

A man in a dark suit jacket and a light-colored shirt is shown from the waist down, holding a black leather belt. In the background, a woman with dark hair is looking towards the camera with a surprised expression. The overall scene is set in a room with warm, orange-toned lighting.

MELISSA HARDING

**CURBING HER
COMPULSION**

An Erotica Romance

Curbing Her Compulsion

sequel to A Measure of Control and

The O-Bay Club

by

Melissa Harding

Contents

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

4

Chapter 3

7

Chapter 4

11

Chapter 5

16

Chapter 6

19

Chapter 7

22

Chapter 8

25

About the author

32

Chapter 1.

Beverley stood in front of the full-length mirror in her walk-in wardrobe. She was naked apart from a pair of Calvin Klein Bottoms Up Hipster Briefs in a sort of salmon colour which she vaguely remembered was called Salsa. She must check on the label; she would have kept it like she always did, in her collection of designer labels.

The briefs covered the scar from a Caesarean operation but really there was very little else to suggest that she was a mature mother of two. Her breasts were still firm even though the nipples were surrounded by dark rings, and her skin was smooth and elastic. The stretch marks were almost invisible.

In fact she could range herself alongside her two teenage daughters and they looked like sisters. The main difference was that Belinda and Bethany still had some puppy fat and wore their school uniform sloppily and under sufferance, rather than cutting a trim figure like their mother.

They were the usual sulky and outrageously challenging teenage girls who despised their mother and adored their father in whose eyes they could do no wrong. If only Raymond had treated her with the same indulgence, Beverley reflected, she might have had a decent wardrobe and a life in which she could show it off .

She turned sideways to the mirror and pulled down one side of the Salsa knickers so as to expose one of her buttocks. It was still pink where Raymond had slapped her to encourage her on her way to the bathroom, even though she wasn't due in to work at the White Hart till midday and she could have stayed in bed a bit longer.

She selected a Calvin Klein Seductive Comfort Caress bra in midnight blue from the top drawer of her chest of drawers. This was an even more expensive item than the knickers but it was appropriate because it squeezed her breasts together and gave her a deep cleavage for the White Hart's customers to fathom with their eyes. She then wriggled on a tight tangerine-coloured top with a plunging neckline, black hold-up tights, and finished off with a minimal black skirt.

“You look like a tart,” Raymond would have said, with a certain bite to his

humour. But it was what the Landlord liked because it gave the clients a thirst.

It wasn't what she liked, but then she didn't want to work in the Pub round the corner, either. She had dreams of using her secretarial qualifications in a law firm or an insurance company, or her artistic skills in a design office, and brushing shoulders with people who wore well-cut suits and ironed, one-colour shirts rather than corduroys or battered tweeds that smelt of pipe-smoke and dog. It was obscurely comforting to her to know that, invisible to anyone else, she was wearing her Calvin Klein knickers and bra.

Not even Raymond knew about those items of underwear. She'd ordered them by post along with a few other items, using her credit card and paying the bill with her wages even though these were supposed to go straight into the housekeeping account. They were her secret pleasure and her secret vice.

Beverley liked to look good even if there was no-one to see her. It made her feel like when she was first married and Raymond couldn't take his eyes off her. He'd watched her undress, then, lost in admiration, and asked her to belly-dance for him just to show that she had no belly. He'd bought her a straw hat with flowers round the rim in Bavaria, and a Puka shell necklace in Hawaii. They'd swum together in Malta, side by side, as well-matched as a pair of fish, exploring sea caves. It was there that she'd had her first spanking, when she'd disobeyed him and jumped into the sea from a high cliff, but although it had hurt, the punishment had been to do with her safety and she'd felt it was warranted.

Now his spankings were for things like leaving the refrigerator door open all night, or running up too much of a phone bill on their landline - when their daughters each had their own mobile phone! Punishments were usually to do with money, although she knew he wasn't mean. He had a good wage - she saw it go into the bank every month - and they had education funds for the girls and went on interesting holidays. His work as a heavy plant fitter tired him out, though, mentally as well as physically. He was usually asleep by the time she was undressed and climbing into bed, or else he wanted brief and functional sex. He never seemed to look at her naked body; or at least, only at her bottom to judge the effectiveness of his spanking.

Raymond was desperately old-fashioned. He talked about duties and obligations, commitments and responsibilities as if they were the be-all and end-all of life. Beverley almost wished he would just be upset sometimes, when he imagined she was flirting over the beer pump.

“Your duty is to your family. You have a responsibility towards your daughters. It is your obligation to hold up the family name,” he would pronounce variously in his deep voice.

Beverley sat down at her dressing table and leaned forward towards the mirror. She knew she was a good-looking woman. The men who came into the Pub reflected the fact back at her, although she supposed a lot had to do with the fact that she was always smiling and pleasant whatever she felt like inside.

She ran a comb through her short black curls (any grey hairs were always plucked out), applied eye liner and mascara, orange eye shadow, a little blusher, and finally orange lipstick. This was what they liked in the dim lighting of the Pub where no-one knew about her secret aspirations and her other, so much more sophisticated persona.

All that remained now was to choose a pair of shoes from the hundred or more she had laid out on shelves and in special shoe cabinets, a collection of which even Raymond didn't realise the full extent. If he had realised, and had also known what some of them cost, he would have taken her to task over it so it was just as well.

What should it be? Orange? Black? Black with a gold buckle? Orange with a silver buckle? High, medium or low heels? Leather or suede? In the end she chose rust-coloured suede with a big bronze buckle and medium-high heels - one of her Gucci pairs. Then she was ready.