



THE
SILVER
LOLLAPALOOZA

TRISH SHAW

The Silver Collar by Trish Shaw

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By

TRISH SHAW



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Written by Irish Shaw

Illustrations by Teeje

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When I met Anne for the first time my ears were full of horror stories about her being a Mrs. Arrogant-Bitch and how she could bitch and moan at the drop of a hat.

I was expecting to find a short-tempered Amazon waiting when I pulled up outside the converted gamekeeper's cottage and estate outbuildings on the second day of my new job delivering farm supplies. Instead of the expected monster I found a pleasant, educated upper class woman in her mid-thirties.

"Hello, I'm Anne Ashburn." She said with a lively smile, holding out her hand.

She was about my height 5'8 and had the sort of body that attracted my eye instantly. Dressed in jeans and a rugby shirt she was almost devoid of jewelry other than her wedding ring and a half-inch wide tight-fitting silver band around her neck.

I said something like, "Hello I'm Steven Robson, call me Nobby, everyone else does" and lifted out the first of two fifty-five-pound bags of animal feed and put it on my trolley. "Where do you want this?"

"It lives in the store next to the barn." She said hitting me again with that lovely smile. "This way," and strode towards the small stable/barn. With both sacks of feed on my hand trolley I trundled up the path wondering if I had got my drops muddled up - this charming lady could not possibly be the bitch that I'd been warned about. I dumped the feed in the spot she pointed to.

"Why don't you come and meet my husband?" Mrs. Ashburn said. Offering me a mug of tea as she led me from the barn towards the house, after I'd dropped the trolley off at my truck "I think I just heard his car."

Her husband Giles was a good bit older than her and seemed to be a nice enough bloke given that he was a plummy nose in the air snob. He was very much the man of the house and I've got to say that I found his lordly attitude slightly distasteful and I never really got to like him. He didn't hang around too long thank god. After a very pleasant cup of tea in the kitchen while Giles banged about upstairs, I drove back to the depot wondering how anyone as nice as Mrs. Ashburn could have earned such a reputation.

That was our first meeting. Over the next year or so, the cup of tea in her homely kitchen became nearly a weekly fixture, which I looked forward to. It was fairly unusual for Giles to be there as he was some big city banker type but when he was, it always surprised me just how compliant Anne was to his demands. She never appeared to me to be particularly passive, and having heard her have a go at someone I put it down to the social peculiarities of the rich.

Although I had not really talked about it my background is council estate and comprehensive schooling, which was kind of embarrassing as Anne's background was very much landed gentry. I don't mean to sound like a snob myself, but let's face it her upbringing and education in comparison to mine was scary. She had been sent to one of the most expensive girl's school in the country before going up to Cambridge for a degree in math and later a doctorate in computing.

I knew something was not right between them, but Anne did not mention it and I did not feel I had the right to ask, so I was surprised as anyone everyone else when I heard that Giles had left her. Sure I thought Giles was pig ignorant but I never thought he would walk out on her especially when it turned out that he left for a bloke!

At first Anne was in a real mess. She hid it very well, falling back behind an impassable aristocratic shield that at times even pushed my patience with her, but I persevered and eventually she began to respond. "Why are you bothering?" Anne complained when I mentioned that I had been in the habit of altering my deliveries so that I always had time for a chat whenever I was passing or near her place. "I'm fine!"

I guess this was the first time I ever really let her get behind my usually firm public face because I said forcefully.

"Bullshit Anne! You're a bloody mess. You might be able to fool all your fancy la-di-dah friends with your Lady Anne PhD front but don't try to fool me," really letting it fly.

It put a little strain on the friendship, because Anne stomped off furious that I had spoken to her so bluntly. From her place back to the depot took usually about an hour and a half and thinking that I had probably been way out line, I was surprised to find that she had left a message requesting that I call her as I had left something in her kitchen.

I called her, and after apologizing before she could even speak, I heard her laugh and say. "I was going to do the same, I'm sorry you were right. Still friends?"

"Yes." I said apologizing about having to rush, as I was late for my night school class.

Curious about what I was doing Anne asked what I was doing, educating myself at nights.

"My missed A levels." I admitted, then said goodbye and ran up to the College with the sounds of Anne's encouragement ringing in my ears.

After that fight and the re-cementing of our relationship our friendship quickly deepened There was nothing sexual in

it at first, we were just friends.

The change in emphasis was sudden and came right out of the blue late one Friday afternoon. It was one of those awful days towards the end of winter when the wind howls as it just chucks down never ending rain. I was about half way through my round when I knew I was in trouble. There were the road closed -flooding signs springing up all over the place and there was a notorious flood spot near Anne's house I had to get past on the way home.

She must have caught sight of the van as I slithered and slushed it up into her front yard. "Bloody hell, Nobby!" She exclaimed barreling out of her door and quickly stepping back under the porch when the force of the rain hit her, calling. "What the hell are you doing here? The roads gone at Burton and it's going to get worse - and the telly's just died." She nodded at what remained of the Sky dish on the roof of her barn. "Think the lightning got it."

"Animals need food." I stuttered shivering, feeling the wind driven rain pouring down my neck as I humped the two heavy feed sacks one at a time - there was no way I could use my trolley with all that mud -into her barn.

She had too much sense to argue that point. "I'll go and put the kettle on" she shouted, then shook her head and harrumphing loudly about the stupidity of men, stomped back into her kitchen.

I was totally drenched by the time I knocked and entered the warm and homely back room. Grateful to be out of the weather, I smiled as Anne laughed, shaking her head all the while "Jesus! You're soaked though! Talk about drowned rats! Got any dry clothes in the van?"

I shook my head feeling a shiver wracking through my

body.

"Right then, no arguing." she stated. "Call your depot and tell them that you're stranded. They might be worried about you, especially if they get any calls from customers who think you're going to be making deliveries."

With a shrug I pulled my mobile phone from my pocket, dialed the office and explained the situation. "Right you are Nobby." My boss laughed. "The depot will be locked up for the weekend so you might as well as take the van home when you're able and I'll see you on Monday. Oh and for Christ's sake don't sink the van trying to get though &"

Anne was listening in, and the moment I ended the call she said firmly. "There's loads of hot water, so get those sopping clothes off. Here." She passed me a towel. "Strip! I'm not having you drip your way though the house." Grinning at the two bright pink spots developing on my cold-bleached cheeks she tossed me a black trash bag. "Throw your wet stuff in here and I'll toss the lot in my washer."

For a split second I thought she was going to stand there, watching me with that impassive expression on her face, but instead she spun on her heel calling as she marched out. "Leave the bag here. You know where the bath is, so get a move on before you catch your death of cold!"

I do not know what it was about her attitude or demeanor, that punched a hot button in my head, but I've always had a thing for a bossy woman. Even though I was freezing cold Anne's present mood was making me tingle in anticipation of something that I had dreamed of, even though I had known full well was never going to happen.

Rapidly stripping off my sodden clothing I shoved the lot in the bag enjoying the heat from the Rayburn stove on my bare

skin. Wrapping the towel about my scrawny body I left the kitchen and made my way to the bathroom the inviting sounds of a filling bath encouraging me not to dawdle as I dashed up the stairs fumbling with the towel wrapped around my waist.

I have always admired the bathroom at Anne's house it is light airy and tastefully modernised to retain its old world character. The rain was still beating on the outside of the windows, but the steamy humid air was already warming up the inside of the windows, making everything very steamy, cosy, and inviting.

The bath was filling with foamy bubbles fizzing as they released a flowery scent into the warm moist air. I knew the scent from somewhere, but my cold numbed mind could not for the life of me identify what it was.

"Oh, god that's nice!" as sighed as I slowly sunk into the enormous tub until I had got used to the water temperature, and then under the warm bubbly water as far as I could.

Anne must have been waiting out of sight because no sooner was I under the bubbles when in she walked, turning my face in to a close resemblance of a red traffic light.

She snorted, obviously amused at my embarrassment and held out a mug of tea. "Here."

Cracking an off colour joke as I took it she grinned, giving my amusement at her joke time to ease away the embarrassment I felt about her being there so close to my nakedness. After a couple of minutes of conversation, she spoke to me in a wheedling manner.

"Nobby? Can I ask a favor? I would not normally ask, but since you are going to be spending the foreseeable future here?"

"Sure. What do you want Anne?" I said contentedly.

"Can I wash your hair?"

"What? Sure?" I laughed, "But why?"

She grinned down at me and said. "You have lovely long hair for a bloke and it really pisses me off!" "Oh. Why?" I said shrugging. "I would kill to have hair like yours and have always wondered what it could look like with a little TLC?" she said, her voice pitched at a tone, obviously expecting me to turn her down flat.

"You can do what you want Anne." I said, starting to feel slightly drowsy from the soporific effects of my warm lavender scented bath water. "Lavender!"

I muttered mostly to myself, but Anne heard me, laughed and said. "Good isn't it? It's the Body Shop's lavender bath bomb."

"Erm yeah, but isn't it a little flowery for me?"

All of a sudden, I was acutely aware of the scent, and the thought of returning to the depot smelling like a bird was not on my list of things I wanted to do, or have happen. The idea of the razzing I'd take there. Oh God! But my thoughts were interrupted.

"Bullshit!" Anne laughed, "Lavender is definitely the scent for you!" her eyes moved up and down as she added. "If I could? I would keep you smelling of it all the time!" She lifted the showerhead and said with a giggle indicating at my hair. "Now? May I?" "Sure." I said trying not to sound too enthusiastic even though I adored the thought of having my hair played with by her.

"Great!" Anne said. "I used to work in a hairdresser's - a friend's mother's in my school holidays as a teenager.,

Would you mind if I get a little creative?" "So long as I look better than I did when I arrived here? Do what you want." I said, leaning back and enjoying the play of her fingertips starting to work on my scalp.

"Ohhh & That's nice," I said with sigh of delight; relishing the sensation - and the situation of being somewhat at the mercy of n attractive, bossy, woman. "Like that do you?" Anne said, chuckling lightly. "Oh yes."

"Great." I felt her lift my wet mass of hair and apply a dollop of shampoo onto my tresses. "Pity it's not a little longer though as I could do a lot more with it,." she murmured, continuing her massaging

"Oh, you can do what you like." I murmured, astonished that I was behaving so calmly, knowing full well that I was stark naked under the bubbly scented water - with the bubbles rapidly losing their covering power as they burst- and Anne was behaving like it was the most natural thing in the world!

With my hair clear of my ears she noticed the empty piercing in my left lobe and commented that I should borrow an earring before it healed up. I felt her fingers examining my right lobe murmuring. "Bloody Pity!" "What is?" I said feeling quite dozy in the warmth of the bath.

"Your other ear, I have a lovely pair of emerald studs that near enough match your eyes. Would look bloody marvelous on you!"

"Oh?" I said commenting drowsily that I had considered getting the other lobe done but never got around to it.

" Would you like me to do it for you?" Anne asked, adding with a sultry giggle, totally different to anything I had ever heard her make before. "It's just I. You'd look a little off

balance with an emerald in just one ear, don't you think?"

"If you must?" I said, suddenly feeling that part of my anatomy, which had been little more than a cold shriveled lump of flaccid flesh, waking up!

Her voice tone was still full of that provocative edge as she giggled, first of all rinsing my hair a few times, then working the smelly conditioner into my hair. "Oh goodie! You won't believe how much of a thing I have for nice smelling blokes with pierced ears. Really turn me on, they do!"

"What! Like me?" I said, dropping a very obvious hint, with a smile of pure relaxation, tilting my head back so I could see directly into her bright shameless hazel eyes.

"Almost." She chuckled. "But dear? Hate to tell you, but your pelt's a turn off."

"Pelt?" I asked losing the gist of her comment.

Anne's blunt tipped fingers ran delicately over my face as she said. "Well this for starters, and on top of that? Your legs are a disgrace!"

The previous summer when I had been working almost entirely in shorts, Anne had commented more than once that I had a fine pair of legs. Teasing me regularly that I should show them off in something more entertaining than baggy Bermuda shorts or my version of cut down jeans!

"Are they?" I said suddenly realizing where she was going. "Well if it makes you happy you can do what you want to make them look better - if that's what you want," and settled back into the bath relishing the sensation of being pampered as she slowly soaped up my face with a feminine scented shaving foam.

I guess at some point I must have dozed off because I

was suddenly aware of the sensation of a hard on and something scraping down my leg. Cracking my eyes open, just a little, I saw Anne wielding a pink lady razor and shaving my leg. I was about to complain until I saw her facial expression. For the first time in months she had that massive smile of on her face, which had been my initial impression of her, so I held my tongue.

I soaked in her aura. God, she looked beautiful - and what little common sense I had left fled from my brain when the hand she was not using with the razor slowly snaked under the bubbly water and caressed my bushy pubic hair.

She turned her head and saw that my eyes were open.. Hers locked onto mine saying with a coy, hopeful voice. "You like?"

"Oh yes" I gasped as her hand slid on to my now prominent erection.

"Nice." She giggled, "I think you are enjoying this to the hilt, so to speak?"

"Oh - Yessssss." I hissed as she squeezed me ever so gently and asked mischievously.

"Want me to carry on, honey?"

I assumed she meant wanking me and nodded as my breathing quickened.

She responded a little differently than I'd imagined. "Let's get you out of this bathtub and onto the bed then."

Feeling a faint buzz of regret I slowly stood. It had been years since I had a really good bath and I was totally enjoying the enervating results it had generated... (The one thing I really hated about my small flat is that it only had a tiny shower bathroom - never gave one the opportunity for a luxurious

soak like I'd just had).

Before I had any chance to see my reflection Anne wrapped me in a thick fluffiness, briskly ran it all over my body with the warm fluffiness until I was dry. Then she started to sensually pat my body dry with an enormous soft powder applicator.

Feeling like my brain was in a world of fluffy cotton wool I must have let out a little mewl of pleasure as she worked her way down my legs because she laughed and said with a hint of amusement in her tone.

"Enjoying all of this honey are you?"

"Oh my god yes." I sighed. "It's *wonderful*, thank you."

Grasping hold of my prominent erection like a leash she led me from the bathroom, giggling, "Lovely to get spoiled, isn't it? How about next time you pamper me?"

On cloud nine by this time, I said "I'll pamper you any day Anne." Blown away that a woman as good looking and successful as her would be so interested in a bloke like me while, at the same time, a major part of me was hoping that she was just after a quick shag!

"On the bed with you." Anne said with a final squeeze, leading me there then twirling me to make me lie on my back.

Still praying that she was interested in me for something more than a one-night stand I eagerly obeyed her instruction and gasped in pleasure as my backside slid onto the duvet. The sensation of the silky cover on my shaven skin was stunning - but what came next was even better. As if she was possessed, Anne pressed her lips upon mine ravishing me with a kiss that left me gasping for air,. When she broke it, she leaned back and gazed into my eyes to say. "Did you

mean it when you said I could pierce your other ear?" I was so lost in my desires that I could only gasp "Do whatever you want." I said arching my back as she gently teased her fingers over my chest and nipples. The hypersensitivity of my skin told me in a way that words could not that she had not restricted her razor to my face and legs.

"Oh." She giggled, "You should be careful making offers like that, I might take you up on it." Before I could answer, her lips were once more on mine and I simply surrendered to her.

Leaving me breathless and arching my back for more when she broke that second kiss. I could just sense her lips mere millimeters from mine as she whispered, "You just lie there looking pretty while I go fetch some antiseptic and my earring box."

I was warm comfortable and still tasting her lip balm on mine when I mumbled something which made no sense to me but had Anne chuckling lightly as she rattled about in her drawers. "Ah!" She cackled.

I cracked open my eyes at her cry of delight and watched as her eyes lit up with anticipation. With a few bounds she re-crossed the room and jumped back up onto the bed and knelt by my head commanding. "Hold still!"

Suddenly aware of the pungent scent of antiseptic I felt her wiping my earlobe. I almost jumped when I felt the sudden prick followed by faint pop and then the chilly sensation of something metallic being placed in my ear. As she stepped over me I got a full look up the skirt she was wearing and feeling daring, lifted my head enough to kiss the crotch of her panties.

"OWA!" She gasped, and then chuckled and sat down lightly, pressing herself fleetingly against my lips with a

giggle of, "Cheeky!" She stayed there for only a delicious second or two, then lifted herself and got back to work.

Kneeling on the other side of my head she tapped me on the nose and laughed. "That little bit of fun you just had might cost you another piercing, one I cannot do myself! Now hold still again." The hole was open and in a deft movement she filled it with the matching earring and said, beaming down at me. "Lovely."

Rolling onto the edge of the bed she yanked her skirt up and her panties down giggling, "Now? Since you offered," and hopped back onto the bed then straddled my waiting lips. "I'll sit here while I sort this out." I heard her say. Then her fingers teased my pubes and I felt her body arch tautly and heard her gasping decadently, "Oh yes!" as she forced her moist pussy against my waiting lips &.

I was lost in pleasuring her when I felt a most godawful sensation on my pubes. It was like nothing I had ever felt before and almost screaming in a combination of delight and pain I pressed into her. At my reaction Anne cried out with her body shuddering in orgasm. The heady feeling of her explosion on my face drove away the sudden burst of pain I had felt and amplified the cooling sensation of her fingers working something numbing on to my throbbing abraded flesh. Then I felt my penis enveloped by the moist cave of her warm mouth and any thought of what she had done to my pubes fled as she treated me to my first ever 'blow job'.