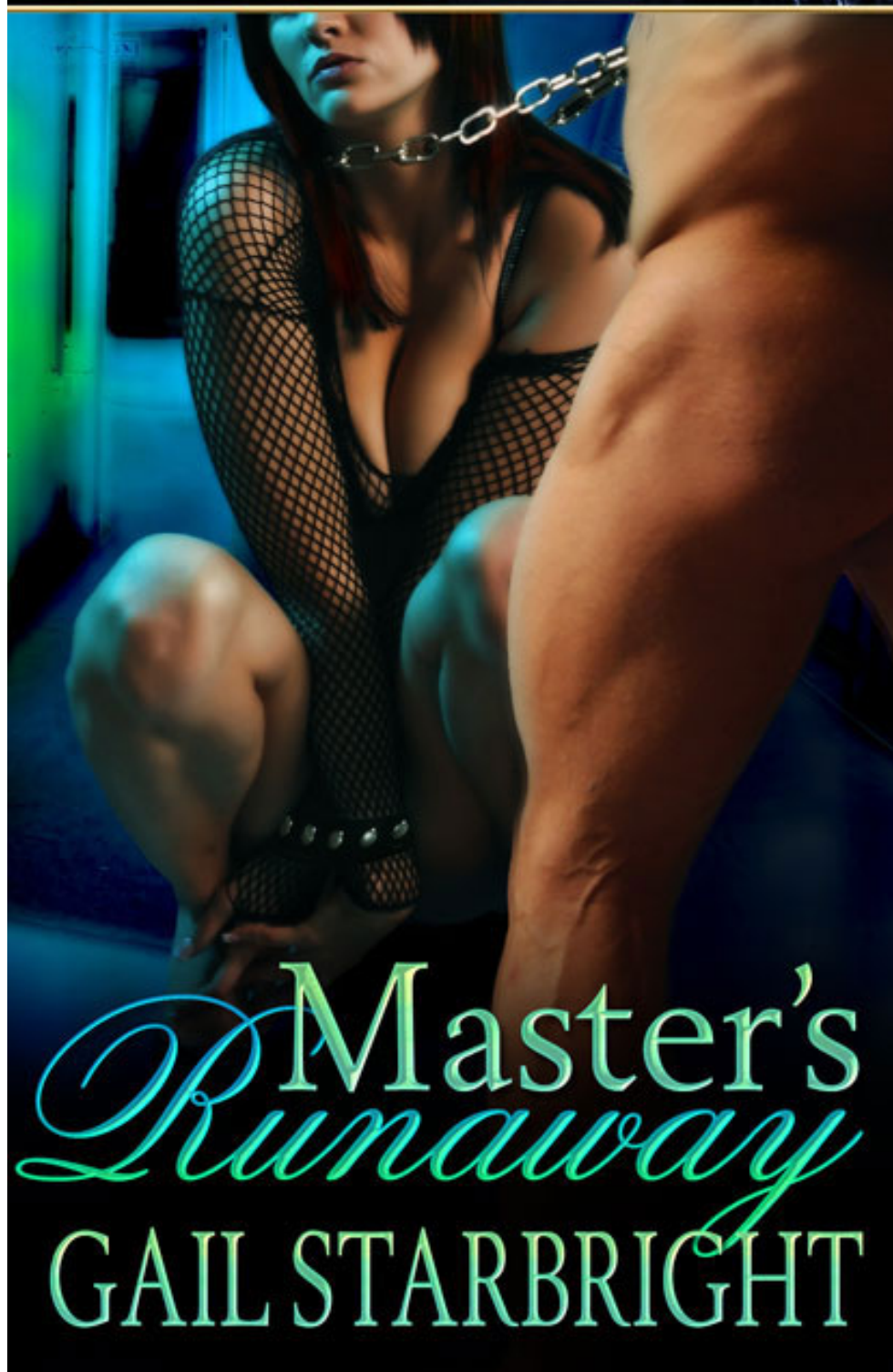


ELLORA'S CAVE TABOO



Master's Runaway

Gail Starbright

Six months ago, Kira freaked out over her fiancé's interest in BDSM and fled from a proposed Master/slave relationship. Fiercely independent, Kira has no desire to be anyone's naked slave girl, thank you very much! The last thing she wants or needs is some Dom keeping her tethered to a leash or locked in a chastity belt...even if it would be kinda fun.

Fortunately, Michael knows the real reason why his woman ran, and he has every intention of reclaiming his naughty runaway. Reconciling is just the beginning as he teaches Kira there's a price to pay for fleeing the Master.

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Master's Runaway

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MASTER'S RUNAWAY

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Chapter One

Glancing up, Kira Vincent debated whether she should run off like a frightened gazelle or stay and stab her best friend to death with her salad fork. So far, the death-by-fork option held the most appeal.

He was right there! Right freaking there by the restaurant's front door!

Kira's so-called best friend Jessica shifted around nervously next to her in the small booth before grabbing her arm. "Kira, sweetie, let me explain."

"*Michael* is my blind date?" To a degree, it was a stupid question. Okay, so it was a *really* stupid question. Kira understood her friend's diabolical plan the minute her ex-fiancé Michael Tate strolled into the place. But still, Kira needed confirmation. She'd hate to murder her best friend over a misunderstanding.

Jessica flashed an I'm-not-really-sorry look while nodding.

Confusion and anger quickly turned to panic. Desperately, Kira tried to stand, eager to escape, but the small booth limited her movements. Her friend held her arm, practically forcing her to stay seated.

"Give him a second chance. He's crazy about you." Honesty filled Jessica's heart-shaped face.

"There's a reason I ran away," Kira declared, wishing she had the ability to disappear. Gathering her purse, Kira tried once again to escape, but Jessica blocked her. Stuck between her backstabbing friend and the heavily lacquered wood table, she lacked the room to even stand.

"Come on, Kira. Stop pretending you're over him. I don't know what the hell happened between you two, but you guys need to talk."

"You don't understand—"

"Yeah, and neither does he."

"I can't do this. Seriously. Let me out." Kira tried to muscle by her friend, but Jessica held her ground. Or more precisely, her seat.

"Stop it, Kira. Michael is gorgeous and sweet, and I know you still have feelings for him. Just look at him, he's totally hot and sexy."

Yeah, Kira thought, and totally into bondage and discipline. For heaven's sake, the man wants me as a sex slave!

Deep down, Kira didn't have a problem with bondage, discipline or 24/7 ownership. In fact, the entire scenario excited her more than anything, but she sure as hell wasn't going to admit it...either to him or herself.

Kira ducked down, hoping Michael couldn't see her. He turned a slow half circle, obviously looking for her, but his gaze never locked on. The restaurant's dim lighting served as her only advantage.

"I don't think he saw me," Kira whispered. "Is there a back way out?"

"Please stay. Besides, it's too late. He sees us."

Jessica raised her arm in the air and waved in Michael's direction. Kira grasped the table's edge, fighting the urge to slide under. She would have bolted if not for want of a viable escape route. Wedged between Jessica and the wall, she suddenly understood her friend's insistence over the seating arrangements.

Michael closed the distance between the door and their table in only a few eloquent steps.

He looked focused. Driven. Like a predator coming in for the kill.

She shivered.

Dressed in black slacks and a crisp white shirt, his trim and muscular physique showed through loud and clear. His toned body combined with his striking good looks made him perfection embodied. She caught other women checking him out as he zeroed in on them.

His dark brown hair was a little longer than she remembered, but other than that, he looked exactly as he did six months ago.

Well, not exactly, she mused. The last time she'd seen him, he'd been holding a flogger...specifically, black with red trim braided in the handle.

She remembered that flogger well. Despite the fact that she'd fled, that black and red flogger had somehow managed to haunt all her dreams, not with fear of course, but with regret.

She shivered at the memory as Michael stopped by their table. The all-too-familiar scent of his cologne struck her like a semi. Reluctantly, she looked up, meeting his intense gaze.

"Hello, Jessica," he began, never taking his eyes off her. "Thanks again for setting this up. I'm not usually in the habit of coming between friends, but I felt these were extenuating circumstances."

Although he spoke to Jessica, his gaze never once left her. Kira tried to look away but couldn't. His piercing gray eyes seemed to bore straight through her.

He looked neither arrogant nor pompous, but an air of confidence most definitely clung to him. He slid into the booth and positioned himself directly in front of her.

"Hello, Kira."

His voice a low rumble, prickles immediately leapt up on her arms and spine. She inhaled sharply as crazy-as-hell bondage fantasies suddenly filled her mind. The images scared her to death, and she tried again to stand in the tight booth. Escape was her only hope.

"Please, stay," he ordered gently. "We used to be engaged. Can't we at least have a nice dinner together? My treat." He smiled.

She inhaled sharply, taken aback by the way he spoke. His tone was firm and commanding, especially the way he said "stay". She wanted to be pissed, but she wasn't. Warmth and kindness filled his eyes. Nothing about him struck her as mean or

threatening...but there was most definitely *something* about him. His eyes roamed over her possessively. Curiosity seeped through her.

"Nice dress," he murmured darkly.

Horried, she glanced down at the low-cut black dress molded to her body. Jessica had picked it out, insisting she dress sexy. Flustered, she covered her exposed cleavage with her hand. Michael only winked at her.

Although kindness filled his eyes, something else lingered in his gaze. He flashed her a strange look, much like a wicked king eyeing a wayward servant as if to say, "you've been very bad," but the weird thing was the look immediately turned her on.

Images of her on her knees, bound and naked, once again invaded her mind. Inhaling deeply, she mentally shook the dark images away.

What the hell was wrong with her? She was *not* kinky, not even a little. Floggers and collars were certainly not her thing. That's exactly why she ran out that night. She wanted nothing to do with it. Nothing! And she had absolutely *no* interest in being a sex slave. None!

A part of her brain actually chuckled at that silent declaration. *Oh really*, the honest part of her brain seemed to respond, *so why exactly did you get your nipples pierced?*

She swallowed hard, thinking of the steamy BDSM novel that inspired the action...just one of the many, *many* books on the subject she had recently read. From fiction to nonfiction, she'd spent the last six months amassing a spicy collection of books, all in an attempt to understand her thoughts and dark fantasies.

She was a strong, independent woman. Why the hell did sexual submission, specifically 24/7 slave status, get her all hot and bothered? So far, no book had been able to answer that question.

Besides, she'd read enough BDSM books to know what the whole Master/slave relationship was all about. It was all about some Dom either caging up his slave or keeping her on a leash like a cherished pet. Hmph! Who wanted that?

She was no pet. She was perfectly capable of taking care of herself, thank you very much...even if it did sound kinda fun to be a sex slave, naked and chained, completely owned, and available for her Master 24/7.

Inhaling deeply, she studied Michael, wondering what kind of Dom he'd be. It was strange. Only months ago, she'd never even heard of the words Dom or sub. Now the words were often in the forefront of her thoughts. She sometimes looked at people differently, wondering if they were into BDSM. Just days before, she'd spotted a young girl at the mall sporting a collar-type necklace. At the time, she couldn't help but wonder.

Sipping her water, she gazed at Michael. A part of her wished he'd drag her to the bathroom, kicking and screaming, corner her in one of the locked stalls and spank her 'til she pleaded for him to stop.

I am so not into this stuff, she thought, mentally pushing aside the fantasy.

Again, the honest part of her brain chuckled. *Yeah, right.*

Michael could hardly believe his eyes. Kira, his little runaway, was sitting directly across from him.

She was noticeably thinner. Jessica told him she hadn't been eating, at least not very much, and her diminished size instantly caught his attention. He winced when he saw her arms. Her forearms and wrists were downright bony, and he silently chastised himself for delaying this intervention. Good God, he'd waited far too long to confront her.

According to Jessica, Kira wasn't handling the breakup well at all. She'd told him, "I know Kira still loves you, but she won't talk about what happened."

He sure as hell was going to make her talk.

If he had to tie her up and drag her feelings out, he would. This had gone on far too long.

He paused for a moment. He liked the idea of her being all tied up and completely at his mercy. Sighing, he pushed the fantasy aside. He needed to focus, not daydream.

Besides, he knew perfectly well why his woman ran. She was a strong-willed, independent woman who wanted to be owned. It was a tough duality to cope with. Slowly, he took her in.

Over the last several months, he'd played with droves of different subs and gotten quite good at reading people and picking up nonverbal cues. Of course, the others paled in comparison to his runaway Kira.

Fatigue haunted Kira's green eyes, and he wondered how well she'd been sleeping. Jessica had mentioned something about sleeping pills. It was the last straw for him, the moment he implored Jessica to set up a bogus blind date.

His heart softened at seeing her again. Unlike his heart, his cock was anything but soft. Silently, he swore to himself, annoyed with his lack of self-control. A lack of self-discipline marked a clear-cut amateur. A good Dom could always control his reactions.

He managed to keep up the small talk they had settled into...jobs, the weather, the day-to-day, the mundane.

Wild fantasies raced through his head. More than anything, he wanted—no, he *needed*—to fuck her. But not before punishing her for running away.

How dare she run out of his life. Didn't she know she was his other half? Didn't she know he cherished her? Over the last six months, he'd gone through hell without her. She deserved to be punished.

Of course, her fleeing was totally his fault. Good God, he'd tried to convert his fiancée overnight into his slave. Although they'd played some kinky bondage games with silk scarves, they'd never actually done a formal scene. It was his eagerness and inexperience that drove her away. He had pushed a little too hard a little too soon and scared her to death. In short, he had really screwed up.

Deep down, Kira knew she had really screwed up. She should have never run out that night. But when he showed her that flogger and talked to her at length about a permanent, ownership-type relationship, it struck such a deep and resonant chord. The entire scenario somehow echoed years of dark dreams and fantasies. Quite frankly, she'd liked the idea a little too much.

The minute she saw those strips of black leather and heard him say, "I want you to be my slave," she knew it was something that could consume her—something that could swallow her whole and leave nothing of her former self.

Taking a sip of water, she wondered if losing herself would really be so bad. But how could she fix it? What could she say? She couldn't just stand up and announce, "I've been very bad. Please discipline me." Or could she? In an attempt to be nonchalant, she made a comment about last night's thunderstorms. Jessica chirped in how the thunder woke her up.

Thunderstorms? Michael didn't give a flying rat's ass about the weather. It could be raining toads for all he cared. He wanted Kira naked and bent over the edge of the table. Preferably right here and right now in full view of everyone.

He glanced down, trying to shoo the fantasy away, but his thoughts were going crazy. It was so unlike him. He'd spent the last six months perfecting and honing his skills and reactions, but Kira's presence, along with her next-to-nothing dress, effortlessly stripped away his precious control. There were so many things he wanted to do to her. He wanted to lock her up, tie her down, flog her, fuck her...and not necessarily in that order.

Kira had the distinct feeling Michael was hatching something. He eyed her like he either wanted to flog her or fuck her, but she wasn't sure which.

She wasn't interested in dinner. She wanted to tell him she was wrong. She wanted to apologize for running away. For crying out loud, she wanted to crawl under the table

and suck his cock. But then what would he do? Would he take everything away from her? Her independence, her identity, her sense of self, her dignity. Would he take it all?

The waitress suddenly materialized out of nowhere, nearly making Kira jump out of her slinky dress. Of course, Kira was so distracted, a freight train could've snuck up behind her.

"Good evening, my name is Sarah. I'll be taking care of you guys this evening. Can I start you off with some appetizers?"

"Do you have any boneless buffalo wings?" Michael asked. Again, he didn't look away from Kira when he spoke.

"Yes, we do," the waitress chirped.

"Please bring us an order. I'd also like an ice tea, and I believe Kira here would like a Diet Coke." He gestured politely in her direction with a slight nod.

Kira tore her gaze away and nodded at the waitress. Okay, so he still remembered her favorite appetizer and her favorite drink, but that didn't mean anything. Vaguely, she wondered if he still had the flogger.

"I'll have an ice tea," Jessica told the waitress.

The waitress scurried away.

"So you're still a Diet Coke junkie," Michael declared, smiling warmly at her. "I've never seen anyone down more Diet Coke than you."

"Yeah," Kira muttered, scrambling for words. He'd basically reduced her to monosyllabic responses.

She glanced over at Jessica. Her friend smiled back at her, looking a bit nervous and guilty. Her pale blue eyes silently pleaded, "Forgive me." Kira forgave her. To a degree, she was grateful Jessica had set her up, but there was still a major issue that needed to be resolved—namely, this whole Master/slave interest. With Jessica sitting right next to her, she couldn't blurt out the real question. She would have to speak in abstract.

“So...uh, Michael...do you still want...well...that thing you want?” Kira asked, knowing the wording was awkward, but she sure as hell wasn’t going to ask the real question in front of Jessica. *Do you still want me as your slave?*

Michael raised an eyebrow, obviously catching her meaning. “Yes, I do.”

Kira’s heart fluttered madly. She was actually relieved he said yes, terrified he’d say no. Discreetly using her hand, she kept her ample cleavage covered, not wanting to show him anything. But his demeanor effectively lowered her staunch defenses. Casually, she slipped her hand away and sat up straight. He nodded approvingly, making goose bumps leap up on her arms.

Damn it, why did she care what he thought? Why did she like getting his approval?

Vaguely, she wondered if he could see her nipple piercings. She’d covered the stainless steel hoops with pasties, just as she always did to shield them from prying eyes, but she secretly hoped he could still make them out. It confused and scared her, but Michael’s presence stirred something up. Scenes and passages from various erotic novels flickered through her head.

Thankfully, the drinks and appetizer arrived along with a basket of warm rolls and fresh butter. They all dug into the food, and Kira tried to relax. It was Friday night, and she’d had one hell of a week. Teaching problem students at a local high school had its advantages and disadvantages.

On the one hand, she liked trying to help students others had given up on. She had a knack for it, and several of her students had shown promising success. But on the other hand, it literally took everything she had to teach her class. She often went home drained, exhausted and completely depleted.

The food helped buoy her spirits. For the first time in months, hunger gnawed at her. Food had been so unappealing lately, but somehow, seeing Michael again helped her relax – like a missing piece of her life had just been found.

Kira reached over and took a roll. As she smeared butter on the warm bread, she couldn't help but wonder about his motive. Maybe he wanted to chain her up and take his revenge for her running away.

She studied him, searching his eyes for his true intentions. He raised an eyebrow.

"Is there something you want to ask me, Kira?"

Damn it, how did he just do that? How did he know she wanted to ask him something? Most men were so oblivious.

She looked away, painfully aware of Jessica watching them. She set her half-eaten roll down on her appetizer saucer. His hands reached across the table, finding hers.

"I think I'll go powder my nose," Jessica said, squeezing Kira's shoulder before sliding out of the booth.

"What is it, Kira?"

"Are you only here for revenge?" She disentangled her hands angrily from his.

His eyebrows shot up. A moment later, he smiled. "Kira, I know why you ran away, and I'm not mad."

She looked away when he said that. Truthfully, she wasn't entirely sure why she ran out that night, but it really annoyed her that he seemed to know. She had tried to convince herself it was fear that made her run, but she knew that wasn't the whole truth.

"I just want to talk. We never really talked afterward. You just ran out that night and never returned any of my phone calls."

"I know," she muttered, pressing her hand against her forehead. It wasn't one of her prouder moments. "Did you get the ring back? FedEx said you signed for it."

"You didn't have to return it."

She only shrugged. "I didn't feel right keeping it."

His hands reached across the table again, finding hers. "Let's just have dinner."

A part of her knew it was crazy. It had been six months, but it felt right being with him.

Jessica never returned to the table, and Kira vowed to call her later.

The waitress took their order, and Kira resigned herself to the fact that she was indeed going to have dinner with her ex.

"You're not mad at me for setting this up, are you?" Michael asked.

"A little. It's been six months. I could be seeing someone, you know."

"Really? Jessica told me you've been miserable the last six months."

Kira rolled her eyes. "Jessica has a wild imagination." *And a big mouth.*

"I've been miserable the last six months."

"That seems hard to believe."

The waitress interrupted and placed their meals before them.

"Why is it hard to believe I've been unhappy?" he asked, picking up where they left off.

"I've seen you on TV. You finally got that big anchor job you've always wanted. You're gorgeous and successful. I'm sure you have women falling all over themselves to date you."

"That doesn't mean I want to date them." He popped a French fry in his mouth while shrugging.

She cut into her steak. Why did he still have to be so gorgeous? She was trying hard to be aloof, but it was difficult when all she wanted to do was ravish his well-toned body.

"So you haven't been with anyone?" she asked.

He raised an eyebrow. "Well, if you're asking whether or not I've fucked anyone else, then no, I haven't. But I've been at the local clubs. I've done scenes with subs, but there hasn't been anyone serious."

"But I thought that's what you wanted. You know, capture, bondage, whipping. Isn't that your thing?"

He inhaled deeply and took a bite of his very rare steak. "Yes, but you were the one I wanted to capture, tie up and whip. The one I still want."

She nearly choked on her steak. The way he said it made her pussy clench. She crossed her legs, feeling wetness pool between her thighs. She took a sip of her soda.

"You're cute aroused."

"What?" She glanced around, convinced others were gawking at her.

Only Michael was looking at her.

"You're aroused," he said again, smiling. "I bet if I touched you, you'd be wet."

Flustered, she took another sip of her soda before answering. "You're imagining things."

"I don't think so."

She swallowed hard.

"We are having dinner," she declared, not at all sure how to respond.

"Yes, and you're aroused."

"Stop saying that." She glanced around again, hoping no one was listening. Fortunately, they were tucked away in a dark little booth.

"So you're denying it? You're not wet right now?"

"That's correct. Now stop talking about it."

He gave her a long, dark look. "Are you wearing panties?"

Her heart quickened. Just the way he said it made her even hotter. Before she could censor herself, she nodded at him.

"Give me your panties."

Was he serious? "What?"

"Give me your panties, right now."

"No."

"Do it," he ordered.

A part of her wanted to say "no" or better yet "fuck off", but an even bigger part of her wanted to do it. It made no sense, but she wanted to obey. She wanted to hand him her damp thong panties. She wanted him to see how she'd lied. And oddly enough, she wanted to be punished for it. She was just a boring teacher by day and an even more boring grader by night. This was her chance, her one chance to be wild and crazy.

Shifting around in the booth, she folded her legs and brought her feet up beside her, using her body and the wall to shield her actions. Michael merely watched. Slipping a hand discreetly under her dress, she quickly snagged her panties. She had to wiggle around a bit, but it was actually a little easier than she thought it would be. The layout of the restaurant worked to her advantage, and no one seemed to notice what she was doing.

Still using one hand, she snaked them down her legs and finessed the twisted scrap of black satin over her spiky high heels. Palming the garment, she wrapped her napkin around the wadded fabric and set the bundle down on the table. Inhaling deeply, she pushed it in his direction.

Michael swept the pile of fabric off the table and into his lap. His heart pounded away. He was so proud of her, so happy she had obeyed. Hiding the bundle under the table, his fingers deftly separated the napkin from her thong panties. He instantly felt the warm dampness on the fabric, and he smiled.

"You shouldn't have lied to me. I don't tolerate lying." He pocketed the garment.

Her green eyes flashed with rebellion and desire. She was practically daring him.

"And what do you do to lying subs?" she asked.

He immediately caught her use of the word "subs", a fairly specific BDSM term. She'd read something, either from a book or off the web. And even more promising,

she'd just labeled herself as a submissive. Interesting. This was not the same skittish Kira who ran out that night. He only wished she'd labeled herself a slave, but he'd settle on sub for now.

"Well, technically, you're a runaway lying sub. Your list of infractions is quite extensive. Lying, alone, usually results in a good flogging."

Excitement and curiosity colored her pale face.

"And what do you do to runaway subs?"

He'd thought long and hard on the answer to that question, though he hadn't anticipated her asking. Indeed, her questions were astute and relevant. She had obviously done some research. "There are several reasons why someone would run away. Some might run away because they're not really submissive. Some might run away out of guilt or shame. But you on the other hand." He leaned back and eyed her darkly. "You ran away because you're submissive but also fiercely independent."

He could tell by the look on her face he'd hit a nerve.

"You want to submit," he declared. "You want to be owned."

She looked away quickly, obviously trying to hide her agreement. Her face turned pink.

"I like my independence," she whispered.

"I'm not trying to take that. We can easily negotiate days off for you—days you're free to come and go as you please. The last thing I want to do is crush your independent spirit. But I am going to teach you that you can still be owned and maintain who you are."

Uncertainty filled her tired green eyes. "What does that mean exactly...to be owned?" Her voice wavered ever so slightly when she spoke.

He fixed his gaze on her, watching her carefully. He had every intention of claiming her, of making her his permanently. He wasn't interested in a temporary setup. "Being owned means just that. It means you're my property, my plaything to do with as I wish.

I'll fuck you when and where I want, how I want, and you have no control over that. If I want to chain you up or tie you down, then you have to let me."

He saw a flash of uncertainty in her eyes, and he answered her unspoken question. "But if you really want me to stop, I want you to tell me. I always want to know if you're unhappy or afraid of something."

She smiled at him.

"But I know a submissive when I see one, and true submissives like giving up control."

Again, she glanced away from him.

"But I digress," he continued. "You asked what I do to runaway submissives. Since you ran away, under some misguided belief that your body still belongs to you, I have to do something to remind you that your body doesn't belong to you anymore. I have to train you to understand that it belongs to me."

She only stared at him. He took a slow sip of tea before he continued. He decided to draw out his explanation, tease her a little.

"Did you know that dildos and sex toys can be custom made from a mold of a man's real cock?"

She shook her head. He smiled. Something like that wasn't exactly common knowledge.

"I had two dildos made just for you, two toys made the exact shape and size of my cock—one for your ass and one for your tight pussy. I'm going to fuck you mercilessly with these two toys and then, to teach you who exactly is in charge, I'm going to make you leave them inserted. I want your body to know my cock, to mold to the exact shape of my dick."

Her soft pink lips parted as her tongue delicately licked her lips. "Leave them in? For how long?" she whispered.

"For as long as I like. Most likely for the entire weekend, though I'll give you short breaks. I also want you to sleep with them inserted this weekend."

There was uncertainty, curiosity and excitement etched on her lovely pale face. Encouraged by her reaction, he forged ahead.

"You have to understand, Kira. I'm teaching you that your body belongs to me. Your pussy and ass are mine. The point of the toys is to remind you of that fact. It's not so much a punishment but more along the lines of training." Pausing, he added, "It's the Master's job to train his new slave. Do you understand?"

Her head bobbed softly up and down. Her auburn hair lightly brushed her pale shoulders.

"You called me slave," she whispered.

Ah, so she had caught that. "Of course I did."

Her green eyes narrowed. "I just need to know what exactly that means to you and what you expect from me."

He sensed anger. She'd obviously read something somewhere she didn't like about being a slave.

"I expect you to be honest with me and with yourself. And I also expect you to talk to me about what you want and what you feel."

"You don't expect me to be a mindless servant, do you?" Her words were laced with indignation.

He repressed a smile. "I want you in body *and* in mind. I want and welcome your feedback and opinions. I want you to talk to me, but I also expect you to listen."

Relief filled her face and eyes. Satisfied, he returned to his meal.

"Your food is getting cold, my angel. Eat."

Kira wasn't sure what the hell just happened. There'd been no warning. No sign. She was suddenly neck-deep in a whole new world, and she liked it. There was

something she suddenly wanted to say, something she needed to confess, but she was afraid he would pounce on her. He'd told her so much, and she wanted to confess a few fantasies to him as well.

"Is there something you want to tell me?" he asked gently.

Damn it, how did he keep doing that? The guy had turned into a mind reader.

"How do you keep doing that? It's like you know what I'm thinking."

"I've learned a lot about nonverbal communication, and I know you well, my angel. I can tell when my slave needs to tell me something."

She wanted to tell him what she was thinking, but she wasn't sure she could.

"Tell me what you wanted to say," he ordered gently.

She looked down as butterflies filled her stomach. Staring at her plate, she literally forced herself to speak. "After I left you, I bought some books on BDSM. It scared me, but it also intrigued me. I started having these dreams and fantasies about you, about us."

She paused and pushed her food around on her plate. Lowering her voice, she leaned forward. "I even bought a collar off the internet. I wear it at home sometimes and pretend like I belong to you." She kept her gaze lowered, not wanting to see his reaction to that confession. "Over the last couple of months, I really regretted running away."

She stared at her plate and leaned as far forward as she could, not wanting anyone else to hear her. "I even...well...I had my nipples pierced." She paused, taking a shallow breath. "I read this racy BDSM novel where the slave had pierced nipples. The more I thought about it, the more convinced I became that I needed to be pierced somewhere intimate. Somehow, it just sounded right. I know I'm probably too old to be getting my nipples pierced, but I really wanted to do it."

"Kira," he interrupted. "You're only thirty-six, and you don't look a day over thirty. The way you say it, you act like you have one foot in the grave."

Without looking up, she smiled.

"Continue what you were saying."

She inhaled deeply before continuing. "It's like something inside me is waking up. I can't sleep anymore. I can't eat."

Her words bordered on rambling, she knew, but she needed to tell him everything. She just couldn't keep it bottled up anymore. "I love putting little nipple chains on my piercings and pulling them tighter and tighter. I always close my eyes and pretend like it's you." She exhaled deeply, feeling as if a great heaviness had just been lifted. If he mocked her or said something cruel in response, she was so out of there.

"Kira, look at me."

Reluctantly, she met his intense gaze.

"Thank you for telling me all of this, my angel." Kindness and understanding filled his eyes as if he somehow understood everything she felt.

Her anxiety dissolved.

"I'm just curious," he began, leaning forward. "The collar you bought on the internet. What does it look like?"

She smiled. Oddly enough, she wanted to tell him. "It's black and has chrome letters on it. I think it's called an ID collar." She stopped, suddenly feeling a bit too vulnerable. Timidly, she looked around, convinced everyone in the restaurant was eavesdropping.

"What does it say?" he pressed.

She hesitated a moment or two before answering him. "Slave."

He closed his eyes for a moment and smiled. She had the impression he was envisioning her wearing the collar. "I like that," he whispered. "But in a true Master/slave relationship, the Master picks the collar, not the slave. I've seen those ID collars, and I don't think 'slave' is quite right for you."

"Really? What would you pick for me?"

He tilted his head, seemingly shocked she had to even ask. "What would I name my treasure? My redemption?" he cooed.

She stared at him. "What?"

He only shrugged. "The Master doesn't explain himself."

He wasn't going to tell her. *Okay*, she thought. *That was fair*. She'd read enough to know that was a valid response.

"Besides, if I told you, it'd ruin the fun of showing it to you. I'd rather see the look on your face when I slip it around your neck."

Her heart fluttered madly. "I thought we were just having dinner," she chided. She had the distinct feeling she was playing with fire. At the rate they were going, she'd soon find herself tied up and completely at his mercy, which her body didn't think was so bad.

"We are having dinner, but dinner can't last forever." As if to eliminate any doubt how indeed the evening was going to end, he added, "Are you still on the Pill?"

Excitement coursed through her. "Yes, I am."

Despite his declaration that dinner couldn't last forever, Kira certainly seemed to try. Michael merely watched her, silently planning exactly what he wanted to do to her. He urged her to order dessert, not liking her smaller size. At first, she refused. But he gently tempted her with the seven-layer chocolate cake. Gleefully, she finally agreed. He wasn't surprised she gave in. The Master always got his way.

She ate her dessert and nursed several Diet Cokes, glancing at him from time to time as if he were a wolf in sheep's clothing. It wasn't until the restaurant staff started putting chairs up on tables that she finally relented and agreed to leave, declaring, "Well, I guess we should go."

He understood her nervousness. She was nothing like the experienced submissives he'd played with. She simply didn't know what to expect. He just needed to stay focused but firm. The last thing he wanted was her fear.

Chapter Two

Kira very much wanted to explore this strange new world of Domination and submission she'd only read about, but that didn't prevent some trepidation from seeping in.

Michael paid their bill and walked out with her to the parking lot. As they walked, she gave serious consideration to running away again.

"My car is over there," she said, pointing to her Toyota Tercel. She wasn't entirely sure why she said that. She didn't want to go home.

"Yes, I recognized it earlier. Mine is right over there."

Without releasing her, he pointed in the direction of a black Mercedes parked much farther away. His car was hidden in darkness, located directly under a broken light and looked somewhat ominous in the shadows.

A strange acceptance settled over her. She was oddly comforted by the fact he wouldn't let her go.

A cool breeze brushed her face and hair. Pushing stray hairs from her face, she scanned the area. It was one in the morning and several pools of amber light illuminated the large mall parking lot, save for a small island of darkness concealing his Mercedes.

Only three cars remained in the acres of empty spaces—hers, Michael's and a dark-colored vehicle, seemingly miles from them, parked in front of JCPenney.

Glancing behind her, she saw two women walking on the sidewalk toward a parking garage on the mall's north side. Most people preferred the garage because it was closer, but she didn't like paying for parking nor did she mind walking. Apparently, neither did Michael.

Like a man on a mission, Michael marched on, never once releasing her. She had to walk briskly to keep up with his pace, but she didn't mind.

"Am I walking too fast?" he asked, stopping abruptly.

"I'm okay." She shrugged. She was slightly out of breath.

His gray eyes narrowed. "You're breathing hard. I was walking too fast."

"It's nothing, really."

"You need to talk to me," he gently scolded, wrapping an arm around her. Slowing his pace, they continued toward his car. "A slave should always talk to her Master. I don't want a mindless servant. I already told you that. I want you to talk to me, even if it seems small or irrelevant."

She wanted to argue, but his tone suggested he wasn't interested in debating the subject.

As she approached his car, darkness suddenly enveloped her. She looked up at the broken light before glancing back at Michael. It took a few moments for her eyes to adjust to the dimmer light, but after a few seconds, she saw his face clearly.

He'd parked far away, practically on the outer rim of the parking lot, and acres of concrete separated them from the mall. Walking around the car, he steered her toward the passenger backseat door, which was facing an undeveloped section of land...undoubtedly, the future site of some new business. There was a brief beep as he remotely unlocked the doors.

"Take off your clothes," he ordered.

Surely, she'd misheard. "What?"

"Your clothes. I want them off." Opening the door, he took her purse and set it down on the floorboard. "When you're with me, you'll spend most of your time naked. Now take off your clothes."

His tone was different. Firm but gentle. There was no mistaking he had indeed given an order, but he spoke in a very disarming way. Despite his kind tone, fresh nervousness coursed through her.

Not entirely sure she could obey, Kira tried to move but couldn't. Her limbs had turned into mush. What the hell was she doing? She couldn't just strip in a mall parking lot...even if it did sound kinda fun.

She didn't jump when ordered to jump, and she sure as hell didn't strip when ordered to strip. Her independent spirit cried foul.

"Here, I'll help you," Michael purred.

Again, it was as if he'd read her mind, as if he'd known something had paralyzed her. Could he sense the struggle within her? The urge to submit and be independent at the same time made things a bit confusing for her. Somehow, he seemed to understand.

Michael's arms encircled her. Before she knew it, he managed to get her dress unzipped.

"But...we're in public," she protested.

"It's not exactly rush hour," he responded evenly. "Besides, it's so dark right here, no one can see us."

Vaguely, she wondered if he'd broken the light himself or if he'd merely seen the dark and remote area as an opportunity. Logic dictated the latter.

Gently, he pushed her against the car, close to the open backseat, and positioned himself directly in front of her, shielding her from any passerby. The open passenger door served as another shield to her left.

Somewhat boxed in between Michael, the car and the open door, she was hardly on public display...but on the other hand, she wasn't safely locked up behind closed doors either. Stripping in public was so risqué, so unlike her, and by far, one of the most exciting things she'd ever heard.

"Now back to your clothes," Michael murmured.

Apparently, he wasn't going to let that go.

He tried to pull her dress over her head, but she brought her arms down, stopping him. "Please don't." Panic rose in her.

Somehow, she just couldn't let go. She'd taken care of herself for far too long to just let go and let him do whatever he wanted...no matter how much she wanted to. "I...I should go."

"Why?"

"I was wrong. I was wrong about being a submissive."

"No, you weren't. You just need a little help."

Again, he used that tone—that firm, gentle tone that made her feel safe and protected. Somehow, he managed to get her dress off, but she still felt like making a break for it. Dress or no dress, her whole fight or flight instinct screamed "run like hell".

Still leaning against his car, she glanced between him and her car. Her Tercel was seemingly miles away. A moment later, she felt something cold and hard on her left wrist. She looked down just in time to see him cuff her right wrist.

"What the hell? What are you doing?" She pulled fruitlessly at the handcuffs, trying to either break them or pull them off, but they wouldn't break or budge.

"Like I said, you just need a little help."

"No, I was wrong. Please let me go."

He pressed a finger to her lips, silencing her. "Don't talk. Just listen. I'm not going to hurt you, and I'm not going to rape you. But I'm not letting you run away from me again."

His dark tone instantly silenced her. Leaning toward her, he continued. "In a moment, you'll pick a safe word, a word that will make me stop whatever it is I'm doing, but not just yet. For the next few minutes, just trust me. I won't let anything happen to you, and I won't let anyone see you. If a car drives by, you can jump in the backseat."

That sounded fair, especially since the open backseat was right next to her.

With his finger still pressed to her lips, she nodded at him.

His gaze locked on her breasts. The pasties over her nipple rings were the only article of clothing she had left.

Not rushing at all, he peeled the pasties from her breasts, exposing her stainless steel hoops.

"I like that," he rumbled darkly. His fingers played lazily with the rings. "You know, my angel, I already knew about your piercings."

Kira knew who the culprit was. Jessica couldn't keep a secret to save her life. She also had it in her head that Kira and Michael were soul mates.

"Let me guess, Jessica told you."

He only shrugged. "Ever since that night you ran away from me, I've dreamed of you chained to my side. And I vowed that once I got my hands on you, that's exactly what I'd do."

She swallowed hard, shaken by his dark and possessive tone.

"I have a very good friend who works with metal. He makes jewelry mostly, but he made this for me...for you."

His breath raked over her lips. She barely registered the Y-shaped silver chain he pulled from his pocket.

She wanted to ask what it was and how it worked, but somehow, asking questions seemed unnecessary.

"Tell me, slave, have you ever taken your piercings out?"

His tone implied he already knew the answer.

"No, never."

He nodded. "Tell me why."

She wasn't entirely sure she could answer him...at least, not honestly. "Well, they're kinda hard to take out and...it can hurt. Besides, they need time to heal up properly."

He frowned. "You already told me why you had them done. Now tell me the *real* reason why you've never taken them out."

Nervousness tickled her belly. She pressed her lips together, uncertain whether she could answer or not.

His lips brushed against hers. "Tell me. Give me what I want."

Damn it, how could he see straight through her? How did he already know the answer?

When she spoke, it was barely a whisper. She felt as if she were about to confess her darkest secret, a secret she'd tried so hard to deny. "I want to feel owned."

Lovingly, he traced a line on her neck. "Now you can pick a safe word, my angel."

"Mmmm, I don't know." In all honesty, she had no idea what to pick for a safe word.

"Well, how about 'red' for now. It's kind of a classic, and it's easy to remember, red for stop. Okay with you?"

"Red. Okay. And that will make you stop?"

"That or any sign of true stress. I'm pretty good at reading body language."

Jeez, was that the truth! The guy had practically turned into a mind reader.

"Okay," she whispered.

The Y-shaped chain he was still holding tinkled softly in his hand. Nodding, he laced each clasp of the silver chain to first her left and then her right nipple ring, securing the delicate leash.

"That's perfect," he declared. He didn't give very much slack, and she could easily feel his arousal against her belly. Holding her leash with one hand, his other hand rested on the small of her back. "Runaways should be kept on a *very* short leash."

"Okay," she whispered again. Somehow, being kept on a short leash didn't sound so bad, especially since Michael was holding the other end.

"It's Master." He backed away slightly, creating some much-needed space between them.

She inhaled sharply. "Yes, Master."

"Are you free this weekend?"

She only nodded.

"Good."

Bringing her bound hands up to her chest, she laced her fingers together. Frowning, he gently took hold of her interlaced hands and pushed her arms back down.

"Try not to move unless I tell you. A well-trained slave doesn't move unless ordered to do so."

Wanting to obey, she focused on staying still as she leaned against the side of the car.

Still holding her leash, he stooped down toward the car's floorboard, allowing the chain to slacken a bit. Leaning over toward the floorboards, he picked up a package. A pink sparkly dildo immediately caught her eye, even in the dim light, and he chuckled. "This is going in your ass in a moment." He didn't open the package. He just showed it to her through the clear wrapping, teasing her with it.

"What?"

"It's Master."

"Uh..."

"Remember? This is one of the dildos I told you about in the restaurant. I want your body to learn the shape of my cock as soon as possible."

"You were serious?" Without thinking, she brought her bound hands up to her chest. The chain tethered to her nipple rings tinkled ever so softly as she moved. His

gaze darkened, and she quickly lowered her hands, remembering what he'd said about moving.

"Quite serious. You will remain naked and on your leash this weekend with one toy inserted in your ass and another in your tight pussy."

She wanted to be pissed, but she wasn't. How could he make such a crazy idea sound fun? It was so wild, so crazy, so...unlike her. Her life was so boring. A wild night for her was staying home grading poorly written papers. She wasn't the type of girl who went around naked on a leash with sex toys wedged in intimate places. Though, she'd prefer Michael's cock over mere toys.

"You like that idea, don't you?"

"I'm not a pervert," she shot back, annoyed he could so easily read her.

"I didn't say you were a pervert. I said you liked the idea of being naked on a leash with one dildo in your ass and another in your pussy."

She rolled her eyes in a feeble attempt to be nonchalant. As if intensely cold, she once again brought her bound hands up and squeezed her arms to her chest. She hoped he didn't see her shaking. "How the hell do you keep doing that? It's like you can read my mind."

"You say a lot with your eyes. You're easy to read."

His matter-of-fact attitude was starting to seriously piss her off, and she blurted out what she was really thinking. "Actually, I was thinking I'd prefer your cock over toys. You should work on your mind-reading abilities."

He raised an eyebrow at her.

Heat flooded her face, and she looked away, annoyed with herself.

"Let's just take one step at a time." He chuckled. "First the toys, then you can earn my cock."

She didn't answer him, confused by her emotions.

Seemingly unfazed, he plowed ahead, thoroughly in charge of her and the situation.

"Let's go home," he whispered, setting the unwrapped toy aside. "I'll take care of you." Pulling on her leash, he brought her closer and embraced her.

Kira almost snorted at that. No one had ever taken care of her. In college, Discover had taken care of her bills, not Daddy. She'd only recently managed to dig herself out of debt. All she'd ever done since she was nineteen was work and study.

In fact, the best times in her life were when she was with Michael. She'd only run away when he started requesting more, and she'd regretted it ever since. Could this really work out? Could she find happiness with him?

Michael held her tighter. He knew she was nervous, but he also knew she was capable of submitting to him. She was just so damn self-reliant, which in and of itself wasn't a bad thing, but it often made her stubborn as hell.

Over the years, she'd simply learned to take care of herself. She'd learned to survive, which often squelched her submissive side, but he was going to prove he could take care of her.

Leaning into her, he locked his lips over hers. Still holding her leash, he trailed his fingers down her back before slipping his hand over her firm ass.

He pulled away slightly, breaking their kiss. She whimpered.

"Come with me," he ordered, tugging on her leash. Grabbing the toy, he urged her in to the backseat. "Get in on the seat on your hands and knees."

Kira instantly felt a rush of giddiness and excitement. Obviously, Michael wanted to fool around in the backseat, something she hadn't done in years.

Silently, she surrendered to his will and climbed in. Moving on her knees, her delicate silver leash brushed against her torso and snaked on the seat. His car smelled

like new leather. The windows were tinted dark. It was harder moving with her hands cuffed together, but it wasn't impossible. Besides, she liked being bound.

As she wiggled onto the backseat on all fours, the Y-shaped chain dangling from her nipples skidded against the seat.

Without warning, the slack vanished. She felt further restrained, and heat flooded her cleft. It seemed the more he limited her movements, the more turned-on she became. She groaned. He wasn't pulling very hard, just hard enough to let her know who exactly was in charge.

Still standing outside the car, he gave the chain another quick tug before climbing in behind her. He closed the door. A rush of eagerness flooded through her. Once inside, he released the chain and allowed it to rest on the seat.

She scooted up against the opposite door, wanting to give him more room. Her breath fogged up the window. Looking behind her, she watched Michael, mesmerized by his actions. His eyes met hers, and his gaze darkened.

"Lower your shoulders all the way down, slowly," he ordered firmly.

She shuddered at his tone as she lowered her shoulders down. She pressed her forehead against the leather seat.

Touching her thigh, he urged her to move slightly. "Spread your knees more and tilt your ass up."

She fidgeted about, trying to follow his instructions.

Michael was giving specific instructions, he knew, but he needed to see every square inch of her. He only wished it wasn't so dark. Reaching above him, he clicked on the car's overhead light. He scanned the empty parking lot, ensuring no one was around. Kira tensed up a bit.

"I just want to look at you, my angel. I'll turn the light off in a minute."

"Okay," she whispered.

She was so tempting, so inviting. Glistening snippets of pink flesh tempted him. His fingers itched to part her ass and pussy lips. This gorgeous creature was his woman, his property.

Satisfied, he clicked the light back off, wanting Kira to be more relaxed. He sensed her relief.

Retrieving a bottle of lubricant, he slowly coated his fingers. More than anything, he wanted to break out his toys and fuck her senseless, but she wasn't quite ready yet. At this point, his toys might hurt her.

With her hands still cuffed together, Kira clutched the edge of the car seat nervously. She wanted to relax but couldn't. A well-lubed finger prodded between her ass cheeks without penetrating her. She bit her bottom lip.

She tensed up further the moment his finger pressed against her anus, and he immediately stopped.

"You're tensing a lot. You okay?"

"Sorry," she whispered, closing her eyes. "I'm just nervous."

"Just relax," he cooed. "Just tell me the safe word if you want me to stop."

"Okay."

Inhaling deeply, Kira pressed her forehead harder against the leather seat, willing herself to relax. A warm, wet finger prodded at her anus before gently pushing into her. Unlike past lovers, it wasn't agony. It was more of a delightful pressure, a taboo feeling of fullness and discomfort, tinged with just a hint of pain. She shuddered.

Before Michael, she'd absolutely hated any kind of anal penetration. Past lovers had always blown the possibility of anal sex with greedy, fast-thrusting fingers. Only Michael had shown her the exquisite pleasure of anal play, first with his nimble fingers and then with his magnificent cock. He was the only man who had ever actually fucked her there.

"Oh," she groaned softly as he worked his finger into her.

"Just relax," he cooed.

With great slowness, he eased his finger into her little by little. Gently, he twisted and turned his single digit.

"Relax," he whispered.

Her breath hitched as he gently worked a second well-lubed finger into her. Her sheath clenched as cream slowly trickled from her. She wasn't sure if she was just weird or if all women had the same reaction, but anal play always aroused her. More specifically, anal play done *correctly* always aroused her. She groaned.

His other hand stroked through her auburn curls. Skilled fingers plunged between her pussy lips, smearing her wetness.

"I think you're almost ready for your toys."

With one hand deftly working her anus and the other gently stroking her clit, his skilled hands forced a soft surrendering sound from her that was somewhere between a sigh and a cry.

"Shh, just relax," he cooed, working a third finger into her ass. Gently, he stretched out her tight entrance as he worked his fingers deeper into her.

"Oh," she yelped, surprised he'd gone so deep.

"Easy." Still moving slowly, he pushed and pulled his fingers in and out as his other hand abandoned her clit. She missed his hand on her pussy, but reveled in his skilled fingers gently messaging and stretching her anus. After several minutes, he slowly pulled his fingers from her.

She felt open and relaxed, fully prepared for either his cock or his toy, whichever he wanted to fuck her with.

She heard the distinct sound of rustling cellophane. Instinctively, she knew he was opening the package for the toy he had shown her, the anal plug made in the shape of his cock. She shivered in anticipation.

"Just stay calm," he murmured darkly. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him smear the lovely pink toy with lube.

A moment later, the anal toy gently pushed against her well-lubed entrance. It didn't hurt, thanks to his meticulous preparation, but it did create a unique feeling of discomfort and pressure as it ever so slowly claimed her passage. Once the toy was fully inserted, he waited a moment or two before slowly pulling the plug partially out. Just as carefully and slowly, he pushed the toy back in.

"Oh," she yelped as a hint of pain coursed through her.

He immediately stopped, giving her a moment to recover, before once again pulling and pushing the toy in and out of her. She well remembered what he'd said about the toy, about how it'd been made from a mold of his cock, and she instantly felt he was claiming her ass as his own.

Pushing the toy in her once again, his hands moved to her hips, altogether abandoning the plug.

"Feel my cock claiming your ass, slave."

She bit her lip as he softly stroked her outer thighs.

"You understand my toy is going to stay in place this weekend? It's a reminder to you that I own your ass."

Her breath hitched at his tone. "I understand, Master."

"But when you need a break, I want you to tell me. Understand?"

In that instant, the last thing she wanted was for him to take the toy out, but she withheld that little secret and simply answered his question. "I understand."

"You take your lessons well," he rumbled. "I wonder how well you'd perform in front of an audience."

Teasingly, he traced a line through her slit, spreading her wetness through her curls.

She said nothing to his statement about public displays, uncertain how she felt about it. She'd read about it, but she didn't see herself as an exhibitionist.

"Do you like that idea?"

Did she? She wasn't sure. To a degree, it sounded intriguing. "I don't know," she admitted.

"What if I told you I wanted to show you off? What if I told you it would please me? Does that make a difference?"

Did it? Well, yeah, damn it! Much to her surprise, it did make a difference. She didn't get it, but she wanted to please him. She wondered if it made her weak or a doormat.

"I don't know," she said again. She didn't want to admit it, but what he wanted did make a difference, a big difference, and it scared the hell out of her.

"Are you sure?" Without hurting her, he pinched her sensitized clit, practically forcing the truth from her.

"Well, okay, okay," she relented. "What you want does make a difference, but I don't think I'd like playing in front of an audience."

"Why?"

"I don't want others watching us."

"That's not unusual for a novice."

She sighed. Obviously, it was something he thought she might someday do, but she wasn't so sure.

Michael watched her carefully, scanning for any signs of stress. He'd seen the subtle smile on her face when he mentioned public displays. She probably had some fantasy about it. No matter. It was way too soon for a club scene.

He could tell she was still thinking about the whole public display scenario. Wanting her more in the moment, he took hold of the anal plug and slowly pulled the

toy partially out. She groaned. Just as slowly and carefully, he twisted the toy and eased it back in.

She arched her back and sighed. Everything about her body language sang acceptance and pleasure. She even started whispering “yes” and “please”, alternating between the two words like a chant. She’d told him once that only he had claimed her ass. Vaguely, he wondered if it was really true.

“Tell me, slave, has anyone else ever fucked your ass?”

She hesitated for a moment. “Before you, others tried with their fingers. But even that would hurt. Others would always go too hard or too fast, even with their fingers, so I never let anyone actually fuck me there...until you.”

“So I’m really the only one.”

“Yes,” she whispered. He heard the truth in her voice.

Nodding, he resumed fucking her with the toy. He liked knowing he was the only one.

Satisfied, he stopped his work and easily sheathed the dildo. Because the toy had been specifically designed for anal play, it easily remained in place with the flared end wedged between her cheeks.

“I’m serious about leaving the toy inserted for the weekend, slave, but if it starts to bother you or hurt, I want you to tell me.”

“Yes, Master.”

Smiling to himself, he nodded. With her leash still tethered to her nipple rings, the other end lay limp on the car seat. Picking up the chain, he pulled the leash up, taking out the slack, and coaxed the smooth links neatly into her cleft. She wiggled around a bit.

Deftly, he laced the leash up between her ass cheeks, pinning the leash between the toy and her flesh. Nodding, he ran the remaining length up her back and draped it over her right shoulder.

He helped her sit down in the backseat and fastened her seat belt.

“Come on, my angel. Let’s go home. Your car will be safe here for the weekend.”

She only nodded, looking a bit loopy. He repressed a smile, impressed with their backseat scene. She fell into her role so easily, so effortlessly. Other subs before her wouldn’t have done half as well.

Chapter Three

Kira vaguely remembered the drive to Michael's house. She sat on the edge of a king-sized bed, alert and waiting, as her silver leash swayed gently from her nipple rings. A small padlock secured the other end of her leash to a nearby bedpost. Between the leash and the handcuffs, escape was virtually impossible. Michael's wicked toy was still wedged firmly in place, but it didn't hurt. In fact, it felt kinda good...really good.

The toy had sent her body into erotic overdrive, and cream trickled from her cleft. She fidgeted about, eager to have something fill her pussy, as Michael eyed her darkly.

It was so weird, so crazy. She'd always feared she'd lose her sense of self if she agreed to a Master/slave relationship, but she actually felt empowered with her position.

Good grief, she wanted to be fucked! Probably for the first time in her life. How did Michael do this? For the first time in months, she wasn't thinking about work or pouring every ounce of energy she had into teaching her class. For the first time in months, she felt recharged and rejuvenated. And oddly enough, free. Even locked to the bed and handcuffed, she felt liberated. She wasn't lying to herself anymore about what she wanted.

Michael sat across from her in a large leather chair. He was still fully dressed, wearing the same black pants and white shirt he had on in the restaurant.

"How do you feel?"

"Good," she whispered, unsure what he wanted to know.

Slowly, he placed his arms eloquently on each armrest of the leather chair.

"Do you wish to be fucked?"

Well, duh. "Yes, Master. Very much." If he didn't fuck her soon, she might go insane.

"Good." He nodded at her. "We're making progress. Do you understand your status with me? Do you understand you're my slave?"

She hesitated a moment. "I think so."

"Do you wish to make me happy? To please me?"

Did she? Did that make her weak to want to please him? Technically, he'd already offered her so much. He'd made her feel desire and taken her to a submissive side of herself without robbing her of her identity or self-worth. After a moment or two, she answered him. "Yes, Master. I want to make you happy."

He smiled. "You said you've read books on BDSM, but I wonder if you've truly learned how to serve."

She almost saw it as a challenge, a taunt.

He reached over to a cherry wood dresser next to the chair. Opening the top drawer, he pulled out another pink dildo similar to the first toy. Standing up, he unwrapped the toy and handed it to her.

"This is for your tight pussy."

Lifting her bound hands up, she took it from him and nodded, eager to have something in her sheath.

"But," he added, smiling. "You have to insert the toy without climaxing. A well-trained slave can come on command or delay coming on command."

She huffed angrily. "I can't control that!"

"Try," he insisted. "The experience can be much more intense if you delay it by only a moment or two. Just insert the toy slowly. If you feel like you're about to come, stop."

She wanted to be pissed. She wanted to defy him and bring herself to bliss with or without his approval. But hell, she could do that at home anytime she wanted. There seemed little harm in trying it his way.

Apparently sensing her imminent surrender, he spoke again, "Lie back, spread your legs, insert the dildo and don't come."

She sighed. "Yes, Master." Damn it, she didn't know if she could obey or not. The toy in her ass was making her body go crazy, and she wasn't sure she could fuck herself without coming. But again, there was little harm in trying. So far, she'd had the most insanely fun and intense night of her life. Obeying her Master definitely had its advantages.

Michael settled into his leather chair. His gaze locked between her thighs. The chain tethered to her pierced nipples tinkled softly as she lay back on the bed. Slowly, she spread her thighs, knowing Michael was watching her. She heard him moving, and she glanced over at him. He was leaning forward in his chair with his gaze locked on her mound.

Her sheath was more than wet enough for the toy, and she slowly inserted the flared end of the pink dildo. Almost immediately, she wanted to come. The need clawed up her womb and belly, demanding release, but she made herself stop. Sweat beaded over her body. On the one hand, it was so difficult, but on the other, it was incredibly intense.

A moment or two passed before she pushed another few inches inside her. Again, the need to come rocked through her. She froze and clutched the dildo with both hands. Cream flooded from her, coating the pink toy. After another moment or two, the clawing need once again subsided. Taking a deep breath, she inserted a little more of the toy. She honestly didn't think she could last much longer. If she couldn't come soon, she might lose it.

"You can come now, slave."

The command alone practically made her climax, and she clutched the toy with both hands, taking as much of it in as she could at once. She screamed as she continued pushing the toy deeper and deeper inside her. The replica of his cock filled and stretched her tight passage as violent spasms shook her like a rag doll.

When the tremors finally passed, she lay there, perfectly still, clutching her mound with both hands as she held his toy in place. The end of the toy was flared enough to prevent complete insertion but also perfectly flat and rested comfortably against the opening of her sheath.

Inhaling deeply, she vaguely remembered what he'd said about sleeping with the toys inserted. She quickly deduced it wouldn't be hard to remove the items herself, though she really didn't want to, and she wondered why he hadn't thought of that himself. All she'd have to do was wait for him to fall asleep and slip the toys out whenever she wanted.

"That was quite possibly the most beautiful thing I've ever witnessed, slave." His voice was a low rumble in the dim room. "But tonight is all about being trained and learning who's in charge."

Raising an eyebrow, she tilted her head up, wondering what exactly he meant. At some point, he'd moved from the chair and was now standing at the foot of the bed.

She noticed something made of black leather lying on the comforter next to her.

"Do you know what a chastity belt does?" he asked, kneeling on the bed between her thighs.

"Mmm, well, if you're trying to protect my virginity, you're several years too late."

He chuckled at her remark.

"They do more than protect virtue," he explained. "Not only do they keep certain things out, but they also keep other things in...especially for naughty, runaway slaves who need to be taught a lesson."

With impressive strength and speed, he effortlessly slid the flat section of leather between her legs. Smiling wickedly, he finessed the thick garment up and over her mound before tucking a thick section of leather under her ass. Mesmerized by his actions, she watched him pull at two thick leather straps on either side of her hips.

Two grommet eyeholes adorned each end of the straps. Effortlessly, he finessed the eyeholes through a fixed O-ring on the chastity belt just above her mound. A moment later, he pulled a small gold padlock from his pocket and quickly laced the lock through the O-ring.

"There," he declared, clicking the padlock closed.

Fidgeting around a bit, Kira realized just how confining the chastity belt was and how impossible it would be to remove his wicked toys.

"Do you feel me fucking you, slave? Do you feel my cock claiming your pussy and ass?"

"Yes, Master." It was barely a whisper. Truthfully, she did feel it. She felt his custom-made toys claiming her passages, molding her in the exact shape of his cock. Somehow, she knew no one else would ever be able to fuck her. She was being made for Michael, forged into his own personal plaything.

"Now kneel down on the floor with your thighs apart."

Boneless, she slid out of bed and knelt before him. As ordered, her thighs were open.

Slowly, he unzipped his pants, presenting his magnificent cock. Turning slightly, he retrieved a condom from a nearby dresser, tore it open and slipped it over his glistening member.

"Suck it, slave."

Eagerly, she obeyed.

Mindlessly, she sucked and licked Michael's cock, reveling in her slave status. Before she could really get started, he suddenly pulled away, jarring her from her

blissful mental state. She just barely had time to savor him. She immediately pouted, missing her Master's cock. Had she done something wrong?

"I don't want to come just yet. I'm not finished with you."

She smiled up at him. "What else can you do to me, Master?"

He smiled wickedly in response. "I think you deserve to be punished. After all, you are my runaway."

She swallowed hard. Damn it, the S&M part of this stuff sounded downright scary to her. She wasn't sure she could handle anything too rough.

"Is there something you need to tell me, slave?"

"I'm scared."

"It's okay. Do you remember the safe word?"

"Yes...red."

"Good. That's all you have to say if you want me to stop."

She nodded at him, comforted by her safe word, but that didn't stop her from worrying. What exactly did he have planned?

Michael could tell by the look on her face she was expecting something horrible. She didn't quite get it yet. His only goal was to push her to the ultimate edge of bliss and then, just before she went over the falls, to pull her back and push her to the edge once again, over and over, until she literally fainted from ecstasy.

Kira wondered what exactly Michael was thinking. His devilish grin made her nervous to say the least.

Tilting his head, he eyed her darkly. Her pulse quickened.

"Shift around onto your feet but keep your knees bent," he ordered simply.

Furrowing her eyebrows, she moved around, trying to determine what exactly he wanted.

"Here, stand up first."

Obediently, she stood up. The quick movement made her leash tinkle. He pulled a set of keys from his pocket and unlocked her handcuffs. She frowned, missing her restraints.

"I think you need a little help with your balance. It'll be easier to do with your hands free."

She nodded, curious about what he had in mind.

"Now keep your feet close together, bend your knees and squat straight down like a ballet dancer."

He held her hand, helping her keep her balance as she squatted down in a low ballet-like pose. She wobbled around a bit, balancing on her high heels. It'd be easier if she were barefoot, but that obviously wasn't what he wanted. Once she steadied herself, he released her hand.

Turning from her, he retrieved a small device that looked like a remote control. "There's something else about the toys inside you right now," he declared, showing her the buttons and switches. "You see, this button makes the toy in your ass vibrate, while this one makes the toy in your pussy vibrate."

At first, she was intrigued. Vibrating toys certainly didn't sound like punishment.

After showing her the remote, he continued. "And I'm very experienced in the art of teasing without allowing release."

He flicked a switch on the silver device and delightful spirals of vibration laced through her. It only took a second to realize it was the anal toy vibrating, but the toy was so powerful and the vibrations so intense, she felt the pulsing waves through her clit and sheath as well. She floundered out of her position and fell forward onto her knees.

The vibrations intensified. She never would have thought she would like such a sensation, but she did. It was like playing with a vibrator, but it wasn't in quite the right

spot. Instead, it was just close enough to make her pussy go haywire, but not close enough to offer any relief or release...much to her great disappointment.

Frustrated, she silently willed the toy in her sheath to move or vibrate as well. In all her life, she'd never had such an intense reaction. Sitting on her heels, her juices gushed into the leather chastity belt. If he didn't turn on the other toy soon, she might go nuts!

She cupped her covered mound, desperate for release, but the leather was far too thick for her to even feel the sensation. She tried grinding her cleft against the chastity belt, but it was secured too tight to be useful.

She wanted to be pissed. She wanted to argue, to fight, to protest, but she didn't. Although she didn't understand it, she liked her Master's brand of punishment. Somehow, he understood what she could and couldn't handle.

"Do you need release, slave?"

Damn it, he knew she did!

"Yes, yes, Master, yes!"

More than anything, Michael wanted to tear off her chastity belt and fuck her senseless. Propped up on her knees, she writhed about seductively, obviously tortured by the toy in her ass. Like any good Dom, he noticed how she'd fallen out of her position. As punishment, he nudged the switch up, causing the vibrations to intensify. She yelped in surprise.

He wanted to give her release, to watch her come, but she wasn't quite ready.

After several minutes of teasing her, he flicked off the switch for the toy. Still on her knees, her petite body quivered with need. He smiled to himself. She was getting close.

"Do you need release, slave?" he asked again.

She only bobbed her head softly up and down.

"Do you think I should let you come, slave, even though you ran away from me?"

Kira pressed her lips together tight. Damn it, why did he ask that? She wanted to say “yes”. No, what she really wanted to say was “hell yes, I’ll die if I can’t come again”. His wicked little vibrating toy had sent her body into sexual overdrive, creating an unbearable itch. And thanks to the chastity belt, it was an itch she simply couldn’t scratch. But oddly enough, she wanted to be punished.

She had run away and defied her Master. It made no sense, but she felt she deserved to be punished.

“No, Master. I deserve to be punished.”

Nodding, he walked a slow circle around her. “Yes, you do. I’m pleased you understand that, slave.” He paused for a moment and glanced down at her. “Now you ran away from me six months ago. I feel you should be punished for each month you avoided me. We’ll count this little session as one. Since you can’t seem to come from anal stimulation alone, I’ll punish you five more times with the toy. After that, you can suck my cock until I come and then it’s straight to bed with you.” Pausing, he added, “You don’t deserve to come, my naughty slave. Don’t you agree?”

To a degree, she balked at the proposition. A part of her demanded that he unlock the evil leather chastity belt, pull out his devil toys and let her go home immediately. But still, there was something so intense and arousing about being disallowed to come, about being denied access to her own body. And contrary to what she’d read in some books, he hadn’t beaten the crap out of her or burned or branded her.

“Agreed, Master.”

“Good girl.”

Michael suddenly felt very protective of her. Not all slaves felt they deserved to be punished nor were all slaves so open to a Master’s whims and wishes. If they ever went to a club or a party, it’d be a strictly hands-off, watch-only type thing—not that he’d share her anyway. Her nature just gave him greater motive to be possessive.

Reality was becoming a bit blurry for Kira. For the first time in her life, she felt she was really letting go. Her body buzzed with need, but somehow, she knew she could take more. She almost hoped he'd push a little harder.

Just when the initial bite of her clawing need subsided, the vibrations in the anal toy once again kicked on. She slumped over, desperately trying to find release.

"No, slave. Get back on your feet with your thighs spread. A good slave can hold a position even through punishment."

Sweat soaked her face and body, making her hair cling to her neck, face and shoulders.

Floundering around a bit, she managed to get back on her feet with her thighs spread. Vaguely, she wondered how she looked. After what felt like an eternity, the vibrations finally stopped.

"That's two," he announced.

The buzzing anal toy had aroused her beyond belief. Her hands drifted to her covered mound as she desperately tried to stroke herself. Of course, the thick leather chastity belt effectively thwarted her efforts.

"Please," she begged. "Please fuck me."

Seemingly unmoved by her begging, he addressed her again. "No, put your hands behind your back."

Her arousal was far too distracting for her to obey his command. She tugged fruitlessly at her chastity belt, trying to ease her dire need, but she couldn't even slip a finger beneath the thick leather.

"No," he ordered. Stooping down, he batted her hands away. "Put your hands behind your back."

She silently swore at his command. With the chastity belt firmly in place, it seemed unnecessary to place her hands behind her back.

Standing up straight, he crossed his arms. "Do it, slave."

She sighed and silently placed her hands behind her back. It was torture, yes, but it was a delightful torture. Even though his devil toy was off, cream pooled in the thick belt and she fidgeted about, struggling with her arousal.

Without any announcement or warning, Michael once again flicked on his evil anal toy. Once again, the powerful pulsing waves came, stimulating her clit, sheath and anus all at once. Remembering what he'd said, she held her position and stayed on her feet with her thighs parted. She held the pose, but she twisted around and rolled her head, trying to endure his punishment.

His hands captured her head. "No, be still. Take your punishment like a good slave."

Michael could tell she liked being pushed and corrected. A hazy euphoria clouded her lovely green eyes. He'd be willing to bet she'd love a good flogging, but he checked himself. Submissive or not, she was still just a novice. A flogging at this point might totally freak her out. Besides, it was the flogger that sparked her first escape. No point in rushing things.

Kira groaned, lost in bliss. On and off went Michael's evil toy. She barely registered him announcing "that's three" and "that's four". At one point, she'd begged once again to be fucked, which resulted in Michael shoving a ball gag in her mouth.

"Now, my slave," Michael announced, demanding her attention. "I want you to watch yourself on this next time. Stay in your position but turn to your right."

She turned to her right, seeing her reflection in a large mirror. The silver chain swayed gently from her nipple rings. The other end of her leash was still locked to the bedpost with a few feet of slack piled on the floor.

The black chastity belt looked far more erotic than she thought it would, as did the red ball gag, but it was the look on her face that truly shocked her. She saw the need in

her eyes and flushed face. Her pink nipples pointed at the mirror as cream seeped from the chastity belt.

Michael stood behind her, framing her in the mirror as he towered over her. Cupping her chin from behind, he held her face up higher.

"Look at you. You're perfect. Look how amazing you look, how sexy you can be. Do you see how desire makes you look? Do you like what you see?"

Oddly enough, she did like it. Again, feelings of euphoria and freedom washed over her. She'd spent the last six months denying who she was and what she wanted, all in a misguided effort to preserve her independence. And in the process, she'd enslaved herself with the chains of denial.

She nodded at him in the mirror, indicating that she did indeed like what she saw. She saw truth in the mirror, honesty.

His evil toy once again did its wicked shimmy, and she once again fell forward onto her knees. After several minutes, the vibrations stopped.

"That's five. Now return to your position, slave."

Still watching herself in the mirror, she returned to the position.

"For this last time, I want you to stay perfectly still. Show me what a good slave you can be." Pausing, he added, "Show me what obedience looks like."

She nodded at him, wanting to please him. Like a wicked bee, the anal toy buzzed back to life, but she made herself hold the position perfectly. She kept her face up and refrained from making even a whimper.

She saw the need and desire so plainly on her face, but it was even hotter seeing herself hold the position. The restraint, the control, the sheer will and discipline, the fact that she was so clearly doing it for her Master. Crazy as hell fantasies filled her mind. She pictured herself in a room full of strangers, all turned-on and aroused, placed on public display for her Master's pleasure.

Michael walked between her and the mirror. His erect cock glistened before her, sheathed in a thin sleeve of latex. He snapped off the ball gag and tore it from her mouth.

"Suck me, slave. Suck me while my toy keeps claiming your ass."

She took as much of him as she could as the replica of his cock vibrated in her ass. His fingers knotted in her hair as he gently guided her along the length of his member. She took her time, licking him, pleasing him, overwhelmed by the fact that this gorgeous man was her Master. This man had liberated her. When he came, he flipped off the switch for the vibrating toy.

After several minutes, he finally spoke.

"You did so well, my angel. I think you deserve a reward."

She perked up at that. Would he allow her to come?

"I'm going to let you come, but I want you to watch yourself when I turn on the toy in your pussy."

She only nodded as he once again flipped the switch. This time, the toy in her sheath vibrated, and she instantly knew she'd be able to find release. Still squatting down on her feet, she watched herself in the mirror.

Michael watched her carefully. As ordered, she kept her eyes on her reflection. He turned the switch fairly high, wanting her to climax quickly. After all, there was punishment and then there was meanness. Besides, he'd made his point. She knew now who always got his way.

She suddenly doubled over and curled up on the floor as she quickly climaxed. In a matter of seconds, she'd essentially been transformed into a quivering ball of raw nerves. Her auburn hair was plastered to her face and neck, making her look wild and untamed, wanton and uninhibited.

He couldn't wait another second. Watching her come had made him harder than ever. He needed to fuck her. Quickly, he unlocked her chastity belt and pulled the toys from her. She floundered a bit as he coaxed her over a nearby ottoman.

Kira sucked in a sharp breath, fully understanding her Master's intentions. He was going to fuck her. Giddiness washed through her.

"Let's see," he murmured darkly, holding her firm by her hips. "Where should I fuck my little slave?"

She considered voicing her choice but opted against it. She had the impression her input didn't matter anyway.

"No answer, good." He sounded pleased.

Obviously not wanting to hurt her, he slowly pushed his cock into her ass. Unlike his toys, his cock was hot, practically scorching, and she screamed out as if branded. Her ass was his. It always had been.

Although she'd been well-lubed and well-prepared with his toy, his cock still managed to stretch out the tender skin of her anus. She bit her bottom lip as a twinge of pain speared straight through her.

He hesitated a moment, obviously sensing her discomfort. Without moving at all, he simply left his cock partially inserted. His nimble fingers snaked a trail from her hips to her nipples. Deftly, he flicked and teased the hard points, causing her attached leash to tinkle ever so softly.

His breath raked across the back of her neck. "I love the feel of your ass," he rumbled darkly.

Aroused beyond reason, she brought her hand to her heated mound and raked her fingers through her curls. His hand snatched her stray hand. "Ah-ah, no coming without my permission."

She let out a frustrated sigh.

"None of that now, or I won't let you come at all."

Effortlessly pinning both her wrists against the ottoman, he eased his cock farther into her ass, bit by remarkable bit, stopping when he was fully inserted.

Her arousal only grew worse and worse as he slowly worked his throbbing cock in and out of her ass. Trembling with need, she tried to twist her wrists free, but he only held her firm.

"I want us to come together," he rasped. His hand cupped her heated mound, and she nearly came from the touch alone.

Her orgasm came the second he stroked her sensitized clit. She vaguely registered him finding his own release as her climax rose and rose. The muscles in her thighs knotted painfully as she rode the intense wave. It was several minutes before she realized she was curled up on the floor, thoroughly spent, with Michael holding her.

"You are so beautiful, my slave."

She only sighed, exhausted and satisfied, as she lay on the floor. Tenderly, he brushed stray tendrils from her face. They lay there for a while, half dozing, before he finally spoke.

"Are you ready for your toys?" he asked calmly, glancing at the discarded chastity belt and toys.

"Mmmm, I kinda need a bathroom break first."

He smiled. "I'm not surprised with all the Diet Cokes you drank. The bathroom is over there." Gingerly, he detached the delicate leash from her nipple rings.

Standing on wobbly legs, she walked to the bathroom. After relieving her bladder, she studied herself in the mirror. Her makeup was smeared and her hair was a tangled mess. She wanted to take a quick shower, but she didn't want to keep Michael waiting. Weighing her options, she concluded it wouldn't hurt to ask.

Opening the door, she saw him sitting naked in the large leather chair in front of the bed.

"Something wrong, my angel?"

"Do you mind if I take a shower, Master?"

He tilted his head. "Not at all...as long as I get to join you."

As Michael shampooed his slave's hair, he made a mental list of modifications he wanted to add to his shower. Perhaps a bar or a bench for better balance. A set of dangling shackles might be fun for his little angel as well. In the future, he'd love to chain her up and meticulously wash every square inch of her luscious body.

They stayed in the shower together long past when the water turned cold. To a degree, everything they did was very vanilla, but somehow, with Kira, there was no such thing as plain sex.

After the shower, he carefully helped her from the bathroom and towed her off. Sleepiness and exhaustion made her sluggish and a bit unresponsive, and he helped her sit on the edge of the bed. From time to time, she smiled at him as he finished toweling her off. He glanced at the clock. It was a little past four in the morning. He was grateful they were both off for the weekend.

Always the calculating Dom, Michael meticulously cleaned, re-lubed and reinserted her toys before relocking her chastity belt back in place. She groaned softly as he worked, obviously aroused, but also sleepy. Once her chastity belt was secured, he reattached her delicate leash to her nipple rings.

She was half asleep by the time he finished working. He marveled at her relaxed state. She was so open and relaxed to everything, so willing to do what he wanted. She wasn't trained or experienced but she was most definitely naturally submissive. It was perfect. It was everything he always knew it could be. They were truly one. Man and wife, Master and slave.

Lifting her carefully, he gently placed her between the sheets and tucked her in. Climbing into bed next to her, he planted kisses up and down her neck and shoulders as he spooned her from behind. She sighed and shuddered sleepily in his arms.

“Mine,” he whispered, drifting to sleep.

Chapter Four

Kira woke up a bit lost and disoriented. Where the hell was she? Lying on her belly, she pushed herself up and looked around the room. The memory of the night before hit her, and she let out a relieved sigh. But where was Michael? She was alone in the bed.

Inhaling sharply, she suddenly remembered the stack of papers she needed to grade, the lesson plan she needed to review, the laundry, the dishes...

Oh for heaven's sake! she thought. *I can let go and escape for one weekend.* She mentally pushed aside her endless to-do list and snuggled under the covers.

The dark curtains blotted out the morning light, save for a small amount that seeped in from the top and bottom. Erotic dreams lingered as she snuggled under the blankets. Michael had made her sleep with two toys inserted, a punishment that had sent her dreams into erotic overdrive.

Reaching under the covers, she touched the chastity belt, searching for any weaknesses. It fit snug against her skin and was wide enough in all the right places to disallow any stray fingers. Pleasuring herself was literally impossible with the belt on.

Again, she was conflicted about how she felt about the chastity belt. She wanted access to her own body, but she kinda liked being denied. It was also hotter knowing only her Master had access to her.

Looking around, she wondered where he had disappeared to, but she wasn't really worried. After all, it was his house. The bedroom door quietly opened, causing her to sit up. Her silver leash, securely tethered to her nipple rings, tinkled from the movement.

"You're awake," he said, crawling into bed next to her.

"Where did you disappear to, Master?"

He smiled wickedly. "Just getting a few things ready."

She could practically see the wheels turning madly in his head. Uh-oh, he was up to something.

"Did you sleep okay?" he asked, cuddling her.

"I had a lot of crazy sex dreams."

He smiled as if expecting the answer. Snuggling closer to her, he ran his hand over her ass. His fingers traced the chastity belt, and she shuddered. She loved having his hands on her body.

"You know, slave, a weekend isn't nearly long enough."

Her pulse quickened. How did she so nearly lose this? She'd have to get Jessica a totally awesome present. If there was an award for The World's Best Friend, Jessica had just earned it.

"Are you going to run away from me again, my slave?"

"Never," she declared. And she meant it.

"Good." He slipped out of bed and grabbed a small box from a nearby nightstand. Opening the box, he pulled out her old engagement ring, set the box aside and returned to her side on the bed. "Give me your hand," he ordered.

Silently, she held out her left hand. He slid the ring on her finger. "That's where it belongs," he declared. "Don't ever take it off again."

"I won't."

"Need a break from the toys or the chastity belt?"

She shrugged. "Just a quick bathroom break."

He nodded as if expecting her answer and quickly freed her from the leather belt. Gently, he pulled the toys free as well before detaching the silver leash. Once free, she sauntered to the bathroom.

After relieving her bladder and rinsing her face off with some cool water, she went to rejoin her Master still lounging in bed.

"Ready?" he asked, obviously eager to reinsert his toys.

She smiled and crossed her arms. "You really meant what you said about keeping the toys inserted."

"A good Dom always follows through on what he says he'll do. Now lie down on the bed."

She offered no protest as he meticulously cleaned, re-lubed and reinserted his toys. She groaned each time he slowly inserted a toy.

"Mmmm, that's nice," she murmured, lying on his bed. "I love having your toys in place and that you had them made in the shape of your cock. I feel like you're always fucking me, like you're ruining me for anyone else. It's like I'm being molded for your cock only."

He ran his hands over her ribs, obviously pleased with her words. "And the chastity belt? How does that make you feel?" he asked, securing the leather belt in place.

"Somehow, it really drives home the point. With you holding the key, I really do feel owned, like I'm your sexual property. And I like it. I like that only you have access to my body."

Michael could hardly believe what he was hearing. How did he so nearly lose this? She really was perfect. She was his other half.

Once he had her belt and leash secured, she snuggled against him.

"I have another present for you," he whispered, pulling away slightly.

Her green eyes widened. "What?"

Reaching into his pocket, he retrieved her soft leather collar.

Kira knew what it was the moment she saw the black leather. A collar. Her collar. His collar. It was almost more exhilarating than the ring he had just placed on her finger. She leaned forward, eager to see his choice. Similar to the "slave" ID collar she

had purchased for herself, his collar was also an ID collar, but it bore a far different label, ANGEL.

She glanced up at him.

"Are you surprised?" he asked.

"A little." Though she knew she shouldn't be. He'd called her angel at least a half-dozen times so far.

"My salvation," he whispered, snapping the collar around her neck. She closed her eyes, shocked at just how much she liked having the collar on. "You'll only wear this collar when we're alone together. Do you understand?"

She nodded and he held her tighter. She lay there for several moments, entwined in his arms. She felt complete.

After what felt like an eternity, Michael cleared his throat.

"Now, little slave. We have a serious problem."

Uncertain what he meant, she raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

"Last night at the restaurant, I asked you if you were wet and you lied and said no. Lying to your Master will always result in a good flogging."

She bit her bottom lip. "I don't know."

"Don't you trust me?"

"Yes, I do. But being flogged. Will it bleed?"

"Hell no! Good grief, what books have you read?"

"Well, some people like it really rough."

He sighed, seemingly annoyed she would even say such a thing. "You are my most cherished possession. I'm not talking about beating you. A flogging is different."

"How would you know?" she challenged.

"I've been through a flogging. Every good Dom knows what a flogging feels like."

"What's it like? Doesn't it hurt?"

"It stings, yes, but in a good way. It's kinda like a spanking, only a little more intense."

"Oh," she whispered.

"Just trust me. Besides, you still remember your safe word, don't you?"

"Yes, Master."

"Which is," he prompted.

Obviously, he wanted to make sure she remembered. "Red."

"Good girl."

Climbing out of bed, he wordlessly fiddled with her chain and detached his lovely leash from the bedpost without detaching the leash from her nipple rings. She frowned. She liked being chained to his bed. Gathering her leash in one hand, he scooped her up in his arms and carried her from the room.

"It's so dark in your house," she observed. Of course, she was really just making small talk.

"Sunlight can be invasive and mood killing. I use a lot of blackout curtains."

"I like it."

He only smiled as he moved down the hall. Somehow, she knew where they were going. She'd read enough to know most couples had a room, a space...a dungeon. He stopped in front of a door.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yes, Master."

She was nervous, but not overly terrified. Somehow, things were different now. Michael had gently shown her a whole new side of herself, and he hadn't pounced on her or degraded her as she feared he would. In fact, she felt cherished. Brushing her against the door, he pushed the lever-style handle down, and the door opened.

Several black candles illuminated the spacious, windowless room. Obviously, this was what he had been doing earlier—lighting the many candles. The room looked

similar to what she'd seen on the internet. The walls and ceiling were painted black while the floor was carpeted in dark red. There was a large black X in front of a mirrored wall that immediately caught her attention. Next to the black X was a long ballet barre also mounted before the mirrored wall.

Fighting her nervousness, she continued to survey the room. Odd pieces of furniture she couldn't quite identify littered the space, while shackles, chains and floggers adorned the three remaining black-painted walls. Damn, maybe she wasn't ready for this!

"Easy, my angel," he cooed. "I'll take care of you."

She tried to relax, but it was harder in this room. She was suddenly very relieved he hadn't taken her to this particular room last night. She would have totally freaked out.

Gently, he placed her down. Her feet felt it first. Fur. Looking down, she saw a large black fur rug.

Standing before Michael, she took in her Master. He was shirtless, wearing only a pair of black leather pants. She fought a sudden urge to kneel down and devour his cock. Reaching into his pocket, he retrieved a small key. Not rushing at all, he unlocked her chastity belt and slowly pulled it from between her legs. A moment later, he pulled the toys free. She pouted, missing the replicas of his cock.

Looking around the room, Michael debated what exactly he wanted to chain her to. There was the ominous St. Andrew's Cross, the large black X in front of the mirrors, but that didn't seem quite right for her...at least, not yet. No point in doing everything in one weekend.

There was also a spanking bench, a bondage table and a whipping post in the room. Any of those would work. He could also chain her to the wall to administer the long-overdue flogging. Silently, he decided to chain her to the ballet barre in front of the mirrors. She'd be able to move around a bit, and he could easily watch her face for any signs of distress.

Taking hold of her leash, he led her to the barre. Pushing her gently against it, he covered her face and closed eyes with kisses. She cooed softly. Gently, he spun her around. She opened her eyes and studied him in the mirror.

A set of loose shackles dangled from the barre. Taking hold of her wrists, he quickly chained her while she chanted “yes” and “please”. Wordlessly, he stepped back. She had just enough slack to move around a bit but not enough to go anywhere.

Walking away from her, he pulled down a black and red flogger from the wall. It was his favorite one, the one she’d fled from that fateful night. The smell of leather invaded his nostrils as he flicked the tails to and fro.

“Bend over,” he snapped, slapping her ass lightly with the flogger.

Kira inhaled sharply, studying him in the mirror. Glancing at her nude body, she felt increasingly vulnerable while chained to the ballet barre. Clutching the smooth wooden barre, she backed up slightly and bent over, trying to make her upper body parallel with the floor. She kept her head up, though, watching him in the mirror.

“Spread your feet,” he ordered. Using the flogger, he lightly tapped her calf. She obeyed, separating her feet.

Inhaling deeply, she put her head down and studied the black fur rug. She needed a distraction.

“Put your head up. I want to see your face in the mirror.” He tapped her shoulder with the flogger.

Again, she obeyed. She studied him in the mirror.

“Watch yourself. Not me.”

She nodded.

Stepping back, Michael looked her up and down, glancing back and forth between her and the reflection. She was beautiful. Following his instructions, she stared at her eyes in the mirror.

"Stand up on your toes," he ordered.

Gracefully, she rose up on the balls of her bare feet.

"If you flatten your feet during discipline, you'll be punished further."

"What?"

"No talking."

Before she could argue or protest, he smacked her ass with the flogger. She yelped, but she didn't flatten her feet.

In the past, Michael always liked making his subs stay on their toes during discipline. For one, he liked the idea of keeping his sub "on her toes" so to speak. And second, it helped his submissives stay focused as opposed to drifting off into sub space, a hazy endorphin-induced world somewhat detached from reality. He wanted Kira here and now, not off in outer space.

Teasingly, he trailed the tails of the flogger across her back. She arched up slightly and groaned. He'd only given her one good smack, but the fair skin of her rounded bottom was already pink.

"You understand that you deserve this, don't you?"

"Yes, Master." Her body trembled as she balanced on the balls of her bare feet.

After she answered, he gave her another hard smack across her lovely ass. She yelped but didn't give her safe word. He watched her beautiful face carefully in the mirror. There was pain and desire etched on it. He wanted to keep her talking, just to ensure she was still all right.

"Repeat after me," he commanded. "Lying slaves deserve a sore ass."

Biting her bottom lip, she hesitated for a moment before speaking. "Lying slaves deserve a sore ass."

He smacked her ass even harder with the flogger. She staggered and screamed but still managed to stay on the balls of her feet.

"Say it again," he barked.

"Oh," she groaned. She was clutching the ballet barre so hard her knuckles turned white.

He hesitated, wondering if she was all right. He was just about to ask if she was okay when she spoke again.

"Lying slaves deserve a sore ass."

Raising an eyebrow, he examined his slave's pussy, pleasantly surprised to find her dripping. Obviously, Michael had underestimated his little angel. She was proving to be a bit more masochistic than he initially thought. Somehow, Kira's smaller build had made him believe she wouldn't be able to handle anything too rough.

The tails of his flogger once again struck her rounded bottom, which was now turning from pink to red.

Without him prompting her, she spoke again, practically begging, as tears streamed from her closed eyes. "Oh God, lying slaves deserve a sore ass."

At this point, Michael knew she was starting to take control of the scene, which he usually hated, but somehow, he didn't mind giving her this. She needed it. Besides, he could easily take back the reins in a few minutes.

He struck her ass again with the flogger. Before she could speak, he smacked her again. Once, twice, three times. Again, again and again. Across her back, across her shoulders, across her already red ass. He lost count. He wanted her to understand who exactly was in charge.

She screamed out but never once gave her safe word. Amazingly enough, she even managed to stay on the balls of her feet.

Setting his flogger down, he unzipped his pants, freeing his rock-hard cock, and slipped on a condom. He wanted to feel Kira flesh to flesh, but they needed a bit more time to work out those details. Retrieving his flogger, he stepped closer to her.

The tip of his dick prodded at the entrance of her dripping cleft. She floundered a bit and clumped down flat-footed on the carpeted floor.

"Get back up on your toes," he ordered.

With her eyes still closed, she nodded and rose up on the balls of her feet. Still holding the flogger in his right hand, he planted his left hand on her hip and roughly thrust his cock into her sheath.

"Oh yes, please," she groaned.

He smacked her back and shoulders with the flogger as he fucked her. It was harder flogging her while fucking her, but it wasn't impossible. Their close proximity also made his strokes a bit sloppy and abrupt, but judging by her ecstatic cries, she didn't seem to mind. He felt the muscles in her vagina spasm as she climaxed.

He could tell she was heavily into the scene. She kept her eyes closed and chanted through trembling lips, "Lying slaves deserve a sore ass, lying slaves deserve a sore ass, lying slaves deserve a sore ass..."

Despite his best efforts to keep her out of sub space, she'd obviously checked out on him. He found his own release, but he knew she wasn't aware of it. Her words slowly became slurred, incoherent and barely audible, "Ssslavess...ssore...deserve." Her body grew soft and limp. Like a good Dom, he held her, preventing her from falling.

"Shh," he whispered, unlocking her restraints. Gently, he helped her lie down on the black fur rug as she continued her free fall through sub space.

Not really speaking, she barely hissed through trembling lips, "Ssslavesss...ssssore...ssss..."

Retrieving a blanket, he covered her and lay down on the fur rug next to her.

He watched her carefully. It was several minutes before she finally opened her eyes and looked at him. She looked confused and a little scared.

"What happened?" she asked.

"It's okay. You just went under for a little while. It's called sub space. It's what happens when endorphins and lust mix together."

"Oh," she whispered. "Yeah, I've read about that."

Fresh tears suddenly welled up in her eyes. He wasn't surprised. They'd just done a very intense scene. Emotions at this point were raw.

"What's wrong, my angel?" he prompted, wanting her to talk to him. Tenderly, he brushed stray tendrils from her tear-stained face.

"It's just...I love you, Master."

He smiled, hearing the honesty in her words. God, he loved her. "I love you, too, Kira," he whispered, cuddling her. "My angel."

About the Author

When not at her day job, Gail Starbright can usually be found in front of her laptop. She often stays up late, either reading or writing, and drinks entirely too much caffeine. As a writer, she love that “ah-ha” moment...that moment when a great idea hits or some big break in the story shows itself. She only wishes she had more time available for writing.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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