



BE MY  
EVERYTHING

ELLA JADE

# Be My Everything

by

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## Back Cover Copy

*Lucas and Katherine enter into the perfect arrangement to fulfill their sexual needs, but what happens when their hearts get in the way?*

Shy, awkward receptionist Katherine Sierra wants to explore her sexually submissive side. Although new to the BDSM world, she's eager to learn. When she attends a play party and submits an application to one of the most experienced Doms in the room, she has no idea what she's gotten herself into.

Successful businessman and hardcore Dominant Lucas Cain knows his way around a playroom and doesn't normally take on brand new subs. He's apprehensive about training someone so innocent, but the more time he spends with Katherine the more intrigued he becomes. She may be everything he's been searching for.

But when Lucas requests that Colin, his friend and mentor, join them in the playroom for an evening of fun, it just might change everything.

Has Lucas broken his own rule and fallen in love with his sub?

Content Warning: strong language, graphic sex, BDSM themes

# Chapter 1

*Safe, sane and consensual...*

Katherine Sierra was quiet, timid, and sexually unsatisfied. For as long as she could remember, she'd found strong, take charge men irresistible. Even as a young teenager, she'd been attracted to older, authoritative men. She'd had more than a few fantasies about several of her male high school teachers. If she had to guess, it was those fantasies that landed her in the lobby of the office building of one of the most powerful men in New York City. She fidgeted in her seat as she listened to the receptionist intercept calls for Mr. Cain. She wondered how much longer she'd have to wait until it was her turn to see him. As she waited, she thought back to the only other time she'd seen him.

On that particular night, she found herself at a local play party as a guest of a friend who dabbled in the BDSM lifestyle. Her friend recognized her submissive tendencies and understood she hadn't been sexually satisfied in her past experiences.

She was extremely nervous even though she wasn't expected to participate. She casually scanned the room, taking in the people who were in attendance. They all looked so normal. She wasn't sure what she'd expected but she'd certainly had a different vision than this. Leather and chains usually sprung to mind when she thought about domination and submission. Apparently, this wasn't that kind of party.

This was more of an informal meeting for Doms to meet potential subs.

She settled herself in the corner of the room, trying to stay out of the way as she continued to examine the different types of people. Suddenly, her gaze landed on the most gorgeous man she'd ever seen. The moment she set eyes on him, she knew she had to get to know him. She had been brought as a guest and was only there to observe, but the entire scene intrigued her. It was as if she were there to meet him. He was leaning by a huge picture window, watching the light snow fall outside. Their eyes met when he turned to face the crowded room. She couldn't help but stare at his tall, lean muscular frame. His overgrown blond hair hung just above his emerald green eyes, but he didn't look unkempt. She could appreciate he'd taken extra time to get that luscious mane just right.

At first she thought he almost looked out of place standing there. She briefly wondered if he too was an observer like her or possibly a submissive waiting for his Domme to arrive. She soon realized that thought couldn't have been further from the truth. And as the night wore on, she noticed women were falling all over him, but with one swift move of his hand they were dismissed. He had a quiet command of the room and damn if she didn't find that completely sexy. She wanted the opportunity to have him dismiss her. He had her salivating and soaking through her panties, and they hadn't even spoken to one another. *Not yet, anyway.*

Katherine spent the majority of the evening focused on him, but she didn't have the nerve to approach. Actually, she noticed anyone who did come near him had a designated

timeslot. They were being brought over by another woman who would briefly introduce them to him. It was almost as if he were interviewing them. Occasionally, he would glance in her direction, but each time, she'd quickly avert her gaze to the floor. She'd have to find a way to speak to him, because she was certain he'd haunt her dreams forever if she passed up this opportunity.

After the fascinating stranger left the party, Katherine lingered behind and tried to learn anything she could about him. She heard a few women talking about how he was there looking for a new sub. She also learned through the idle chitchat, that being Lucas Cain's sub was a coveted position not easily obtained.

She battled internally over taking the next step—submitting an application. She'd only attended the party out of curiosity. She'd never intended to participate in this lifestyle, but something inside her kept screaming to try it. The determined look in his eyes when he spoke to those women throughout the evening seemed to be a defining moment for her. She didn't think she had a chance at testing with him, because she'd also heard he only dealt with experienced submissives who would know how to please him. In fact, when she handed her application to the woman in charge of forwarding requests to potential Doms, she'd rolled her eyes. Obviously, she didn't think Katherine had much of a chance either.

To say she was surprised when he called her a week later was an understatement. He was brief with his instructions and asked her to meet him at his office. He'd e-mailed her the potential contract before she'd arrived. It all seemed so formal.

She wasn't expecting so much time and effort to be put into the details of this arrangement.

"Mr. Cain will see you now," the receptionist said.

"Oh, okay." Katherine got up from the couch, straightened her dress, and followed the woman into the office.

Mr. Cain was sitting behind a large cherry desk, typing away. He didn't even look up from the computer screen when he thanked the receptionist and told Katherine to have a seat. He continued to type, so she took the opportunity to look around. Her hands were trembling and she felt cold, but that happened when she was anxious. She noticed the name plate on his desk read "Luke" instead of "Lucas". She stared at him as he worked and decided she liked "Luke" better. It wasn't as proper.

"See something you like?" he asked.

"What? No, I mean yes." She shifted in her seat. "I was just waiting for you to speak. I didn't want to interrupt."

"You talk too much," he said.

"Sorry."

"Did you go over the contract and the checklist?"

"Yes, it's all very straightforward."

"And we're in agreement that this is consensual?" He stood and walked around the desk, stopping directly in front of her.

"Of course," she said.

"You'll submit to the background check, blood work, and physical?" All of those were required if she was going to



be his sub. It said so in the contract.

“I’ve been tested, and I’ve brought the results. I’m also on the pill.”

“I see,” he said. “You don’t have an issue with the gym I’ve recommended?” The agreement also stated she was to join the gym of his choice where he’d take care of the membership.

“No, I like to work out.”

He glanced down at her body, lingering at her legs for a few seconds before making eye contact with her. “You understand that the checklist is for your benefit. It outlines both hard and soft limits. You need to think it through and decide which acts you’ll try and those you won’t consider. You should also keep in mind that limits can change over time.”

Katherine had no idea this whole set-up would be so involved. She thought she would just go to his house and have sex the way he wanted her to. She was under the notion that was what it meant to submit. She realized she had so much to learn.

“Any questions, Ms. Sierra?” Mr. Cain asked in that sexy southern drawl of his.

Katherine had learned he was originally from Texas but had relocated to New York when his company took off. He was impeccable. Not a hair out of place or a crease in his suit that wasn’t supposed to be. He stood over Katherine for most of their conversation, and she found it unsettling. He was an extremely intimidating man.

“What happens next? I mean, do we have sex?” She was so out of her element.

“Would you like to have sex right here in my office?” His mouth formed a hard line, causing his jaw to tighten. “Shall I take you on my desk with an office full of people on the other side of my door?”

His words made her realize how innocent she was when it came to his lifestyle.

“Umm, no, of course not,” she answered as she cracked her knuckles. Her face was flush, and her throat was dry. She wondered what she was doing there.

“But as your Dom, I’d be well within my rights to take you fast and hard on my desk,” he informed her. He never raised his voice. It was soft but firm, and he got his point across very effectively. “Is that what you came here for?”

That was precisely what she wanted. Her stomach flipped as the moisture gathered inside her panties, just like it had the first night she’d seen him. This man oozed sex and he knew it.

“Katherine.” He sighed. “What are you doing here?” He looked frustrated, but she didn’t understand why.

“Applying to be your sub,” she said. “And please, call me Kat.”

“As much as I’d like you to be my pet, sweetie, I’ll stick with Katherine.” He smirked and that relaxed her. “Why do you want to be my sub?”

“I want to be dominated.” She hoped that was what he wanted to hear.

“Well, why not have your boyfriend tie you to the bed?” he asked. “It would be much easier than going through all of this.”

Katherine was confused. What did he want her to say?

“I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“How old are you?”

“Isn’t it on my application?”

He arched a brow at her and with nothing but one domineering look she was answering him. “I’m twenty-one.” She knew from the information he had provided her earlier in the week, he was ten years older than her and had been practicing this lifestyle since he was her age.

“And you’ve only had one sexual partner.” That was on her application too.

“Is that a problem?” Why would it matter if she’d had one partner or if she’d fucked the entire high school football team? It was in the past.

“For me, no,” he said. “But it could be for you. I’m not here to be your boyfriend. If you’re under the impression that there’s something romantic about all of this you need to get that out of your head right now. I don’t fall in love with my subs. It’s a personal rule of mine.”

“I don’t need you to fall in love with me,” she said. “I need you to help me learn to submit.”

“How can I be sure this is what you want?”

“I want it,” she said. “I want to try.”

“Yes.” He sighed. “That’s where I run into the problem. Do I really want to invest in training you if you’re not fully committed?”

“I’ll do whatever you say.” She had an overwhelming desire to be near him.

“You say that now, but I don’t think you have any idea what you’re getting into. I’m not an easy man to deal with, and I won’t be soft on you because you’re new. I know what I like, and I’ll push your limits.”

“I want you to.”

“I don’t know.” He shook his head as he thought for a moment. “I’m very demanding.”

“Please, Mr. Cain. I’ve been thinking about this ever since I left that play party. I was intrigued by what I saw there, and I want to be dominated.”

“I think you need to research this further. You didn’t ask me any of the right questions. You have no idea what I could ask of you. Do you even know what the words *safe, sane and consensual* mean?”

“I know you’re good at what you do. I can learn the rest,” she said. “Everyone wants to be your sub.”

“Do you want me to put a leash around your neck and walk you around town?” he asked. “Like a dog?”

“What?” She didn’t get it, but she hoped he wasn’t serious.

“How about if I publicly humiliate you?” He paced his office. “Would it be okay if I locked you in a basement and

only came down when I wanted to fuck you?”

“I don’t understand.”

Luke didn’t look pleased at all as he stared at her with little emotion in his eyes. She couldn’t tell what he was thinking, but the longer he stared the more uncomfortable she became. His intense gaze held her in place, but she liked being the focus of his attention.

“No, you don’t,” he said. “You can’t just dive into a lifestyle because you think you want it. You have to be informed. You don’t know anything about me. How do you know I won’t abuse you when you come to my home?”

“I don’t think you would.” She wasn’t sure why, but she trusted him.

“You’re a foolish young girl, you know that?” He came up from behind her and placed his hands on her shoulders. She was embarrassed when she jumped. “And the only reason I’m agreeing to test with you is because I’m afraid you’ll get referred to a Dom who won’t have the patience for you.”

“You want me to be your sub?” she whispered.

“No, I said I would allow you a test weekend. I’ll expect you at my home at six PM sharp on Friday.” He walked around the chair and stood in front of her, and then he reached for a packet on his desk. “Take this home and memorize it,” he instructed. “There are also some informative websites for you. I strongly suggest that you research this topic thoroughly.”

Katherine nodded.

“My address is in there too,” he said. “As well as my phone number. Please keep in mind I’m a busy man, so if you

change your mind, please have the courtesy of letting me know.”

“Of course.” She took the packet from him. She didn’t care what was in the papers or on those websites, it wouldn’t change her mind. She was more determined than ever now that he’d agreed to test with her.

“I’ll see you Friday,” he said as he returned to his desk. “Don’t be late.” He sat back down and read over a letter that was in front of him. “You’re dismissed.”

She stood up, gathered her belongings, and headed for the door. He never looked up again.

“Katherine,” he called. “Next time, be a bit more informed before you offer yourself to a man you hardly know.”

## Chapter 2

### *First test weekend...*

Luke hated the process of looking for a new submissive. It had been almost two years since he'd had to view applications and attend play parties to meet the perfect woman, if such a thing existed. Sometimes he wondered if it was time to give up on this whole lifestyle and try to make a go at a normal relationship. He always thought better of it; he just didn't do normal. He was a busy man and didn't have time to get into the personal aspects that came with relationships. He'd been working hard over the past few years to make his business successful, and the flexibility of being a Dom with no strings attached always seemed to work for him. He just wasn't sure if the little brunette on her way to his house was the right candidate for him. Initially, he'd rejected her application, but something made him reconsider. She had no idea what she was getting into, and that annoyed him. He wondered how she'd ended up here.

At exactly 5:58 PM, Katherine pulled into his driveway. He wasn't sure how that old beat up pick-up truck she was driving even made it up the hill to his house. He watched her from the foyer window as she stepped out of the truck and took in the house. She already looked intimidated, and he hadn't even done anything to her yet. It was one thing to be submissive, but *afraid* just wasn't going to work.

He opened the door before she could knock. She stumbled back. Obviously his presence had taken her by

surprise.

“Hello, Katherine.” He motioned for her to come inside.  
“Welcome to my home.”

“Thank you for having me, Sir.” She spoke so softly, he almost missed that last part.

“You’ve done some research since we last spoke,” he noted. “And you came anyway.”

“I want to be here,” she whispered, but she didn’t seem too certain.

“Are you telling me or asking me?” he said. “The burden will be on you to prove that you really want this.”

She pushed the stray hair from her face and gave him a nervous look.

“Since this is a test weekend and you’ve never done this before, it won’t be as formal as I’m accustomed to. You obviously don’t know the rules, but I’m still going to push you, and I do expect to get what I want out of this.”

She nodded as she fidgeted with her hands. He could see how uncomfortable she was and he knew it was his responsibility to ease her into this.

“But I can promise you’ll be just as fulfilled as I am. Part of my job is to bring you physical pleasure beyond your wildest dreams. I’ll make all of your fantasies come true.”

“Oh,” she whispered.

He moved closer to her and stared into her eyes before asking, “May I take your bag?”

“Thank you.”



“Come, let me show you around.” He placed her bag at the foot of the steps and headed down the foyer. Luke figured he’d show her the downstairs first before taking her up to the sub bedroom. He wasn’t sure she’d be staying anyway.

They headed for the kitchen where he asked her to take a seat at the island in the center of the massive room. “This room is a safe place for you,” he informed her. “You may speak freely here and voice your concerns, but you must still be respectful. If we have our meals in here, I’d like to engage you in conversation, learn about you, and share details about myself with you.”

“You want to get to know me?”

He sat down next to her and leaned into her. “I can’t be fulfilled with just sex, and you shouldn’t be either. The things we’ll share together will require us to be intimate, and how can we do that if we don’t know one another?”

“I-I don’t know,” she stuttered.

She ran her fingers through her hair and chewed on her bottom lip. Luke noticed she had several nervous habits he hoped he could break. But he was getting way ahead of himself. He wasn’t even sure this was a project he wanted to take on. It was so much work to train a new sub, and he hadn’t done it in years. This was exactly why he dreaded this whole process. He had a pile of applications containing information about women who had no business even approaching him.

“At first, it will be about sex and bringing physical pleasure to one another, but it’s more than that, at least when this relationship is done right. We’ll grow together, and I’ll

help you realize even though you may be submissive, you're a strong, confident woman underneath it."

She shook her head and looked down.

"You don't think that's true?" Luke asked, wondering what she truly expected to gain from this experience.

He stared at her and for a brief moment he considered asking her to leave. He couldn't help but notice what an exquisite young woman she was. Her long, brown hair fell down her back and curled gently at the ends. It appeared soft and smooth, and he wondered how it would smell. The color of her eyes matched her hair, but they showed so much uncertainty. Her skin was like porcelain; not a blemish on her face. He had to assume the rest of her body was just as flawless.

She looked up into his eyes, and for the first time he felt like he saw her. She was breathtaking, so young and new. He realized this might be a bigger mistake than he'd initially thought. He needed to focus if he expected to get through tonight.

"You've realized you want to be dominated," he continued. "That takes more courage than most women, or men for that matter, have. You showed up here even after I told you this wouldn't be easy. You're walking into unknown territory."

"Something keeps screaming at me that I need to try this," she admitted.

"Then let's try." He rose from his seat and extended his hand for her. They headed up the back staircase and to the

submissive bedroom. He felt her body tense when she stopped in the doorway, so he turned to see what the problem was.

Her wide brown eyes perused the bedroom, and then the grip she had on his hand loosened.

“We’re not going into the playroom this weekend,” he said, because he suspected that was what she was afraid of. “As much as I’d like to tie you to the table in there and have you scream in pleasure, I don’t think you’re ready for that.”

Luke’s cock stiffened just thinking about binding and fucking her hard, but he didn’t see them ever making it past this test weekend. And he wasn’t taking an inexperienced sub into his playroom for just one night. He had a reputation to protect in this particular circle.

“This is where you’ll sleep,” he informed her. “My room is down the hall, and while we will play in there from time to time, you will not sleep in my bed unless you are invited.”

“Do you ever invite your subs to sleep with you?”

“That’s not your concern,” he snapped. “And we’re not in the kitchen, so you are not to speak freely here.”

“I’m sorry,” she whispered.

Luke felt bad for his abruptness, but he couldn’t let his feelings about her being so young and naive become a weakness. She was here because he was a Dominant and she thought she was a submissive. They’d be finding out very soon if she had what it took.

“No need to apologize, Katherine,” he said a bit softer. “This is still a learning process. Just pay attention to everything I tell you, follow my lead, and you’ll be fine.”

“Yes, Sir.” She looked down at the floor and fidgeted with her hands.

“Much better,” he assured her. “My bedroom is three doors down. “It’s the one with the double doors at the end of the hall. I need to make a phone call, but when I’m finished, you will be in my room, waiting for me. If you’ve read the packet I gave you, you’ll know what I expect of you.”

Her eyes widened which indicated to him she knew exactly what he expected. He didn’t think she’d go through with it.

“Still want to try?” He’d give her every opportunity to stop this.

“Yes.”

“Yes?” He quirked a brow at her.

“Sir, I mean, yes, Sir, I want to try,” she stammered. “I’m sorry.”

Luke wondered how many more times she’d screw this up.

“Since this is a test weekend, you will use the word, ‘stop’ as a safe word,” he reminded her. “It’s not a word typically used in this situation, and if you do become my sub, we’ll decide on another word. But for tonight it’ll do.” This was all outlined in the packet he had given her in his office. “If I do something you don’t like or if I’m pushing you too hard, you say that word and I’ll stop the scene and we can discuss your fears. I’m not here to abuse you, and it’s important for you to understand that you have the power.” He’d have to change the safe word if they were going to progress with this

arrangement, but since this was all so new to her, he believed that was the best word for now.

The skin between her eyebrows crinkled and he could tell she was confused.

“You may ask your question.”

“I thought you had the power?”

“Hmm,” he mused. “So, I see you haven’t done all of your research.” He headed for the door, being elusive on purpose. “I’ll meet you in my bedroom in ten minutes. If you’re late, I’ll assume you’ve changed your mind.”

He headed downstairs to his office. He didn’t really need to make a phone call, although he did briefly ponder calling Colin, his friend and mentor, but Colin would just talk him out of this. Colin was the one who had introduced Luke to this lifestyle in the first place and helped him figure out who he really was. Colin would say he didn’t need to train anyone, much less a twenty-one year old kid who’d only had one previous sexual partner and no experience in this way of life.

Luke had a stack of applications sitting on his desk, just waiting for him to choose the sub of his desires. He hadn’t had any interest in looking at them since Katherine’s information caught his eye. He’d have to pick a suitable applicant, but first he needed to get the gorgeous girl, hopefully waiting upstairs on her knees for him, out of his system. Then they could both move on from here.

He glanced at his watch before picking up her bag at the bottom of the staircase and depositing it in the sub bedroom.

She wasn't in her room, so that must have meant she was in his.

Luke walked slowly down the hall, taking a deep breath before entering his room. Part of him kept thinking how wrong this was. What he was about to command her to do. But the other part of him rationalized and said she wanted to be here. He hadn't forced her to come to his home. She'd sought him out. He gave her the information and she came anyway.

He opened the doors and watched as she jumped. She quickly settled herself back into position and waited for him to speak. He could practically see her heart beating out of her chest as she anticipated his approach, but he took his time and it seemed like hours before he even moved from the doorway.

"Fuck!" he whispered so low he knew she didn't hear it.

He was instantly hard at the sight before him. She was kneeling in the corner by the French doors where he had placed pillows for her to rest on. The way the moonlight reflected around the dimly lit room illuminated off her pale skin. Her long dark hair fell over her shoulders and down her back. She was completely naked, on her knees, waiting to serve him. Totally submissive. It was beautiful. She was exactly the reason he participated in this lifestyle.

She didn't look up from the floor as he approached her, but her breathing picked up as he moved to stand directly in front of her. He stood over her for a few seconds as he watched her delicate body tremble.

"Look at me," he demanded in a soft but firm voice.

She raised her head only slightly as he reached down and took her chin in his hand. He needed to look into her eyes and make sure he wasn't doing anything to this remarkable creature she didn't want.

“Do you need to tell me anything?” he asked, offering her one last out before her mouth was otherwise occupied.

“No, Sir,” she whispered.

With his hand still on her chin, he guided her up so that she was no longer resting on her calves. She was now on her knees and staring up at him, waiting for his command.

“Unbuckle my jeans,” he murmured, never taking his eyes away from hers.

She reached up with shaky hands and did as he instructed. He could sense how anxious she was, and he hoped she'd find a way to overcome her nerves.

“Now my button and zipper,” he directed her.

She swallowed hard and then did what he told her to. She waited for him to tell her what to do.

“I like how you're waiting for me to tell you to continue.” He ran his fingers through her hair. He took a handful of those long, luscious locks and tightened his grip. She sucked in a sharp breath. “Take my pants and boxers off.”

She closed her eyes and pulled his clothes off the lower half of his body. He quickly stepped out of them and kicked them aside. When she was finished, he moved her head so that she was directly in front of his cock. Once he felt her warm breath tickling his balls, he knew this wasn't going to take

long. He'd been in between subs for a month and hadn't had any kind of release in that time, so he was more than ready.

Luke had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from smiling as Katherine looked mesmerized by the sight before her. His cock was long and thick, and since she lacked experience, she'd probably never seen one this big before.

"Take me in your mouth," he said. "Now!"

She hesitated as she stared at his rather large appendage. Even he knew when standing at full attention, he was pretty impressive, but something told him she could do this.

"There's no room for hesitation here," he spoke in a calm voice. "You either want to or you don't."

She nodded and leaned in closer to him, slowly raising her hand to tentatively touch him. He immediately realized she had no idea how to proceed.

*Are you fucking kidding me*, he thought. He knew he'd have to train her how to be a sub, but the basics? How to suck his cock? This couldn't be happening. He thought every young girl these days performed oral. Wasn't it some sort of rite of passage in high school?

He released her hair and took her chin in his hand again, guiding her mouth closer to where he desperately needed it to be. *She might as well learn something useful while she's here*, he thought.

"Open up," he whispered.

When she did as he asked, he thrust his hips forward. She jerked away, but he tightened his grip on her chin, effectively holding her in place. She didn't progress for a few



seconds, but then she moved her mouth slowly over the head of his cock. He cupped her cheeks between his hands and forced her closer.

“The whole thing,” he said. “Take all of me in your mouth.” He looked down at her and almost lost his load when he saw his cock so close to her lips.

He could tell she was trying not to gag herself as she tried to take him further into her mouth. She stopped and allowed her lips to slide back down to his tip again. Her mouth was warm and soft, and he could come just like this, but that wasn't the point. He wanted a full-out blowjob and that was what he was getting.

He grabbed a fistful of her hair and pushed himself into her mouth. “If you can't take my cock in your mouth, how am I ever going to fuck you anyplace else?”

His crass words must have been the motivation she needed, because before he knew it, she relaxed her throat and was taking him as deep as she could, wrapping her fingers around the base. His hips moved with the rhythm she had set as his hand tightened around her hair.

“Use your teeth,” he demanded.

She scraped her teeth along his shaft without any hesitation whatsoever. She was a natural as she sucked and licked him into oblivion. He squeezed his eyes shut and moaned out a few expletives as she continued to bring him closer to the edge.

He continued to thrust rough against her face, and if he was pulling her hair too hard she didn't complain. He felt that

familiar pressure building in his abs as it shot directly through his balls.

“Fuck, Katherine,” he yelled. “I’m gonna come, and you’re gonna swallow everything I give to you.”

She hummed around his cock, the vibration being the last thing he needed to bring him total pleasure. He held her head still as he shot his load in long, hot spurts down her throat.

He continued to move against her face as he came down from his orgasm, and then looking down at her, he gently pulled out of her mouth. His breathing hadn’t returned to normal yet and his legs were weak, but he managed to speak.

“Well done.” He massaged her scalp, in an attempt to soothe the ache he was sure she was feeling from all of his tugging on her hair.

She looked up at him with those trusting brown eyes and he saw the young girl who had walked into his office earlier that week. She quickly averted her eyes to the floor.

*What had he done?* He was almost sick over what he had just asked her to do.

He just forced his cock into this sweet girl’s mouth without even asking if she had ever done that before. It was obvious she hadn’t, but he made her do it anyway. He released her hair and extended his hand, helping her up from the floor. He couldn’t look at her, so he took the coward’s way out.

“You may go to your bedroom now.” He quietly spoke without making eye contact.

“What?”

Luke snapped his head in her direction, daring her to defy him again. She dropped her head and ran out of the bedroom. She managed to hold back a sob until she was in her room with the door shut, but he still heard her.

Luke pulled on his pants and sat on the edge of the bed. He wondered what the fuck was wrong with him. He had never let a sub influence him this way before. It was true, some test weekends didn't work out, but never because he wasn't sure of what he was doing.

He closed his eyes and collapsed onto the bed. He couldn't get the images of Katherine, staring up at him and waiting for his every command, out of his head. But wasn't that what she should be doing? She had done exactly what he'd asked her to do. Despite her fears, she didn't safe word, so what the fuck was his problem? He had a willing participant down the hall, waiting for him, and he wasn't sure what to do with her.

He had to put an end to this. He couldn't keep her here an entire weekend if he had no intentions of moving forward with this arrangement. This had already gone much too far. He walked down the hall and gently knocked on the door.

“May I come in?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed, dressed in a pair of soft pink sweats. He noted that she looked uncomfortable and embarrassed. He had to put her out of her misery.

He paced the room before he found the words. “I appreciate that you went through with what you did in my

bedroom, but clearly this isn't going to work out."

"Why not?" she mumbled as she looked down at her lap.  
"Did I not do it right?"

"Katherine." He sighed. "You see, the fact that you have to ask me that shows me you're out of your element. And as much as I'd like to help you with this journey, I just don't think I have what it takes to train you."

"I see." She got up from the bed and gathered her few belongings that were scattered on the dresser. "Well, thanks for tonight, I guess." She shoved her stuff into the bag.

"I didn't mean to humiliate you or degrade you with what happened in my bedroom."

"That's not when you humiliated me," she countered.

"Excuse me?" He was a little stunned by her tone. He wasn't used to being spoken to that way, especially not from a sub. This one had some spunk, which made her even more enticing.

"You know what, never mind," she said. "Maybe you're not the right Dom for me. Is there someone you could suggest?"

"What?" Was she kidding? She wanted a referral?

"You've been traveling these circles for quite some time, is there anyone you could recommend?" She was so determined.

"You still want to do this?" he asked, a bit bewildered.

"I need to see this through."

“I don’t know.” He ran his fingers through his hair. “Let me think about it.”

There was no way he was handing her over to someone else. There were too many cruel men out there, and she could be scarred for life. He had seen too much, and as unwavering as she was, she just wasn’t prepared for all that his world involved. Even if she thought she was.

“You know how to reach me,” she said as she headed for the door.

“Wait!” He moved in front of her to block her from exiting. “Give me this week to figure it out.” He didn’t know why, but he wasn’t willing to let this go.

“You’ll find someone else for me?”

“Just promise me you won’t go looking on your own,” he said. “I’ll be in touch.”

## Chapter 3

### *Second test weekend...*

When Luke called Katherine later that week, she was sure it was to give her the number of another Dominant. She was surprised when he invited her back to his house for another test weekend. At first, she thought she should decline. Maybe this man wasn't all he was cracked up to be. He'd practically thrown her out of his house in the middle of the night after she had given him oral sex. She was still angry with herself for allowing him to use her like that. He'd gotten what he wanted and then told her she wasn't going to work out. She knew that being a submissive could put her in some humiliating circumstances, but what happened at his house made her feel dirty and unwanted. She wouldn't let that happen again.

But after feeling that little bit of satisfaction and power over making him feel the way she had in his bedroom she couldn't let this go. It was the only thing in her life she found fulfilling. As much as she wanted it to be with him, she'd be willing to explore other options. She wasn't sure where she'd found that burst of courage to ask him to find someone else for her, but she was glad she did.

This time she arrived at his house on Saturday afternoon, per his request. He greeted her and led her to the family room. She felt awkward and ashamed to be standing in front of him after what had taken place the last time she was here.

She was extremely unsettled by his demeanor. His frame was tall and muscular, and he had the most perfect posture she'd ever seen. He towered over her, making her feel even more intimidated than she already did. He looked different than that day in his office. His hair was untamed and instead of a suit, he was wearing faded blue jeans and a tight, form-fitting black t-shirt that displayed his well-defined chest and shoulders. This was how he'd been dressed for their first test weekend, and Katherine wondered if it was his Dom uniform.

“Please sit down,” he instructed.

She sat on the loveseat while he chose to sit on the chair across from her. She was grateful he was sitting, because it made her particularly nervous when he paced.

She also noticed he didn't believe in wasting any time. “I apologize for the way things turned out the other night. I wasn't sure you'd agree to come back, so thank you for keeping an open mind.”

She nodded.

“This room is another place where you may speak freely,” he told her. “Just remember to be respectful.”

“Why did you change your mind?” she asked, because she thought it was important to know so she didn't end up blowing him and then getting kicked to the curb again. That had to be the most humiliating experience of her life. She was mortified that after doing something so intimate with him, he could inform her a few minutes later that it wasn't going to work out.

“Because I didn’t think you were serious about this until you asked me for a referral,” he admitted. “I’m not handing you over to someone else. If you want to do this, it needs to be me who shows you.”

“Why?” She wasn’t clear on the ‘it had to be him’ part and wanted an explanation.

“I don’t need to explain myself.” He sighed. “But I’ll just tell you that you won’t regret it.”

“I can do this,” she told him with certainty.

“There isn’t any doubt in my mind that you can do it. I see how submissive you are, but that might not be enough.”

“I want to do this. Please teach me.”

He stood up so abruptly it frightened her. He extended his hand and said, “Come.”

“Yes, Sir.” She stood and followed him upstairs. She wondered where they were headed. They passed both his and the submissive bedrooms and then stopped directly in front of the door at the opposite end of the hall. At first, she thought he was taking her to a dungeon or a cage. Again, she realized she had no idea what she was getting herself into. She’d clearly read too much on the internet, or at least she hoped he didn’t have a cage. Her imagination was getting the better of her.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a black silk scarf. “Do you trust me?”

“Yes, Sir.” He frightened her, but oddly, trust wasn’t an issue. There was something in his eyes, a look that made her feel special, that made her think she could put her faith in him.



He moved behind her, placed the scarf over her eyes, and gently tied it around her head. She couldn't see anything but darkness, and she guessed that was the point. She felt his breath against her ear. It sent chills down her back.

“You'll need to trust me,” he whispered. “You may use the safe word ‘stop’ if I'm doing something you don't like. Nod if you understand.”

She swallowed hard, but managed to nod.

“You won't speak unless you are asked a direct question. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl.” His warm tongue brushed against her earlobe making her more nervous than she already was. Then she heard the sound of the doorknob turning. He took her hand and tugged her forward. She immediately noticed the temperature in this new room was a few degrees cooler than the rest of the house. It caused her to shiver, but that reaction could also have been from nerves.

She jumped at the sound of the door shutting behind them, and she wanted desperately to see where they were. He continued to lead her deeper into the room, and she stumbled a couple of times before finding her balance. It was extremely disorienting not to be able to see if anything was in front of her, but she trusted he wouldn't let her bang into anything.

He turned her body slightly and leaned into her ear. His warm breath sent a vibration down her body that landed right between her thighs. This man was a total panty dropper even without being able to see his face.

“Nothing will happen in here that you don’t want,” he said. “You hold all the power. If you tell me to stop then it’s over. Nod if you understand.”

She nodded, because she understood, but had no intentions of telling him to stop.

He moved away from her, and she instantly missed his presence. She didn’t dare move because, one, she didn’t know where she was and what she could smack into, and two, she wasn’t told she could move. So, she stood frozen and waited for him to tell her what to do next. Katherine quickly recalled from their last meeting that Luke didn’t allow much room for error, and now she was afraid she wouldn’t be able to go through with this after all. *What if I disappointed him? What if this is something I can’t handle?*

She heard noises behind her, like a drawer opening and closing and then footsteps coming toward her. He was close enough now that his warm breath caressed her lips as he took her hands and placed them against his chest. He’d removed his shirt so she could now feel his smooth, bare skin as he moved her hands up and down the hard planes of his stomach and chest, finally resting them on his shoulders. His body was warm, and he was breathing heavily.

“We’re in my playroom, if you haven’t already figured that out,” he spoke against her jaw. He smelled so clean and fresh, like shaving cream and soap. It occurred to Katherine that he must have showered before she arrived.

She had this incredible urge to turn her face and kiss him, but she was certain that wasn’t allowed. He slowly trailed his lips down her jaw and to her neck. Her body was on fire,

and suddenly it didn't feel as cool as she'd initially thought it was in this room. A thin layer of cold sweat began to gather at the nape of her neck. The closer he got to her and the more he whispered in her ear, the more she wanted. She had this overwhelming urge to please him.

"I still don't think you're ready for what's in this room," he said. "So, you'll remain blindfolded."

She didn't want to see the room as much as she wanted to see him. Her mind was in overdrive thinking about what he looked like without a shirt. Yeah, she had already seen his massive cock, but she wanted to see the whole package. She was certain he was amazing.

He took her hands and pulled her forward. She was so disoriented she didn't know if she was facing toward the door or the opposite end of the room. It was so quiet that the only sound she could hear was their breathing until she heard the unmistakable sound of his zipper being lowered. The next thing she felt was him pulling her to stand between his legs. Her knees hit something hard, almost like a metal object, and she realized he was sitting. He took her hand and rubbed it against the smooth skin of his erection.

"Feel what you're doing to me," he said. "Having you here, submitting to my every desire has made me hard and I want to come. Maybe if you're a good girl, I'll allow you a release this time."

*Oh please*, she wanted to scream. When she'd left here last week, she'd been so keyed up. She thought she might explode if he didn't do something to relieve this ache between her thighs. It might have been the only reason she agreed to

come back and put herself through this. She'd spent all week fantasizing about his thin, sexy lips, and those eyes. They were the most unique shade of green she'd ever seen. And she couldn't stop thinking about the sounds he'd made when she was sucking him off. Katherine took satisfaction in the fact that she elicited those feral sounds from deep within his chest. The more he liked it, the harder he pulled her hair. That made her feel powerful, just like he said it would. She was practically dripping down her thighs and he hadn't even touched her. She should have been sickened by a practical stranger releasing in her mouth, but it turned her on and made her want him even more. She could never have imagined the pleasure she'd gain by performing such a forbidden act.

She gasped when she felt the swift swat of his hand make contact with her backside.

"Just because I can't see your eyes doesn't mean I can't tell you're not paying attention."

She wondered how he knew she was lost in thought. *Is he that good?*

"Take your clothes off for me, and take your time," he said. "We have all night. I've been thinking about your body all week, and I want to move my hands and mouth over every inch of you."

*So, this was really happening now*, she thought. Her hands were trembling as she brought them up to the buttons of her blouse. She slowly undid the first three, and then suddenly, she felt his hands on hers. He was so quiet she didn't even hear him get up.

“I think I’d like to help.” He moved her hands away and continued to unbutton the rest of her shirt, gently slipping it off her shoulders and then placing soft, open-mouth kisses along her neck. She instinctively reached up and tangled her fingers in his hair, but realized that may have been a mistake.

He moved away and then she heard him settle back down to wherever it was he’d been sitting. “I didn’t give you permission to touch me. That’s unacceptable, especially in my playroom.”

She opened her mouth to speak but quickly remembered she wasn’t given permission to do that either.

“Continue undressing for me,” he said. “I want to see the body that will belong to me and only me.”

His voice was thick, and his breathing was labored. She could hear a rustling noise, but sensed he was still sitting in front of her. She needed to know what he was doing.

She kicked off her shoes and moved them away with her foot because she didn’t need to be tripping over them when he instructed her to move. She unbuttoned her jeans and gradually lowered the zipper before sliding them down her hips and stepping out of them. The heat was rising up over her chest and settling into her cheeks. She had a pretty decent body, but would it meet his expectations?

“Keep going,” he instructed. “You’re beautiful.”

She pushed her bra straps down over her shoulders and reached around to unclasp it, letting it fall to the floor. She mentally praised herself for wearing a matching black bra and panty set. Just as she was reaching down to pull off her thong,

she felt his hand on her wrist as he roughly pulled her toward him.

She hated not being able to see his expression. She had no idea what was coming next, not that she'd be able to read him if she could see him.

He placed her hand on his hard cock again and stroked over her fingers, forcing her to move with him. She could feel the moisture that had beaded at the tip and licked her lips at the memory of tasting him the last time they were together.

“I’ve been touching myself as you’ve been undressing,” he admitted. “And it gave me an idea, one that I’d like to explore later.”

The low, husky tone of his voice was driving her crazy, and it made her want to stroke him harder and faster, but she didn’t want to screw up again, so she waited for him to tell her what to do next.

“You’ll touch yourself for me, and show me what you like,” he promised. “I’m going to watch as you make yourself come.”

Katherine let out a small moan. She wasn’t sure why, but the thought of him watching as she pleased herself was a complete turn on. She wanted to do that for him.

“But first...” he said as his strong arms effortlessly picked her up and placed her in the center of a bed.

*A bed? In his playroom?* At least she thought it was a bed.

“It’s time for me to play,” he continued. “I’m going to bind your hands to the bed since you’ve already proven you

can't keep them to yourself. I'm using the same material that's over your eyes, so it won't hurt. Not today, anyway."

He took her right arm and placed it above her head, and then she felt the soft silk of the scarf being wrapped around her wrist and secured to a cold metal object. It must have been the bed frame, but she couldn't be certain without actually seeing it. He did the same to her left arm. She wasn't afraid, just curious as to what would happen next.

He lowered his body over hers, and she tensed as he spread her legs and positioned himself between them. She hoped he didn't enter her without any warning.

No, she thought, he was too skilled for that. His warm lips trailed across her jaw and down her neck as he caressed her nipples with his fingertips. They hardened under his touch.

"Your body is already so responsive to me," he whispered. "If I touched between your legs, I wonder if you'd be wet."

She could answer that question in no uncertain terms, but he already knew what he'd find there. He slipped his hand down between her legs and ran his finger over her sensitive slit.

"Hmm...so wet." He inserted a finger inside her, quickly finding her clit and pressing against it.

She bit down on her bottom lip to stifle a moan because she wasn't sure she was allowed to voice her pleasure. He had said she should only speak when asked a direct question.

He leaned down and whispered into her ear. "I think you like that. Do you like when I finger you?"

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned. “It feels so good.” She shamelessly thrust her heated, desperate pussy into his hand.

He pulled his finger out and gave her most intimate area a gentle slap, but because she couldn't see it coming, it came as a shock, and it stung. “Don't be so eager or I won't let you come.”

She sighed in frustration, and then she heard him let out a light chuckle. She didn't think she'd ever heard him laugh before. It was sexy.

He slipped his finger back inside her as she felt him lean down to take her nipple between his teeth. He bit down softly and then licked over her pebbled flesh. He added another finger and worked her faster. It had been so long since she'd been touched like this, and if she was being honest, it never felt this good before. With his free hand, he hiked her leg up over his hip, causing his fingers to slide deeper inside her as he nipped against her collarbone. She muffled a scream against his shoulder because she didn't know what else to do.

He moved his lips up to her mouth and ever so softly brushed against her lips. That was the closest he'd come to kissing her, and she wanted more.

He spoke against her mouth. “I'm going to fuck you now, and I want to hear you scream.”

Before she knew what was happening he had both of her legs wrapped around his waist and he was pushing inside her. Luke paused for a moment. Katherine knew how tight she was, and she worried he wouldn't fit.



She took in a sharp breath as he continued to push. It had been a long time since she'd had sex, and her previous partner was nowhere near as big as he was. She wrapped her legs as tightly as she could around his hips and hoped he didn't tear into her.

He stopped moving and asked, "Are you okay?"

"Yes," she managed to breathe out. She shuddered thinking how sore she was going to be in the morning, but she had a strong feeling it would be worth it.

"Do you need me to stop?"

"No, Sir. I want this," she told him with as much conviction as she could find under the circumstances.

"Just relax for me," he whispered as he moved slower this time. "God, you're so tight."

He slipped all the way in, pulling and stretching her as he went. The discomfort slowly faded away and was replaced with the most amazing sensation. It no longer mattered that she couldn't use her hands or see what was happening. She didn't need to. He was leading the way. She was totally submitting, and it was exactly what she needed.

Her body took over, and she couldn't feel anything but him. Nothing else mattered. As she listened to him moan in satisfaction, she felt empowered again. It was her making this powerful, confident man feel this way. She had the power. He was right.

"Katherine," he moaned. "You're perfect, just what I've been waiting for." He rocked against her a few more times before running his hand down her stomach and between her

legs. He reached inside her swollen, heated lips and rubbed her clit, heightening her experience.

“Oh...that feels...I think...” She couldn’t get the words out fast enough, so she closed her eyes and let all of the sensations she was feeling take over. Her body shook and shuddered violently as she came hard against him.

He followed a few seconds later with what seemed to be an equally intense occurrence for him. His warm release shot inside her as he gripped and clawed her hips. She’d have bruises there in the morning, but she didn’t care. She wanted him to mark what was his. She wanted to belong to him.

He rolled off her and quickly untied her hands, rubbing where she’d been restrained. Her shoulders were burning from the position she had been in, but it wasn’t anything she couldn’t handle. He slipped the blindfold from her eyes, causing her to blink a few times before she noticed the room was completely dark. She looked around and tried to focus, but she couldn’t see anything.

“The sun has set,” he informed her. “And the shades are drawn, so there isn’t any natural light in here.” He ran the back of his fingers down her cheek. Strangely, his touch relaxed her and helped her adjust to her surroundings.

Katherine stretched her muscles and shifted herself into a more comfortable position.

“Are you okay?” he asked just as he had done during their encounter.

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered.

“I want to explore this further,” he told her as he ran his fingers down her arm. “Are you still interested?”

“Yes, I am,” she said with a newly found confidence.

After experiencing what they had just shared, there was no way she could stay away.

## Chapter 4

### *First official weekend...*

Luke had serious reservations about this whole arrangement and while he battled with himself over his decision, training Katherine was the right thing to do. She'd walk away from this a submissive, or she'd never want to do it again, either way, he felt he should be the one to guide her. What were a few weeks or even months? When this was over, he'd go back to a more experienced participant.

He sat in the dining room and waited for her to enter the house. On Thursday evenings, he would text a set of instructions for what he expected from her on Friday. It could be as simple as where to pick up dinner, what to wear, or what he wanted her to do once she arrived.

Since this was their first full weekend together, he'd asked her to meet him in the dining room. Luke glanced at his watch and smiled when he saw she had about thirty seconds to spare when she appeared, seemingly flustered, in the doorway. She was wearing a tight gray sweater, short denim skirt that barely covered anything, and black boots that stopped just below the knee.

"I-I couldn't remember where the dining room was," she explained. "The house is really big."

He shook his head, because he didn't want any excuses. She stood in the doorway with her head lowered, waiting for his next direction.

“From now on, you’ll remove your shoes and jacket and place them in the foyer closet before entering any other parts of the house.”

She nodded.

“This is *not* a room where you may speak freely,” he continued. “Of course, you can always safe word if you don’t like where I’m taking things, but as long as you enter my home on time on Friday evenings, you belong to me until Sunday afternoon.”

She continued to stare at the floor.

“Come to me,” he said. “Kneel at my feet.”

She slowly walked toward him and did as he told her to do.

“When we’re in this room, you will sit by my feet,” he said. “Unless I tell you otherwise.”

He ran his fingers through her hair, but he could see how stiff her body was. She was clearly nervous and unsure.

“Are you afraid of me?”

“Umm, n-no, Sir,” she stuttered. “Well, maybe just a little.”

“I appreciate your honesty. Fear isn’t a bad thing, Katherine. It motivates us,” he said as he continued to stroke her hair. “It’s natural to be afraid of the unknown, but you don’t have to fear me. I’m here to take care of you, to guide you and protect you, but most importantly, I want to bring you pleasure.”

With his free hand, he picked up the paper that was on the table. “This is your checklist. I want to go over it again to make sure you’re certain on all the points you’re willing to try, and in some cases, not try.”

Luke perused the list, but he already had it committed to memory. It was very straightforward, and she really didn’t have many hard limits. Most of them were mutual; things he would never try with her, like breath play, public humiliation, golden showers, or anything that would risk her physical safety. There was one that he was hoping they could negotiate in the future.

“You’ve listed several soft limits,” he reminded her. “These are limits that you’d be willing to try as we go forward, but have the right to change your mind. I’ll only push you as far as I think you’re emotionally capable. Some of these negotiations won’t occur until you’re much further into this journey. Many of your hard limits are understandable and I agree completely, but there is one that I’m curious about.”

She looked up at him with panic in her eyes.

“Don’t worry. I respect this list and your limits,” he said as he caressed her cheek. “I won’t force you to do anything, but what is it that you have against anal sex?”

“I don’t have anything against it,” she whispered, and he could see she was embarrassed. “I just didn’t think a man and a woman did that, so I put it as a hard limit.”

He had to suppress a smirk.

“You’re such a sweet girl,” he said. “Your innocence is refreshing, but a man and a woman can certainly have anal

sex, and when it's done right, it'll bring you nothing but pleasure, and in my opinion, it's rather erotic. Will you do something for me?"

She nodded.

"I want you to research it. Take your time and think about it, and maybe sometime in the future, we'll revisit it. Is that something you'd be willing to do?"

"Yes, Sir," she said. "I'll do that for you."

"Thank you. Your trust means everything to me. Have you given any thought to a safe word?"

They had talked about using words like green, yellow and red in the beginning, so that Luke would be able to learn her limitations and how quickly she'd like to take things in the playroom, but he wanted her to have one word she could use if the scene ever became too intense and she needed to stop immediately.

"Yes, Sir, I've come up with a word that I'd like to use."

"Let's hear it."

"Runway." She chewed on her bottom lip and waited for him to respond.

"Like what a model walks on?"

"Yes, Sir, you said I could pick any word I wanted."

"Very well," he said. "That shall be your new safe word. When I ask where we are in a scene, I'd like you to respond with *green* if you want to continue, *yellow* if you want me to slow down and *red* if you don't want to continue. You'll use

*runway* when you need to tell me to stop immediately. Are we clear?”

“Yes, Sir. I understand.”

He put the checklist back on the table, feeling satisfied that she was sure, and reached for the small box he’d placed there before she’d arrived.

“Look at me,” he said as he guided her chin up. “I have something for you.” He opened the box and pulled out the delicate sterling silver anklet he’d purchased after their time last weekend. He’d never collared a sub this quickly, but the thought of her being touched by anyone else infuriated him. He wasn’t sure why, but he kept telling himself it was because she was so new and untouched. That couldn’t be tainted.

“This is a form of a collar,” he said. “It’s a symbol of what this relationship represents, and if you accept it, you are to wear it when you are in my presence. I’d prefer if you wore it all the time as a reminder of what you are to me. I chose a subtle collar for that purpose, but I also noticed you don’t wear any other jewelry, so I didn’t want anything that would feel intrusive to you.”

He held out the anklet and showed her the heart-shaped padlock that dangled from the chain. She looked into his eyes.

“You may speak.”

“It’s very pretty,” she said. “I’d be honored to wear it.”

A huge sense of relief came over him at her acceptance. He hadn’t been sure if she’d be willing to commit so quickly, and it had caused him some stress over the past few days.

“Do you know what it represents?”



“I belong to you,” she quietly answered.

“That’s correct, and essentially, I to you.”

She stared at him as she pondered his words. She was so easy to read, because her face gave away everything she was thinking.

“Maybe not in the same way, but once I place this collar on you, we’re monogamous. I’m an extremely jealous man, and I don’t like anyone to touch what’s mine.” He abruptly stood up and extended his hand. She took it and allowed him to help her up. “Are you ready for such a commitment?”

“Yes, Sir,” she answered in no uncertain terms.

He nodded as he grabbed her by the waist and placed her on the table.

She gasped at his speed, but now he was anxious to get this done. He didn’t know what it was about her, but he was always afraid she’d change her mind.

He reached for her boot and slowly slid it off her leg. “These are very sexy and maybe later, I’ll fuck you with them on.”

A smile graced her lips, and he wondered if she was thinking about the first time they had sex. He personally couldn’t stop thinking about it all week.

He reached for the other boot and pulled that one off too before spreading her knees and positioning himself in between them. He figured he’d make the collaring as ceremoniously as he could. He ran his hands up her inner thighs and over the thin lace of her panties.

“Your skin is so soft,” he whispered, leaning in and brushing his lips against her neck just below her ear. He trailed up to her ear and swirled his tongue inside it while he let his fingers slip inside her panties.

“Hmm,” she breathed out, throwing her head back and gripping his shoulders.

“From now on,” he mumbled against her ear, “leave these in the foyer too.” He tugged on her panties, pulling them down her legs and tossing them on the floor.

Yes, Sir,” she whispered.

Her body responded to him so easily, and he knew he could mold her into anything he wanted her to be. She reached for the buttons of his shirt, but he grabbed her hands and pushed them away, shaking his head. She looked up at him, and he could see the hurt in her eyes.

“There will be times when you’ll be able to touch me freely, but this is not one of them.” He’d have to see to it that she learned which one of them was in charge.

She nodded.

He placed his hands on her shoulders and gently pushed her back onto the table, sitting down in the chair and settling himself between her thighs. He pushed her legs up so that her knees were bent and her heels were on the edge of the table. She was always so tense, but he was learning that after a few minutes of him touching her, she relaxed.

Luke could smell her arousal as he moved his lips up her thigh, stopping at her entrance. She shifted, bringing her body

closer to his face. He inserted the tip of his tongue just at the opening and gave her folds a long, slow lick.

“Oh...” she moaned as her legs quivered against his shoulders.

He continued to leisurely lick her as he inserted his fingers, working her in rhythm with his tongue. His dick was so hard he had to shift in his seat to try and find some relief, but he wanted this to be about her. He wanted to show her that he was capable of bringing her pleasure without expecting anything in return.

“I...oh...” She clinched her thighs together, and he could tell from the way she was squirming and moaning that she was going to come, so he sucked her clit into his mouth and gently bit down, causing her to explode around his tongue.

She tasted incredible. He lapped up her juices for a few seconds before kissing his way down her leg, lingering at her ankle placing his collar on her. She sat up on her elbows and watched as he sealed their agreement. For the first time, she was smiling for him.

“You belong to me and only me,” he said as he stared into her eyes. “You’ll now refer to me as your Master.”

“Thank you, Master,” she shyly responded. “I won’t take it off.”

“Very good,” he said. “Are you hungry?”

“Yes, Master,” she answered. “But I’d be more than happy to pleasure you the way you just did me.”

“I appreciate that.” He helped her off the table and pulled her skirt back into place. “There’s dinner in the kitchen,

so please help yourself. When you're finished, you may shower and then you can stay in your bedroom or watch TV in the family room."

"Master? Are we not going to be together tonight?"

"This is not a room where you may ask me questions, but I'll make an exception tonight. If I require your services, I'll come find you," he said, but he could see the disappointment in her eyes. He took her face in his hands. "Katherine, we have all weekend, so it's probably wise to pace ourselves."

"Yes, Master." She lowered her head and then bent down to pick up her boots. And now that she'd said she would reconsider anal sex as a hard limit, all he could think about was shoving his cock inside her tight hole.

*Patience*, he thought. Wasn't it some sort of virtue?

He watched as she exited the room and walked toward the kitchen. The pacing speech was more for him than it was her, because if he had his way, they'd never leave the bed this weekend. No woman, sub or otherwise, had ever affected him this way before and he'd be damned if she'd make him lose one ounce of his famous control.

\* \* \* \*

As far as first weekends went, this one had been pretty successful. Luke hadn't required her services much, because he wanted to ease her into his world. He found he had a hard time keeping his hands off her, so he tried to limit their contact. They went into the playroom again on Saturday evening and he introduced her to some of the items they'd be

using over the next few weeks. He wanted her to become familiar with her new surroundings and get used to the idea of serving him every weekend.

He was a little disappointed when Sunday rolled around and she was getting ready to leave. He walked her to the foyer and placed her overnight bag by the door.

“You may want to consider leaving some things here,” he said. “It might be easier.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll pick up some clothes for you this week.” His personal assistant was very discreet and loved to shop for him, especially when he told her to add a few designer items to her own wardrobe.

“You don’t have to do that.”

“I know I don’t have to.”

“Yes, Master,” she shyly responded.

“I’ll see you back here next Friday?” he asked, hoping she didn’t change her mind.

“Yes.” She smiled. “I’m looking forward to it.”

He was too, but he couldn’t bring himself to tell her that. He was in control, and it had to stay that way if this was going to work.

“You know you can call or text me anytime throughout the week,” he reminded her. “If you have questions or concerns.”

He hoped she’d call.

“I’ll check in with you on Wednesday night,” he told her. “What would be a good time to call?”

“Around nine. I’ll be home by then and getting ready for bed.”

“Okay.” He took her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze before placing a chaste kiss on her forehead. “Thank you for serving me this weekend.”

“It was my pleasure, Master.” She smiled before picking up her bag and heading out to her old truck.

He watched as she got in and pulled away. She was an interesting creature, and the more time he spent with her, the more he wanted to learn about her. While he’d always been interested in his subs before, he never had the desire to really get to know them once they left his house.

He wanted to know everything about Katherine, and that concerned him. There was a reason he participated in this type of relationship. It was satisfying, fulfilling, and rarely complicated. He just hoped that wasn’t about to change.

# Chapter 5

## *Punctuality...*

It had been a cold, damp, rainy Friday. Katherine had a busy day at work and left the office much later than she wanted. When she managed to get to her truck, it wouldn't start.

“Not now!” She looked at her watch. Being late to Luke's house wasn't an option. After a few turns of the key, the old girl roared to life. Kat smiled at her faithful friend and sent a silent thanks to the God watching over her.

She merged onto the road and headed for his house. Sadly, being on time just wasn't meant to be. She pulled into his driveway and ran to the door. She quietly opened it and found him standing in the foyer, waiting for her. He'd never done that before.

She removed her coat and shoes and placed them in the closet as he had instructed her to do. All the while she could feel his eyes on her.

“You've violated our contract,” he simply stated in that low, commanding tone.

She looked at her watch.

6:04...four minutes late.

“The roads were really slow due to the weather, and my truck wouldn't start, and I left later than I should have.”

“Stop!” He held up his hand. “Do I look like a man who deals with excuses?”

“No, Master,” she whispered as she lowered her head.

“It’s insulting that you would offer me any. I expect you here at six.”

He stepped toward her and pushed the damp hair from her face, causing her to flinch. At times, she still couldn’t help but be afraid of him. He looked her over. Her clothes were wet and she was frazzled, but she stood there and waited for him to address her late arrival.

“You’re dismissed to your bedroom.” He stepped out of her way, giving her a clear path to the stairs. “You can take some time to reflect on the importance of being punctual.”

She nodded, holding back a sob as she turned toward the stairs. He didn’t say anything else as he headed down the foyer.

Banished to the sub bedroom all because she was four minutes late, but trying to explain to him that there was an accident on the main road and she got detoured would have been useless. He wasn’t looking for an excuse, and she knew that particular moment wasn’t the time to plead her case.

This was the first time she’d ever been sent up here before a scheduled playtime. If this was supposed to be a punishment, it was very effective. She liked being around him and wanted to get to know him better. He didn’t speak to her much outside of a scene over the weekend, and at times, it was awkward to share a living space in his house for two days. There was nothing conventional about this set up at all, but



Katherine didn't care because predictable hadn't seemed to work out for her before.

She had looked forward to spending time with Luke all week, but now she didn't expect to see him this evening. She'd screwed up, but eventually they'd have to move past this, so instead of stressing too much over what her Master had planned for her next, she decided to take a hot, relaxing shower.

She had known as soon as she turned onto that road and found cars backed up a mile long, that she was going to be late. But regardless of the reason she was late, she had been told to be here at a designated time and she'd disappointed him. That was the worst part. Not that she was being punished, although she was a little curious to see how far he'd actually take her first punishment. What bothered her most was she'd let him down. *And all because of four freakin' minutes.*

She stripped, neatly folded her clothes, and placed them in the corner of the room. Her Master required everything to be in order, and she didn't need to infuriate him any further. She slid open the glass doors, stepped inside the amazingly powerful jets, and eased her way under the spray. All of her work week stress seemed to evaporate whenever she entered his house. It was relinquishing the control, the pride she took in submitting to him, and her constant desire to please him that kept her coming back. Six weeks ago, when she agreed to attend that little Dom-sub meet and greet, she never could've imagined the ways this kind of relationship could help her.

But there was something she craved more than anything else. It was being close to a man like Lucas Cain. He was

strong, powerful, and passionate. In the short time they'd been together, he'd made her see herself more clearly than she'd ever had before. The day he collared her was one of the most significant moments in her life. She knew the weight that tiny piece of jewelry held. And it gave her a certain sense of pride knowing he wanted her and only her.

Katherine's whole body tensed when she heard the glass doors open and close, but he didn't shut them all the way, or at least she didn't hear them slide shut.

"Don't turn around," he whispered in that deadly calm, commanding voice. "You haven't earned the right to look at me."

She didn't care if she could turn around or not. He was here, and that was all that mattered to her.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her back against his chest. She could feel his massive hard-on rubbing against her ass cheek.

"You know you're a dirty girl." He grabbed her hair and yanked her head back. "That's why you're in the shower. Trying to wash away your filth."

Katherine didn't answer. When he was in this mode, all questions were rhetorical. But she liked when he talked to her like that.

He quickly turned her, pressing her against the doors and she noticed out of the corner of her eye they were left slightly ajar on either side. Everything he did was calculated, and he was too meticulous to have left them opened by accident. Not to mention the fact that the floor was getting wet as some of

the water flowed out. Her hands were pinned between the steamy glass and her breasts, leaving her little wiggle room.

“Not only have you not earned the right to look at me,” he growled in her ear, “but you don’t get the privilege of my hands on you either.”

He moved his hands to the outside of the glass at either end of the doors and pressed them up against the spots of her breasts and over-eager sex. Through the steam, she could vaguely make out their bodies in the mirror that hung over the sink. She craved his hands on her body and that was exactly his purpose.

She jumped when he ran his lips along her neck. The whole scene was strangely erotic.

“Get up on your toes,” he whispered.

Once she did as he asked, she arched her backside against him and in one swift, skilled move he was deep inside her. She could feel his balls slapping against her ass.

She wanted to scream out in ecstasy, because the sensation of him filling her so completely was the most fulfilling thing she’d ever experienced. But she knew if she vocalized without permission, he’d stop this scene and she’d be left feeling empty. She was already lucky he was even in the shower with her after she’d arrived late. He could have sent her home for disobeying his rules.

“Katherine,” he whispered as he moved in and out of her. “You are the most amazing woman I’ve ever had the pleasure of fucking.”

She bit her lip to stifle a moan and hold off on an orgasm. Over the last two weekends, they'd been working on how she was to control her orgasms and come on command.

"I should be fucking you with my fingers too, but you were such a bad little girl." His thrusts were becoming harder, and she assumed he was trying to bring himself to a fast release. "I refuse to touch you. You need to long for it."

She let out a labored breath, but managed to stay quiet.

"The fact that you're even getting my cock tonight is a reward in itself for you." He bit and sucked on her neck. "But I decided I shouldn't be punished for your defiance."

As her fingers slipped down the wet glass, her legs began to buckle underneath her weight. She was exhausted, and he must have realized it, because he pressed his upper body against her back to hold her in place against the doors as he relentlessly pounded into her.

"I'm almost there," he moaned. "Later, your mouth will be really busy and then I'll let you ride my cock."

*Please!* She wanted to scream out, but she just let him finish. What else could she do?

"Fuck!" He stilled his movements, and then he shook against her as he released fast inside her. He slowly pulled out. "No release for you tonight. Your actions have consequences."

She tried to catch her breath as she panted and steadied her legs. He moved his hands from the outside of the glass and slipped them around her body, turning her to face him. He stared into her eyes for a few moments and then gently kissed her forehead. Her breathing started to regulate and she was

able to settle down. He had a unique way of calming her which didn't make sense since he was always in control of her.

"I don't take pleasure in punishing you," he said. "But now you'll never be late for me again."

She knew he wasn't seeking a response.

"Clean up the water on the floor and then join me in the dining room."

"Yes, Master."

"You have a lot of work to do this weekend, my beautiful Katherine."

He stepped out of the shower, grabbed a towel from the rack, and quickly exited the bathroom. She took a deep breath and then smiled to herself. If riding *that* man's cock was considered work, she'd gladly oblige.

\* \* \* \*

A few minutes later, she was seated by his feet in the dining room with her eyes focused on the hardwood floor beneath her.

"I want to make sure you understand what happened tonight," he said. "You violated the terms of our agreement when you arrived after the designated time. And while you may only think you were a few minutes late, I couldn't possibly let that slip. There's a reason we have rules in place."

She didn't say anything. He hadn't asked her a direct question and they were in the dining room.

"It's my responsibility to make sure you have everything you need to make our agreement successful, and if that truck,

is it—” he said as he waved his hand toward the window, “isn’t reliable then we have to do something about that.”

She looked up at him. He couldn’t possibly be suggesting what she thought he was suggesting.

“I’ll provide you with a new form of transportation,” he continued. “Is there anything in particular that you’d like?”

“What?”

He snapped his head in her direction. “Did you not hear my question?”

“Umm, yes, but you don’t have to get me a car.” She shook her head.

“Didn’t you tell me your truck wouldn’t start?” he asked. “Why wouldn’t you want a new car? Do you have some sort of attachment to that piece of tin out there?”

“I bought it myself,” she whispered. “It’s mine.”

“I see.” He ran his hand over his jaw and thought for a few seconds. “Well, we’ll compromise.”

She wasn’t sure what he was offering.

“I’ll provide you with a car you’ll use to come here. A reliable vehicle that you may choose to use whenever you’d like, and you keep your truck. Is that acceptable?”

She nodded.

“I want you to be happy,” he said. “But, I also want you here on time. I don’t like to be kept waiting. Do we understand one another?”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered. “I apologize for being late and letting you down, and I appreciate that you want to provide me with a car.”

“That’s a start.” He smirked as he got up from the table and extended his hand for her. “Come. I believe you have some more apologizing to do.”

“Whatever pleases you, Master.” She stood up and let him lead her to the playroom.

## Chapter 6

### *First public appearance...*

Kat paced her tiny loft and regretted her decision to have Luke pick her up here. Compared to his house, her home was a joke. And to make matters worse, now that her roommate had gotten engaged and moved out, she wasn't going to be able to afford living here much longer. She knew it was coming, but she had hoped that she'd find a way to swing it. She needed to take on a second job, but since she was already working full-time as a receptionist for a leading fashion designer in the city, her only option would be as a server on nights and weekends, but how could she work weekends and still be Luke's sub?

She'd think about it later.

She waited patiently for Luke to arrive. He had called her on Wednesday, like he did every week, and told her he had to entertain clients on Friday night and was in need of a companion. She jumped at the opportunity to go out with him even though she knew it was part of her duties as his submissive. It was a weekend and she was at his disposal, but she was still excited to be with him.

He rang the bell at exactly seven, just when he'd said he would arrive. She checked herself in the mirror before opening the door. She felt pretty confident she'd meet his expectations since he'd had the dress delivered to her last night. She insisted it wasn't necessary, but he pulled out the Dom card and told her since it was a weekend function and she was on his time, she'd wear what he wanted her to wear. Considering



she was standing in her little foyer in a vintage Versace original, she wasn't complaining.

Katherine pulled the door open and almost lost her breath when she saw him standing there in a perfectly tailored black suit and white dress shirt. The first three buttons remained undone and since she knew what that chest looked like underneath that shirt, she couldn't stop staring at his exposed skin. She was just about to lick her lips when he said, "Hello, Katherine," in that sexy southern drawl of his. The same voice that made girls kneel at his feet.

He smiled at her, and she wished she could read his mind. He was such a complicated man, and she wanted to know so much more about him.

"Are you going invite me in, darling?" He winked.

She wasn't used to him looking so relaxed in front of her. Maybe it was the fact that they weren't in his house, either way, she didn't care, because she liked this side of him and hoped to see more of it.

"Oh, of course." She opened the door wider and motioned for him to come inside.

"You look stunning." He leaned in and kissed her cheek. "Is the dress acceptable?"

"Are you kidding?"

He arched an eyebrow at her and she realized that just because they were switching it up tonight, it didn't mean she should forget her place.

"I mean, yes Master," she mumbled. "It's spectacular. I've seen them on the runway, but never did I think I'd get to

wear Versace.”

“You’ve been to runway shows?” He looked surprised.

“Before I left school, I was studying fashion design. I work at a design house too,” she reminded him.

“I see, but you’re not a designer.”

“No, I’m a receptionist, but I’m learning a lot.”

“If you’re so into fashion, why didn’t you pursue it?”

“I will,” she said. “When the time’s right.”

“Hmm.” He looked around the loft. “Your home is quite charming.”

“I like it,” she said, but then felt a sense of dread come over her when she thought about it not being her home for much longer. “Although, I’m in the process of looking for a new place.”

That wasn’t entirely true, but if she did have to move, she wanted him to know it wasn’t a snap decision. It was part of their arrangement that she inform him of what was going on in her life.

“Why?”

“My roommate moved out and the rent is too much for me to keep up with.”

“Do you want to move?”

“I don’t have much of a choice,” she said. “Unless I take on a second job, and that would probably require nights and weekends.”

“Well, that can’t happen,” he said. “I don’t want you out and about in the evenings in the city, and you belong to me on the weekends.”

“I know that, Master, so I’ll figure it all out.”

“Very well.” He looked around the loft again, and Katherine wondered what he was thinking. “I have a few things to discuss with you before we meet with my clients.”

She nodded.

“Normally,” he said, “I don’t feel the need to bring my personal life into my professional one, but this particular associate is really into his wife and he brings her everywhere. The new client he’s introducing me to will also have a companion, so I didn’t want them to feel uncomfortable if I didn’t bring a date.”

She smiled at the word *date* and he looked at her curiously before continuing.

“Obviously you can’t refer to me as Master.” He sighed. “But I won’t permit you to use my given name either.”

She nodded, but didn’t fully understand why for just one night she couldn’t call him by his first name.

“I’m a very private man,” he said. “No one outside the BDSM circle knows what I am, and I’d like to keep it that way. I realize after spending the past few weeks as my sub, this evening may provide a challenge, but I’ve taken my other submissives to social functions and it has always worked out. I have the utmost confidence in you.”

“Thank you, Master. I won’t let you down.”

At least she hoped she didn't.

\* \* \* \*

At first, the dinner was exceptionally awkward. Katherine was quiet and tried not to draw any attention to herself. She was so out of her element that Luke had to order for her because she had never eaten in such an upscale restaurant before. She didn't even know which wine to order with dinner. It was all very disorienting, and she didn't want to screw anything up. She was also trying to concentrate on not calling him Master or Luke.

It wasn't until he took her hand and whispered, "You're doing just fine, so relax," that she finally felt like she could actually pull this off. His confidence meant everything to her.

While the men discussed business, Katherine became more at ease with the women. They were envious of her dress and recognized the designer immediately, so that gave her an "in" to talk about what she knew. As the evening progressed, she became more comfortable and confident. And she found them to be intriguing and interesting. They had both attended the fall shows in Paris and Milan, something she'd only dreamed of doing, so she picked their brains and found out as much as she could about all the upcoming season's trends.

Katherine noticed Luke couldn't take his eyes off her all through dinner. She occasionally looked at him and smiled. She briefly imagined they were a young couple in love. She knew no one would ever have been able to guess that Luke would soon be taking her home and tying her to the bed.

Katherine exchanged numbers with the women, knowing she really couldn't pursue a friendship with them

under the circumstances, but didn't want to be rude. Luke didn't say much in the car ride home, and she wondered if she had done something wrong. She replayed the evening's events in her head, making sure she hadn't actually called him by his name or disagreed with him. She couldn't remember doing either.

Once they were back at his house, she slipped her shoes off and placed them in the foyer closet, like she always did, as he continued to watch her.

"Pour me a scotch and meet me in my bedroom," he said as he walked up the stairs.

"Yes, Master." She headed for the bar off his study.

*His bedroom?* She was a little nervous about that since they hadn't been there since that first failed test weekend. Anytime they were together in the past few weeks, they were in the playroom or, occasionally, he would come to her room if he wanted sex in the middle of the night.

She quickly fixed his drink and went to his bedroom, because he didn't like to be kept waiting. She gently knocked and when he told her she could come in, she opened the door and entered the room with her head lowered, awaiting his next instruction.

"Come to me," he said in a low voice.

She did as he said and handed him his drink. His shoes, socks, and shirt were off and he stood by the bed in his dress pants. Every time she saw him, she wanted more. His body was so well defined she had to fight the urge to reach out and run her hands down his chest. He still hadn't given her free

reign to touch him when they were together, and she was starting to think he never would.

“Thank you.” He took his scotch and slowly sipped it, never taking his eyes away from hers. He swirled the amber colored liquid around in the glass before bringing it back up to his lips and taking another sip.

“You’re welcome, Master.”

She was so focused on his mouth and the way his lips pressed against the glass that she couldn’t help but wonder what it’d be like to kiss him. He hadn’t allowed that yet either.

He placed the glass on the dresser next to him and pulled her toward him.

Her heart was pounding out of her chest, but that always happened when he got that certain look in his eyes. The look that told her he was in his Dom mode and there was no turning back. It excited her and threw her whole body into overdrive, but at the same time it caused a certain amount of fear to course through her system.

He brushed his lips against her jaw and then trailed them up to her ear. “You pleased me tonight,” he whispered and the feel of his breath against her skin caused her to tremble. He quickly spun her around and wrapped his hands around her waist, pulling her back against his chest.

He walked them over to the huge floor-length windows that overlooked the backyard. The moon was full and shining into the bedroom, causing their reflections to bounce off the glass. Katherine could see his face in the glass and watched as he lowered his mouth to her bare shoulder.

He gently kissed it as he worked his fingers up to the zipper of her dress.

“I’ve wanted to take this dress off you all night,” he said as he slowly lowered the zipper. He slipped the thin straps from her shoulders and let them fall just below her naked breasts. He moved his hands in front of her to cup them, gently rubbing his thumbs over her nipples. She stood mesmerized, as she watched his every move through the window.

“Good girl,” he whispered against her ear, and she knew he was referring to the fact that she wasn’t wearing a bra.

When the dress was delivered, it had come with shoes and a note that said she was only to wear what was provided and nothing else.

He moved his hands down her stomach and to her hips, kissing her neck and gently grinding his very hard erection into her backside. He pushed on the fabric of the dress that rested on her hips and let it fall to her feet, revealing her naked body to him.

“You follow directions very well, my sweet girl, and for that, you’ll be rewarded.” He splayed one hand across her stomach, pulling her closer. With the other hand, he palmed her aching center. She could feel the wetness seep from inside her and drip down her thighs. He trailed the hand that was on her stomach up to her nipple and started rolling and pinching it as he let his fingers slip inside her, and all the while he was still grinding against her.

“I’ve thought about this body all week,” he mumbled against her ear. “The way your pussy tastes when you come on my tongue, how hot your tight little cunt is around my cock

and the way your mouth feels when I explode down your throat.”

“Ahh...” she moaned, and the faster he moved his fingers in and out of her, the more she wanted to come, but she hadn’t been given permission for that, so as much as she wanted to let go and give into his actions, she had to focus and hold off or she’d suffer the consequences.

“Do you want to come?” He smiled against her neck. “I can feel how tight your muscles are.”

“Please, Master,” she begged.

He slowly pulled his fingers out of her, and she whimpered at the loss. He chuckled, but she didn’t find it funny at all.

“I’d much rather you come on my cock.” He unzipped his pants and let them fall to his ankles along with his boxers. She watched as he kicked them, and her dress, out of the way, and then he pushed her up against the cool window. The chilly glass was a welcomed contrast to her steamy skin. She could feel the sweat starting to gather at the nape of her neck and slide down her back. It wasn’t even hot in there, but her body was on fire.

“You were perfect this evening,” he whispered as he rubbed the tip of his cock against the crack of her behind. She immediately tensed up, and he sensed it.

“Relax,” he murmured against her neck. “I won’t disrespect your limits.” He continued to rub his cock against her ass. “I just want a little feel, that’s all.”



Katherine closed her eyes and let him feel her. It wasn't so bad. He was so hard, and she could feel his pre-cum trickling down her crack. He slipped his hands over her cheeks and then to the small of her back, gently forcing her to bend over slightly. The shift in movement caused his cock to slide closer to her heated sex. She spread her legs and braced herself for what was coming next.

“Put your hands against the glass and hold still,” he commanded.

She pressed her palms to the window and waited for him to enter her. He rubbed his tip against her entrance, much like he had done a few seconds earlier, and then with one fast thrust he was inside her. Her body jerked against the window, but she tried to keep herself upright.

“I told you to hold still.” He pushed his chest against her back, pinning her against the window, clutching her hips to keep her in place. She turned her head to the side and rested her cheek on the glass as he thrust in and out of her. Her fingertips dragged down the window, leaving smeared prints in their wake.

They were both panting now and the harder he pounded into her, the more she wanted. He dropped his head and rested it on her shoulder as he continued to slam into her at a punishing pace. She was so close, but tried to stay focused and wait for his command. She prayed it came soon, or she'd be coming all over him.

She tried to suppress her screams, but need took over. “Master...I...” She clenched her muscles, but it was too late.

“Let go,” he whispered. “I know you can’t hold on any longer.”

Katherine knew Luke wasn’t cruel, and he had pretty good knowledge of her body. He always sensed when she was ready to explode.

“Oh! Thank God!”

She screamed out her release as she clawed at the window, her knees beginning to give out from the weight of her rigid body. She wasn’t sure how or even when, but the next thing she knew, they were now on their knees and he was slowly moving in and out of her, and she could feel his warm come shooting inside her.

He didn’t speak for a few minutes, just held her tight against his chest and tried to get his breathing under control. He moved his lips against her neck and then down to her shoulders. She liked when he lingered against her, but he didn’t do it often. She turned to face him, but he stopped her before she could completely shift her body. She wanted to touch him and hold him. She was beginning to crave that after each encounter, but he never allowed it.

He gently kissed her cheek. “I’ll take breakfast in the dining room at eight tomorrow morning.”

“But—” She stopped because she wasn’t even sure what she wanted to say.

“Good night, Katherine.” He stood up and walked into the bathroom.

She stayed on her knees for a few seconds before getting up and heading to the place where she belonged...

The sub bedroom.

# Chapter 7

## *Punishment...*

Luke heard the commotion outside his office.

“I’m sorry, Miss, but you can’t just barge in there,” his assistant said.

“The hell I can’t!” Katherine hissed at her.

He got up from his desk and headed for the door to see what the problem was when she came barreling through with Olivia, his assistant, a step behind her.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Cain,” Olivia said. “She pushed right past me.”

Luke glared at Katherine, but she didn’t even flinch. He’d have to find away to change that.

“It’s okay, Olivia,” he said. “I’ll handle this. Please take an early lunch.”

“Yes, sir,” she said as she walked out of the office, probably fearing for her job.

He closed the door and stared at Katherine for a second before grabbing her arm and walking her over to the couch. He stood completely straight, staring her down, hoping that his playroom posturing would help her come to her senses.

“You better have a damn good reason for showing up here and—”

“I better have a good reason? You’re the one interfering in my life and treating me like a whore,” she yelled.

She fucking cut him off when he was speaking! He was more than enraged now. No one treated him this way, especially not his sub.

“Kneel,” he calmly stated.

“No!” She stood her ground with a resolve in her eyes he’d never seen before. He wondered if she’d gone stark raving mad.

“Have you lost your mind?” He paced the office, trying to keep calm. “You must have.”

“You paid my rent,” she said. “For a year. Why would you do that?”

“This is about your rent?” he asked, incredulously. “You’d risked my wrath over your rent?”

“You didn’t think I’d find out you paid my landlord?” She was like a little kitten trying to be a cougar. If he wasn’t so mad, it’d be amusing.

“Of course I did,” he said. “I was going to tell you tomorrow night when I called you. We don’t usually communicate with one another until Wednesday.”

When Katherine told him about her roommate leaving, Luke realized he’d have to find a way to fix her housing dilemma before it interfered in their agreement. To his surprise, things were progressing much better than he’d ever anticipated and he wasn’t about to let her living arrangements put a stop to it.

“You had no right.”

“I had every right,” he countered. “When you entered into this agreement, you consented to becoming my responsibility.”

“No, I didn’t,” she argued. “I don’t want to be paid for sex.”

“I’m not paying you for sex,” he defended. “It’s my job to take care of you. And if you can’t pay your rent and that concerns you, then eventually it’ll interfere with our time in the playroom. You’re not to have any worries while you’re under my care. I’m supposed to be your only concern.”

“But why couldn’t you have discussed it with me first? Given me a chance to voice my thoughts?”

“Because this isn’t a partnership, and I thought you understood your role, but clearly after your behavior today, you have a lot to learn.” He continued to pace, because he was afraid if he stopped, he might pull her over his knee.

“It makes me feel cheap to take money from you,” she said. “That’s not what I signed up for.”

“Well, then you need to take another look at our contract because it states that I *will* take care of your well-being as I see fit, and providing a roof over your head falls under that category.”

“I thought that meant my safety and well-being in the playroom, as your sub,” she said in a softer voice. “Not outside of that.”

“What kind of man would I be if I didn’t take care of you after you serve me all weekend? Our relationship isn’t just about sex.” Luke didn’t understand why she didn’t get that he

wanted to take care of her. She was his. He just wanted her to be happy and secure.

“I-I know,” she stuttered. “I didn’t mean to...” She dropped to her knees at his feet and looked down at the floor.

He took a steadying breath before he continued. He was pleased she was coming to her senses. “Perhaps I should have told you when I contacted your landlord, but I didn’t think it was necessary. I was going to tell you tomorrow you no longer had to find another place to stay. I knew you liked your loft, I could see it in your face when I was there, and so I made sure it was yours. I was trying to do something nice for you.”

She didn’t say anything, and he could tell from the blush on her cheeks she was embarrassed. He may have gone about it the wrong way, but he was trying to help her.

“What happened here today was unacceptable,” he said. “You may voice your concerns, but I expect you to treat me with the same respect I treat you. You are not to bring our problems to my place of business. And you are never to speak to me the way you did today. Are we clear?”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered. “I’m sorry I disrespected you.”

“Stand up.”

She did as he told her to, but refused to look in his eyes. Luke had to get her to leave, because he was afraid his temper was going to flare at any second. He had to put some distance between the two of them before he lost his mind. The more time they spent together, the more he wanted. He was doing everything he could to stop these inappropriate feelings. She

was his sub, nothing more. He'd never felt this passionately about anyone before.

"I'll text you on Thursday with your instructions," he informed her, indicating that he would not be calling her tomorrow evening. He needed a cooling down period. He had to figure out how he was going to handle such rebelliousness.

"Yes, Master," she said, and then she headed for the door.

"And Katherine..." He sat back down at his desk. "Don't think for a second that this outburst will go unpunished."

She nodded before leaving.

Luke put his head in his hands and tried to make sense of what had just happened. He would have never tolerated that type of conduct from any of his previous subs. He would have pulled that collar from her so fast she wouldn't have known what hit her. The relationship would have been dissolved and he wouldn't have looked back.

*Unacceptable! Completely unacceptable,* he thought.

He closed his eyes and shook his head. No matter how fierce a Dom he was, he wasn't willing to let Katherine go even after such defiance. He smiled because his girl had some spunk. But he was going to have to teach her how and when to use it. Sadly, it wouldn't be this weekend.

\* \* \* \*

Per his instructions, Katherine arrived at his home at precisely 8:00 PM, two hours later than usual. Luke stood in the foyer and waited for her to enter. He usually didn't greet



her, but tonight wasn't about routines. There was nothing regular about what he had planned for this weekend.

She opened the door and quietly entered, slipping off her jacket and shoes and placing them in the closet before she turned and realized he was watching her.

“Master!” She jumped, clearly startled by his presence. Once she composed herself, she dropped to her knees.

*Perfect*, he thought. At least she hadn't forgotten her place in his house.

“Katherine, I'm rather surprised you showed up. I expected you to back out, especially since you know I'm not pleased with you”

Her breathing picked up and now her tiny frame was trembling beneath him.

“I'll offer you an opportunity to defend your actions in my office on Tuesday,” he said. “You may speak.”

“I'm sorry, Master, for the lack of respect I showed you and for my disobedience,” she said. “I realize what a huge mistake I made. You were trying to help me and I was ungrateful.”

“That you were,” he agreed. “Never in my Dominant experience have I ever had a sub who insulted me the way you did. I'm extremely disappointed to say the least. I expected better of you.”

She gasped at his words.

“I never want to disappoint you again, Master. Please tell me what I can do to make this right.”

“I respect that you’re an independent woman who wants to pay her own way, and I can appreciate that, but you are my submissive and with that role, you are expected to make certain concessions. Letting me take care of you is one of them, but I won’t discount your feelings. You’ll always have the opportunity to voice your concerns, but never the way you did in my office. That cannot ever happen again if you expect to continue serving me. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

“I’m not a forgiving man,” he continued. “And I rarely grant second chances.”

She squirmed and then looked into his eyes. “Please,” she said. “I need to submit to you.”

“I’m assuming since you showed up here tonight, wearing my collar, you still want to continue on this journey with me.”

She nodded.

“Very well,” he said. “This will not be like a normal weekend. You have to pay for your actions. You clearly need to learn your place.”

He unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants, letting them fall around his ankles. His erection sprang free and was standing at full attention. He’d been hard since she entered the foyer, but the mere sight of her did that to him. No other woman ever had this kind of power over him.

“Serve me orally,” he said in a low voice.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered as she inched closer to him and sat up on her knees.

She ran her hands up his thighs, because she always stole any opportunity to touch him intimately. He had to close his eyes and concentrate. He liked when she touched him unprovoked, but he didn't give her the opening often. She reached for the base of his cock as she leaned her head forward and swirled her tongue at the tip, licking the moisture up that had beaded there. She slowly ran her tongue over her lips before taking him into her mouth.

*She is so fucking sexy*, he thought as he settled against her face.

He grabbed her hair and pulled her closer. She didn't miss a beat as she sucked and licked his painfully hard dick. He continued to tug at her hair, moving her over him at a rapid pace before slowing down and letting her take over.

She ran her hand under his balls, cupping them in her palm as she licked the vein underneath his dick.

“Fuck!” he hissed. “Take all of me in your mouth.”

She hesitated for a moment before she moved her head even closer to his body. He felt her hair brush against his stomach and then he was completely engulfed in her warmth. He thrust his hips forward, hitting the back of her throat, but she didn't stop. She continued to bob her head back and forth as she scraped her teeth against his sensitive skin, just the way he liked it.

“That's my girl,” he breathlessly moaned as he pulled on her hair. “This is the way to please me.”

He thought it was almost a crime he'd have to punish her the rest of the weekend. It was wasted time, and he hated

to squander a single minute of his time with her, but he was already entirely too soft on her.

“Hmm,” she hummed around his cock. The vibration sent him over the edge as he spiraled toward his release.

“Don’t waste a drop of it,” he screamed as he shot his load down her throat.

He softened in her mouth as he got his breathing under control while she licked him clean. She stayed completely still, waiting for him to speak.

“Fix my clothes,” he ordered.

Once she got his pants back into place and shirt tucked in, she buckled his belt and ran her hands down either side of his thighs, smoothing out the creases. She continued to rub her hands against his legs and then up to his hips, but he couldn’t take it anymore. Part of him wanted to carry her up the steps and make slow love to her all night long.

*Make love*, he thought. What the fuck was she doing to him?

“Enough.” This was exactly why he couldn’t allow her to be intimate with him. He had to stay in control.

She quickly removed her hands and sat back down on her heels, dropping her head. He knew he was hurting her feelings, but it was better for her in the long run. She shouldn’t develop an emotional connection to him. He wasn’t capable of reciprocating. That was why he’d entered into this life in the first place. He didn’t want all the baggage that came with a relationship. It wasn’t anything he ever saw for himself. He was a busy man who knew what he liked in the bedroom and

didn't want to waste time with all of the nonsense that came with a normal relationship.

"I'll take my dinner in the dining room."

She looked up at him, but didn't move right away.

"Now."

He walked down the foyer and sat at the large table, spreading his newspaper out in front of him. The dinner portion of the evening would be easy, he had ordered out and had it sitting in the warming drawer in the kitchen. He ordered enough for both of them, but he intended on making her serve him first before he allowed her to eat.

A few minutes later, she appeared in the doorway with his plate in her hand. She slowly walked toward him and set it down in front of him. He already had his place set, so he picked up the fork and motioned at his glass.

"I'll take white wine from the bar."

She hurried over to the bar off the study and returned with the bottle. She poured him a glass and then set the bottle down on the table.

"Thank you," he said as he glanced down at his feet.

She immediately realized what he wanted and knelt before him.

He savored his meal, reading the paper at leisure and sipping his wine. Katherine didn't take her eyes away from him. He'd purposely picked her favorite meal, eggplant parmesan from Vinnie's Bistro. He wanted her to anticipate her dinner and wonder if he'd be allowing her to have some.

He took longer than usual to eat, dragging out her torture over what was to come next. When he was finally finished, he pushed his plate away and abruptly stood up. She quickly looked at the floor.

“Once you clear the table, you may eat in the kitchen,” he said. “Then you’re free to go to your room and think about the way you defied me earlier this week.”

She didn’t say anything, but he knew she wouldn’t.

“I’m meeting some friends for breakfast in the morning,” he informed her.

He rarely spent time away from her on the weekends, but he was busy at work and the fact that he wasn’t going to be here when she came down only further enhanced her punishment.

“So, you may eat breakfast in the kitchen,” he continued. “I’ll be home around noon, and I’ll expect you in my study waiting for me. I’ve left you something to wear tomorrow. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered.

“Good,” he said. “I’ll see you tomorrow afternoon.”

That night had to be the longest of Luke’s life. He didn’t sleep at all, knowing Katherine was down the hall and waiting for him to come to her. He wanted to go to her and fuck some sense into her, but he was proving a point, and a little distance was good for the both of them.

It had taken him days to settle down after she came to his office and accused him of treating her like a whore. He wasn’t even sure he could handle seeing her this weekend and

almost decided her punishment should be that she stay home alone all weekend. But he couldn't bear to be away from her. He was becoming used to her presence, and just thinking about not being able to touch her all weekend infuriated him.

He wasn't the one who had done anything wrong, so why should he be punished? No, in the end, this was the better route. He'd have her here and she'd have to experience just how disappointed he was with her. By the time the weekend was over, she would never challenge him again.

Luke entered the study at noon and Katherine was already waiting on her knees by his desk. Her posture was perfect, but her body was stiff. He thought she looked incredible in the short, pleated skirt and the perfectly pressed, tight, white dress shirt.

"My little schoolgirl," he whispered as he stood in the doorway.

He circled her and stopped directly behind her, bending over and lifting up her skirt. He smiled because she wasn't wearing any panties. Her pale ass was smooth and soft, and he was hard just looking at it. The fact that she hadn't given him permission to take it made it all the more tempting. He draped her skirt back over her bottom and gave it a swift smack. Her body jolted at the contact.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Sierra," he said. "Did you have a good morning?"

"Yes, Master," she answered.

"You'll refer to me as Mr. Cain today," he informed her.

"Yes, Mr. Cain."

“I hear the reason you’re in my office is because you’ve been a bad little girl this week.”

“Yes, Master...I mean, Mr. Cain.”

He arched a brow at her as he sat down at his desk. He switched on the computer monitor and looked over the papers that were in front of him.

“I have an extremely busy afternoon ahead of me,” he said. “But I want you close, so you’ll stay here. I’ll expect you to sit quietly and not disturb me.”

She nodded.

The first hour, he hardly knew she was there. She kneeled silently by his feet. About halfway into the second hour, she shifted her position a few times, but didn’t disturb him. Hour three proved to be a challenge for her as she fidgeted and rubbed her hands against her thighs.

“Is there a problem?” he asked, without looking up from the monitor.

“I’m cold, Mr. Cain, and my legs are falling asleep,” she admitted. “But I’m fine.”

“Hmm,” he said as he continued to work on the spreadsheet that had been giving him a problem for the past hour. It wasn’t as if it was difficult, but he had been thinking about all the ways he could take her in that schoolgirl uniform she was wearing and was rather distracted.

He lasted about another twenty minutes, but wanted to play and thought she had been punished enough, for now. He pulled the wooden ruler from the desk drawer and looked down at her, slapping it against the palm of his hand.



“Come to me,” he instructed.

She stood up on wobbly legs, but managed to make her way to him. She kept her eyes on the ruler. He pulled her to stand directly in between his legs and slid his hand up the back of her skirt.

“No panties?” He shook his head in mock disapproval. “Such a dirty little girl.”

He moved his hand over her cheeks and gave one a firm squeeze, waving the ruler in her face.

“Maybe I should spank you?” He moved her closer to the desk. “Turn around and put your hands on the desk.”

She did as she was told and once she was in position, he stood up and raised her skirt.

“A bad girl like you will probably enjoy this,” he whispered against her neck. “Count,” he demanded and then struck her once on the ass with the ruler.

“One,” she whispered.

“Louder.” He hit her again.

“Two,” she spoke up.

He swatted her one last time and she screamed out the final smack. He placed the ruler on the desk and ran his hand over her ass, rubbing the red marks left behind before slipping his hand between her thighs.

“Ah.” She sighed.

“You are a dirty girl, aren’t you?” He ran his finger over her wet slit. “You liked my ruler, didn’t you?”

He turned her around and sat her on the desk as he moved to stand between her legs, wrapping them around his waist. His dick was screaming to be freed, but not yet, he thought. He wanted to work her up before he delivered his final punishment.

Luke unbuttoned her blouse and ran his fingertips over her exposed nipples. She was already so aroused, and he couldn't stop himself from leaning down and running his tongue over her. He pushed her tits up and closer to his face as he licked and sucked as much as he could. He moved one hand down between her legs and under her skirt, rubbing her moist pussy. He could smell her delicious scent, and it was driving him crazy.

He pulled his fingers out of her and moved them up to her mouth, spreading her juices over her bottom lip before moving close to her face and sucking her wet lip into his mouth.

“You taste so good.”

She ground into his cock. He quickly grabbed her hands, pushed her back on the desk, and held them over her head. She was breathing so heavily it was making her breasts heave forward. He rubbed his jean clad dick over her bare pussy. She closed her eyes and threw her head to the side. He leaned down and kissed and bit her neck as he continued to dry hump her. He kept her wrists in one hand while he used the other to free his cock from its confines. It was pressed in between them and throbbing against his stomach. He reached down and moved the tip of it inside her slit.

“You want my cock?”

“Yes, Mr. Cain,” she begged.

He pushed it deeper, but didn't move. She squirmed trying to free her hands from his tight hold.

“You were such a bad girl,” he said. “Maybe you don't deserve my cock.”

“Please,” she moaned. “I'll behave.”

He pushed in just a bit deeper and thrust one time before stopping. She tightened her grip on his hips with her legs, trying to draw him closer. She was so hot and wet, and it was taking everything he had to draw this agony out.

“I'm still not sure you're worthy of my dick.” He smiled. “But I shouldn't be punished for your indiscretions.”

He slammed his hips back and forth until he was finally moving deep inside her.

“God! You're so fucking tight.” He pounded into her.

The sweat was dripping down his neck and back as he relentlessly fucked her. She was moaning and screaming out incoherent phrases, but the one word that stood out the clearest for him was “sorry”. She repeated it over and over again. He could hear the remorse in her voice.

They were both so close now, and he knew all he'd have to do was reach in between them and stroke her clit, but he had one last point to prove. With his free hand he grabbed her face, holding it in place as he leaned down and roughly kissed her lips. It was as if time was standing still. He didn't know what came over him. He was so caught up in her that he lost focus and let instinct take over. He wanted to keep kissing her,

and he really wanted to bring her pleasure, but she needed to learn her place.

“You are here for my pleasure, and mine alone,” he murmured against her mouth. “This body belongs to me and so do your climaxes.”

Her muscles tensed, so he picked up the pace and with a few quick thrusts he was releasing inside her. He pulled out before she could reach her orgasm and saw the stunned look in her eyes. She pushed against his waist, trying to get him to help her finish, but he let go of her hands and then gently pried her legs from his hips.

She looked at him wide-eyed while he took his time pulling up his jeans and buckling his belt. He hated being this cruel, but this was the way it had to be. This is what she was here for, to learn to submit. He extended his hand for her and helped her up and off the desk, adjusting her skirt and buttoning her blouse. He was cold and deliberate.

He sat back down at the desk and ran his fingers through his hair, regaining his composure before he spoke. “You may be excused.”

She didn't move. She just stood there, seemingly stunned.

“Go,” he said, slightly louder than before. Punishing a sub had never been this difficult for him. He hated having to do it.

She turned and headed toward the door, but he saw the tears in her eyes before she escaped his gaze.

“Katherine,” he called, but she didn’t turn around, only stopped and waited for his next words. “I hoped you learned that all of our actions have consequences.”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered before running out of the study and up the stairs.

## Chapter 8

### *Unexpected...*

It had been a long day at work for the whole design firm. A new line was being delivered and the phones wouldn't stop ringing. Katherine was only a receptionist, but being in that environment, surrounding herself with designers and models everyday thrilled her. She hoped someday she'd be able to go back and finish her education. She saw big things for herself in the fashion industry and hated to see any of her dreams lost.

She decided to go out for a few drinks with some of the girls from the office. It wasn't something she usually did, because she didn't like being in the city too late since she had to take the subway home. But because of her arrangement with Luke, she wasn't able to meet with her friends on weekends anymore and she missed the girl time. Not that she regretted her time with Luke, but being out with friends was something she missed.

She sat at the bar and listened to Lori talk about her latest boyfriend. She was all giddy and in love. Katherine envied her a bit, because she seemed to have found a man who wanted more than a casual fling. She had no right to be jealous since she had entered into her current relationship knowing exactly what it meant. It wasn't a romance. It was a consensual arrangement between two people who needed something from one another. It sounded so cold when she thought about it.

“Oh my God!” Lori screeched, pulling Katherine from her thoughts. “That fuck hot man has been staring at you for a

few minutes and now he's headed our way."

"What guy?" she asked, but suddenly froze when she saw him approaching them.

What was he doing there?

"Hello, Katherine," Luke said as he moved toward them. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"Hi," she said, still stunned that he was standing in front of her on a Tuesday night. "I'm out with some co-workers."

"I see." He smiled at Lori.

"Kat," Lori said as she smacked her arm, "introduce me to your friend."

Her friend? *Oh, crap!* How should she introduce him? Katherine wasn't prepared for this at all.

"Umm, yeah, this is my friend Lori," she said.

Luke smiled at Katherine and then helped her out of her dilemma of not being able to use his name.

"Hi, Lori." He flashed her that sexy smirk of his and now Katherine was sure Lori would want to drop her panties and kneel at his feet too. "I'm Lucas Cain." He took her hand and kissed it. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"God," she whispered. "So, are you the one who monopolizes our little Kat all weekend?"

"Yes." He winked at Katherine. "That'd be me."

"Kat, why have you been hiding him?" She giggled. "Would you like to have a drink with us?"

*Oh God, no*, she panicked. There was no way she could pull that off without Lori recognizing something was unusual with their relationship.

“I’d love to,” he said, “but I’m meeting with clients.” He motioned for the bartender.

“Yes, Mr. Cain,” he said. “How can I help you?”

*Did everyone fall at this man’s feet*, Katherine wondered. She stared at him and realized the answer was yes. *How could anyone not?*

“Please put these two ladies’ drinks on my tab for the rest of the evening,” he said. “Give them anything they want.”

“That’s not necessary,” Katherine said.

He turned and smiled at her. “Of course it is,” he said. “May I have a word with you?”

“Take your time, Kat,” Lori said. “I’ll be waiting here for all the details.” She winked.

Lori didn’t want all the details. Katherine was pretty certain of that.

She hopped off the bar stool, took his extended hand, and let him lead her to the entrance. There was a long hallway and it was quieter there.

“Hey,” she whispered, feeling awkward.

“Hey.” He stroked her cheek with the back of his hand. “This is a pleasant surprise.”

She nodded, not really sure what her place was. She couldn’t exactly kneel at his feet in the middle of a bar, and she felt disobedient because she was wearing panties.



“Will you be here long?”

“Not too much longer,” she said as she chewed on her bottom lip. “I don’t want to take the train too late.”

“May I take you home?” He continued to caress her cheek as she leaned into his touch. She liked this gentle side of him.

“You’re asking?” She smirked. She was feeling oddly calm in his presence.

“Right now I am, but if you tell me no, I’ll be insisting.” He smiled and it made her insides jump and her disobedient panties wet.

“I’d be happy to have you take me home.” She’d take any extra time she could get with him.

“Good. Go back to your friend and when I’m finished with my clients, I’ll take you home.”

She nodded.

Lori was practically chomping at the bit when Katherine returned.

“Kat!” she screamed. “Lucas Cain?”

“Yeah.” She nodded and tried to act casual.

“The most eligible bachelor in town?” she asked.

“You’ve been spending the last few weekends with him?”

“How would you know he’s an eligible bachelor?”

“He was interviewed by the *New Yorker* a few months ago as an up-and-coming entrepreneur. His company is

thriving, and he's gorgeous. Tell me you didn't know who he was when you met."

Kat shook her head. She really had no clue, but Lori made it her business to know everything about everyone. She'd be shocked to find out who Lucas Cain really was.

"How did you meet, anyway?"

"Umm, a mutual friend introduced us."

"Really? Who?" Lori asked.

"You don't know her. Did you order us another round?"

"Yeah, so what's he like?"

"He's really nice," Katherine answered.

"You know what I mean." Lori laughed. "I bet he's an animal in bed. I mean, look at that body. Is he slow and passionate, or fast and hard?"

"Lori!" Katherine could feel the heat rising in her cheeks.

"Oh, he's such a domineering business man, so that must carry over into the bedroom." She giggled.

Lori had no idea how much of that dominance carried over into the bedroom.

"Does he pull your hair? Because that's totally sexy." She laughed. "I'd let him pull my hair. Just sayin'."

*And you'd have to let him tie you to the bed, blindfold you, flog you, drip hot wax on your nipples, spank you...and any other thing that was on that checklist.*

“Is it hot in here?” Katherine asked as she sipped her drink.

“So, is it serious?”

“I don’t know,” she admitted. And that was the truth. She wasn’t sure what was going on. She knew what her purpose was, but lately she’d been thinking about him more and more. She wanted more, but she’d never get it. Not with him, anyway.

For the next hour, Kat endured Lori’s questions about Luke and admired the way she said his name so liberally. She, on the other hand, didn’t dare say his name out loud for fear he might overhear her.

The car ride home was relatively quiet. Katherine wasn’t sure if she should engage him in conversation, and didn’t even know if the car was a place where she could speak freely.

“Your friend seems nice,” he said when he finally did speak.

“Yeah.” She smiled. “She’s great.”

“Do you go out in the evenings often?”

“Not really,” she answered. “We had a busy day and someone suggested it.”

“I see,” he said as he pulled up in front of her house. “I’m glad I ran into you.”

“Me too. Would you like to come in?” She couldn’t believe she’d just asked him that. This wasn’t a date. “I mean if you want to, you can.”

“It’s probably not such a good idea.”

“Oh, of course.” She looked down, suddenly feeling rejected.

“I have an early morning.” He smiled as he reached for her hand.

She glanced down at their connected hands and delighted in his touch. “Thanks for the ride. I really appreciate it.”

“Katherine,” he whispered, and with his free hand he turned her face so that she could look at him. “You shouldn’t be out in the city so late and then have to take the subway home. I’d rather you not do that in the future. It’s not safe.”

“Are you asking?” She smiled as she stared directly into his beautiful green eyes. She rarely had the chance to look into his eyes.

“No, I’m not.” He looked like her Dom now, and that made it easy for her to remember her place.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered as she lowered her gaze.

He pulled her closer to his face and gently brushed his lips against hers before placing a chaste kiss on them, lingering at her lips for a few seconds. She couldn’t help but stare into his eyes again, hoping he’d really kiss her, like the way he’d done in his study. He pressed his forehead against hers and smiled.

“I’ll call you tomorrow night,” he said. “You better get inside now.”

She wanted to stay there and touch him, kiss him, and maybe get to know him better, but that wouldn’t happen. Luke

was a complicated man, and she didn't think that was ever going to change.

She nodded.

“Good night, Katherine.” He released her, but he looked disappointed.

“Good night, Master.”

She opened the car door and headed up to her loft. She turned and watched as he pulled away. He smiled at her and she wished he could have accepted her invitation to come in. She really wanted him to, but she knew he wouldn't. She was becoming attached to him in ways that weren't acceptable.

A part of Katherine felt eager at the prospect of something new and exciting. It felt like he had dropped her off from their first date. But the other part of her, the rational part, felt the dread of knowing there would never be a first date.

## Chapter 9

### *Play time...*

Friday nights couldn't come fast enough for Luke. While he'd always enjoyed playing with his subs, he'd never been as eager to start the weekend as he was when he'd be with Katherine. She was on his mind constantly. He even found himself becoming distracted during the work day, and he rarely let that happen. He wasn't sure what was happening, and it bothered him. He knew other Doms who had formed a romantic relationship with their subs, but it just wasn't something he'd ever considered. There never seemed to be a reason to consider it, until now.

Because of his eagerness to be with her, they had a new Friday night ritual, one she had taken to rather well. As soon as she entered the foyer he'd be waiting for her. She would drop her bag by the door and then drop to her knees and take him in her mouth.

It was his favorite part of the week. It relieved all of his work week tension.

"That's right, my sweet girl," he moaned as she hummed around his cock. "Take it all." He gripped her hair and released hard down her throat. She never even flinched or hesitated anymore.

Luke pulled her up from her knees and quickly kissed her, tasting himself on her tongue.

"Did you have a good week?"

“Yes, Master.” She bent down and pulled up his pants, making sure to tuck in his shirt before fastening them and buckling his belt. She always treated him with such care and respect.

He was almost hard again watching how she wanted to serve him in every possible way.

“Are you ready for dinner?”

“Only if it pleases you.” She looked down at the floor.

“Come.” He extended his hand for her. “I’m starving.”

She followed him down the hall and to the kitchen. He had set the table and had the Italian take-out waiting for them. Katherine looked surprised to see the two place settings in the kitchen.

“It may have gotten a bit cold while we were otherwise occupied. I should have stored it in the warming drawer.” He smiled. “I hope you don’t mind, but we’ll be eating in the kitchen tonight.”

“No, Master,” she said. “Whatever you want.”

Luke usually ate alone in the dining room while she took her meals in the kitchen. Occasionally, on a Saturday night, he would ask her to join him in the dining room for dinner, but he never ate in the kitchen with his subs. Part of the thrill of being a Dominant for him was the status and hierarchy of the situation. He liked being higher and having someone bow to him. Eating with his submissive in the kitchen never really appealed to him. Until now.

“Please sit,” he instructed.

She furrowed her brow, and he knew it was because he never asked her to sit before he did.

“It’s what I want,” he assured her.

She nodded and took her seat.

“Katherine,” he said as he sat down next to her, “we’re in the kitchen, so you know what that means?”

“I may speak freely as long as I’m respectful.”

“You seem confused.”

“You never eat in here with me,” she said. “I’m just surprised.”

“I thought it might be nice to switch things up.” He smiled. “You’ve been with me for over two months now, and I wanted to make sure you were still happy and feeling fulfilled.”

“I’m very happy.” She smiled and her face lit up the entire kitchen. If he’d just let go, he could allow himself to get lost in her exquisiteness. Luke had never seen such perfection before. He’d seen plenty of women in his time, but Katherine was superb. She looked like she’d stepped out of a painting. She was a classic beauty. “Are you?”

“We were talking about you,” he reminded her. “Do you feel like this arrangement is working for you? Are you getting what you need from this agreement?”

“Yes,” she whispered, but she seemed apprehensive.

“What is it?”

“Nothing,” she quickly responded.



“Don’t lie to me.” Luke always knew when she was trying to mask her feelings.

“I worry that I’m not enough for you,” she blurted out.

“What?” He was surprised. “Have I ever made you feel that way?”

She shook her head.

“Where are those feelings coming from?” He thought he was doing everything he possibly could to make her feel successful and confident in her submissiveness.

“I know how experienced you are,” she said. “And I also know that you’re being extremely patient with me. And while I’m learning, I don’t think you’re getting much out of this.”

“It’s not your job to worry about me,” he informed her.

She couldn’t be more wrong about how much he was getting out of their relationship. He had no idea how refreshing it would be to go back to the basics. He had been doing this for ten years and for most of that time, he was with experienced subs who didn’t need to be trained. He was actually getting off on the teaching part of the whole situation. It was all so new and exciting.

“You said I could speak freely here,” she reminded me.

“And you should,” he said, curious to see where she was headed.

“I think you’re going easy on me.”

“What has brought you to that conclusion?” He scratched his head.

“I’ve been doing the research and studying this way of life as you have instructed me to do,” she said. “You’ve never punished me for mistakes in the playroom.”

She was right. He had punished her that weekend after she showed up at his office, but that was for her disrespect. And then there was the time she was late. But she hadn’t done anything to warrant a punishment during a scene. That had been on his mind lately too. He hadn’t been giving her the opportunity to screw up. And when she did, he may have overlooked a few things. He wasn’t being fair to her, and she was calling him on it.

“I know I’m not perfect,” she said. “And I know that subs make mistakes. Why haven’t you allowed me to?”

“I’m not here to set you up to fail,” he informed her. “But I agree, you’re right.”

“I am?”

He smiled at her innocence. She was adorable.

“I’ve been taking my time with you,” he admitted. “Not giving you more than I thought you could handle. Maybe I’ve been moving too slowly. Perhaps you’re ready for more.”

She swallowed hard and looked visibly nervous as she shifted in her seat. “How much more?”

“Oh no, sweet girl,” he teased as he pulled on the ends of her hair. “You can’t ask for more and then question it. Finish eating and meet me in the playroom in half an hour.” He stood up from the table, grabbed her hair, and pulled her face to his. “I just hope you can handle what I have in store for you.”

“I know I can, Master.” Her confidence pleased him more than she could ever understand.

A half an hour later Luke was standing outside the playroom door. Katherine was already in there, and he could hear her pacing the floor. He knew this room intimidated her because there were so many things in there that he hadn't even begun to introduce her to. But she was right, they had been together for over two months and it was time to step up this game. She was ready for more, and so was he. He had confidence in them both.

Luke turned the handle on the door and was surprised to see that she was already on her knees, waiting for him in nothing but a pair of tiny black panties. He smiled at the sight of her. Normally, he wasn't a fan of panties, but when that was all she had on, he found it did something for him.

“Do you know how it pleases me to witness your submission?” He walked over to her and stroked her hair. “I'm very proud that you had the courage to voice your concerns in the kitchen and tell me you needed more.” He dropped to his knees, something he'd never done with her before, so that they were eye level. “Look at me.”

She quickly raised her gaze.

“You would not have been able to communicate with me that way a month ago,” he told her. “That shows me you've come a long way in this journey already.”

“Thank you, Master, for allowing me the opportunity to voice my concerns.”

“Always, Katherine. You must never be afraid of me. That’s going to be really important for you to remember as we progress.”

He stood, pulling her up to meet him. He walked her over to the bed, sitting down and placing her in his lap.

“Touch me,” he whispered.

He saw the shock on her face. He’d always initiated the touching and never had allowed her to freely explore him. And he always determined when and how they would kiss. The only time he’d ever really kissed her was when she was sprawled out on his desk the weekend he was punishing her. She was the only sub he maintained such strict physical contact with. In the beginning, it was a way for him to stay in control, but as the weeks progressed, he was afraid her touch would be too much for him to handle. He wanted more with her and knew how wrong that was for him.

“Where?” She swallowed hard.

“Anywhere you want. I’ll tell you when to stop.”

She tentatively placed her hands on either side of his face, running her thumbs over his lips. He had this uncontrollable urge to kiss her. He hadn’t expected her to be so sensual. It sent a shiver down his spine. This was exactly why he’d kept her at arm’s length. He briefly closed his eyes and internally battled over what he should do next. His head was screaming one thing, but his heart wanted something different.

“Now kiss me,” he whispered because he needed more.

Uncertainty flickered across her face before she slowly leaned in and pressed her lips to his. He could tell by the way

she responded to his lips that she'd wanted to do this for a long time. He'd always felt kissing on the mouth for long periods of time was too personal during a scene, but she changed that for him. He slipped his tongue inside her mouth and massaged it against hers, running his fingers through her hair. Her mouth was warm and soft and tasted so sweet. It didn't take long for either one of them to fall into the other. After a few minutes, he had to stop this. It was far too intimate. He was rock hard and losing focus fast. This girl did things to him that no other sub even came close to. A make-out session in the middle of a scene was definitely a first for him and he'd been doing this a long time.

Luke saw the disappointment on her face when he broke the kiss. He slipped his hand down her bare stomach and over her heated sex. He could feel how wet she was through the thin lace material. He moved his hand inside her panties and ran his finger over her entrance.

“Ahh...” she moaned.

She swiveled her hips as he continued to finger her. She was eager for more. Her body was shaking and she was completely at his mercy.

“You like this,” he whispered against her temple. “What does it make you want to do for me?”

“I'll do anything for you, Master,” she moaned.

He smiled at her words. “Do you want to come?”

One of the hardest things for her to master thus far was controlling her climaxes. He had been easy on her and didn't punish her when she slipped up. He was teaching her control,

but now she had asked him to be harder on her, so he would indulge her request.

“Yes,” she barely breathed out. The friction from his fingers was no longer enough. “Please...”

“Maybe I should come first,” he said as he slipped her panties down her legs. As sexy as she looked in them, he decided he hated panties and from here on out, she wouldn’t wear them in his playroom.

She let out a small sigh.

“You just said you’d do anything for me.” He dipped his fingers back inside her and began thrusting in and out. She grabbed his bicep and forced him to move faster.

That was a big mistake on her part. This was his territory, and he didn’t like relinquishing the control.

He stopped his movement, “I’m in charge of this scene, Katherine. I set the pace.”

She let out a frustrated breath and rolled her eyes. Maybe she was testing him. She had said she felt he was being too lax with her.

*Oh, what a feisty girl,* he thought. He could accommodate that.

“Are you attempting to question what I’m doing?”

She looked up at him and he saw the panic on her face. He knew she realized her mistake.

“Do you think I don’t know what’s best for you?” He asked a direct question, so he expected a response.

She stared at him wide-eyed.

“Answer me,” he said in a stern voice.

“Forgive me, Master,” she said in a low mumble. “I shouldn’t question your plans for me.”

“No, Katherine,” he scolded. “You shouldn’t. What should I do about that?”

She shook her head, and he could see that she was losing some of her confidence.

“I believe punishment for disobedience is at my discretion. Does that sound right?” These terms were all outlined in the contract she had agreed to before they ever entered into this arrangement.

“Yes.” She shifted in his lap.

He arched a brow and she quickly added, “Master.” She seemed to be losing her focus.

“Well, since this is your first mishap, I think I’ll take you over my knee,” he said as he shifted her position and placed her across his lap. “Rolling your eyes is very disrespectful.”

Katherine took a deep breath and her body stiffened.

He gave her a hard smack and her white skin immediately turned a bright pink. This would normally be a warm up spanking before he would take a leather strap to a sub, but he didn’t feel that was necessary in this situation. He would consider this a warning, but he had a feeling as they moved deeper into this relationship, the strap would be making an appearance.

“You will come when I tell you to, and not a moment sooner.” He smacked her bottom again. She let out a small

whimper. He knew this wasn't as erotic for her as the time he'd hit her with the ruler. "Don't vocalize," he warned as he hit her again, but this time not as hard.

He ran the palm of his hand over her ass and she sighed.

"I'm not done," he whispered as he lightly smacked her again.

He slipped his hand between her legs and smiled when he discovered she was still wet. He rubbed her backside again before placing one last strike against her bottom. When he pulled her into a seated position she didn't look at him.

"Consider that a warning." He tilted her chin up so that she had to look at him. "Why did I punish you?"

"I was disrespectful, Master," she said as she stared directly into his eyes. "I was frustrated and I let you know."

"Why are you here?"

"To submit to your will," she answered without any hesitation.

"That's right, my sweet girl," he said, knowing she fully understood the meaning of her words. "And you will trust that I know what's best for you."

"Yes, Master, I do trust you."

"Good," he said as he took her face between his hands and slowly kissed her lips. He reached for his belt buckle and smiled at her. "Where are we?"

"Green, Master."

He smiled again because she wanted to continue.



“Maybe you shouldn’t have use of your hands.” He quickly removed the belt and moved her up to the top of the bed, using it to secure her hands to the headboard. “Now I’m in total control. I decide how fast and when you release.”

Her eyes widened as he brushed his lips against her mouth.

“What’s wrong, sweet girl? Didn’t anyone ever tell you that patience is a virtue?” He licked her neck as he positioned himself on top of her. He slowly worked his tongue down between her breasts, along her abdomen and right to her waiting heat. She moaned as he thrust his tongue between her folds. He roughly grabbed her thighs and spread them open. She closed her eyes and lost herself in the pleasure he was creating. He continued to lick and nip at her clit as he pushed his finger inside her tight little body. The way her muscles constricted let him know that she was seconds away from exploding in his mouth.

“Oh...” she moaned.

He abruptly stopped and waited for her reaction, but she didn’t roll her eyes this time.

He kissed his way back up her body and whispered into her ear, “You’ll thank me for this. The anticipation makes it so much better, I promise.”

She pulled against the restraints and he quietly laughed at her eagerness. He had to remind himself she was new to this world and it would take some practice, for both of them.

“I’ll give you what you want.” He unbuttoned his pants and tossed them aside along with his boxers, allowing his

erection to spring free. He absentmindedly began to stroke his cock as he stared at her. “Is this what you want?”

“Yes, Master, please...” she moaned as she raised her hips.

“So enthusiastic.” He smiled. “I’m flattered.” He positioned himself at her entrance, but didn’t penetrate her. He continued to tease her, rubbing his length up and down her slit. The friction felt so good that he almost released just from the thought of being so close to her. At this point, he didn’t care how he got there. She had him so worked up, but he was teaching her a lesson and it wouldn’t do well for him to come without finishing the task. “Wrap your legs around me.”

She did as he asked without hesitation. As soon as she was set, he grabbed her hips and forcefully pushed into her.

“Fuck, Katherine...”

She squeezed her legs tight around his waist, bracing herself for each thrust. He pushed in as far as her body would allow and then slowly moved in and out of her. He wanted to make sure she felt every inch of him. This encounter was so intense that he was completely overwhelmed by her. He was supposed to be teaching her, but the closer they became the more he realized he needed her just as much.

Luke stilled his movements and stared at her for a few seconds. “You’re so beautiful,” he said as he leaned down and kissed her lips.

He kept a steady rhythm inside her while he reached up and quickly untied her hands and pulled her up into his lap, never breaking their connection. She gripped his shoulders and

straddled him as he tangled his fingers in her hair. She trembled as she bit her lip, a sure sign she was trying desperately to hold back. He knew she wanted to please him.

“Come,” he growled out. “Let me hear you.”

She dug her fingers into his shoulders and released so fiercely he thought she might pass out. She shook and gasped for air as she held on to him as tight as she could. He didn't want her to ever let go.

He pounded into her a few more times and then he thought he screamed out her name in the midst of his own release, but he couldn't be sure. The things this girl did to him. He buried his face in her neck, and once his breathing returned to normal, he gently pulled out of her and rolled off her body. He fought the urge to pull her against his chest and hold her, so he gently stroked her hair instead.

“Are you okay?” He always needed to make sure she was good with anything he did with her.

“That was...wow.” She abruptly stopped, and he knew she had forgotten her place. “I mean, yes, Master.”

“I told you you'd thank me.” He laughed.

# Chapter 10

## *Luke's Bedroom...*

It had been a long and rigorous Saturday afternoon in the playroom. Kat stayed behind to tidy up per her Master's request. She looked around and cringed when she saw the whipping bench. It reminded her just how intense things could get. Since they had stepped up the play, she'd had the misfortune of bending over that bench two times and was trying her hardest not to gain herself a repeat trip. It was horrible, humiliating, and painful. The only good part about it was the aftercare. Luke always made sure to tend to her sore bottom with a soothing balm and would give her the opportunity to discuss why she had been punished in the first place.

Luke wasn't overly aggressive when it came to punishing her, and he only did it when he felt it was absolutely necessary, but each time it happened she learned a little more about herself and exactly how much she could handle. She was becoming stronger and learning that she was going to make mistakes, but was finding she was making them less often, especially with the presence of that dreadful bench in eyeshot every time she entered this room.

They had been together for four months now and they were growing in this Dominant-submissive journey, but she longed for more. She knew it was wrong because he didn't want to progress, but she wanted to find out more about him. She knew what he liked in the playroom, but wanted to know

what he liked outside of this world. The only thing that connected them was the fact that he was her Dom. It was the only link she had to him, and she didn't want to do anything to make him change his mind or dissolve their agreement. She had a strong feeling that if he knew how deeply she felt for him, he would end their contract and never look back.

Katherine finished cleaning up the playroom and then headed back to her room. It was just before eight, but Luke hadn't given her any instructions for the evening. It wasn't unusual that he'd give her the night, or at least a few hours off, especially after playing on Friday night and most of the day on Saturday. She welcomed the few hours of rest, but always felt extremely lonely in the submissive bedroom.

Occasionally, Luke's needs would kick in sometime after saying goodnight and he would come into her room. Sometimes it was for a quickie or oral sex, but other nights he would take her slowly and then hold her for just a few minutes before heading back down the hall. Those nights were the hardest for Katherine, because as much as she liked being in his arms, the emptiness when he left was unbearable. She couldn't ask him why or what he was thinking, but the more nights he did that, the more she wanted him. And not just as her Master.

She took a long relaxing shower, slipped on a pair of flannel pajamas, because he hadn't left anything else for her to wear, and crawled into bed with a book. She didn't have full run of the house, so her only option was to settle in for the night. It was difficult for her not to wonder what he was doing.

About forty-five minutes later, she drifted off with the book still in her hands. A gentle tugging woke her and the book was being taken from her weak hold. She opened her eyes and focused on him, then shot up into a seated position and stared at him. She tried to gain her bearings, but couldn't remember what she was supposed to be doing.

Had he left instructions for her? Did she keep him waiting? She wasn't sure.

"Master? I-I'm sorry! I must have fallen asleep for a few minutes." Her heart was beating out of her chest, but it wasn't because she was afraid he was going to punish her. No, it was far worse than that. She was afraid she had disappointed him.

He ran his fingers through his hair before speaking. "I'm sorry I woke you," he whispered. "You looked so peaceful, but I wanted to pull the covers up over you, so I was moving the book."

"You wanted to tuck me in?" she asked, still not totally getting what was going on.

"Something like that." He laughed. "Go back to sleep." He turned and headed for the door. She wasn't sure what came over her, but she grabbed his hand and pulled him toward her.

"Don't go," she said as softly as she could.

He stared down at their joined hands, and Katherine worried she'd crossed a line by touching him without permission.

"I'm sorry." She quickly let go and looked down.

"Don't apologize." He sighed as he sat down next to her on the bed.

“Do you need me for something?” she asked, hoping he did.

“I wanted to give you some time to yourself because we had a busy afternoon.”

“That was very thoughtful of you,” but if you’re ready to play, I am too.”

He shook his head. “I don’t want to play.”

“Oh,” she said, and now she was disappointed.

He smiled, his green eyes sparkling. “Not at the moment,” he clarified. “I was going to see if you wanted to have a glass of wine with me and unwind.”

That was new, and she wondered what brought it on.

“Umm, yeah,” she said. “That sounds nice. Will I serve you in the kitchen or the dining room?” She wasn’t sure if he wanted her to unwind and speak freely, or if he wanted to unwind and have her sit at his feet. Either one would work for her, as long as she could be close to him.

“Actually, I was going to ask you to join me in my bedroom,” he said, and then she noticed he was wearing nothing but a pair of pajama bottoms. “But if you’d be more comfortable in the kitchen—”

“No!” She cut him off. “I’d love to join you in your bedroom, Master.” Katherine sounded eager, but she hadn’t been back in his bedroom since the night he’d taken her by the window. He didn’t allow his subs to share his bed, so she’d take any invitation she could get.

“Very well,” he said as he stood up and extended his hand. She took it and started to follow him, but he stopped and stared at her bedtime attire. He smiled as he looked her over.

“You didn’t leave me any instructions.” She defended her flannel.

“It’s cute.” He laughed.

She loved when he laughed. He was always so serious, but when he lost himself, he was adorable. She wanted to pinch his cheeks and tell him how cute he was. She didn’t dare.

Once they entered his bedroom, she noticed he had a lap tray set up on the floor by the fireplace. It had two glasses, a bottle of wine, grapes, and cheese. He pulled the throw from his bed and spread it out by the tray, tossing a few pillows on the floor. He sat down and extended his hand for her, so she took it and settled in next to him.

She looked around the room, because the last two times she was there, she was too nervous to take it in. It felt so comfortable and relaxing here. If this were her room, she’d never want to leave it.

He handed her a glass of wine.

“Thank you, Master.”

“You’re a stunning woman, Katherine. I watched as you slept a few minutes ago, and it took everything I had not to crawl into that bed with you.”

She wished he would have.



He took a grape from the tray and brought it to her lips. “Open,” he said and then gently placed the fruit in her mouth. “I was very please with you today.” He sipped his wine. “Nipple clamps can be extremely uncomfortable, especially for the amount of time I had them on you, but you did really well.”

“It wasn’t all bad.” She smiled, then quickly added, “Master.”

“I know we’re not usually in here, but I’d like for you to be comfortable tonight.” He poured more wine into her glass, but she hadn’t even realized she’d almost finished the first glass. “You may treat this room the same way you would the kitchen or family room.”

“Thank you.” She took another sip before picking up a grape and feeding it to him. He grabbed her wrist and sucked her finger into his mouth, swirling his warm tongue over it a few times before releasing it.

“How has work been?”

“It’s good. A little mundane,” she admitted. “But I get to observe so much of the fashion industry.”

“You studied at NYU for two years,” he said. “You put that on your sub application. Why did you stop?”

She drank some more wine and started to feel relaxed and even a little comfortable in his presence. *Liquid courage will do that for a person.*

“I didn’t want to stop,” she said. “I really liked it, and I’m going to go back as soon as I can swing it.”

“You didn’t answer my question.” He moved down and propped his head on his hand, using his elbow to support himself.

“My mother was paying my tuition. She took out some loans to help me, but then the economy turned and she lost her job. I have two younger sisters, so she couldn’t afford to help me anymore. I tried to apply for aid, but I was denied. So when I saw the ad for my current job, I figured I should take it and when I save enough money, I’ll start taking night classes. Now that you’ve paid my rent, I’ve got a pretty good nest egg going.”

“I want you to go back to school.”

“I will.” She gulped the last of her wine and then moved down next to him.

“No.” They were so close to one another that she could feel his breath on her lips. “I don’t want you to wait. I’ll pay your tuition.”

“No, you’ve already done too much for me.”

“It’s not your place to say no to me,” he reminded her. “I plan on keeping you as my sub for a long time, and I want you to have an education. You’ll enroll in the next semester.”

“Master, I...” He pressed his fingers to her lips. As far as he was concerned the conversation was over.

“It’s what I want.”

She was learning when he said he wanted something, he got it. She was in no place to argue and really did want to go back to school. Plus, he said that he planned on keeping her for a long time. That was the first time he’d ever indicated any

kind of time frame for their arrangement. That thought caused her to smile because being with him made her happier than she'd ever been.

“What can I do for you?”

“Exactly what you've been doing,” he said. “Every time you submit to me, it helps me.”

She didn't know if it was the wine or the way he was staring at her, or maybe a combination of both, but she leaned forward and gently kissed his lips. He pulled away, causing her to realize her place. She loved when he kissed her and wished it was something he'd do more often.

“I'm sorry, it's the wine.”

“It's okay.” He smiled as he stroked her hair. “I have to be the one in control.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Sure, but don't expect me to answer it.” He laughed.

“Why did you become a Dominant?” Katherine had always wondered the answer to that question.

“Same reason you became a submissive, I guess.” He shrugged. “It's a need that has to be met. I have to dominate, it's who I am.”

“So, I'm just a submissive?” She knew it was wrong, but she wanted him to see her as more than his sub. She wanted him to see the woman she was becoming because of him.

“You are so much more than that.” He kissed her lips. “You are strong, confident and beautiful.” He pushed her back

onto the pillows and hovered over her as he unbuttoned her shirt and spread it open, revealing her breasts to him.

“So beautiful.” He leaned down and kissed the tops of her breasts.

He slipped the garment from her skin, displaying her naked upper body to him. She used to be embarrassed when he looked at her this way, but now she wanted him to see what was his.

“Are you ready to play now, Master?”

He nodded as he traced her nipples with his fingertips and then lowered his head, capturing one in his mouth. She gripped the blanket beneath her as he swirled his tongue over her sensitive bud.

“You may touch me,” he whispered as he switched nipples.

She ran her hands up and down his bare back before slipping them inside his pants and grabbing his rock hard ass. He ground against her pussy before releasing her nipple and moving his way down her stomach, stopping to push his tongue inside her belly button. She giggled at the contact. He looked up and smiled before removing her pajama bottoms.

“God, I love your pussy,” he mumbled as he lowered his mouth to her slit and practically French kissed it. “Especially when it’s freshly waxed.”

He was tender and slow, and this whole encounter was so unlike what she was used to with him. It just felt different. He leisurely licked her and occasionally sucked her clit into his mouth. He pulled his tongue out of her and licked the

outside of her pussy before pushing his fingers inside her. He moved them in and out as he sucked her lower lips into his mouth, gently nibbling at them before slipping his tongue back inside her and moving it in time with his fingers.

She couldn't take it anymore. Her stomach muscles were coiled so tight and she couldn't stay still as she writhed beneath him. She ran her fingers through his long blond hair, gently tugging at the ends, trying to get him to let up before she lost it. He reached up and played with her nipples. Her whole body was in sensory overload and before she could even try to control it, she was coming in his mouth.

“Master...” she moaned.” I can't...stop...oh...sorry!”

He continued to lick and suck the juices from her pussy moving down to clean up her inner thighs. As much as she wanted to enjoy what he was doing, she was afraid he was going to punish her for releasing before she was given permission. This whole atmosphere had her so confused. This was the most relaxed she'd ever allowed herself to be with him.

He gradually worked his way back up her body, stopping to lick and torture her nipples some more before assaulting her neck and then her lips. She twisted her fingers in his hair and kissed him back with as much force as she could manage. She was still weak and out of breath from that powerful climax, but she savored each kiss. They didn't kiss often, but when they did, it was always worth the wait.

As he ground against her sensitive center, she could feel his urge to be inside her. He kept pushing his hips against her as he took her hair in his hand and yanked her head back. She

looked into his eyes, but didn't see anger and fury over her releasing without permission. He was full of lust and desire.

“Master?”

He abruptly stood, scooping her up in his arms. She wasn't sure what he was doing as he walked across the room with her.

“Tonight, I want you in my bed.” He placed her in the center of the mattress. He pushed his pants down over his hips and then crawled over to where she was sitting. He took her face between his hands and kissed her before laying her back on the bed.

She reached up and tentatively touched his shoulders. He nodded for her to continue, so she ran her hands down his chest and to his hips, guiding him on top of her. He lined their bodies up perfectly and rubbed his hard cock over her slick entrance.

“Keep your eyes open,” he said. “I want you to look at me when I enter you.”

He spread her legs with his knee and slowly slipped inside her, stopping to really look at her. His eyes were so intense it took her breath away. He pushed the hair from her eyes and leaned down to kiss her lips. He couldn't seem to stop kissing and caressing her. Her body was screaming for him to move, but he continued to pause.

“I want you to feel every inch of me. Feel how my cock aches for you. Feel how your body responds to me. You belong to me and only me.”

“Only you,” she repeated.

“Say it,” he demanded.

“I belong to you.”

He moved in and out of her at a fast pace, pulling completely out before pushing back in. She could feel all of him...the way his balls pressed against her pussy, the tip of his cock when it passed her clit, but most importantly, the way he filled her. It was a sense of completeness that she could only experience with him. She wanted to be his and in this moment she was.

“Katherine,” he moaned. “I’m gonna come, baby.”

*Baby?* She liked the way that sounded.

He pulled her hair and spilled inside her. She closed her eyes, as he emptied deep within her. She released hard as she shuddered against his body.

“Oh...I...” She couldn’t catch her breath.

“Shh.” He rolled over and pulled her onto his chest.

What should have been a blissful moment quickly turned into anxiety for Katherine because she knew she’d be getting up and heading down the hall in a matter of minutes. She draped her arm across his chest and buried her head in his shoulder. She wanted to get as close to him as possible.

He stroked her hair for a few minutes and then he called her name. Her heart sunk at his voice.

“Yes, Master,” she said as she started to get up.

He pulled her back down and held her to his body. “I want you to spend the night here with me.”

She gasped at his request. She couldn't believe he was asking her this.

“Will that be a problem?”

“No, Master,” she said. “I'd be honored to share your bed.”

“Thank you.” He kissed her head and held her tight.

She didn't want him to ever let go.



# Chapter 11

## *Wednesday night guest...*

Luke strolled up the walkway to Katherine's house at a minute to nine. She'd be expecting his phone call by now. He knew how wrong this was, but the weeks were dragging on and it was too difficult to wait until Friday to see her. They'd tried phone sex a couple of times, but it was never fulfilling, not when he knew how she tasted on his tongue, how her scent lingered on his skin, and her body felt against his own.

"Fuck," he whispered. He was hard before he even rang the bell.

That night in his bedroom changed things for him. He'd been trying to make that evening more relaxed for her. They had been stepping up their playtime so much lately that he was afraid she was becoming overwhelmed with the lifestyle. He had wanted to give her an evening to recharge, plus he wanted a chance for her to be more at ease with him. He hadn't slept much that night as he held her in his arms and tried to fight his internal battle of getting too close to her. Not only had he lost the battle, but now he feared he'd lose the war.

She answered the door and looked surprised to see him.

"Master?" He could see how shocked she was to see him. "I wasn't expecting you."

"I know," he said. "May I come in?"

"Of course," she said as she lowered her head and let him enter before she moved from the doorway.

He walked into her loft and smiled when he saw how cluttered and untidy it was. She definitely wasn't expecting company. Her scent immediately hit him. It smelled of roses, probably her soap or perfume. It was the same smell that surrounded the sub bedroom. When he missed her during the week he would go in there and press his face to her pillow. It was also where he settled in during their phone sex conversations.

"I'm sorry to show up here like this," he said, feeling rather ridiculous at how awkward he felt in her presence. "I had to see you."

"Is everything okay?" He could tell she was confused. This was exactly why he didn't make contact with her during the week. He didn't want to blur the lines.

He took her hand and pulled her toward his body. "The phone wasn't going to be enough tonight." He tilted her chin up and kissed her lips as he ran his fingers through her hair. He walked them over to the loveseat, never breaking their connection, and sat down, pulling her into his lap. They kissed and groped for a few minutes, but Luke needed to stop. He hated that he couldn't figure out what he was feeling from one minute to the next.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "You make me do things that aren't rational."

"What do you mean?"

"I shouldn't be here," he said. "But yet, here I sit."

"Why are you here?"

Lately, he noticed she had been trying to get more information out of him than he was willing to share. Whether she knew it or not, she knew more about him than any other sub ever had. Actually, she knew more about him than some of his closest friends.

“I’m here because I want to be, and that’s all you need to know,” he said, slipping back into Dom mode.

She quickly dropped her gaze to the floor.

“It’s not your place to question me.”

“Yes, Master,” she quietly stated.

When he played the part of her Dom, it always put her in exactly the mindset she needed to be in. His perfect submissive. There was a reason he was so good at this lifestyle. He was disappointed she couldn’t act the way she wanted in front of him. He was the reason why, but lately he wanted it both ways and struggled with the absurdity of that. It wasn’t fair to confuse her. But he was confused all the time.

“Katherine,” he said, feeling bad about the way this evening started out. “I know I’m confusing you. I’ve allowed you to share my bed, I’m here during an undesignated time for us, and I’ve been allowing you to touch me more. All of these things I didn’t allow in the beginning, but they are all part of our journey.”

He was lying not only to her, but to himself as well, because he didn’t believe any of this shit he was spewing. He knew the dynamics of their arrangement had changed, but there was no way she could recognize that. She’d never been

in this predicament before. She followed his lead, so he could spin this anyway he wanted to.

“As we grow as Dominant and submissive, so will our feelings.” Her face lit up over that statement and he knew he needed to change where he was headed. “It’s only natural that we’d want more, and that’s why I’m here. Weekend play doesn’t seem to be enough anymore. I want to explore other options.”

“Whatever you think is best for us, Master,” she said quietly. “I’m here to submit to your will.”

*Exactly*, he thought. She wasn’t looking for a boyfriend. She wanted a Dom, and he shouldn’t be here proclaiming his feelings or intentions. *Fuck*. He didn’t know how he felt, so how could he tell her? It wasn’t too late. He could get them back to where they needed to be.

“It was probably wrong of me to show up here,” he said. “We should have discussed this during the weekend, but I was eager to see you.”

She smiled.

“I respect our contract,” he continued. “So, you would be well within your rights to ask me to leave. You’d face no consequences.”

“I don’t want you to leave,” she blurted out.

“Would you be willing to make time for me one night during the week?” he asked, already knowing that she would.

“Yes, Master I’d be more than willing.”

“Hmm.” He leaned into her and tugged her bottom lip with his teeth. She climbed out of his lap, causing him to look at her questioningly.

She pulled her tank top over her head and then slipped her pajama bottoms down her hips and off her body, showing him exactly what she wanted. She was standing completely naked in front of him, offering herself to him. It was beautiful.

He settled back in the chair and unbuckled his belt and lowered his zipper. Reaching down his pants, he pulled out his more than ready cock.

She slowly licked her lips and then swallowed hard. He smiled because she wanted him to fill her mouth, but he had a few other ideas.

“Touch yourself for me,” he whispered as he stroked his cock.

She leisurely moved her hand up her bare stomach and to her breast, cupping it in her palm as she twirled her thumb over her nipple. As she continued to pleasure her nipple, she moved her other hand to her pussy, tracing her finger lightly over her mound before inserting it into her wet folds. She closed her eyes and dropped her head forward causing her long, dark hair to fall over her tits, but he could still see her fingers working her nipple.

He continued to stroke his cock in time with her finger slipping in and out of her hot little cunt, but when she let out a small moan he knew he had to take over.

“Come here,” he demanded.

She walked over to him, and he grabbed her wrist and sucked her juices from the finger that had been inside her.

“I want more,” he moaned. He may have been talking about more than tasting her, but he couldn’t admit that.

“I’ll give you whatever you want.”

She dipped her finger back inside her juicy pussy and moved it in and out a few times before bringing it to his lips again. She smeared her nectar across his lips and then pushed her finger inside his waiting mouth. He sucked her finger clean.

She was breathing heavily as she glanced down at his cock.

“Just a little lick,” he said as he pushed her head between his legs. “I have to get inside you.”

She flattened her tongue against the front of his dick and gave it one long lick before swirling it over the tip, making sure she cleaned up the fluid that had gathered there.

“Fuck,” he whispered as he pulled on her hair.

“How may I serve you, Master?” she asked as she kissed her way up his stomach and straddled his lap.

He slipped his hands under her ass and pressed his finger at her tight opening. He noticed she didn’t squirm away from his touch. He experimented a little more as he ran his finger over it and then applied some pressure this time. She shifted a bit as she wrapped her arms around his neck. He kissed her while he let his finger explore her entrance.

“Hmm, Master,” she murmured.

“Yes?” He rolled his hips against her naked center.

“I’ve been thinking about that hard limit,” she whispered as she sunk down lower into his finger.

“And?”

“I want to try it,” she moaned against his lips. “I want you to fuck my ass.”

Her words threw him over the edge. She rarely ever spoke like that unprovoked and he found it was a major turn on. He flipped her on her back, pulled his pants off, and slipped in between her legs. He quickly spread her thighs open, threw her legs over his shoulders, and pounded into her.

“Oh!” She screamed, clutching the cushions of the loveseat as he slammed in and out of her. The thought of finally being able to take her ass was too much to handle.

“I love fucking you,” he moaned. “Fuck!”

He reached down and grabbed her tits, squeezing them and then pinching her nipples as he relentlessly slammed into her.

“Are you close?”

“Yes, Master,” she cried as she scrunched her eyes shut. “Can I?”

“Yes, and let me hear you.”

She screamed out as her muscles clenched tightly around his cock. “Feels so good!”

He removed one of her legs from his shoulder and wrapped it around his waist as he slowed his pace. He was

close now and all it took was a few slow passes and he was shooting his stream inside her.

He gently removed her other leg from his shoulder and collapsed on top of her. She ran her fingertips up and down his spine before moving up to play with the hair at the nape of his neck. He lifted his head from the crook of her neck and softly pressed his lips to hers.

“You’re such a naughty girl,” he whispered as he continued to kiss her.

“But I’m your naughty girl,” she said as she slipped her tongue inside his mouth. The kiss was slow and sensual, and he hated to pull away but he could already feel his greedy cock twitching inside her. He couldn’t spend the night here. It would send her the wrong signal.

He lifted himself up and propped his forearms on either side of her face.

“Were you serious about the hard limit or did you get caught up in the moment?” he asked. “It’s okay if you didn’t mean it.”

“I’m serious.” Her cheeks turned red. “I’ve been thinking about it, and if it would please my Master, I’d like to try it.”

“We can discuss it some more this weekend. We need to renegotiate the contract, and I want you to be absolutely sure. It’s one thing for me to push your limits, but I would never want you to feel like you had to do something you didn’t want to in order to please me.”



“You’ve never made me feel like I had to do anything. I feel completely safe and secure with you. As we grow, won’t limits change?”

“They will.” He smiled. “You don’t know how proud I am of you right now. Your courage astounds me.”

“You make me courageous. I can do things with you I never thought possible. So, please, don’t overthink this. I never would have brought it up if I didn’t want to try it.”

*Such a confident thing for her to say*, he thought. He couldn’t have been more proud of her in that moment.

“I’ll work it into one of our weekends in the near future. I need time to prepare and think about how I can make it as comfortable for you as possible. The first time may not be very pleasant, but I’ll do everything I can to make sure you’re okay.”

“I trust you completely, Master.”

“Thank you.”

\* \* \* \*

After the night Luke showed up on Kat’s doorstep unannounced, he often requested to see her a couple of nights a week. He always reminded her that she was well within her rights to turn him down, but she never did. She enjoyed his company. They never played during the week, but instead, he would take her to dinner or a movie. She never felt comfortable enough to completely let go when they were on these “dates”, but she did answer any questions he had about her and her life. She noticed lately he had more and more questions for her. He wanted to hear all about her childhood,

her family, and friends. She was too afraid to ask him about his personal life. Anything she learned, she got from him in spurts. Some days he was really talkative and others he was more interested in hearing from her. Either way, she liked being with him and was finding she would take whatever he'd give her. Right now, it was more than she'd ever thought they could have with one another.

He'd requested her presence in his bedroom instead of the playroom, but they rarely went into the playroom on a Friday night anymore. He would save that for Saturday afternoons, but Fridays were more intimate now. After he greeted her in the foyer and she served him orally, they'd have dinner together in the kitchen and retreat to the family room where they'd put on a movie they never ended up watching and then they'd wind up in his bed. Things had changed dramatically in the six months she'd been here, but she wasn't complaining. She liked the new Friday night routine because they almost felt normal. Like he was her boyfriend.

She knew it was wrong to hide these feelings, but didn't see the harm in pretending. Wasn't one of the aspects of this lifestyle role playing? She was sure being delusional about how her Master felt about her didn't really qualify as role playing, but still, a girl could dream.

But on this particular Friday, Luke had asked her to wait for him in his bedroom. She tried hard not to question his motives as she cleared her head and got into the proper frame of mind. As much as she felt for him, she was still here to serve him and submit to his will. That always had to come first or there'd be no Luke in her future.

He entered the room and walked toward her, slowly circling her and then placing his hand on her shoulder.

“I’d like for you to submit to me tonight,” he said. “I know we’ve been taking it easy on Fridays, but there’s something I want to try and if it goes well, I’ll need to take care of you the rest of the weekend.”

Katherine wondered exactly why he’d have to take care of her.

“You’ve changed a hard limit.”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered, feeling oddly excited over what was to come.

“I’d like to try that tonight. Will that be okay with you?”

She couldn’t believe he was asking.

“Yes, Master,” she answered. “It’s a need that only you can fulfill.”

“Very well.” He extended his hand and pulled her up into a standing position. He softly kissed her lips. “I’ll try to make you as comfortable as I can, and you can safe word at any time.”

He led her over to the bed. “Remove my pants.”

She did as he asked and it left him as naked as she was. She glanced down and winced over his size. She momentarily wondered if this was a bad idea. But then she told herself it would please him and that would bring her great pleasure.

He took her face in his hands and gently kissed her lips. She couldn’t help but notice how tender he was being. Although there were times when she needed him to be hard

and rough, she liked when he was affectionate and intimate with her. Just before he pulled away from her mouth, he bit down on her bottom lip and pulled it between his teeth.

“You can safe word if you need to,” he reminded her again. “I’ve wanted to do this with you for a long time. It’s going to bring you some discomfort the first time, but I’ll try not to hurt you too much.”

She swallowed hard but managed to nod.

“Kneel by the bed,” he instructed. “Place your hands on the mattress.”

She did as she was told, but now she felt an anxious knot in her stomach. Her throat was dry, and her palms were sweaty. She took a few calming breaths and tried to center her mind. She reminded herself that she was safe with him.

She heard him reach into the nightstand next to them and pull out something and place it on the floor by her feet. He dropped down behind her and began rubbing her tense shoulders.

“You’re going to have to relax, darling,” he whispered. “Do you trust me?”

“Yes, Master,” she said. “Always.”

Katherine tried to do what he asked, but she couldn’t help but feel a little nervous. She had been thinking about doing this with him for a few months, but it wasn’t until that night he showed up at her house that she finally had the courage to tell him.

He continued to rub her shoulders, and then he leaned in and placed hot, open-mouthed kisses at the nape of her neck.

His warm lips and capable fingers were creating a humming feeling throughout her body that landed between her thighs. He guided her body slightly up so that she was now resting on her stomach with her pussy just at the edge of the mattress. He kissed his way down her back, moving lower and lower until he was at her backside. He licked his way down her cheeks, before gently spreading them open.

She shuddered when he inserted the tip of his hot tongue just at her tight entrance.

“Ahh...” she moaned.

Katherine jumped in anticipation when she heard the low hum of a toy. Luke had used this device several times in the playroom and it always brought her so close to the edge. As he continued to tease her opening with his tongue, he reached around and placed the vibrator against her clit.

She wiggled into it and let it do its job as she grasped the plush comforter beneath her fingers. She didn't know what felt better, the vibration inside her pussy or Luke's magic tongue working her ass. All she knew was he was creating a delicious sensation and it was throwing her whole body into a wild frenzy. It was strangely erotic.

She was close to exploding. She could no longer control her panting and moaning. He reached up and moved her hand down and had her hold the vibrator in place. Then he grabbed the second item he had pulled from the nightstand...a small bottle of lubricant.

“This will make things easier,” he said as he showed her the bottle.

He squeezed some of the warming oil onto his fingertips as Katherine continued to pleasure herself with her favorite new toy. She was so caught up in her building climax that she didn't even move when he inserted his slick finger into her hole. He added just the tip of his thumb and spread her as he pushed his finger deeper.

Katherine shifted her position, because the pressure he was creating felt uncomfortable. He leaned into her ear and whispered, "You're doing fine. Just close your eyes and feel."

"Yes, Master," she said as she shut her eyes and sank deeper into the mattress. After a few minutes of him moving his finger in and out of her, he took the vibrator from her hold, but kept it pressed against her clit.

"Hmm..." she moaned.

With his free hand, he took his dick and slid the tip of it up and down her ass crack, pressing slightly against her hole. She tensed for a few seconds, but the pulsation of the vibrator took over and while she was in the midst of her climax, Luke pushed the head of his slick cock into her ass.

"Oh!" She screamed as she gripped the blanket tighter.

Luke wrapped his arm tightly around her stomach and pulled her closer to him as he pushed further inside her. Katherine closed her eyes and tried to breathe through the pain. He stilled his movements and let her adjust to the intrusion.

"Are you okay?" He took the vibrator from her and replaced it with his fingers.

"Yes," she panted.

“Are you being honest with me?”

“It hurts,” she cried. “I won’t lie, but I want this.” She dropped her head and rested her cheek against the bed.

“Please, just do it.”

She was too determined for him to stop now. He continued to rub her swollen clit as he inched deep inside her ass. Once he was fully sheathed, she let out a strained breath, one she didn’t realize she was holding. Then he slowly pulled in and out of her, stretching her tight body with each movement.

“You feel so good,” he moaned.

She continued to keep her eyes closed and tried to focus on the sounds he was making. He was moaning and breathing heavily, and she could tell how much he liked it. The pain was unbearable at first, but as he continued to move, she relaxed. He kissed and nipped at her neck while he pushed his fingers inside her pussy. Listening to the sounds he was making, the feeling of his mouth on her back, his fingers in her sex, and his dick in her ass were enough to send her spiraling over again, and as she tightened around his fingers she felt him pulsing inside her. It was all too much. She couldn’t hang on any longer. She clawed at the comforter and let her climax take over. By the time she could focus she realized he’d stopped moving inside her. Both of their breathing was erratic and heavy. Luke pressed his lips just below her jaw.

“You’re beautiful,” he whispered. “The way you submit to me is the most incredible thing I’ve ever experienced.” He slowly pulled out of her and turned her to face him. “Are you okay?”

She nodded, because she knew she was too exhausted to speak. He slowly leaned into her and gently kissed her lips.

“I’ll run a bath for you. It’ll help.” He ran his hand over her sensitive bottom.

“May I request something?” she asked. “I know you can turn me down.”

“What is it?” he spoke against her lips.

“Will you join me in the bath? I just need you close.”

She was afraid he’d shoot her down because he didn’t grant requests often, but she couldn’t be away from him.

“I’d love to.”

She smiled at him and then collapsed against the bed. He rubbed her back for a few minutes before picking her up and carrying her into the bathroom. She felt so secure in his arms, like it was always meant to be that way.



## Chapter 12

### *Exploration...*

As Katherine stared into his intense blue eyes, ready to submit to him completely, a chill ran down her spine. He was strong, handsome and controlling, everything she desired in a man. He knew what he wanted and took it with no regrets or apologies. It was made absolutely clear that there was to be no hesitation from her, no defiance, and she was to put her total trust in him. She was expected to totally submit to his will.

That wasn't a problem for Katherine, because she was a natural submissive. She'd submitted to her Master countless times over the past six months. When she first came to him, she had been new at this lifestyle, but it was something she'd always craved. She needed to relinquish control and be dominated by an authoritative man. She wanted him to push her limits and bring her the pleasure she knew her body was capable of obtaining.

Tonight was just another test. One she knew she could pass. She wanted to please him in any way she could. She trusted him and knew he would never ask this of her if he didn't have a reason. He was helping her in her subservient journey. The only problem was, the man who had just bound her to the bed wasn't her Master.

\* \* \* \*

*“You've heard me speak of my friend Colin before?”*  
*Luke looked down at her.*

*She kneeled at his feet while he sat at the grand mahogany dining table, where he ate most of his meals. She nodded, because she wasn't required to speak.*

*It was a Friday evening and they hadn't entered the playroom yet, but she knew her place and wasn't to speak until she was instructed to do so. She did know Colin was Luke's long time friend and mentor. Colin introduced Luke to this lifestyle about ten years ago, and Luke respected him immensely. Luke was very closed-lipped about his personal life, but when he did feel like sharing, which wasn't often, he spoke of Colin.*

*"He's coming to visit us next week," Luke informed her.*

*Us? She wondered what that meant.*

*"And he would like to join us in the playroom for a few hours." He stared into her eyes. His face was so serious. "You may speak."*

*"Join us?" was all she could manage to say. They had always been monogamous and exclusive, at least since he had collared her. She thought the whole reason for a collar was to indicate that she belonged to her Master and her Master only.*

*So, why did Colin have to join them?*

*"Yes," Luke said, as he took her hand and locked their fingers together. Lately, he was touching her more when they weren't in the playroom. "I don't like to share, Katherine, but Colin is an exception to most of my rules. You're mine, but I trust him with you. Is this something you'd be willing to try?"*

*She wanted to please him, but she didn't know if this was something she could do. She was disappointed that he wanted*

*another man to touch her.*

*“If it pleases you,” she said as she looked down at the floor. “Master.”*

*“It would please me, but you are my first concern and I want to hear your fears,” he said, as he tilted her chin so that she had no choice but to meet his gaze. He was such an intimidating man when he wanted to be. “I can tell you’re not sure.”*

*“I want to do what you ask, but I don’t know if I can have sex with someone other than you,” she admitted. She didn’t want to have sex with anyone but him. It might have been wrong for her to think that way, but there would never be anyone but him for her.*

*He looked at her as if she’d hurt him. His brilliant green eyes never left hers, but they were fierce. It scared Katherine.*

*She shouldn’t have said anything. She hoped he wouldn’t punish her for this.*

*“Do you think I’d ask you to have intercourse with another man?”*

*“I don’t understand. I thought you said you wanted Colin to join us in the playroom.”*

*“I do,” he said. “And I’d like for him to show you things that will bring you great pleasure. He is a true Master at this lifestyle, and he can show you things slightly different from what I can offer you. He’s a genius at control and he doesn’t have an attachment to you.” The last part he said rather quickly, almost as if he wanted Katherine to miss it.*

*Attachment? What did he mean by that? Was she not living up to her full potential as his sub? Was he admitting to being lenient with her? Before she could stop herself, she blurted out, "Have I disappointed you in some way?"*

*Katherine was crossing a line because they weren't in a designated area of his rather large home where she could speak her mind.*

*"No," he quickly said. "Why would you think that?"*

*"I'm sorry." She looked down.*

*"No, there's nothing for you to be sorry about. But you have to tell me your concerns. We have to have nothing but honesty."*

*Honesty? How could she be honest with him when she wasn't allowed to tell him she had fallen in love with him? She was ashamed of these feelings and knew once he figured it out, he'd be so disappointed in her.*

*"Master, we're in the dining room," she reminded him.*

*He didn't say anything for a few minutes, so she kept her gaze to the floor and waited for an explanation; one she knew might not come. This was his house and his rules.*

*"Katherine," he said. "If you don't want to do this with Colin, you can tell me without any consequences. This is a consensual relationship, and if this is a hard limit for you, I won't force it. But I will not ask you to have intercourse with Colin."*

*"Just a scene?"*

*“Maybe a flogger or a vibrator, but you’ll have the opportunity to discuss your limits with him the same way you did the first time we were together.”*

*“And I can safe word if I need to?” She wanted to be certain she wasn’t getting herself into something she couldn’t get out of.*

*“Of course you can.” He leaned down and gently kissed her lips. “I’ll be in the room the entire time. I would never let any harm come to you. Do you understand that?”*

*“Yes.”*

*He arched a brow at her.*

*“Yes, Master,” she corrected.*

*He smiled, indicating he was being light and playful. As much as she liked when he dominated her, it was nice to see this softer side of his personality.*

*“Do you want some time to think about it?”*

*“No, Master,” she announced with confidence. “I trust you with my mind and body.” She wanted to tell him he had her heart too, but she knew he wouldn’t accept it. “I want to do this for you.”*

*“Thank you, Katherine. You don’t know how much you’ve pleased me.” He took her hand. “Now, let me take you upstairs and savor you slowly, just the way you like it.”*

*“Yes, Master.” A small smile graced her lips. When her Master was happy, she was too.*

*\* \* \* \**

So, here they were one week later, in the playroom with Colin. Luke was in the room, standing in the corner by the door. Katherine wasn't sure if he intended to participate, but he said he wouldn't leave her. That was strangely comforting to her.

Colin was very nice. He was a tall, attractive man with thick, wavy brown hair and a masculine build. He wore only low rise faded blue jeans with no shirt. His rippled chest was an impressive shade of bronze, and his stomach muscles disappeared right down into his jeans. Katherine was sure he was the fantasy of many women and probably a few men.

He was respectful and attentive to her needs. He didn't know her body the way Luke did, but his touches were soft and gentle. She had a feeling that was going to change.

Colin was so focused and just as intense as Luke was, but there was something different in his eyes. He seemed more determined, so much more detached. It wasn't that she was afraid he would physically hurt her, but he was definitely all business.

"Thank you for allowing me to play with you this evening, Katherine," he said, as he crawled over to where she was sitting on the bed. Luke and she rarely used the bed in the playroom anymore. In the beginning, it was the only place he'd have sex with her, but that changed about two months ago. They did many things in this room. Things she had no idea that people actually did, but recently Luke was moving more of their intimate moments to his bedroom.

In researching the BDSM lifestyle, Katherine had come across many scenarios. Some were downright kinky and

involved aspects that she never wanted to try. But others were interesting to her, and the scenes that Luke had already played out always left her feeling satisfied and craving more. She'd been researching the possibility of a submissive falling in love with her Dominant. She found many sites and articles on that particular subject, but she wasn't sure the feeling was entirely mutual between her and Luke. Her feelings were confusing to her, and she'd have to consider discussing it with him. She was afraid if she did, he'd end their relationship, and that was a risk she wasn't willing to take. Not after they'd come so far.

She was lost in the notion of Luke when she felt Colin's strong, capable hands touch her face. She jumped at the contact because she wasn't expecting it.

"Do we need to work on your focus?" he asked in a rough voice.

Katherine looked up at him, but she didn't answer. She'd lost concentration.

"I asked you a question, Katherine. Shall I repeat it?"

"Please, Sir," she said, rather timidly as she chanced a glance at Luke, who was staring at her, and didn't look pleased. She looked down and waited for Colin to repeat his question.

"I do believe I stated that there would be no hesitation from you. Maybe your actions warrant a trip to the whipping bench?"

*Not the whipping bench!* She internally screamed.

She hadn't been there in over two months. When she didn't live up to Luke's expectations, and that wasn't often, he

would withhold her release, usually by bringing her to the brink with his tongue and then making her serve him orally. But he hadn't used a whip on her in months. She hated that whip.

Luke must have recognized the precise moment when she started to panic. The man seemed to have a gift. He could read people's emotions better than anyone she had ever met. He cleared his throat, causing Colin to smile.

"It appears your Master doesn't like the idea of you bent over a whipping bench, so I'll just repeat my initial question. Do we need to work on your focus?" he asked again.

"No, Sir," she whispered. "I can do better."

"I know that's true." He stroked her cheek and then moved his lips to her jaw, slowly trailing kisses down her neck. "Your Master speaks very highly of your capabilities."

Her hands were bound above her head and secured to the posts of the headboard, placing her in an extremely vulnerable position. This was one of Luke's favorite ways to take her. He always left her feet free so that she could wrap them around his waist as he pounded into her with strong, forceful thrusts.

But Luke wasn't the one her body seemed to be responding to now. Colin moved closer to her and straddled her naked form, spreading her legs and pressing his bulge against her now exposed clit. Katherine had to fight the urge to grind against him as he lightly traced his fingertips over her erect nipples.

He was extremely sensual, and she noticed he liked working her up with well-placed touches. He was all about



focus and control, and she'd bet his subs were left with nothing but satisfaction.

He leaned down and ran his tongue over her nipples, gently taking one between his teeth, and then without warning he bit down hard.

"Ahh," she moaned as he slid his fingers down her stomach and inside her wet center. He hadn't said that she couldn't vocalize her pleasure. She closed her eyes and imagined her Master touching her. The thought of Luke made her hips involuntarily push into Colin's fingers.

"You're an eager girl, aren't you? Maybe you liked when we played with the Deerskin flogger?"

When he first entered the room, Katherine was already naked and on her knees just like she would be for Luke. Colin led her over to the table in the center of the room and acquainted himself with her body for several minutes before warming her up with a flogger, instructing her not to release. She or her body didn't dare disobey him.

"You've been such a good girl," he whispered, but she knew Luke could hear everything, and for some bizarre reason that turned her on. He continued to finger her and she was so sensitive and receptive that she was trying hard not to come. When her muscles began to tense, he immediately pulled out of her. He smiled, letting her know he knew that she'd almost slipped up. He never instructed her to release.

He brought his fingers to his lips and slowly sucked the juices from them. "You're so wet, and you smell delectable. Will you allow me to get a better taste?"

She didn't know what to do. She was responding extremely well to him and she thought that was what Luke wanted, but she wasn't sure. Her gaze shifted from Colin to Luke, who was now standing at the foot of the bed. She hadn't even realized he'd moved from the other side of the room.

She was seeking his approval without verbally asking. He nodded as he ran his fingers through his hair. He looked conflicted, but she wasn't really focused on him now. She didn't want to do anything to upset Colin.

She looked back at Colin and said, "Whatever pleases you, Sir."

# Chapter 13

*Taking back control...*

Luke moved from the doorway to the foot of the bed, once Colin began to straddle Kat. He never referred to her as Kat, but Colin's presence had him off his game. She seemed to be doing quite well. She had responded to him much quicker than Luke thought she would, and she was even able to hold it together when Colin brought her to almost certain release. Maybe all of his training in the past six months had paid off, but he was secretly hoping she just didn't want to come for Colin.

Luke just about threw a jealous fit when Colin asked to taste her. He wanted to rip him off her and throw him out of *his* playroom.

*Jealousy? Where the fuck did that come from?* Luke shook his head and tried to get a hold of his emotions because if he didn't this could all end badly.

This was Colin, and he wasn't trying to steal his sub from him. They had played with one another's subs before, and it never presented a problem. Luke never shared with anyone but Colin, but for the first time ever he didn't want him to play with one of his subs. She wasn't just his sub. She was his Kat.

He knew these feelings were wrong, and he had been trying to suppress them for a month now. She wasn't here to love him. She came to him so that he could help fulfill a need in her life. She wanted him to dominate her and bring her body

the ultimate pleasure. She wasn't seeking a friend or a lover, and neither was he. He was a Dom, first and foremost, so why the fuck did this little girl have his stomach in knots and his head so confused?

She was exquisite. Her long, dark hair fell perfectly around her creamy white shoulders and her flawless skin was covered in a light sheen of sweat. The area between her eyebrows was crinkled ever so delicately that only Luke would notice. He knew when she was trying to concentrate and make sure she did everything right. It reminded him of how she was when she first came to him. She was so scared and unsure, and she messed up often. But she had come so far in these past six months. He only hoped tonight didn't set them back. Ever since she had agreed to this evening, he'd had a sick, nagging feeling in the pit of his stomach.

But because this was Colin, he had allowed it. It felt as if he was having an out-of-body experience as he watched him lick his girl. He clenched his fists by his sides and thought back to exactly how he got to this moment.

\* \* \* \*

*"Colin," Luke said, when he saw him come up on caller ID.*

*"Luke," he responded. "How are things going?"*

*"Work has been insane, but other than that I'm good. How about you?"*

*"I'm great," Colin said. "I'm coming up next week."*

*"Really? That's cool. We can grab a beer and watch a game."*

*“That sounds like a plan,” Colin agreed. “I’m also attending a play party, and it’s not far from you, but I hear you’re not coming.”*

*Luke hadn’t planned on it. Ever since Katherine had come into his life, he’d kept her secluded. This lifestyle was overwhelming and new to her, and he wasn’t ready to introduce her to other aspects of it. He tried to tell himself he was looking out for her best interests, but he didn’t think that was the case anymore. He wanted to be the only one she ever needed or desired.*

*“No,” he said. “I’m not attending that party. I don’t need to.”*

*“And why is that?” Luke could almost hear the skepticism in that smug bastard’s voice.*

*“Because I have a sub, and right now I’m in a good place with her,” he answered as honestly as he could under the circumstances.*

*“So, take her with you,” Colin said. “That’s what you’re supposed to do with her.”*

*“I don’t think so.”*

*“Luke,” he said. “Ever since you took on this new sub, you’ve dropped out of the circle. Shit, you hardly call me. Six months ago, you were at the top of your game. You had a waiting list of subs who were dying to test with you. You could have had anyone you wanted, but instead you took on a young, inexperienced girl. You’re too good to be training a kid.”*

*“She’s made great progress, and I like teaching her,” he admitted. He knew Colin was right. He could have had any*

*experienced submissive in the state. He could have jumped right in. There would have been no training. He could have found a match that knew how to please him right from the beginning, but as soon as he saw Katherine, he knew she was the one. There was something about her that drew him to her. He kept telling himself she was too young and naive for his taste, but even their ten year age different didn't stop him. If she was determined to try this life, then he wanted it to be with him.*

*"You shouldn't have to teach the basics," Colin said. "You're better than that. You have subs falling at your feet. Men like us don't have to settle."*

*"I want to teach her the basics." He sighed. "It's nice having a sub who hasn't been tainted by another Dom. She doesn't have any bad habits. And I'm not settling. Just switching things up."*

*"Are you sure that's all it is?"*

*"What else would it be?" If he was going to continue to be in denial over his feelings for Katherine then he was damn sure no one else was going to think any differently.*

*"I hear she's incredibly beautiful."*

*"She is beautiful, but what does that have to do with anything?" Luke asked, a bit pissed now. "Stop fucking with me and ask what you want to ask."*

*"Are you developing feelings for this girl?" he asked without any hesitation.*

*"No," Luke said because it was much easier to lie than to admit that he'd broken his own rule.*

*“You’re lying.”*

*“How would you know?”*

*“Okay.” Colin laughed. “Answer a few questions for me.”*

*“What?” Luke knew Colin wouldn’t back off if he didn’t agree, so he indulged him.*

*“Where does this girl sleep when she’s in your house?”*

*“It depends,” he said, and that was the truth. He had a submissive bedroom for her, but the more they were together, the more he found himself climbing into her bed at night. So, eventually he decided she should just sleep with him.*

*“So, she has shared your bed?”*

*“Yes,” Luke admitted, and didn’t see a problem with that. His house, his rules.*

*“When was the last time you had to take a leather strap to her?”*

*“I don’t know. It hasn’t been necessary.”*

*“Come on,” Colin said, “an inexperienced sub who doesn’t need to be punished?”*

*“I didn’t say I don’t punish her.” Luke knew he was too lenient on her, but when she looked at him with those wide brown eyes all of his training went out the window. This was exactly why a he wasn’t meant to fall in love with his sub.*

*“Do you see her during the week?”*

*“Occasionally.” He smiled. There were times when he couldn’t stop thinking about her and would take her to dinner*

*or a movie. He just liked being near her.*

*“As your sub?”*

*“Does it matter?”*

*“Luke,” he said. “What the hell are you doing?”*

*“It’s none of your business,” he snapped. “It doesn’t concern you.”*

*“You’re breaking all the rules,” Colin said. “Do you remember nothing I’ve taught you?”*

*“You don’t know anything about us.”*

*“Let me come and join you in the playroom. Let me see for myself.”*

*“No,” Luke blurted out much too fast.*

*“Why not?”*

*“She’s not ready for that,” he said.*

*“I thought she was coming along.”*

*“Colin,” he warned.*

*“I think you may need me.”*

*“Can I stop you?”*

*“No.”*

*“Smug bastard!” Luke rolled his eyes.*

*Colin only laughed.*

*“I’ll only do this if Katherine agrees to it,” he said with much apprehension.*

*“Aren’t you her Dom?” Colin laughed again.*



*“Shut up. I’ll see you next week.”*

\* \* \* \*

Because Luke wanted to prove him wrong, he allowed this to occur and now he regretted it. He had more than Dom feelings for her, but he was trying to fight it. He loved Colin like a brother, but he couldn’t stomach him touching Kat. She was being so strong and he knew she was doing it for him, so he would finish the night out, but when it was over he would never allow this to happen again. He should never have asked this of her. Of course she would agree, she always wanted to please him, but now he felt that he had failed her.

Kat moaned out in pleasure and just listening to her and watching her writhe under Colin’s mouth got Luke hard. He let go of the fact that she was with Colin and relished in the idea that she was doing this for him and only him.

*Isn’t that what she’s supposed to do? Submit to my every desire?*

He couldn’t be a spectator any longer. This was his playroom and she was his sub, so he was calling the shots now. He was her Dom. He was taking back control.

Luke slipped in behind Katherine, causing Colin to stop momentarily as he untied her and positioned her in his lap.

He gestured for Colin to continue, so he grabbed her leg and slipped it over his shoulder. Luke gently rubbed her wrists, because he knew they’d be sore from the ropes. She relaxed under his touch and, for the first time that evening, he saw the confidence in her eyes. She needed him close.

She threw her head back against his chest and looked up into his eyes. A small smile crossed her lips, but she quickly remembered her place. He trailed his tongue over her jaw and to her ear. As he sucked her lobe into his mouth, he wished he was the one with his face buried between her thighs.

“Katherine,” he whispered in her ear as he played with her nipples. “I’m so proud of you.”

“Hmm...” She quivered against his body.

He knew she was struggling not to release, but between Colin licking and sucking her and him touching her breasts and whispering in her ear, she was far too stimulated. He knew her body all too well, and he wouldn’t set her up to fail.

“Katherine,” he whispered against her temple. “Listen to your Master. You may come whenever you’re ready.”

“God!” she yelled as Luke sucked and bit her neck.

His cock was straining against his pants and as soon as she was finished he’d have to take her.

It was only a few seconds more and she was screaming out her release as she pressed against his chest. Luke wrapped his arms around her and kissed her neck as she rode out her orgasm.

“Feel better?” he asked.

She nodded.

Colin kissed her leg and then her thighs, before sliding off the bed. He adjusted himself, but Luke knew Colin was as painfully erect as he was. Colin deserved his reward too. And

Luke was secure enough to allow her to give it to him, but only if he was in control, and only if she agreed.

“Katherine,” Luke said. “I need you to do one more thing for me tonight.”

“Anything for you, Master.”

There was no doubt in Luke’s mind that she truly meant that.

He got up off the bed and extended his hand. She quickly took it and let him lead her to the back of the room, where pillows were set up on the floor.

“Get on your knees,” he commanded her.

Colin walked over and stood in front of her, obviously knowing exactly what they were about to do. He unbuckled his belt and undid his pants, never taking his eyes away from Kat.

Luke unbuttoned his pants and slide them down his hips, letting them fall to the floor. He kicked them out of the way and then dropped down behind her. He grabbed her hair and pulled her toward him.

“I want you right now,” he said. “But it would be rude to leave our guest out. Would you serve him the way you would me?” Luke wanted her to know that she still had a choice. She could safe word if she needed to.

She nodded.

“Good girl,” he said as he rubbed the tip of his cock against her slick entrance. She arched her hips for him as she placed her hands on Colin’s thighs.

“Take him in your mouth,” Luke said. “Show him how good you are.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, before grabbing the base of Colin’s cock and swirling her tongue around his tip.

“Fuck.” Colin tangled his fingers in her hair.

She slowly and skillfully took him into her mouth and began moving her head back and forth. Luke smiled when he remembered that just a few short months ago she had no idea how to even suck cock. Colin would never believe that, considering she was probably the best he’d ever had. Luke had tried to tell him that training someone so young and innocent had its advantages.

Luke moved his hands down to Katherine’s hips, arching her body so that she’d be ready for his assault. “You belong to me,” he growled in her ear.

“Hmm,” she hummed around Colin, causing him to tighten the grip on her hair.

Luke thrust into her pussy as deeply as he could and then pulled completely out. If her mouth wasn’t otherwise occupied, he was sure she would be screaming. He repeated his actions a few more times, glancing down to watch as his swollen dick slid in and out of her. He was completely covered in her juices, so it was easy to push inside her. He moved his hands up to her breasts and twirled his thumbs around her nipples. She slammed back against him, never releasing Colin from her mouth.

“You want more, don’t you?” Luke whispered against the back of her neck. He stopped teasing her with his slow

movements and started pounding into her. She began sucking Colin in time with Luke's plunges, and he could tell from the way Colin was moaning that he was very close. She moved her hands up to cup his balls and gave them a gentle squeeze.

"Swallow everything he gives you," Luke commanded.

Colin released hard into Kat's mouth as he moved his hips against her, slowing his movements. He dropped down to his knees, so that he was level with her face.

Luke slipped his hand down her stomach and over her bare mound. Colin took her face in his hands and roughly kissed her lips. She moaned against his mouth as her muscles tightened around Luke's cock. He licked her neck and bit down on her soft skin, causing her to scream out.

"Katherine," he said. "I need you to come right now." He rubbed his thumb against her clit as Colin ran his tongue down her neck and over her nipples. She raised her hands up over her head and clasped them around Luke's neck, pushing her chest toward Colin. He continued to lick and suck her nipples.

"Oh..." she moaned. "I...now..."

She couldn't get the words out, but Luke knew what she wanted to say. It wasn't long before he was shooting his hot cum in long ropey spurts deep into her core. He continued to move inside her as she shuddered with aftershocks. He moved his arms around her chest, covering her breasts with his forearms, and pulled her close to his body.

"You did very well tonight," he whispered as he kissed the side of her neck. "And you will be rewarded."

Colin tilted her chin up and slowly leaned into her lips. Luke felt her take in a quick breath, and then Colin kissed her softly on her mouth. He removed his lips from her and continued to stare at her for a few moments.

“Thank you, Katherine, for serving me tonight,” he said as he stroked her cheek.

“Thank you for the pleasure of allowing me to serve you, Sir,” she responded.

Colin stood up and walked to the front of the room, allowing Luke time to give Katherine her instructions. He got up from behind her, but she remained on her knees looking down at the floor. He put his pants back on, grabbed a short, silk robe from the hook for her, and walked to stand in front of her.

“Look at me,” he instructed.

She quickly did as he asked and waited for him to ask his signature question.

“Are you okay?”

In the beginning of their relationship, she was so hesitant and had trouble vocalizing what she was feeling. Luke knew she’d answer his direct question honestly.

“Yes, Master,” she said, and he saw the determination in her eyes.

“Go and shower. I left a bottle of water in your room, drink it.” She stood up, but lowered her head. He took her hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. “Meet me in my bedroom in fifteen minutes.” He kissed the side of her jaw before releasing her.

She nodded and, quickly exited the room. She didn't look at Colin, but since he had already dismissed her, there was no need for them to speak.

"I didn't think you were going to make it." Colin smiled.

"Excuse me," Luke said. "I think I showed an incredible amount of restraint."

"You hated every second of this evening."

"Not every second." Luke thought back to being buried inside his girl. "But you're right. This wasn't like when we shared subs before."

"So, I was right?" A smug smile crossed his lips. "Katherine is different."

"Why did you put me through this?"

"Because you needed to see what she meant to you," Colin said. "You're in denial."

"How do you know this shit?"

"Because I just know shit," Colin said as he put his shirt on. "And for the record, she feels the same way about you."

Luke shook his head, not wanting to believe that. She deserved better than him. She needed a man who was capable of loving her the way he didn't think he could.

"I see the way she looks at you," Colin said. "She submits to you, but she also adores you and wants to make you happy."

Luke knew that was true, but this was new territory for him. He had always cared for his subs in the past, but he'd never loved them. Never saw himself being anything other

than their Dom. He could see a future with Kat, and that scared the shit out of him.

“It’s wrong,” he admitted. “I’m not supposed to break my own rules.”

“Rules are meant to be broken.” Colin sighed. “You’re not the first Dom to fall in love with his sub.”

“I know,” Luke said. “I just don’t want to screw up.”

“Go to Kat,” Colin ordered. “Don’t fuck this up. You either have to tell her the truth or you have to let her go. You know that better than anyone else.”

“It’s all about trust,” Luke said. “And honesty.” Luke expected that from Katherine, so didn’t she deserve the same?

“Do what you know is right,” Colin said. “But if it doesn’t work out, I may be in the market for a new, young sub.” He nodded in the direction of the door.

Luke laughed as he clapped his back on his way out. “Not in this lifetime. You’re not ever touching her again.”

“Yeah, I kinda figured that.” Colin smiled as he headed down the stairs. “I’ll let myself out.”

Luke ran his fingers through his hair and wondered how he let this happen. He was always so focused and knew exactly what he wanted out of his submissive. His feelings were different with Katherine, but he didn’t want to own them. It was easier to carry on the way they had been. But tonight changed the dynamics of their relationship, and he didn’t know if he could continue as her Dom any longer.

But how was he going to tell her?



\* \* \* \*

Katherine quickly ran from the playroom and straight to her bedroom. She wanted to shower and dress before Luke came looking for her. She only had fifteen minutes, but stopped to drink the bottle of water he'd left because that was a direct order, and she wouldn't dare disobey him. He always made sure she was hydrated after a rigorous evening of play.

As she stepped into the shower and let the hot water hit her worked over body, she tried to quiet her mind. She had so many emotions running through her head. She submitted to Colin because it was what her Master had asked her to do. She wanted to please him and hoped she had. Katherine was extremely aroused over the fact that her Master had commanded her to please another man. It was a freeing experience, and she was happy she'd had the opportunity to try it. That was just another example of Luke helping her push her limits.

As much as her body had taken to Colin, playing with him wasn't something she wanted to do again. She'd done it for Luke, but hoped he wouldn't ask that of her again. It wasn't as if it was unpleasant, but it was awkward and unsettling to have Luke watch as another man touched her. It wasn't natural, but then again, was anything about their relationship normal or natural?

She finished her shower and put on the black nightgown Luke had left for her. Of course, he'd left no panties. She rolled her eyes. He hated panties.

She rushed down the hall to his bedroom with one minute to spare, so she got on her knees and tried to clear her

head. He would be there in a few seconds, and he'd want to discuss what had happened with Colin tonight. He'd expect her to be focused and honest. She would be straightforward. She would tell him that playing with another Dom was now a hard limit for her. She didn't want anyone other than him to touch her.

Her heart rate increased when she heard him approaching. She quickly averted her eyes to the floor when he turned the handle on the door. He slowly entered the room and extended his hand. She was confused because usually when he came in, she remained on her knees until he gave further direction. She took his hand and allowed him to lead her to his bed. He motioned for her to sit, so she did as he instructed, but she wasn't prepared for what he did next. He dropped to his knees and fingered her ankle bracelet. The one he had placed there six months ago to represent her collar.

His face looked so conflicted and Katherine wasn't sure what he was thinking. He was such a hard man to read anyway, but now he gave her no indication as to what was going on in his head. She gasped when he unclasped the anklet and slipped it into his pocket. She had done everything he had asked tonight, so why would he un-collar her?

There were times in her journey when she was unsure of what her Master wanted, but she always figured it out, usually with his help. Tonight, she had no idea what he wanted from her.

He had removed her collar. What kind of game was he playing?

Was this a scene? Some sort of role play? She had no clue.

As she looked into his eyes, she saw something there she'd never experienced with him before.

Uncertainty.

# Chapter 14

## *Admitting the truth...*

Luke never expected to put that collar on Katherine six months ago. When she first came to him she had been clumsy, unsure, and afraid. She had no idea why she wanted to enter this lifestyle, but she was so damn determined he couldn't turn her away. The only thing he was certain of when he met her was that she was indeed a submissive. He just didn't know if she could be *his* submissive.

He continued to stare at her, trying to find the right words, but nothing sounded right in his head. He wanted to tell her he hated seeing her with Colin. It made his blood boil and his insides hurt. He had never wanted another man to touch her. That was the whole reason he'd collared her so quickly in the first place.

She finally broke the painful silence.

"Why, Master?" she asked. "Why would you do this to me? After all I've done for you?"

He saw the tears forming in her eyes.

"Why are you crying?" he asked because he wasn't sure what the problem was.

"You took my collar. I thought I did what you wanted tonight."

"You did." He was such an idiot. He should have realized that removing her collar would cause alarm "And you have no idea how much that means to me." He joined her on

the bed and gently brushed away her tears with his thumb. “I know it wasn’t easy to submit to someone other than me.”

“Then why?” she asked, and he knew she was referring to the collar.

“Because I want to talk to you, but not as your Master,” he said, and again he saw the uncertainty spread across her face. “I need to know how you feel, and in this situation, I think you’ll be more honest with me if I’m just Luke and you’re Kat.”

“I’ve never used your name before. Well, not out loud.” She looked down at the floor.

“Maybe that should change.” He tilted her chin up so that she had to look into his eyes. He saw nothing but confusion staring back at him and it was his fault. He needed to find a way to change that.

“I don’t understand what you’re trying to tell me.”

“Kat,” he said as he took her hand.

“*Kat?*” she whispered.

“Seeing you tonight with Colin helped to confirm some things for me.” There was no going back, he had to be honest.

“What things?” she asked in a soft, shaky voice.

“I definitely didn’t like sharing you,” he admitted. “It bothered me more than I thought it would.”

“So, we won’t do it again. I don’t want to be with anyone else.”

Luke could hear the panic in her voice. He could see it in her beautiful brown eyes.

“Hey, I need you to relax and hear what I’m saying.” He gently stroked her cheek.

She nodded.

“This has never happened to me before. I’ve never developed feelings for one of my subs. I mean, I’ve always cared about them and I was extremely fond of several, but with you...” he trailed off.

“What do you want from me?” she whispered.

\* \* \* \*

Katherine thought this was absurd. She didn’t know whether she should start screaming at Luke for taking her collar off after she had spent the evening with Colin, at his request, or if she should get up and leave. The second thought scared her to death. If she left him, he’d never come after her, because it just wasn’t who he was.

He was a proud, confident man and he could have his pick of subs. She knew how she felt about him and maybe it was finally time for her to put herself out there. All bets were off, no more stupid rules. He had taken her collar off, so didn’t that mean she could speak freely?

Katherine couldn’t take it anymore. The tears were stinging her eyes and now she had this huge lump in her throat. She had given this man six months of her life. She loved him with everything she had. He hadn’t asked for her love, but sometimes people had no control over who they fell for. She had proven herself over and over again. Tonight was just another test, another way for her to submit, so she didn’t understand why he was doing this to her.

It was all so overwhelming. She was in overdrive. She'd been anticipating and stressing over the encounter with Colin all week. And then she felt relief when it was over and Luke seemed pleased, but now she didn't know what was happening.

He tucked the hair behind her ear and leaned in to brush his lips against her. "You know what," he whispered. "Just do what feels right."

"Luke." She closed her eyes and started to cry.

He kissed her, crushing his mouth against hers, possessively.

She pressed her hands against his chest and pushed him away. She took a much needed breath and then looked at him. She didn't understand what he wanted. She felt like the scared girl who'd entered his life six months ago. The one who had no idea what she was doing in his house much less his playroom. She remembered how even he wasn't certain about her becoming his sub, but as the months progressed, so did she.

"Luke," she whispered again because she liked saying it. "I don't know what's going on. You have to tell me."

He gently kissed her.

"Kat," he mumbled against her mouth. "I've fallen in love with you."

Katherine sat there, stunned by his words. Of course, she had been in love with him for quite some time. And she had dreams and fantasies about him returning the feelings, but never expected him to actually reciprocate.

He was a Dom, her Dom. He'd made it clear that they weren't lovers and never could be. He had his own set of rules he followed. He was here to bring her pleasure and she was here to serve him. That was their purpose. She let things progress in her own mind, but him? He was too serious in his dominant position to allow this to happen. *Wasn't he?*

"Kat?" he called, pulling her from her rambling thoughts. "Did you hear what I said?"

Hear what he said? She had been waiting months for him to tell her he had some sort of feelings for her. She kept trusting him and hoping he'd see what they meant to one another.

Katherine pressed her lips against Luke's and, for the first time in their relationship, she took control. She let her hands trail up his still naked chest and over his shoulders, before wrapping her arms around his neck. Luke didn't stop her. She was eager and full of energy as she pushed herself into his now erect cock. This time, he had to pull away to breathe.

"I've loved you from the beginning," she said. "I knew the first time I looked into your eyes."

"And that's exactly why I tried to turn you away," he admitted. "I didn't want you to fall in love with me, because I didn't think I could ever reciprocate."

"But you do."

"I knew with you there was a strong possibility I could," he said. "I knew you were special."

She smiled at him. "Now what?"



“That’s been my problem all along,” he told her. “I don’t know how to proceed. I’m a flawed man, Kat. I don’t know if I’m capable of giving you the life you deserve.”

He was always so confident and sure of everything. She had always felt safe and secure with him, even when he was punishing her or pushing her to work harder. But now he didn’t seem to be her Master at all. The man standing before her was just that—a man. For the first time, Katherine was seeing Luke. He was remarkable.

“What do you mean?”

“I still have to dominate you,” he said. “That’s who I am. I have no idea how this is going to work, but I know it has to. I have to have you in my life, in my bed, and in my playroom.”

“I want to be in all of those places, but most importantly, in your heart.”

“I think you’ve always been there, sugar,” he said as he kissed her lips. “We can figure out the rest as we go.”

She ran her fingers through his hair. “Luke.”

“What?” He laughed.

“I like calling you that,” she admitted.

“I like hearing it.” He ran his finger along her bottom lip. “Kat, I like when you touch me, too. I’ve just been afraid.”

He looked so vulnerable, and she realized she’d never seen this side of him before.

“Will you do something for me?”

“Anything,” he said as he pulled her into his lap.

“Will you make love to me?” she asked. “As Kat, the woman you’re in love with?”

His eyes quickly flashed to hers. “I’ve wanted to make love to you for weeks now. I’ve been trying to show you.”

“Is that why you’ve been allowing me to sleep here in your bed after we’re together?”

“Yes,” he admitted. “I can’t stand when you’re down the hall.”

“Me either.” She smiled. “It doesn’t feel right.”

She leaned down and kissed the center of his chest, working her way down his stomach. Her pace was excruciatingly slow, but it only heightened the experience. She undid his pants and slid them over his hips, exposing the lower half of his body. He kicked them off while she took his erection in her hand, swirling her tongue around the tip, the way she knew he liked. She moved her tongue up and down the back of his shaft. She was teasing him.

“My little vixen,” he whispered as he gazed at her through lust filled eyes.

She looked up with him and smirked because she knew she was driving him wild. She liked having this kind of power every once in a while.

“Kat...” He grabbed her hair in his hands and gently pulled her head back. “I won’t be able to last if you keep that up.” She shot him a wicked grin, realizing she was in control of this session. She climbed back up his body and lifted her nightgown. She was completely bare underneath, just the way he liked her.

He placed his hands on either side of her hips and lowered her onto his dick. She moaned as she slid her hot, throbbing heat around his shaft and thrust downward, as he met each with a hard upward thrust. She ran her hands through her hair, and then slowly moved them down over her own body. She was so caught up in her own ecstasy. She was so comfortable with him and reveled in the way her body felt when they were together. Only he was capable of making her feel this way. He was all she'd ever need.

She noticed he couldn't take his eyes off her as she slipped her hands under her gown and began touching her breasts.

“Kat, take that thing off and do that again. I need to see.”

She licked her lips as she lifted the gown over her head and tossed it aside. She slowly moved her hands back up over her body, placing them on her breasts again because she knew how much he liked to watch as she pleased herself.

He pushed into her harder as she screamed his name. She moved her hands over her breasts and circled her nipples, mimicking everything he usually did to her. She was so close.

“Oh...Luke...it feels so good...I'm going to...” She let herself go. He quickly reversed their positions, being careful not to place all of his weight on her, as he began slamming into her. “Luke...” She couldn't hold off as another climax rocked her body.

“Kat, you bad girl!”

“Harder, Luke. I need it harder.” His hips jerked forward and with a few deep, quick plunges, he emptied hard inside

her.

He rolled onto his back and pulled her into his side, wrapping his arms around her. “No one ever touches you again,” he vowed “You’ll always be mine.”

“I’ve always been yours,” she said as she leaned up to kiss him, and they both knew that was true. It just took him a little longer to figure it out. They had a long journey ahead of them. There were many things to sort out with their unique relationship, but not tonight.

Tonight was about Kat and Luke and they intended on showing one another just how in love they were.

Over and over again.

## About Ella Jade

Ella Jade has been writing for as long as she can remember. As a child, she often had a notebook and pen with her, and now as an adult, the laptop is never far. The plots and dialogue have always played out in her head, but she never knew what to do with them. That all changed about two years ago when she found a fan fiction website and decided to spin her own version of a popular vampire series. That experience gave her the courage to start submitting her own original stories to publishers.

Ella resides in New Jersey with her husband and two young boys. When she's not chasing after her kids, she's busy writing, kickboxing, and scrapbooking.

She also loves making new friends and would love to connect with you.

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