a loud, resounding crack across the underside of her buttocks. The sound rattled her eardrums with a peculiar ring before the sting of the blow struck her consciousness. There was a subsequent volley of lashes that followed, some four or five at least, before she managed to cry out. She was stunned by how much the blows smarted, and all of her desire of just seconds before seemed to freeze in that instant. She made an effort to get up.

Jack held Pansy down with one hand on the small of her back, but he did not immediately resume the lashes. Instead, he positioned himself so that he was straddling her, with one leg on either side of her, and he grasped her hair again and gently pulled her head back so that he could look down into her face.

"You can't leave before you get everything you came here for, Pansy," he said in a surprisingly composed voice. He paused to scan the contents of the floor all around her and picked up something near her leg before continuing in the same matter-of-fact tone. "And whether you realize it or not," he said, "this is part of what you came here for." At this point he began, ever so gently, stuffing Pansy's panties into her mouth. Her eyes grew even wider at this, so he explained, as if as a side note, "This is just to cut down on the noise. Okay?"

There was nothing in Pansy's experience to come close to preparing her for the sharp thrill that shot through her when she

heard these words from Jack, so, without even considering what they meant, she found herself vigorously nodding her head in agreement. Jack kept pressing her panties between her lips until her mouth was forced wide open. She continued to stare up at him in wide-eyed astonishment.

"Now, Pansy," he resumed calmly, "you have done nothing but put yourself down all the way over here, remember?" Pansy merely stared at him.

"Remember?" he repeated more forcefully. She nodded, but only because she realized he expected her to.

"Good," he said. "I'm glad you remember that. Because that is what you did. You said awful things about yourself. Think about it. You said all those things because deep down you want to be punished." He looked down into her face expectantly after saying this. With one hand Jack held Pansy's head back so that he could see her face. With his other hand he began to gently caress her cheek. Pansy's mind was starting to work again. She tried to recall what she had said. It was not unusual for her to put herself down; she did it continually. But her mind balked at the idea that she wanted to be punished. On the contrary, she had always believed her self-deprecating comments were designed to forestall others from drawing the same conclusions. When she was hard on herself it seemed others were prompted to contradict her.

Jack could see by her expression that she was considering what he had said, so he continued. His voice was soothing. "When you're punished for something you don't like about yourself, it

makes it better." For some reason these words sent conflicting sensations simultaneously rippling through her; one of panic, the other of arousal. "You'll see," he concluded, keeping a tight hold of her hair to keep her from squirming as he picked up the belt and resumed the quick, steady lashes over her buttocks and thighs.

Stinging pain and mortification came in a brutal downpour that lasted for several moments; long minutes where Pansy forgot her arousal and her nudity and her guilt and every other thing that had been a part of her consciousness before. Initially she felt something akin to hysteria, and was even overcome with an urge to erupt into wild laughter. But quickly her laughter turned into sobs, and the hysteria faded away in the sharp reality of the all-consuming pain and heat spreading through her. At one point she became immersed in her efforts to escape the lashes, but upon the realization that she could not evade them she gradually accepted them, and in the end she was consumed with merely enduring the harsh onslaught with the anticipation that it would eventually come to an end. And although she had ceased her efforts to escape, her hips bobbed and jiggled rebelliously, seemingly in an effort to predict where the next lash would fall and futilely attempting to dodge her assailant's level eye. The skin of her backside burned hotter and hotter with every blow and Pansy could do little more than squirm and cry out in muffled sobs. The beating continued until Pansy was conscious of nothing but the searing pain that lit up her flesh like wildfire.

Then quite abruptly the blows stopped, and Jack dropped the

belt on the floor beside her. Pansy's eyes were still wide and frantic, and her hips continued to move in the rhythmic motion of her struggles. She was breathing heavily from her exertions and her gasps for air mingled with her muffled sobs. Jack pulled her head back again until her eyes met his, and she suddenly became still and ceased her crying. Even her tears seemed to halt on her cheeks. They stared at each other for a long moment. She felt as if he was observing her from within. He leaned closer and tenderly kissed her wet cheek.

"You took that well," he said gently. Something within Pansy jolted, but outwardly she merely continued to stare silently into his eyes. His other hand began moving lightly over her blazing haunches. She couldn't contain a slight moan when he touched the tender flesh. There was a strange combination of disbelief and acute attentiveness all around her and she struggled to ascertain what was real. Jack caressed her bottom thoughtfully, moving his fingers tentatively over the rising welts in her flesh. Very leisurely he let his fingers roam all around the area, and eventually he slipped a finger between the two round mounds of her buttocks, sliding it up and down along her crack. He slowly continued guiding his finger up and down; extending the span with every stroke until at last he reached her labia lips and pressed a few fingers into their silky folds. His fingers slipped in easily and Jack thrust them in and out brusquely, reveling in her soaking wetness, and accentuating the slopping sounds to add emphasize to his next remark. "You see," he said, "how much you wanted that?"

Pansy simply stared up at him. She felt as if she was drugged. Her flesh ached more acutely where he fingered her playfully than where the swollen welts still raged. She felt a slight tugging in the back of her head where he still held her by the hair. "Do you see that, Pansy?" he asked her again.

She could not speak through the panties in her mouth. The pain of the lashing was subsiding into an achingly hot tenderness that pulled at her womb and spread warmth throughout her lower body. Slowly she nodded. This simple admission caused her swollen sex glands to contract. Jack felt the contraction with his fingers.

"You're really a very good girl," he said huskily, causing more of the little contractions, and making her engorged sex sting. Jack's fingers moving in and out of her only managed to tantalize, not to satisfy. "We could take your punishment one step further, Pansy," he murmured. Her eyes were still fixed on his, and they widened slightly when she heard his words. "This time it's up to you," he assured her quickly. Her eyes bored into his. "I know your bottom hurts," he continued. "I can see that it hurts because it's so red and hot and swollen." Again he caressed her burning flesh. "But in order to get the full amount of pleasure—to get what you *need* from it, Pansy—you have to want it. You have to want it so much you'll beg for it." Pansy closed her eyes when she heard this. She dreaded what she was about to do even though she had no doubt that she would do it. How could she stop this now? Wasn't she already here, naked, on her hands and

knees, getting carpet burn on a dirty hotel-room floor, with a virtual stranger, having already given him more of herself than she had ever shared with her husband? The most difficult part—the part where she'd agreed to come here with Jack in the first place—was over and done. To stop now would be to go home with all the guilt and none of the satisfaction. She could do no less than to see it through to the end.

Besides all of this, Pansy had never been so aroused in her life, and she knew that some small part of her really did want this. She opened her eyes. Jack was still watching her intently. She nodded her head in the affirmative. She saw him smile and felt a brand-new thrill of fear. He carefully removed the panties from her mouth. "Well?" he prompted.

"I…want it," she said, self-conscious. Her mouth was very dry.

"Ask for it."

"Will you punish me again?" she asked, feeling her face burn. But her eyes didn't look away from his.

"Beg for it, Pansy."

She paused only a moment before continuing awkwardly. "Please…Jack…please punish me again. Punish me harder this time!" And suddenly she meant it. Her hips were already swaying back and forth in anticipation of the blows to come.

"It will hurt more this time, Pansy," he said, looking to subjugate her a little more with every word. "Your flesh is raw from the punishment I already gave you. Are you sure you want more?"

Pansy faltered, recalling the pain. Jack smiled to see her hesi-

tation. He wanted her broken. She began to tremble. He waited patiently for her answer.

"I'm sure, Jack," Pansy said after another moment. And all of a sudden, she *was* sure, even yearning for what was to come. "Please, Jack, please! I need you to punish me some more." She was overjoyed when she saw that he was pleased by her words.

"It will be good after, Pansy," he told her, stuffing the panties back into her mouth. He paused to touch her face affectionately. "I promise you that."

Her sex felt as if it was consuming her. She braced herself for the blows to come. He had not lied. The pain was twice as intense when it was inflicted on her raw flesh. Her hips bounced and jerked miserably as the blows fell over them and the flames of pain licked up along the length of her. She cried out and thrashed with all her might, knowing no one but Jack could hear or see her, and that it pleased him to see her so. In her wild abandon and absolute suffering she felt as if she was being released from something terrible, even though the incredible pain and heat was virtually consuming her.

Pansy was nearly beside herself by the time the second beating finally stopped and Jack threw down the belt for a second time. Without a word he immediately began removing his clothes. Her hips continued to rock back and forth and she moaned absently. She had rested her head on her arms, and gradually became quiet as it occurred to her that the worst was finally over. Her buttocks were rutted and inflamed and quivering. Her mouth was still held

open wide with the panties. When Jack approached her she looked up at his hard, throbbing sex in wonder.

"Keep your head down," he said hoarsely, adding approvingly when she complied, "Good girl. Now bring your hips up nice and high for me…higher." He guided her hips up so high that she was obliged to unbend her knees and distribute her weight between her hands and feet. "That's it," she heard him murmur, and at long last she felt the hard length of him slide easily into her aching hole.

"Mmmhhh," she moaned, shuddering, and she heard his responding moan mingled with laughter.

"I've never seen anyone need a spanking that badly," he said, driving into her with hard and rapid thrusts. "You must have been really bad to need all that punishing."

"I…am," she tried to tell him though her words were garbled. She enjoyed these kinds of demeaning innuendos while in the throes of passion, and wanted to encourage him to continue in the same vein.

"Did you need to be punished because you're an adulterous whore?" he asked, pounding himself even more violently into her. He found this kind of talk exciting, as well.

"Yes!" she cried unintelligibly, slipping her fingers over her clitoris.

"That's it," he coaxed when he noticed her arm reaching between her legs to touch herself. "No need to be shy with old Jack. I know what cheating sluts like you like even better than you know yourself." He could see his words were exciting her even

more. He wanted to hear more of her replies. "Have you ever been spanked like that before?" he asked her.

"No."

"Your husband doesn't spank you like you deserve?" he queried, thrusting harder and harder.

"No," she choked out again.

"But you deserved it, didn't you, Pansy?" he asked.

"Yes," she cried out. Her fingers were enthusiastically rubbing her clitoris.

He grasped her bright-red buttocks and began roughly kneading them with his hands as he continued to batter her with his thrusts. "You can still feel it, can't you, Pansy?" he asked her, knowing full well by her moans that she could. She responded in the affirmative. He squeezed her buttocks harder. He saw that she liked these painful reminders by the way her movements became more and more frantic with every squeeze from his prying fingers. Seeing that she enjoyed it, Jack became increasingly crude with her. "You'll remember it tonight, too, when you fuck your husband, won't you?" he asked her, and when she paused over the reminder of her husband, he repeated, "Won't you, Pansy?" It was at that moment that she climaxed, ironically, while she was crying out that she would indeed remember this later that evening when she was in bed with her husband.

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