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Ultimate Decadence

Edited by Emily Dubberley

Please note that this extract contains scenes of an adult nature.

The Night at the Hotel

by Elizabeth K. Payne

I was late. Considerably late. Almost an hour. Everything seemed to be conspiring against me. Work took longer than usual, I cut myself while shaving my legs, and then, to top it all, the train I got on was delayed. I looked at my watch nervously, then my mobile phone – no messages from him. Had he received mine?

Even though in truth I was dressed quite modestly, in a black dress, a mac and a beret, I felt as though the passengers in the train knew exactly what I was on way to do, as if they could see the lacy underwear I was wearing underneath, or the contents of my suitcase – the paddle, the collar and the pair of heels I had purchased that day in my lunch break.

I got out of the train, and attempted to follow the directions he'd given me. I was tired, nervous and confused by the number of bus stops. I went round in circles, unable to find the right one. I texted him I was lost. He called and explained where I should go. His tone of voice was neutral. I apologised for being late.



"Yes, you are late," he said. No anger, but no effort to reassure me either.

Our common friend Hanna had introduced us, acting as a matchmaker, knowing we had complementary desires that neither of us had yet had a chance to fully explore. Not that I hadn't played before, but, having spent most of my twenties in long term relationships with relatively vanilla partners, I had only been 'in role' for brief periods. My ex-boyfriends had been more than willing to tie me up and tease me before sex, but I hadn't been able to persuade them to play for longer stretches of time – say whole evenings.

His story was similar. We spent an afternoon in the park, getting to know each other, walking and talking about what we wanted to experience. He had beautiful eyes with thick eyelashes, almost as if he was wearing mascara, and a pleasant voice, calm, friendly and intelligent. We sat on the grass, and I touched the side of his face lightly, inviting him to kiss me.

By mutual choice, wanting to get to know each other better first, we hadn't played that day and we hadn't played on the two quite traditional dates that followed, but the time for something kinkier had arrived – and I had finally got on the right bus, and found the hotel!

For the first time, we would meet in role and, as long we were both comfortable, I would be his pet for the evening. We agreed 'pet' had a nicer ring than 'slave'.

The hotel was luxurious. I expected him to be in the lobby, but he wasn't. I called him, and he told me which corridor to walk through, which room number to look for. In my sleep deprivation and nervousness, it all seemed so difficult, and I had to ask him to repeat his instructions a couple of times.

I sat on the bed, and he offered me a drink. I thought he would tell me off for being late, and generally being so ineffectual, but he said it was understandable that I was nervous, and kissed me. He was wearing grey trousers, a white shirt and a waistcoat. There were sex toys laid out on the bed. He asked to see what I had brought. He liked the heels I had chosen, but said I should iron the shirt I had packed. I was a little surprised.

"Is this a course in being a woman?" I said.

The iron was warm – he'd ironed his own shirt. Expertly, of course, whereas I was doing a poor job.

"Is this good enough?" I asked.

He pointed to a few creases. "What do you think?" he said. "You may want to make a good impression on your first day."

"Sorry," was my instinctive response. I smiled nervously as his probing gaze cut through me.



"You may not make eye contact with me, and you should not speak unless I ask you a question," he said, and ordered me to walk into the bathroom and undress. I noticed a wooden bath brush was waiting for me there, a sight which filled me with excitement, and a little fear.

I took my clothes off, handing each item to him as I did so. He folded them neatly and put them aside. I stood naked for the first time in front of him, and he looked at me.

"Very nice," he said. "Step into the shower."

He ordered me to turn the water on. I panicked, again incapable of following the simplest instruction, finding even the shower taps too confusing. I felt foolish and cold, and started to shiver. Eventually, and with some assistance, I got the water running. Why was I so incompetent in the presence of this man? He applied shower gel, and started scrubbing me with the bath brush. He scrubbed forcefully – it was almost painful. He washed and scrubbed my face as well, then, with his hands, he soaped my breasts, stopping to squeeze each nipple. He ran his fingers lightly over my clit, but he did not linger as long as I wished. I made a face, as if asking him for more.

"Patience," he said, tapping me with the hair brush. "And remember, no eye contact."

He massaged shampoo, and then conditioner, on my hair. Once it was all rinsed off, he asked me to step out of the shower, and towelled me a lot more thoroughly than I would have. Then, with confident movements, he applied lotion on each part of my body. I savoured the sensation of his strong hands as they made their way from my feet to my neck. Even though I was still quite nervous, a part of me began to relax. He was in control – I didn't need to plan what to do next, and that was restful.

I was ordered to wear my heels, the pleated skirt I had packed and the shirt I'd ironed. Back into the bedroom, he asked me to walk in the heels to the door and back. This was not something that came easy to me, and he knew it – I had made it to my thirties without learning how to walk in high heels, a gap in my education he was keen to address. He stood close to me and observed.

"Again," he said. "With more feminine movements."

As I started to walk, I met his eyes, by mistake, and he slapped my face. He sat on the bed, slowly rolled up his sleeves, and put a pair of leather gloves on. He grabbed me by the arm, pushing me into his lap, and raised my skirt for a spanking.

"Time for some discipline," he said.

The smacks landed on my bottom with a satisfying noise. I liked the feel of the leather gloves – a first for me – and the fact that I was wearing heels seemed to add something to the punishment, making it more formal, more official, and me more



elegant and vulnerable. The spanking lasted a couple of minutes, enough to warm me up, but not to cause considerable pain.

"Get up," he said.

He had a few more things for me to wear: a collar and wrist restraints. He attached the wrist restraints to the collar, so my hands were behind my back, then placed ankle restraints on my feet, and a chain between them. He unbuttoned my shirt, exposing my breasts, and turned me so I could admire myself in the mirror.

"Do you like what you see?" he asked.

"Yes, I look just like an S&M pet."

"That's right," he said. "You're my S&M pet. You have given yourself to me, and so I will require you to take care of yourself, do you understand?"

"Yes," I said. Of course it was a game, an act, and in the morning I would be off to work and back to my life. I wasn't really his, but it was delicious to pretend I was – and I hoped fervently that the game might last, in some form, and that even in between our meetings there might be moments when I would think of myself as his pet.

"You won't drink alcohol or smoke. You'll exercise. You'll always be groomed, well-dressed. You are lovely, and, for me, you will be the best you can be, all the time. If you are about to do something naughty, text me first. Ask for permission."

"I will," I said, feeling thankful, eager to please.

"Good pet."

He kissed the side of my face and blindfolded me.

"Walk," he ordered, ready to catch me.

I was unstable, of course. I had to trust him. I took a few hesitant steps and lost balance. He did catch me. I kept walking, enjoying the feeling that someone else was watching over me, protecting me, and I could just abandon myself to his will temporarily. I got to the door, and rested with my body against his. He fingered me with his gloved hand, and commented on how wet I was. But it wasn't time to fuck yet.

He ordered me to crouch, still blindfolded. It was easy enough, but I wasn't allowed to move and soon my feet started to hurt. I told him so.

"Does it, sweetie?" he said, in a kind tone.

"Yes," I said, my voice a little babyish, hoping he might take pity on me. "Can I move?"



"No, but perhaps these will take your mind off the discomfort," he said, and I could hear him reach for something.

Metal tugged at my nipples. It was my first experience of nipple clamps. The pain was sharp as he adjusted them, but it soon dulled down, until the sensation became pleasurable. My feet still hurt though. I whimpered a little. He kissed me gently, and rubbed my hair, but he did not let me move.

"I could just watch you all day," he said. Minutes passed, in silence.

"Get up," he said, finally, guiding me up and dragging me towards the table, making me bend down over it and lifting my skirt. He touched my clit, teasing me with his fingers. I was blindfolded and my hands were still behind my back, so it was difficult to control my upper body, and I knocked a plastic glass by mistake. Fizzy water poured onto the table and then down into the fluffy carpet of the hotel room.

"Look what you've done!" he said, removing my blindfold and freeing my hands. "Go and get a towel!" I did so, uncertain in the heels.

"Don't walk. Crawl," he ordered, and I obeyed.

On my return I handed him the towel, and he looked at me in mock shock. I giggled. Of course he wasn't going to be mopping the floor for me. What was I thinking? I pressed the towel on the wet patch on the floor, and dried his boots as well, as instructed.

"Crawl to the coffee table," he said, fishing in his bag for some rope. "This calls for punishment. I know you didn't mean to, but you have to learn to be less clumsy."

He ordered me to lie across the table, and proceeded to tie my arms and legs so I wouldn't be able to move. The nipple clamps were digging uncomfortably into my flesh. My ankles were tightly bound together.

"Point your toes," he said. "Now you are ready to be caned."

He lifted my skirt and reached for a little cane that was lying on the bed. He made it swish through the air, causing my body to tense in expectation of the pain. Twenty strokes followed, at a slow but regular pace, all handed out with the same strength. They were definitely not mild, but he was holding back, not hurting me as much as he could have. Even so, the pain was sharp, and I was soon attempting to move, as if to free myself and avoid to blows. But I could not – the bondage was tight, and even wiggling was out of the question. I could have used the agreed safe word, but too much of me was enjoying the experience, and, as the punishment neared its end, I stopped resisting the pain and started to feel oddly calm, almost as if I was floating, each blow bringing me to a higher state of pleasure.

"You are very wet," he commented when it was over, using the cane to stroke my cunt and raising it to inspect the evidence of my arousal. "And you look very pretty decorated with pink stripes."



He untied me and lifted me up in his arms to then deposit me on the bed. A nipple clamp lost its grip.

"We'll have to fix that," he said, readjusting it as I winced. It hurt, and, unlike the spanking and the caning, it didn't even hurt in a way which almost immediately turned into pleasure, and yet the thought that I was willing to let him inflict this kind of pain on me was both a turn-on and psychologically interesting – it made me feel as if I was truly submissive to this man, as if I could lose myself to the experience, letting him do as he wished with my body.

He undressed me until all I was wearing were the nipple clamps, the collar and the heels.

"You may look at me in the eyes when I fuck you," he said, reaching for a condom. "In fact, I want you to."

Facing me, and tugging the clamps lightly, he slid into me. I looked into his beautiful eyes as his cock finally filled me, but then I lowered my eyes slightly, forgetting his instructions, and he tugged at the clamps, than slapped my face, sending a sudden wave of pain and pleasure through my body. He lifted my legs so they were resting by my shoulders – stretched, the heels still on my feet – and started to fuck me hard. I kept my legs straight and my feet pointing (years of yoga were paying off!), wanting to be graceful for him, and finding that the position enhanced my pleasure further. Suddenly, I came, moaning loudly, almost surprised at the force and speed of it. He turned me round, and fucked me from behind, pressing his body against my skin, which was still in places warm and tingly from the punishment. Feeling a second orgasm building up, I reached for my clitoris. Soon I came, and a big smile spread on my face as I recovered from the explosion of pleasure. He didn't stop, but rode to his own orgasm, spurred on by mine, then let his body rest against mine and kissed me.

"Next time we will meet at the bar," he said later, spooning me. "Be early, and wait like a good girl. I want you to dress elegantly. Put your hair up, wear some make-up, your best jewellery ..."

"And the heels?"

"Of course. And something else too. Under your evening dress, I want you to wear a little gift I have for you."

My eyes widened.

He reached for his bag and handed me a small parcel.

"Since you've been a good girl," he said. "Mostly."

I smiled, delighted, and unwrapped the parcel, revealing something I hadn't seen before, but had heard about. It was shaped like a butterfly and came with a remote control.



"Now, that's for me," he said, and showed me how the butterfly could be made to vibrate – quite silently, thankfully. He placed it against my clit, and gave me a little taste of what was to come.

"Bedtime," he said, with a pat. "Go brush your teeth."

On my return from the bathroom I saw he'd laid out some blankets and pillows on the floor, by the side of the bed. I looked at him in surprise.

"Pets sleep on the floor. Come here."

I sat on the 'bed' he'd made for me, and he lifted my right foot gently, and placed an ankle restraint back on, attached to some rope. He tied the rope to the coffee table nearby – there was quite a lot of rope, so I could actually move a fair bit.

"So you won't run away. Get in, then."

I did as told, and he tucked me in and kissed me goodnight. He got into the bed, the actual bed, and turned the lights off, while I wondered whether I dared disobey and climb into bed with him ...