



Please, Sir: Erotic Stories of Female Submission

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Please, Sir: Erotic Stories of Female Submission From Cleis Press

The fortunate women of *Please, Sir* are not docile pushovers by any means. They make the rules and negotiate with their masters — though sometimes they also get off on being pushed just a little too far by men they know they can trust. It's as if the doms who enter their lives see the potential for submission in these women and want to arouse them more than ever before by providing an opportunity for them to let go. The editor of the bestsellers *He's on Top* and *Yes, Sir*, Rachel Kramer Bussel has chosen 22 stories that celebrate the thrill of submission by women who know exactly what they want. The characters in *Please, Sir* may be doing the bidding of their dominants, but the tops are just as much subject to the will of their subs, in their own way, by making them ache, moan, and quiver. With stories by Shanna Germain, Elizabeth Coldwell, Alison Tyler, and more.

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Editorial Review

Review

"If you liked *50 Shades of Grey*, then you'll fall in lust with Rachel Kramer Bussel's even hotter BDSM books, like *Serving Him* and *Please, Sir*. Although she writes about female submissives, her protagonists legitimately crave and take pleasure in the sex they're having. What's hotter than that?" --*Cosmopolitan*

"From spanking to bondage, punishment to service, *Please, Sir* takes BDSM erotica to a new level with these explosive stories of female submissives and their male dominants."?Erabet's Enchantments

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Because He Can
by Elizabeth Coldwell

I suppose, deep down, I must want my husband to find out about Adam, because I'm usually so good at keeping secrets. Tell me something in confidence and that's where it stays, even though at least one close friend of mine risks losing her marriage and another her job if ever I let slip what they carelessly asked me to keep secret after one too many glasses of Chardonnay. So in neglecting to close the e-mail I've been composing when I hear David's voice calling up the stairs, letting me know he's home, I must be sending him some kind of message. Or maybe a challenge. David loves it when I challenge his authority.

We suit each other so well in that regard. He often refers to me as his little minx, deliberately provocative and thoroughly disrespectful. He understands my need to be disciplined, to be made to follow his instructions or give him pleasure when he demands it. He can get me wet simply with a look, or by altering the tone of his voice. He is strict but loving and I worship him above everything.

Adam, of course, knows nothing of this. I may have been flirting shamelessly with him since the day he joined our department, but it's all been completely vanilla. We swap dirty e-mails in quiet moments, but though I might tell him I want to be fucked from behind, I don't mention that it's while I'm wearing a blindfold and restraints. And he has absolutely no idea about those fantasies I have where he's ordered me on to my knees to suck his cock, with our office door closed but not locked and the boss's secretary likely to burst in at any moment. I don't intend to explain my need to submit, because this is strictly a virtual relationship, just a way of spicing up a boring day at work, and destined to remain so?until I forget about that e-mail.

I'm in the kitchen, washing the dishes after dinner?a chore David often likes to watch me perform while I'm dressed in nothing but a silly, frilly apron, though tonight I'm wearing a more practical combination of oversized t-shirt and yoga pants?when I hear him come up behind me. He wraps his arms around me, his big body enveloping mine. His lips gently nuzzle my neck and I'm relaxing into his embrace, when he murmurs, "So tell me about Adam."

It may seem like a strange question to ask out of the blue, but we often discuss work and the friends we have made there with each other, so I don't think too much of it. "I'm sure I've told you about him before," I reply. "He's been with the company about 18 months, he joined the department just before Christmas from the Birmingham branch and I think he has a flat over in that new development on the riverside."

"Fascinating," David says, "but none of that explains quite why you want to lick his cock like it's the sweetest lollipop you've ever tasted."

That's when I realise he's read the e-mail. Hearing those words from David's lips, they sound so cloying and

predictable, but that's the kind of language I use with Adam. It's the language he understands.

My husband always knows when I'm lying, so I don't even try to evade the question. I turn around and gaze up into his dark, wise eyes. "Because he's cute," I say. "And I like to have messages like that waiting for him when he gets to the office in the morning, because I know that when I arrive, he'll already be hard just thinking about what I said."

"Really?" David quirks an eyebrow. "Sounds like my little minx fancies herself as some kind of expert in control games now. You're not trying to top this cute friend of yours on the quiet, are you?"

"Not at all," I assure him. "I don't think he'd even know what a top was if you asked him."

"Well, why don't I? Ask him, I mean." David must see the look of horror that crosses my face, because he says, "Let's go to bed and talk about this." That's when I begin to suspect where this is heading, because all the big, important conversations we have about sex and our relationship take place in bed.

I let David lead me up the stairs to the bedroom and lie back on the bed to watch as he quickly strips naked. His cock is already beginning to swell and harden, and I want to grab it and play with it, but he won't allow me that privilege just yet. First, I must hear out whatever plan has been forming in his mind since he saw the message I was writing to Adam.

He joins me on the bed and peels the t-shirt off over my head, then pushes me back on the bedcovers and grasps both my wrists above my head with one of his big, strong hands?a simple, but powerful demonstration of his mastery over me. I lie there quietly, wondering what he's about to say.

"Nicky, you remember how we once talked about what we would do if we were ever really, seriously attracted to another person, and whether we should act on that attraction?"

"Yes," I reply, as I feel his free hand stroking softly over the curve of my bare breast. "We said that each of us would be allowed a little adventure, as long as we were completely honest about it."

"Well, I'm assuming you haven't had an adventure as yet, because you haven't exactly been honest about your naughty love notes to Adam, have you?"

I want to protest. I haven't said anything because there has been nothing to tell David about. But then I've just confessed to sending Adam messages which were expressly designed to get him hard, and so I have to concede that my husband might just have a point.

Suddenly, David's gentle caress becomes a tight pinch of my nipple. He uses just enough pressure to send sparks of sensation racing down to my pussy, and I gasp in a mixture of pain and arousal. His voice drops, becomes more of a growl, rich with authority. I know that tone so well, and I writhe against the covers. "I'm giving you permission to have that adventure, Nicky, but on the condition that you let Adam know what you're really like. He obviously has no idea what a filthy-minded, kinky little minx you are, and so we're going to show him. You invite Adam to the house, and I'll give him a demonstration of the best way to treat you. If he can cope with that, he's all yours. If he can't?well, is it really worth your while bothering with him?"

I can't quite believe what my husband is suggesting. My submission to him has always been our private little secret; we have no friends who share our lifestyle and we never go out to play on the club scene. Now here he is telling me he's going to dominate me in front of someone else?someone who he will allow to dominate me, too, if he proves himself up to the task. For a moment, I wonder why David is proposing this. And then I realise. It's because he can.

It proves surprisingly easy to persuade Adam to come over for dinner. From the hints I drop, he gains the impression that David and I are interested in a threesome, though naturally I don't fill him in on the finer points. That will be David's task, at the appropriate moment. It's clearly a thrill for him to be offered the chance of sex with an older, more experienced couple, and I suspect that he won't be able to resist sharing the details afterwards. "This is nothing to brag about to your friends," I warn him. "Not if you want to be invited back."

At seven the following Saturday night, there's a knock on the door. I'm putting the final touches to the table

settings, and David is relaxing in the lounge with a beer. Music is playing on the CD system, some Ibiza chill-out album that David is particularly fond of. Adam is on the doorstep, clutching a bottle of champagne. He smells of musky aftershave and nervous anticipation as I take the proffered bottle from him and usher him inside. If he's surprised to see that I'm wearing a Chinese patterned silk robe rather than anything more formal, he tries not to let it show. He'll be far more surprised in a moment.

My husband rises from his chair to shake Adam's hand. "Nice to meet you, mate." As they share a manly embrace, I decide that no one could ever accuse me of going for a type. David is close to six foot, with a nose broken in a couple of places from his years as an amateur boxer and the first traces of grey appearing in his black hair. Adam, by contrast, is boyishly blond and only a little taller than I am. If I were simply going to be fucked by both of them, it would be a more than enticing prospect. But throw a little domination play into the mixture and I'm already beginning to feel my pussy pulsing with excitement.

"Before we go any further," David says to Adam, "I need to tell you what's going to happen tonight. Yeah, I know Nicky probably made you think this was just a simple three in a bed set-up, but there's a lot more to it than that. You see, I'm offering you the chance to spend lots of quality time with my wife, but only if you're prepared to treat her the way she likes to be treated. Nicky, display yourself."

It's a command he's given me many times before, but never when someone else has been present. I don't hesitate to do as he asks, though. I want my husband to be proud of me, and I want my potential lover to see how obedient and well trained I am. I unfasten the tie of the robe and let the garment drop from my shoulders. Naked, I sink to my knees, legs slightly parted, palms on my thighs. Gazing straight ahead, I wait for my next instruction.

Adam is staring at me. He seems slightly stunned, which is understandable, given that he's just watched me strip off and get into a position which is designed to draw attention to my most intimate places simply because my husband told me to, but the look he's giving me suggests he likes what he sees.

"Would you like a beer, mate?" David asks. When Adam nods, David snaps, "Nicky, get your friend a beer." I hurry into the kitchen, and take out one of the bottles of beer which have been chilling in the fridge. When I return to the lounge, David and Adam are both sitting in armchairs, discussing the afternoon's football results as though this is a perfectly ordinary social gathering.

When I hand the beer to Adam, I'm aware that he can't drag his attention from my breasts. "I know this looks weird," David says, "but trust me, Nicky is enjoying this. We both are. She likes to be dominated, and I like to dominate her. I tell her what to do and she obeys, and we get off on it. I spank her bottom from time to time, and she absolutely loves that. But I think you need more of a demonstration to convince you, don't you?"

David invites Adam to join him at the table. It takes Adam a moment to realise that there are only two place settings. The reason for this quickly becomes apparent as I begin to serve the meal. It's a simple collection of cold cuts, designed to be eaten mostly with the fingers. When the two men have helped themselves to generous amounts of rare roast beef, ham and salad, David chooses some titbits for a third plate. Without even being told, I go to sit on the floor at the side of his chair. As he and Adam eat, they continue to discuss sport and television programmes and music, finding out just how much they have in common. At no point am I included in the conversation. Every so often, David will feed me a piece of chicken or tomato, or give me a sip of wine from the glass he's poured for me, treating me like a favoured pet. Though he's acting as though I'm not there, he is, in fact, completely aware of my needs, maintaining the subtle balance between the controller and the controlled.

Adam, of course, is finding it much harder to be so nonchalant, and David is aware of this. He ruffles my hair affectionately and says, "Nicky, crawl under the table for me. I want you to find out how much Adam is enjoying this."

I push my way under the hem of the tablecloth and crawl on hands and knees to where Adam is sitting. Slowly, I run my fingers up his jeans-clad leg, coming to rest on the sizeable lump in his crotch. "Oh, he's hard," I murmur approvingly.

"Take it out, then," David orders. "Take it out and suck it."

I fumble with the buttons of his fly, reaching in to where his cock is beginning to uncoil and fetching it out into the open. My fingers close around him, fingertips barely touching. It's been a long time since I've played with any man other than David, and I take a moment to savour the way Adam looks?long, smooth shaft and neat head sheathed in a sleeve of velvety skin?and breathe in his distinctly salty scent. Above me, slightly muffled by the thick linen tablecloth, I can hear the two men still carrying on their conversation, though Adam's voice is beginning to crack in places, and when my lips close round his cockhead he loses the power of speech entirely.

"How is that?" David enquires casually as I start to suck.

"Good," Adam stammers.

That's not answer enough for David, who presses him. "Enough suction? Too much in the way of teeth? You can tell her, you know. Whatever you want, she'll do it."

I should be offended by the offhand way in which my husband is critiquing my oral technique, but I'm not. Everything he says is true. Whatever he?or Adam?wants, I will do. For me, that's the turn-on: being made to take orders, and taking pride in completing them to the best of my ability. I am determined to give Adam a blowjob he'll never forget, to please him?and to please David.

"Suck harder, Nicky," Adam demands, a new, stronger edge to his voice. "And take me deeper down your throat." There's no talk of sweet lollipops now, nor all the light-hearted teasing that characterised our e-mail flirtation, and I'm beginning to wonder whether I've underestimated him. Even faced with such a willingly submissive woman as myself, some men wouldn't have been able to cope with this situation, but not Adam. The way he's ordering me around suggests he's either a very fast learner or he has a dominant streak lurking just under the surface.

As I continue to lavish the best of my attention on his cock, gripping the base in my fist and bobbing my head down onto his length, I feel the tablecloth being lifted off my body. David is baring my backside, which is thrust out towards him. His fingers probe my pussy gently, and I don't need to hear his little chuckle of approval to know that he's discovered just how wet I am.

"You're loving this, aren't you, minx?" David says, but my mouth is too full of Adam's cock for me to speak. By way of answer, I thrust my bum back onto his hand. One of his fingers, thickly coated with my own juices, toys with the entrance to my arse for a moment before slipping inside with almost embarrassing ease. Another finger starts to rub my clit, and I know he wants me to lose control before Adam can come in my mouth. The wilful part of me is determined not to let that happen, and I suck even harder, using all the little tricks I know to bring Adam to the point where he can't hold back any longer.

Adam reaches down under the table, letting his fingers tangle in my long curls and holding my head firmly in place as his seed shoots down my throat. Finally, he releases his grip and sighs, "That was amazing," but I can barely hear him, because David presses just that little bit deeper inside me and I can't fight him any longer. My muscles clench around his finger and I'm coming, almost sobbing with pleasure and gratitude to my husband for making this wonderful moment happen. I fall forward into Adam's lap, his slowly subsiding erection pressing against my cheek.

"You can come out now," David tells me, and I crawl out on slightly shaky limbs. He scoops me up into his embrace. I'm acutely aware that he's the only one of our little trio who's yet to receive any satisfaction, but I'm sure it won't be too long before I'm required to put that right.

"So, Adam," David says, "do you think you can treat my little minx here the way she needs to be treated?" Adam nods and smiles, and I know I'm about to learn what it really means to submit to two such very different men. I can't believe how much I'm looking forward to it.

So it seems as though David and I have both got what we really wanted, I think, as I go to the kitchen, still proudly naked, to make coffee for the three of us. He set me this challenge because he could, and I responded to it so enthusiastically because I could. Next week, I'll start sending Adam e-mails where I share all those fantasies I've hidden from him till now, and perhaps the next time I go down on my knees to suck him, it will be under his desk, with the boss's secretary just the other side of our unlocked office door...

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Annette Puente:

Do you certainly one of people who can't read satisfying if the sentence chained inside the straightway, hold on guys this kind of aren't like that. This Please, Sir: Erotic Stories of Female Submission book is readable simply by you who hate the straight word style. You will find the data here are arrange for enjoyable looking at experience without leaving perhaps decrease the knowledge that want to supply to you. The writer associated with Please, Sir: Erotic Stories of Female Submission content conveys objective easily to understand by many individuals. The printed and e-book are not different in the information but it just different available as it. So , do you continue to thinking Please, Sir: Erotic Stories of Female Submission is not loveable to be your top listing reading book?

Gary Lopez:

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Peggy Young:

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Lori Gonzales:

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