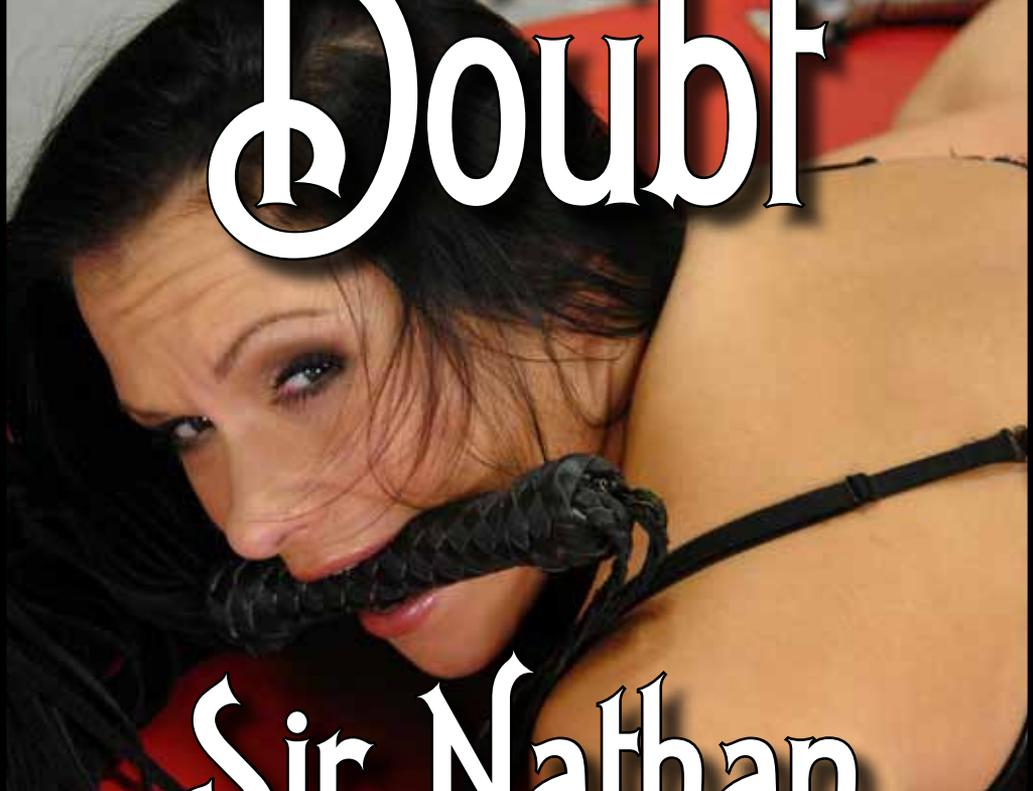


Burping Frog Publishing

Shadow

of a

Doubt

A photograph of a woman with long dark hair, wearing a black top. She has a black, textured mustache applied to her upper lip. She is looking down and to the left with a slight smile. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

Sir Nathan

Chapter 1

“Baby?” Johan asked, as we lay in bed.

I roused myself without opening my eyes. “Mhmmm?”

“Look at me.”

I was lying on my back, in post-orgasmic bliss. It was difficult just to roll onto my side and face him. “Yes, Sir?”

“Do you remember what you said?”

“You mean, ‘I love being your slut’?” I whispered, biting my lip.

“Yeah,” he chuckled. “That.”

“A bit naughty?” I giggled and blushed. Being naughty always made me nervous.

“Well, yeah. But ...” He hesitated a moment as I grazed my fingernails lightly down his muscular chest. “It was more the way you said it,” he continued.

“I can’t help it. You just make me so wild.” Pressing my pussy against his hip, I thought maybe I could get round two going, instead of continuing down this road. Johan would have none of it.

He wrapped his arms around me, breathing in my ear. “It sounded more like a plea. Are you happy with ‘us’? Are you satisfied?”

“Johan,” I said, staring into his eyes as I caressed his cheek. “I love everything we do so much. I can hardly imagine being more satisfied than I already am.”

“And there’s always your toys, right?”

“Mhmmm. You wanna play with some?”

“You’re insatiable.”

I giggled. “Sometimes!”

“Go get your high tech vibe, the one I got you for Christmas ... and your butt plug.”

“Awww, do I have to get the plug?”

“Just get it, dirty girl. And get that little whip I bought the other day. The one we haven’t tried yet. I promise I’ll be gentle.”

“Yes, Sir.” I smiled to myself. Yay for round two! Maybe I’ll get to suck him off as well!

Later, feeling thoroughly fucked and exhausted, I was lazily caressing my clit with my fingers. The toys lay on the bed next to me, and I could feel Johan’s cum dripping down my chin and drying on my neck. Behind my closed eyes, my mind wandered. I was thinking about one of my favourite fantasies, and my pussy started getting juicy again.

“What are you thinking about?” Johan interrupted. He was leaning on his elbow, head in hand, watching me intently and still breathing heavily himself.

The vision evaporated as though I’d been caught. “Oh, nothing.”

“Well, it’s obviously something. What do you fantasise about?”

“Mostly you, baby.”

“Mostly?”

Oh, dear. “Yeah, mostly.”

“What else then? C’mon tell me!” He jumped on top of me and held my arms down over my head with one hand. He’s a huge guy and I’m only small!

“Noooo!” I squealed.

“Tell me or I’ll tickle you.”

“I can’t!” I whined.

“Yes, you can!” He started tickling me madly, and I’m sooo ticklish! In moments I was laughing painfully and trying to squirm from his grasp.

“Nooooo! Ahhhhh! You’re killing meeee!” He attacked me just under my ribs, his nails just right and sending me mad with laughter, tears pouring from my eyes. “Stop, please, pleeeeee-aaaassssseeeee!”

“I’ll stop when you tell me!”

“Ahhhh! Nooo! OOhhhhhhh! Okayyyy! Okkaaayyyyyy!” I was exhausted and crying from the tickling and all I could think was, What am I gonna tell him? “You’ll think I’m a slut!”

“Really. How interesting.”

“I mean it, Johan. You really don’t wanna know.”

“Oh yes I do, Shannon.”

“But it’s wrong and ... Ohhh ...” I burst into tears. It was the moment I’d always dreaded. Ever since we started this dominance and submission thing, I’ve been really honest about everything. Everything except this. I just couldn’t bring myself to tell him I had these crazy fantasies.

Johan lay down beside me, taking me into his arms. “It’s all right baby, honestly. It’s all right. What could be so bad? I know you’re a very passionate and sexy girl. It’s okay to have fantasies you are embarrassed about sharing. I won’t judge. I promise.”

“But you’ll hate me! You’ll think I’m a dirty, filthy, little whore!” My nipples stood up hearing the words coming from my own mouth!

Johan noticed too. He took one between fingers and thumb and tugged it gently. “I can see that thinking about your fantasies turns you on, little one. I have an idea.” I just swallowed and listened. “I want you to have everything I can give you. Everything within my power. I want to grant you a fantasy or two. I want to make it happen. Just to show you how much I love you. And baby?”

I sniffled. “Yes, Sir?”

“I give you my solemn promise, as a man, as your husband, and as your dominant: I will never leave you because of this. The only way I’d ever let you go is if you begged me. I love you, Shannon. You know that. And nothing you fantasise would

change that.”

I curled up in his arms and wiped my cheek on the pillow.

“Are you sure?”

“I promise, baby. I promise.”

“O-Okay.”

A couple of hours later, we were lying on our backs in bed. I’d just finished telling him everything and I was worried he’d just get up and leave. But after a few moments, he spoke. “I want you to write it all down as a request and sign it.”

“Write it down? Sign it?”

“I’m not having you reporting me to the police, pet.”

I nodded slowly. “Yes, Sir. I understand.”

“And no fudging.”

I giggled and leaned up on my elbow, looking down on him. “Okay. I’ll write it all down. God, I can’t believe it. You really don’t hate me?”

“Baby, I think you’re the hottest woman in the world. Boy am I gonna have fun with this!”

I swallowed again. I really couldn’t believe he didn’t think I was a low-down gutter tramp. “I love you,” I said.

“And I love you, baby. No matter what. I love you more than life itself.”

I slipped into his arms again and held him tightly. “I’m so relieved,” I whispered.

“It’s all right,” he whispered back. “It’s all right.” I fell asleep with the sweet feeling of his loving fingers running gently through my hair.

“Have you done it yet?”

“Done what?” To be honest I hoped he’d somehow forgotten about it. We were standing in the kitchen the next afternoon. It was a Sunday. He’d been out all morning.

“Have you written down your fantasies for me, baby? I can’t do anything till you’ve written them down and signed on the dotted line.” He winked.

“Ohh ...” I whined.

“Don’t be afraid, Shannon. I love you, remember?”

“It’s not that. I know you love me, after what I told you, I definitely know it now. It’s just a bit ... I don’t know ... scary!”

“I bet it turns you on!”

“A bit.”

“Liar.” He smiled at me and I blushed.

“Sorry, Sir.”

“Good girl.” I love it when he calls me his ‘good girl’. It makes me feel so appreciated. Such simple words. So easy to say. So easy to forget to say. “Go on then.”

“Now? But I was going to water the garden.”

“I’ll do it. You go sit down at the computer for an hour or so. I’ll start dinner too.”

“Goodness. Thank you, darling.”

“Anything for my sweet girl.” He curled his warm fingers around my cheek and I leaned against his hand. My brown eyes swam in the blue of his. If only I knew what I was getting myself into. Oh, but I knew. I knew only too well. Just admitting these things made me practically shit myself. Thinking about them made me wet. Talking about them made me need to change my underwear.

I just wanted it to happen. I needed it to happen. Something. I don’t know why, and I honestly didn’t care what or how. I just wanted something off the wall. Something scary or crazy. Something out of my deepest, darkest fantasies. I needed it. Needed to know. Needed to feel.

Yes, my fantasies have driven me crazy lately, affecting me at inopportune times. Shopping. Watching television. Washing up. Sometimes it’s hard to resist the need to masturbate. I love to masturbate.

Fortunately, I found a man who has managed to keep my demons at bay. He leaned in to kiss me at that moment, and as I always do, I melted. I married him when he told me I wouldn’t find anyone like him ever again. He was right.

I hope you don’t think I’m sick. Well actually, I’ve often

thought the same thing myself. I mean, well okay, I was a bit wild in high school. By that, I just mean ‘a bit’. My fantasies always outstripped my realities. I’ve always loved masturbating. I loved to fantasise. As my sex-toy collection grew, my fantasies grew more and more elaborate. And more bizarre. And more extreme. Though I’d sucked a few cocks, and given a few hand jobs, just about everything I knew today I’d been taught by my Johan.

His warm, slightly minty tongue slid into my mouth, filling me with him while his hands found my ass. I kissed him back fervently. Thinking about this stuff always made me hot. Kissing him made me hotter. With one last squeeze of my ass and one last slice of his long, strong tongue into my mouth, he broke the kiss. “Get in there,” he growled, grinning.

“Yes, Sir!” I giggled, and darted out, but not before yelping when he smacked my ass as I skipped past. Thanks to that little tête-à-tête in the kitchen, I was already wet when I sat down to write. But that alone wouldn’t explain why I had to get a towel to sit on. No. You see, I have to admit I was turned on by the thought of writing down my darkest fantasies. I’d never been this far before. The thought that I might have one or more actually occur was intensely arousing, and I wasn’t wearing panties.

I should tell you about myself. My name is Shannon Bree Stollson. I’ve been married to the man who stole my cherry for almost eight years. I’m twenty-seven years old and I’m reasonably slim and I’m told I’m attractive. My hair is blonde but I’m not natural. Well it’s streaked blonde so you would know anyway, even though I shave my pussy. I do that for my husband. He insists. He says he prefers it that way, and now so do I.

One weekend almost ten years ago I met him while at the beach. I was busy readjusting my bikini when he walked right up to me and asked if I needed a hand. I could hardly speak. God, he was just so gorgeous. I still get weak-kneed when I see him naked. Or in a suit. Or in almost anything. Five minutes later he was asking me out. We’ve been together ever since.

Nowadays he runs his own business consulting for medical

importers and exporters. But then again, he could do almost anything. He speaks six languages fluently. Though I keep house, our two children are under four and are in day care two days a week. Monday and Tuesday. They also enjoy staying at their grandmother's house on Sunday and Monday nights. Which of course gives us ample time to continue our torrid love life. 'Our weekend,' he called it. As the years went by, I adored our weekends, and gladly accepted his strange working week. I gladly accepted a lot of things. As our love life became more and more crazy, I accepted more than most!

I accepted his dominance right from the beginning. It was only a few short years later than we formalised the relationship. We had discovered the BDSM lifestyle through a friend of his, who brought us along to a munch. That's where like-minded people get together and chat about things. We soon realised we were already practicing. I was already his submissive. He was already my dominant. We read lots of stuff together and drew up a contract. I was so nervous and so excited. I eagerly signed it and gushed into my panties as I did.

So began our life. It's easy to be a good submissive when your man is such a fucking turn-on. I mean, even in my fantasies, when it's just one man, it's always my man. Always. He's so imposing. Everyone looks at him first when we walk into a room. In the beginning, I didn't like it. But after a while it just made me proud. And thankful. Thankful that it was me on this Adonis' arm. But he is so much more than an Adonis. He's not cocky, just self-assured. He knows himself well. And he is about to know me better than he ever has. I started typing.

This is a bit embarrassing to admit. But when I get wet, I'm only allowed to clean myself with my fingers and my mouth, which usually just makes me all the wetter. Which is kind of self-defeating, don't you think? He chuckled when he made that rule. But it was right up my alley.

I have slut fantasies. Fantasies where I'm taken unwillingly and fucked till I love it. Who am I kidding? I love being fucked. And I mean completely fucked. Sweaty and sore. All holes. I

am not too keen about anal, but I like it after the initial shock and pain. I don't look forward to that feeling. It makes my tummy tumble. But after that, I do love it. I feel so slutty too. Naughty. Dirty. Delicious.

I loveeee sucking too. Especially big ones, though not all my fantasy men have enormous cocks. A couple of my girlfriends really envy me! But I don't know why. I mean, if Johan were a bit smaller, it would be a lot easier! A cock is a cock, right? I can't imagine a tiny one being much fun though. Is it wrong to genuinely feel a bit sorry for those guys?

I just think sucking is so yummy though. I can see his face and actually know whether I'm being pleasing. I mean, it's got to be pretty hard to fake! Right girls? I also spend a fair bit of time on my knees too. Oh! I don't mean like that! Let me explain!

Johan is my husband and lover, but he is also my Master. I like being able to kneel at his feet. So I have three really big cushions in various places around the house. With time, one really does get used to kneeling. As long as one's joints and back are okay. I guess I also feel sorry for the subbies who can't do that. I love looking up at him from down there. I love seeing the look in his eyes.

And I love knowing a man's cock is hard because I'm exciting him. It's basic and animal and it affects me deeply. It makes me horny and I like being horny. I mean, I'm no 'spread my legs at the drop of a hat' type slut. God, the men at the supermarket, or the women for that matter, would have a fit. No, I am very straight-faced and conceal my horniness well.

I mean, God. I've never done anything really wild. I've never slept with anyone but Johan. I'm just a regular girl who had normal young girl fantasies and stuff. Save myself for marriage and all that. It wasn't an iron-clad promise I'd made to myself, I just hadn't met anyone I really wanted to do it with.

When a friend mentioned erotic literature and a website one day, I had a look and was hooked. I read and read and fantasised and wished Johan would just take me. I mean we were going together and everything, and I was thinking, God he's such a hunk.

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