

all tied up



DANA ISALY

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Content Warning

This book is strictly for those over the legal age of adulthood due to its graphic sexual content and naughty language.

Please read *Games We Play* before this book. It will make far more sense.



Dazed and Confused by Ruel

Such a Whore by JVLA

I Feel Like I'm Drowning by Two Feet

Hotel by Montell Fish

Often by The Weeknd

Bad Girls Do It Well by Ex Habit

Daddy Issues by The Neighborhood

Dedication

Ask and you shall receive, my horny humans. This one is for you. Thank you for being here.

CONTENTS

[Prologue: Jack](#)

1. [Jack](#)

2. [Jack](#)

3. [Quinlan](#)

4. [Quinlan](#)

5. [Jack](#)

6. [Jack](#)

7. [Quinlan](#)

8. [Jack](#)

[Let's Chat](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Other Works](#)

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Prologue

JACK



I click a few more options on the website and then look it all over. I want it to be perfect for her. She deserves a little respite from all the craziness of the past year, and I want to make sure that I've booked everything she could possibly want.

Once I've done that, I book the cabin. It's a little place up in Tahoe where there is guaranteed snow for Christmas and privacy from our neighbors. The only time we'll see anyone else is when we go to town or to the spa for all the little treats I booked for her.

She is going to fucking love it.

I close my laptop and then make my way to the master bath. I drew her a bubble bath when I got home and made sure she was surrounded by all of her favorite things. She had a tough day, struggling with a migraine since she woke up.

"I have a surprise for you," I sing as I walk in. She looks beautiful, the bubbles all the way up to her chin, her hair wet and slicked back from her face, showing off those pretty eyes of hers.

"A surprise?" she asks, those eyes lighting up with excitement. I can tell she's feeling a bit better. She sits up, and her perfect breasts bounce above the water, and I get distracted for a second until she snaps her fingers at me. "Earth to Jack!" she laughs.

“Oh, yes. Surprise. I booked us a little retreat for Christmas! Think mountains. Think massages. Think snow. Think...Christmas-themed *fun*.” I wink at her.

She squeals and reaches out for my arm, pulling on it hard until I fall into the bath with her. The water splashes out of the tub and falls all over the floor, but I’m too distracted by how hard she’s kissing me to care.

“When do we leave?” she asks, barely taking a moment to stop kissing me to ask me the question.

“A few weeks,” I tell her. “And we’ll be gone for a couple weeks. So bring a *lot* of lingerie.”

I wag my eyebrows at her, and she just giggles, her smile lighting up her entire face.

“Do we need to arrange for someone to come take care of all your plant babies?” I tease her.

She rolls her eyes. “They’ll be fine. Now, shut up and kiss me. I am naked and wet, and you aren’t giving me the attention I need.”

“Someone is feeling better?” I ask her before standing up to strip.

I pull my wet T-shirt off and toss it on the ground with a *splat*. My jeans are soaked and take some time to get off, but eventually, I’m naked and very, very hard.

She leans forward and grabs my cock with her hand, squeezing and stroking me while looking up at me with a coy smile. Every day, I’m reminded how lucky I am to have found her. She’s everything I ever needed, and I love her to the fucking moon and back.

“Much, thank you,” she answers. “But I think a couple orgasms might make me feel even better. What do you think?”

I sit back down in the water and grab her hips, pulling her on top of me. More water splashes around us and out of the tub, absolutely drenching the floor. Bath sex is not the most practical, but I really don’t give a shit right now. I’m just

happy I went with the oversized tub. Quinlan laughs and wraps her arms around my neck, pulling me in for another kiss.

“Fixing that immediately!” I tell her, savoring the way her silky smooth skin slips and slides against mine.

She sinks on top of me as I take one of her breasts in my mouth, my tongue toying with the nipple as she moans. She fits around me so fucking perfectly, and I’m lost. We know each other’s bodies like the backs of our hands, and I start to work her over just how I know she likes.

“I love the way you feel inside of me,” she whispers against my ear while her hips move and grind against me in little circles. “Stretching me. Hitting all the right spots.” She bites the lobe of my ear, and my fingertips dig into the soft flesh of her hips.

I groan.

“Fuck, Quinlan.” I laugh softly. I’m already close...too close.

My thumb finds her clit, and I slowly circle it, giving her just the amount of pressure she likes. The warm water surrounds our bodies, and her wet hair slides over her shoulders and into her face as the prettiest flush spreads up her chest. She grabs onto my shoulders, and her nails dig into my skin.

“Do you want to come, baby?” I ask her, my thumb moving faster.

She nods and bites her lips, her eyes locking onto mine.

“Beg for it. Beg me to make you come, Quinlan.”

“Please,” she says on an exhale, that sweet flush beginning to spread up her neck and across her cheeks. “Please, Jack. Let me come.”

She leans forward and kisses me, my mouth opening to hers so that our tongues can dance together. I suck her bottom lip between my teeth and bite down until I hear her moan. My other hand moves to her nipple, teasing it in time with the movements of my thumb. Her walls begin to flutter around

me, and because I'm so close myself, I decide not to edge her this time around. I don't think I'd survive it.

"Come for me, baby girl," I say before I kiss her sweetly on the lips again.

And she does. Her head falls back, exposing the pale column of her throat as her name slips from her lips over and over again like a prayer. I watch her come apart for me, her nipples peaking and her stomach flexing with the effort.

I follow quickly after, my abs flexing and toes curling as I empty myself into her. Coming down from the orgasm, she shifts her hips a little to lean into me more comfortably, and I slip free of her. She sighs against me as I run my fingers up and down her back, massaging her sore muscles.

"While this feels very, very nice and I am enjoying how relaxed I feel now," she murmurs against my neck, "I am a little concerned about the fact that we are now sitting in cum-filled water."

"I'm sorry?" I ask her, laughing as she pulls away. "Cum *filled*? How much do you think my balls can hold?"

She giggles.

"Okay, maybe not filled," she admits. "I don't think you're carrying gallons in those things. But I'm just saying, we are now sitting in water that has cum in it. And I don't find that super appealing."

"I've heard it's great for the skin," I tell her, wagging my eyebrows at her disgusted look.

"That's just something guys say so that they can convince us to let them come on our face." She rolls her eyes and laughs.

I lean forward and capture her lips again while I grab her hips and stand up while still holding her close to me. She wraps her legs around my waist and squeals as I lift her up and out of the water.

"I wish you'd stop that!" she scolds me. "I'm too big to be lifting up all willy-nilly."

“What did I tell you about saying not nice things about yourself?” I ask her as I step out of the tub.

“That I would be punished,” she tells me with a little grin spreading across her lips.

“Exactly.”

Still dripping water all over the floor, I carry her to the bedroom and toss her down on the bed. She rolls over and lifts her ass into the air like the good girl she is.

Fuck, she looks good. My dick is already trying to come back to life.

I grab and knead her ass before I begin her punishment.

“Make sure you count nice and loud for me, pet.”



Chapter One

JACK



A few weeks later...

“JACK!” QUINLAN SAYS WITH A GASP AS WE MAKE OUR WAY UP into the mountains of Tahoe. “It’s gorgeous up here!”

The trees are already snow covered, and honestly, I’m thanking my lucky fucking stars that we have four-wheel drive. The roads have been salted, but these twists and turns have me a little on edge. I’m not used to driving on roads like this, let alone when they are snowy and possibly icy.

“I can feel your anxiety,” she tells me as she strokes my arm for a bit of comfort. It does not give me much of any.

“Don’t say it.”

“Don’t say what?” she asks innocently.

“Don’t say what you want to say right now.”

“There’s nothing I want to say.” She’s holding back laughter now, biting her bottom lip as it threatens to pour out of her.

When we stopped for gas last, she had told me she would drive us up the rest of the way. She was used to that type of road, she told me. She was used to the snow, she said. She could make it just fine, she assured me. But I insisted I would be fine. This was supposed to be all for her. Just a trip where she gets waited on hand and foot.

“I’m fine,” I say, whether to reassure her or myself, I’m not so sure. I take a deep breath.

“Jack, I’m not having an I-told-you-so moment here, but I am telling you I told you so.”

I cut my eyes over to her and give her a look. One that makes her laugh out loud.

I grunt.

“Where I grew up, roads like this were a dime a dozen. And when it snowed? We were still expected to make it wherever we were going. I remember school didn’t get canceled unless there was a foot of snow on the ground.” She pauses, and I can feel her smiling at me. She takes my hand in hers and gives it a squeeze while I don’t let my eyes leave the road.

“I know, I know. And here I am, this California boy through and through, who doesn’t even know how to drive in a few inches of snow.”

She laughs.

“Jack, there isn’t any snow on the roads. It’s a dusting. The salt is making it melt.” She leans over and kisses my shoulder. “You’re fine, baby. We’ll be there in no time.”

She squeezes my hand again and then leaves me to drive in silence. And I mean *silence*. I don’t even have any music on. I needed silence to concentrate. And, yes, maybe Quin was right because barely ten minutes go by, and we’ve finally made it to the little back road that houses our cabin.

And, fuck me, it’s much, much worse than the main road. I can tell that no one has driven on this in at least a few hours. The snow crunches under my tires as I slowly make the left turn onto the road and ease our vehicle off the main road.

“GPS says it’s only a mile back here. And being the first to drive on this isn’t actually a bad thing,” she says. “It means your tires will grip it more easily and it hasn’t been beaten down and refrozen into ice.”

“Yeah, yeah,” I tease her. “Ever the optimist today, aren’t you?”

“Just trying to keep your mood jolly,” she tells me with a wide smile.

I take another deep breath and keep moving. I’m probably going much slower than she would, but I am not taking a chance on going off the road. There are no guardrails, and I guarantee the cell service would be shit out here if we crashed.

Next year, if I get the urge to do this for her again, we are going somewhere hot—somewhere tropical where we can fly in and be chauffeured around.

Thankfully, we come up on the house, and it’s a very flat driveway. I’ve never been so relieved to put a car in park in my life.

“I’m pretty sure that drive knocked five years off my life,” I say with a sigh while I roll my neck, hoping it’ll pop and give me some relief.

“I’ll drive back down.”

Leaning across the seats, she gives me a hard kiss on the cheek, and then she’s out of the car, spreading her arms out wide and throwing her head back to catch the snowflakes in her mouth. The sun is setting, and I can see her breath puff out in the cold air.

“The code is A1536,” I call out to her as I walk around to the trunk of the car. “Get inside and get everything warmed up. I’ll grab our things.”

Knowing we weren’t going to be going out too much, we packed pretty light. I think I saw Quin pack two outfits suitable for going into town, and the rest was an assortment of lingerie. Honestly, we brought more toys than we did clothes. They got their own duffel bag, and as I pull it out and throw it over my shoulder, something in there starts buzzing.

“Get your ass in here!” she shouts from the back door. “It’s gorgeous! There’s a fireplace in every room!”

I smile, genuinely happy to hear the joy in her voice. This is what I wanted. I wanted to bring her here during her favorite time of year and let her soak up all the good mountain vibes.

“And it’s decorated for Christmas!” she squeals when I finally walk up the steps. Luckily, they’ve been salted as well, or I probably would’ve fallen and busted my ass in these worn-out sneakers.

I toss our bags down on the floor and watch her flit from room to room, cranking up the gas fireplaces. It does have central heat, but it seems they put it on the minimum while no one was in here because my Southern California blood is freezing.

Fishing through the toy bag, I find the wand that’s vibrating and turn it off before setting off to find the thermostat and cranking it way up. At least until the place can get to a livable temperature. And then I’m distracted by the view. Holy shit, the *view*.

There are huge doors that lead out onto the deck that gives us a 180-degree view of the snow-covered hills. The sun is setting, and the snow is getting thicker by the minute. If it keeps this up, we may get snowed in. I’m not sure it’s going to be possible to make it downtown in a foot of snow.

Quinlan sneaks up behind me and wraps her arms around my waist, letting her forehead rest between my shoulder blades. She breathes in deep, running her nose along my spine there. She always does this. I’ve come to find out in the two and a half years I’ve known and loved her that she finds all of her comfort in scents. There have been many times when I’ve come out of my streaming room to find her bundled up in my used T-shirt, her nose tucked under the neckline.

“Happy?” I ask her as I pull her around to my front and hold her close. Her back rests against me, and her head drops back onto my shoulder.

I can’t help myself. I squeeze her boobs.

“Jack!” she laughs, knocking my hands away. “Yes, very happy. Thank you for this.”

“Anything for you,” I murmur against her hair, peppering it with kisses. “You’re the love of my life.”

“You’re the love of *my* life.”

We stand there for a while longer, watching the sun set. By the time the darkness has set in, the cabin is warm, and the firelight is flickering shadows on the walls. Our view eventually fades to black, and she turns around in my arms with a sigh.

“I’m hungry.” She pushes up on her tiptoes and kisses me. “I say we eat, and then we have some fun with whatever was making all that noise in the bag over there.”

She smiles, and the corners of her eyes crinkle.

“Deal.”



Chapter
Two
JACK



THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE ROOM IS FROM THE FIREPLACE, making it almost too warm. I watch Quinlan from the doorway as she adjusts the straps of her lingerie. She doesn't see me yet, so I just stand here and watch her.

She's added tattoos across her body since we first met. My favorite is the flowers that start on her upper thigh and move up her hip. It accentuates the way her body curves there, and I can never touch her without running my fingers over it.

Tonight, she's wearing all black, and there are stretchy straps everywhere. They pull taut across her stomach and chest, over her hips, and down her legs. That thing must've taken ages to get on, and from the look of it, I won't have to take it off her to get to what I want.

Always thinking ahead, my beautiful wife.

She looks herself over in the mirror again, her eyes stopping only for a moment on the new stretch marks at the very tops of her thighs. Because they're new, they are much darker than the rest of the ones she has. She hates them, but I love them.

I have stretch marks, too. And I point them out to her when she's feeling especially low. It seems to help her realize that if she can find mine attractive, I can find hers attractive.

The low light of the fire dances across her entire body, and when she bends over slightly to fix a strap on her thigh, I get the most amazing view of her ass. My cock takes notice and starts to press against my boxers.

“I can feel you staring,” she says, her voice low and filled with heat. She does a slow spin and then faces me, showing off the sexy straps of her lingerie and how it is barely containing her breasts.

“And here I thought I was being subtle.”

She bites her lip and walks slowly over to me, making a show of the way her hips move when she walks. I’m already hard from watching her, and as she gets closer, her scent surrounds me and makes me throb with anticipation.

“I’m very sorry to tell you that you are never subtle,” she teases. “You never have been.”

Once she’s close enough, I reach out and run my hand through her hair and then let it sit around her throat. My thumb traces the edge of her bottom lip, and she opens her mouth, quickly taking it between her teeth with a soft bite.

“Dance for me,” I whisper as I lean over her, my lips ghosting over hers.

“To what music?”

I leave her to get my phone from the side table, pulling up our playlist that has several of her favorite songs. Once the music begins to play, I crawl up onto the bed and recline back against the headboard. From here, the bedposts frame her body perfectly, and the fire glows from behind her, giving me a perfect view of her silhouette.

And I can tell she’s nervous at first. I’ve never asked this of her, so she isn’t quite sure what she’s doing or what it is I want. But all I want is to watch her. I don’t care what she does. I just want to appreciate all the ways her body moves.

Slowly but surely, she gets into it. Her hands run through the soft, dark strands of her hair, pulling it up off of her shoulders and then letting the waves fall back down. Her hips

sway, and when she does a slow turn, she pushes her ass out toward me, making my mouth water.

Her hand goes to one of the bedposts, and she swings around it before climbing onto the foot of the bed. As she crawls toward me, her tits are pushed together by her arms, and her ass sticks up in the air behind her. She sways those gorgeous fucking hips, and I can't breathe.

“You're beautiful.”

Straddling my lap, she grabs my hands and places them firmly on her ass before she leans forward and leaves a trail of soft kisses up the side of my neck. Goose bumps break out across my entire body at the lightness of her touch. And then her teeth catch my ear, and her hands run up over my abs and chest.

“Would you like to know a secret?” she whispers in my ear.

“Always,” I say with a grin as she faces me. I move my hands from her ass, up her body, and capture her face. “Tell me, baby.”

“I may have thrown away my birth control before this trip.”

Her confession catches me off guard. We talked about this after the Tokyo trip and decided we were ready to try soon. She's had baby fever for a while now, and when Aurora and Owen started talking about kids, I swear it was all downhill from there. She has gotten progressively more broody ever since.

And while I still worry we already have enough on our plates, I do want kids. And I want them with her.

“You aren't happy,” she says, her face growing worried.

“No, no,” I tell her, shutting down her anxiety. “I'm thrilled. It just took me by surprise, is all. Does this mean I get to spend these couple of weeks together trying over and over and over again to put a baby in you?”

I accentuate each word with a kiss until she's smiling and wrapping her arms around my neck. I pull her close and flip us over, my hips settling between hers and grinding down until I elicit a moan from her.

"I am going to fill you so full of my cum, Quinlan, baby, that you will be dripping me for days."

"Fuck," she breathes, her head falling back into the pillows and her hips pushing up to grind against me.

"Would you like that?" I ask her, taking one of her nipples into my mouth.

"Yes."

I bite down on the stiff peak, and she gasps, her back arching and her hands tugging hard on my hair. She holds me close to her as I move back and forth between her breasts. They're sensitive, and I lap at them... nibbling, sucking, and flicking them with my tongue as her cries get louder and louder.

She's grinding her clit against me, making me leak into my boxers as she uses me for her pleasure. This one will be easy. This one will be given freely before the games really start. She can take everything she needs from me right now because in a moment, everything is going to change. And every ounce of pleasure she needs will only come after doing exactly as I say.

Her breaths come in short and fast gasps as the pleasure builds and builds. Her fingers tighten their grip even more, making my eyes start to water. But I don't stop. I tease and toy with those little peaks until the only sound coming from her mouth is my name over and over again.

"I'm going to come," she says. "Please, Jack. Please, may I come?"

"Of course, princess," I murmur, her soft flesh still in my mouth making my words barely better than a mumble.

Her entire body tightens as the orgasm that was building finally snaps. Her muscles freeze, and her breath stops. I kiss my way up to her collarbone and then to the side of her throat,

where there is a small spot that makes her knees weak. I kiss and nibble that little spot until she's breathing normally again.

She wraps her legs around my hips and brings my face to hers. My lips are wet and swollen from my ministrations to her breasts, but she kisses me fiercely, biting down on my bottom lip. It forces a mix between a groan and a growl from my chest.

"You got your first one way too easily," I tell her, sitting back on my heels.

"I would have to disagree," she says as she sits up on her elbows.

"You always disagree. Brat." I wink at her.

She rolls her eyes, and I start keeping count.

"That's one," I warn her.

She stretches her body and lies back down on the bed, smiling but keeping her mouth shut. She knows there's a difference between punishment she enjoys and punishment she doesn't. And when I start counting, it's going toward the one she doesn't.

Miming the act of zipping her lips and throwing away the key, she smirks up at me. I just grin and climb off the bed, locating the bag of toys I brought with us on this trip. So many to choose from. Almost too many. I'm worried we won't get to all of them.

But we did come up here during Christmas. So it only makes sense to start with some holiday-themed fun. While she lies on the bed like the good girl she is, patient and silent, I pull out the first few I'd like to experiment with tonight.



Chapter
Three

QUINLAN



“TAKING YOUR TIME,” I MUMBLE, JUST LOUD ENOUGH FOR HIM to hear.

“Two.”

I sigh.

I can hear him laugh to himself at my brattiness, but I can’t help myself. I like to push his buttons. I like to see how far I can push him and myself before the safe word has to come out. It’s only happened a couple of times in all the years I’ve been with him.

I watch him as he comes back up from the bottom of the bed. He tosses a few things on the mattress, and I look them over from where I’m lying.

The first thing I notice is some bright red, silky bondage restraints. I was hoping to see the spreader bar, but these will do fine enough. I know he specifically looked for a cabin that had a four-poster bed just so that I could be tied up—top and bottom—without worrying about finding anchor points.

And, of course, a matching blindfold. When we first met, I was shy, and he realized pretty quickly that I came harder and faster if I had the blindfold on. While that’s no longer really an issue since we’ve known and loved each other for two and a half years, he still likes to bring it out every once in a while for

fun. It adds a little something extra to the game. It lets me let go just a little bit more.

Taking away one sense only heightens the rest of them.

And the last thing my eyes land on is the little reindeer vibrator I asked him to buy. I laugh when I see it, remembering how we both cracked up when we saw it. It's pale blue, and his antlers vibrate and sit snugly around the clit while his very oversized vibrating tail will hit a lovely spot inside of me.

Jack laughs as well when he sees what I'm looking at.

"I told you," he says, that gorgeous smirk lighting up his face. "Christmas-themed fun."

He wags his eyebrows and climbs back onto the bed. He's only wearing black boxers, showing off all those gorgeous muscles and tattoos. It still surprises me sometimes that he chose me out of everyone he could've had. And still could have. It cracks me up to read some of the shit these girls—and guys—say to him online. The comments on his streams are... something else.

"You're so handsome," I tell him as he begins to loop the soft straps around my wrists.

"Thank you, baby." He smiles down at me. "You are beautiful."

The restraints get tied to each bedpost, stretching my arms out in a wide V above my head, and I can't help myself. When he's done, I pull on them to test them. As usual, tight enough that I can only move an inch.

He snorts at my effort and then moves down my body to do the same with my ankles. He gives me a bit more movement down there so that he can raise my hips or make me bend my knees if I need to. But they're tight enough that I won't be able to close my legs.

"Ready for this?" he asks, holding the blindfold up. I watch it dangle from his finger, swaying back and forth for a moment, before I nod.

“Use your words,” he tells me, his voice taking on that deep, commanding tone that I love so much. It sends a jolt straight to my core, and I clench around the emptiness.

“Yes.”

“Good girl.”

He kisses his way up my body, starting with my thighs and moving over my hips, stomach, and chest until we are face-to-face. I look straight into those beautifully different-colored eyes and fall in love with him all over again. Every time we lock eyes or kiss or hold hands, I can feel that initial spark we had start all over again.

He kisses my cheek and then my lips, softly at first and then hard and fast. I open for him, letting his tongue sweep over my own. I roll my hips up into his, feeling the need to have him touch me anywhere and everywhere.

Slowly, he slips the blindfold over my eyes, and I’m consumed by the darkness. I love the feeling I get when I can’t see what he’s doing. All I can do is lie here, listening and waiting for his next move.

The bed dips and moves as he settles between my thighs, and then I hear the little reindeer vibrator click on. He touches it lightly to my thigh, and I jerk, startled by where he decided to touch me first. I can hear his soft laughter, and it puts me at ease. Slowly, so slowly, he moves it up my inner thigh and over the soft patch of hair at the apex.

“So wet for me,” he moans as he gently pushes it into my slit.

I try to move my hips to get it closer to where I want it, but he won’t let me take control. He pulls it away until I settle, and only then does he bring it back. This time, he pushes harder, and it feels like it’s the tail part that’s circling my clit.

The vibration drives me crazy, sending heat swirling through my entire body. I try to remain still. I know that if I move or complain or beg, it won’t get me anywhere. Right now, he wants me to be silent and still. He wants to be in charge of my pleasure.

After a few very long minutes of him teasing me, he finally lets it slide down and then inside of me. I gasp and push my head further back into the pillow, trying desperately to keep my hips still. I wish I could see him. I wonder if he's watching what he's doing or watching my face. I wonder how hard he is and how desperate he is to have me.

Once the toy is fully seated inside of me, the antlers vibrating snugly against my clit, I know immediately that I am going to come too quickly, and I will be punished for it. I know there's no way I'm going to be able to hold my body back from this pleasure.

He kisses my hip, and I groan as the bed dips. I feel him get off and then hear him dig through the bag of toys.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, I think to myself. I curl my toes and try to think of anything to take my mind off the pleasure that is building inside of me. My muscles are tense, my inner walls pulsating around this fucking toy.

And he's *so silent*.

He's never this quiet.

And then I feel it: the soft leather straps of his favorite flogger. They run over my shins and up my thighs. When they move softly over my pussy, I whimper. That earns me my first hit. The soft tips sting and make me jump. I clench my fists into tight balls as the whip moves further up my body. I hear it fly through the air again, this time landing on my sensitive nipples.

I manage to hold in any reaction, but the mixture of pain and pleasure is about to send me over the edge. I can't hold back this orgasm no matter how hard I try. It's flooding my body, filling my muscles with heat and my stomach with butterflies.

"I can't—" I start.

"Can't what?" I can hear the smile in his voice, and it makes a frustrated growl come out of my mouth.

"I can't hold this in, Jack!" I almost yell.

He tsks and chuckles.

“If you come, that’s going to be three.”

I take several deep breaths, trying to take back control of my body, but it’s no use. I’m gone. The orgasm crashes through my body, and as it takes hold, the whip cracks against my body in so many different places my head swims.

The pleasure and pain take over my brain, making it impossible to tell which way is up and which way is down. I’m transported, my body not quite my own. And when I finally come back down, the toy is still vibrating. It’s almost painful now, the constant contact with my most sensitive part.

“Well, guess that’s three,” Jack murmurs, kissing my throat. I roll my head to the side to give him more access. “And even though you came without permission, I must say, you look like a fucking goddess when you come.”

I wiggle my hips and try to get the toy away from my clit. It’s painful, making my insides squeeze and strain against the assault. But it’s no use—my legs are spread wide, and I can’t get it to move without my hands.

“It’s too much,” I whine, still trying to get away from it.

“No, it’s not.” *God, that voice.* He kisses up to my ear. “You can take it, sweet girl,” he whispers. “And I want more.”



Chapter
Four
QUINLAN



SO MANY MORE ORGASMS LATER, AND I FEEL LIKE I CAN'T catch my breath. My punishment this time around was him forcing orgasm after orgasm on my body until I made a mess all over this poor cabin's bed. But that's the last thing on my mind right now because Jack is taking off the blindfold and pulling the little reindeer from between my legs.

He strips out of his boxers, and his dick bounces against his stomach before he climbs back onto the bed. Even though I'm exhausted, I'm excited all over again because now I get him. Now I get to feel him fill me up and whisper sweet things in that sexy voice of his as he makes me come with his cock.

"I need you," he tells me, his movements frantic as he rips the bondage ties from my ankles and falls on top of my body.

My legs immediately wrap around his hips as he reaches above my head to grab a pillow. He shoves it under my hips and then lines himself up and slips easily inside of me.

Euphoria.

I groan and throw my head back as my hands grip hard onto the silky fabric of the restraints. His head falls against my shoulder, and he sighs as he pauses, letting me adjust to the size of him before moving slowly in and out. His breath is hot on my skin, and his elbows are on either side of my head while his hands wrap into my hair.

He pulls out and then thrusts back in, making stars flash into my vision. I'm a whimpering puddle for him as he thrusts again and again. The noises he makes as he kisses every square inch of skin he can get to is going to be my undoing.

"I'm going to fill you up, Quinlan," he moans, biting down on my neck. "Do you want my cum, baby?"

My only response is to whimper. I can't form words. Our bodies are pressed closely together, sweating and sliding skin to skin. Suddenly, it's like he snaps. He reaches above me, and while still keeping his pace up between my legs, he unties each one of my wrists.

"Touch me," he begs. "I need to feel you hold on to me. Hold me, baby."

The second my arms are free, I wrap my arms around his back and drag my nails roughly down either side of his spine. He picks up speed and growls in my ear.

"Dirty little slut." He thrusts hard inside of me with each word, our skin slapping and smacking together with the effort. The room is filled with the sounds of our sex, but I'm so focused on Jack I barely notice.

"Want me to breed you, Quinlan?" he asks, pulling away to grab my jaw and force me to look him in his eyes. They're wild and wide, and to see him so out of control compared to his normal cool and collected demeanor turns me on. He forces a finger between my lips, and I suck greedily at it.

"Be a good girl and come with me. Make that greedy little cunt of yours take my seed deep inside of you."

"Fuck, Jack," I groan around his finger. The tone of his voice, the commanding and degrading way he speaks to me, is pushing me close and closer to the edge.

The way his body is moving on top of mine frantically, like he can't get enough of me, like he can't fuck me fast enough...it's sending my brain into overdrive. I want to do exactly as he says. I want to come just as he is, keeping my hips up on this pillow so that I don't spill a drop.

He pulls back a bit, his eyes zeroing in on where our bodies come together. As he watches us, his hips pick up speed, and the sound of his grunts fills the air. His hand slips from my jaw and wraps around my throat, squeezing the sides until I can barely breathe through it. My pleasure skyrockets, and my eyes roll into the back of my skull as he fucks me hard into the mattress.

“I’m gonna—I’m gonna,” I get out before my body takes over.

“Yes,” he hisses as I pulse around him, squeezing him and milking his cock for all it’s worth.

I can feel him come inside of me, and it only takes my pleasure higher. Knowing that I’m unprotected gives this an edge it’s never had before. He presses his hips against my own and holds them there as he spills into me over and over again.

Reaching up, I grab his face and pull him down for a kiss. He lets go of my throat and settles on top of me, his dick still deep inside of me as he runs one of his hands down my body and under my ass. He grips it hard, holding me tightly against him as he ravishes my mouth.

“I love you,” he says breathlessly, kissing my jaw and throat and back to my mouth.

“I love you,” I manage to get out before his tongue is back in my mouth as he kisses the absolute shit out of me. He pours all of his love and affection into that kiss, making me feel cherished and adored. I squeeze my Kegels around his cock, and it makes him jump.

I laugh as he pulls away.

“That was ridiculously hot,” I tell him. “Do you like the idea that we might get pregnant?”

His eyes move across my face and settle on my own.

“Yes.” His hand moves down my stomach. “I can’t wait to watch you grow bigger, this body carrying a child.” He leans forward and kisses my breasts. “And these growing and filling with milk...” He trails off. “Fuck, you’re going to be so sexy.”

I run my hands through his hair as he continues to hold me and kiss me. Eventually, he slips out of me, quickly grabbing my thighs and pushing them wide as he sits back and watches.

“Keep these hips up, and don’t spill a drop.” He looks up at me and winks. I remember the night he’s calling back to, when he fucked me hard in his club after beating the absolute shit out of someone that pushed me down.

I hadn’t managed to that night, but I was more determined than ever to do it tonight. So I hand him another pillow, and he lifts me up enough to shove it under my hips. He kisses the inside of my thighs and then climbs off the bed.

“I want you to stay like that for a few minutes,” he tells me as he walks into the attached bathroom. “I’ll come fetch you once the shower’s hot.”

I lie there and relax, listening to him moving around in the bathroom while I run my hands over my body. I’ve wanted kids with him for a while now. It’s never something I really thought I wanted. But after meeting Jack, my mind seemed to change. And then Owen and Aurora came from Italy, talking all about how they were going to get a big house to raise all their kids in.

I got broody very quickly.

“It’s ready, my love,” he says softly, walking back into the bedroom.

He scoops me up off the bed, and I wrap my arms around his neck, giving him a kiss on the cheek. Being sent to his house to interview him was the best thing to ever happen to me. One look at him in that mask, the hoodie pulled low over his eyes and his dark hair falling across his forehead...I was a goner.

“I love you,” I tell him again.

When he looks at me, his eyes are soft, and his lips quirk up into my favorite smile.

“And I love you.”



Chapter Five

JACK



THE PAST WEEK HAS GONE BY QUICKLY. IT'S BEEN FILLED WITH board games, Christmas movies, and fucking. Lots and lots of fucking.

The other night, she surprised me in red Mrs. Claus-looking lingerie and walked down the stairs to straddle my lap. That was a *very* fun role-play that ended with me fucking her over the back of the couch with her pretty red-and-white skirt thrown up over her hips.

But the snow has calmed down a bit, making it possible to head down the mountain and into town for a day that I scheduled at the spa. I figured we could make a whole day of it, spending most of the afternoon getting massages and wraps and then heading out for a nice dinner after. Luckily, the spa has luxury shower rooms where we can shower and make ourselves look presentable for the public.

“I’m driving,” Quinlan announces as she comes down the stairs. She looks gorgeous: her hair up in a messy bun, no makeup on, and tight leggings that show off the thick curves of her thighs. She has a long cream sweater on and some duck boots that squeak as she makes her way across the wood floors. Clearly, we’ve had no use for them in Southern California. This is their first appearance.

“And why would you be driving?” I ask her before she plants a quick kiss on my mouth.

“Because you suck at it.”

“The snow is gone,” I volley back.

“I didn’t say specifically that you sucked *only* at driving in the snow. Just that you sucked at driving *in general*.”

She bites her lip and then laughs out loud as I rush after her, grabbing her sides and tickling the absolute shit out of her. Once she laughs so hard that she snorts, I’m done for, laughing so hard I’m bending over and letting her go. She takes deep breaths and gives me a playful shove as she tries to push back all the hair I knocked out of the bun that’s perched on top of her head.

“That was not fair,” she tells me with a smile. “You are stronger than me, and therefore, I have no chance of fighting back when you pull that shit.”

“Yeah, yeah,” I finally manage as my laughter dies down. “Just get your ass in the car. I guess I’ll let you show me just how much better you are at driving.”

She gives me a big smile and then grabs the keys from the counter.

“Can you grab our bag of stuff?” she asks over her shoulder before stepping outside into the cold without even putting on a jacket. I swear this girl doesn’t feel the cold.

I pick the bag up off the table and check to make sure we both have everything we’ll need to get ready at the end of the afternoon and then follow her out to the car, making sure the lock automatically clicks shut behind me.

And I hate to admit it, but Quinlan wasn’t wrong. Even though the snow has almost stopped for the past couple of days, the roads are still relatively covered, especially the one that the cabin is on. Also, yeah, okay, she’s better at driving in snow and on these curvy mountain roads than I am. She’s far more confident, and it probably takes us half the time to go down the mountain than it did to get up it.

“See?” she asks after the silent drive down to town. She parks and looks over at me, an expectant smile lighting up her pretty features.

“Yeah,” I groan. “Yeah, okay, I admit it. It was far less harrowing than when I did it.”

She giggles and leans over to plant a kiss on my cheek, but I turn and grab her mouth with mine. Keeping my hands off of her while she’s naked and lying next to me all day is going to be painful. I had thought about bringing a toy, making her wear it while we were here, but quickly dismissed the thought.

It would be way too loud in the setting we’re in. And this is supposed to be a relaxing day for her, not one where she’s constantly having to hold back an orgasm or worry that someone is going to hear her. I can leave her body alone for a few hours at least. No promises on not finding her in the showers afterward though...

After checking in and being shown to our private changing room, we both strip and put on the fluffiest damn robes I think I’ve ever worn in my life. Quin is so excited, I can feel it coming off her in waves. God knows she has needed this. We’ve traveled so much this year, and on top of that, she’s been working so hard to make deadline after deadline at work.

I’m just thankful they allowed her to save up her vacation time and take a few weeks off over Christmas. She had worked periodically throughout the other times we traveled, so she was able to swindle some solid time off. And I really hope it helps her anxiety and constant tension headaches and migraines she’s been getting.

“Ready to go have *the* most relaxing day ever?” she asks, wrapping her arms around me and resting her head on my chest. I pull her close to me, running my hands up and down her back in a comforting gesture.

“I hope it helps those tired muscles of yours,” I tell her, kissing the top of her head. “I know you have to have knots from sitting in the same position every day, arms in front of you while you type away.”

“Thank you so much for this, Jack,” she says, smiling up at me sweetly. I would do anything for this woman. “I already feel so much better just stepping away from work for the last

week. And not being on any socials has done fucking wonders.”

“Told you.” I kiss her nose. “You needed to reset. And I’m glad I could help you with that.”



Throughout the day, we’re ushered from room to room, each more relaxing than the last. And I think our favorite was the bathhouse at the end. It was just a large, darkened room with a pool filled with incredibly hot water. They set a timer and only allowed us to stay in there for thirty minutes before we were pulled out.

And at the end of it all, we were led back to our private changing room, where we’ve been left to shower and get ready to leave for our evening out.

I watch Quin peel the soft robe from her body. Her back has purple circles dotted across it from the cupping, and the rest of her skin is a bright pink from the heat of the sauna. She pulls her hair out of the topknot and shakes the damp strands out over her shoulders.

“Are you just going to stand there and watch me, or are you going to strip as well?” she asks as she looks over her shoulder at me, giving her ass a little shake in my direction.

I make quick work of it, tossing the robe on the floor as I follow her into the steamy shower at the back of the room. The entire place is white tile and greenery, and it reminds me of all the plants we left back at home.

The shower is open and absolutely huge, with multiple rain showerheads coming out of the top and others sticking out from the sides. It’s an assault on the senses once you get in it, but Quin just laughs at me as I squint through the rushing water and try to grab hold of her.

“You’ve been naked around me all day,” I murmur in her ear once I catch her. “And I’m sure we won’t have long in here

before they come looking for us. But I intend on taking advantage of every minute.”

She laughs softly but lays her head back on my shoulder and grinds her ass against my already very hard cock. It’s throbbing, and I’m ready to thrust her up against the shower wall and take her roughly and quickly.

My hands roam across her body, one dipping low between her thighs. When I find her already wet, she moans and rolls her hips again. I tease her clit until she grabs my wrist and turns around in my arms.

“Are you going to tease me or fuck me, Joker?” she taunts.

My laugh is a deep rumble in my chest before I grab her by the throat and back her up against the cool tiled wall. She gasps when her back hits it and smirks. I’m feeding right into what she wants, but I’m too driven by my dick at this point to care about who’s really in charge here.

I lean forward and nip at her bottom lip.

“Game on, little one.”



Chapter
Six
JACK



MY HANDS WRAP AROUND HER ASS QUICKLY, LIFTING HER UP until her hips line up with mine. She throws her arms around my neck, and our mouths collide. It's been a while since we weren't able to take our time, but this doesn't make it any less fun. The possibility of getting caught, knowing we could be walked in on at any time, gives all of this an edge that I'm loving right now.

“Ready for me, baby girl?” I ask her, using her ass to move her slit up and down my cock. Her breath ghosts across my lips as she pants for me. Those pretty eyes stay locked on mine as she smiles.

“Yes.” One of her hands grabs the hair on the back of my head and fists it tightly, making my head drop back and my mouth open to her. She takes advantage and immediately presses her mouth to mine, her tongue diving in and stroking my own.

I thrust my hips forward and pull her hips toward me at the same time. She stretches around me so perfectly I almost lose my breath. I will never get sick of the way she feels: wet and gripping my cock.

We're making out like teenagers in the back seat of a car, practically eating each other's faces while I push her against the wall with my hips over and over again. One of my hands slips between us, my thumb finding her clit and giving it just a

little bit of pressure. Her entire body is moving and almost slamming into the tile wall.

I'm worried that I'm going to hurt her, but every time my eyes meet hers, they're screaming at me not to stop. And then I remember she isn't on her birth control, and it's like a switch is flipped inside of me. I want to mark her and claim her as mine. I want to paint the insides of her white with my cum and her skin red and bruised from my mouth and hands.

The ring on her finger isn't enough anymore. I need to see her grow round with my child.

She can sense the shift in me, smirking at me as I go harder and faster. I lift her slightly, trying to angle her so that I'm hitting that sweet spot inside of her. She groans and lets her head drop back against the hard tile, and it gives me the perfect opportunity to leave my mark on her throat.

"All mine," I growl, my head diving for the tender flesh of her neck. I bite and suck as her pulse beats wildly between my lips.

"All yours," she pants. "Fuck. Right there. That spot, Jack. Yes."

She begins to chant my name like an unholy prayer, her begging like music to my fucking ears. Her breasts slip and rub against the hair on my chest, and her heels dig into my ass as she tries to hold on. I thrust and thrust, driving her closer and closer to pleasure each time. I want her to scream loud enough that they come to check on us.

I want to get caught. I want them to see that she's mine. Anyone that laid eyes on her today in her fluffy little robe...I want them to know who she belongs to.

She grabs my jaw and forces me to look at her. Her cheeks are flushed, and her pupils are blown wide, almost eclipsing the brown of her entire iris. And those lips of hers that are already so plump normally are swollen and red from our kissing.

"Look at me while you fuck me," she commands. "I want you to watch what you do to me. Watch me as you make me

come around that thick cock of yours, Joker.”

A deep chuckle rumbles through my chest, but I do as she says, letting her be in charge for once. And I do watch her. I watch the way her breathing picks up, making her breasts bounce against my chest, their peaks pink and hard. I watch her tongue dart out and wet her lips before her teeth take the bottom one and bite down.

“I can feel how close you are,” I tell her, kissing her softly on the cheek. “Come for me, beautiful girl,” I whisper into her ear. “Come so that I can fully mark you as mine, planting my seed deep in this tight little cunt. Come so that I can see this belly swell with our child.”

It only takes a few more thrusts inside of her before she’s coming, screaming my name and squeezing her eyes shut as the pleasure rips through her body. And with her walls pulsating around my cock, I’m a goner. I lean forward, dropping my mouth to her shoulder, and bite down hard as my own orgasm builds and releases.

I cover her mouth with my hand, hushing her as I fuck her through my orgasm, making sure I pour every last ounce of myself deep inside of her. Finally, my hips still, and we both stand there for a moment, panting hard and holding each other tightly.

There’s a deep red mark on her neck and a bruise forming in the shape of my teeth on her shoulder. I can feel myself leaking out around where our bodies are joined, and that need to mark her from earlier is finally satiated.

“Someone definitely heard that.” She laughs.

“Probably,” I say and join in with her laughter. “Let’s get cleaned up and get out of here before we get kicked out into the snow on our bare asses.”

I let her slowly drop to her feet and make sure she’s stable before backing us under the assault of hot shower water. These things look really nice, but god damn they almost drown you when all you’re trying to do is wash off all the massage oil.

“I think we need a shower like this,” Quinlan tells me. Her head is thrown back, and the water cascades down her long, dark auburn hair and her curvy body.

“Yeah, no way,” I spit out, trying not to inhale any water as I quickly finish up. “These things are a health hazard.”

She looks over at me struggling and laughs.

I quickly get out and dry off, and she isn't far behind me. I am actually a little concerned that someone heard us. During, it was hot to think we might get walked in on. Now, I was just a little worried we may actually get kicked out or fined for it.

“I am going to eat the biggest plate of pasta the restaurant offers,” she tells me as we get dressed. “I was looking up their menu online before we came down here, and oh my god. We are going to be so full of bread and cheese. It's going to be glorious.”

“Stuffed two ways today, then,” I tease her.

She lets out a loud cackle and gives me a shove before we walk out of our private shower room. There's no one in the hall, so we make our way out to the lobby and leave quietly, giving the receptionist a small wave of a thank-you as Quin walks out the front door.

“I feel like she knew,” Quin laughs as we get into the car. She snuck back into the driver's seat, even though the roads down here in the town are fine. I could totally have made it to the restaurant.

“Probably. But we were quick.” I give her a wink, and then we're off to make ourselves miserable with carbs.



Chapter
Seven
QUINLAN



I FELL ASLEEP WITH HEADPHONES IN BECAUSE ANYTIME I listen to my favorite ASMR on YouTube, it makes Jack cringe. He absolutely cannot stand it. So after we ate far too much food, we came home, had a few drinks, and then very quickly passed out. I didn't move or wake up at all throughout the night because when I start to stir, I can still hear something playing in my headphones.

But it definitely isn't ASMR anymore. Somehow in the night, my playlist picked up one of Jack's streams, and that's what's playing now. His voice sends chills down my spine, making goose bumps break out across my skin. I will never get sick of listening to the way his voice sounds.

And I'm immediately turned on. But when I turn over in the bed to grab ahold of him, I find a little note instead of my husband.

Good morning, beautiful wife. If you're reading this, you've woken up before I could sneak back into bed with you. I've run into town to grab us some coffee and pastries from that little bakery we saw last night. I'll be home soon. I love you.

I groan. That's incredibly sweet, but I've woken up with a raging lady boner that needs to be taken care of now. Maybe if I start to play, he'll come in and finish the game. So I get

comfortable and adjust the headphones so that they fit snugly in my ears, and then I start to touch myself.

The bed is comfortable, and I'm nice and warm under the sheets while snow slowly falls outside the big windows. Jack left the gas fireplace going on low so that I could still wake up to my favorite view. And as my hands begin to play with my nipples, I close my eyes and tune in to his voice, not wanting any distractions.

Every stream he does, he makes sure he's talking directly to me, even though thousands of people are listening. He speaks to me and me only.

My nipples are hard peaks as my fingertips skate over them, my nails tickling at the goose bumps there. I start slowly at first, gently kneading at the soft flesh and pinching them lightly. The entire time, I imagine Jack walking in with coffee and pastries, watching me as I touch myself under the sheets.

One of my hands moves lower, over my stomach and under the soft lace of my underwear. I'm already wet when my fingers dip into my slit and find that swollen nub of my clit. I haven't done this in so long to myself, but it feels amazing. Jack's voice is still in my ear as I find the rhythm that works best.

I circle my clit a few times before sliding further down and dipping a finger inside of myself. I'm so wet that my fingers are already soaked. I pick up the speed, feeling my first orgasm building already. Without Jack here to edge me, I can get off easily and quickly. And that pushes me even faster, wanting to get off before he gets back so that I can see the look in his eyes when he finds out I've come without permission.

Heat floods my belly, and my toes curl into the sheets. My orgasm crests and crashes quickly, making my thighs twitch around my hand that is still moving slowly in and out. And once I've finally come down, I feel the bed dip under his weight.

I smile but don't open my eyes. I pretend I can't hear or feel him. I'm still in my own little postorgasmic bliss,

completely unaware that my husband just watched me get off to his voice.

“Quinlan, Quinlan, Quinlan,” he says with a sigh, pulling out one of the earbuds. “What in the world is my girl listening to, huh?”

I finally open my eyes, and he’s standing over me with his mask on, sending a thrill straight through my entire body. I watch him as he puts the little bud to his ear, figuring out just who I’m listening to. His smile grows wide as he hears his own voice talking about spanking my ass until it’s so red I can’t sit for days.

That’s my favorite part...when he talks about the punishment.

“Did my girl come without permission? All while listening to my voice?”

I bite my lip and smile up at him, the light from the fire making the different colors of his eyes dance. I can feel myself blush, too. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to look at his handsome face without blushing. He turns my insides to mush when he looks at me like that.

“Answer me with words, Quinlan.”

“I did,” I answer after a beat of silence.

“Bad girl.” His voice has dropped an octave, and it makes my pussy clench with anticipation. I hope he spansks me just like he promised on the stream.

He takes the other earbud out and tosses them both onto the nightstand before sitting back on his heels and yanking the covers from my body. I’m left lying there on the cozy white sheets in just his T-shirt and my black lace thong, which is pulled crudely to the side, exposing the evidence of my release.

“Look at this,” he says, running the tip of his finger through the wetness on my slit. “Dirty slut. Couldn’t even wait until I got home to take care of yourself. Look at this.” He holds his finger up in the light, my wetness glistening on his skin. He holds it over my mouth, and I open for him, sucking

the digit clean as he runs it over my tongue before pulling it from between my lips.

“I’m sorry, baby,” I say in the sweetest voice I can manage, looking up at him with a pout on my lips. “Your voice came on my headphones, and I just couldn’t help myself. You know what that voice of yours does to me.”

“And you know what your bad behavior does to me.” He gestures to his hard cock pressing against the tight fabric of his jeans.

I lick my lips and look back up at his face, his eyes gleaming with a silent command.

“Let me take care of you,” I tell him, sitting up on my knees before wrapping my arms around his neck. I kiss him over the mask. “Lay down.”

I give him a soft nudge, and he falls over onto the bed, landing on his back with a little bounce. The cocky bastard puts his hands behind his head and just watches me for what I’m going to do next. I crawl over his body and kiss down his chest and stomach, running my hands under the soft fabric of his long-sleeve shirt.

“You know you need to be punished, right, sweet girl?” he asks as his hand fists in my hair. I ignore him and unbutton his jeans, making quick work of yanking everything down so that his cock bobs free. “This won’t save your ass from being beat red.”

“Can’t hurt though, can it?” I ask as I grab his cock, stroking it from base to tip before licking the clear fluid from his slit. The entire time, I hold his gaze, making sure he watches me and sees just how much I enjoy doing this for him. I moan when the salty flavor hits my tongue.

“No.” He groans, and his head falls back on the pillow. “It definitely doesn’t hurt, baby.”

With his fingers wrapped tightly in my hair, he pushes his cock between my lips, not giving me any time to prepare for the assault. And I love it. I love it when he’s rough with me,

using me for his pleasure. I like being the one that can do this to him.

“God, you’re so fucking good at that.”

My lips pull into a little smile as I keep taking him into my throat and holding him there for as long as I can before coming up and swirling the tip of my tongue around his sensitive head. I take him over and over again, making a mess of his dick as I push him closer and closer to the edge.

I know him. It’s like a game to see who can win. Will I make him come before he can stop himself? Or will he be stronger and hold out long enough to fuck me?

I’m always happy either way, but I will say he has much more self-control than I like. He’s won far more times than I have.

But I’m not bitter...

“Ah, ah, ah,” he sings as he pulls my mouth off with a *pop*. “You don’t get to make me come before I can punish you... and fuck you. All this cum needs to be saved for that fertile pussy of yours, doesn’t it?”

That sends a thrill through me.

“Yes, sir.”

“Good girl,” he coos. “Now, shove your face in that pillow and put your ass in the air. It’s time you take that punishment.”



Chapter Eight

JACK



WHEN I CAME HOME AND SAW HER THERE IN THE BED, HER body covered with the duvet but still writhing underneath, I thought I was going to explode in my fucking pants. I watched her for a few moments, waiting until she had finished what she started. I didn't want to interrupt her. I didn't want to take away the possibility of punishment.

I know how much we both love it.

Pulling my mask from one of our duffel bags, I kicked off my boots and crawled onto the bed, letting her know that I was there.

And when I found out that it was me she was listening to—that it was me speaking to her in those headphones—my ego exploded. I love that it's my voice she still fantasizes about and gets off to. I love that me and my voice are still the sexiest thing to her.

Now, here she is, face buried into the soft pillow at the head of the bed, her pert ass up in the air for me. She wiggles it slowly back and forth, showing me her glistening slit. Her thighs are pressed together, her back arched.

Slowly, I run my hand down her spine from between her shoulder blades to where the curve of her ass starts. The soft flesh of her ass warms under my palm as I go lower and lower. She gives me the sexiest little moan, knowing what's coming but not quite sure when.

“You came without my permission.” She jumps a little at my voice.

“I did.” I can hear the ornery tone in her voice.

Brat.

“Are you allowed to touch yourself without my permission?”

“No,” she answers, the smile still in her voice.

“Are you allowed to come without my permission?”

“No,” she drawls.

“So, why did you?” I drag my finger between her cheeks and through her slit.

She whimpers.

“Why, Quinlan? Be a good girl and answer me.”

“Because I was horny, and you left me all alone.”

“I would’ve been right back.” I lean forward and kiss her hip. “I would’ve taken care of you, sweet girl.” I kiss her other hip.

She moans.

“But I wanted it right then,” she says with a pout.

I raise my hand and let it crack against her ass. She jumps, and my handprint forms an outline of red.

“Tell me the real reason, Quinlan.” There’s a note of warning in my voice, and I know she can hear it. I know she responds to it. I can see the way her body relaxes into it, like she knows if she just submits to me, everything will fall into place.

“Because I wanted to be spanked,” she finally says, her voice dripping with velvet. She always talks about how sexy she finds my voice, but she doesn’t even realize how sexy she sounds. She doesn’t even have to put it on. It’s just there, seducing me around every turn.

I spank her again, this time on her other cheek.

“And why did you want to be spanked, Quinlan, love?”

“It’s what you were talking about on the stream,” she whispers. “You were talking about punishment. And I tend to like your punishments.” She shimmies her hips again.

“Most of them, anyway.” I shrug, even though she isn’t looking at me, and then crack her another two times, one on each side. Her ass is turning a brilliant shade of red, but I want more.

So I continue. I check on her every couple of slaps, making sure she isn’t being stubborn and just not using her safe word out of pride. But she isn’t. She’s in a daze, her eyes shut and a little grin on those plump lips. Her eyebrows knit with each slap, but then quickly, the little crease between them eases away.

I pull my mask down under my chin and kiss the hurt away, her skin warming my lips with each touch. When I pull away, I spread her slit with my thumbs, opening her to my gaze as I watch her drip down to the bed for me. So wet. So fucking wet I can barely contain myself. Her clit is pink and swollen, begging for my tongue.

And so I give her what she wants. I give her what she needs. I lick straight up her center, tasting her sweet release until she’s a whimpering puddle. Her hips pull away from my face, and I let her, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand as she stares back at me.

“Fuck. Me.”

Her eyes are blazing, and I just stare right back at her, smiling as she tries to reach behind herself to grab hold of my thighs. She opens her legs and tries to dig her heels into my ass and push me forward. I laugh at her effort, but she just groans and collapses on the bed.

“You don’t always have to be in charge, you know,” she mumbles into the pillow.

I move off the bed and dig through the sex bag, looking for the Christmas lights I brought. Not the most comfortable for

tying someone up, but I think I'll like the way they light up her skin.

"I don't?" I ask once I find them and crawl back onto the bed.

"Jack, if you don't fuck me this instant, I'm going to get up and walk out that door!" She swings her arm out from under herself to point in the direction of the bedroom door. "If I remember correctly, there will be coffee and pastries waiting there for me!"

I plug the lights into the outlet in the lamp and then wrap them around her wrists. The multicolored lights bounce off her tattoos, making them appear to glow.

"Well, that looks pretty," she tells me, testing the strength of them. "Think you can hurry up and fuck me now?"

"Quinlan," I moan as I move back between her thighs, line myself up, and sink inside of her quickly, causing her to press her face further into the pillow and her back to arch. "Don't be a brat."

"Don't be a tease."

I think that's what she says anyway, but everything comes out a little muffled. Her hands clasp together, and the tips of her fingers dig into the backs of her hands. Her knuckles turn white with the effort as I continuously pound into her from behind.

My hands find her hips, and I pull her back to meet each of my thrusts, making sure I'm as deep as I can be. She feels fucking phenomenal wrapped around my cock, her moans and the sound of our sex filling the air.

We stay like this until our bodies come together. I stay inside of her and pull her back as I sit on my heels. She lays her head on my shoulder, her chest heaving with the effort of taking deep breaths. I push the hair from her face and kiss her cheek and temple. I breathe in her scent and hold her close to my body.

"You are the most stunning woman I have ever met," I tell her, my lips ghosting over her hair as I unwrap her wrists. The

lights left little imprints in her skin, and I run my thumb over them. Then I move my hands up her arms and down her torso, running one over her stomach. “And I can’t wait to see you swell with our child.”

She turns her head and looks at me, a content smile on her face.

“Where did this breeding kink come from?” she asks me, her eyes dancing with humor.

“Don’t kink shame me,” I tease her.

“Would never dream of it.” She sighs and lays her head back on my shoulder again, her hand coming up to the other side of my face. “I kind of like it. Possessive. Marking. It’s hot, baby.”

I nip at her earlobe and then gently lay her back down on the bed. I roll to the side of her and then pull her in, holding her close as I pull the duvet back up around our shoulders. The sweet scent of her shampoo fills the air, and I bury my face in it.

“I was told there was coffee,” she groans as she realizes that I’m settling back into bed.

“Give me ten minutes.”

“And pastries!” she counters.

“Five?”

“Fine, five minutes. And then I’m chugging that coffee.”

“Want me to just inject it straight into your veins?” I laugh.

“That would probably be more effective at this point.”

We go quiet for a minute, and I almost think she’s fallen asleep until her sweet voice comes back.

“Thank you for this,” she says as she traces designs on my arm. “I know I’ve thanked you a lot, but this means so much to me. You realized I was struggling, and you made an effort to try and help me with that. And it’s worked.” She looks at me

over her shoulder with a big smile. “Not a single migraine since we’ve been here.”

“All I want is for you to be happy,” I tell her, kissing the soft skin on her shoulder. “Whatever that looks like. Even if it’s quitting your job to pursue something you love?”

She’s hinted at it before, but she doesn’t like the idea of not bringing any money into the house. And I suspect with us trying for a baby now, that feeling is only going to intensify. But this job is working her to the bones, and I would happily support us while she got on her feet doing something that brought her far more joy than stress.

“Possibly. I love writing. It’s what I went to school for, and it’s what I always wanted to do.”

“But,” I push her.

“But, admittedly...this job has lost a bit of its shine.”

“Think about it,” I tell her. “You know where I stand. I want and need you to be happy and healthy. When your job starts making you physically sick, that’s when it’s time to ask yourself if maybe the right thing to do is move on to something new.”

She rolls over in my arms and gives me a kiss. Those pretty brown eyes look directly into mine, and then she smiles.

“I can feel you leaking out of me,” she whispers, trying to hold in her laughter. “I’m going to go pee, and then I’m going to put the comfiest clothes ever on and drink coffee while I watch the snow fall.”

“Sounds like a perfect day,” I agree, rolling onto my back as I watch her scuttle toward the bathroom, her thighs pressed together. I laugh and then run my hands over my face.

Going back to reality is going to suck. Maybe we both need to re-evaluate what we’re doing with our lives. The streaming was fun—*is* fun—but a lot of that world lost its shine for me when Quin walked into the picture. And I make plenty of money off the club and investments that I’ve

acquired over the years... I wouldn't actually *need* to keep streaming.

Maybe it's time to leave that behind and focus on my family.

I smile to myself as I roll out of the plush bed and put some sweatpants on. *A family*. What a weird thought. But a good one. I can't wait to see Quinlan as a mom and how much the baby looks like each of us.

Christ, what's happening to all of us? Pyro, Owen, and Aurora getting broody. Wes and Zoë settling down. And now Quinlan and I are trying for a baby. Greg is the only one left, and sometimes I wonder what is going through that man's head. I know he's fucking his boss. We *all* know he's fucking his boss.

Not my circus, not my monkeys, I tell myself for the billionth time.

"Coffee time!" Quinlan sings as she comes out of the bathroom butt-ass naked.

I just laugh and follow her downstairs.

Life with her will never be boring.

Let's Chat...

Join my Facebook group to discuss the book: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/432064494755033/>

Acknowledgments

Well, all of you in my Facebook group voted to revisit Jack and Quin. I hope you enjoyed their *very* steamy Christmas novella. It was weird to get back into their heads after being out of them for so long, but it was fun to be with them again.

Also, side note, don't come for me with the private spa changing room/bathroom set up. I've been to one where they gave us a big open room with a shower, toilet, changing area, and even a *bathtub*. I promise they exist, okay? *Insert laughing emoji here*

Thank you Sandra for editing this so incredibly quickly. I know I sprung this little extra project on you last minute and I will forever appreciate your patience with me.

Kate Farlow from Y'all That Graphic made the cover and when I was scrolling on Facebook and saw it, I knew I had to have it. I genuinely don't think I've purchased a cover so quickly in my life.

Tori, you beautiful human you, thank you for always taking on last minute projects, and letting me throw more and more at you every other week. I love you so much and am just so eternally grateful for you (and Cady).

Also, you can all thank Julia for that one line. I was worried it was too far. Julia said no. So it's in there. Any guesses as to which line it is?

About the Author

Dana Isaly is a writer of dark romance, paranormal romance, and has also been known to dabble in poetry.

She was born in the midwest, and has lived in England and California, but now resides (begrudgingly) in Alabama with her partner and her two pitbulls. She is a lover of floppy paperbacks, coffee, and rainy days. Dana is probably the only person in the writing community that is actually a morning person.

She swears too much, is way too comfortable in her Facebook group, and believes that love is love is love.

You can find her on Instagram (@author.danaisaly), join her Facebook group (Dana's Tribe of Horny Humans), or follow her on TikTok (@author.disaly)

Other Works

The Triad Series (Completed Why Choose romance)

Scars

Liars

Omens

The One Night Series (Kinky interconnected novellas)

Games We Play

Secrets We Hunt

Burdens We Carry

Desires We Seek

Rules We Break

All Tied Up (A Games We Play Christmas Novella)

Nick and Holly (Age gap novellas)

Dipped In Holly

Claimed By Cupid

Bound In Cabo

Dicked By Daddy

Locked In Love

Standalones

Into The Dark

Into The Dark (White Cover)

Rune

When Night Comes novelette

My Summer Fling

As Above, So Below