

Learning to Behave

By Maggie Richardson

Narrator: Pink petals drip from the dogwood trees flanking Vivienne's driveway. Cass stares up at them through the front window of her car, mouth thin with nerves. Her blue scrubs feel out of place, but Vivienne has invited her here, and Cass knows that she'll be welcomed. All she needs to do is get out of the car. Cass bites her bottom lip and takes another hesitant look at the two story house.

C: "Enough of this. You've met her before. Now there's – this. It's fine. Just go."

[exiting car sounds]

Narrator: Meeting a woman like Vivienne in her home is different, Cass knows, than arranging a sort-of date on an online forum. Sure, the dom/sub thread existed to facilitate hookups like this, and their individual chats had been exciting, but the experience was still new. And even if she managed to conquer her nerves, Cass suspected that she wasn't quite the sub a woman like Vivienne wanted. She didn't present as an eager-to-please creature, whereas Vivienne had sold her authority from the start. Cass hesitates on the porch, trying to remember how to breathe.

[door opening]

N: Vivienne – tall, dark, and beaming – smirks at her from the other side of the threshold, her arms crossed over her chest.

V: "Hello, darling. Not thinking of backing out, are you?"

C: "What can I say? You're an intimidating lady."

V: "How was work today?"

C: "Longer than expected. I thought I'd have time to change, but I had to make an extra set of rounds in the ICU while the night nurse was getting briefed."

V: "I wondered what was keeping you."

N: Vivienne's smile fills Cass's chest with warmth. She doesn't resist when Vivienne reaches out and pulls her over the threshold of her home. With a gentle push, Cass stumbles through a foyer and towards a living room, where Vivienne gently forces her down onto a brown, leather couch. She immediately kneels and starts pulling at the ties of Cass's shoes, only grinning when Cass lets out a noise of concern.

V: "My students wanted to test my patience today. I really shouldn't be too surprised – their spring dance is coming up, and it's a big deal for sixth and seventh graders."

C: *[laughs]* "I still don't understand what made you want to work in a middle school. Puberty was a bitch."

V: "Ah, but that's what makes middle schoolers so fun!"

N: Vivienne sets Cass's shoes aside. With a thoughtful glance, she wipes her hands against her skirt, then comes to rest at Cass's side. Cass brings a hand to the back of her neck and rubs at the knot that's formed over the course of the day. It's difficult not to preen as Vivienne's eyes catch on her skin.

C: "I had a stressful day too. Made me want a smoke break."

N: Vivienne shakes her head. It's subtle, the way her expression shifts, but Cass sees the moment the casual familiarity fades into something possessive – almost sinister.

V: "I thought we talked about that. How long has it been since you had your last cigarette, darling?"

C: "Since you asked me to quit."

V: "Good girl."

N: Vivienne leans forward and, after hesitating for a moment, presses a kiss to Cass's cheek. Cass can't keep her eyes from fluttering shut, although she is quick to try and pull herself together.

V: "That means you'll taste lovely. Now, I think you're missing something, aren't you?"

N: Vivienne kisses the hinge of Cass's jaw next, then pulls back and straightens her shirt. Cass can't tell if it's Vivienne's tone or her own pulsing desire that finally forces her gaze down to her knees.

C: "I am, I think. Did you – find something that you liked?"

V: "I did. "Why don't you head into the bedroom, darling? Change out of your work clothes – I've left a few presents for you on the bed. I'll admit, you arrived a little earlier than I thought you would, so I have a few things left to prepare, but if you wait for me, like a good girl, I'll make sure that you're taken care of. Do you understand?"

C: "I understand,"

V: "Good girl. Go on, then. I'll join you shortly."

N: Cass nods. Vivienne's gaze is beautifully predatory. As she rises from the couch, she feels Vivienne slap her ass. Despite the nervous percussion playing in her chest, she laughs, warmth flooding her cheeks and between her legs. When she glances back, she sees Vivienne smile. The expression is so warm – so possessive, so fond – that Cass feels her knees go weak while her body buzzes with electric desire. Then, she turns her head as instructed and walks away.

Meeting Vivienne online had offered her solace. Outside of all of this, Cass knows what she is: strong, cold – the rock of every hospital floor she works on. Here, though, walking into Vivienne's bedroom, she is stripped bare. Her clothes lay heavy against her skin, and her heart feels too large for her ribcage. Cass meets her own gaze in Vivienne's mirror and is utterly unsurprised to see that, beyond the bangs she keeps too long, her pupils are blown wide. The shirt, she decides, needs to go. Her flush deepens as she flings it into a corner of the room. As she wiggles out of her pants, she turns away from the mirror. Vivienne's bed takes up most of the room, sea blue comforter punctuated by the presents she's left for Cass.

C: "Okay. You can do this. You can do this."

N: She rids herself of her own underwear and gingerly takes Vivienne's presents in hand. Stepping into the deep burgundy of the bra and panties feels like stepping into a dream; they press against her skin, lace and little else, and leave her feeling more naked than she had been just a minute before. The softness of their touch calms her beating heart, though as she shifts, Cass can feel the pressure building in her cunt. With another, reassuring glance into Vivienne's mirror, she settles on the bed and crosses her legs at the ankles. Rooms away, she can hear Vivienne's voice carrying. She's singing a pop song Cass thinks she's heard on the radio before, but slowly, and just a little out of tune. Nerves and all, Cass presses the palm of her hand over her mouth in an attempt to hide her smile. She's still smiling when Vivienne pushes open the bedroom door, a glass of water in hand. Vivienne pauses before shutting the door behind her, staring at the wash of Cass's skin. Cass considers staring back, but she fixes her gaze on the floor, instead.

V: "I knew those would look good on you. Remind me of your safeword, darling."

C: "Pearl."

V: "Good girl. I have another present for you."

C: You do?

V: "You do, what?"

C: "You do, ma'am?"

V: "Good girl Stay still, won't you?"

C: "Yes, ma'am."

N: Cass listens as Vivienne rustles through her dresser drawers. After several moments, a drawer closes, and Vivienne's weight returns to the bed. Her breath is hot against the back of Cass's neck. Cass gasps when she feels leather.

V: "Can you guess what this is, darling?"

C: "I think so, ma'am,"

V: "What is it, then?"

C: "My collar, ma'am."

V: "Well guessed. I'm going to put this on you, darling, and do you know what will happen next?"

C: "What, ma'am?"

V: "I'm going to own you."

N: Vivienne's nimble fingers snap the collar into place. The collar is a strip of thick, white leather with gleaming gold studs and a matching buckle. In the center of it is a ring large enough for Vivienne to slip two fingers through. Vivienne takes the tip of Cass' ear between her teeth, and one of Vivienne's hands dance down Cass's side, coming around her abdomen and teasing the lace at her hip. Cass feels lightheaded, but she keeps her gaze locked on the comforter. Every inch of her wants to lean back against Vivienne's body, but she resists, knowing that her domme would order her to move should she desire it.

V: "You're going to do what I say, when I say, because you're going to be my good girl. Do you understand?"

C: "I do. I do, ma'am."

V: "Good."

N: Vivienne gets up from the bed and redirects Cass towards the bedroom's mirror. Cass meets her own gaze and involuntarily lifts a hand to the collar now wrapped around her neck. Its ring hangs in the front, pressing against her collarbone. When contrasted with the darkness of her hair and the shock of her lingerie, the white leather collar looks -

V: "Magnificent."

C: "Thank you, ma'am. Thank you so much."

V: "Repeat your safeword, darling."

C: "Pearl, ma'am."

V: "And do you feel the need to use it?"

C: "No, ma'am."

V: "Good. Now, come back on the bed with me."

N: She slips her hands around Cass's biceps and pulls her back, though Cass does her best to move with her. She leans back against the headboard and pulls Cass against her chest. Cass leans back and lets her head rise and fall with Vivienne's controlled breathing. Vivienne wraps her dark arms around Cass's chest and lifts her knees, letting Cass find herself cradled in warmth and a scent like sparkling gold. Cass presses her hands beneath her thighs as Vivienne's fingers trail across her collarbone.

V: "The first time you spoke to me, darling, I couldn't believe I'd gotten so lucky. Do you know why?.... I asked if you knew why, darling."

C: "I don't, ma'am,"

V: "I could tell that you were a masterpiece. You hadn't shared any pictures of yourself, of course, but the way you spoke – I could tell you would be a tremendous amount of fun."

N: It comes as a surprise when she pinches both of Cass's nipples through the fabric of her bra. Cass's eyes fly open, and she gasps, sharp and delighted and wanting.

V: "So eager...I never said you had to keep your hands to yourself, darling. Though you seem so determined to behave. Why is that, I wonder?"

C: "I am – good at accepting orders, ma'am. I want to behave for you, ma'am, and though you hadn't said I could touch myself, I didn't want to – overstep."

V: What a good girl you are. Oh, you like that, darling?"

C: "Quite a bit, ma'am,"

V: "As lovely as you look, I'm afraid that this bra simply must go."

C: "If you keep doing that, ma'am, you're going to ruin me too quickly."

N: Vivienne leans down to suck Cass's neck, leaving a deep red mark. Cass can't see the expression on her face, but she suspects that the other woman is grinning. Vivienne slips out from behind her. Cass sinks back into the bed, and shudders as Vivienne tracks her hands down her abdomen. She slips two fingers under Cass's lingerie and hums in delight at the wetness Cass knows she must find there. Cass swallows just a little too loudly and has the pleasure of watching Vivienne's smile grow sharp. She forces herself up on her elbows as Vivienne leans down and nudges her forehead with her own, even as one of her hands returns to her covered pussy. Cass spreads her legs as Vivienne presses against her wetness, then moves forward, daring with all the courage she can muster to steal a kiss. The touch of Vivienne's lips is lush, if gentle. Cass hears her breath catch and is struck by a wave of want. The whole of her body threatens to vibrate out of her control as Vivienne presses back against her, guiding her down, down, until she's enveloped in the comforter and

Vivienne's arms. Cass relishes the taste of Vivienne's mouth, as she succumbs to the teasing of Vivienne's tongue.

V: "Naughty thing. I should punish you for that, you know – but just this once, I think I'll let you get away with it."

C: "Thank you, ma'am,"

V: "Darling, I think it's time we took those panties off of you. Stand up from the bed."

N: Cass does as she is told. Goosebumps rise on her skin. Vivienne slides off the bed, then proceeds to dig about in one of her dresser drawers. When she returns, she has a long, pearly chain wrapped around both of her hands. At her hip, snapped into the belt loop of the jeans she still wears, are a clasped pair of white handcuffs. Cass watches her, then cries out in delight as Vivienne moves forward, wraps her hands around her waist, and lavishes her breasts with kisses, then moves up to take another kiss from Cass's mouth.

V: "Delicious girl. Hold your hands behind your back."

[sound of handcuffs]

V: "Good girl. Good girls like to be restrained, don't they?"

C: "Yes, ma'am. More than anything, ma'am."

V: "Of course."

N: Vivienne pushes Cass down onto the bed. The next several moments are lost to the heat of Vivienne's mouth and the touch of her hands as she explores Cass's curves and folds— her breasts, her sides, her thighs, the gentle swell of her pussy. Cass cries out into Vivienne's mouth and wonders, idly, about the stains she must be leaving on Vivienne's comforter. Vivienne leaves her, after these red hot moments, and rids herself of her own pants and underwear. Cass stares at the rush of brown skin and at the strength of Vivienne's thighs. Vivienne, lost somewhere above Cass's gaze, smirks. Cass is too distracted by the sway of her lover's thighs to immediately recognize the clicking sound at her throat. When she looks down, it is to find a leash linking her lovely collar to Vivienne's wrist – a leash studded with pearls and shocking against Vivienne's skin. The leash drags her forward into another of Vivienne's kisses, but it is just as quick to release her. Cass moans into the lushness of Vivienne's mouth as the domme pulls away and settles herself on her bed. She spreads her legs. Cass jolts as Vivienne tugs on her leash again. Cass follows her gaze and swallows, hard, at the sight of her lover's wet cunt.

V: "Darling, You are going to lick until I tell you to stop. You will tap on my leg twice if you can't breathe – though I may want you to struggle. We'll have to see how up to the task you are. Do you understand?"

C: "I do, ma'am."

N: Vivienne smiles, then tugs on the leash again. Cass follows the pull willingly, going down on her elbows to press her mouth to Vivienne's soaked lips. The taste of her is salt and musk, and despite the nervousness brewing in her belly, Cass laps enthusiastically. With her hands behind her back, she can't reach for Vivienne's thighs, but Vivienne presses them tight against either side of Cass's face, and the pressure is more than enough to keep Cass steady. It takes her several moments to fall into a rhythm that makes Vivienne squirm. Vivienne's arousal is quick to cover her lips, her tongue, and her cheeks. Cass moves her tongue in careful strokes across Vivienne's labia, then dances across the tight bud of her clitoris. Above her, one of Vivienne's hands tangles in her hair. Her lover doesn't pull to the point of pain, but the determined tugs of the leash are more than enough encouragement. Cass pushes forward, twisting her tongue in tight circles as Vivienne bites back needy gasps. The pull of the leash and the pressure of the collar leave wetness hot between Cass's own legs. The longer she stares at Vivienne the more the waves of pleasure washing over her body become secondary; the feeling is ever present, but more important are Vivienne's noises. Her moans, her whimpers, are as satisfying as any orgasm Cass knows she could have.

[sex sounds underneath]

It's strange, then, that as the sounds Vivienne makes grow more and more desperate, she shoves Cass's head from between her legs. Cass lurches backward, stopped only by the tightness of her leash. Vivienne looks back at her, chest heaving and skin flushed, before grinning. When she tugs on the leash again, it's to bring Cass's lips to her own. Cass melts into her touch and opens her mouth to the pressure of Vivienne's tongue. Vivienne makes delighted sounds at the taste of herself in Cass's mouth.

V: "What a delight you are."

C: "You didn't cum, ma'am."

V: "I didn't. That's because I want you to cum first."

N: She rises from the bed on unsteady feet, dragging Cass after her. Cass stumbles as she follows, pressing herself against the fabric of Vivienne's shirt. Vivienne glances back at her as she approaches her dresser for the final time and smirks.

V: "I'd almost forgotten about your hands. Are you in any pain, darling?"

C: "I'm not, ma'am."

V: "And what is your safeword?"

C: "Pearl, ma'am – though, again, I'm not using it."

N: Vivienne laughs as she pulls a harness from her dresser. Cass takes a step backwards as Vivienne steps into it and turns. She fingers the toy attached to her strap-on with a long familiar affection.

V: "I understand. But are you certain?...Cass?"

C: "That looks – lovely, ma'am... But don't you want to take your shirt off?"

V: "Well, darling. I don't think that's an unreasonable request."

N: Her white shirt flutters to the bedroom floor, followed by a lacy, black bra. Cass tries to take a moment to appreciate it, but then Vivienne has her leash in hand again and is rushing her back towards the bed. The press of the comforter is familiar, now, and the sound of Vivienne's laughter carries through the room. Cass smiles, too, as Vivienne moves between her legs, one hand still reaching for her breast even as she presses her mouth against her pussy. Cass lets out an abrupt whine at the flick of Vivienne's tongue and tries not to arch into the touch. Vivienne's tongue moves with a skill that makes Cass press her head back into the pillow and tug at the handcuffs. The pressure and flick of Vivienne's tongue spreads her knees like nothing else and leaves Vivienne grinning, as she rises from between Cass's legs. She presses the tip of the strap on against Cass's cunt. Cass doesn't think as she bucks into the sensation; the head slips between her wet lips without any resistance, tantalizing and barely close enough to make contact. Vivienne tuts and smacks Cass's thigh.

[smack]

Vivienne thrusts her hips forward, and Cass whines as her thoughts go white. She spreads her legs as wide as she can, better to accommodate Vivienne as she presses forward, leaning down and ghosting sweet nothings over the skin of her neck, jaw, and cheek.

V: "Tell me you want me."

C: "I want you,"

V: "Say it again."

C: "I want you, ma'am,"

V: "Again."

C: "I want you, ma'am. I want you, ma'am."

N: Vivienne slides back out, leaving just the tip of the toy in Cass's pussy before pressing back in. Cass's eyes fall shut as Vivienne's thumb comes to press against her clit.

C: "I want you, ma'am." *[repeated, under]*

N: The repetition becomes instinctual, following every thrust of Vivienne's hips. Cass feels her thighs flex as the world spirals, tighter and tighter and tighter. Above her, Vivienne pants and presses stray kisses to the swells of her breasts. Her lips catch on one of Cass's nipples and suck. Vivienne pulls on the collar and presses one hand against Cass's neck. Cass feels the air leave her lungs. She's writhing, eyes fluttering shut in the rush of stimulation, as Vivienne pounds into her. Sweat drips down Vivienne's brow and onto her skin, but she can't bring herself to notice, can't bring herself to think about anything except the gleam in Vivienne's eyes and the pleasure threatening to consume her.

V: "Tap me if it's too much."

C: "Pearl. Just a little softer around my neck."

V: "As you wish."

C: "Don't stop."

V: "You seem close."

C: "I am, ma'am."

V: "Good girl. You can't cum without my permission, though, can you?"

C: "Please let me cum, ma'am. I want to so badly; I want you so badly; please, please let me cum."

V: "The longer we do this, the longer I'll keep you there begging. I'll chase my own orgasm and leave you writhing, just like you are now."

C: "Please, ma'am – please, please, I want you so badly –"

V: "But this time, I feel like being kind. So cum, darling. Cum for me."

N: Cass sucks in a breath. With three more pumps of Vivienne's hips, she does as she's commanded. The orgasm spirals out of her, sends her spine bending like she's been shocked. Sparks dance on her wrists, in her throat, and on her clit, unforgiving and unrelenting as Vivienne continues to push into her, the wet slide of the toy against her cunt barely audible over her whines and Vivienne's pleased growls. Cass loses time in the comedown. She hears Vivienne let out a grunt above her and opens her eyes in time to see Vivienne's veneer of control slip, her eyes falling shut as her own thighs shake. Vivienne slides out of her without any fuss. The collar and leash come off while Cass's eyes are still closed. By the time she manages to rouse herself, Cass finds herself on her side, Vivienne's arms wrapped around her stomach. The handcuffs still dig into her wrists, but the endorphins buzzing through Cass's brain dull the feeling.

V: "Good girl. How do you feel?"

C: "Incredible. Thank you."

N: The handcuffs fall away, and Vivienne chuckles as they land somewhere on the other side of the bed. Cass glances over her shoulder and takes in the sight behind her. Vivienne, lit by the setting sun and naked, smiles at her. Cass swallows down a traitorous happiness in her chest. She leans back, as Vivienne comes to lay beside her, and kisses the other woman's cheek. The smile she gets isn't sharp at all.

[music]

[END]