

# Love My Way

Bridget Midway

[www.loose-id.com](http://www.loose-id.com)

Instead of answering, Eagan went straight to the kitchen. Rules were rules. The contract clearly stated that the contestants were to stay confined to their bedrooms after hours unless retrieved for the show. From the silhouette in the darkened hallway, it was impossible to tell who this wayward woman was.

Eagan stood outside of the kitchen door, his hand against it. He thought about slamming his fist on the door, scaring her, and telling her to take her ass home. His need to play mind games won over. He pushed the door open, making sure it didn't creak.

When he had it opened all the way, he saw a woman bent over looking into his refrigerator. The light from inside of the fridge illuminated her shape. She had on a T-shirt and her hair looked like it was in a bun.

Eagan crept into the kitchen and stood a foot away from her. As she bent lower her shirt rode up over her backside. Her firm, rounded ass peeked from underneath, showing off her naked cheeks through her thong.

His heart pounded as he watched her. He placed his hand on the counter and touched something. Lifting the item in his hand, he saw it was her mask, a pink-black-and-white mask with sequins.

Begonia.

Deciding to go for the scare tactic, Eagan slammed his hand down on the counter. Begonia screamed and jumped.

“What the hell are you doing in here?” he asked.

He heard her muttering curses under her breath. With her back to him, her hand reached onto the counter in search of her mask. Each time she got close to it, Eagan pushed it back out of her reach. She used her other hand to cover as much of her face as possible.

“Begonia? Is that you?” He already knew the answer, but he enjoyed watching her squirm.

“Yeah. I mean yes. I mean, yes, Master Eagan.” She swept her hand over the counter. “Shit!”

“What are you doing out of your room? You know the rules.” Eagan snatched the mask off of the counter and hid it behind his back.

“I know, sir. I was still hungry after dinner. I wanted some dessert.” She gave up on the mask search and backed into a darkened corner. “Am I in trouble?”

“Yes.” He walked toward her voice.

“Am I getting kicked off the show?”

He heard a tone change in her voice. Desperation replaced the naïveté she exuded during dinner. Was this really what she wanted? Could Eagan handle her remaining in the competition?

“What do I have to do to stay?” she asked, when he didn't answer her last query.

Eagan inhaled deeply.

On his exhale, she asked, "Is there a punishment I could endure?"

He blinked. "You want to take one of my punishments in order to remain a contestant?"

A pause lingered before she answered. "Yes, sir."

"So you're serious about being my submissive? You want to win this competition?"

She didn't hesitate to answer. "Yes. I want to win this competition, Master Eagan."

He hadn't expected her to answer that way. He thought for sure she would have walked. "If you're able to withstand my punishment, I'll allow you to stay. If not, you'll pack your things tonight and leave. Understand?"

"Y-y-yes, Master Eagan."

The tremble in her voice pumped life into his dormant cock. He didn't know what it was about this woman, but she excited him like no one since ... damn, he had to stop thinking about Ophelia.

Eagan gritted his teeth. "Turn around. Face the counter." Used to be he had so much control. Control over his life, his submissives, his career. Now everything seemed to be slipping away.

"Yes, sir."

"You're going to be spanked." He hadn't done that in a long time. For her act of defiance, the punishment seemed appropriate. "Put your hands on the counter."

He set the mask back on the center island and rolled up his sleeves. Feeling around in the shadowy room with only the light from the opened refrigerator door guiding him, he found her. He felt her trembling after her initial jump when he touched her. His hand rested at the small of her back. Eagan had to swallow to coat his suddenly dry throat.

As he reared his hand back, she spoke. "Should my panties be down for this?"

She had on a thong, so it wouldn't have made a difference. However, he answered, "Yes." He removed his hand from her back and allowed her to pull her thong down to her ankles. Then she lifted her shirt.

The curve of her ass was something an artist couldn't have captured in a painting or a marble sculpture. It was perfect. Strong, high, round.

Again, putting his hand on the small of her back, he stared at her flawless form for a moment.

"Master Eagan?"

He brought his hand down and smacked her ass cheek. It wasn't as hard as he could have done, but she yelped anyway, probably more out of surprise than pain.

As he suspected, her skin was soft. All he could hear in his head was the pounding of his heart. In his mind, he propelled back twenty-five years ago when he did his first spanking ever. Back then and now, sweat poured from his face. What was happening to him?

He gave her two more spanks in a row on two different spots so that she wouldn't be sore. "It's important that you understand the rules, Begonia." It wasn't enough to punish her. She had to know why and understand that what he did was out of compassion, not hatred or malice.

"Yes, sir." Her soft voice weakened his heart.

He smacked her backside a fourth time. "I don't punish because it excites me." Although right now, his skin tingled as though an electric spark danced over it. "You need to be punished. If you expect to be my submissive, you are going to have to learn to adhere to the rules."

Before landing his fifth and last hit, she did something that surprised him. Begonia curved her back, raising her ass in the air higher in anticipation of his hit. She liked this? She wanted the spanking?

Eagan landed the last hit and let his hand linger on her curved cheek. It wasn't until his heartbeat slowed that he heard them both panting like wild dogs. Although it was customary to do aftercare after a punishment session like this, which would have included him holding her and further explaining his actions, he didn't want to be that close to her. He couldn't be that close to her. It was bad enough he had touched her this way.

Eagan slid his hand over her cheeks, sliding them from one side to the other then up the ass crack to her lower back. In a move that surprised himself, he grabbed her hips and moved in close behind her, pressing her ass against his hard cock, which pushed against his slacks.

Begonia gasped, but responded by pushing herself back against him. They stood in that position, motionless, she still breathing hard and Eagan standing stoic and contemplative. No doubt in his mind or body that he wanted this woman.

Damn it, why didn't he tell her to pack her shit and leave? His last relationship with his submissive started off with an intense sexual chemistry. He didn't want to repeat that same mistake with the next submissive. And he sure as hell couldn't pick Begonia. Even his body knew this woman could send him to the greatest heights of ecstasy. That scared him more than confronting his persistent family.

Reaching behind himself, he grabbed her mask. He brought both hands to her shoulders, one hand holding her mask, then slid them down her toned arms until he got to her hands still bracing against the counter. His chest rested on her back. Her heart pounded so hard he felt it through her back.

"Put your mask back on, pull your panties up and go back to your bedroom. I don't want to see you until the next time we tape the show." He tossed the mask in front of her and without another word, walked out of the kitchen.

Eagan wiped his forehead as he ascended his staircase taking the steps two at a time. He burst through the door to the control room and was surprised to still see Phil there.

"What the hell just happened?" Phil asked.

Eagan swallowed hard and paced. "What are you talking about?"

"For one, you're sweating like Whitney Houston singing in a concert. Plus," he turned his monitor around to him, "the message boards are lighting up like a fucking Christmas tree."

"From what?" The show was over. The cameras didn't follow him down to the kitchen. And except for the light from the fridge, they couldn't have seen anything anyway.

"From the video streaming from the cameras in the house. You know that there are a few cameras that have night vision on them, right?"

Eagan stopped in his tracks. "Which ones?"

"Well, the obvious. The women's bedrooms, the foyer, the kitchen --"

“The kitchen.”

If people watched the night vision camera, they saw him giving Begonia a spanking and what he did afterward. How the hell could he have let his libido overrule his senses? Pressing himself against her was wrong and way out of line.

If she hadn't felt so good, smelled so heavenly, and reacted the way she did, he wouldn't have felt the need to push himself on her. Now the whole world knew he'd made a personal connection to one contestant. She had to go.

“Yeah, the kitchen. Did you do something in there?”

Before Eagan could answer, Phil clicked few times on the computer and watched the screen. His mouth dropped open with what he saw.

“Shit, man, why didn't you do that during the show? That's priceless!”

“It kind of got out of hand.” Eagan ran his fingers through his hair. “I should have restrained myself. I never punish a sub like that for bad behavior. I like to talk to them first.”

“Forget talking. Out-of-hand stuff is good. This will definitely get viewers to come back to next week's show.”

That was great to hear. He had a day to prepare for the next show and to clear his head about Begonia.

“But you know what you'll have to do, right?” Phil began.

Eagan shook his head.

“You're going to have to keep Begonia around for a long, long time.”