

Surrender in Silk

by [abbeynormal](#)©

Meg's heart pounded in her chest as she pulled into a parking space in front of the condominium. She was having difficulty believing that she had agreed to this. What in the name of God had her hormones gotten her into this time? Where was her mind when she visited that Internet chat room? It had been hard enough to admit that old desires had begun to surface again but to actively go out and seek someone who could help her fulfill them was madness.

But she had done it anyway and met someone whose interests seemed similar to hers and amazingly enough also lived in Toronto. They had spent many nights chatting on the computer, learning a lot about each other and finding out that they had similar backgrounds in law enforcement as well. Now she could laugh as she realized that all the clues were there. She should have known whom she was dealing with but when she finally agreed to have dinner with him to talk in person, it had been a complete surprise.

She glanced at her watch. 5:55pm. She had time. She could simply drive away and make her excuses later. Yes, she could claim that a work related emergency had kept her from meeting him and he'd never need to know that she had actually arrived but then chickened out.

Just as she was starting to shift the car into reverse, she saw the draperies move. Though she hadn't actually seen a body, she was certain that he had looked out the window and knew that she was there. "Damn," she said to herself, "no backing out now." Meg took a deep breath to calm her nerves, surrounded herself with an aura of nonchalance and finally felt prepared to face whatever challenges awaited her.

As she opened the car door and began to step out, a glint of metal in her bag caught her eye and she realized that she hadn't removed her gun before she'd left. The knowledge heartened her, reminding her that she was, after all, an experienced police officer. They'd agreed that there would be no bondage tonight, only subservience and that was something she could walk away from. While she acknowledged that she was quite a bit smaller than he was, she was certain that she'd be able to break virtually any kind of hold he might try.

She glanced quickly at the contents of her bag and ran down her mental checklist once again. She'd brought her own water bottle so she didn't have to depend on him for hydration. Earlier in the day she'd told her friend, Patricia, that she had a blind date and was having minor misgivings about it. So now the woman had his address and instructions to call the police if she didn't hear from Meg by 8:00. Pat had been concerned that her friend thought such precautions were necessary but Meg reassured her by saying she didn't really think she'd be in any danger but she just wanted to be certain she had a safety net if she needed one.

Meg smiled to herself as she walked to the front door of the condo. Back at her home there was a plastic bag that would be of assistance to the police if it were needed. The last time they'd met, he had been drinking a soda and had deposited the can in the trash. She'd carefully extracted it and kept it so she'd have his fingerprints. She'd also steered a conversation to the subject of badges and bad ID card photographs. They'd compared pictures and that had given her the time to jot down more information about him. Yes, if something happened to her tonight, the police would certainly have something to go on.

She barely had a chance to knock before the door opened. Renfield Turnbull smiled at her from the other side of the threshold.

"Hi, come on in," he beckoned.

"Thank you," she responded as she walked into the condo.

Meg took a quick scan of the layout. Beyond the living room there was a very short hallway of sorts that led to a small eat-in kitchen. She noticed a back door which opened to a concrete patio that was, blessedly, unfenced. For a moment she catalogued where his condo was in relationship to the rest of the building. In case a quick exit was needed, she didn't want to waste time running the long way around the structure. She hadn't seen a balcony on any of the other condos so she knew that escape from upstairs would best be made down the steps and straight out the front door.

"I'm glad to see you," he stated, sounding genuinely pleased.

"Thanks."

"Have a seat," he said, indicating a loveseat on one side of the room. "Can I get you anything to drink?"

"No, thanks," Meg responded, reaching into her bag to get her water bottle. "I'm covered," she added, brandishing the plastic cylinder.

Ren took a seat on the sofa across the narrow living room. He watched her for a moment, trying to assess the situation before he began. "Thanks for sending me your list," he said, picking up a piece of paper from the coffee table. "Looks like we agree on a lot of things. I'm not really into the more extreme stuff." He flipped the paper around so that she could see the activities which he'd highlighted in yellow ink.

Meg listened and watched him closely as she tried to discern if he was lying but couldn't detect any hint of deception in the tone of his voice or his demeanor. "Well, I have nothing against it if that's what you're into but it's just not for me. I guess I'm just too squeamish."

"I don't think you're squeamish," he corrected. "I think you're very intelligent and just know what you want."

Meg had to laugh, "Oh sure, flatter me all you want."

"I was, however, rather surprised at the number of things you'd listed as a 4 or a 5. Have you done this kind of thing before?" he asked with a furrowed brow.

"Only once," she responded neutrally. "So, please bear with me while I get used to all this again. It's been a long time and I'm sure I'm pretty rusty."

"You'll be fine," he reassured her.

Ren smiled at her admission. He'd been looking forward to this evening all day and could hardly believe his good fortune. Ever since he'd returned to Canada, he'd been looking for someone to play with and the fact that it appeared Meg would be his new play partner had kept him on pins and needles since he'd gotten out of bed that morning.

So much had changed since they'd each left Chicago. Her years at CSIS had hardened her, even beyond what the RCMP had done to her. In fact, he thought, it had hardened her so much that she had finally cracked and was willing to show the sweet, soft compliant woman that hid underneath. Realistically, he had to admit that he had changed too.

Getting out from under the shadow of Super Mountie Ben Fraser had done a great deal for his self-image. Away from the rules and regulations of the RCMP, he began to apply his natural skills and learn that he had far more to offer than even he'd realized. Though his attempt to run for public office had failed, it had brought him to the attention of people who noticed his raw potential and nurtured it, molding him into the man he was today. Now he was an executive at one of the largest architectural and design firms in Ontario, with a staff of half a dozen people answering to him. Toronto Monthly magazine had named him the city's most eligible bachelor. While there was any number of women willing to share his company and his bed, there was always something missing.

A wrong turn down Church Street one day had led him to a shop that dealt exclusively in fetish wear and accessories had opened his eyes. He wasn't as naive as most people thought and he certainly wasn't shocked by what most people considered aberrant sexual behavior. This was, however, the first time that he'd come face to face with all the gear and accessories that went with the leather lifestyle and something began to glow within him. This was what he wanted. A submissive woman would complete him and fill that empty spot in his soul... but where to find one.

He checked out the clubs in Toronto but didn't particularly like what he found there. They were more geared towards swinging and swapping than dominance and submission. He checked the personal ads and even met with a few prospective women but none of them possessed the fire he looked for. He didn't want a doormat with low self esteem. He wanted someone confident enough in herself and her sexuality to know that her submission was a gift to be given only to the Dom who could appreciate it. So he turned to the internet, started checking out the chat rooms and that's where he found her.

When he first met her, he'd noticed that she exuded a raw sexuality. The night they shared a bed with Buck Frobisher in that ridiculously small RCMP cabin before going out to capture Muldoon had attracted him even more although he knew that as his superior officer he shouldn't even be having such thoughts. And the kiss at the end of their evening together last week was still seared in his memory. Though it had been brief, it spoke volumes about her sensuality and femininity.

"So, you've got my list," Meg began. "Are there any house rules I should know about?"

Ren smiled at her. "As a matter of fact, there are only a few." He picked up another piece of paper from the coffee table and handed it to her.

She glanced at the paper and realized that he was telling the truth.

"1. 'You will be punctual for all sessions'," she read aloud. "That shouldn't be a problem. I tend to be pathologically punctual."

"Fine, go on," he stated.

"2. 'You will address your Master as Sir at all times'. I can live with that."

She was rewarded with a small nod of the head from Turnbull.

"3. 'You will never ask for specific things, but suggest to your Master that he might want to try something if you would like a specific thing in a session'." Her brow furrowed as she thought about that for a moment. "I take it you're not into hearing your sub beg?" she questioned.

"We'll discuss that more later."

"Okay," she agreed and continued to read. "4. 'You will do what is asked without question if it is in the agreed upon list.' Well, that only seems fair."

"For now, that goes for soft limits as well as hard until we get used to each other," he reassured her.

She nodded without looking up from the list. "5. You will not wear a bra or panties when in your Master's presence."

Meg's head snapped up at that point. She had amassed her lingerie collection with great thought to the effect that it would have on any man who saw it. She'd even purchased a few pieces that she would never have considered before.

"You have a problem with that last rule, sub?" Ren asked, starting to get into his role.

"Yes, Sir, I do. Mother always told me to wear clean underpants in case I was in an accident," she responded, trying to make light of the situation. "Besides, I thought it might please you to watch me disrobe."

"That it might, sub. That it might. Well, I'll think about that one and we'll get back to it later."

"Yes, Sir."

"Then let's go upstairs and get started," he commanded.

"Upstairs?"

"That's where the play room is," he said.

She motioned for him to lead the way and then followed him up the steps. As she climbed the plushly carpeted stairs, she took one last glance over her shoulder at the front door and realized that if she wanted to bolt, this was likely to be her final opportunity. Screwing up her courage, she convinced herself that this couldn't be worse than anything else that she'd ever experienced.

Once at the landing he led her into a westward facing room. There were sheer curtains draped over the window that allowed plenty of light to enter the room. It appeared to be just another bedroom, furnished as a

guestroom might be with a queen size bed, nightstands and a small dresser. Meg quirked an eyebrow at him when she noticed the framed Nancy Noel prints on the wall. Pictures of kittens seemed so out of place with what she imagined they would be doing.

"Is there a problem, sub?" Ren asked sternly.

"No, Sir. It just wasn't what I expected."

"And what were you expecting?"

"I'm not sure, maybe something a little darker and more severe."

"More dungeon-like?" he asked, with a wicked grin spreading across his face.

"Yes, something like that," she admitted, still taking in all the pleasant amenities.

"Well, I've always been fond of natural lighting and this room seems to take the best advantage of that. Plus with it being on the second floor, it makes it virtually impossible for anyone to look in the window and see what I'm doing."

"Good point. So, what now, Sir?"

"Undress, of course."

Meg dropped her bag at the foot of the bed prepared to peel off her clothing. She started by kicking off her sandals and adding them to the contents of the bag. Taking a deep breath she grabbed the hem of her lipstick red T-shirt and began to yank it off over her head.

"Whoa, sub. Did no one ever instruct you on the proper way to undress?"

"Proper way, Sir?" she asked, adopting a tone of innocence.

"You act like you're in a locker room, suiting up for the big game. Now slow down and take your time. Or are you in that much of a rush to get this over with?"

She averted her eyes, hoping he'd just think it was a sign of her submission. She didn't want him to see her face for fear that he would realize she wanted just that-to get through this scene and see if she survived it in one piece.

"No," she replied softly.

"No, what, sub?" he prompted, his voice darkening menacingly.

"No, Sir."

"That's better. Now, undress slowly, sensuously. Show off your body like the little slut you are."

Inwardly she chuckled. 'You want a show?' she thought. 'Okay, babe, hang on to your hat.'

Slowly she began to inch the hem of the shirt up expose her belly and torso and then let it fall again. She lifted it higher the second time, giving him a brief glimpse of the pattern of her bra. On the third attempt, the shirt came all the way up to her shoulders and let him fully see the charms that had been hidden under it. She saw his eyes begin to lose their focus and it strengthened her courage. Finally she completely removed the shirt and took note of his expression as he stared at her.

Even after shedding a few pounds, her breasts had remained full and round, and the purple bra she wore strained to contain them. She teased and tantalized him as she slowly unzipped her short denim skirt. Her hips wiggled in sensuous delight, and she knew the effect her performance was likely having on him. As she gyrated hypnotically, she let the fabric fall away from her lower belly and expose her navel while giving him a peek at the matching panties she wore.

It took a full five minutes for her to finally take the skirt completely off and drop it in her bag. Now she stood

clad only in a purple lace bra and matching bikini panties and her master's eyes were completely glazed over. It was difficult for him to not lose his focus as she sensuously stripped for him. It was obvious that she'd done this kind of thing before. She moved too fluidly to be a novice. He nodded at her to continue undressing; not that she apparently needed any encouragement.

Another five minutes passed before she was completely naked. She drew out her performance, trying to give herself time to come to grips with what she was about to do and to let the butterflies in her stomach settle. When the last piece of clothing was tucked safely away in her bag, she was still apprehensive but not quite so fearful. Her body was turned towards him but she kept her eyes averted.

He licked his lips and chuckled. "My, my, you are such a slut. Are you nervous?"

"A little, Sir."

"Good, I'd be concerned if you weren't. Do you know what happens next?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, you've been a big tease tonight. You have to be punished for that."

"Yes, Sir," she agreed meekly.

"Lie down across the bed. You're going to be spanked. If you take this like a good girl, things will go a lot better for you. If not, you'll have to be restrained. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," Meg responded as she stretched out on the bed. She folded her arms in front of her and rested her head on them. For a long time, nothing happened. Waiting expectantly, she didn't realize that she was holding her breath and only became aware of it when the first blow fell to her rounded bottom. Her entire body jerked at the impact but she didn't cry out, only expelled the air she'd been holding in her lungs. The truth was that while it was mildly painful, the shock factor was much greater.

This was a man who knew what he was doing, never letting the same amount of time pass between any two strikes. He watched her react as each swat fell on her and smiled. She seemed even more responsive than he'd hoped for. It was a joy for him to watch her shut her eyes tightly and clench her jaw, waiting for the next time his hand would come down on her. He almost stopped, wondering if she'd reached a limit, if she'd let herself use her safeword. But since she didn't, he continued.

At last her buttocks were cherry red, inflamed by the power he'd unleashed on them. Feeling somewhat tender, and wanting to reward her for her stoic acceptance of his punishment, he lightly rubbed his hand across her ass, soothing the pain away with a gentle touch and soft words.

"Excellent. You took that very well and never once put your hand back to try to stop me."

"Thank you, Sir," Meg responded, feeling somewhat out of breath.

"I think you should be rewarded for that. Roll over."

Meg did as she was commanded, wondering what was in store for her now. Closing her eyes so he wouldn't see her uncertainty, she let her head fall backward over the side of the mattress and waited expectantly. Still apprehensive over what was going to happen, she wanted to distance her rational self from her body and letting her head go virtually unsupported seemed to be the best way to do it.

She felt the mattress dip on her right side and knew that Ren had joined her. Something tugged at her right nipple and she gasped at the exquisite sensation. He rolled the nub of flesh between his thumb and forefinger then pulled it away from her body. She could feel herself respond to his touch as if a bolt of energy had coursed between the nipple and her crotch. His continued ministrations to her breasts just made her even hotter. She wanted nothing more at this moment than to roll him over and attack his body but she knew that wouldn't be allowed. She was, after all, the sub and she was there simply for the pleasure of her master.

"Do you like that, sub?" she heard him ask.

"Mmmmmm,"

"Margaret," he said, sternly, "When I ask you a question, I expect you to respond with a complete sentence. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," she said crisply.

"Yes, Sir, what?"

"Yes, I understand, Sir. And I like what you're doing very much," she said, feeling a little like she was back at Regina.

He continued to tug on her nipples, pulling them away from her breasts and rolling them firmly between his fingers. She winced briefly from the pain but didn't say anything. Pushing her limits, he pinched them even harder until she gasped out her first safeword.

"Yellow!" she nearly cried, wanting him not to stop all together but simply reduce the intensity.

He complied instantly by releasing the sensitive nubs of flesh and changing his focus back to the fullness of her breasts. He kneaded them and lightly trailed his fingertips across the smooth, soft mounds. Meg's sigh of relief pleased him as she was assured that he would respect her limits.

"You see, you can trust me. I'll never do anything to intentionally hurt you." He paused for a second while a wicked grin lit up his face. "Or at least, not in a way that you won't enjoy."

She felt his hands leave her breasts, stroke down her abdomen and trail all the way down to her feet. The caress was gentle and sensuous but the hands were rougher and forceful as they slid back up her legs and stop just above her knees. Her face turned red as she felt her thighs being pried apart and sensed his eyes staring at the treasure that was now revealed.

"Meg, Meg, Meg, you are such a brazen hussy. Who would have thought that under your well known, tough-as-nails, exterior there would be a woman who keeps herself completely shaved?" His hands were gentle again as he lightly brushed her outer lips, softly stroking them and enjoying the feel of the baby soft skin.

Meg couldn't stand the humiliation any longer and tried to move her legs back together. Her efforts were immediately stopped with a firm grasp on each thigh followed by a slap on her hip. She expected a verbal admonishment to follow but none came. Instead she suddenly felt two fingers being plunged deeply inside her. Though she was almost dripping in response to the nipple play earlier, this forceful invasion was shocking and uncomfortable.

"Did I give you permission to move, slut?" Ren growled.

"No, Sir."

"Then why did you do it?"

Meg really didn't have a reason; not one that he'd find acceptable at any rate. She couldn't claim embarrassment because she knew it that was simply part of giving up control. He could do with her as he wished. And even if they were just lovers, he'd have seen her like this anyway. There was just something to degrading about being 'forced' to display herself in this fashion.

"I can't say, Sir. But I won't do it again."

"You certainly won't. You will move when I tell you it's time to move and only in the positions I instruct," he asserted, punctuating his commands with deep thrusts of his fingers. "Do I make myself clear?"

"Crystal clear, Sir."

"Good."

Meg sighed as the assault on her pussy stopped momentarily and then she gasped as a new sensation took her by storm. With his hand still deep inside her, he was making a 'come hither' gesture with his fingers, stroking the upper ridge. It was an intensely stimulating sensation and eyes flew open wide as she felt a pressure

building inside her. With every ounce of self control she could muster, she kept her body still even though her hips nearly ached to rise and encourage him.

Ren smiled quietly as he looked upon her. He could see the effort she was putting into remaining still and it thrilled him. He could feel himself hardening underneath his jeans and wished now that he'd taken the time to undress as well. But it was part of her training that she had to accept that there would be times when he simply wanted to see her body without necessarily exposing his own. He also knew that eventually she would be lavishing attention on him and he could wait.

"Are you enjoying this, sub?"

"Yes, Sir. Very much," she nearly gasped.

"How does it feel?"

Meg shook her head back and forth unable to really explain and she felt a sharp slap on her hip.

"Tell me, sub!"

"It's amazing, Sir. Like nothing I've ever felt before."

"You mean, no one has ever taken the time to find this little spot in you? And you've never looked for it yourself?"

"No, Sir."

"Interesting," was all he said and continued to tickle inside her. He could see that she was almost becoming acclimated to the sensation. Her hips were not held so rigidly restrained anymore and her breathing had evened out. He knew it was time to increase tension. With his other hand he began to lightly stroke her outer lips and smiled at the sound she made- a gasp that ended in a giggle. He increased the firmness of his touch and let her catch her breath for a moment before he moved the fingers higher up and grabbed her clitoris, pinching it firmly.

Meg nearly came unglued. Her head snapped up and she found her hands grabbing his, trying to take them away from her body. She drew her knees up and firmly clamped her legs together around their hands, trying to make him stop. And the moment she realized what she had done, she knew she would be punished for it.

"I'm sorry, Sir. Please, forgive me."

Ren was conflicted for a moment. While she was begging for forgiveness, she also wasn't releasing him from her grasp. He knew that while she understood that she'd broken the rules, she also hadn't removed her hands from his.

"Margaret! Let go of me this instant!"

Slowly and almost reluctantly, she loosened her grip and returned her hands to her side. The tension in her legs was released bit by bit until they were once again flat on the bed. He noticed that there was a single tear running out of the corner of her right eye.

"Is there something you need to say to me, sub?" he asked gently. "Was that little convulsion just your body's way of saying 'red'?"

"No, Sir. Please continue."

He did continue, but waited several minutes first. He wanted to make sure she was fully relaxed and had surrendered once again to her submissive state. He also liked the fact that he was keeping her in suspense, not knowing just when he would start again.

Meg took several deep breaths and wondered just what he would do next. Even as she relaxed her body, she steeled her mind for the next onslaught. When it didn't come, she opened her eyes but didn't lift her head, hoping that her peripheral vision would be sufficient to determine just what was happening, but she couldn't

see. She felt him get off the bed, but the deep pile of the carpet hid his footsteps from her and she had no way of knowing that he had moved to the side of the bed where he knelt between her widely spread legs until he grabbed her legs and roughly pulled her close to him.

The attack on her pussy began again without warning and this time she felt three fingers plunge into her. She gasped and then moaned as she felt something else. Instead of two fingers pinching her clit, she felt something different. This was harder, almost painful. He was nibbling on her with his teeth! Her respiration became shallow and erratic.

"Breathe, Margaret, breathe," he told her, momentarily halting his oral assault. "You'll enjoy this far more if you take long deep breaths."

She tried to do as he instructed but found it difficult. Her mind was a spinning with pleasure and it was hard to grasp such a mundane thought as inhaling and exhaling properly. Finally she managed to take two breaths without gasping and thought she could take a few more.

Ren, however, chose that moment to start tickling her G-spot again and her mind began to spin out of control. When his lips fastened on her clit and sucked it hard again, she could tell that she wasn't going to last much longer. The electricity had concentrated itself in those few square centimetres of flesh and her legs began to quiver in anticipation of the orgasm she could feel beginning to grow inside her.

"Don't you dare come, sub," Ren growled as he pulled away. "Your body belongs to me now and so do your orgasms. You don't get to climax unless I say so."

"Please, Sir. Don't deny me this. Let me come!"

"Why? Why should I let a little slut like you have any fun? After all the times you teased me back in Chicago? You don't deserve to cum."

"Pleeeeeease!" she begged. "I need to so badly. It hurts."

He slammed his fingers inside her again and fucked her roughly with them. "It hurts, huh? And you think standing guard-duty in Chicago didn't hurt? You think I never had an erection while I was standing in front of that building like a tin soldier? You think that my balls never ached when I saw you? Oh, Margaret, you don't know pain."

Meg was completely stunned by his admission. The truth was, that she hadn't really thought about any of her staff back then. They were Mounties just like her. They'd all endured rigorous physical training in order to become a member of the RCMP. Pain was part of the game. You accepted it and moved on. Now she wondered if he had really lured her here just to extract some sort of twisted revenge for all the imagined slights and discomforts from years ago.

"Margaret," he said again. "You didn't answer my questions. They weren't rhetorical."

In that moment she caught the exact timbre of his voice. He wasn't really angry. He was simply playing head games with her. His voice was far too controlled for him to truly be mad but a slap to her hip made her remember that she still needed to answer him.

"No, Sir. I don't believe I know the kind of pain you speak of. But I'm begging you anyway. I can't hold back much longer. If you keep this up, I'm just going to cream all over your hand."

Ren doubled his efforts and began tickling her clit with his left hand. "Then do it. Cream for me, sub. Show me what a slut you truly are."

Within moments Meg felt that electricity building in her again. Her thighs quivered and her hands began to clutch convulsively at the bedspread. She felt two fingers grab her clit and tug on it and that was all she could stand. The muscles in her pussy spasmed sharply around Turnbull's fingers. She felt her hip thrusting violently at him, trying to force him in deeper. Her nipples became even more erect, almost wrinkled as her chest heaved through ragged gasps of air.

She had no idea how long she was in this state but only began to become conscious of herself again when she felt Ren's hand lightly brush her bangs from her forehead. They were damp and it dawned on her that she was

actually perspiring. She felt him gently blow cool air across her skin and smiled at the goosebumps that popped up. She opened her eyes, realized he was now lying on his side next to her and saw his fingers at her lips.

"Suck on them, sub. Take them in your mouth and taste yourself on me."

Meg's eyes widened quickly. This was one thing that wasn't covered on her list as it was something that she never dreamed would happen to her. She watched as he put one finger in his own mouth and seemed to savor the juices that still clung to it. Then the hand returned to her lips.

"Go ahead. It's not as bad as you think. You taste sweet."

Tentatively, she parted her lips and allowed him to slip one finger in her mouth. While she couldn't agree with the 'sweet' description, he was correct that it wasn't as bad as she had anticipated. It was slightly salty and viscous, she used her tongue and her lips to clean all traces of herself off of him. When she had finished, she willingly accepted the other finger and gave it equal attention.

Ren noticed the spark of mischief in her eyes as she watched him while performing this service. His cock hardened again and strained at the fly of his jeans. While a small voice in the back of his mind urged him to simply rip off his clothes and plunge into her wide open and dripping wet cunt, over a year of training and restraint held him back. While he knew she would enjoy it, it would not further her submission to him. Carefully, he stepped away from the bed, pulling his finger out of her mouth.

"Very good, Margaret. Now come here and undress me."

Meg's eyes grew wide at his command. She quickly recalled that night up in King's Creek that they'd shared a bed with Buck and one memory had stayed burned in her brain. For although they were both warmly dressed under the covers, at one point during the night, he had rolled over and wrapped himself protectively around her. As she awakened and realized what had happened, she also became aware of an erect penis insistently nudging her in the small of her back. Now she was about to come face-to-head with it.

Still feeling a bit light-headed from the treatment he'd just subjected her to, she carefully crawled off the bed and stood in front of him. Though he didn't say a word, displeasure clearly showed on his face and she realized what she was doing wrong. Without hesitating, she dropped to her knees and bowed her head.

"Now that's a good position for a sub. But stand up and start with my shirt."

With shakey fingers she peeled the polo shirt from his torso. Recognizing the great differences in their height, he bent over at the waist to allow her to more easily remove the shirt over his head. She marveled for a moment at his smooth, well defined pectoral muscles, wanting nothing more than to run her fingertips across them. Her hand even moved of its own accord to reach out to him but she aborted the gesture before she ever touched him.

"I'm glad you like what you see," he acknowledged, "but continue on with your job."

She was so nervous that she could barely unbuckle his belt. It took her three attempts to do so and when she finally accomplished the feat, it was done so clumsily. The snap unfastened more easily and the zipper slid down effortlessly. She realized that she would have to remove his shoes in order to get the pants off.

"Sir, I respectfully request that you sit on the bed so that I can take your shoes off you."

Ren did as he was requested and watched while Meg's fingers quickly untied the laces. With a slight tug she got his shoes off him and flung them aside in to the open closet. He wondered what her next step would be and smiled when she stood up and held out her hands to him. He grasped them and allowed her to pull him to a standing position again.

Meg took a deep breath as she accepted what she was about to do. Really, it was no different than any other time she'd decided to have sex. Undressing each other in a fit of heated passion was something that she was not unfamiliar with. The difference here was that she was being ordered to do it and she didn't know what it was in preparation for. Would they have intercourse? Obviously, he was looking for some kind of contact or he would have stayed dressed. What did he want from her anyway? Grasping his jeans by the side seams, she gave them a sharp tug and pulled them down over his hips.

She stifled a gasp as she saw what he was wearing under them. Though she had never given any thought to Turnbull's choice in underwear, a part of her assumed he would have starched white boxers, just as Fraser wore. When they'd spent time together at King's Creek before going after Muldoon, she had only seen him in his red long johns. Never in her life would she have expected something so generic as plain white jockey shorts.

"Is there a problem, sub?"

"Uh, no Sir, no problem."

"Then what's the delay?"

"Just, uh, admiring the view, Sir."

And truly she was. While she had never believed that there was any kind of correlation between the size of a man's penis and any other part of his body, Ren proved to be quite proportionate. His cock was fully erect and the head was sticking out of the waistband of his shorts, a large drop of pre-cum oozing out of it.

Putting her shock aside for a moment, she pulled the tidy whites down to join the jeans at Ren's ankles. Playfully she pushed him back onto the bed and removed the last of his clothes. Once he was as naked as she was, however, she no longer knew what to do and simply knelt at the side of the bed, her hands in her lap and her head bowed.

It was a sight he had wanted to see for years. Margaret Thatcher in perfect submission before him; on her knees and awaiting his next command. He waited several minutes and just savored the sight. He knew what he had planned to do next, but also knew that the longer he waited, the more off balance she would be. To him, domination wasn't just a physical sport. Most men could physically dominate a woman, but that was akin to rape. To him, the joy was in the mind-fuck; in making her want to give herself to him in every way possible.

"Margaret," he finally said, "give me your hands."

Without looking up, she raised her arms and held her hands out to him. She trembled slightly as he firmly stroked her wrists. Their agreement had not included any kind of bondage or restraint, but the way he caressed her made her think he was mentally preparing her to put cuffs on her arms.

"Lovely," he breathed. "You're so lovely when you're obedient. Now look up at me."

She raised her head and looked directly into his face. She didn't know what she expected to see, but it certainly wasn't the tenderness that emanated from his eyes. She watched as he took her hands and wrapped them around his cock.

"I can be a loving Master as well as a bloody tyrant. Which face you see is entirely dependant upon you."

"I would prefer to see the loving Master, Sir."

"Then show me you're worthy of it and worthy of being my sub. Worship my cock. Give it all the attention that it's due and then some. Demonstrate to me, how badly you want to be my slave. If you do a good job and please me, you will find out just how kind I can be with my slave. If not, well, you certainly won't like what you see."

Meg needed no more than that before diving in with enthusiasm. She knew there was no way she'd ever be able to get that entire thing in her mouth but she vowed silently to take as much of it as possible. Slowly she licked her way from the base to the tip and then back again making sure that every square millimetre was touched by her mouth. With flat broad strokes of her tongue, she slowly and deliberately lapped at his balls as if she were enjoying the finest ice cream and didn't want to waste a drop of it.

Ren watched eagerly as Meg lavished attention on this one part of his body. Her brown hair swayed slightly as her head bobbed up and down repeatedly. Her lips were soft as velvet on his skin and her tongue exerted a subtle pressure along the length of him. He groaned softly as she skillfully manipulated his balls with her hand and he caught the look up pure bliss in her eyes when she looked up at him.

Though he would never willingly share this sight with anyone, he almost wished those clods they'd worked with

up near Franklin Bay could see her now. They'd said the most unkind things about his Meg behind her back and laughed when he had taken them to task for it. They ribbed him; saying he had a soft spot for the bitchy inspector and wondered just what kind of a man he was. No, they could never have foreseen a Meg Thatcher who willingly dropped to her knees for a man and was eager to service him in whatever degrading and humiliating way he could think of.

It wouldn't have occurred to him either when they first met. Like most people, he initially saw the consummate professional officer who never let her guard down. Later he heard the stories of how, shortly after arriving in Chicago, she tried to have Constable Fraser fired, for no apparent reason. He also saw the amount of verbal abuse she could hand out to an unsuspecting subordinate if her orders were not carried out to the letter. And then there was the story about Sgt. Thorne and what was commonly referred to as 'the incident'.

Ren, however, had seen the truth behind the façade. It had all happened so innocently. Sitting at O'Hare airport, waiting for the Polish Minister of Agriculture. The plane was delayed so Meg had removed a book from her briefcase and settled in to read a bit. Highland Dance... he'd never forget the title. And even though she had been most discreet, even to the point of carrying her novel in a small quilted book cover, his hearing was equally as acute as Fraser's and he heard every one of her sighs and small moans. When the plane arrived and she went to mark her place, he caught a glance at the title page number and made a mental note of it. The next night he'd gone to the bookstore and purchased his own copy and immediately turned to the section that Meg had been reading. That's when he knew that his superior office had a secret desire to be dominated. An evil grin spread over his face now as he considered a future time where she would be be chained to a wall and flogged until her ass and legs were as red as the lipstick she favored or until she begged him to release her so he could fuck her to his heart's content.

Such thoughts flirting through his imagination now, however, joined the sensations that Meg's mouth and hands caused to surge through his body. He could feel that almost electric tingle begin somewhere around his prostate and knew he wouldn't last much longer if he didn't stop this now. He focused on Meg's face and saw perspiration beginning to appear on her forehead from the effort she was putting into her gift. Seeing her work so hard to please him caused a wave of tenderness to wash over him and he chose not to prolong the scene any longer.

"God, yes, Margaret, you're such a good cocksucker," he grunted. "And you're going to take every drop of my cum down your throat and all over those lovely little tits of yours."

Meg's eyes grew wide when she heard what he had planned. His balls were large and heavy in her hands but she still wondered just how much they could hold. And would he really humiliate her by spewing his semen on her body? She admitted she wasn't fond of the idea of swallowing but that would be far preferable to being made a sticky mess. She said nothing, however, as there was nothing on her list that would lead him to believe he would be breaking one of her hard limits by doing this.

Instead she continued with the rhythm she had found; her mouth bobbing up and down on his throbbing shaft, her right hand stroking the part she couldn't get in her mouth and her left hand cradling and massaging his balls. As she rested her arms on his thighs, she could feel the muscles in them begin to tighten and increased the speed of her ministrations. Her left hand moved back just behind his balls and she pressed firmly but gently on that spot, knowing the effect it would have.

Seconds later, her gesture yielded the results she had hoped for. Ren could feel the cum nearly boiling in his balls as it burst forth from him. He fought the urge to grab Meg's hair and force his cock deep into her throat but still thrust his hips forward as if he were fucking her face until he began to feel his orgasm wane. Then he pulled away and used his hand to milk himself dry and spread the cum on her chest. For his final act of dominance, he actually wiped his penis on her breasts.

He took a moment to catch his breath and then pulled her onto the bed with him again. Reaching down between her legs, he found that she was still very, very wet. Her lips were quite swollen and sensitive to his touch. He laughed as she wriggled her hips in sheer delight and he gently fondled her for a few minutes.

Without warning, he thrust two fingers deeply inside her and reveled in the gasp that she made. He knew he hadn't hurt her. It was only the sound of surprise at his invasion and once she had acclimated to it he slid a third finger inside her and rubbed her clit with his thumb.

He didn't have to wait long before he could feel her pussy beginning to clamp down on his hand. As the muscles seized and released, he moved his head down to her right breast, firmly sucked the nipple into his mouth, then gently bit down on it. He felt her back arch and her moans of pleasure brought joy to his heart.

When they were finished, she was nearly exhausted. Her body relaxed into a limp, nearly amorphous blob. She could feel him beside her on the bed but couldn't pull herself together enough to try to get a read on his emotional state. She was sated in a way that she hadn't been in since she was first transferred to Chicago. She'd come close the one time when she and Fraser had spent a night together but even he hadn't been able to quench these long hidden desires.

A wave of guilt washed over her and even though she tried to contain it, it still showed briefly in her face. Ren picked up on it instantly. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Wrong?" she repeated, stalling for time to think of an answer.

"Yeah, wrong. Your face was perfectly still and content for a few moments and then it clouded over. So I wondered what's wrong?"

"I respectfully suggest that you are imagining things," she denied. "How could anything be wrong after that?"

She rolled over and kissed his cheek lightly and briefly. "God, that was incredible," she sighed as she rolled off her side of the bed and landed, feet first, on the floor.

He watched as she almost staggered to her bag and pulled out her water bottle to take a long drink. When she had consumed nearly an entire pint, she put it bag and turned on unsteady legs to face him.

"Sub," he commanded, "the bathroom is next door. Bring me a warm wet washcloth and a towel."

She left the room to do his bidding, wondering if she would be permitted to wash up as well. Realistically speaking, she was far messier than he was but she knew that some guys really got off on making sure that anyone who saw their sub after a session knew what had happened. He hadn't mentioned being into public humiliation but one never knew.

A streak of mischief ran through her as she recalled his words. One could argue that he hadn't mentioned that he wanted the towel to be dry as well. Quickly, she let the thought leave her mind. No use testing the limits just yet. He seemed, at least at this point, to be everything she could ask for in a Dom. It didn't seem to be a good time to start being a bratty sub.

She returned to the bedroom and handed him the wash cloth first. As much as she wanted to, she didn't watch as he quickly wiped the sweat and residue of other fluids from his body. She only knew he was finished when she felt the damp cloth brush against her arm since her eyes were staring holes into the floor.

"You may go wash up too, sub," he allowed.

"Yes, Sir."

Part of her wanted nothing more than to hop in the shower and rinse all the sweat off her body, but she was fairly certain that wasn't what he had in mind. Instead, she followed his lead and returned to the bathroom to simply wipe off with a damp cloth and pat herself dry with a towel. She was pondering what to do with the linens when she felt a pair of strong arms reaching around her.

Ren pulled her close and held her for a long time. Standing together on the bare tile floor, they rocked gently while he hummed softly. Her first instinct, when she felt him approach from behind, was to stiffen and become defensive, but when she realized what was happening, she melted into his embrace.

"You've pleased me greatly," he said softly.

"I'm glad."

"How are you feeling?"

"Fine, thank you Sir."

"It's nearly 8:00. Don't you have a call to make?" he asked.

"Yes, I do. My cell phone is in my bag."

"Then make your call. I'll be waiting for your downstairs."

He kissed her cheek gently but affectionately and then left her alone. It took her several minutes to pull herself together enough both mentally and emotionally to be able to return to the guestroom and call her friend.

"Meg, how are you?" Patricia asked.

"I'm fine, really."

"You're sure? How are the Leafs?" she inquired, using their code phrase.

"Marvelous. Real contenders."

"Okay, then let me know when you get home."

"I will. Take care, Pat."

"You too."

It took Meg very little time to get dressed. She made a quick inventory of her tote bag and once she had assured herself everything was there, she went downstairs and saw Ren waiting for her in the living room. He held a glass with ice cubes, a brown liquid and a small sprig of green leaves sticking out of the top of it.

"I remembered that you liked peppermint tea."

She smiled as she took the drink. "I do, but I thought I was the one who was supposed to serve you."

He laughed and motioned for her to have a seat on the sofa.

"You don't want me to sit at your feet?" she asked, her brows furrowed with confusion.

"Good heavens, no!" he insisted and then chuckled. "Well, not as a matter of routine; though there may be some times when I feel it's appropriate. But a sub is no less than the Dom she serves. I'm no better than you are, just different."

Boy, you could say that again, she thought as she took the proffered seat.

Once she was settled he sat beside her and took his own drink from the glass topped coffee table in front of them. Taking a quick sip, to calm his nervousness, he set the glass back down and turned to look at Meg. Moments ago he felt so powerful and in control and now, he could almost feel himself reverting back to the uncoordinated, incompetent Mountie she had known several years ago. It took two deep breaths to remind him of the position he had adopted.

"When a sub serves her master as well, as you served me tonight, she should be rewarded. I think the carrot is a far better motivator than the stick. Though the stick has its uses too."

They both chuckled at his reference.

He reached around her with his long arms and pulled her close to him. "You were magnificent tonight, my pet. Such an amazing fire burns inside you, far hotter than I had ever imagined. Thank you for sharing it with me."

He kissed her head, deeply breathing in the scent of her shampoo.

Meg relaxed in his strong yet tender embrace, completely stunned by the transformation that he'd undergone since last she'd seen him. He was so polished and self assured, completely unlike the stumbling constable she had known in Chicago; the one who slept with a stuffed wolf. She had to admit that she'd had a marvelous time here tonight but didn't have the nerve to ask if it would ever happen again. While she wanted it with all her soul, she knew that it wasn't hers to demand or even request. Instead, she leaned against him and just closed her eyes.

"Meg?" he asked softly. "I'd like you to come by again next week. Say, maybe Tuesday night?"

"Yes, Master," she replied softly. "Whatever you wish."

"Good."

He closed his eyes for a moment and savored the time they had just spent together. She had a lot of raw potential, though to a casual observer, you'd never know it. Some, in fact, might consider her to be a real ball busting bitch. He, however, noticed the subtle changes that had taken place in her since she'd left the RCMP and now thought about how he could use them to his best advantage.

A smile crept across his face. Yes, training this slut was going to be a joy.

The End.

This fic is dedicated to a memory of Dean McDermott at 1999's RCW139 and to Shirley, for showing me that there's another side to Turnbull.