

**SADIE MASOCHISTS**

**By: Carol Edward**

The woman crouching on top of the wall was young, clumsy, and obviously impulsive. Tony guessed she was five or six years younger than his twenty-seven.

*This must be one of Franco's never-ending stream of girlfriends*, he thought sourly as he eyed the girl. He should've expected to run into a few while housesitting.

More of a serious relationship guy himself, just thinking about keeping up with Franco's swarm of girls exhausted him.

Tony's last girlfriend claimed he'd become too serious, too fast. She sort of had a point. He tended to be an all-or-nothing kind of guy. When she'd told him her brother had threatened her, he'd beat him up. Any man would do the same for the woman he loved. Too bad she loved her brother more. The relationship ended with her yelling he was too serious, too protective, and altogether too much.

*Whatever the hell that meant,* Tony thought in disgust.

That had happened six months back, and since then, he'd met no one who interested him in the least.

Three weeks ago, he'd run into Franco, and they'd had a few drinks. Tony hadn’t seen him since their service days. After reminiscing and catching each other up on gossip and their current situations, Tony had told Franco about his legal problems. Franco had somehow gotten the assault charges dropped. That's why he was here now, watching Sadie, paying back his debt.

Since the service, Franco had done well for himself. Huge and opulent, Franco's home sat in the middle of manicured grounds. The lawn surrounding the house was at least two acres. A line of French doors opened onto a large, walled garden that Franco's dog Sadie used to do her business. A six-foot brick wall separated Franco's yard from an adjoining golf course and thick woods. Sadie rambled outside, hidden from sight by shrubs and trees planted in artful clumps.

Tony stood at the door, waiting for Sadie when he'd spotted the girl in the tight black clothes. She'd climbed over the wall. Well, climbed was an exaggeration. She'd fallen over the wall, landing with a loud thud on one of the decorative plantings of rose bushes.

Tony winced.

*This must be a rejected girl of Franco's; he so didn't want to deal with this.* Dog-sitting Sadie for a week was more than enough payback for the favor he owed.

With another heavier sigh, he went to make sure the girl wasn't hurt.

She didn't notice him arrive; her eyes were riveted to Sadie's playful grin.

Sadie crouched before her, tail in the air, front paws extended, whining, begging the girl to play.

When he arrived, the girl spoke to Sadie in baby talk. "Nice puppy wuppy who's going to get me killed. I won't taste good at all. No biting now. Who's a good puppy wuppy that wasn't supposed to be here? See, I'll leave on my own, no need to make me disappear." The girl groped backward for the brick wall without taking her eyes off Sadie. Mace at the ready, she reached one arm to the top of the wall, feeling for a handhold.

"Miss." Tony placed a hand on her arm.

The girl shrieked, jerked away, and sprayed him.

Tony shrieked, grabbed the mace from her hand, and sprayed her as she kicked and punched ineffectually, howling the entire time.

Tony glared at Sadie who thought this was great fun and added her howls to the mix.

"Shut the hell up!" Tony roared, and to his relief, they both quieted. "What the hell are you doing here sneaking around?"

Without waiting for an answer, he pulled her into the house, both bumping into walls and tripping over furniture as they tried to wipe their streaming eyes with their free hands.

The girl coughed, gagged, and whined.

Tony gritted his teeth, and by banging into doors found the one he looked for, and dragged her into the room.

She screamed when he slammed the door behind them.

"Shut up!" he hollered, completely out of patience.

She glared from streaming eyes as the shower in the master bedroom heated. This shower had two showerheads, a large bench, and enough soaps and lotions to supply a third-world country.

Tony ripped off his shirt, gagging as the mace-soaked folds closed over his head. The girl scrabbled at the door, crying now. Not wanting to pull the mace-soaked shirt over her face, he tore it off and pushed her into the shower. After handing her a bar of soap, he followed.

The sobbing turned to quiet whimpers, which he ignored, as he washed his face, hair, and chest. Once he could open his eyes again, he ran to the kitchen, cursing quietly over the wet trail he left until he reached the tile floor of the kitchen. Sharp crashes and dull thumps spurred him on. He snatched the milk and raced back to the bedroom, cursing again over the size of the house.

The girl fumbled at the French doors. A trail of destruction marked her path. Apparently, she hadn't bothered using the soap in her haste to escape and had run through the room with her eyes closed. The hardwood floor was soaked from the bathroom to the doorway, and she'd managed to knock over and break three lamps and two small tables.

With another deeper sigh and a yelled, "What the hell are you doing?" He grabbed her arm, ignoring her struggles and curses, and dragged her back into the bathroom.

"I'm helping you, not hurting you… calm the hell down!" He wet a washcloth with milk and slapped it over her eyes before doing the same for himself.

Steam filled the shower in swirling eddies, relaxing his tense muscles. Still unable to open his burning eyes comfortably, he groped his way to the bench, pulling the girl down beside him and poured more milk on the towel covering his eyes. He grabbed a bar of soap, and again, ignoring her protests, used it on her.

"Stop, I'll do it myself," she whimpered, slapping at his hands, and trying to grab the soap.

"Fine, do it!" Tony snarled and smacked the soap into her palm. Still grumbling under his breath, he soaped himself again, rinsed, and sat back on the bench, placing the milk-soaked towel on his still burning eyes.

"I should shoot you right now!" Annoyance laced his semi-yell. "What the hell? trespassing and attacking me?"

The warm water soothed his now mildly stinging eyes when he lifted his face to the spray. The girl squinting at him, her own eyes very inflamed. He wet the towel with milk and pressed it against her face.

She shrieked and pushed him away, batting at the hand holding the towels as if it dripped tarantulas, not milk.

"For your eyes, idiot… if I wanted to kill you, you'd be dead."

"Please, don't kill me," she babbled. "I won't tell anyone. Let me go, and I'll just disappear."

Tony ignored her, leaning back against the warm tiles. *Franco sure could pick 'em,* he thought in disgust.

"Look," the girl continued in a wheedling tone, "let me go, and you'll never see me again… no one will. Wouldn't that be easier than hiding a body?"

"Be quiet," Tony said evenly. "You're an idiot; just stop talking."

Miraculously, the girl quieted. He opened his eyes to make sure she hadn't snuck away. "No way am I explaining this to Franco. You can call and explain the mess."

She still cowered on the bench. The milk-soaked towel was pressed against one eye, the other swollen, red orb was a bare slit as she tried to watch him. With a sigh that was almost a snarl, he saturated a washcloth with milk and slapped it over the glaring eye.

She shrieked.

"You brought this on yourself. I was minding my own damned business. Keep the goddamned washcloths on your eyes until they stop burning, or do you want to be blind?"

Without waiting for an answer, he poured more milk over her towel wrapped eyes and couldn't help noticing the white trickle trail down her cheek and across her full breasts. The light-blue, lacy bra she wore was soaked and see-through. *Franco always had good taste… if you went by looks alone. Too bad, this one was an idiot.*

When he pulled his gaze from her nipples poking the sodden bra, she again stared at him with one eye and bit her lip.

Tony flushed and looked away.

"Don't kill me… I don't want to die a virgin. We can be friends." Her voice broke on a sob.

Tony snorted and rolled his eyes then sighed again. "I'm not going to kill you. I thought we settled that? Why the hell were you sneaking in?"

"No, really, we can be friends," she said again, ignoring his question, grabbing his hand and placing it on her breast.

"Jesus Christ! What the hell's the matter with you?" Tony shouted, snatching his hand back and jumping up. "Your Franco's friend, not mine! I'm the goddamned dog sitter!"

With a hurt expression, she recoiled from him, huddling into the corner of the shower, replacing the towels over her face, and pulling her knees to her chest.

"Look"— Tony tried to keep his voice level and not a furious shout— "Call Franco, tell him why you came and about our little encounter, and you can go."

"I can't do that," she mumbled. "He'll kill me."

"I'll kill you if you don't! Goddamn it, call him right now! I don't have time for this horseshit. Whatever games you two are playing, do it on your own goddamned time. This isn't my mess!"

The girl nodded and stood, putting her face under the stream of warm water and snatching the soap.

"The milk will stop the burning; keep your eyes covered," Tony said in a calmer, kinder voice, happier now that she'd agreed to call Franco and explain this. "I'm going to go clean the mess. Stay here, no weaseling out of confessing." He grabbed a stack of towels and went to wipe up the swamp he'd created getting the milk.

"Goddamn it!" he yelled at Sadie who lay in her very own mud puddle in front of the bathroom door. "Stay right there, idiot dog!"

Sadie obligingly dropped the massive bone she carried and laid in the dirty pool of water.

Tony found himself clutching his short, brown hair. After taking a deep calming breath, he removed his wet jeans with much tugging and cursing. With a glare at Sadie who now rolled on her back with all four paws waving in the air, enjoying the mess, he surveyed the wrecked room. In his haste to wash off the mace, he'd left one of the French doors open.

Sadie had used it a few times to return outside. From the looks of things, she buried something or maybe unburied something, likely the massive bone. Muddy paw prints and clods of dirt formed a trail from the bathroom to the door.

Towels in hand, he wiped up the rest of the water, wincing at the spots left on the hardwood, leaving Sadie and her mud puddle for last.

Once everything except the muddy water by the bathroom door was cleaned, he shoved Sadie inside the shower, ignoring the girl's scream, and wiped up the puddle left behind.

After cleaning the floor to his satisfaction, he returned to the bathroom in his underwear, not caring at all about the girl's sensibilities.

"No way am I washing Sadie myself! You caused it; you can clean it!"

Sadie grinned at him, tail wagging, tongue lolling, enjoying the shower, shaking her fur sending muddy water flying everywhere. He pursed his lips as he eyed the bone in the doorway, wondering where she'd gotten it and what it was from. It was as big around as his arm.

He gingerly picked it up and tossed it out the open door, then pushed Sadie into the shower enclosure.

"Don't just stand there, help me wash her!" Tony grabbed a bottle of shampoo and started in on Sadie's thick brown and white coat.

This would take a while. Sadie weighed almost two hundred pounds, and half of that appeared to be fur.

"Are you deaf?" Tony yelled completely out of patience when the girl made no move to help. "Give me a hand here. Franco will kill us both if we let her into the house so filthy."

The girl nodded again, and biting her lip, began washing the dog. Sadie greeted her new friend with paws on the shoulders and doggy kisses, knocking the girl back onto the bench.

Her shriek echoed in the tiled room. Tony hauled Sadie off with a command to stay and pulled the girl up.

"You okay?" he asked standing close, staring into her puffy red eyes.

He thought her eyes might be brown, but they remained so red and swollen it was hard to tell. The long, wet hair trailing to her waist was definitely brown. He released her, turning back to the dog before she noticed his erection, which was impossible to hide in his wet underwear.

Ten minutes later, he knelt, toweling the dog dry right outside the shower.

"Take off the wet jeans. Franco will freak when he sees the damage to the floors; let's not add any more. I'll find you sweats or something," Tony said.

"Please, don't tell him I was here. Maybe I can clean the floors. You seem, um, nice— you could let me go like this never happened. I promise I won't come here again. Franco will never see me. When does he return?"

"Four days. And no fucking way am I taking the rap for you."

Pearly white teeth nibbled her bottom lip. "Whatever it takes to keep silent and release me…" Not meeting his eyes, she paused a moment. "You want me— I can see that. I'll make it worth your—"

"What the hell is wrong with you? Any man would have the same reaction to a nearly naked girl in a shower. Believe me, it isn't personal. I'm not screwing my friend's girl. Especially Franco! Jesus, he'd kill me. Is that what you want?"

"Believe me, we aren’t friends… He'll kill me too, is that what *you* want?" Without waiting for a reply, she began struggling with her jeans.

With a sigh that was more of a groan, Tony knelt before her to help. "Sit on the bench. I'll pull from the bottom."

A few minutes later, her wet jeans lay on the shower floor, and Tony was hard and throbbing. The contortions and sounds she'd made removing them, whether purposeful or not, had done the job. "Jesus Christ, he's going to kill us both." He pushed her against the bathroom wall and kissed her.

She kissed him back, almost desperately, and ran her hands under the waistband of his underwear pushing them down.

"This isn't necessary." Tony pulled away from her. "You win… I'll call him… you were never here."

A determined expression crossed her face, and she kissed him again.

*Oh man,* *when Franco finds out about this*... "Guess I could fight him for you," he muttered, making her laugh and pull him closer.

He stopped thinking about Franco. The girl breathed hard and ran her hands over him now. *Apparently, the water aerobics had excited her too*. After a moments work, the clasp on her bra yielded, and her panties hit the shower floor with a wet splat. Still kissing her, he fumbled on the shelf for a lotion, opened the first one he found and poured a generous handful into his palm.

"Last chance to back out," he muttered as he slathered the lotion on himself.

"Go ahead; I'm ready." She bit his neck. When he hesitated, she added, "I haven’t got all day."

Taking her at her word, he lifted her and pressed her against the shower wall, sliding inside her in one quick move.

"Jesus Christ!" he exclaimed at the tightness and resistance of her maidenhead. "Damn it, you really were a fucking virgin. I thought that was all bullshit. What the goddamned hell?"

"That's it? You're done?" she asked, sounding confused and disappointed.

"God!" He moaned. "And no, I'm not done, damn."

*Why the hell was she doing this? Was everything she said true*…? he wondered, and then lost the thought as she flexed her hips and her tightness squeezed him. With a groan, he thrust into her again. It didn't take him long to climax. Ten hard thrusts later, he sat on the shower bench still inside her.

"Done now?" she asked.

"No," he groaned and kissed her breasts.

She was his girl now. Franco's days were numbered.

"We aren't done, we're just getting started."