

TOO NICE A PERSON

Thomas S. Roche

Here's the place: a Victorian flat, second floor, third if you count the garage, on a steep hill overlooking a fog bank. Outside, there's a funky façade, windows double-paned beneath carved wooden gargoyles. Inside, behind those double-paned windows, ornate window trim peeks around black fabric from Wal-Mart, 99 cents per yard, pinned in the corners to protect the neighbors (who, on this street just west of Castro, could probably handle anything). The hardwood floors were recently refinished. Cheap rugs cover them in \$29.99 luxury. The room where it happens used to be a formal dining room. French doors open onto the living room, until the sobbing begins, when she's going to close them to keep the cats out.

She stands, shadow-cut against standing IKEA halogens, brushed aluminum snaking in obscene curves and pouring

white-yellow onto her back, illuminating her from behind. The rubber skirt shimmers in that yellowish glare. If you were standing between her and those halogens, you'd see the high slit in the back of the skirt, her legs spread slightly to open it and show off her inner thighs almost to the point of indecency. If you got closer—that is, if she *let* you—you would see the sheen of moisture trickling down those thighs, soaking the lace tops of her stockings. You'd see the same moisture running down the small of her back underneath the hem of the tight rubber halter—for this is sweat, the sweat of excitement, not the moisture of her cunt, which doesn't run down her thighs, only because she's wearing a cotton thong underneath the tight rubber skirt.

“Hurt him,” she says, her voice steeped in evil, the kind of gleeful desire for mayhem that populates the minds of fantasists in lonely beds everywhere.

The girl's hands shake as she looks at the Dominant.

She's a boyish plain Jane with horn-rimmed glasses—not really a girl, but younger than the Dominant, and feeling younger every second.

In fact, Holly is twenty-nine, her hair short and bottle-blond but with little electric-blue frosting on the tiny set of bangs. She looks boyish except for the ample hips and breasts, shrouded by a PVC thong and halter. She is short but totters on the three-inch heels of her knee-high patent-leather boots—\$139.95 somewhere on Haight. Or was it mail order from Hot Topic? She never can remember where she gets stuff.

The cane that quivers in her hand is also PVC, of a sort, a slim and heavy synthetic implement far from the Victorian

birch-rods of Holly's favorite porn novels. She knows it hurts on her ass; she's hit herself with it a hundred times, sprawled naked on her lonely bed, legs spread, back and arm twisted at improbable angles to give her some decent swing space, face buried in the pillow to hide her screams from the neighbors.

Holly's eyes flicker from the Dominant to the submissive, who is bent over a spanking bench, his ankles cuffed to one set of sturdy wooden legs, his wrists to the other. His genitals have been wrapped in white rope and forced back between his legs, attached to the strut of the spanking bench. The alabaster nylon is pulled so tight that his balls swell, distended, and his hard cock pulses with fullness. His face is twisted in an expression of fear, his small goatee and mustache flecked with spittle as he breathes very, very hard, moaning between great gulping breaths.

"Please," he whimpers. "Please, Holly, don't."

It brings her back from her fear, stays the quivers in her hands, to hear her name said like that.

It brings the Dominant back, too, and she is across the room in an instant, grabbing Caleb's face, squeezing it in her hand as he whimpers.

"You don't call her that!" growls the Dominant. "You call her Mistress."

"Sorry, sorry," he grunts.

The Dominant's hand comes back, swings forward in a motion so fluid it's clear she's done it a million times. This time, though, it's Caleb on the receiving end, and Holly utters a little whimper of sympathy as she sees his body jerking with the slap.

Her hand tangled in his longish hair, the Dominant just looks at him with her eyes wide, her lips tight.

"Sorry, Mistress," he gasps as she draws back her hand. "I'm sorry, Mistress," he blurts.

She gives him another slap, just for good measure, then releases his hair, turns on her four-inch heel and stalks back across the room.

"Hurt him," says the Dominant. "He needs it."

Holly can feel her heart pounding, her head spinning. She hesitates, looks at the Dominant, and feels the surge of fear that comes from the possibility of displeasing the older woman. She creeps toward the boy.

Caleb is not a boy; in fact, he is far from it. Still, Holly has always referred to him, around her friends, as "the boy." In the beginning, it allowed her to talk about him without using one of the emotionally charged terms she might have used—"boyfriend," "lover," "guy I'm seeing," "guy I'm sleeping with," "guy who says maybe he'll let me tie him up and slap the shit out of him." Since she thinks of herself as a girl, it always just seemed right.

In fact, a nervous gent like Caleb, pretty to a fault, successful in early life—he was freakin' captain of the football team, for God's sake, passed the Bar on the first damn try, became a junior partner at twenty-eight—is probably old enough to be ripe for his first mid-life crisis, and who knows? He's the type who might have shown up in this very dungeon with a wad of Franklins and a guilty look on his face. The Dominant has seen it a million times. Lawyers always have guilty looks on their faces.

Except that if Caleb hadn't met Holly, he would never, ever be here. Not out of guilt, or fear of being discovered, but because he just . . . wouldn't.

But he did meet Holly, who is less of an alpha-whatever, less successful in early life despite a bachelor's from Brown. She's not a junior partner in anything, has no law degree, and is not in possession of stacks of hundreds to carry around with a guilty look. She's spent most of her adult life working in a library and wishing they carried more Victorian porn. She keeps meaning to get back to school so she can apply for a senior librarian position and make another \$3.65 an hour, but in the meantime, she likes that at the Castro branch things go slow enough that she always has time to sneak a little de Sade between patrons. "She's a little underemployed," her mom is fond of saying, "and that's fine." Caleb's always had such a thing for librarians, though, bookish little closet sluts who rub themselves to books called *Incest* and *Rape* in between shifts, that he doesn't seem to think she's under-anything—and while we're at it, the hundreds may be his but they're in Holly's purse.

And here they both are, and Caleb is simpering.

"Please, Mistress," squeaks Caleb as Holly nears him. "Please, baby—please, darling, please don't!"

Holly glances at the Dominant again; the look on the woman's face makes Holly take a deep breath and round Caleb's body, seizing his hair.

She gets a good grip on his hair—she's done *that* before, after all—but her first slap is tentative, weak. Caleb responds as if she's punched him full in the face; he wails softly and

then whimpers, "I mean Mistress. I'm sorry, Mistress, please don't hurt me!"

Holly slaps him harder, surprised at herself. She stares into his eyes and sees them moist with swiftly forming tears.

So enraptured by those tears is Holly that she doesn't notice the Dominant's footsteps as she approaches Holly's left elbow.

"I think he's begged enough," says the Dominant, holding up a complicated array of straps and buckles that culminates in a three-inch, flesh-colored dildo. "Gag him."

Holly takes the gag from the Dominant. The Dominant holds Caleb's hair as Holly arranges the buckles, and when Caleb won't open his mouth the Dominant goads Holly into slapping him again. Still, Caleb won't open his mouth, so the Dominant grabs his cheeks and squeezes.

Finally Caleb's mouth pops open, a plaintive wail escaping, and Holly gingerly puts the dildo in. His tongue tries to force it out; after a moment, she gets frustrated and shoves.

Holly hears Caleb gagging on the dildo as the Dominant helps her get the straps around his head. The two of them pull the buckles tight, and Caleb's pleas are now nothing more than gurgling, grunting moans of dismay.

The Dominant leans over Caleb, takes Holly's hair in her hands, and gently kisses her on the lips, her tongue trailing against Holly's ever so slightly. Holly feels a faint tingle go through her body.

"Now hurt him," says the Dominant.

Caleb's face is turned to the side so he can look at Holly. His eyes are locked on hers; they say everything his mouth

cannot. *Please don't hurt me, Holly. I love you. Don't you love me? If you hurt me I'll leave you. If you hurt me I'll hate you. If you hurt me I'll hurt, and you don't want that, do you?*

Holly breaks eye contact with what feels like a yank. She comes around behind, looking at his ass and his tormented cock between his spread legs. She breathes hard as she raises the cane.

Caleb tenses against the strike. She expects the cane to make a whizzing sound as it comes down; it always does when she hits herself with it. But in the air it makes no sound at all; Holly is swinging it too slowly. There is only the faint, dull thump of it striking Caleb's ass. Caleb, however, makes a sound, a soft, muffled wail from behind the cock-shaped gag.

"Harder," says the Dominant, her hand tweaking Caleb's nipple clamps. "Much, much harder."

Holly draws back and strikes again. This time she gets a satisfying whizzing sound, but the thump against his thighs is not as loud as Holly expects. Hitting Caleb is very different than hitting herself. Caleb's body, nonetheless, jerks and twists in his bonds. He whimpers behind the gag.

Seated in front of the spanking bench with Caleb's face cradled in her lap, the Dominant draws her long nails down his back, leaving vicious red streaks. She sneers. "I said harder!" she shouts angrily.

Driven on by the rising fury of the Dominant, Holly draws back and brings the cane down swiftly, not even thinking this time. Caleb screams—the sound becoming nothing but a muffled groan as it shudders through the gag. Holly strikes his ass again, and Caleb writhes.

"Harder," says the Dominant, and bends her face down close to Caleb's.

Holly wonders if Caleb can smell her. Holly smelled her earlier, during the kiss, the scent of female sweat and Dr. Bronner's lavender. But Caleb's face is in her lap—can he smell her cunt? Is the Dominant turned on? As turned on as Holly is?

Holly strikes him harder.

"Faster," says the Dominant. "Keep hitting his ass until I tell you to stop. Then you're going to work on his balls."

Holly's heart pounds in her chest, her breath coming short as she lays a swift series of blows up Caleb's thighs, struggling to maintain her balance as Caleb swirls and thrashes on the bench. She's striking him harder now, and the stripes begin to appear. Angry red crisscrosses lead from the fleshy part of his upper thigh up over his ass, then down again, very close to the swollen, bound balls in their white nylon prison.

Holly can feel her nipples getting hard.

Caleb is sobbing now, his cheeks moist with tears as he struggles against his bonds, trying to escape the quickening blows of the cane. Holly moves faster, hits harder, listens to him choke back sobs behind the gag. Her eyes widen. She can feel beads of sweat popping out all over her back. She grits her teeth and moves forward, striking him more fully with the cane. She hits him faster and listens to him sob. She knows her pussy is wet.

"Harder," coos the Dominant, clearly pleased for the first time tonight. Holly draws back the cane and obeys.

Caleb wraps his fingers around the chains that suspend

the sling. He grips them hard as Holly lays into his thighs, her clit swelling and throbbing against the tight PVC thong as she watches the angry red stripes appear. A bead of moisture escapes the synthetic material and creeps down her thigh, making her shiver.

She lunges forward and grabs his cock and balls with her free hand, yanking. Caleb groans.

“Not until I tell you, dear,” says the Dominant, her voice rich with pleasure as she caresses Caleb’s face. “Not until I tell you.”

Holly steps back and lifts the cane again. Caleb’s ass and upper thighs are a crisscross of magenta streaks, and when she starts again Holly does everything but play tic-tac-toe on them. She hits him so hard she can feel the impact going up her arm and into her body. It feels like it’s rumbling right to her clit, and she tenses her thighs hungrily, which only makes her totter more precariously on the high heels.

She hears herself growling. Her hand becomes a blur as she strikes Caleb faster and faster. Caleb has long since stopped writhing; he has become a mass of shuddering flesh, bound to the sling, twitching with each blow. Holly winds up and brings her arm down with the hardest blow yet.

That gets him writhing again.

“Very good,” sighs the Dominant as she caresses Caleb’s chest. “Now grab his balls and pull.”

Holly pounces, dropping the cane, crouching down with her high heels planted between Caleb’s knees. She grabs Caleb’s bound genitals and slowly pulls them, listening to the bound boy moan, then groan, then shriek as she twists

and tugs at them. The Dominant caresses his harnessed face, smiling at Holly.

“Slap them,” she says. “And slap his cock, too.”

Holly slaps Caleb’s balls with her hand, harder than she means to. Caleb jerks and trembles all over. She wraps one hand around his cock and slaps it with the other. He trembles some more, muffled sobs coming once again.

Holly slaps his hard cock some more, spanking it back and forth as Caleb pulls against his bonds. Another bead of moisture escapes her thong and runs all the way down to her thighs. She grips Caleb’s prick firmly and slaps harder, her face reddening with the effort and her cleavage growing pink with arousal.

Holly is so used to giving hand jobs, and so turned on, that she doesn’t even realize she’s stroking his cock as she slaps it. Her hand moves up and down rhythmically, and after the first thirty blows, she can feel the first pulse of hot fluid on her hand. She’s so turned on she doesn’t care, or maybe she does. She grips him harder and starts slapping his cock at the head—the most sensitive part.

Caleb groans and arches his back. A hot stream erupts from his cock and covers Holly’s shoes. He thrashes back and forth as he comes. Holly keeps spanking his cock with one hand, her other hand jerking him off. The combined sensation makes him come hard, and jets of cum cover Holly’s shoes and hands.

The Dominant does not pull away but continues stroking Caleb’s face. She smiles.

Holly stops slapping Caleb’s cock. She is breathing very

hard. The feel of his cum on her hands is exciting to her. More beads of moisture escape her thong.

“Do you know what happens to submissives who come before their mistresses do?”

Caleb’s eyes go wide and frightened as the Dominant unbuckles his head harness and pulls the cock out of his mouth. A long string of drool glistens in the IKEA halogens.

She beckons to Holly. Holly comes around to Caleb’s head and the Dominant tips his head back with her hand twisted in his hair. With her other hand, the Dominant grabs Holly’s wrist and shoves her fingers into his mouth. He accepts them obediently, licking his own cum from her fingers. When Caleb has cleaned Holly’s hands, Holly shoves her fingers roughly in to his mouth and feels a surge of excitement as she feels him gagging.

The Dominant cocks her head at Holly and then glances at Holly’s shoes. Holly feels a wave of excitement. The Dominant eases Caleb’s head out of her lap and leaves it lolling there at the edge of the spanking bench. She shoves the chair back, and Holly takes her place standing at Caleb’s head.

She lifts one foot, plants it on the edge of the spanking bench.

“Clean them,” she growls, feeling heat rise in her cunt as she says it.

Caleb begins licking his cum from his mistress’s boots. Holly watches him as best she can, but his ruffled hair hides much of what he’s doing. Through the leather, she can feel

the warm stroke of his tongue against her toes. The feeling excites her. Every time she catches a glimpse of his red tongue slipping out to caress the patent leather, lapping his own cum off her boots, Holly feels a pulse go through her clit.

She switches shoes, letting the now-obedient Caleb clean more of his cum. He does so without resistance. Holly admires the glistening sheen of her boots in the halogen light. The Dominant has vanished into the other room, and when she returns, Holly’s eyes go a bit wide and her boyish face gains a quizzical expression.

The Dominant smiles.

“I figured you’d want to get off now,” she said, glancing down at the enormous strap-on jutting from her naked body. “While I rape the little fucker’s ass.”

Holly’s thighs turn into jelly at the sound of that word: *rape*. That’s what this is, rape. Force. Nonconsensuality. They’re forcing him. Caleb’s head tips back, and Holly sees his frightened eyes, terror flickering in them as he tries to assess whether the Dominant is being serious, whether Holly, his mistress, will really let this happen, let his asshole be desecrated by this cruel, vicious stranger, a woman who plainly does not care whether he wants it or doesn’t want it.

But then, regardless, there is no question about whether Holly wants to get off.

“Yes,” says Holly to the Dominant. “Rape the little bitch.”

Caleb only squirms a little; it hurts for him to move, Holly did such a good job on his ass. For the most part, he merely whimpers pathetically as the Dominant stalks across the room to take her place at his unplumbed entrance.

Holly strips off her PVC thong over her boots. The synthetic fabric glistens with moisture. A little surprised at herself, she rubs it all over Caleb's face, and he obediently laps at the juice-slick fabric.

"See what you did to me, you little bitch?" she sighs. "You got me all wet."

Holly has surprised herself by saying that, but the sound of it feels good in her mouth. She tosses the thong onto the small of Caleb's back and pulls over the low chair. She plants herself in front of Caleb's face, her naked ass shoved far forward on the edge of the chair. She spreads her legs very wide, so they're bent over the arms of the chair.

She hasn't shaved; she hasn't even trimmed. Normally she can't get head without at least running a trimmer through her hair; something about having an unshaved cunt makes her feel too demanding. She had a friend who once told her that pubic hair traps tastes and smells, so it's more pleasant to give head when the woman's trimmed or shaved. That thought has always nagged at her, making her spend a little extra time in the bathroom when she thought such a thing might be a possibility.

But this time, there was too much to do—and to be honest, she didn't even think about it. Her hair now is full, shrouding her sex in a wiry bush she couldn't even wear to the beach.

But there's no time to worry about that, because if Holly doesn't come soon she is going to fucking scream. Caleb looks up at her with frightened and excited eyes, and she grabs his hair and roughly shoves his face into her crotch.

Caleb descends on Holly's cunt with a ferocity that frightens her a little—at first. His tongue swirls around her clit and hungrily delves down into her cunt. Her eyes go wide as she feels his nimble member teasing her sensitive flesh. She's close to coming already.

But when she feels Caleb's body tense against the entrance of the Dominant's cock, that's when she can't hold it back anymore.

She tries to stifle her cries of orgasm, because she doesn't want to be the one who ends the scene, and she doesn't want it to be over yet. But she can't stop the moans, her mouth popping open wide as she cries out in a climax that leaves her shuddering and dizzy.

"That's one," says the Dominant, and with a quick thrust, violates Caleb's asshole.

"Oh, Jesus," he gasps into Holly's cunt as the head pops into him. The feel of his warm breath uttering that expression of dismay only drives Holly further into her hunger, and she twists her hand in his hair.

"Did I tell you to talk?" she growls, and grinds her pussy more firmly against his face.

"No, Mistress," comes Caleb's muffled grunt, and he begins tonguing her sex in earnest. The Dominant's cock slides deep into his ass, and an expression of utter joy crosses the woman's face as she meets Holly's eyes over the writhing curves of Caleb's back.

Holly normally only gets to come once when a man goes down on her; she's too polite to ask for more, though she almost always wants it. She feels a faint hint of nervousness at

letting Caleb—no, *making* him—continue, a torrent of thoughts running through her head. *His tongue will get sore. His neck will get tired. I'm a whore for wanting so much.*

Then she pushes her crotch harder against Caleb's face, and his tongue wriggles into her with a fury.

She has never been eaten out like this. She has never felt such passion in the tip of a man's tongue, such excitement in its flat surfaces as they work her clit up and down. She has never been so sensitive when getting head, her clit engorged from her recent orgasm, her juices flowing freely onto the man's chin. She has never felt like she was going to come again so soon, right after coming the first time.

"The little fucker's hard again," said the Dominant.

Holly feels a swell of arousal. She grabs Caleb's hair, pulls his head back, and slaps him.

"Is this about your pleasure?" she growls. "Is this about your pleasure?"

"No, Mistress."

"Good," she snaps, and shoves his face back between her legs. Caleb's mouth works wonders now, every mounting second of his arousal making him service his mistress more eagerly. Holly begins to moan, unable to hold back her second orgasm any longer.

"Some guys come from getting ass-fucked," sighs the Dominant as she plows Caleb from behind, her hips pumping furiously against him. She's breathless from the exertion, her long brown hair no longer perfectly coiffed. "Think he's one of them?"

Perched on the curve of Caleb's ass, she reaches down

behind her and grabs his prick, gripping it hard and pulling on it so that he jerks and spasms.

Holly's eyes go wide; the Dominant does not jerk clients off. She does not jerk anybody off, Holly suspects. But Caleb is groaning and shivering like he's about to go off right now—to shoot his cum all over the floor.

She twists her hand in his hair and pulls his head back again. Another slap across his face, sending droplets of her juice in a fine mist into the close air of the dungeon. Another slap. A third.

"You think this is about your pleasure," she growls. "It's not about your pleasure at all, you selfish little prick. This is for me!" She almost screams the last sentence and slaps his face so hard he bleats: "Yes, Mistress! It's for you!"

Holly is so turned on by his evident distress that when she shoves his face back into place and feels his tongue seething against her clit, she realizes she's going to come. This time she doesn't care if she's the one to end the scene—and she doesn't care if Caleb comes or not, because she can see the Dominant's cock stretching his asshole in long stroking thrusts, coming out glistening with lube each time. It's the sight of that, and the sight of the Dominant's arm working viciously up and down to torment Caleb's cock and balls, that drives Holly over the edge.

She comes so hard this time that she sees stars, almost losing her balance on the chair. She would have tipped the god-damned thing over if she wasn't able to hook the toe of her boot under the spanking bench. Thank god the Dominant bolted it to the floor.

Her orgasm flashing white-hot through her, Holly gasps and finishes, the pleasure growing so intense she can't stand another instant. The tension in her body mounts as Caleb tongues her. Holly grabs his hair and pushes, tipping over the chair for real this time, leaping to her feet as she pulls her sex away from Caleb.

He looks up at her frightened—has he displeased her? Then, his face goes all twisted and raw, as the Dominant tugs on his balls harder.

"There's a wine glass in the kitchen cupboard," said the Dominant. "Go get it. He's going to shoot a lot."

Her legs quivering, Holly races into the kitchen and finds the cupboard with shaking hand. She can't find the wine glasses but grabs a goblet. When she returns, the Dominant has slid her cock out of Caleb's ass and is crouching down, stroking his cock.

"You can do the honors," she says. "I'll hold the glass."

Holly gives the Dominant the glass and wraps her hand around Caleb's cock. The Dominant lifts the glass so that his head is just below the rim. Can't miss a drop.

It only takes a few strokes, Holly's hand pumping streams of cum out of Caleb's prick. He groans as he comes for the second time. She knows from experience: The second one is almost always more intense. This one makes him gasp.

The Dominant reaches in to squeeze the last drops out of Caleb's softening cock. She withdraws the glass and holds it up for Holly.

Holly accepts it and comes around to Caleb's face.

Seating herself again, she tips his head back and brings the

glass to his lips. There's not really much of it—a few milliliters, at best—but it's enough to flow from the bottom of the goblet between Caleb's obediently parted lips. He drinks his own cum, looking up at Holly in abject humiliation.

When it's as empty as it's going to get, Holly hands the Dominant the goblet. The Dominant bends forward and kisses her on the lips, this time open-mouthed. Their tongues intertwine, and the Dominant smiles.

"I'll give you a few minutes," she says, and takes the glass into the kitchen.

Holly caresses Caleb's face. They are at the end of their hour. Holly doesn't know what to say. *Thank you? Fuck you? I love you? I hate you?*

So Caleb says it: three words Holly's always hated to hear, especially from someone who just gave her something precious.

But this time she doesn't mind because she's been moved so completely by Caleb's surrender. The pain isn't the moving part; Caleb is not a masochist, but neither is he a wimp. He plays football, rock climbs, mountain bikes, reads legal briefs; pain's no big deal. Nor is the humiliation what moves her. Caleb is a very proud man, but he knows that all bedroom games stop at the door to the bedroom—or, in this case, the dungeon.

No, what moves Holly is that she couldn't do it—couldn't *have* done it, without his help. She's too nice a person to get what she wants. She's too nice a person, which is probably why she's dating a vanilla guy, a lawyer, former football player, former frat boy, mountain biker, fan of Bruce Willis movies, a guy who thinks missionary-position sex is plenty hot and would never dream of making an appoint-

ment with a professional Dominant, even if he does fit this one's "profile."

She's too nice a person to do what she's always wanted: tie up the man she loves and hurt him, torture him, humiliate him. Preferably—it was almost required—while he protested and begged her not to hurt him. She confessed her need to him, which was not that big a deal. He said "yes," which was a big deal. She still couldn't do it, which was the biggest deal of all, and a serious pain in the ass for about the last a year and a half.

And now she has done it, and here is Caleb, bloodied but unbowed, his cum-slick lips affectionately kissing her thighs and mouthing the words "I love you."

"I love you too," she says, the words feeling strange in her mouth—far, far stranger than any of the words she's spoken so far this evening. And then, she says something that felt far stranger in this context: "Thank you."

"Don't mention it," he says, his cocky frat-boy snarkiness showing through. She is frightened for a moment that he is going to say "Happy Valentine's Day," which will blow the whole thing and make her feel awkward. But he doesn't. He just adds, "Don't mention it, Mistress."

She doesn't laugh at that.

She feels the quiver in her stomach that always comes from doing something she shouldn't.

"You don't hate me?" she says, her voice small. "You don't think I'm a bad person?"

"Oh, please," he says.

Her eyes narrow.

"Mistress," adds Caleb quickly. "I don't think you're a bad person, Mistress."

Holly feels her stomach calming. "That's better," she sighs, and reaches out to retrieve her thong.