

TARA SUE ME

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

*the* **Chalet**

A SUBMISSIVE NOVELLA

TARA  
SUE ME  
The Chalet

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## About the Author

Tara Sue Me is the international bestselling author of the Submissive series, including *The Submissive*, *The Dominant*, and *The Training*. She lives in the southeastern United States with her family, two dogs, and a cat.

Find out more about Tara by visiting her website [tarasueme.com](http://tarasueme.com), or find her on Facebook [www.facebook.com/TaraSueMeBooks](http://www.facebook.com/TaraSueMeBooks) and on Twitter [@tarasueme](https://twitter.com/tarasueme)

## Praise for Tara Sue Me

**Just some of the reasons to indulge in Tara Sue Me's sizzling romances:**

'An outstanding story' *Romantic Times*

'Sexy and inviting . . . *The Submissive* should not be missed' *Romance Reviews Today*

'I HIGHLY recommend *The Submissive* by Tara Sue Me. It's so worth it. This book crackles with sexual lightning right from the beginning . . . *The Submissive* has exceeded all my expectations. It has heart and the characters are majorly flawed in a beautiful way. They aren't perfect, but they may be perfect together. Step into Tara Sue Me's world of dominance and submission. It's erotic, thrilling, and will leave you panting for more' *Martini Reviews*

'By the end of the first chapter I was hooked on the story and relationship of Abigail and Nathaniel . . . The book is told in first person so we only get Abby's perspective of the relationship, but it's one that I found real and compelling . . . This is one of those books that I will read and re-read' *The Book Reading Gals*

'The sex scenes are smouldering hot . . . *The Submissive* is a must read if you loved *Fifty Shades of Grey*. The writing is clean and very entertaining. I can't wait to read *The Dominant* to hear Nathaniel's point of view' *The Romance Reviews*

'For those *Fifty Shades* fans pining for a little more spice on their e-reader . . . the *Guardian* recommends Tara Sue Me's *Submissive Trilogy*, starring handsome CEO Nathaniel West, a man on the prowl for a new submissive, and the librarian Abby, who is yearning for something more' *Los Angeles Times*

‘Unbelievably fantastic! . . . Nathaniel is something special, and he has that . . . something “more” that makes him who he is and makes me love him more than all the others. Beneath the cold and detached surface there is a sweet and loving man, and I adored how Abby managed to crack his armour a tiny bit at a time . . . I can’t wait to continue this beautiful story’ *Mind Reader*

‘A blazing hot BDSM story between a billionaire and someone who’s admired him from afar. I really enjoyed this smoking tale and recommend it to erotic romance readers . . . I learned a lot about BDSM via Abby and Nathaniel’s relationship. I started to understand how things worked . . . I look forward to more books by Tara Sue Me. The sex between Abby and Nathaniel will have readers burning up’ *Night Owl Reviews*

‘Tara Sue Me’s *The Submissive* was a story unlike anything I’d ever read, and it completely captivated me . . . It’s an emotional, compelling story about two people who work to make their relationship exactly what they need it to be, and how they’re BOTH stronger for it’ *Books Make Me Happy*

## **Also By Tara Sue Me**

*In The Submissive Series*

The Submissive

The Dominant

The Training

The Chalet (e-novella)

*Partners in Play*

Seduced By Fire



## About the Book

**First is the romantic wedding. Then comes the highly anticipated honeymoon that's almost too hot to believe . . . Tara Sue Me's enticing, tantalizing Submissive series continues...**

*Submitting her body was only the beginning.* Abby King didn't know true passion until she gave herself to Nathaniel West, one of New York City's most eligible bachelors and desired Dominants. Now, on the eve of her marriage, she realizes all her dreams are coming true. And with a romantic honeymoon getaway planned at a secluded Swiss chalet, she's sure Nathaniel will find even more fantasies to fulfill . . .

Nathaniel never thought he'd settle down until Abby broke down his barriers and changed his plans. With their wedding only weeks away, he can barely wait to possess her completely - heart, body, and soul - and show her the true meaning of being both a wife and a submissive.

Only Abby has one more challenge in store before she becomes his: no sex and no collar for one month before the wedding. Nathaniel is willing to give it a shot but he has one scandalous stipulation - once that month is up, anything goes . . .

**Before there was the fan fiction that became *Fifty Shades of Grey*, there was *The Submissive* . . . Indulge in the series that started it all: *The Submissive*, *The Dominant* and *The Training*.**

To Adam and Steve,  
Gobble, gobble, gobble.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

There are so many things I could say about this novella, but I'll keep it short since it is a novella and the acknowledgements really shouldn't be longer than the story.

Adam and Steve, I don't know where I'd be without you guys. Thank you for your expert knowledge, your dedication, and your unwavering professionalism. I am blessed to have you in my corner.

Danielle and Rebecca, Thank you for the multiples (multiple reads, that is). You make me work to be better and I truly appreciate it.

Mr. Sue Me, I couldn't do it without you by my side through "all things."

And to all the readers who asked about Nathaniel and Abby's wedding and honeymoon, I hope you enjoy this little peek into their Happily Ever After.

# Chapter One

## Abby

Nathaniel looked at me as if I'd sprouted horns. "You think we should *what?*" he gasped.

Exactly the reaction I'd expected. I took a sip of my red wine and repeated myself. "I think we shouldn't have sex the month before the wedding."

"I was afraid that's what you said." He tilted his head. "Why?"

I picked up my napkin and pretended to wipe my mouth in order to hide my smile. *Why?* This from the man who had been so scared to talk about anything at the beginning of our relationship. Quite a change from the one who sat across the table from me now. The one who felt the need to discuss the *whys* and *why nots* and even the *I don't care, whatever*s about almost everything.

"I know the napkin trick," he said with a smile of his own. "I'm just a bit curious as to why you would suggest a month-long period of abstinence when you have long-term sexual deprivation marked as a hard limit."

"I suppose the smart-ass answer is what's the definition of 'long term'? To see your face a few minutes ago, you'd think your definition is a week."

"A week for me *is* long term."

I laughed. "Then let's just say this is me pushing your limits."

"Pushing limits is *my* job," he said in a serious tone of voice, but his eyes were lit with amusement.

"I'm pushing mine, too, you know. Seriously, a month with nothing after one of our normal weeks?" I tried to count on average how often we had sex during a typical week, but gave up. Between our everyday lives during the week and our weekend lives when I wore his collar, well, there was a lot

of sex.

“It’s not as if I’ve never gone a month, you know,” Nathaniel said. “And by abstaining, do you mean just us together or can we get off individually?”

I couldn’t help it; I laughed again.

“What?” he asked.

“Just you being you. Trying to establish the rules of something we haven’t even agreed to yet.”

“I want to make sure I’m making an informed and well thought-out decision,” he said in typical Nathaniel fashion. Always the planner. Always with backup plans. Hell, I bet even his backup plans had backup plans.

“You’re smiling at me again,” he said.

I reached across the table and took his hand. “Just smiling at you being you.”

He lifted my hand to his lips and placed a small kiss on my knuckles. “So tell me why we should do this month-long thing.” He took my hand and traced the line at the base of my thumb. I shivered. “Because I’m thinking a month is a really, really long time.” He brought my palm up to his mouth again, but this time nipped the skin just a bit. He smiled at my moan. “Wouldn’t you agree?”

I shifted in my seat. “When you put it that way.”

“I don’t know if it’s possible for me to keep my hands off you for an entire month.” His lips danced along the top of my hand. “Much less my other parts.”

My mind blanked for just a second at the touch of his lips on my skin and the images his words evoked. Why had I thought not having sex for a month before the wedding was a good idea?

Across the table, he looked at me with his *I’m waiting* expression.

I cleared my throat. “Well, I just thought a month would, you know, give us something to look forward to.”

“I see. Because marrying me? Eh, you can do that any old day. Nothing to look forward to there.”

He was kidding, right? I loved and hated that it was still hard for me to tell sometimes.

“You know what I mean,” I said, deciding he was joking.

He let go of my hand. “Somewhat. I also think our wedding night is something to look forward to no matter what we have or haven’t done the

month before.”

“But think about how”—I searched for the right word— “*intense* it’ll be after we haven’t done *anything* the month before.”

His eyes darkened. “I guarantee you I can make it intense without having to abstain for a month.”

“Nathaniel,” I half whined, half begged.

He sighed. “You really want to do this?”

“Yes.”

“And it’s really important to you?”

“Yes.”

“And I can’t jerk off in the shower?”

“You can’t jerk off anywhere,” I clarified for him with narrowed eyes, just in case Mr. Rule Book decided to throw in my face two weeks before the wedding that I’d only specified he couldn’t jerk off in the shower.

He leaned back in his chair, exhaling. “Damn. You’ve been around me too long.”

“Impossible, but somehow true at the same time.”

“You can’t come either,” he said. “No playing with yourself.”

I nodded.

“And speaking of playing, what do we do about weekends?”

I’d thought about that, of course. Ideally, I would still wear his collar. Submitting to him wasn’t entirely sexual, though sex did play a major role in our weekends.

“There’s plenty we do on the weekends that doesn’t involve sex,” I said. “I think I should still wear your collar.”

“True, but there’s a sexual undercurrent in just about everything we do,” he countered. “You don’t have a submissive personality outside the playroom; it’s part of your sexual nature. Serving me during the weekend turns you on. We need to think about whether having you serve me the month before the wedding, even in a nonsexual manner, will be a source of irritation. For us both.”

He had a point. I tried imagining serving him all day on a Saturday, but without sex. If we stayed out of the playroom, I could easily see us both becoming increasingly sexually frustrated. With our emotions probably already running high as the wedding approached, collaring me might not be the wisest idea.

“No sex and no collar the month before the wedding,” I said. “We’ll probably both implode.”

“As long as we don’t take it out on each other.”

“But on the upside, think about how awesome the honeymoon will be now.”

“Abby,” he said softly. “The honeymoon will be awesome regardless. But you know, we haven’t talked about whether you’d like to wear your collar at all during our honeymoon.”

“Yes, I think so. Not all the time. Probably not even most of the time. But for a day or two?” I thought about how it would feel the first time he collared me as his wife. When I would be Abigail West. My belly tightened just thinking about it. “Maybe more than a day or two.”

Nathaniel nodded. “We’ll keep it flexible.”

“Another thing, I know I won’t be wearing your collar on our wedding day, but I’ve decided I’m not going to wear any type of necklace.”

“Oh?”

“This part of me.” I brushed my neck. “Is for your collar. If I’m not wearing it when I become your wife, I’m not wearing anything.”

His eyes grew dark and he gave me a sultry smile. “I’d thought about buying you a necklace for our wedding, but it would have been just that. A necklace. Your idea means so much more.”

I was glad I was sitting down. His look would have made my knees weak had I been standing.

“I’m looking forward to collaring you for the first time after the wedding. When you’re Abigail West.”

I squirmed in my seat, thinking about our honeymoon plans.

We were going to Zermatt, Switzerland for two weeks following the wedding. Nathaniel had reserved a stunning chalet. We could step right outside and ski, or stay inside and do . . . other things. At first we discussed going somewhere tropical, but the more we thought about it, getting away to a snowy location sounded perfect.

Snow, after all, had been one of the driving forces in our relationship. I believed we would have still wound up together had it not been for the week we spent snowbound in his house, but there’s no telling how long it would have taken to get to that point. Somehow it seemed fitting that we honeymoon with snow. Besides, damn near nothing beat Nathaniel naked in

front of a roaring fire.

“Abby?” the man in question asked. “Did I lose you?”

“Sorry,” I said. “Just daydreaming about the honeymoon.”

“Well,” he said, pushing back from the table. “The way I see it, we don’t have much time before our self-imposed month of celibacy.” He walked over to me and held out a hand. “Let’s not waste it.”

\*\*\*

“I have to say, Abby,” Felicia said the next day, spinning slowly and looking over the old chapel, “this place is perfect.”

Because Nathaniel and I wanted to get married before the end of the year, we only had three months to plan the wedding. With that timeline, every possible venue in New York City and the surrounding area was booked. It wasn’t a big deal to us; we simply wanted to get married and had tentatively planned for the ceremony and reception to be held at Nathaniel’s estate.

He had friends and business associates everywhere, though, and earlier in the day he’d received a call that the wedding booked at the small chapel had been canceled. Since Felicia hadn’t returned to her teaching job following her marriage to Jackson, I asked her to come look at it with me. Felicia and I had been friends since our childhood days in small-town Indiana. We went to college together and even roomed together for a short period of time.

Early in our relationship, Nathaniel had mentioned that his cousin, Jackson, a professional football player, didn’t have a date for an event the entire family was attending. On a whim, I mentioned my best friend, Felicia. They went to the event together and were married less than six months later.

The chapel we were at, just outside the city, was over one hundred years old and the sanctuary had an almost medieval look to it with rustic wooden pews and stone walls. I could easily imagine how beautiful and romantic it would be bathed in candlelight.

“It is perfect, isn’t it?” I said in response to Felicia. “Since we’re not inviting anyone other than close friends and family, there’ll be plenty of room. Any bigger and there would be too many empty seats.”



“And the space is so beautiful, you don’t need much in the way of decorations.”

“That’s what I was thinking,” I said. “Just candles and maybe a few flowers.” Nathaniel had said he wanted cream-colored roses with just a hint of pink at the tips.

“Now you just need a reception space to open up.”

I sat down on one of the pews and pulled out my planning notebook. “We could still have it at Nathaniel’s if nothing becomes available.”

She sat down next to me, her expression serious. “How long do you think it’ll take before you start seeing the estate as yours?”

Her question caught me off guard, I’d honestly expected her to ask me about the food or music or something. “I do,” I said. “Lots of times when I’m talking I’ll say ‘our house’ or something similar. Sometimes it just comes out as ‘Nathaniel’s’ though. I guess if you think about it, it’s been his place longer than it’s been mine.”

“I haven’t said this and I’m sorry I’ve waited so long, but I think he’s good for you.” Felicia tucked a strand of red hair behind her ear. “Whatever it is you guys have with each other, it’s obvious that it’s working.”

It was the closest she’d ever come to saying she approved of our lifestyle. I couldn’t help it, but I looked at her in shock.

“Don’t look at me like that,” she said. “I simply got curious and Googled a few things.”

“You Googled ‘BDSM’?”

“You know we’re having this conversation in a church, don’t you?” She shot a look over both shoulders, though she didn’t have to, the place was empty.

“Should we step outside? I will if it’ll make you more comfortable.”

“No, we can stay here. I just thought it was odd to be talking about stuff like that in church.”

I smiled. “Stuff like that? Say it, Felicia. Say ‘BDSM.’”

She punched my arm. “Stop it, perv.”

“Me? You’re the one Googling kinky sex.” I wiggled my eyebrows. “Did you find it exciting?”

Though we could discuss just about anything, she’d never wanted to talk about my need for submission. Unfortunately, the early part of my relationship with Nathaniel hadn’t done much to endear her to the lifestyle.

Especially considering the shape I'd been in when I left him.

"I guess I can see why someone would like it," she said. "And I read that it's more than kinky sex."

"I told you that."

"I know, but I wanted confirmation."

"Right, because everything on the Internet is true."

"Admit it, you just like giving me a hard time."

I winked at her. "Yes, partly. But really I'm just glad you finally see it's a need I have that Nathaniel fulfills."

She sat back in her seat and suddenly looked very self-satisfied.

"Nathaniel said as much once."

She was dying to tell me. I could see it in her eyes. Since I wanted to hear what she was talking about, I played along. "Really? When?"

"That time you were in the hospital."

"That was ages ago." In actuality, it hadn't even been a year, but so much had happened since then.

"Feels that way doesn't it?" She shook her head. "Anyway, that night you were in the hospital, I went out in the hallway one time to tell him what I thought about his sorry ass. He told me then that whenever you were together, it was always your needs first."

"Really?" I'd always wondered what it was the two of them discussed that night, because I noticed their relationship had changed afterward; neither one of them had ever told me.

"Yes and I didn't believe him. I thought it was all about him since he was the dominant." Her eyes grew quizzical. "It's true, though, isn't it? Even though you're the submissive, he's always thinking about you and what you need."

"Right, but conversely, *he's* my focus when I'm wearing his collar. I'm always thinking about him."

She thought about that for a few seconds. "Interesting. Like you balance each other out."

"Something like that, but honestly, when I'm wearing his collar, I'm not thinking about how balanced and equal we are. I'm thinking only about him and what he's saying."

"Which is why I'd make a horrible submissive."

I shrugged, she was probably right. "It's not for everyone and that's

okay. Obviously what you and Jackson have works for the two of you.”

She gave a hearty smile at the mention of her husband. “I’ll say.”

“Speaking of Jackson,” I started and then stopped, unsure I really wanted to know the answer to my question.

“Yes?”

Oh well, I decided, might as well know once and for all. “Does he know about our lifestyle?”

She laughed. “I wondered how long it would take you to ask.”

“And?”

“Yes, he knows. We were watching TV one night and they did a story on the increased public interest in BDSM. He looked over at me, I looked at him, and I finally said, ‘Yes, I know about them.’”

That Jackson knew really didn’t surprise me, I’d always assumed Nathaniel’s cousin knew. Honestly, he had spent enough time at the house. Nathaniel kept the playroom locked, but it was possible Jackson had been over a time or two when it wasn’t. Especially during the time he stayed over following my breakup with Nathaniel.

“And he knew you meant us?” I asked Felicia.

“Neither one of us came out and said it for a while. I guess for me it was that long talk you gave me on confidentiality. I didn’t want to be the one who told Jackson his cousin was kinky.”

Before I’d gone to see Nathaniel the first time, when I was talking with Felicia about what I was going to do, I’d pounded into her head how important confidentiality was. “Thank you for that, I really appreciate it.”

“You’re my dearest friend, I’d never betray your trust. I finally told Jackson I was your safety call. He nodded and said he figured I knew about Nathaniel since you and I were best friends.”

“How long has Jackson known?”

“He said he had a suspicion for a long time, but it wasn’t until after you guys broke up and got back together that he knew for sure. We really didn’t talk much about it after that.” She looked around the still empty church. “If you’re finished looking over this place, I think we should leave. All this kink talk in church has me afraid lightning’s going to strike me dead.”

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It was amazing how quickly time passed. Of course it didn't help that we were planning a wedding in less than three months. There were many times I wondered what we had been thinking when we selected our wedding date. How did we think it would be possible to set everything up so quickly?

I'll admit, once in a while, we let the stress get between us. There was so much to do, to set up, to schedule, and there never seemed to be enough time. We had started spending weekends at Nathaniel's penthouse in the city, just to be closer to everything and everyone we needed to meet with.

It wasn't until the third weekend in the city that I realized how much I'd come to count on escaping the hurried pace of Manhattan for the tranquility of our country estate in the Hamptons. Granted, the penthouse was spacious enough, but you only had to look outside to see reality. As someone who had spent years living in the city, it surprised me how much I needed to step away from it on a regular basis.

"Next weekend, we're staying home," I said the third Sunday night in the penthouse.

Nathaniel looked up from his e-reader. "Can we do that? There's nothing here we need to be doing?"

"I don't care, I need some space, and room to think and breathe, and I want to walk outside and not bump into half the population of the United States."

He'd let me do the majority of the planning. I appreciated the thought behind him doing so, but at times it grew overwhelming. I probably should have hired a planner, but I'd had the crazy idea I could handle it myself.

"Abby?" he asked, his forehead wrinkling.

"I'm just ready for it to be here already. For life to settle down."

He set the reader down and walked over to where I sat. He put his hands on my shoulders and slid behind me. My eyes closed in pleasure when he started a soothing massage. He knew just how and where to push and stroke.

"You're tense," he said, working on a particularly tight spot.

I simply hummed in response. His hands felt so good.

He dipped his head to whisper in my ear, "I think this calls for drastic measures."

We'd had a trying weekend. Between balancing wedding planning and playtime, I was exhausted.

"I don't think I'm up for drastic at the moment. I think a glass of wine

and bed is just about all I can handle.” I sighed. “Maybe just bed.”

His hands never stopped. “I was thinking a soak in the tub with a glass of wine, then bed.”

“I don’t even have the energy to run a bath.”

“You don’t have to,” he said. “Let me take care of you.”

My eyes drooped with every pass of his sensual hands. “If I can stay awake.”

“If you fall asleep, I’ll make sure you make it to bed.”

I yawned. “Deal.”

“Stay here and let me get everything ready.”

“Like I can move.” I felt all warm and relaxed after his massage. Like a puddle on the couch.

He brushed my cheek and left the room. I curled up in a ball and snuggled deeper into the soft leather.

“Abby,” he whispered some time later.

The shadows in the room had changed. I must have fallen asleep unknowingly. I stretched and my sore muscles reminded me of our weekend play.

“Bath time?” I asked.

“Unless you’d like to skip it and go on to bed.”

“Bath.”

I sat up, but he whispered softly, “No, you don’t,” and scooped me up in his arms to carry me down the hall to the master bath.

Like his bathroom at the estate, this one also held a massive soaker tub. Nathaniel had placed lit candles around the room and an opened bottle of wine that sat on the floor alongside a lone wineglass. The tub was filled with lemongrass-scented bubbles.

“I’m going to set you down,” he said and gently put me on my feet.

I tried to unbutton my shirt, but my fingers were clumsy.

He batted my hands away. “Let me.”

In almost no time, my clothes were on the floor and he was helping me into the tub.

The water was the exact right temperature and I sighed as I slipped in up to my shoulders in bubbles. Nathaniel grinned and poured a glass of wine.

I took the glass when he offered it to me. The sight of him standing there, watching me, perked me up. Maybe the nap had helped more than I

realized. “You going to join me?”

“I was thinking about it.”

I scooted forward, all traces of fatigue gone. “Stop thinking and join me.”

He needed no further encouragement and within moments, he had stripped and was sliding behind me. I closed my eyes as his arms came around me.

I passed him the wineglass. “This is the best idea you’ve had all weekend,” I said just to tease him.

“Is that so?”

“Mmm,” I hummed when he started rubbing my shoulder. “That thing you did last night was good, but this is definitely better.”

He laughed. “That thing I did last night had you screaming my name as you climaxed for the third time.”

I stretched back against him with a knowing smile. “Third? Are you sure? I only remember two.”

The wineglass had somehow made it back into my hands and his fingers were inching down my sides. “Your memory is faulty because of the immense pleasure you were experiencing. It was definitely the third time you climaxed.”

“Nah. Can’t be. I’d have remembered that.”

“The first two times you came you were told to be silent. The third was when I finally allowed you to be vocal. I remember, because I had to threaten you with the gag right before the second and I said if I had to use it, there would be no third time.”

Of course I remembered the entire night. How was it possible anyone could have forgotten any of that?

His hands rested on my upper thighs and were slowly making their way further up between my legs. “In fact,” he said. “I believe I also told you that if you made a sound during the second, you couldn’t have my cock for a week.”

“Right,” I said as if I was just remembering. I sucked in a gasp of breath as his fingers started stroking and dipping ever so slightly into me. “And since it’s one month and one week before the wedding, I wasn’t about to disobey you.”

“Exactly.”

“Speaking of cock.” I put the wineglass down on the floor beside the tub and twisted around. “I’d like some please. Straight up. Hard and deep.”

If I shifted just the right way, I could feel his erection. Unfortunately, he’d decided it was his turn to tease.

“I don’t know. Since you had such a difficult time remembering last night, maybe I want to keep my cock to myself. Besides.” He tilted his head. “You’re tired.”

I ran a hand down his chest. “I’m not *that* tired.”

“Still, best not to push it.”

“Push it.” I took him in my hand. “Push it inside. Now.”

“No. I don’t think you’re adequately prepared for me to do that.”

“Well then.” I gave his cock a good squeeze. “What are you waiting for? Prepare me.”

“No. I think you owe me for pretending to forget the massive number of orgasms I gave you last night.”

“Not fair.” I stuck my lip out in a fake pout, but he wouldn’t budge. “Okay. Fine. What do you want me to do?”

“Simple,” he said with an evil look in his eye. “Prepare yourself.”

I sat back with a splash. “What?”

He folded his arms across his chest. “Now.”

I closed my eyes for a second as his words swept over me and sank inside. Fuck, I loved it when he took control. Tonight I felt a little playful, too. “You’re so mean.”

“Yes.”

“And evil.”

“Yes.”

“And you’ve taken your collar off me.”

“Maybe,” he said. “But I’m the one with the cock and I’m keeping it to myself unless I get to watch.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Evil bastard.”

“I think the water’s cooling off. Maybe I’ll get out of the tub.”

“Fine. Be that way.” Acting like I was very irritated, but knowing he was well aware of how much of a turn-on this was, I hooked my legs on both sides of the tub. “Maybe I’ll just decide to finish myself off after I prepare myself adequately,” I said.

“If you think your hand and fingers are an acceptable substitution for the

real thing, by all means, help yourself.”

I fake glared at him, but stroked my breasts with one hand while trailing the other between my legs. Some of the bubbles had popped, leaving him with a clear view of what I was doing. For added effect, I laid my head back and closed my eyes as I pinched a nipple.

“No you don’t.” His voice was rough. “Eyes open and on me.”

My heart pounded faster at his command. I didn’t have to listen to him. It was a Sunday night and his collar was off. But even so, I opened my eyes and met his gaze. For whatever reason, knowing I had the power to tell him ‘no’, but obeying him anyway, turned me on further.

“That’s it,” he said. “Play with that pussy. Get it ready for my dick, because I’m going to make sure this is one fuck you won’t be forgetting anytime soon.”

I whimpered.

“Whimper all you want. You need to get prepared.”

He’d only exerted that sort of control over our sex lives a handful of times with his collar off. Perhaps he knew that its rarity made it more of a turn-on. It did make me wonder, though, how would it be to wear his collar more often.

His eyes were dark with desire and he nodded with satisfaction as I stroked myself harder. “Show me how much you want it.”

Slowly, I worked myself to the point of shaking with need. I kept my gaze firmly locked on his as I moved my fingers over my body and teased my aching flesh.

He stroked himself. “Almost.”

I circled my clit with a finger, not sure I could hold out much longer. His name was a plea, “Nathaniel.”

“Yes. I think you’re finally ready. Keep your legs there.”

I groaned.

His smile was evil. “Got to make sure I satisfy your request for deep.”

He was over me and between my legs within seconds.

“Now,” I said. “Please.”

With one hard push, he buried himself inside me. I climaxed immediately around him.

“Oh fuck.” I gasped for air.

He placed a hand on either side of my head and began thrusting in and



out of me. In the position I was in, I felt every glorious inch of him as he moved.

“Eight days,” he said with an inward push. “Eight days until we start the self-imposed month of celibacy.”

Bad idea, I decided. How could we possibly go a month without sex?

“I just might call in sick and tie you to the bed this week,” he said and his breath was coming in pants. “Fuck you night and day.”

“Best. Idea. Ever.”

“Damn,” he said. “If you’re still able to talk, I’m not doing my job properly.”

He redoubled his efforts, pulling out and pounding inside me once again. Then, when he was buried within me, he thrust his hips and went even deeper. Pretty soon, I wasn’t able to form coherent words in my head, much less speak them. Still he kept on, over and over. He slipped a hand below the water and teased my clit.

“Do you have more for me?” he asked with a shaky breath.

I mumbled something as another climax swept through my body. He thrust deeply and held still, caught up in his own release. Almost as soon as he was spent, he framed my face and kissed me slowly and intently. His kiss was full of promises of passion yet to come.

I tightened my arms around him as I tried to unhook my legs from the edge of the tub. “Ow.”

“Let me.” He pulled back and took my legs, massaging them before placing them on either side of him. “Better?”

“Much.”

“I don’t think I did much in the way of helping you relax.”

“I don’t know about that. I’m feeling pretty good right about now. Besides.” I ran a finger down his chest. “I haven’t thought about the wedding, or planning, or anything for at least the last hour.”

“Imagine how well I could distract you in the month before the wedding if you’d forget about this no-sex thing.”

I pushed against his shoulder. “Is that what this was about? Trying to get me to change my mind?”

“Change your mind?” He asked with a look of fake surprise. “Never. I was just helping you relieve some more of that tension you were feeling in the living room.”

“Nathaniel.”

“Okay. I thought maybe I could get you to think about changing your mind if I proved how well I could distract you.” He wiggled his eyebrows. “Did it work?”

I sat up and reached for a towel. “No, but I wouldn’t turn you down if you wanted to distract me again in bed after we’ve dried off.”

He flopped back in the tub with a splash and a sigh. “I suppose I’ll take what I can get.”

“Eight days,” I said, shaking my ass. “Better get busy.”

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It turned out to be a long month. Numerous times, I thought about giving in and changing my mind about the no-sex idea. Fortunately—or unfortunately, depending on which side you looked at it from—whenever I was tempted to give in, Nathaniel held firm, and whenever he asked if I’d change my mind *just this once*, I was able to say “no.”

In seemingly no time, it was two days before the wedding and I was headed out with Felicia and Elaina for my bachelorette party.

I kissed Nathaniel goodbye when they stopped by the penthouse to pick me up. “Aren’t you a little worried about what they have planned?”

“No.” He returned the kiss. “I trust them.”

Felicia snorted. “That’s your first mistake.”

“Nah,” Elaina said, rubbing her belly. She and her husband Todd, a childhood friend of Nathaniel and Jackson, were expecting their first child. “It’s at least his third.”

“I don’t think so,” he said, pointing at her. “You’re pregnant. And you”—he pointed to Felicia—“if you do anything too crazy, the paparazzi will be all over it.”

“Not if I wear a disguise,” Felicia said.

“You’ve been around Jackson too long,” Nathaniel said. “Although, I’m not sure he has a disguise that could cover up all that red hair.”

“Come on, let’s go,” Elaina said. “We promise we’ll bring her back in one piece.”

We left him and took off down the private elevator, giggling as we made

our way to the garage. Felicia grew all serious as we walked to the car.

“There’s one thing we forgot to mention,” she said.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“You have to be blindfolded so you can’t see where we go.”

“What?”

“Oh, come on,” she said. “I’m sure you’ve been blindfolded a time or two with all that kinky stuff you guys do.”

“Felicia Kelly Clark,” I warned. “That sort of talk is off-limits.”

“Tell me I’m right and I’ll shut up.”

I stood beside the car and crossed my arms. “I’ll do no such thing.”

“I told you I Googled this, right?” she asked, undeterred by my defiance.

I cocked an eyebrow at her.

“Read this interesting article on gags,” she said. “We could talk about those, too.”

“Or not.” I wasn’t sure where Felicia was going with this, but it’d been almost a month since I’d had any type of sex. Plus since she’d once said she didn’t care to hear the specifics of how Nathaniel and I worked, I wasn’t inclined at the moment to discuss it with her.

“I’ll call Nathaniel,” she threatened.

“Go ahead.” I shrugged. “In fact, I’d like to see that. Give me your phone. I’ll dial.”

“Come on you two,” Elaina said. “Felicia, I’ve known Nathaniel for most of my life and he’s never spoken a word to me about his sex life.” She turned to me. “And you, lighten up. It’s your bachelorette party.”

Felicia looked slightly abashed, but I shook my head. “I haven’t had sex in almost a month. I’ll lighten up during the honeymoon.”

Elaina groaned. “Tell me he didn’t do that no-sex-for-a-month-before-the-wedding mumbo jumbo.”

It was my turn to look abashed. “It was actually my idea.”

“Oh, girl.” She put her arm around my shoulders. “You should have checked with me first. Todd and I did that. Worst idea ever. He lasted all of five minutes our wedding night.”

“Five minutes?” I croaked.

“Get inside.” She opened the driver’s side door and slipped behind the wheel. “And I’ll tell you all about it.”

I walked around to the passenger’s side and Felicia hopped into the

backseat. Within minutes, we were on our way to wherever it was they were taking me. We had a spa day planned for tomorrow. I, for one, was looking forward to some serious girl time before the wedding.

“So anyway,” Elaina said. “Todd had this grand idea that we shouldn’t have sex the month before our wedding. At the time, I thought it was so romantic.”

“See? That’s what I thought,” I said.

“It sounds better than it actually is,” Elaina said. “We finally made it to the hotel room at one in the morning and all I wanted to do was sleep. Todd, though? Well, you know men.”

Felicia snorted. “We didn’t even do the month-before thing and Jackson was like that.”

I turned around to look at her. “You and Jackson got married the day after you met. You didn’t have time for the month-before thing.”

She cocked an eyebrow. “I still have the gag.”

I stuck my tongue out at her and turned back to Elaina. “So what happened?”

“I told Todd I wanted to sleep and he laid this huge guilt trip on me about how it was our wedding night and how we had waited and how the next day would be busy because we were flying out of the country and blah, blah, blah.”

Another benefit to Nathaniel’s private jet—we could pretty much decide when we left. We’d scheduled to take off in the afternoon the day following the wedding, which would allow us plenty of time to do whatever we wished to do after the ceremony and reception.

“I’m guessing from what you said before that you went along with him and didn’t sleep right away?” I asked.

“I might as well have gone to sleep, he was worse than a teenager. One month we’d waited and like I said, he lasted five minutes. I’m not even sure we’d taken off all our clothes.” She giggled at the memory. “Nathaniel’s older, though, I’m sure he has the control thing down pat.”

I certainly hoped so. How horrible would it be to have waited for a month and for our wedding night to be over before it started?

“Funny thing,” Elaina said. “We were living together before we got married and the night before the wedding we talked about calling an early end to our pact. Ended up all we did that night was sleep; we probably should

have given in.” She looked over at me. “Maybe you and Nathaniel should give that some thought. End your month tomorrow night.”

I shook my head. “We’re not even going to be together tomorrow night. I’ll be at the penthouse and he’ll be at the estate.”

“Maybe you should rethink that,” Felicia said.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine.” I bit my bottom lip.

At least I hoped it was.

## Chapter Two

### Abby

When I woke the morning of my wedding, the sun wasn't out yet, so I stretched, enjoying what would probably be the last quiet moment of the day. My eyes fell on my engagement ring and it hit me: I was getting married today. To Nathaniel. My dominant. By the day's end, I'd be his completely. I was so ready.

I took my time and leisurely climbed out of bed, slipping into my robe and padding over to the window. Light flurries were still falling, swirling in the streetlight. I sighed with happiness, watching as they floated this way then that.

My cell phone rang and I scurried to the nightstand, smiling when I saw who was calling.

"Good morning."

"Good morning," Nathaniel said. "I didn't wake you, did I?"

"No." I made my way back over to the window. "Just watching the snow fall."

"It stopped here an hour ago."

I looked at the alarm clock. "An hour ago was five fifteen. Weren't you able to sleep?"

"Not without you."

I didn't sleep too well without him, either, but instead of saying so, I decided to tease him. "I hope that doesn't mean you'll have to go to bed early tonight."

His voice changed, growing low and gruff. "I'm going to bed exceptionally early tonight."

"You are?"

“Oh yes, and you are too. And I’m keeping you in bed for an inordinate amount of time.”

Waves of yearning swept through my belly. “How do you plan on doing that?”

“Because I’m bigger and stronger than you and you’re going to be under me, with me claiming my bride in every way possible.”

I groaned just thinking about it.

“By the time I’m finished, you’ll be so thoroughly fucked, you won’t be able to leave the bed for days.”

I slipped a hand between my legs and circled my clit through the material of my gown. It had been too long. One month too long. “Mmmm.”

“I’ll let you sleep for a few hours then and when you wake up, I’ll take you again, but I’ll be slow and gentle.”

I closed my eyes, imagining it. Nathaniel and I. Cool crisp sheets. A fireplace with a blazing fire. My finger circled faster. It’d been so long.

“Abigail?”

My eyes snapped open and my fingers stopped. “Yes.”

“I’ve been trying to get your attention. What are you doing? You aren’t touching yourself are you?”

I looked down at my hand. *Shit*. “Um, yes.”

“Did you come?”

“No,” I said, glad that he’d gotten my attention in time.

“Need I remind you this abstinence idea was all *yours*?” His tone grew lighter. “This from the woman who claimed she wasn’t into long-term sexual deprivation.”

I laughed. “What can I say? It seemed like a good idea at the time.”

“It’ll be your fault if I don’t last longer than five minutes tonight,” he said, joking about what I’d told him concerning Todd and Elaina.

“In that case, you’ll just have to spank me,” I said.

My only reply from him was a low moan and a mumbled curse.

“Want me to change the subject?” I asked.

“Yes, please.”

“What time are you leaving the house?”

“About an hour,” he said. “I’m meeting Jackson and Todd for breakfast. I’ve also invited your dad to join us.”

My father still lived in Indiana where I grew up. We weren’t very close,

I'd always been closer to my mom. She'd passed away several years ago, though, and I'd been trying to have a better relationship with dad.

"Thank you, he'll like that. I think Felicia's stopping by in an hour. We're going to meet Linda and Elaina."

Linda, Nathaniel's aunt who raised him after his parent's death, and Elaina were going to meet up with us at the spa where I was getting my hair done. They'd spent the morning making sure the church was ready for tonight. Since Nathaniel and I only had three months to plan the wedding, it'd taken a lot of work on everyone's part to get everything together.

It was hard to believe the day had finally arrived. After all the nonstop planning and worrying and picking out this and deciding on that, it was time. I just hoped the last few hours passed quickly.

"That didn't sound like a happy sigh," Nathaniel said.

"It was an impatient sigh," I said, not even remembering sighing in the first place. "I'm ready to be your wife."

"Six o'clock won't come fast enough for me."

"Me, either."

"It's not too late," he said. "We could just elope."

"You should have suggested that back in September. If I'd known then what I know now . . ."

"Yes?"

"I'd have been Mrs. Nathaniel West months ago."

"Don't tell me that," he said. "I'll start thinking about all the fun we could have been having in the last month."

"Okay then. I wouldn't have changed my mind; I'd have done everything the exact same."

He sighed. "Is it six yet?"

"Not even close. Do I get to see you before I walk down the aisle?"

"Not if Linda has anything to do with it. She won't admit it, but she's horribly superstitious."

I glanced out the window and saw it was snowing harder. "Note to self, either stay away from Linda or keep her occupied."

His chuckle was warm and low. "Good luck with that one."

"The good news is that no matter what, I'm seeing you at six o'clock."

"Then, starting tomorrow, it's nothing but you and me for an entire two weeks."



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Getting ready, it felt like two thousand butterflies were throwing a party in my stomach. It was almost dreamlike to think I was marrying Nathaniel. All those years ago, I would never have believed there would be a day like this that would bind us together forever. And when I left him months ago, I never thought I'd see him again.

Fate had a different plan though, and our hearts couldn't be content without each other. Finally, after all our struggles, here I stood, hours away from becoming his wife. I couldn't remember a time I felt happier. I closed my eyes and tried to commit the feeling to memory.

"Ready for me to lace you up?" Felicia asked.

I knew I was probably grinning like an idiot when I turned toward her and nodded. She simply smiled back, perhaps remembering her own wedding day.

"I'm so happy for you." She hugged me. "And I love this gown."

It was nothing like the gown I'd imagined getting married in, but I knew the moment I'd put it on that it was mine. The sweetheart neckline accentuated my chest, making the most of my small size. A full skirt flowed elegantly from the tapered waist. But it was the top that had sold me. The top was made like a corset, with tiny pearls and crystals sewn in between the lace.

Nathaniel had me wear a corset a few times during our weekends. He loved the sight of me in one and I had to agree. They made me feel elegant and sexy and completely feminine all at the same time. To find a wedding gown that would both make me feel that way and leave Nathaniel speechless? I was sold.

I held still while Felicia did the laces and I shivered with the knowledge of who would be undoing them. I imagined his fingers, slowly working on the ties, his lips grazing the back of my neck, the whisper of cool air as my skin was exposed, and the rush of heat as he claimed me forever.

## Chapter Three

### Nathaniel

There's something to be said about being the last of your friends to get married. Being the first is hard. I remembered how horrible Jackson and I were to Todd when he and Elaina got married. Of course, we were much younger then, and we assumed no man could get married without a proper bachelor party.

We had mellowed out by the time Jackson got married. Plus the fact that Abby and I were following along less than a year later toned down the hysteria a bit as well. As it turned out, the prewedding party boiled down to the three of us hanging out at a local bar.

*Much better*, I thought to myself hours before the wedding. I stood in a tiny back room of the church, too full of nervous energy to sit down, but not able to walk the halls because according to Linda, doom and gloom would be sure to follow if I laid eyes on Abby before she walked down the aisle.

Jackson was outside talking with someone about the reception on his phone. Todd had left earlier to run some unknown errand for Elaina, so for the first time in hours, I finally had a moment to myself.

Not far from where I stood in the tiny church, Abby was waiting, preparing to become my wife. I closed my eyes against the wave of emotion that thought brought with it. We had traveled so far, crossed so many miles to get to this point. Yet I knew within my heart that the twisted path we had taken to reach this day had been worth every minute, every heartbreak. Our journey had not been easy, but every difficult step had drawn us closer and we'd become better people for it. My heart was full knowing our journey was just getting ready to start in earnest.

I wondered what she was thinking. At this exact moment, what was

going through her mind? We'd been together long enough for me to have a pretty good idea of what she was thinking based on her expression. If I could just get a quick look at her right now, it would put my mind at ease.

I took a deep breath to calm my mind and focus. Everything was fine. Not too long from now, we'd be married. Tomorrow we'd take off for two weeks alone.

I didn't want to think too much about our honeymoon. It would be horribly embarrassing if I had to walk down the aisle with a hard-on. But after a month-long abstinence, I couldn't help but imagine collaring her for the first time as Abigail West. My fingers itched to lock my collar around her neck, push her to her knees, or bend her over the bed.

*Better think about something else.*

I glanced out the window. The snow had stopped, but left everything with a thin film of white. Numerous cars and taxis had pulled up outside.

"You ready?" Jackson asked, coming up behind me and clapping me on the shoulder.

I captured him in a one-armed hug. "Never been more ready."

"I stopped by and saw the women."

"How's Abby?"

"Beautiful, happy, and ready to become Mrs. Nathaniel West. Which she'll be in about an hour."

I looked at my watch. "Thirty minutes. I asked for an abbreviated ceremony, but I'm not sure the minister understood. I don't think he understands English all that well."

He laughed. "There's a church full of people waiting for you guys."

I straightened my jacket. "Let's go."

I'm sure the church was lovely. Abby had worked hard to make certain everything was perfect. But my eyes barely took in the stone walls, candles, and roses. I didn't pay attention to the gathered crowd either. My eyes were locked on the front of the church, focused on the spot where Abby would become mine forever.

The minister, Jackson, and I made it to the front and I rocked back on my heels and waited. Before long, the music changed: the soft strands of a harp and violin replacing the piano. The doors at the back of the church opened and I straightened my shoulders.

Felicia walked down the aisle, but I didn't give her more than a glance.

My focus was on one thing: Abby. She was waiting at the back of the church, waiting to become my wife.

It was almost absurd to think it possible.

And then she stepped into the doorway and my breath caught. She was exquisite. As she made her way toward me on her father's arm, I'm sure I was grinning like an idiot and I didn't even care.

Her dark hair was piled on top of her head with a few wayward tendrils escaping. I longed to reach out and touch one, tuck it behind her ear. Her neck, of course, was bare.

I felt fiercely possessive as she walked toward me. I couldn't take in her beauty all at once, it overwhelmed me. Her gaze locked on mine and I finally had the answer to the question I had wondered about earlier. She was fine. She was beyond fine. She was radiant.

Finally, Abby and her father reached the front of the church. Though we didn't touch, the energy between us seemed tangible. I tried my best to listen to the minister as he began the ceremony, but I kept glancing out of the corner of my eye at Abby.

When it came time for her father to give her away, he kissed Abby's cheek and shook my hand. Then he placed her hand in mine.

"You're a good man, Nathaniel," he said. "Take care of my girl."

"With my life," I promised.

I took both of her hands in mine, awed by the love I saw in her eyes.

"Abby," I whispered, rubbing the top of her hand with my thumb.

Her eyes glistened.

We had decided on traditional vows and as we stood with our family and friends, repeating the words that would bind us forever in the sight of God and man, I felt a deep peace within my soul.

She slipped my father's wedding band on my finger, all the while looking into my eyes. As the ring settled in place, it was as if everything in the world made perfect sense. I took her wedding band of princess cut diamonds set in platinum and placed it on her finger. For a few precious seconds, we stood gazing into each other's eyes and I felt her love and desire sweep over me. I knew she found the same passion reflected in mine.

The minister stepped forward. "By the authority vested in me by the state of New York and our Heavenly Father, I pronounce Nathaniel and Abby husband and wife. Those whom God has joined together, let no one put

asunder. Nathaniel, you may kiss your bride.”

I pulled her to me. “Finally,” I said before my lips pressed against hers in a kiss.

I’d never felt more alive, more in love, more *more*.

“I love you,” I whispered against her lips.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the minister said when we pulled away, “it is my pleasure to present Nathaniel and Abby West.”

Holding hands, we turned and greeted our family and friends as husband and wife.

## Chapter Four

### Abby

The day couldn't have been more perfect. Everyone we cared for and loved was in attendance to share our day. But best of all, Nathaniel and I were finally married.

I'm not sure I'd ever seen Nathaniel look more handsome. It wasn't the tux or his gorgeous eyes and chiseled jaw; it was the emotion visible in his expression: the love, joy, and overwhelming look of bliss. He was merely handsome the day I met him. Today, he was breathtaking.

We held hands as we walked to the back room of the church where I'd gotten ready. Everyone else was on their way to the reception hall in the city, but we had a few minutes before our hired car arrived to pick us up.

When we made it into the room, he closed the door behind us, turned the lock, and pushed me against a wall.

"Abby West," he almost growled.

"Mmm." I trailed a finger down his chest. "Say it again."

"Abby West," he repeated before teasing me with a soft kiss.

My hand made it to his waist. "Now say it the other way."

His eyes grew dark with pent-up desire as he spoke the name he used when I wore his collar. "Abigail West."

My knees threatened to give way. Holy hell, what it did to me when he called me Abigail.

"How long until the car gets here?" I asked, desperate to have his hands on me.

"Not long enough. Just enough time for this."

He dipped his head and his lips met mine in a kiss that was long and deep and gave a hint as to what would follow. He entwined our fingers, and

pulled our hands above our heads. His lips were strong and insistent, but I knew mine were just the same.

“We could skip the reception,” I suggested when he finally pulled back.

“Don’t tempt me,” he said. “As it is, that gown is temptation enough. Is that a corset?”

*Sweet, sweet victory.*

“It is.” I gave him a teasing smile. “I hoped you’d like it. Felicia had to lace me up in it.”

His finger danced along the bodice. “Is that so?”

“Yes. In fact, I doubt I can get out without help.” I batted my lashes at him. “Think I’ll be able to find someone willing to give me a hand?”

“Oh, trust me, I’ll get you out. It’ll be like unwrapping a present.”

“If I had a decent change of clothes, I’d let you do it right now.”

He shook his head. “If I did it right now, there’s no way we’d make it to the reception.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“Come on.” He slipped a wrap around my shoulders, then took my hand and led me outside. “If we miss the reception, we’ll regret it when we’re old and gray.”

One of Nathaniel’s business associates owned a large penthouse he rarely used that included what could only be described as a ballroom. It was the perfect place for the reception: private, with a stunning view of the city. When he heard we weren’t getting married at our country estate, he’d offered to let us use it.

I’d given Felicia free rein over the decorations, telling her I only needed to know the barest minimum. She had flawless taste, so I wasn’t worried at all.

Nathaniel and I rode in the back of the limousine to the penthouse, sipping on the ice cold champagne that had been waiting for us. The driver was separated from the passenger section by a glass partition, so we had our privacy. We sat side by side and I laid my head on his shoulder while I twisted his wedding band around his finger.

“What time do we need to leave?” I asked. I still didn’t know where we were spending the night. I’d given him my overnight bag earlier.

“No specific time.” He grinned. “I know exactly what you’re doing and it’s not going to work.”

“I wasn’t trying to get information out of you, I was just wondering.”  
He gave me his *I don’t believe you one bit* look.

“Okay,” I admitted with a smile. “Maybe I was trying to find out just a little.”

He kissed my forehead. “You’ll have to wait and be patient.”

“I used up all my patience during the last month.”

“Mr. West,” the driver’s voice buzzed in on the intercom. “Sorry to interrupt, but there’s a call for you.”

“It’s my wedding day, I’m not taking calls.” He had told me earlier he’d left his phone in his carry-on luggage. Unless it was an absolute emergency, he wanted to be unreachable.

“It’s your pilot, sir.”

We looked at each other. His pilot? The one taking us to Switzerland tomorrow? This didn’t sound good.

Nathaniel picked up the handset in the back of the car. “Yes.”

His expression didn’t change the entire time he listened. That in and of itself told me something was wrong. Nathaniel asked a few questions, which confirmed my fears, especially when he said, “What are our other options?” Then he told his pilot he’d call him right back, and hung up.

He turned to me with a sigh. “There’s a major winter storm coming. We either need to leave tonight and beat it or wait until it passes.” He frowned. “I’m sorry. I checked the weather last night. Everything was supposed to go north of us.”

I placed my hand over his fist. “How long would that be?”

“The storm will be over in a day or two. But it might take longer for the airports to be operational.”

“And if they’re not?”

He grimaced. “No honeymoon.”

While it wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world to not have a honeymoon, it was something I’d really been looking forward to. Two weeks alone with Nathaniel in a country where no one knew us, where we had no responsibilities but each other. That was too hard to give up. Would I risk that for spending more time at our reception?

I looked up, caught his eye, and lifted an eyebrow. The corner of his mouth uplifted in a half smile.

No, it wasn’t a risk either of us wanted to take.



“There’s no decision to make,” I said.

“That’s what I thought. We leave tonight.”

Nathaniel spent the rest of the car trip on the phone with his pilot making arrangements. From the way it sounded, we were going to have to cut down our time at the reception. I took hold of Nathaniel’s left hand and checked the time. Just past seven thirty.

He hung up with a sigh and ran his fingers through his hair. “We need to take off no later than ten. That gives us just an hour and a half at the reception,” he said just as we arrived at the penthouse.

“So we eat quickly, talk to a few people, and then leave.”

“I hate that we’ll have to spend our evening watching the clock.”

“It’s okay with me,” I said. “If that’s what it takes to ensure we have a honeymoon, I don’t mind keeping the chitchat to a minimum tonight.” I slid closer to him. “I have plans for the next two weeks and nothing about them involves New York.”

He cupped my face. “You always know just how to look at something to make it seem completely all right.”

“Honestly, choosing between honeymoon with you for two weeks and an evening with a group of people I see all the time?” I kissed him softly.

“Not much thought had to go into that one.”

He smiled and took my hand. “I just wanted today to be perfect.”

Stepping out of the car, I took his arm as we made our way inside the building. “We’re married. Nothing could make this day less perfect.”

## Chapter Five

### Nathaniel

Abby, of course, had been correct. The reception was simple, but perfect, and if anyone thought it a bit rushed, they kept it to themselves. The small crowd pulled us apart shortly after we arrived and we spent some time chatting with our guests. As I accepted congratulations from a colleague, I scanned the crowd looking for Abby. She stood in the center of a group of women I recognized from the library. Everyone was *ohhing* and *awwing* over her ring.

I doubted she'd had much, if anything, for lunch, so I excused myself to get us a plate. I chuckled at the first food station I came to and filled our plate with tapas. I was sure there was still a smile on my face when I approached the group Abby was speaking with.

"Ladies," I said with a nod to them all. "I hate to interrupt, but I'm going to steal my bride away for a quick bite and hopefully talk her into a dance."

Everyone was all polite with smiles and "yes, of courses" and "don't mind us." I led her to the head table, pulled her chair out, and pushed mine close enough for our knees to touch. I figured we probably had between five and ten minutes before well-wishers approached us again.

I held up a *banderilla*. "You didn't tell me we were having tapas."

"You didn't ask," she said with a wicked gleam in her eye.

Tapas was our favorite playroom snack. Usually, I'd have her feed me first and then I'd serve her. She might have caught me off guard slightly by having it at our reception, but I planned to turn tables on her.

She reached for a skewer of vegetables.

"Put it down," I said in a low voice and her hand stilled. I picked up a skewer, slid a cucumber off, and held it to her mouth. "Open."

Her lips parted and I slipped the vegetable inside. She placed a kiss on

my fingers. Next I offered her a meatball and then nodded toward the plate. “We only have a few minutes.”

She took some bread and lifted it to my lips. “When I planned the menu, we had more time to do this. I just wanted a discreet way to honor our weekend time.”

I wrapped my hand around her wrist, my chest full of awe at how she’d planned our reception. Once more, the need to have her in my collar pulled at me. “I wish we had more time so we could serve each other adequately. Why don’t I get someone to wrap this up for us so we take some of it with us? That way we can properly enjoy it on the jet.”

Joy filled her eyes. “Thank you.”

I leaned forward, meaning to kiss her, but before I could, someone slapped my back.

“First dance, man,” Jackson said. “Felicia said for me to get you two on the dance floor.”

“Shall we, Mrs. West?” I asked.

She rose to her feet. “Of course, Mr. West.”

“Jackson,” I said, taking my bride’s hand. “If you can find a way for us to pack up some food, I’ll let you and Felicia enjoy the honeymoon suite I had booked.”

Someone might as well use it.

“I’ll see what I can find,” he said.

The crowd around us grew silent as we made our way to the dance floor. I took her in my arms as the soft familiar piano melody started to play. It’d been way too long since we’d had any sort of intimate contact. My erection was uncomfortable against my pants, though thankfully the folds of her dress hid it well.

“I’m glad the suite won’t go to waste,” she mused. “Though I never thought I’d be spending my wedding night in an airplane.”

I cringed. Not that the jet wasn’t nice; it just wasn’t the place I wanted us to spend our first night as husband and wife. And with that being the case. . . .

“You know, I’m thinking,” I said.

“Something not very pleasant from the look on your face.”

“I’m thinking we should extend our month of nothing until we get to Switzerland.”

Her mouth dropped open. “Another night?”

I smoothed her hair back and looked into her deep, dark eyes. “I don’t want our first time as husband and wife to be shared by a pilot and his crew.”

“We’ve done plenty of things in your jet, why not tonight?”

“It’s just different. I gave you a month. Can you give me one night?” I traced her lips with my finger.

She kissed the tip. “If you can guarantee me one thing.”

“Anything.”

Her teeth scraped the skin on my finger and I felt the touch all the way to my groin. “Promise me you’ll last longer than five minutes when we make it to Switzerland.”

I wrapped my arms around her tighter and, to the delight of the watching crowd, dipped her low. “Have I ever left you unsatisfied?” I pulled her back up and gave her a passionate kiss, just to prove my point.

When we finally broke away, she was breathing heavily, but she kept her gaze steady. “I remember a weekend or two I was definitely unsatisfied.”

“Let me rephrase.” I leaned in and whispered, “Have I ever left you unsatisfied during the week or on the weekend when you weren’t being punished for being a bratty submissive?”

Her eyes flashed with longing and desire and she replied with her own whisper, “Not if you word it like that.”

“I’m confident I’ll do the same in Switzerland.”

“Remember that weekend you promised to take me five times in one night?” she asked.

“You were naked that entire weekend, I’ll never forget it.”

“I think we should try for six.”

Before I could gather my thoughts to make a coherent reply, there was a tap on my shoulder.

“Best man cutting in for a quick dance with the bride,” Jackson said.

I realized then that the song had ended and a soft jazz one had started. According to my watch, we had another thirty minutes before we needed to leave, so I disgruntledly handed Abby over to him.

I watched them as they made their way to the middle of the dance floor. Along the outer edges, other people joined in.

“Nathaniel,” Felicia said from my side.

I barely covered my shock. My relationship with Felicia was

complicated. I knew she didn't approve of the lifestyle Abby and I lived on weekends, though Abby had told me of the conversation the two of them had the day they looked at the church. For the most part, I still felt as if Felicia put up with me simply because she had to. Certainly, she never sought me out.

"Dance with me?" she asked in a voice edged with uncertainty.

This time I wasn't able to cover my shock. Not only had she approached and talked to me first, but she was asking me to dance? I merely nodded and led her onto the dance floor.

The first few minutes were awkward. Felicia was obviously as uncomfortable being in my arms as I was holding her. Her back was stiff and her body tense. It was only as we drew close to where Jackson and Abby danced that I could discern Felicia relax.

"She's glowing," she said.

Jackson was spinning Abby around the dance floor and they were both laughing. She looked stunning, as always, but there was something more about her today. It was as if joy filled her so completely, it radiated from her. She caught me staring and blew me a kiss.

"She is," I said in agreement with Felicia. "Thank you for standing up with us."

Felicia took a deep breath. "I need to tell you something."

I braced myself for the worst, though I couldn't imagine what could cause her to seem so troubled.

She looked uncertain for the first time, glancing away, looking at the wall behind me. "I won't say I'm sorry for the way I treated you in the beginning. I was acting in what I thought was Abby's best interest." She shook her head. "I won't apologize for that."

I was too stunned to say anything and we stopped dancing.

"But I will say I'm sorry for assuming the worst about you and what you and Abby do." She finally met my gaze. "It's nothing I'd want to participate in, but you're what Abby needs. I know now you're looking out for her and I thank you for that. I'm glad she has you and I was proud to stand up with you two today."

To call me flabbergasted would be an understatement. "Thank you, Felicia," I finally managed to get out.

She nodded. "One more thing. If you ever try to pull one of those public

things like what you guys did at the Super Bowl again, I'm calling the cops. That's just wrong."

Her reference to my *go big or go home* method of introducing Abby to sex in public caught me by surprise and I threw my head back and laughed.

## Chapter Six

### Abby

Thoughts of the honeymoon filled my mind as we drove to the airport. Once in Switzerland, if we wanted, we could spend entire days in bed. With two weeks together and no set plans, I hoped several days would pass in that manner. I knew he had my collar packed somewhere. Though we'd agreed I'd wear it some, we'd left open exactly *when*.

The pilot waited for us. "Mr. West." He nodded, then smiled. "Mrs. West. Congratulations."

Nathaniel shook the pilot's hand. "Thank you. Are we ready to leave?"

"Everything's ready, just been waiting for you."

We made our way into the main cabin. I loved Nathaniel's jet. It was comfortable and modern, with plush leather captain's chairs in the main cabin. Down a short hall was a small bedroom and bathroom. Most of our time in the jet had been spent on weekends, so I'd had his collar on. I wondered where he had packed it.

I walked over to the table between the chairs and opened the drawer Nathaniel usually opened when he collared me. The drawer was empty.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I've never been able to figure out where you keep my collar during the week."

"And you thought maybe I kept it on the jet?"

"No," I said. "I just wanted to pick on you." I had a good feeling he probably kept the collar in the playroom during the week. I'd never looked there. The playroom wasn't off-limits to me Monday through Friday, but I never felt quite right in there without Nathaniel being present.

I sat down and tried to buckle the seat belt. I had to readjust the strap

twice before I got it to fit over the yards of lace and silk of my gown. When it finally locked in place, I looked over to Nathaniel and laughed at the picture we made. Dressed so formally and buckled up on a plane.

Nathaniel grinned at me and held out a hand. “Something funny?”

I stroked my thumb over his palm. “Just that when I woke up this morning, I didn’t see myself jetting off in a wedding gown before the day was over.”

“Nothing ever seems to go as planned, does it?”

“I’m starting to see why your backup plans have backup plans.”

He ran his free hand through his hair. “I’m sorry, Abby. We rushed through cutting the cake. You barely got to talk with your father. And—”

“Nathaniel, don’t. Don’t think you’re to blame for the weather. Even if you had known, what could you have done? Nothing. We’re married and that’s all I care about.”

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It wasn’t until we sat down and stopped moving that I realized how tired I was. I was tempted to fall asleep where I was, but the gown was starting to get uncomfortable. When the plane leveled off, I unbuckled.

“I’m ready to get out of this gown if you’re still willing to help me out of it.”

“I suppose the only other option is to keep you in the gown until we land in Switzerland and I’m thinking that’s not a viable option.”

I shot him a *not on your life* look and turned my back to him. “I’m guessing now’s not the time to tell you the only thing I have to sleep in is the gown I’d bought for our wedding night. Everything else is packed in my main suitcases.”

He started working on the ties on my gown’s corset top. “And I’m guessing now’s not the time to tell you I didn’t plan to sleep in anything on our wedding night, so I’ll be in bed naked.”

I groaned. Thoughts of him naked were chasing away my fatigue. “Not if you want to keep to the *wait until Switzerland* plan.”

The gown slipped from my shoulders and he peppered kisses along my shoulder blades. “I promise it’ll be worth it.”



I twisted out of his embrace. “You better not, I’m low on self control at the moment.”

But minutes later when I slipped out of the bathroom and joined him in the bedroom, I knew I wasn’t the only one facing self control issues. I blamed my nightgown. I’d picked it out because it was elegant while still being seductively sexy. Made of sheer material, it covered me while at the same time leaving nothing to the imagination.

His gaze followed me as I walked to the double bed and he silently lifted the sheet and blanket so I could crawl in beside him. I turned, so my back was to his chest. He gave a sharp intake of breath when I brushed against him.

“Fucking hell,” he said.

His erection was pressed against my ass. “Yes, exactly.”

We lay in silence for several long minutes. Neither one of us moved, which only made it more obvious that neither one of us was moving. I tried to steady my breathing, but all that did was highlight the fact that Nathaniel was behind me totally naked. I balled my fist and told myself to think of anything other than how easy it would be to roll over. He was already naked, so I could have my hands wrapped around him in seconds. A quick hike of my nightgown and he’d have complete access. Then with a shift of hips—

“This isn’t going to work,” we both said at the same time.

He gave a tight laugh. “Damn, stupid idea.”

“Yours or mine?”

“Both.”

I rolled over to face him. “I don’t think I can go another night. This entire time I’ve been thinking I’d be okay if I just made it to tonight. And now it’s here and we’re going to wait another night?”

“I agree. We have to do something.”

“I hope by *something* you don’t mean separate beds.”

“Hell, no.” He sat up. “Where’s my phone?”

“You’re going to call someone? Really?”

He raised an eyebrow at me, but didn’t say anything. Instead, he rummaged through his carry-on bag and pulled out his phone. “You were worried about me lasting five minutes? Tonight, we have exactly five minutes to get each other off. Hands only.”

He brought the phone to the bed and set the timer. “Starting now.”

We were sitting on the bed and my hands were over his body in an instant. It took him just a bit longer to wrestle with my gown and yank it up. On any other given night, I would have helped him out a bit, but at that moment, my skin was hungry for him.

I kissed his scruffy chin. "I need to taste you."

"Later," he said, pulling back only so he could slip the gown over my head. Then his hands roamed over me, touching and exploring. He situated himself between my knees and I gasped when his fingers brushed between my legs. "I feel like I'm in high school."

I took his erection in my hand. "Like you're making out under the bleachers, trying not to get caught?"

"Something like that." He glanced at his phone. "Four minutes and seventeen seconds."

I put myself to work on pleasuring him. We knew each other's bodies well enough to know just how and where to touch. And while I'd learned in the last six months how to delay my orgasm, I hadn't frequently practiced rushing them. That's what I wanted tonight but suddenly I wasn't sure if I could do it.

I took his touch and drank it in like the thirsty woman I was. I allowed it to sweep over me and as my arousal built, I worked his cock faster with my hands. I knew very well just how long he could hold off his orgasm, but I'd never seen him rush it. Tonight we were both letting ourselves run uncontrolled by pleasure, and I had no idea what would happen. It was like a whole new level of mystery between us.

He lifted his hips up to my hand. "Fuck, Abby. You feel so good."

My mind was on the two fingers he had inside me and the way his thumb ran over my clit. "Oh, yes. Right there."

We were both so needy and our desire so urgent, it felt like no time had passed when my climax neared. He wasn't far behind me, I could tell by the way his cock twitched. A few more strokes and I came around his fingers, right as he spilled into my hand.

We collapsed onto the bed. The phone's timer immediately went off, and we both broke out in laughter.

"I don't think I've ever come that fast," I said, wiping my hand on the towel he gave me.

"Me, either."

“It took the edge off, though.”

He pulled me into his arms. “Yes, but not quite enough.”

“I feel so naughty,” I said with a giggle. “Like I cheated.”

“We better not talk about you being naughty at the moment.” His arms tightened around me and his tone grew serious. “You know, I can’t help but think that even though tonight and this evening didn’t go as planned, the day couldn’t have been more perfect.”

I ran a hand along his arms. “You’re officially mine forever and always. It doesn’t get better than that.”

I thought we’d spend some time talking; after all, it was our wedding day. But the crush of the day’s events caught up with us, and we drifted off to sleep after a few minutes of whispers and soft kisses.

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I woke up to soft sunlight streaming through the plane windows about an hour before we landed. It took me a minute to realize it was probably close to noon in Europe, even though my body thought it early morning. I’d never been a big world traveler, so time changes always did me in.

Zermatt, Switzerland didn’t allow cars to be driven into town. We flew into Sion, where we had to transfer to a helicopter. The short ride only took fifteen minutes, but I was captivated by the scenery. Everything was a crisp white and looked so calm and serene.

After landing in Zermatt, we took a taxi to our chalet. Nathaniel pointed out the Matterhorn in the distance, looming high above everything. I loved the fact that the ban on any vehicle that wasn’t electric also meant the absence of any smog that would hamper our view of the majestic sight.

“Is that it?” I asked as a three-story chalet built into the side of a mountain came into view.

Nathaniel glanced at the taxi’s GPS and looked again at the building. “Yes, that’s it.”

“It’s magnificent.”

“Looks even better in person than it did in the pictures I saw before I rented it.”

From the information we had, we knew there was an indoor pool and

sauna on the lower level, a living room and kitchen on the main floor, and the master bedroom on the top floor, with floor-to-ceiling windows looking out over the town. We were secluded enough so that our nearest neighbors weren't visible, but the village was just a short car ride away. And because of the location, we could walk right outside of the house and ski.

Nathaniel reached over and took my hand. "So glad we made it before the storm hit, even though we had to cut out early last night."

"I'd do it again in a minute," I said as we pulled into the driveway.

"Me, too."

The taxi came to a stop. Nathaniel sat back in the seat for a minute. "I don't know about you, but I'm in desperate need of a shower."

"A shower sounds perfect." Especially if he would join me.

"Why don't you go on inside and hit the bathroom? I'll bring the luggage in and make sure the kitchen's stocked the way we requested."

"You're not going to join me?"

"Not this time," he said. "I'll shower in the guest bath."

"Waste of water if you ask me." I crossed my arms over my chest.

He kissed my cheek. "We have plenty of time."

For someone who had been initially opposed to my suggestion of no sex for a month, he certainly had been patient about it for the last ten hours.

Well, if you didn't count those five minutes the night before.

Regardless, I left him to deal with the luggage and I walked inside the stunning home that would be our refuge for the next two weeks. The interior was an odd mix of log cabin and contemporary, but it somehow fit together to create a warm and inviting space.

I decided to do the bulk of my exploring later. Ever since he mentioned a shower I felt grimier with each passing second. I breezed past the living room and kitchen, up the stairs, and into the master bedroom.

From the third-floor windows, I could see down the mountain to the village. I felt almost vulnerable surrounded by all the windows even though I knew there was no way anyone could see me. Nathaniel had selected the chalet for its privacy.

I dropped my overnight bag by the bed and walked into the bathroom. Seconds later, I'd stripped my clothes off and was soon enveloped by the soothing warm water of the decadent shower. Outfitted with two rainfall showerheads and numerous smaller vertical ones, the shower could easily fit

two people. Nathaniel and I would certainly put the space to good use over the next two weeks. For the time being, though, I simply closed my eyes and let the water and steam revive me.

My skin was wrinkly when I finally got out. I honestly hadn't meant to stay in for so long, but it had felt so good. I glanced outside and saw the shadows were growing long. I wondered if Nathaniel had finished doing all the things he wanted to do and if he was finished with his shower yet. Since I didn't know if Nathaniel had brought up my bag with my clean clothes, I pulled on a robe I found hanging on the bathroom door. I debated leaving my hair wet, but decided I'd regret it, so I dried it as quickly as possible.

He was waiting in the bedroom when I left the bathroom. He must not have spent the time I did in the shower. Not only was his hair still wet, but he'd pulled heavy curtains across the windows and lit candles. The room was decorated all in white. A huge bed made up with an inviting downy duvet and fluffy pillows faced the windows. At the moment, the candlelight cast the entire room in flickering shadows. Nathaniel had been sitting in a plush white chair, but stood at my entrance.

"There you are," he said. "I was afraid you might never come out."

He walked to me, *my husband*, and I swallowed around the lump in my throat at the thought that this man was mine forever.

"I couldn't help it," I said, taking in his bare chest and the way his pants hugged his hips just so. I could see the bulge of his erection in the front. "The shower felt so good."

He didn't say anything, but walked until he stood before me, framed my face with his hands, and kissed me. His lips were strong and insistent and I felt his need sweep over me. Combined with my own, it would have made my knees buckle except for the fact that I had my arms firmly around him.

"Nathaniel," I said in a soft sigh.

"Mmmm," he hummed, entwining his fingers with mine and then he quoted:

In that book which is  
My memory . . .  
On the first page  
That is the chapter when  
I first met you  
Appear the words . . .

Here begins a new life

I pulled our clasped hands together. “Dante?”

He nodded and our foreheads touched. “It seemed appropriate. I never knew that day I saw you at the library so many years ago that you would be the start of my new life. But I wonder, did it truly begin then, or the day you walked into my office the first time—or when you accepted my collar the second time?”

His body was warm against me and his breath was hot on my skin. I lifted my head and kissed him. “I don’t know.”

“I think,” he said. “That maybe it starts tonight. With us here like this. Coming together as husband and wife.” He kissed my wedding band. “And renewing our vow as Dominant and submissive.”

He moved to the nightstand and took something from the top. My heart pounded, knowing what it was, and I hurried to my purse to get its mate. He was back in front of the bed when I turned around and he watched me with dark eyes as I made my way back to him.

He held up a ring made up of three intertwined platinum bands. Its meaning was found inscribed inside.

*Abigail, my lovely, my submissive, my heart*

His voice was low and heavy with emotion, “Abigail, I give you this ring as an everyday reminder of my dominance. When you see it may you remember that you are your Master’s most treasured possession.” He slipped the ring on my finger, leaned in even closer, and whispered, “Always.”

I swallowed around the lump in my throat and held up his ring, which had been engraved in a similar manner.

*Master, I am yours, body, heart, soul*

I slid it on his finger and whispered, “Master, I give you this ring as an everyday reminder of my submission. When you see it may you remember that you alone hold my heart, my body, and my soul.”

He kissed my right hand ring and then cupped my face in his right hand. “My dear Abby and my cherished Abigail, I love you.”

There were no words I could give him that would capture the feeling of utter rapture his words brought to me. So instead I decided to give him myself.

I took a step back and kept my eyes on his as I undid the sash of my robe and slipped it from my shoulders. The move reminded me of another

time when I'd done something similar. That day I'd asked him to love me. Now I knew he did, so I asked for something different.

"Take me, Nathaniel. Make me yours, Master."

Silently, he stepped out of his pants and when he took me in his arms again, there was no poetry. He used his hands and his body to say what words were inadequate to convey.

He kissed me again, moving us toward the bed. His touch became urgent as if he wanted to feel me everywhere, all at once. Or maybe like he couldn't get close enough to me. My hands moved in a similar way. Across his chest, down his back. After a month of denial, I had a physical need to touch him and I drank him in. The hurried five minutes the night before hadn't been anywhere near enough.

He laid me on my back and I sank into the downy warmth of the duvet. Then he moved on top of me and his mouth was on my skin, kissing a trail from my neck, across my clavicle, and down to my breast. I gasped and arched my back as he sucked a nipple deep into his mouth. He teased the tip with his tongue and nipped it with his teeth.

My nails scratched his back and he groaned.

"Fuck yes," he said. "Mark me."

"Bite me," I asked in return. "Make it hard."

He sat up and took a breast in either hand. "Watch."

I could do nothing else but stare as he palmed and kneaded my breasts. With each squeeze, he ran his thumb across the nipple. The touch sent a spark of desire straight to the spot between my legs where I ached for him.

"Yes," I moaned. "Oh, yes."

He bent his head and nibbled the tender skin on the underside of my right breast, ignoring for a moment my plea for more. Treating me as if I were a delicacy to be savored, he took his time tasting me. Then, right when I felt as if I would go crazy for want, he pulled back and resumed his kneading, his touch progressively growing stronger.

"Still want it hard?" he asked.

I lifted my hips, eager for more. "Yes. Damn it."

"I've been without you for a month, I doubt I can go slow and easy the first time."

"Then don't."

He let go of one breast to trail his hand down my side to land between

my legs. Gently he pushed a finger inside me, testing my readiness, but not asking if I was sure. "I've missed how tight and hot you are when I first push inside you." He took the other hand and pushed my knees apart. "Spread your legs for me, baby. I need to sink in deep tonight."

*Please. Please.* I nearly pulsed with the need.

I kept my legs wide for him as he moved between them and took his cock in his hand, positioning it at my opening. With a control that seemed at odds with his words earlier about not being able to go slow, he ever so slightly eased his way inside.

"Yes. Fuck," he said, closing his eyes as he pushed farther.

When he was as far and as deep as he could go, he stilled and opened his eyes. "Feel that? Feel my cock claiming you?"

"Please." I squeezed my inner muscles around him. "Please. More."

He dragged himself back out slowly, allowing me to feel every inch of his retreat. Once he was almost out, he held still for just a second and then, as if at the end of his control, he grabbed hold of my upper thighs and started an almost punishing rhythm. Thrusting hard and deep, he fucked me relentlessly.

It'd been so long and he felt so good that within no time my climax started to build. I dragged my nails down his arms and arched my back, wanting him deeper. "Nathaniel."

"Coming?" he asked, thrusting in. He moved a hand between my legs and teased my clit. "Shout for me."

"Oh, fuck," I said as my release built and built. "Oh, *fuck.*"

He kept driving deeper, all the while teasing me mercilessly with his finger. My orgasm stirred inside me and I bucked against him trying to reach it. His expression grew darker and he slowed down, stroking long and deep.

The change in friction, matched with his finger on my clit, pushed me over the top and I came hard, with his name on my lips. A look of pure satisfaction overcame his expression and he sped up once again, moving toward his own release.

"Feels so good fucking you again," he panted. "Claiming you. Watching you come."

I squeezed around his cock each time he pulled out.

"Fuck. Abby."

Unable to hold back any longer, he pushed deep inside me and held still, his body shuddering as he released. For several minutes after, I enjoyed the



feel of his satisfied body on top of mine, his weight a sensual reminder of our shared pleasure.

His breathing slowed and he took me in his arms and rolled us so we faced each other.

“I’ll have to admit,” he said, a look of amusement in his eyes. “That was fairly intense. Just like you said.”

“Mmm,” I hummed. “I’ll say. I probably won’t be able to walk tomorrow.”

“Just as well,” he said, arms tightening around me. “I’m not sure we’ll make it out of bed.”

## Chapter Seven

### Nathaniel

She stretched out against me, sighing in delight at my suggestion. “All day in bed. That sounds wickedly decadent.”

“We should make wicked and decadent the theme for our honeymoon.”

“We’re certainly off to a good start,” she said, snuggling deeper into my arms.

“Start is definitely the right word, I feel like we’ve only taken the edge off.”

With her soft body wrapped around mine, I knew it wouldn’t be long before I took her again. But while the first time had been quicker than normal, I planned to take my time the second. The urgent need to have her had been sated, leaving behind the desire to enjoy her slowly. And growing stronger with every passing moment was the need to have her in my collar. To have her kneel at my command.

“Was everything stocked the way we requested?” she asked.

It took me a few seconds to understand what she meant. “How did you go from wickedly decadent sex to whether or not there was enough food in the fridge?” I swore, the female mind was beyond my comprehension.

She giggled and propped herself up on an elbow, facing me. “I was thinking about spending all day in bed and that led me to wonder what we would do about food. Then I realized we might not have anything if they didn’t do like we asked and how awful would it be if we had to go grocery shopping today.”

“You seriously were thinking all that?”

“Yes. So, do we shop or not?”

I pushed the hair back that had fallen across her forehead. “It’s time for

you to get out of your wedding-planning mode and remember I've got everything under control. There's no need for a grocery trip any time soon."

"Thank goodness."

"Which means I can take my time and have you slow and easy, with no need to worry about how we'll keep our strength up for tomorrow." I ran my lips along her collarbone. "And trust me, we'll need our strength with what I have planned."

"Is that so?"

"Mmm," I hummed. "But for right now, we have all the time in the world."

Unlike my hurried actions previously, this time I planned to thoroughly enjoy her luscious body. I took her hands and pulled them above her head.

"Leave them there," I said. When she started to protest, I added, "You can have your turn later."

She was soft and pliable under me. My lips explored parts of her I hadn't tasted in a month. The hollow of her throat, the valley between her breasts, even the ticklish skin below her rib cage, I kissed them all.

"I'm never going a month without you again," I said as I nibbled along her belly button. "Ever."

She sucked in a breath as I trailed my hand lower. "It seemed like a good idea at the time."

I positioned myself between her legs and pushed her knees apart. She still had her arms where I left them, so I took her hands and placed one on either thigh. "Keep yourself open for me."

I started with soft kisses at her knee, slowly working my way upward. I nipped the tender skin of her upper thigh and she gasped, letting her legs move together.

I pushed them apart. "Going to make me break out the restraints so soon?"

"No, Sir."

My erection grew harder and I wondered if she realized what she'd said or if it just came naturally. It had not escaped my attention that she responded positively to the slight dominance I sometimes injected into our weekday play.

I didn't want her collared all the time and had no interest in a twenty-four/seven Master/slave relationship, but hearing her submissive reply to my

words turned me on even more. Fuck, it always turned me on when she called me “sir.” We’d planned to have her wear her collar some during our honeymoon, but I wondered if we shouldn’t experiment with a few other things.

For now, though. . . .

“I’ve been waiting all month to do this,” I said, lightly tracing her wetness, dipping a finger into her. I brought it to my lips and tasted the evidence of her arousal. “So damn sweet. A man could live off this.”

She chuckled. “I doubt that.”

“We’ll have to see.” I dipped my head and ran my tongue along her entrance, sucking her clit gently into my mouth. I teased her with soft nibbles and gentle caresses before gradually getting rougher.

Her legs started to tremble. “Need you.”

I rubbed my chin against her. I hadn’t shaved when I took my shower, so I knew the roughness would arouse her more. “You’ve got me, Mrs. West.”

She jerked against me. “Please. Now.”

I circled her clit with my finger. “Come for me and I’ll give you what you want.”

She whined, but I dropped my head and ran my tongue over her swollen flesh. She came with a whimper, panting lightly. I moved up her body, bringing her hands with me and placing them around my neck.

“Now?” she asked.

“Now,” I said. I rolled us to our sides and she hitched a leg over my hips. “Abby,” I sighed, pushing into her.

The position we were in didn’t allow for me to take her deeply, but that was okay. I’d already had her that way earlier. Facing each other the way we were allowed our hands the freedom to touch and roam. As I stroked inside her, my fingers whispered against her skin and traced her curves.

Her palm rested on my upper hip, moving along with my slow, steady thrusts. Every so often, she’d move slightly and her nails would scratch me, driving me to the edge of need. I held back, though, and simply enjoyed being with her, connected in the most intimate way possible.

“I love you,” she whispered, rocking into me.

“Love you so much.”

She lifted her head and our lips met in a sweet kiss that echoed the way

our bodies moved. When our climaxes finally came, they were quiet and tender, and the pleasure washed over us as we held on to each other.

We dozed for a while, after, and woke when the sun had set completely. I left the bed just long enough to grab some snacks. When I returned we had a naked picnic of apples, grapes, almonds, bread, and brie. We talked a bit about how we wanted to spend the next few days. Together, we agreed to spend tomorrow at the chalet and perhaps explore the village the day after.

“Or the day after that,” Abby said in between bites of apple.

I raised an eyebrow. “That long?”

“I think maybe I’d like to wear your collar the day after tomorrow.”

“Oh?”

She shrugged. “It’s been a month. And when you threatened to bring out the restraints, I realized how much I missed it. How much I needed it.”

I took a sip of wine, interested in knowing if she remembered what happened next. “You know you called me ‘Sir’ right after that.”

“I did? Really?” Her forehead wrinkled. “I don’t remember that.”

“I wondered.”

She picked up a grape and put it back down on the plate. Her forehead was still wrinkly, like she was thinking about something that troubled her. “I’ve never done that before. Called you ‘Sir’ when I wasn’t wearing your collar.”

“It’s okay. I mean, it’s not like I minded.”

“You don’t think it’s odd, that I’d say something like that, just out of the blue?”

“No, I don’t think it’s odd and it didn’t just come out of the blue. I did threaten to restrain you.”

She didn’t look convinced. Her lips parted, like she was going to say something, but then she stopped and dropped her head.

“Abby, look at me.” I waited until she met my gaze before continuing. “I think it’s perfectly natural for the facets of our lives to spill over onto each other. I’d be surprised if they didn’t start to blend a bit.”

“You don’t think it’s blurring the lines?”

“They’re our lines to blur, right?”

“I suppose,” she said, but her expression told a different story.

“Neither one of us wants an around-the-clock collared relationship. Just because you happen to not call me ‘Nathaniel’ during sex or because I tell

you to be still, doesn't change that."

She thought about it a bit more. "You're right, I see that." A smile broke across her face. "So you didn't mind, huh? When I called you 'Sir'?"

I felt my own smile in response to her question. "Didn't mind at all. Quite the opposite, actually."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"You do that."

She grew thoughtful again. "Wonder why I said 'Sir' and not 'Master'?"

I shrugged. "Maybe you thought you were in the library?"

"Or on the kitchen table."

"Or maybe it was just a natural reply to what I said. Funny how the body reacts sometimes without us realizing it."

She eyed my growing erection. "I'll say."

I laughed. "Trust me, I completely realized that reaction. It's my body's natural response to you, especially when I think about you calling me 'Sir.'"

She took the plate and wineglass from my hands and placed them on the bedside table. "Let's see what other replies we can get from your body.

Besides, I think I remember you saying it was my turn later."

"Is it later already?" I asked, growing even harder.

"Mm hm." She pushed me to my back and pulled my arms over my head. "Keep them here."

I grew even harder at her words. Though she wasn't a sexual dominant, every so often she enjoyed having the opportunity to issue a command or two. And I'd admit, I liked seeing her playful side. I decided to play a bit myself.

Letting her keep my hands restrained, I lifted my head and nipped her ear. "Think you can top me, Abby?"

"I think I can, because if you move your hands, I'm going to ignore your dick." She trailed a hand down my side and lightly brushed my erection.

"Though that shouldn't be a problem. You've already come twice. You probably won't even notice."

Her hand hovered over me. I felt the heat from her skin, but it wasn't nearly enough. *Hell, yes, I'd notice.* "Fine. I won't move my hands."

The look she gave me was pure evil. "Good, because I want to see if I can still deep throat you."

My cock throbbed at her words as I imagined it and my hips lifted

involuntarily. To sink into her mouth again. To watch her lips part around me. *Fuck.*

“No moving,” she warned and moved away.

“Abby,” I said in a gruff voice.

She sat up by my side and drew figure eights on my chest with her finger.

*Lower. Move your hand lower.*

“Know how you’ll sometimes say you’re doing something for me?” she asked.

Her hand drifted lower and my eyes nearly rolled to the back of my head. “Yes,” I hissed.

“Well, this is all for you. So be still and enjoy.” She shimmied down toward the edge of the bed, keeping her eyes on mine. “I’m used to sucking you off so many times a week, I lose count. Do you know how hard it’s been to go a month without tasting you?”

“Probably about as hard as I am right now.”

“You *are* looking really hard. Is that painful?”

“I know you can make it better.” And I hoped she’d do it soon. I nearly ached with the need to be inside her in some way.

“Watch,” she said, as if I could do anything else.

Her lips parted slowly, much too slowly for my liking, around the head of my cock. I wanted to thrust into her, force myself all the way in her mouth. *Fuck*, it’d been so long since her warm heat had engulfed me.

She took more of me inside her mouth, moaning as she did so. I expected her to take all of me, the way she’d said. Instead, she wrapped a hand around the base of my cock and started bobbing. *Teasing.*

“Need. More,” I panted.

Clearly, she didn’t care because she continued her bobbing. Every so often she’d pull back completely and lick down my shaft.

“Damn, evil tease,” I said when she sucked me partway inside.

She lifted her head. “Says the man who a little over a month ago made me go all weekend without release.”

The weekend in question had been part of her training. I’d kept her on the edge for two entire days. “I let you come on Sunday, right before I took your collar off. When you came, you screamed so loud, you nearly broke the dishes.”

She didn't reply to my version of the weekend in question, but sat up and took me in her hand. "You talk about my taste. What about yours? I want you hard and seconds away from coming. That way when I finally have you completely in my mouth, I won't have long to wait before I taste your pleasure."

And with that, she released me from her grasp and lowered her mouth onto my cock. I hit the back of her throat, but she relaxed and I sank all the way in. It was too much: the sight of my cock sliding into her mouth, the wet heat I found inside.

"Fucking hell." I lifted my hips, thrusting deeper, and my release burst from me.

She drank it down almost greedily and when I pulled out, she licked her lips. "I think I lied."

I felt drained after that last climax and wasn't sure I could move. I managed to lift an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure that wasn't just for you."



## Chapter Eight

### Abby

As planned, we spent the next morning resting at the chalet. Much of our time was spent on the lower level, enjoying the indoor pool. In the afternoon we put on our ski clothes and went outside for a while.

It came as no surprise to me that Nathaniel was an expert skier. Fortunately, I wasn't half bad either. For a few hours, we explored the area surrounding the chalet.

"Apollo would love all this snow," I said as we made our way back inside. Apollo was the Golden Retriever Nathaniel rescued years before we met. He was spending the next few weeks at Jackson and Felicia's house. Apollo liked Jackson and was friendlier toward Felicia than to most other people.

We took off our wet clothes and warmed up in front of the living room fire. Nathaniel went to check on the steaks he was marinating for dinner and when he came back to the living room, he sat behind me and pulled me to his chest.

I snuggled into his arms with a content sigh. Though the living room was furnished with several plush couches and chairs, I enjoyed sitting on the soft rug in front of the fireplace. Much like the bedroom, the living room had numerous floor-to-ceiling windows. Nathaniel had pulled the curtains before we left, so at the moment, the room felt intimate.

"Have you given any more thought to tomorrow," he asked. "Should we check out the village or stay here?"

"I still think we should stay here and you should collar me."

He placed a gentle hand around my neck. "Just for the day?"

"Night, too."

“Okay, and we’ll decide then what we want to do next?”

“I think that’s a good idea,” I said. “But does that give you enough time to prepare?”

I knew how much thought he put into one of our normal weekends and that was at his house, where everything was familiar. I would think being in a new place, specifically one that didn’t have a playroom, would be more challenging and he’d need longer to prepare.

He laughed softly. “Time to prepare? What do you think I’ve been doing for the past month? All I need is my toy bag and you. Private room preferred, but not necessary.”

“What?” I asked, turning around to see his face.

He was smiling. “Just seeing if you were listening. I don’t plan on playing in public while we’re here.”

“Maybe it’s too bad we’re not staying at a crowded resort,” I said. “Think about all the fun we could have on the ski lift.”

“Sounds dangerous.”

“Just as well you’re the one in charge, I’d probably get us arrested.”

“Or killed.”

“Nah,” I said. “I wouldn’t go that far, but incarceration would have been a definite possibility.”

“Somehow, I think I could deal with prison if it was a result of something you’d planned for us.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” I said. After a few minutes of silence, I added, “So tomorrow?”

He kissed the top of my head. “Yes, tomorrow.”

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After breakfast the next morning, he told me to strip and go wait in the bedroom. Though I’d been expecting to be told to do so, my heart pounded anyway. It’d been a month, my less than rational side thought. What if I forgot everything? What if I messed up? How awful would that be? To mess up on our honeymoon?

I won’t say I was as nervous as I’d been the first time we played; I wasn’t. But there was a certain excitement that set my heart racing and made

my nerve endings prickle.

He made me wait for a long time, or at least it seemed like a long time. Especially since by “wait” in the bedroom, he meant “kneel.” While kneeling on the floor, I couldn’t see the clock by the bed, but judging by the number of my breaths, more than ten minutes went by. My knees were out of practice with kneeling and they started to ache almost immediately. I resisted the urge to shift my weight; he could be watching, after all. I forced myself to be still and remain in the proper waiting position.

Then, just when I thought they’d never come, I heard footsteps on the stairway. Within seconds he was before me.

“Look at me, Abigail.”

He spoke in the cool, controlled voice I knew so well, and almost instantly all my nervous excitement was replaced by aroused need. I lifted my head and met his fiery gaze.

My Master.

My playful husband and sensual lover were still there, but at the moment, there was no doubt the man in front of me was my unyielding and demanding Dominant. My knees didn’t matter and the weeks we hadn’t played melted away like they were nothing. And deep inside my soul, something whispered *Yes*.

“I have something new for you,” he said, holding out a leather collar. “Your regular collar is fine for what we use it for, but this is a special occasion and needs a special collar.”

A new collar? I hadn’t expected that.

“Abigail West,” he said. “If you accept this collar, it will brand you as mine for however long you wear it. Your body will be mine to tease and torment. And since it’s been so long, I feel it only fair to warn you that I’m going to work you over hard. You have your safe words if you need them.”

I was, not for the first time, thinking the month-long abstinence request might not have been the best idea after all.

“Knowing this, do you accept my collar?” he asked.

“Yes, Sir,” I answered.

“Thank you, Abigail.”

He buckled the collar around my neck and I swallowed. It felt tighter than my diamond collar.

“Feel okay?” he asked. “Not too tight?”

“No, Master. It’s perfect.” I rose up on my knees, eager for this next part. “May I serve you by sucking your cock?”

He stepped back. “I don’t think so. Not yet.”

It was the first time he’d ever said “no” after he collared me and I was caught off guard. I’d automatically leaned forward to undo his pants and had to catch myself before I moved farther.

He trailed a finger across my cheek. “I’ve missed seeing you like this, Abigail.”

It wasn’t my place to speak out of turn when I had his collar on, so I remained still and silent. He studied me for several long seconds and then turned.

I waited as he walked over to a short couch and sat down. It was then I noticed the tube sitting on the cushion beside him and I gulped.

“Come across my lap,” he said. “I’m going to spend some time reacquainting myself with your ass.”

He didn’t often have me over his knees, knowing it wasn’t one of my favorite positions to be in. I had a feeling I was in for a long day.

“How long has it been since I’ve spanked you?” he asked when I’d situated myself.

“I don’t know, Master. Maybe five weeks?”

“About thirty-five days.” He started rubbing my backside. “That sounds about right.”

He continued with his rubbing, every once and awhile dipping a finger between my legs, checking to see if I was wet. I was, of course, and every time he checked, he’d bring his finger to my mouth for me to clean.

“I’ve spanked you for your pleasure and I’ve spanked you for your disobedience.” His hands got rougher. “Today I spank you because it pleases me to do so. It’s been thirty-five days, so I’m going to spank you thirty-five times. Fifteen with my hand, fifteen with the paddle, and five with the leather strap. I won’t make you count.”

Apparently, he considered the rubbing a warm up, because when his hand came down upon my flesh for the first time, it definitely wasn’t a swat to prepare me. I grunted.

“Your ass has gotten soft,” he said. “And it’s my job to toughen it back up.”

The first fifteen were hard, but nothing I couldn’t handle. Especially

since between swats, he'd play with my clit and drive me right to the edge of release. Even though he'd said I didn't have to count, I did so anyway in my head and I breathed a sigh of relief when he finished the first set. But he didn't pick up the paddle like I thought he would. Instead, I felt his slick fingers pressing against my anus.

"Five weeks since I spanked you," he said. "How long do you think it's been since I've taken you here?"

"Uh, two, mmm, two and a half months."

He hummed, pressing just inside with his finger. "And in those two and a half months how many times did you use a plug?"

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

"Abigail?"

"None, Master."

"None? Did it not occur to you that I'd take your ass this week?"

I swallowed hard and told the truth. "It must have slipped my mind."

He removed his finger. "I'm fucking your ass today whether it slipped your mind or not. And since you're not prepared, I'll have to prepare you my way."

I wasn't so sure I wanted to know what his way was.

"You brought this on yourself," he said as a large plug pressed against my tight opening and I flinched. "This is actually smaller than I am and I used plenty of lube. Bear down, take it, and be thankful I'm using it first and not just shoving my cock up your ass."

I relaxed as much as possible while he pushed the monstrous thing inside me. It stretched and burned going in, but he was right, it was better that he used the plug first. As much as I was gritting my teeth against the sharp pain, I knew it was nothing like what I'd be experiencing if I had to take him inside me first.

I let out a sigh when it slid in all the way, surprised at how full I felt. Ten weeks had made a noticeable difference.

"That's it," he said, slipping a hand between my legs and teasing me back into arousal. "Kneel beside the couch and think about how you should have prepared yourself."

I moved to my knees and into my waiting position while he walked off toward the direction of the bathroom. Water ran for a brief moment and in the silence that followed, I ran through all the opportunities I'd had to use a plug

over the last ten weeks. It was true it had slipped my mind, and I knew it shouldn't have.

He came back into the bedroom and sat down on the couch, placing the paddle and strap beside him. "Look at me, Abigail."

I lifted my head.

"Did you do some thinking?"

"Yes, Master."

"And?"

"And I had plenty of opportunity to use my plugs. To prepare myself for you. I'm sorry, Master." It was the truth. In all my wedding and honeymoon preparations, I should have made sure I was adequately prepared. I almost added, "But I did wax," then decided against it.

"Apology accepted," he said. "But since you didn't prepare for the possibility of anal sex, I'm not going to allow you to orgasm as a result of it. When I take you, it'll be for my pleasure only. Do you understand?"

Damn it all. My orgasms stemming from anal sex were some of the most intense ones I had. "Yes, Master."

"I'm glad you see things my way. And just so we're clear, if you do orgasm without my permission, it'll be the last one you have for a long time. Understood?"

"Yes, Master." He'd withheld orgasms from me before, so I knew he wasn't joking, honeymoon or not.

"Very good." He patted his lap. "Now come back here so I can continue with your spanking torment."

Torment was a good word for what he did. My backside was only the tiniest bit sore from the first spanking, so he resumed his rubbing torture. And again he kept me right on the edge of pleasure by teasing my clit and stroking my needy flesh.

"No need to count," he said, right before bringing the paddle down the first time.

With the plug in place, I felt all kinds of full as it was. Add in his seeking fingers and the paddle that brought just enough pain to be pleasurable and before long I was squirming on his lap.

"That's a lot of wiggling for a forgetful submissive who won't be coming anytime soon," he said, halfway through the set of fifteen. "If you were smart, you'd be still."

He was right, there was no use in trying to get more friction where I needed it, since it'd be a while before he allowed me to climax. I didn't even want to think about what would happen if I came without permission.

"Sorry, Master." I planted my feet firmly on the floor and held on tightly to his calves.

"Seven more," he said, smacking downward so the paddle landed directly over the plug. It shifted deeper into me and I felt my hips rock against his thigh.

So good. It felt so good.

I closed my eyes as the last six fell. He set the paddle down and ran a finger between my legs.

"Such a wicked girl," he said. "So aroused after her spanking. I think we may start each day of our honeymoon with a spanking. What do you think?"

Was he really asking me that? How would that work since I wouldn't be wearing his collar every day? He didn't expect me to wear it for the next two weeks, did he?

"We'll have to have this discussion a little later," he said. "Now isn't the right time. For now, be very still. I'm going to remove the plug."

The damn thing was just as uncomfortable being removed as it had been going in. I think I may have cut off the blood circulation to his ankles at one point, I grabbed his leg so tightly.

When it was out, I lay panting across his lap with him stroking my hair. "Good job, my lovely. Next time you'll make sure you prepare yourself, won't you?"

"Yes, Master." Damn straight I would.

"Five more to go," he said. "I think I'll let you choose how you'll get them. You can either stay over my knees and suck my cock in thanks after or you can bend across the bed, but I'll spank your pussy with the strap for the last two."

Six months ago, I wouldn't even have considered it. Spank me there? With a strap? No, thank you! But he'd spent time working me gradually and now, while it hurt initially, the sharp wave of pleasure made it worthwhile. So it was tempting . . .

"I'll stay across your knees, Master," I answered.

"Very well," he said. "Kneel on the floor and tell me why."

It was, I swear, his new favorite thing to do, asking me to tell him why.

I'd questioned him on it when he first started. His response was that it gave him insight into how and what I was thinking and also helped him know what I did and didn't like.

I slipped from his lap and knelt by his feet. Since he asked for a reply, I knew he wanted me to look at him while I answered.

"I don't like being over your knees, but I love having you in my mouth, so based on those two items alone, it's a wash."

He nodded. "Thoughts on option two?"

"You know I prefer to be over the bed, and I've come to like it when you take a strap to me that way."

"Yes," he said. "That's why I thought you'd go for the second option."

"But," I continued. "You also told me not to come before you gave permission or else I wouldn't come for a long time."

"Ah, I see." He stroked my hair. "You were afraid you might come from the strap?"

I nodded.

"Wise decision," he said. "Well thought-out with all options considered. And you did an excellent job of explaining your thought process to me. I think we've both made a lot of progress during the last few months."

It always made me feel warm all over when I pleased him. "I think so, too, Master."

He picked up the strap. "Come here and let's finish that spanking."

While I used to be frightened of the strap, as long as he wasn't using it for punishment, I wasn't anymore. I'd learned he knew how to wield it to bring pain-laced pleasure as well as plain pain. I went back across his lap knowing only pleasure awaited me.

I was correct. The last five strokes, when combined with his expert fingers, brought the sharp pleasure I craved. I was panting with need when he finished the last one.

He kept me on his lap for a few minutes, rubbing a soothing cream over my sore flesh and telling me how much he enjoyed me and how he'd missed this time between us. When he finally told me to thank him with my mouth, I ached to have him in me in any way possible.

I figured he wouldn't finish in my mouth since he'd been so insistent about anal sex. As such, I took my time, undoing his pants and stripping him out of them. I palmed his balls and cupped him gently before ever so slowly



taking him in my mouth.

I swirled my tongue around his tip, mimicking the way he'd teased my clit. And when I deep throated him, he sucked in a breath. After that, he kept his hands in my hair, ensuring I didn't take him too deeply. I assumed he was afraid if I deep throated him again, he might come.

My suspicions were confirmed when, moments later, he pulled back and commanded me to bend across the bed.

"Missed this ass," he said, giving me a playful swat. "I'm never going two and a half months without taking it again. Hold yourself open."

I did as he asked, allowing him the room to prepare me. He'd brought the warming lube and I sighed as he spread it over and inside me.

"Like that?" he asked.

"Yes, Master. I've missed you taking me."

Unlike times past, he didn't use his fingers first. As soon as he finished with the lube, his slick cock was pressing against me. I tensed my muscles.

One of his fingers played with my clit. "Relax, my lovely."

"Sorry, Master."

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, Master. Please don't stop."

"I need you to relax. This might be for my pleasure, but I don't want you hurt."

His subtle reminder that he was still looking out for my needs and was doing what was best for me was what I needed to hear to relax further.

"There you go," he said, holding my hips and pressing into me.

His fingers slipped between my legs and he stroked me there as his tip passed inside me. He might have said this was for his pleasure only, but he was ensuring I got something out of it, even if that something wasn't an orgasm.

"Fuck, Abigail. You feel incredible."

I pushed my hips back toward him. "You don't feel bad yourself, Master."

He chuckled and gave me a swat. "Don't think flattery will get you an orgasm."

"I wouldn't dare."

"Yes, you would."

"You're probably right."

During our banter, he'd worked himself deeper, so with a final push and a coarsely spoken, "I know I'm right," he was buried inside me.

I bit the comforter as he pulled out and started a slow and torturous push and pull. Then he added his fingers back to my achy flesh and I started chanting.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck."

"Exactly," he said.

The feel of him inside me that way was exquisite in its pleasure. Anal sex always seemed so dark and forbidden, it never failed to turn me on. Though I tried not to, it wasn't long before I was begging.

"Please, Master, let me come."

"No."

I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from begging again and clasped the comforter in my fist. My eyes damn near rolled to the back of my head when his fingers started pumping into my pussy in time with the strokes of his cock in my ass.

"Please," I whined.

"Stop begging or else I'll pull out, gag you, and fuck you slowly for hours."

I didn't doubt him, so instead of focusing on what he was doing to my body, I recited the alphabet backwards. In German.

"Damn it, Abigail. If you're going to speak in foreign languages at least say something interesting."

"Sorry, Master. I thought I was doing that in my head."

He thrust at an angle that made me squeal. "Well, you weren't."

His breathing was getting choppy and his thrusts harder and faster. I hoped beyond hope that meant he was close. I knew I sure was. And I knew I couldn't take much more.

Mercifully, he slipped his fingers from me and grabbed my hips. He rocked into me a few more times before blessedly climaxing. I breathed out a sigh of relief, thankful I had been able to hold back my own release.

He peppered kisses across my back, lightly stroking my arms before pulling us both up on the bed. He curled us up on our sides, spooning. His touch was gentle, all trace of teasing gone as if he knew how precariously close I was to orgasm.

"*Ist alles in Ordnung?*" he asked and I laughed. He tightened his arms

around me.

“Yes, *Meister*, I’m okay.”

“*Meister*? Mmm, I like that, too.” He pressed a kiss to my shoulder. “Still want to come?”

“Yes,” I said and thought about my answer some more. “But interestingly enough, I’ll be okay if I don’t.”

“Really? Explain.”

I ran my fingers down the length of one of his arms and placed my hand over his. “Right here, right now, I’m completely content. I still feel the need to come, but it’s lost in the satisfaction I feel at knowing you’re pleased with me.”

He kissed the back of my neck. “So pleased. I know that wasn’t easy.”

No, it hadn’t been easy, but I’d done it for him and would do it again in a minute if he asked. He held me for a time and I closed my eyes, enjoying the feel of being in my Master’s arms.

Eventually, he kissed the back of my neck again and gave my butt a slap. “Break time’s over. Go stand in front of a window.”

A small part of me balked, a natural reaction I assumed for a person being told to go stand naked in front of a window. Of course I knew that no one could possibly see me, but my heart still raced as I moved off the bed and toward the edge of the room. I heard him walk into the bathroom and the sound of running water. It was several minutes before he returned.

“Hands above your head,” he commanded. “And press yourself against the glass.”

The glass was cold as I placed my hands above me and I pressed my forehead against it hoping to help alleviate some of the heat I felt. Looking out the window I only saw white: the snow falling, the mountains around us, and the drifts below. In the distance, I caught glimpses of the village and in the far distance, the towering Matterhorn.

I was so caught up in the beauty of the scenery, I didn’t realize he’d come behind me until I felt the slap of a flogger against my butt.

“Look at you,” he said, his voice low and deep. “All spread out against the window.” The flogger struck again. “Just think of all those people down below and what they would think if they could see you.” The flogger struck my upper thigh. “Naked.” It hit again. “Turned on by being flogged.”

He continued his low murmurings, and as the blows of the flogger grew

harder and harder, I found myself getting lost in a sea of white. The snow swirled around me, somehow tying together the sharp slap of the flogger and the sweetness of his fingers, touching me just so.

All the while, his voice was my anchor. He kept up a constant low murmuring, allowing me to focus on him while surrendering my body to the sensations he created. For that time, he was my lifeline as I floated in a swirl of pleasure.

The flogger was soft against my back and harder along my thighs. It danced seductively between my legs. And all the while he caressed me with his voice. It seemed like no time at all before the blows became slow and soft.

“Green,” I said. He couldn’t stop. It’d been too long since I’d had this feeling, I needed more. “Green, please.”

“I don’t think so, my lovely. You’ve had enough for now.”

“Please,” I whined.

“Later,” he said. “Right now you’re not in a place to make a sound decision.”

I begged to differ, but as he slowed the flogger, his fingers picked up their speed. I ground my hips greedily against his hand. “You’re right, Master. This is *much* better,” I panted.

He laughed. “I still haven’t given you permission to come.”

“Oops.” I stilled my hips.

His body pressed along the back of mine. “Maybe soon. Maybe I’ll fuck you against the window.”

I knew if I said anything, I’d just beg and he’d already warned me about the begging. So instead, I bit the inside of my cheeks and stifled my moan.

“Would you like that, my dirty girl?”

“Yes, Master. So much.”

I heard the flogger drop to the ground. “Brace yourself.”

It was all the warning I got because in the next second, he was sliding into me. I moaned as he entered me completely.

“Feels so good,” he said, his hands coming to rest beside mine on the window. “I wish there were people outside. So they could watch me fuck you.”

I pressed my cheek to the window and closed my eyes, enjoying the feeling of having him inside me. My breasts were hitting the window with

each of his thrusts into me. The chill of the glass intensified the heat he was creating within my body. I balled my hands into fists as he pounded deeper and harder and faster.

“Please,” I whispered again when I felt I was at my breaking point. “Master.”

He slipped a hand between us and teased my clit. “Going to come against the window with my dick inside you?”

Oh, god. Was this a test? His hips rocked and I lifted myself up on my toes to allow for his penetration. “If it pleases you, Master.”

“Oh, it pleases me, Abigail.” He said with a thrust. “Come when you wish.”

I lasted for only seconds before my climax claimed my body and I came in one long wave after another. He stiffened behind me and covered my body with his own as his release followed.

Afterward, we were both quiet and still.

“Thank you, Master,” I finally murmured.

He scooped me gently up in his arms and carried me to the bed. “*Bitte schön*, my lovely.”

I sighed and curled up next to him. He stroked my hair and pressed kisses to the back of my neck. “Didn’t realize how much I missed that,” I said.

“Neither did I.”

Usually after a play session, I was tired and would have slept in his arms for an hour or so. Today, for some reason, I felt energized. I rolled over to face him and propped myself up on an elbow. “Can we talk for a few minutes, Master?”

A soft smile covered his face. “Of course.”

“You said you didn’t know how much you’d miss it. What’s the longest you’ve gone without playing?” I knew it hadn’t been the month we’d just had. Maybe it was the time we’d been apart.

“I suppose it would be when I dated Melanie.”

“Right,” I said. I’d actually forgotten about her, the woman he’d tried to have a vanilla relationship with. It was shortly after breaking up with her that I interviewed to be his submissive.

“Why do you ask?”

“I just wondered if it surprised you when you played again? How much

you missed it.”

“It did,” he said. “I think that’s why I went against my gut feeling and invited Gwen to play.”

“But that didn’t work out.” Gwen had been the opposite of Melanie and needed more pain than what he was willing to give.

“Just because our needs within the power exchange didn’t align. It wasn’t that we didn’t both want the power exchange itself.”

Not wanting to discuss another woman on our honeymoon, especially one he’d played with, I changed the subject. “So why were you surprised today?”

“Probably because I’ve been enjoying our everyday time so much.” His eyes grew playful. “Especially since that month thing is over.”

“So you’re so excited to have sex again, you’ll take it any way you can?” I teased.

“Look who’s being sassy with my collar on,” he said with a smile.

“So you’re so excited to have sex again, you’ll take it any way you can, *Master*?” Normally, I wouldn’t be so flippant while wearing his collar, but I felt so good and he was relaxed and easygoing.

Quick as a cat, he had me flipped to my back and loomed over me. “I believe, Abigail, that collar means I can have all the sex I want, anytime I want. Wouldn’t you agree?”

His expression was so intense, I bit back the smart remark I had dancing on my tongue and replied with a simple, “Of course, Master.”

The intensity of his face didn’t change, but his eyes darkened with desire. “Damn straight,” he said, seconds before his lips crushed mine in a kiss so full of passion, I forgot what we’d been discussing.

When he broke the kiss, he remained over me, his legs between mine and his hands on either side of my head. “Speaking of how long it’s been since we’ve played, how are you feeling?”

At his question, I realized how sore I was, especially my backside and upper thighs. Now that my subspace high was wearing off, I was glad he didn’t listen to me when I’d spoken “green.” “Actually, I’m feeling a little sore, Master.”

He nodded. “I think a long soak in the tub would work wonders on those achy spots.”

A long soak in the tub would be even better if he joined me. Though I

doubted how much it'd help my aches if he did.

"I know what you're thinking," he said, rolling off the bed. "And no, I won't be joining you in the tub. I think you've had enough for one day."

I stuck my bottom lip out.

"It's been a month, we need to ease back into it slowly," he said. "While some people believe in hitting the ground running, I've found all that's good for is causing shin splints."

I couldn't help it, I laughed. "Shin splints, Master? My shins are the least sore part of my body."

He gave my thigh a playful swat. "It was an analogy, you mouthy sub."

"You like me feisty."

"I like you, period." He held out his hand. "Can you walk?"

I scooted off the bed and took his hand. "I think so."

The master bathroom held a soaker tub big enough for both of us, but much to my chagrin, Nathaniel was serious about not getting in with me. He wrapped me in a soft robe and had me sit in the spacious room's chaise longue while he prepared the water.

Once it met his satisfaction, he had me stand and disrobe. I held on to him while I stepped into the water and sighed as I sank into the sweet-smelling bubbles.

I cracked one eye open. "Sure you don't want to join me?"

"I want to join you, all right, but I'm not going to." He twisted my hair up and pinned it on top of my head. "I'll be right back."

I closed my eyes again and sank deeper. "I'm not going anywhere."

He returned not long after, with a glass of ice water and two ibuprofen tablets. I popped the pills in my mouth and chased them down with the water, not realizing how thirsty I was until I'd drank half the glass.

I looked up at his chuckle. "Sorry, Master, did you want some?" Frequently, we'd share one glass of wine, so I didn't know if he'd intended to have some of the water.

He took a washcloth and began washing my shoulders. "No, that's all for you. I'll get some later."

I drank the rest of the water and he took the glass. With strong solid hands, he washed my body, massaging my back and being extra gentle with my backside and thighs. As he worked my muscles, I began to feel the normal aftereffects of our play. I hoped I wouldn't fall asleep in the tub.

“Someone need a nap?” he asked.

“Yes, Master, please,” I said, surprised at how groggy I sounded.

“I just need you to stay awake long enough for me to dry you off.”

He helped me out of the tub and he quickly dried me off and slipped me back into the robe. I tried to walk back into the bedroom, but he simply said, “No you don’t,” and carried me.

I was asleep before he laid me on the bed.



## Chapter Nine

### Nathaniel

While she slept, I sat in the bedroom and made plans for the next day. She would still be wearing my collar, but instead of staying inside and playing all day, I thought it'd be a good idea to be outside some.

Most of the time, our weekends were spent at the estate. I enjoyed that time, but wanted to be out and about more in public while she wore my collar. We had ventured out a few times during the wedding planning, but nothing extensive. Switzerland was the perfect place for both of us to grow more comfortable sharing our collared time with others.

I made a few calls to arrange everything and then checked on her again. She was still sleeping, so I headed into the bathroom to take a shower. While washing off, I replayed the day's events in my mind. I loved that she'd been more playful. When she felt comfortable around someone, I noticed she became more fun-loving.

It wasn't, I decided, that she didn't feel comfortable with me. We shared plenty of laughs during the week. Ever so slowly that side of her was coming out more and more on the weekends as well.

She was just starting to stir when I made it back into the bedroom. I checked the clock and found it was just about dinner time. I thought about heading down to the village to eat, but decided against it since we'd be out tomorrow. Quiet dinner in, then.

She rolled over to her back and grimaced slightly. "Did I oversleep, Master?"

I brushed her forehead. "There's no such thing when you're recovering from a scene. You can go back to sleep if you'd like."

"No, I think I'd better not." She stretched her arms above her head.

“Don’t want to be awake all night.”

“Oh?”

“If you’re awake with me, Master, that’s one thing, but I don’t want to be tossing and turning in bed.”

We’d agreed weeks ago that for our honeymoon, no matter how frequently she wore my collar, all nights would be spent in bed together. I didn’t mind that she still used the submissive bedroom at times during the weekend, but this was our honeymoon and I’d be damned if she was sleeping separate from me.

“Point taken,” I said. “Are you hungry? I can get dinner together.”

All at once she became fully awake and swung her legs over the side of the bed. “No, Master. Let me serve you.”

On a regular weekend, she did serve me by preparing meals. I wasn’t opposed to it while we were here, but she was coming off of a scene and it had been a while since we’d played. I studied her.

“I don’t mind,” I said. “If you’re still tired and sore.”

She slid from the bed and came to her knees before me. “Please, Master. Let me serve you tonight. I promise I’m not overly tired or sore and I truly wish for the honor of serving you this way.”

My chest swelled with emotion. Whatever had I done to deserve such a woman in my life? Especially to have her as my submissive and wife.

“If you’re certain, Abigail.”

Her head tipped up. “Very certain, Master.”

I nodded. “I think we should have dinner in the living room, by the fire. You will join me.”

Joy covered her face and she hopped to her feet. “Thank you, Master.”

“Oh, Abigail,” I called as she headed to the door. When she turned back, I added, “The robe stays here.”

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After breakfast the next morning, we took a taxi to the slopes I’d looked into the previous day. The terrain here perfect for cross-country skiing.

“Cross-country in the literal sense,” I told her as we started out.

“Really, Master?” she asked, adding the *Master* after verifying there was

no one nearby to hear.

“Yes,” I said, starting off. “We’re going to Italy.”

Her laughter followed behind me.

For the next few hours we skied, enjoying the scenery and the company. While Abby wasn’t the most athletic person, she enjoyed skiing and we’d trained together in the gym for months before the wedding.

Not long after noon, we came to a stop in a little clearing.

“Welcome to Italy,” I said.

Her breathing was just a bit heavier than normal, but at my words a smile broke across her face. “We’re in Italy, Master?”

“Yes.” I slipped off the backpack I’d brought and unzipped it. “Makes me feel like a spy.”

“Makes me feel like I’m living *The Sound of Music*.”

I took out two wineglasses and handed her one. “Except you’re not a nun.”

“Thank goodness.”

I smiled and poured us wine. “Can you imagine?”

“Not even a little bit.”

“To us,” I said, lifting my glass.

“To us,” she repeated, lifting her glass and clinking it against mine.

We took a sip of our wine and I thought about how perfect the day was. Both of us together, married, skiing across borders, and simply enjoying the day. Especially with her wearing my collar.

I inhaled the crisp wintery scent. “Just about perfect, wouldn’t you say?”

Her sly smile tickled the edges of her mouth. “I think it’s missing one thing.”

I had a fairly good idea of what one thing she meant. “Maybe, but I’m not about to get frostbite on my cock.”

“Master,” she chided. “I didn’t mean that. I was talking about snacks. Did you bring something to eat in that backpack?”

“I don’t know whether to be disappointed or not.” I took out an apple and tossed it to her. “Good catch.”

“All that backyard playing with Jackson helped.” She narrowed her eyes. “Wait a minute, did you say that because you expected me to miss the apple? So what, you decided to throw it to me anyway?”

“Watch your tone of voice,” I said. “Just because we’re not in the

playroom doesn't mean you can act any old way when you're wearing my collar."

She looked abashed. "Sorry, Master."

"I know you've been playing catch with Jackson. I'm there, too. I was complimenting your catch." I lowered my voice, "I'm going to let this instance slide because I'm in a good mood. Speak to me that way again while you're wearing my collar and I'll double your punishment."

"Yes, Master. I understand."

We stayed in the clearing for a while, enjoying our snacks and the surroundings. She had told me after Jackson and Felicia returned from their European honeymoon that she had no interest herself in the kind of country-hopping they did. I had felt certain, however, that she would be fine with skiing across borders.

We spent the rest of the day out skiing and made it back to the chalet after dark. I planned to take her collar off that night. After dinner she went to take a shower and when I finished with mine, she was curled up in bed, sleeping. I didn't want to wake her up just to remove the collar, that could wait until morning, so I pulled her to my side and fell asleep myself.

The next few days were wonderful. We spent time skiing and exploring the local area, but there were days we simply stayed inside and enjoyed each other's company. Honestly, we didn't have to leave the chalet. With the spa, pool, and library, everything we needed was close by.

About a week after arriving, we took a taxi into the village for our first fondue.

"I can't believe we've been in Switzerland for a week and haven't tried fondue," she said once we'd sat down.

"Shh," I said, looking around at the other diners. "Don't say that too loudly, you'll have us kicked out of the country."

She laughed. I couldn't help but smile in response. She was always beautiful, but her laugh warmed me from the inside out.

I stood up when she pushed back from the table.

"I'll be right back. I think I saw the ladies' room on the way in."

I sat back down and looked over the menu. It was written in French and I thought with a chuckle about suggesting to Abby she memorize it. Next time she was trying to hold her orgasm at bay, a French menu would be more entertaining than hearing the German alphabet backward.

“Can I take your drink order?” the waiter asked, interrupting my thoughts about Abby and the playroom.

“I’ll have a Trois Dames Oud Bruin and my wife will take a glass of your house red.” I probably didn’t hide what I knew was a silly grin. I couldn’t help it, though; it was the first time I’d referred to her as “my wife” out in public.

“Did you have a chance to look over the menu?” Abby asked when she returned and I’d helped her back into her chair.

“Yes, and it’s in French. A shame we didn’t decide on a German restaurant.”

She kicked me under the table.

“What?” I asked. “Just trying to expand your foreign vocabulary.”

She sighed and leaned back into her seat after we ordered. “Only one more week.”

I didn’t want to think about returning home just yet. Didn’t want to have to think about the reality outside of our honeymoon haven. “It’s going by so quickly. Is there something you specifically want to do next week?”

“You mean as in places to go, or things we could do in the chalet?”

I nearly choked on my drink. “I was talking about places to go, but if there are things we haven’t done *otherwise* I’m open to those as well.”

She looked over both shoulders. The restaurant was at capacity, but the tables were arranged to give privacy. We wouldn’t be overheard.

“I’ve worn your collar two days so far. I’d like to wear it more.”

I swirled my drink. “I can arrange that.”

“Maybe another two days?”

“Monday and Tuesday?”

“I think that would work perfectly.”

Playing early in the week would work out well since we’d be traveling home the next weekend and, as such, I probably wouldn’t collar her.

“There’s actually something else I wanted to talk about,” she said. “But I’m not sure this is the right place.”

“Something private?”

She nodded.

“You’re probably right. This isn’t the best place to discuss those types of things. Can it wait until we get back?”

She agreed and we spent the rest of the night eating, drinking, and

laughing. After dinner we walked around the village some. From one spot, if you stood the right way and held your head just so, you could see our chalet. I pointed it out to Abby and wondered out loud if anyone had a telescope. She punched my shoulder.

Late that night, after we returned, I found her propped up on pillows in front of the fireplace. Her hair was still slightly damp from her shower and she held a mug of coffee.

“This looks comfortable,” I said, taking a seat beside her. “What are you thinking?”

“Remember a few nights ago when I called you ‘Sir’ and didn’t remember doing it later?”

It was suddenly very clear why she didn’t want to have this conversation at the restaurant. “Yes.”

“I’ve been thinking about that. How I like it when you take control during sex, even when I’m not wearing your collar, and what that means.”

“And what do you think it means?”

“I don’t know. That’s why I wanted to talk to you about it. I know I don’t want to wear your collar every day.”

I loved the fact that our relationship was strong and open enough for us to talk about things we didn’t want. Loved that we felt comfortable enough to simply talk. Especially when we didn’t know something.

“I don’t want you to wear it that often, either,” I said. “So we both agree on that.”

She had her robe on and was sitting facing the fireplace, hugging her knees. She was gazing into the fire with a look of utter concentration, as if she could find the answers she was looking for in the flames. I decided to take a different approach.

“Look at me, Abby.”

She didn’t even hesitate in shifting her focus from the fire to me.

“That right there,” I said. “Why do you think you turned your head so quickly and without stopping to think about it?”

“I know you want me to say because I’m a submissive, but I don’t think that’s the whole reason.” Her head lifted just a bit. “I think most people would react the same way.”

“Good point. You’re right on that one.” I thought for a second on how best to make my case. “Let’s try this.” I scooted closer to her and slipped an

arm around her shoulders. “Let’s say we’re naked.”

She pulled back slightly. “Are we just pretending or are we actually getting naked? Because if we’re actually getting naked, I don’t see this conversation lasting very long.”

I bit her earlobe. “We’ll just pretend for now. So in my scenario, we’re both naked—”

“Am I wearing your collar or not?”

“You’re not. And I’m kissing you kind of like this.” I turned her to face me and I stopped whatever words she was about to say by crushing my lips to hers. I framed her face and kissed her long and slow and deep. When I pulled back, she was panting.

“I like this scenario,” she said.

“It gets better.” I inched a hand inside her robe and cupped her breast. “While I’m kissing you, I start to caress you like this.”

“I’m torn between telling you to get to your point or to simply relax and let myself feel.”

“Just relax and feel. I’ll get to my point.” I ran a thumb over her nipple. “Eventually.”

“Mmm.” She closed her eyes and I took the coffee mug from her and placed it on the end table next to where we were sitting.

“Let’s say we’re standing together and I’m kissing and caressing you, and I lean over and whisper in your ear, ‘Touch my cock, baby. Stroke me and make me feel good.’” I took her free hand and placed it on my growing erection.

“I’m sure vanilla people say stuff like that all the time.”

I didn’t reply. “So you’re stroking me and I’m telling you how good you feel and how I love having your hands on my body. And then I look at you and say, ‘Get on your knees and suck me off.’”

She kept stroking me.

“Suck it,” I commanded. “Fucking do it now, Abby.”

Her eyes widened and her lips parted. She moved to undo my pants, but I stopped her. “There. Right there. In that second before you moved, how did you feel?”

“My heart started racing and I grew aroused.” She narrowed her eyes. “So I get off when you get bossy. That still doesn’t mean I want to be submissive all the time.”

“You’re missing the point.”

“Then explain it to me.”

“My dominance turns you on. It doesn’t matter if you’re wearing my collar at the time or not. And it turns you on because you’re a sexual submissive. It’s the way you’re wired. It’s not something you can turn off and on.”

“I get that partially.” She’d moved so her back was to the couch. “I guess I just thought if we did it over the weekend, the need wouldn’t be there during the week.”

“The need will always be there because submitting will always be what turns you on.”

“So what do we do with that?”

“What do you want to do with it? We’ve already established neither one of us wants you in my collar all the time.”

She was quiet for several minutes, silently thinking, I supposed. I reminded myself how relatively new she was to the lifestyle. I could give her my opinions and advice, but the truth was, she needed to come to her own conclusions.

“I think there’s a lot of truth to what you’re saying,” she finally said. “Looking back over our weekday times, it’s always been more intense for me when you’ve been more dominant.”

I recalled vividly how strongly she’d react whenever I took control during sex. I supposed knowing how she’d respond had always been a given to me. Then again, I’d been a dom a lot longer than she’d been a sub.

“I would wholeheartedly agree with that,” I said.

“But you never said anything.”

“It’s something you had to figure out for yourself. And,” I added, slipping my hand back inside her robe. “I showed you with action, which I think is always better than words.”

She playfully swatted my hand away. “Wait a minute, I can’t think with you doing that.”

I moved my hand and silently hoped she didn’t need much longer to think. The way the robe was hanging from her shoulders . . . just a mere touch and it’d slip off completely.

“What if you exerted a little bit more control in the bedroom on weekdays? I think that would work.” She tightened the robe around her body.



“It would only be in the bedroom, so it’s not like it is when I wear your collar.”

“I could definitely get behind that idea. And since you wouldn’t be collared, you wouldn’t call me ‘Master.’ That’s only for when you wear my collar.”

“Can I call you ‘Sir’?”

“If you’d like. But I don’t want to set up a lot of rules for our weekdays.”

Her body shifted so she was facing me more and excitement danced in her eyes. “Can we start now? Like this week?”

“I don’t see why not. In fact.” I stood up. “You’re going to suck my cock, Abby. But first, take the robe off.”

# Chapter Ten

## Abby

When he collared me that Monday, he gave me a writing assignment to complete in the afternoon. So for part of the day, I sat in our sunroom, surrounded by mountains and writing about ways to incorporate sexual submission into our everyday lives.

“Of course,” he’d said with that wicked gleam in his eye as he gave me the assignment, “that means you first have to decide on your definition of sexual submission.”

I’d spoken with submissives in our local group who thought writing assignments were punishments, but they’d never felt like that to me. I’d always felt that sometimes it was easier to think on paper.

When I picked my pen and journal up, it was as if the floodgates of my mind opened and allowed me to put into words what speaking and thinking alone couldn’t do. Nathaniel, of course, noticed this right away. As a result, whenever there was a subject he saw I needed to come to terms with, he’d have me write about it.

He also knew that writing sometimes felt easier to me than to talking to him. When I put my thoughts in my journal, I knew he had the right to read what I’d written. But he’d assured me that nothing I ever wrote would be used against me, so his eventual reading of what I wrote didn’t worry me. I knew we would end up discussing it. But sometimes it was easier to start that conversation in writing.

He walked into the sunroom that Monday as I was finishing up.

“How’s it going?” he asked, handing me a cup of hot chocolate.

“Thank you, Master.” I took the mug and had a sip. He’d been making me the best hot chocolate since we’d gotten to Switzerland. “Mmm, this is so

good. I'm almost finished with my writing."

He nodded and took a seat opposite me. "Will it bother you if I sit in here?"

"Probably not, Master. As long as you're quiet. Though if you'd like to distract me or if you want me to distract you, I won't complain."

"No distractions for now," he said with a soft grin. "I want you to finish."

I gave a mock sigh. "If you insist."

For the next thirty minutes, we sat in comfortable silence. I wrote and he read something on his tablet. When I finished with my assignment, I gathered my journal, placed it on his lap, and knelt on the floor at his feet.

"Finished?" he asked.

"Yes, Master."

"Did you find the exercise useful?"

When he asked me such a question, I was to answer honestly. If I hadn't found the writing useful, I was free to tell him so. At such times, only my dishonesty would be a disappointment to him. My answer today was a truthful, "Yes, it was very useful."

He took the journal and placed it on the end table. "I'll read over this later. For now, tell me one thing you learned while writing." He knew that after I'd written about a subject, it was usually easier for me to articulate my feelings to him.

"As I wrote, I came to realize that sexual submission takes on many forms. And it can be played out and incorporated in a lot of ways. Whether one is a collared submissive or not."

"Sounds strikingly similar to a statement I made not so many nights ago."

"Yes, Master, but like you also said, it's a conclusion I had to come to myself."

He stroked my cheek. "And have you?"

We had been together, living a dual relationship for over six months. In that time, we'd come together numerous times as both dominant and submissive and just as Nathaniel and Abby. I loved both parts of our lives, but looking back, the intimate moments I'd enjoyed the most were those when he took control in the bedroom.

"Yes, Master. And I came up with a few ideas on how to incorporate our

special relationship into our weekdays.”

“Excellent. I’ll read over what you wrote and we’ll discuss that later.”

He was always very insistent that we not negotiate anything while I wore his collar. We would most certainly discuss my ideas, but I knew from experience it wouldn’t be anytime today or tomorrow.

Frankly, I was looking forward to him taking a more dominant role in the bedroom. I thought back to a few nights ago in front of the fireplace, when he’d shown me by his words exactly how my body reacted to his commands. Every time I remembered him saying, “Fucking do it now, Abby,” my insides tightened and a particular warmth spread over my body.

That night had been the first time he’d shown me exactly how he could be more in control, even when I wasn’t wearing his collar.

“I wonder, though, Master,” I started and then stopped. “But maybe we should wait and discuss it later. When my collar is off.”

“I don’t mind having a discussion. As long as we both know nothing will be decided or agreed to until it’s off.”

I was still kneeling on the floor. I thought it doubtful I’d forget that long enough to haphazardly agree to anything. More than that, though, I knew he wouldn’t want me agreeing to anything pertaining to our weekdays. That was key to my decision to tell him my thoughts now.

“We both have such intense headspaces during the weekend,” I said. “And you, *you* have to do so much planning and preparation. How will that work on say, a Tuesday night?”

He put one foot across his knee and thought before speaking. “I think we’ll have to make the weekdays less structured. I won’t be planning anything specific. The weekdays will be a time for it to just happen naturally.”

I couldn’t help it, I giggled. “The last time we let things happen naturally, we ended up with cold risotto and marinara sauce on a certain part of your anatomy, Master.”

His laugh was playful. “You did an outstanding job of cleaning the sauce off, though. Can’t say taking it natural is a bad thing.”

I laughed along with him. “No, definitely not a bad thing.”

I enjoyed that as our relationship grew and strengthened, we found it easier to have lighthearted moments during my collared days. During times like this, I found it hard to believe we’d ever hesitated to laugh and share

everything together. I couldn't fathom I'd known him less than a year.

He was still smiling when he said, "I have, however, planned something for this afternoon. Go on into the bedroom, I'll be there in five minutes."

I hurried into the bedroom, curious as to what he had planned. The curiosity only grew when I saw the handwritten note at the foot of the bed with a blindfold beside it.

*Abigail,*

*Get in bed and put the blindfold on. You are not to take it off at any time.*

*It is late in the evening. You are alone in the house. Earlier in the day you had the blinds open and you were pleasuring yourself. You didn't think anyone was watching. You were wrong.*

*And you really should have made sure the front door was locked before you went to bed.*

*Nathaniel*

My heart pounded. Role-play. I loved it when he created a role-play scenario. Loved the feeling of pretending to be someone else. It allowed me to act out some of my fantasies. Typically though, what we did was more straightforward: workplace, deliveryman, or naughty schoolgirl. This sounded intense.

I didn't have long to prepare. He said he'd be upstairs in five minutes. I debated for a few seconds on whether I should strip or leave my clothes on. He hadn't said either way, and therefore, I could do either. Which way would be more fun?

I hastily took everything off and scurried under the covers. The blindfold simply slipped over my head and in no time I was silent, still, and waiting in the darkness. Always before when he'd blindfolded me, I'd prided myself on my heightened sense of hearing, so I thought I'd know when he came into the bedroom. This time, I yelped when my hands were yanked above my head and tied into place.

"You should have checked the lock before you got into bed," Nathaniel's voice was rough and gritty, but it was still his.

Knowing I was safe, I allowed myself to sink deeper into my role. "Who are you?"

"That doesn't matter. What matters is I saw that little show you put on earlier when you thought no one was looking."

“You saw that?”

“Yes, I saw what a naughty girl you were playing with yourself, fucking your fingers. I bet you knew I was there and it turned you on more knowing I was watching.”

“I didn’t, I—”

He put a hand over my mouth. “Be quiet. If you speak without permission, I’m going to slap you. Your only job right now is to do what you’re told and to make amends for this afternoon. Do you know how you’re going to do that?”

I shook my head.

He took my jaw in his hand and squeezed. “Answer me when I ask you a question.”

“No.”

He squeezed so hard it hurt. “You fucking know better. Address me correctly.”

“No, Sir.”

“Better not make that mistake again.” He moved his hand and pulled the sheet down. “I knew you’d sleep naked. Dirty girl. You were probably hoping someone would break in and give you what you want.”

This was a new side of Nathaniel, a darker side. He was rough and demanding and I found it hot as hell. The fact I didn’t have my sight only made it hotter.

“I bet if I . . .” he slid a hand between my legs and forced a finger inside me. “Just like I thought. Your little pussy is desperate for cock.” He shifted on the bed and removed the remaining covers.

He was silent for a long time and I started to grow uncomfortable.

“Look at you all spread out on the bed. When I saw you earlier, I imagined you like this. Naked and aching. Watching you made me so damn hard. So now you’re going to open those legs for me.” He slapped my upper thigh. “Now.”

I grew more and more aroused the longer he talked and when I spread my legs, I knew he could see exactly how much. I thought he’d slip a finger into me, but he pinched a nipple instead, causing me to moan.

“So wet for me,” he said. “Good thing, because I’m seconds away from pounding into you as hard as humanly possible.”

I felt him move on the bed again. This time settling between my legs. He

pressed his cock right against my slit.

“Feel that? Feel how hard and thick I am?”

“Yes, Sir.” I shifted my hips, needing him to move.

“Good.” He pushed the head inside me. “Fucking hell, the sight of you taking me.”

I wished I could see. Could watch as he claimed me. I groaned as he moved the slightest bit.

His hand covered my mouth. “You’re not to move or make a sound and you certainly aren’t allowed to come.” He pushed deeper. “Your only purpose right now is for my use and my pleasure.”

As if proving his point, he thrust all the way inside me and, *holy shit*, it felt so good I had to bite the inside of my cheek. He withdrew and drove back in with a grunt. He muttered something under his breath and then took my right leg and pushed it up so it touched my chest. He slid even deeper on his next thrust.

“That’s it. Take that cock.” His hips picked up the pace and slammed me into the mattress with every forward push. With his punishing rhythm, I knew I couldn’t hold out for very long.

Under the blindfold, I squeezed my eyes tightly, but that didn’t help very much. He shifted his hips and hit new spots. Desperate not to come, I inhaled deeply and held it.

“Breathe,” he growled in my ear, his hips never stopping.

The air left my body with one loud *whoosh*. “Yellow,” I panted. “I can’t. I can’t stop it.”

Almost immediately the blindfold was taken from my face. His dark, need-filled eyes stared into mine. The intensity of his expression almost took my breath away again, but then he gently whispered, “Come, Abigail.”

With those two softly spoken words, I freed my body and my orgasm engulfed me immediately. He held still while I constricted around him and then he pushed into me again and again, not stopping until, with a final grunt, he thrust deeply, allowing his own release.

He rested for only seconds before reaching up and untying my hands. One at a time, he kissed both my wrists and placed my arms at my sides. His familiar hands ran over my body and I sighed as he reclined on the bed and pulled me to him.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Yes, Master, I always enjoy role-play.” I turned my head and kissed his chest.

“I know, but I need to be certain. We’ve never done anything resembling consensual non-consent.”

“We’ve talked about it before and I said I was interested. Now that we’ve touched on it, I’d like to do more.” I shivered again just thinking about the way he talked, his rough and demanding hands, and most of all, his mastery over me. “It’s thrilling and exciting, but I know I’m completely safe with you.”

“Look at me.” He pulled me closer. “I want to fulfill all your fantasies and desires.”

“And I want to fulfill yours.”

“Oh, my lovely.” He lifted my chin, gave me a soft kiss, and whispered against my lips, “You already have.”

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The Thursday before we left, he found me reading in the living room. We’d spent the day skiing and exploring the village a bit more. He’d disappeared shortly after we returned. I’d assumed he’d called to check on Apollo. Our honeymoon was the longest Apollo had been away from him and Nathaniel checked on him frequently.

When he returned, he strolled into the living room and took a seat beside me. “Reading anything good?”

I closed my book. While he had switched to e-books years ago, I still preferred actual books. To me there was just something about turning pages and—call me crazy—the smell of a book. Technology couldn’t replace that.

“*Pride and Prejudice*,” I said.

“Again? Haven’t you memorized it yet?” He was smiling and his voice was playful, so I knew Apollo must be doing well.

“Haven’t memorized the entire thing just yet. Maybe by the end of the weekend. It is a long flight home.”

“Are you ready to go back?”

I gave the question some thought. Part of me was ready to get back home and see family and friends again. I especially missed Felicia, since we



talked on an almost daily basis at home. And part of me was ready to go back to work. I knew I didn't have to work. Nathaniel had told me I could quit when and if I wanted to. But I enjoyed my work and the people at the library, plus I couldn't imagine what I'd do if I didn't work. I'm sure I could stay busy, but for the time being, it would be nice working and knowing I could quit if I wanted to.

Another part of me, though, was enjoying my time with Nathaniel and I knew when we returned home, he'd be busy catching up with his own work. I knew how demanding that would be. Our time together would probably be drastically reduced. I most certainly was not looking forward to that. A downside to marrying such a successful businessman was that I had to share him with too many damn people.

"I'm torn," I said in answer to his question. "I'm ready to get back home in order to see people and even get back to work. But I know you'll be extremely busy and I won't be able to see you that much. I've enjoyed having you all to myself for the last two weeks."

"I feel the same. Torn." He reached over and took my hand. "But I promise you that business will never come before you and our marriage. I've known too many men who have ruined their lives by treating work as the most important part of it, and I vow not to do that. In fact," he smiled, "I give you permission to kick my ass if I ever get my priorities out of whack."

I snorted. "Like I need your permission to do that."

"True, I'd expect you to kick my ass. Permission or not."

"Your dad wasn't like that was he?" I asked almost hesitantly. He didn't talk about his parents often, but his prior statement made me curious.

Surprisingly, he didn't even pause before answering. "No, he definitely had his priorities straight. Always took time for family. Never missed an event that was important to me. And I remember he and Mom would go off on their own without me for a week or so, several times a year."

"Sounds like he was a good role model."

"He was. It goes without saying, but I hate that he died so young." He looked down at his wedding band. The one that had been his father's. "He had so much left to teach me."

I placed my hand over his. "I think he taught you a lot and I'm sure he'd be proud of the man you've become."

"Thank you." He leaned over and kissed me gently. "I wish they could

have met you.”

He’d said as much before. Since my mother had died when I was an adult, I couldn’t imagine not having her with me while I was growing up. “I wish I could have met them, too. But you know, I see glimpses of them in you.”

He sighed and put an arm around me. “I’d like to think that’s true.”

We sat for a few minutes, wrapped in our own thoughts and watching the snow fall softly outside.

“It’s so beautiful here,” I said, breaking the silence.

“Quite a bit different from New York.”

“I couldn’t live away from the city, but I really like it here. It’s so different, even from the estate.”

I’d really grown attached to the chalet in the last week, and the village had its own charm. I especially liked the no-car rule. And how many other places could you visit where you could ski across borders?

“And the food is outstanding,” he said.

“Yeah, especially the hot chocolate you make here.”

“I was just thinking about making some. Want a mug?”

“Sure, that sounds great.”

While he left for the kitchen, I walked over to the window and looked outside. It suddenly hit me hard that we’d be leaving soon and that made me a bit sad. The chalet had been a haven for us and I knew I’d always remember the two weeks we’d spent here, both for the intimacy and pleasure we’d enjoyed and the insights I’d gained about my own nature.

We still hadn’t discussed my journal writing. I supposed we did have the long flight back. The jet would allow us plenty of time and privacy to talk.

“One hot chocolate and a special delivery for a Mrs. Abby West.”

I looked up to find him reentering the room carrying a tray holding two steaming mugs and an envelope with a silver bow.

“I got mail? Here? With a bow?” It didn’t make any sense.

“Technically, I put the bow on it.”

“Why would you put a bow on my mail?”

He nodded toward the couch and put the tray on the center table. “Have a seat, drink hot chocolate, and I’ll explain.”

I took my seat and picked up the mug, but it was too hot to drink. “Mmm, smells so good.”

He took a sip of his own. “Needs to cool a bit.” He picked up the envelope and handed it to me. “Here, open this.”

His eyes were filled with excitement and a huge grin covered his face. I looked from him to the envelope and took it from him. “What’s this?”

“Consider it a belated wedding present.”

“From who?” I shook it. “Sounds like paper.”

“It’s from me and it *is* paper, silly woman. Open it.”

“We said we weren’t exchanging wedding presents, that we were just doing the rings. Now I feel bad. I didn’t get you anything.” I should have known he’d get me something. It really wasn’t fair. Although I had to admit I was intrigued by what could be in an envelope.

“You gave me the gift of yourself by marrying me,” he said with a quirky smile.

I cocked my head and narrowed my eyes. “That’s sweet and all, but don’t think I’m going to forgive you for getting me a gift after we agreed we weren’t exchanging them.”

“I guess I’ll have to find a way to live with your wrath.”

I took the bow off the envelope and placed it on his knee. “Silver?”

“It’s my favorite color on you.”

I blew him a kiss and opened the envelope. Inside were several sheets of paper, but I only read the first one. My hand flew to my mouth. “Nathaniel?”

“I hope you like it.”

I looked up at him in shock. “I can’t believe it.”

“The timing worked out perfectly, I really didn’t plan on this.”

I quickly read the paper again. “You *bought* me the chalet?”

“Yes.”

“I can’t believe you bought me the chalet.” I looked around the room. All this was mine?

“Now we can come back anytime we want. And a few years from now, when we’re all tired and grumpy because the kids are driving us crazy, we can hop on the jet and get away for a few days. Linda would love the opportunity to watch grandkids. She’s already bugging Jackson and Felicia about starting a family.”

“Or when we’re tired and grumpy and work is driving us crazy?”

“Or when we’re tired and grumpy and we’re driving *each other* crazy?”  
He winked.

I felt almost giddy as the disappointment I had mere minutes ago about having to leave was replaced by elation with the realization that I now owned the property. I put the envelope and papers on the table and straddled his lap. “Are we going to drive each other crazy?”

He dragged his fingers through my hair. “You always drive me crazy.”

“You’re a fine one to talk, Mr. West.” I pressed my lips against his. “Thank you for my wedding present. It’s perfect and I love it.”

“I’m glad. I wanted us to have our own special place we could get away to and when the owner told me it was for sale, I knew I’d found it.” He still wore the quirky grin. “Am I forgiven now for getting you a wedding present even though we said we weren’t exchanging them?”

Of course he was, but I wanted to tease him a little bit longer. “I don’t know. I think there’s one thing you need to do in order to be totally forgiven.”

“Oh?” He looked genuinely surprised.

“Mmm,” I hummed and then whispered in his ear, “You have *got* to have a playroom added to this place.”

His laughter was infectious and as I was laughing, he rained kisses along my neck. “If you insist on adding a playroom, I know just the architect.”

“Make sure it has lots of windows,” I said, thinking about the day he took me in the bedroom in front of the windows and imagining it happening over and over.

“Going to start making demands about the playroom?” His lips had traveled lower and were grazing my collarbone.

“It’s my chalet.”

“It’ll be my playroom.”

I sucked in a breath as his hand slipped up my shirt. “Would it help if I said *please*?”

“We’re going to have to do something about this exhibitionism thing you seem to enjoy so much.” His other hand went up my shirt and within seconds my bra was unhooked. “I think maybe we should do a demo scene at a play party?”

My body pulsed with desire at the thought of playing with people watching. Submitting to Nathaniel in front of the group. “Yes. Please. And thank you.”

He lifted my shirt up and over my head. “I think the February party is

scheduled to be held at our house. Think that sounds good?”

Less than two months? “Yes, Sir.”

He growled and dropped his head even lower to suck a nipple into his mouth. “There you go driving me crazy again. Makes me so hard when you call me ‘Sir.’”

“Sorry, Sir. But not really, Sir.” I arched my back as he drew me deeper into his mouth. “Does this mean we get a playroom with windows and we get to do a demo scene in February, Sir?”

He lifted his head. “Yes, my lovely, you may have your playroom with the windows and we’ll do a demo at the party in February.”

“Thank you.” And just because, I added, “Sir.”

“Remember when I said I was going to toughen that ass up?”

“Vividly, Sir.” The familiar ache started to grow between my legs.

“I’m tempted to take you over my knee right now.”

I fisted his hair in my hands, pulling at the dark strands as his lips traveled across the upper part of my body. His mouth left a trail of goose-pebbled flesh in its wake. “Only tempted? What’s stopping you?”

“There are other things I’d rather do at the moment.”

“Oh? Do tell.”

“I’ll do better than tell, I’ll show you.”

He slid me from his lap, so I rested on the floor. I scooted away from the couch, stopping in the middle of the soft rug in front of the fireplace. I was already topless and felt the warmth of the fire against my back.

“The first thing you do is take the jeans off,” he said.

With a lazy smile and moving in a speed that matched, I slowly made it to my feet. He was still sitting on the couch and his eyes grew dark with desire as I unbuttoned my jeans and took my time inching them past my hips and down my legs. I stepped out of them and kicked them to the side. “Now what?”

“You lose the panties.”

I thought about taking them off right away, but decided to draw the game out a little bit longer. “When are you going to get naked?”

“Eventually.”

“Eventually, like now or eventually, like later?”

“I haven’t decided.”

I sat back down on the floor and crossed my legs. “I’m not taking

anything else off until you start getting naked.”

He toed his shoes off.

I rolled my eyes. “Not even.”

“You just said to start getting naked, you didn’t specify what to take off.”

“That’s fine.” I walked on my knees over to the coffee table and took my hot chocolate and drank a sip. “I’ll just stay like this all day.” I took another sip. “All night, too.”

When he saw that I wasn’t budging, he muttered, “Oh, all right,” and pulled his sweater over his head.

I set the mug down. “That’s better. Now stroke your cock for me.”

“I thought you said you liked it when I took control sexually?”

“I do. That doesn’t mean I don’t like to offer helpful suggestions every once and awhile.” It was true I enjoyed his dominant side, but I liked teasing him and playing with him as well.

“Helpful suggestion, I see,” he said, but he unzipped his jeans and took his cock out.

I stood up and watched as he stroked himself for a few seconds. His voice was rough when he spoke again.

“Loose the panties, Abby.”

I tossed my hair over my shoulder, and turned away from him so my back was to him.

“Cheater,” he said.

“There aren’t any rules that I was made aware of,” I said.

“That’s okay, I have a certain fondness for your ass.”

Laughing, I peeked over my shoulder as I hooked a finger in the waistband of my panties and pulled them down. “Not sure why I brought these anyway. They never stay on.”

“What’s the fun in keeping them on?”

“Right,” I said. “That’s why I brought them. To tease you.”

“And a damn fine job you’re doing. Turn around, please.”

His hand was still leisurely stroking his cock when I turned to face him. “My, my,” I said. “Is that for me?”

“Any way you want it.”

I walked over to him, making sure to sway my hips just so. I stopped in front of him and slowly dropped to my knees. “In that case, the first thing I’m

going to do is lick the head of your cock to taste you. Then I'm going to pull you to the end of the couch and suck you into my mouth, as far as I can."

"Sounds like my kind of plan."

"I thought you'd approve." I took his hands and placed them on his upper thighs. "While I enjoy the taste and feel of you in my mouth and you know I love to suck you until you can't help but lose yourself down my throat, I'm warning you now that I won't be quite ready for you to come just yet."

"I had a feeling that would be the case."

"Yes, you're a very smart man and you know me very, very well." I kissed the still clothed part of his knee. "Right when you're getting ready to come, I'll stand up and straddle you. But before I move any closer, I'll ask you to check my pussy to make sure I'm wet enough for your cock. Matter of fact, let me check right now." I ran a finger between my legs and held it to his lips. "What do you think?"

He groaned, but took my finger inside his mouth and gave a gentle suck. "Almost, but not quite."

"When you check me then, you'll have to be very thorough."

"I'll double and triple check."

"Good, because you could really hurt someone with that thing if you weren't careful."

He gave a half snort, half grunt.

"And then, only when you say I'm ready, I'll lower myself down onto your waiting cock. Going slowly, to make sure I'm as ready and prepared as you said I was." I closed my eyes and could almost feel him at my entrance. "You feel so big and thick pushing inside me that I wonder, just for a minute, if I can take all of you. But then you take me by the hips and force yourself inside with one hard push."

"Fuck, Abby."

"I gasp at the sensation of having you buried so deep inside me, but you decide to take over and you hold my hips still and you thrust up and into me over and over. And you're fucking me as hard and as fast and as deep as you can and I'm locked in place above you, only able to close my eyes and take that massive dick pounding into my body."

"I'm getting ready to show you just how hard and fast and deep this massive dick can pound that dirty talking body."

I loved it when I drove him to the edge, so with a wicked smile, I continued. “It feels so good and I whisper in your ear, ‘Harder, I need it harder.’ So you slow your thrusts down a bit, but only so you can control them better and make sure you’re fucking me with as much force as you possibly can.”

“Going to do you so fucking hard.”

“And then I feel my orgasm approach and you reach between our bodies and rub my clit and I can’t hold my release at bay anymore and I come hard right as you push one last time and come with a roar.”

I was weak with desire and so aroused I feared a mere touch would set me off. Nathaniel probably felt about the same: his hands were back on his cock and he was breathing a bit heavier than normal. It took all my strength to turn from him and say, “I think I’ll finish my hot chocolate now.”

My hand hadn’t reached for the mug before I was on my back on the rug with Nathaniel looming over me. Somehow, he’d managed to lose his pants. “Damn hot chocolate can wait. I have to be inside you right the fuck now.”

He pushed into me with one solid thrust and didn’t wait before he starting moving his hips, rocking deep inside me.

“Going to come this time hard and fast,” he said as he kept pounding into me. “Then we’re going to go upstairs and reenact that little scenario you just described.” He was silent for several seconds, working himself in and out of my body. “I may decide to take a dinner break, because we’ll need to regain our strength for after dinner.”

My climax was hard and swift, building and cresting almost at the same time, and leaving me breathless, after. Nathaniel’s must have been the same, because by the time my breathing returned to normal, he was rolling to his back, dragging me to rest on top of him.

“What happens after dinner?” I asked, propping myself up on his chest and running a finger around his nipple.

He took my hand and kissed each finger, one at a time. “After dinner is when I gather you to my side and kiss every inch of your body. And in the second before my lips touch your skin, I’ll whisper so softly you won’t be able to hear, nonsensical things that only our souls understand.”

I lowered my head to his and our lips came together in a gentle kiss. A stark contrast to the urgent and demanding way our bodies had come together moments before.



“I like the thought of that,” I said, pulling back slightly.

He tucked a loose piece of hair behind my ear. “Which part?”

“About our souls understanding each other.”

“My soul understood yours the very first time I saw you. It called to yours softly saying, ‘One day we will be complete in each other.’”

I smiled, liking the idea of some part of our inner being recognizing the other. “And what did my soul say?”

“It said, ‘Boy, you’ve got a lot of growing up to do.’”

I hid my smile in the crook of his neck. “It did not.”

“Oh, yes it did. And mine said, ‘I’ll work hard to make myself worthy of you.’ And somehow, deep inside, both of our souls knew that our journey wouldn’t be the easiest, but that one day we’d have a night like this when everything finally came together. A moment just like this when everything is right.”

I placed a hand on his heart, as my own chest swelled with emotion.

“My soul is complete in you.”

“And mine,” he said, placing his hand over mine, “has finally found its home.”

Read on for an exciting look at the fourth book in Tara Sue Me's Submissive series

## THE ENTICEMENT

*Available in April 2015 from Headline Eternal*

There were times I felt I only came alive at night. When the world was quiet around me and the kids were asleep and for a few precious hours there was nothing but me and Nathaniel. Those sacred nights had become more and more infrequent lately, as there always seemed to be something else to do, but I often thought I could survive on the anticipation alone.

I checked in the bathroom mirror to make sure my face didn't reflect the day's stress. Satisfied, I pulled my hair out of the ponytail it'd been in all day and brushed it until it fell soft and loose around my shoulders. I threw the yoga pants and T-shirt I'd been wearing into the hamper. Before heading into the bedroom, I took the body lotion Nathaniel once said smelled like sin wrapped in silk and ran it over my arms and legs. I rummaged through my lingerie drawer and finally settled on a long, opaque nightgown. Silver, of course, since that was his favorite color on me.

Most nights I didn't take so long getting ready for bed, but tonight was different. When he'd gotten home, we'd chatted briefly before our two kids interrupted us. I'd swallowed a laugh as four-year-old Elizabeth expressed her grief at not finding the purple crayon she insisted she had to have for the castle she was coloring. Not to be outdone, our eighteen-month-old son, Henry, kept his arms uplifted and repeated, "Dada! Dada! Dada!" until Nathaniel swept him into the air.

The room was filled with Henry's delighted shrieks. At least it was until Nathaniel caught a whiff of something.

"Again?" I asked. "I just changed him less than an hour ago."

"Has to be the antibiotics," Nathaniel said, which was probably true. Henry was desperately trying to get rid of recurrent ear infections, but the medication upset his stomach. "Come on, big guy, let's get you changed." As they walked away, he looked over his shoulder. "We need to talk later, Abigail."

*Abigail.*

The last word of his sentence stopped me in my tracks, lit my body with desire, and echoed in my brain throughout dinner, baths, and bedtime. No doubt, just like he knew it would. When he called me Abigail, it didn't matter that I only wore his collar once a month or that sex was otherwise often hurried and infrequent. With just one word, my husband became my Master. And my body didn't only respond, it begged for his dominance. Just thinking about the way he said it, in a tone of voice that managed to sound so matter-of-fact and commanding at the same time, sent shivers up and down my spine.

I walked down the stairs and found Nathaniel in the living room, reading. He looked up as I entered, his green eyes traveling over every inch of me, never glancing away. I took a seat beside him and my heart rate increased as he slipped a hand into my hair and pulled me close for a kiss.

"You smell incredible and you look sexy as hell," he said against my lips.

"You're not bad yourself," I replied. He'd changed out of his suit and now wore the old jeans that hugged his ass and a tee shirt that similarly hugged his abs—my favorite outfit for him.

He pulled away and settled his back against the couch. "I had a call today from Simon."

"Oh?" Simon had moved into the area years ago and was part of our BDSM group. He, like Nathaniel, was a Dominant.

"He's met someone online and she's relatively inexperienced. He was wondering if they could come over on Saturday."

Before getting pregnant with Henry, we'd started mentoring couples. Years ago, my weekend with Nathaniel's old mentor and his wife, had helped me so much. I wanted to do the same for new submissives. But after getting pregnant and in particular, after giving birth, there hadn't been much mentoring going on.

Without thinking, I stroked my bare neck, missing the long, intense playroom sessions that lasted all weekend. These days they were just about as likely to happen as me getting forty-five uninterrupted minutes to make dinner.

"I'm probably the one in need of a mentor session," I joked. "It's so long between our scheduled dates."

Nathaniel didn't laugh. "I miss the way we used to be, Abby."

"I know . . . me, too," I murmured.

He leaned forward and studied me silently for a few seconds. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes, everything's fine. Just life happening."

"I wonder when we decided 'fine' was an acceptable way to live?" He took my right hand and twisted the ring there. The one he'd given me on our wedding day that symbolized his dominance over me. "I wonder if once a month is enough? I miss seeing you kneel before me, wearing only my collar, waiting for me to decide how I'll use you."

"Nathaniel."

"Shhh." His finger traced my lips and brushed the hollow of my throat. "You miss it, too. You know you do. The way you yield your body to me, longing for the release you know I'll give."

I didn't even attempt to argue. I knew for a fact how many times I'd nearly begged him to take me over his knees and spank me during the week. There was something soothing in the emotional release I knew I'd find there. Held tightly on my stomach across his lap. His free hand striking my ass over and over.

Other times I'd watch him move around the house and I'd remember how years ago, he'd be the one watching me. I recalled how his eyes would follow me until finally he'd get up and either force me to my knees or push me against a wall. His barely controlled lust kept just in check enough to ensure I was prepared to take him.

"Show me I'm right. Show me how much you miss it." He slipped his thumb inside my mouth. "Suck it like a good girl."

My belly tightened as I drew his thumb in deeper. I could deny him nothing when he touched me.

"That's it," he said. "Do it good enough and I'll let you taste my dick. Do it really good and I'll take you over my knees and bring out the strap."

I opened my mouth in shock.

"Suck it, Abigail. I didn't say to stop." When I continued, he started talking once again. "You think I don't know what you want? What you need? You're due for a sound thrashing and a long, hard fuck."

I moaned around his thumb and he slid his other hand to cup my breast, gently rubbing my nipple.

“That’s it, my lovely, suck it. Think about how turned on you’ll be when I drag you across my knee. Imagine me spanking your ass and fucking you with my fingers.”

I bucked my hips up, trying to get some pressure on my clit, but he tightened the hand at my face. “Be still. You haven’t earned my cock yet, much less an orgasm.”

I kept up my work on his thumb, sucking and licking, just as I would have if his cock was in my mouth. All the while, his fingertips fondled my breasts. It drove me mad that he wasn’t paying any attention to anything below my waist.

Finally, he slipped his thumb from my mouth. “I hope you don’t have anything else planned for tonight because I’m going to Fucking. Wear. You. Out.”

“Please,” I moaned.

A wicked look came over his expression. “But not just yet. First, I’m going to fuck that mouth and throat of yours. Then maybe I’ll take that sweet pussy. Or beat your ass. I haven’t decided yet.”

“Yes, Sir. Please. All of them.”

“Greedy girl.” He nodded to the floor.

I slowly rose to my feet and slipped the gown over my head.

“Very nice,” he said as I lowered myself before him in the middle of the room. “Spread your legs. Let me see how wet that greedy pussy is.”

It had been over three weeks since I’d knelt and I struggled a bit getting into position. The entire time he watched, sitting relaxed on the couch. The only sign he was affected was the growing bulge of his erection.

“Something to work on,” he said. “Your knees are still out of habit. Though I do see you’ve waxed.”

I held back a snort. Like I’d ever forget *that* again. “Yes, Sir.”

“Come get my cock out.”

I crawled over to him. Years ago I hated crawling. It still didn’t rank very high on my list of things I loved to do, but I knew how much he enjoyed watching and that alone made me happy to do it.

I made my way over to him and knelt up between his legs. He leaned back into the couch, giving me room to move. I palmed him several times through the material of his pants, enjoying the way he grew harder.

“Take it out,” he said through clenched teeth. “Now.”

I worked my hands up to the button of his pants and undid them, then slowly took his zipper down. He lifted his hips, allowing me to slide his pants and boxer briefs off. I sat back on my heels once I had him naked from the waist down.

“All this for me, Sir?”

He stroked himself. “Every fucking inch. Be a good girl and give it a kiss. Just lightly on the tip and then hold still.”

I licked my lips. I loved taking him orally. Loved everything about it. The way he felt. The way he tasted. The way he would moan, deep in his throat. Needless to say, I wasn’t thrilled about just giving him a little kiss.

With a sly smile I came up to my knees and bent my head. Very slowly I lowered myself and kissed him the way he asked, remaining in place after.

“Now hold your hair back with both hands and keep your mouth open.”

My heart pounded. It’d been nearly months since we’d had any sort of power play during the week. Maybe we should schedule more time.

“Now, Abigail. I don’t want your hair in the way of my view as I fuck that sassy mouth.”

“Sorry, Sir.”

I spread my knees wider for balance and, holding my hair behind my head, I opened my mouth, offering it for his use. I thought he’d thrust himself up and into my mouth, but he surprised me by grasping my hands and pushing my head down.

I had only enough time to relax my throat before he filled it with his cock.

“Fuck, yes.” He pulled my head up and brought it back down. “Fuck.”

He started a punishing rhythm, working my head and eventually his hips, powerfully, as he used my mouth for his pleasure. He wasn’t soft and he wasn’t gentle, somehow knowing, as he usually did, that I didn’t need his tenderness. I needed my Master. And I needed him to take control away from me.

My eyes started to water as he hit the back of my throat. But even so, my own arousal grew and I shifted my hips trying to find a small measure of relief. Surely there was something. The edge of the couch. Part of his leg. Something.

“Fuck.” He yanked out of my mouth. “Got to stop.”

I halfheartedly got back into position on my knees. I really wanted to

finish him off, to take him to the edge of his own control, and feel him lose himself in me. But, if he pulled back now, that could only mean he had more in store for us.

Which is why I didn't understand when he pulled his clothes back on and tucked his still erect cock inside.

"I've changed my mind," he said. "Neither one of us is coming tonight."

"What? What happened to your hoping I didn't have plans? To wearing me out? To—"

He stopped me by putting a finger to my lips. "Stop right there or I'll make good on my threat to beat your ass."

I almost decided to say something. The small touch of dominance he'd given me wasn't enough. Maybe goading him into a spanking would be worth it.

"You better wipe that thought out of your mind," he said, as if reading my thoughts. "There are better ways to get what you want."

I knelt patiently and waited for him to explain.

"I'm going to ask Linda to keep the kids overnight Friday."

Linda was Nathaniel's aunt. She and her husband had raised him after his parents died in a car accident when he was ten. I'd never met his uncle, he'd passed away several years before we met. He also had a cousin, Jackson, who was like a brother to him. In a strange twist of fate, Jackson had married my best friend, Felicia, the year before our own wedding.

"And," he continued, "if you're okay with it, I'll call Simon and tell him we're on for Saturday?"

"I think I'd like that," I said. With the kids spending the night with Linda, Nathaniel and I could play a bit on Friday night, even before Simon came over with his girlfriend.

The smile on his face told me he knew how I'd answer. "I'll call her in the morning and will let you know. If she agrees, once she picks the kids up on Friday, you are to prepare yourself and wait in the playroom for me to get home. Understood?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then on Saturday, Simon and his submissive will come over." He pulled me to him and whispered coarsely in my ear. "After, I'll make good on my threat to wear you out. You won't be able to move for three days without remembering the wicked things I did to your body. You'll lose count of the



number of times and ways I fucked you.”

I whimpered and tried to rub my legs together, desperate to ease the longing that pulsed between them.

“Not going to happen, so you’d better stop. Or else Simon and his submissive will watch as you’re punished.” He put a hand on my knee and squeezed. “Now since you brought me to the edge, I think it’s only fair that I recuperate. Get on your hands and knees, presenting that needy pussy to me.”

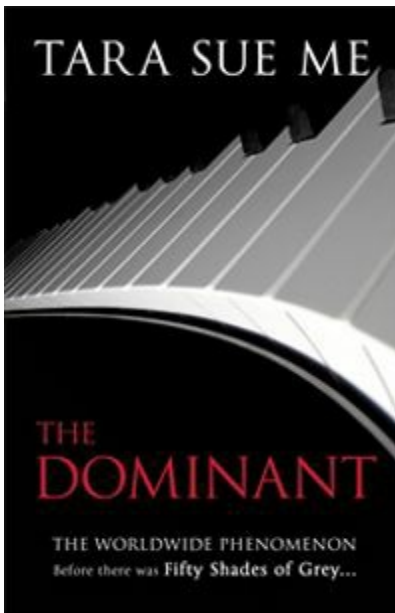
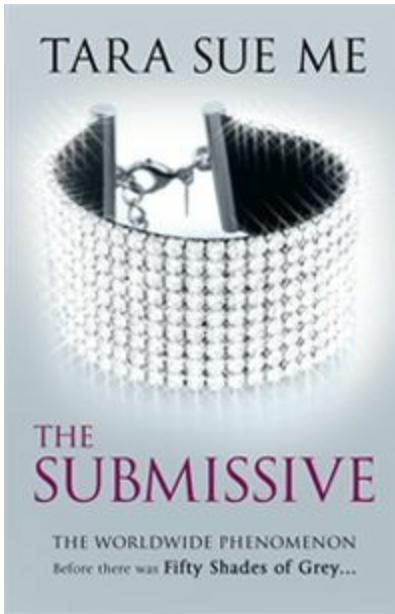
I knew better than to argue. If I complained about not coming tonight, he might not let me come during the weekend, just to prove a point. I crawled back to the middle of the room to better position myself.

“Don’t look so put out,” he said with a smile.

“You’re evil, did you know that?” I asked, while moving into position.

His laughter sent chills of anticipation down my spine. “Oh, Abby, you’ve yet to see just how truly evil I can be.”

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