

Midnight 27

His Punishment

He swooped on her, eyes burning with a hidden rage. He ducked down and slung her over his shoulder.

"What are you doing!" She cried, wriggling to get free. "Let me go! Let me go!"

He stamped up the stairs, ignoring her, please. When she started calling out for Judy, when she began to cry, he slapped her hard across the ass.

"Haven't you got a sense of dignity?" He huffed, climbing the last steps to the landing. "But go ahead, shout, cry. It just makes me want you more."

Her voice caught, somewhere between the threat of sexual need and his attack on her dignity, so she clammed up. Besides, who would help her? Judy? Garwood? Fat chance.

Now limp, each of his giant strides jolted her pelvis onto the bar nub of his shoulder, making her wince. He kicked open a door into a bedroom with a four-poster bed and golden yellow curtains. He led her straight through to the ensued bathroom and placed her in the bathtub. A thrill of alarm running through her, she screamed.

"What are you doing!"

"This," He said, pulling a towel away from around the faucet, "is your punishment."

"What did I do wrong?" She pleaded, feverishly, retreating into the corner of the tub and drawing her knees up about herself.

"Lying." He said flatly.

Savannah's heart was going at it faster than lap-dancer. Did he know that she'd met Kevin? She stared at him incredulously, "You sent someone to follow me, didn't you."

He smiled. "You have a bit of breaking our arrangements. I assumed you would again. Or do you think I'm an idiot?" He rolled up his sleeves of his white work-shirt, revealing his strong arms. He bent down, holding on the edge of the bathtub, looked down at her, narrowing his cold eyes, "I mean, really. Did you forget what I've told you so quickly?"

She squirmed under his gaze, trying to get away, but couldn't. She felt like a spider caught at the bottom of the tub, its steep sides too slippery to escape. She was waiting to be flushed away down the drain. "I just said hello to an old friend. Am I not allowed even this?"

"I recall telling you exactly that." He grimaced, gently grasped her hair, forcibly making her close to and face him.

"Ah! Fuck! What are you doing?" Her blood suddenly ran cold. She could smell the sullen breath blow across her face..

"The basin of water." He said, letting her go and pointing at a black plastic basin in the corner.

She climbed out the bath, took the basin and filled it with water under the bath faucet, and then sat back in the bathtub with the basin on her lap.

"Put the basin on your head and hold it steady." He commanded.

She balanced the basin on her head.

He brought his hand up to her lips, ran his thumb along with their bow, and then pushed it into her mouth, onto her tongue. He still had plenty of time to play with her.

"Don't worry, and it won't hurt you." An almost cruel smile played across his lips.

He wiped his index finger along the dry sides of the tub. "Stay here, like this, until I wake up. Don't move half fall out, or I'll make you do it again. I'll come to you in the morning." He said.

Before leaving, he turned on the humidifier, and flicked off the lights, closed the door behind him.

It was a dark shade of grey, the distant sound of traffic drifting through the open window. More than anything, she was bored. After a while, her hands and arms began to ache from being held above her head, balancing the basin, and she came up with a routine to let one hand grip the basin by the lip while the other rested by her side, recovering.

What felt like hours passed as she squatted on her haunches. Savannah shivered as the bathroom got colder and colder. At that time, the basin tilted, and the water ran out, pouring down her head. She quickly held the basin steady on her head, but the cold water was running down her neck, soaking wet her clothes.

As the night deepened, she felt colder and colder in the bathroom with the humidifier and air conditioning humming down on her. She lost track of time, her body aching, and some more water sloshed out. She was wracked with shivers, like being in an antarctic blast. She felt worse than death.

Fucking asshole! She thought. She shivered and sneezed again and again from the cold air; meanwhile, she fought to steady the basin. Her face turned paler and paler, and her head grew heavier...

As usual, Dylan was awake before daybreak. He always had a short, sharp sleep. Sitting up, he glanced at the bathroom and was surprised at the quietness. He thought that Savannah couldn't possibly hold it up the whole night and would come out begging for forgiveness.

Wearing a night-robe, he moved to the bathroom and opened the door.

The air condition had turned off automatically, but the temperature was still icy cool. Savannah was still in the bathtub with the basin of water on her head, her arms fixed with two towels to hooks on the wall.

It helped to save her a lot of energy, no wonder she did it, he thought. There was still more than half of the water in the basin. She was clever to use such a trick.

Dylan smiled, but his smile froze when he lowered his eyes.

Savannah was slumped over in the tub, soaked—her graceful figure attracting his eyes. She was on her knees, her bare legs slightly apart; her dress was pushed up to her waist unconsciously, making her

underwear exposed to him. His eyes roamed over her thighs, her waistline, and her full swell of her breasts under her pink bra.

With her head down and the eyes closed, she hadn't noticed him enter. Her lips quivered in an attractive way.

He felt himself start to stiffen, The early morning was the most "energetic time" for a man, and Dylan was no exception. Staring at the extremely attractive picture in the bathtub, he felt his blood pounding through his body, thick and heavy with lustful hunger. His mouth dried, he was instinctively restless under his robe.

His eyes darkened, and he walked to her slowly, "Savannah."