

SAFFRON 3

Maggie swings the door to her apartment closed, rubbing her arm. "Man, those trolls can hit. Ow." She pulls off her glove, tossing it aside, "And it's going to mark, great. Just what I need. Should have thrown the little runt harder." she sighs. "Still, I did get a date out of it." And the phone rings. "Argh! Perfect timing. If you're a salesman, you're dead. Maggie."

"Good evening, Saffron." the voice purrs, wrapping around her spine, her body shuddering as it caresses her.

"Master." she whispers.

"You remember. Good. Report."

"They're investigating you, Master. Raptor thinks there is something suspicious about what you did, but they believed me when I said you didn't appear. Psyche scanned me, but it found nothing. She will be deep-scanning me soon, Master. I can dissuade her when I meet her tomorrow evening for our date."

"Date?"

"She caught me staring, Master. I was thinking about her, and she caught my thoughts, and..."

"What thoughts?"

Saffron smiles, running a hand over her chest, squeezing her breasts, "Oh, very naughty thoughts, Master. All the things I'd like to do with her. It shocked me a little. I'd never thought of her like that before."

"I see. Were there any other incidents like that?"

"Yes, Master. On the bus, I thought of you touching me. And Silver when she was playfighting."

"Hmmm."

"Master? Did I do something wrong? Have I, have I upset you, Master?"

"No, you haven't upset me, Maggie. But it might be a good idea to see if there is anything wrong. Meet me at the diner on Ditko and Lee in an hour. As Maggie."

"Yes, Master."

"We shall discuss this then. Make sure you aren't followed."

"Yes, Master." she hears the click as the phone goes silent. Slowly, she puts the receiver down, hugging herself tightly. "I need to find something to wear. Not this. Master doesn't want to see Saffron." she twists the ring, her costume leaping into it, leaving her gloriously nude. She pulls open the wardrobe, running her fingers through her clothes. "Too stiff. Too casual. Too formal. Too much." she stops at a bikini she hasn't worn in years, mostly because dental floss would offer more modesty. She's not even sure why she's still kept it, but... "Too little." she picks it up, "Maybe for when Master takes me home."

57 minutes later, she sits at the back of the diner, staring at the door, a cup of coffee cradled in her hands. She settled, in the end, for a plain black t-shirt and non-faded jeans, the bikini worn under them, giving her little thrill as she knows Master will know they're there. An old leather jacket rests on the back of the plastic chair, the crystal inside her keeping away any cold from the air conditioning. The diner is practically deserted: the waitress pouring coffee for a trucker by the window, smiling sweetly, his gruff voice thanking her; a couple perched at another table, their heads bent conspiratorially close, the food practically forgotten on the Formica; the cook behind the bar, grill sizzling as he fries up the trucker's artery clogging meal, eggs, bacon, sausage, hash-browns and tomatoes all sending their tantalising aromas through the diner. The bell tinkles merrily as the door opens. He looks out of place in the diner, his elegantly cut, perfectly tailored black suit far more suited to a mayoral reception than a simple diner on the edge of town. He reaches for his cuff links, his dark eyes sliding over the diner and its inhabitants, a slight smirk of a smile creasing

his lips. Maggie's heart jumps. He walks towards her before the waitress can finish pouring the trucker's coffee, sliding into the seat across the table from her.

"Still punctual, I see."

Maggie glows at the compliment, "Yes, sir."

"What can I getcha?" The waitress asks, holding her pad at the ready, her light brown hair pulled back, her pale peach uniform hanging a little loose.

"I think I'll have steak, scrambled eggs and some hash browns. Oh, and a coffee." he looks up at her, eyes flickering, scanning her name badge, "Thanks, Janice."

"No problem, hon." she smiles, walking back to the counter.

"Have you ordered already?"

She shakes her head, "I wanted to wait for you."

He nods. "We'll sort something out when Janice gets back then." He reaches across the table, stroking her cheek. Maggie nuzzles against his hand, holding it against her skin.

"Now, I want you to tell me exactly what happened to you today, relating each incident of your unusual arousal."

Maggie nods, smiling, shivering a little as she feels his mind stepping into her, sifting through her thoughts, every part of her open to his inspection and, if he wishes, correction. She shudders again, realising anew how vulnerable she is despite her steel-hard skin, how easily he could do anything he liked to her, how being so completely in his power feels so good.

"Begin."

She blinks, "Sorry, Master." she whispers, staring contritely at the table, a stray lock of hair falling over her face. "The first time was on the bus to work..."

A little later, with pauses as Janice brings over coffee, "I see."

"Is there, is there something wrong with me?"

"To be blunt, yes."

She looks up at him, her lip trembling, eyes wide, shining with tears, "W-what will you do with me?" she asks, a quaver in her voice, more frightened that he'll send her away than she was when facing the worst Lovecraftian horror.

He looks over at her, his hand rising to stroke her cheek, "Fix you. It's my fault I left a loophole, after all."

"Loophole?"

"Recount rule 7."

"Master is the only man I will love and I will love him with all my heart and obey him with all my mind.' I don't understand..."

"Rule 9."

"I will always be wet for Master.' I still don't..."

"A bit of sloppy wording. I am the only man you will love. I quite forgot about the possibility you might love women."

"But I don't, I didn't, I..."

"And by making you always wet for me, I made you always horny. That needed an outlet, which, combined with your new-found tendencies, lead to your new fantasies and attractions. So we'll need to fix you."

Maggie looks down at the table, nodding, downcast at disappointing Master. "What shall I do, Master?" she asks, feeling his thoughts striding through her mind.

"Rule 9."

She looks at him confused, "Master controls my arousal. His command alone will be sufficient to get me wet.' It's changed. You just changed it."

He smiles, "Guilty as charged."

"Am I, am I fixed now, Master?" she asks hopefully, "Won't Psyche notice that I don't..." she stops, imagining Psyche's body pressed against hers, their lips locked together, her hand straying lower, "ooooohh!"

"I trust that answers that question. It wouldn't be fair to not let you have some fun when you're not around me."

"Yes," she pants, one hand vanishing below the table, "it does."

"Good girl. I think that deserves a reward."

"Mmmmm." Maggie purrs, feeling her body clench.

"What would you like to eat?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm." she doesn't really answer, her head rolling back.

"Ok, I'll sort something out then." he catches Janice's eye, beckoning her over.

"What can I..." she glances at Maggie, her eyes closed, face a mask of blissful pleasure, "is she...?"

"Ready to order? I don't think so. She'll have the tuna melt." he smiles.

"Right." Janice replies, her eyes still drawn to Maggie as she turns away.

"There was something else, actually."

"Ok."

"She'd also like the Felix Surprise."

"The what?"

"Right here." he points at the menu.

Janice leans in, peering closer, "That doesn't say..." she stops, her body giving a tiny shudder as her thoughts swirl into a warm ocean stretching on into infinity, losing herself in its depths.

"Yes, it does. Doesn't it?"

She looks again, finding Felix Surprise, right where it usually is. "Sorry. Don't know what came over me."

"It's no problem."

"I'll be right back." she walks to the counter, handing over the order and immediately walks back to the table. "Ma'am," Maggie looks up, her face flushed, breathing heavy, "your Felix Surprise is ready." Janice reaches up, slowly unbuttoning her cream blouse, letting it hang around her shoulders, revealing the plain white bra holding her small, pert breasts. She reaches down, running her hand over her stomach and begins slowly unzipping her skirt. She shimmies a little, letting the skirt slide over her hips and down her legs, pooling around her feet. Her breathing comes a little faster as she feels the woman's hungry eyes on her, roaming over her pale skin. She steps out of the skirt, shrugging the blouse off her shoulders. She turns around, facing the restaurant, no one paying her any attention. The blouse drapes over her arms as she folds them under her chest, falling down to just rest over her cheeks. She turns slightly, looking over her shoulder, smiling at Maggie. She flips the back of the blouse up, exposing her arse for a flash before the cream cloth falls back. She turns back to face them, tugging the sleeves off and holding the blouse over her chest, shifting from foot to foot, swinging her hips out. She lets the blouse fall, sliding her hands over the cups of her bra. She reaches around behind her, fiddling with the clasp until it opens and she slides the straps down her arms, pressing the cups against her breasts. She pulls her hands away, letting the bra fall away, exposing her pink nipples against her pale skin. She feels a flash of embarrassment, just enough to bring colour to her cheeks, but it's swiftly swept away as she realises this is just part of the job, a warm, gentle wave pulling the thoughts away from her. She leans in close to Maggie, swaying from side to side, watching as Maggie's eyes track her chest, licking her lips. Maggie reaches out a hand to grasp the tiny mounds with their hard nubs, but Janice skips back, wagging her finger admonishingly. "Naughty girl. Be patient." she dances back in, circling slowly, raising her hands above her head, pushing her chest out. She completes her second turn, hooking her hands

into her plain panties, pulling them down over her left hip. Once again, she wags her finger at Maggie as her eyes slide down to her hips. She turns, peeling the panties down, bending forward to present her cheeks. She slaps one, rubbing her hands over them, caressing her soft skin. She looks over her shoulder, holding Maggie's gaze with her finest sultry pout, which looks out of place on her wide, pale face, turns and hops onto the table, sliding over. She leans back on her hands, spreading her legs wide, revealing the glistening folds. She runs a finger along her lips, before sliding it into her mouth, licking it clean. "Your Felix Surprise, Ma'am."

For a moment, Maggie just stares. Then she leans forward, running her fingers along Janice's thighs. Janice shudders at the light touch. Maggie leans in, her breath sliding over Janice's folds, inhaling her musk. Her lips lightly, hesitantly, touch Janice's moistness. She pauses there, and her tongue slowly slides out, licking over the trembling pink flesh. Janice's breath catches as Maggie's tongue slides inside her, lapping at her lips. Maggie becomes more enthusiastic, her tongue burrowing into Janice. Janice's moans increase as her customer's enthusiasm finds the right spot. Her shrieks run through the diner, but no one pays them the slightest attention.

Maggie leans back, wiping the juices from her face. Janice bends down, pulling her clothes back on as if getting eaten out in the middle of the diner was an everyday occurrence. She starts to walk away, buttoning up her blouse, but Master calls her back.

"Yeah? What can I getcha? Don't tell me you want the Surprise, too, now that I'm almost dressed?"

He smiles slightly, "Not at the moment, thank you. What I'd like is for you to forget that what happened happened."

"Huh?"

"There is no such thing as Felix Surprise, and there never was, so we couldn't have ordered it, could we? What you had was just a pleasant, a very pleasant, fantasy. Nothing more. Even now, you can feel it fading like a dream."

"Like a dream..." Janice repeats, her unfocused gaze looking blankly across the table.

"Did you like that dream, Janice?"

"Yes. Got me hot. Made me all wet."

"Good, good. Now, I want you to remember that dream. It's a good dream, a dream you like. And each time you remember it, you'll get a little bit hornier as you sink deeper into that fantasy." he reaches into his pocket, "Here's my card. When you want to move this dream into real life, call the number." he reaches into his pocket again, "And here's a tip for your trouble. You won't remember why you got it, but you'll know it's yours." he folds up a hundred dollar bill, slipping it into her hand.

"Know it's mine. Doing a good job."

"That's it exactly. Has the memory become just a dream, Janice?"

"Just a dream..."

"Then you can get back to your work."

She nods, turning away to the counter.

"Master? I don't understand. What..."

"Just a way of passing the time. I wonder how long it'll take until she calls me."

"But, if you wanted her, why didn't..."

"Because it's boring. And as I don't need her completely under my control immediately, it's much more fun to play her like a fish on a line until she comes and turns herself over to me, voluntarily. When you know you're going to win, the chase becomes all. It's like foreplay. I mean, yes, you could get straight down to the fucking, but the build up just makes things so much better." he reaches across the table, gently stroking the back of Maggie's hand and she shudders at his touch, feeling his mind inside her, his hand stroking her hand, and something much lower down.



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