



# BINDING LENA

BONNIE ROSE  
LEIGH



# **Binding Lena**

**By**

**Bonnie Rose Leigh**

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Binding Lena - Fantasy Games  
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## **Dedication:**

*To my mom who told me to face challenges head on. I challenged myself to writing outside my comfort zone and this is what I came up with. Thanks, mom.*

## Binding Lena

**M**ark entered the bedroom, both wary and anxious. Would she accept him? There was really only one way to find out.

After dropping his t-shirt on the foot of her bed, he headed toward the bathroom where he could hear the muffled sound of splashing through the closed door. Maybe she'd like her back washed--and anything else he could reach.

Lena sat immersed in bubbles when Mark entered the bathroom. Steam rose about her head and tendrils of damp, black hair framed her face. She turned her head toward the door the second she heard it open. "Are you coming in to join me?"

Crossing his arms, he leaned against the doorframe and grinned. "Well, I was going to stand here and watch you bathe for a while, but now that you mentioned it, I notice there is plenty of room for two in that big old tub. There's no reason for you to feel lonely, now is there?"

Lifting her veiled gaze to his, Lena answered, her voice husky and oozing with sexuality, "No,

there isn't a reason to be lonely. Join me."

He knew she wasn't only talking about joining her in her bath, but joining their bodies. His shaft stood at immediate attention with her blatant come on. In an attempt to draw out the seduction, he slowly lowered his zipper while toeing off his sneakers. He could feel Lena's attention, her regard and her lust. They beat at him without mercy.

Seconds later, he shed his socks, and finally, his pants, dropping them on the floor amongst the rest of his scattered belongings. He could feel Lena's burning gaze roam his body and felt both pride and embarrassment. She was looking at him as if she wanted to eat him for both dinner and dessert, her brilliant green eyes flashing with heat. How did he get so lucky?

Feeling exposed and needing to be with his woman, Mark slid into the tub, pulling Lena's feet onto his lap. "This is nice," he moaned, as Lena's toes stroked his cock beneath the water.

"It is, isn't it?" she smirked. Lena continued to stroke him beneath the water, running her toes up and down his thickening shaft. "Is there something wrong, Mark? You're breathing awfully heavy right now."

"Not a thing," he croaked.

"Good. I wouldn't want you to strain yourself in any way. I have plans for you."

"Plans?"

"Yes, plans."

"Uhhh...you plan on having your wicked way with me then?"

"Oh, you betcha. That okay with you?"

Mark pretended to think about it for all of thirty seconds then gave Lena a wide smile and a wink. "That's okay with me. Do you think you can handle the role of seductress?"

"I can handle anything I put my mind to."

"It's not your mind I hope you'll be putting to use."

Lena laughed and splashed Mark with a wave of water that left him sputtering. If she wanted to be in charge of their love play, then he was all for it—this time anyway. Then all bets were off. He had to admit, it was hard to think about the rest of the day ahead when she was working her magic on him right here in the tub. Time to fight fire with fire.

"You know, Lena, they say the feet are erogenous zones." Slowly, he began to rub her arches, her toes and the balls of her feet, until she was moaning in the tub right along with him. He wouldn't be surprised if steam started to rise off the surface of the soapy water.

Within moments, Mark decided he'd made the wrong choice in baiting her. Lena was driving him insane with her toes. She'd decided to sit up in the

tub, exposing her luscious breasts to his view as they bobbed above the dissipating bubbles. "Are you about ready to get out, baby?" asked Mark. If he didn't get out of the tub fast, he just might lose it.

"Aren't you going to wash my back?" She looked up, her gaze meeting his, her lower lip stuck out in an obviously practiced pout.

Mark looked up at Lena and caught the gleam in her eyes. Oh yes, she knew exactly what she was doing. "Sure, I'll scrub your back. Turn around, your back facing me." She complied all too readily for Mark's piece of mind. What is she planning now?

Instead of just turning around in the tub, she stood up, letting the water sluice off her body then walked the two steps it took to stand in front of him, turned around and lowered herself on his lap. *Dear God, she's trying to drive me insane.* "Ummm... What are you doing, baby?"

"Letting you wash my back, of course."

He didn't buy her innocent act. She was far too quickly becoming a siren. She knew what she wanted and apparently, it was him, and she wanted him now. "How about if I do this instead?" he asked as he lifted her by the waist and slowly lowered her onto his engorged shaft. She was so wet and tight and fit him so perfectly. She felt so good wrapped around him, he had no



desire to move, but she had other ideas.

As though they'd made love in this position a million times, she rode him with both an ease and enthusiasm that made him shudder with joy. Her slow and steady movements were killing him. Taking her by the waist, Mark took over the pace, thrusting into her on every downward stroke of her hips. Water sloshed about them, sluicing over the edge of the tub and pooling on the floor. He didn't care. The most important thing on his mind now was making her scream his name as her tight sheath spasmed around his cock.

Soon, it seemed neither was satisfied with the frenzied pace of their loving. They wanted to touch and be touched, to explore each other with hands, mouths and tongues. With great reluctance, Mark eased himself from Lena's body and stood with her in his arms. "I think it's time we retired, don't you think?" he asked, his voice husky with need.

"I think you might be right about that."

Instead of letting go of his neck and placing her feet on the floor, she turned in his arms like an agile cat and wrapped her legs around his waist.

*Yes, she is definitely trying to kill me.* How much patience did she think he had? He could only take so much teasing, so much stimulation. "For God sake's Lena, you're killing me!"

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, my handsome man, you haven't begun to see anything yet. I plan to make you so tired you'll collapse from exhaustion. In fact, I guarantee we'll both be so busy loving that neither one of us will be thinking about anything but each other for the rest of the afternoon." Lena was enjoying herself beyond measure. She loved seeing Mark lose all control. She could feel him shuddering beneath her and smiled inwardly. His cock was hard and throbbing against her legs.

Every time his gaze met hers, every time he gave her that heart-stopping smile, her heart turned over in response. And right now he was looking at her with such love and tenderness it was almost enough to stop her heart from beating. She imagined his arms wrapping her in his embrace, and it was enough to make her pulse pound and her tummy tingle with excitement. "Take me to bed," she demanded. She wasn't about to prolong this first bout of lovemaking. She wanted it intense, and she wanted it now.

"Your wish is my command." Mark carried Lena through the double doors and back into the bedroom.

The fat beeswax candles had burned down to nubs, their breakfast had grown cold and become a horrible congealed mass on their plates, but she

didn't care.

Very carefully, he laid her on the bed. She swallowed tightly as he dropped down next to her. A delightful shiver of need ran through her as her gaze roamed over his hard muscled body. He was even more stunningly virile than she'd ever dreamed her man would be. If it were possible, he was even more gorgeous than the man voted sexiest man alive this year.

Long white blond hair hung well past his shoulders. Expressive steel grey eyes, beneath perfect silver brows, were trained on her lips. The naughty and knowledgeable twinkle in them made her shiver with suppressed desire. How did she get so lucky? Her heart clenched as she looked at him. She licked her lips, thinking how she wanted to take him in her mouth, lave his hard cock as his thrust between her lips over and over.

He pulled her roughly, almost violently, toward him, yet one large hand cradled her face and held it gently.

The touch of his hand was almost unbearable in its tenderness. She loved him more in that moment than she thought it possible to love anyone. With such overwhelming love washing through her, Lena did the only thing she could. She pinned Mark beneath her and mounted him in one smooth motion. She lowered herself onto his hard shaft and moved her hips in a slow circle.

She smiled her most sensual smile as she ground herself down onto him, rubbing her clit against him.

Leaning forward, she took Mark's face in her hands. Making sure to keep eye contact, she slowly began her ride. Somehow, she could feel his frustration, feel his desperate desire for her to speed up, to take him deeper. Yet she knew this wouldn't be their only time together, their only chance to show their love for each other. She wanted it slow for a bit. She wanted to worship him with her body and him to worship hers. As it should be. As it should always be. Forever.

Eventually, he took the choice out of her hands and grasped her by the waist, lifting her to meet his strokes. Within minutes, they were racing for the stars. He took her mouth with savage intensity just as they reached climax and the world exploded around them.

\* \* \* \*

The sound of the alarm woke Lena and she groaned. Another dream. Another night spent alone, yet not. Her body felt well loved, her muscles ached and her pussy was sore. For months now, she's woken almost daily with vague memories of erotic dreams and physical symptoms of intercourse, and yet, she hadn't even

been on a date in more than a year, never mind invited anyone home for a bout of raunchy, sweaty sex.

Lena sighed then rolled over, pressing her face against her pillow. Sometimes, she almost believed she could smell her dream man's scent on her bedding. Why could she never remember what he looked like or even his name? Why could she only remember the way he made her heart pound with anticipation and need and the way he made her come time after time?

Groaning, she rolled over and turned off her alarm. It was time she got up. She couldn't afford to be late. Her new boss was due today. It simply wouldn't do to be late and give him a bad impression. Shoving the blankets aside, she crawled out of bed and padded to the bathroom for her shower.

She inhaled deeply and smiled at the aroma of freshly brewed coffee. By the time she dressed, the coffee should be finished and she could have her first dose of morning caffeine. The state-of-the-art machine was the best thing she could ever have gotten herself for Christmas.

As she stepped into the shower, Lena decided to rethink her last statement. Still feeling aroused, she eyed her pulsing showerhead, reorganized her morning schedule and decided if she skipped the bagel shop, she should have just enough time to

give herself a little sexual relief before leaving the house.

Hell, she wished she'd invested in the new showerhead earlier. After reading yet another erotic novel about a woman climaxing by letting the water strike her clit, she'd decided last week to go out and buy one for herself. Lena smiled. *And man, had it been worth it.* "Now, what fantasy will I imagine this morning?" she asked as she reached up for the showerhead and pulled it out of the clip fastening it above her head.

Leaning against the shower wall, she closed her eyes, spread her thighs and, with one hand, spread her pussy lips open. With the other hand, she aimed the showerhead at her already erect clit. With her eyes closed, she slipped into her favorite fantasy – the one she masturbated to at least three days a week.

Master walked in as she rummaged through the toy chest. He didn't say anything just stared at her. Knowing that he hadn't given her permission to search his things, her stomach clenched. Would he punish her? Did she even want to know? Though she couldn't see his face, she could almost feel his disappointment that she hadn't remained in the pose he'd ordered.

His face was covered in the black mask he favored, but that didn't stop her from trying to imagine what he looked like without it. Somehow,

even though she'd never seen his face, she felt that she'd know him in real life. That, surrounded by hundreds of men, she'd just know which one was her Master, the own who owned her body and soul. And why she'd think about that now when punishment probably loomed on the horizon, she didn't know.

Still, she anticipated. The thought of her punishment both frightened and thrilled her. She knew he would never hurt her. She kept silent, not voicing her safe word. Knowing he was only a breath away from stopping at her say so. He was her master, yes, but she was still in command of how much pain she could take.

Nervously licking her lips, she stopped searching the toy box and turned to face him, her head bowed. It wouldn't do to make him think she would challenge him. Challenging his authority over her would be foolhardy. He was the Master and they both knew it. She may like the punishments he gave her, but she wasn't stupid.

Without saying a word, he walked over to the Sex-Toy chest and began rifling through it. He grabbed one of the bottles of scented oil and poured some of the liquid into his hands. The scent of cinnamon spice filled the air. Before she had time to think about why he'd need the oil, he was once again facing her from the foot of the bed.

"Remember the rules, Lena," he said as he bent

forward and began to massage the oil into her shoulders, the top of her breasts. "I am in charge of your pleasure, but I am just as in charge of your punishments when you break those rules. Whatever I tell you to do, you will do without question or I will punish you. Do you understand?"

As he was now working the oil into her nipples, it was all Lena could do to concentrate on what he was saying, never mind answer him without hesitating. She already knew the punishment he'd give if she didn't answer immediately. No way did she want to experience that again. She now knew that he could keep her sexually frustrated for hours without giving in and granting her release. "Yes, Master."

"That's a good pet. If you please me, I may even tie you face down on the bed later and fuck your pussy with one of my toys while I take your ass."

Lena's pussy clenched as she imagined what it would feel like for him to take her like that, to have both her ass and pussy filled at the same time. She looked at the length and width of his cock standing proudly erect and couldn't imagine how it could possibly fit in her ass, never mind leave room in her cunt for a toy. She swallowed past the lump suddenly lodged in her throat, not certain at all about whatever Master had planned.

Master laughed and another shiver of erotic



fear whispered down her spine. Finally, his hands left her breasts and moved down her stomach, slowly smoothing the oil into her skin. "The fit will be tight, but you will take me in your ass, all of me. Every inch. I'll pour some of this lubricant into your ass and spread it over my cock, but I will take you there. And you'll love every moment of my claiming. Once I've taken your virgin ass, you'll belong to me. Forever," he vowed, his voice almost harsh in its insistence.

Lena moaned as his hands moved to her sex, unable to keep quiet though she knew that too was against the rules unless he'd specifically gave her permission to voice her pleasure. It became even more difficult when he spread her pussy lips wide open and dipped his head to her gate.

His tongue delved into her cunt, eating at her pussy, ravaging her and ramping up her need higher than she'd ever thought possible. Over and over, his teeth raked her clit and his tongue ate at the cream spilling from between her thighs. She wanted to beg, wanted to plead for mercy, but she couldn't speak, could barely breathe.

Her chest heaved. Her thighs quivered. Her heart pounded. And when finally, he latched onto her pulsing clit and sucked it into his mouth, she screamed out her release. She fought against the hands holding her down, fought against her own desire to hold his head to her pussy, fought

against her desire to escape the extreme pleasure pulsing and burning inside her.

Then Master lifted his head and swiped one finger through her cream, coating his finger with her juices. Before she could figure out what he intended, he rimmed her back hole with her own lubricant then slid the finger into her ass. Time and again, he repeated his actions until her ass took his finger easily, then took two, then three. All the while, he continued to suck and lick at her pussy while his fingers worked deeper into her ass until he was fucking in and out with slow, measured strokes.

“Don’t stop, Master. Please don’t stop,” she begged. She’d broken the no noise rule quite a few minutes past and couldn’t stop from begging now if she tried.

Master grinned at her, “Oh, I plan to fuck you, Lena. I’m going to fuck this pretty little ass until you beg me to keep you permanently, until you’re so desperate for me that you’ll agree to anything I ask – anything at all.”

With her ass balanced on the edge of the bed, Master lifted her higher, placing her legs up over his arms so that she was splayed wide open. She tensed, suddenly shy as being so exposed to his heated gaze.

“You will like it, Lena. I promise you. But you have to trust me by letting me in. You have to

trust that as your Master, I won't let any harm come to you."

When she gave him a hesitant nod, he once again began to stroke her pussy with his fingers, while the fingers of his other hand delved into her back hole, working her body until she could feel her climax closing in. When it finally crashed over her, he once again used his fingers, lips, tongue and teeth to take her higher and higher, deeper and deeper, until she thought that she would surely die from the pleasure swamping her.

She was still feeling the effects of the best orgasm of her life when she felt the pressure from his cock pressing against her anus. He must have lubed his cock with more oil when she hadn't been aware because she could smell its essence. He began to push against her back entrance, adding more and more pressure, until the head of his cock became lodged firmly in her ass. She bit her lip as he worked himself deeper into her snug back hole, rocking in and out with small measured strokes, until finally he was seated fully inside her.

The intensity of the moment rocked her. The pressure was incredible, but not unbearable. The pleasure pain of accepting her Master this way, of knowing that he wanted her body and soul filled her with such joy she wanted to cry with happiness. She tried to remain still so her body could get accustomed to his size, but the need to

move, to feel him taking her, made that nearly impossible.

After a few minutes, he began to slowly pull out. When only the head of his cock remained lodged in her ass, he hesitated then thrust deep again, filling her repeatedly. He didn't pause, didn't speak, just kept thrusting and retreating until she couldn't do anything but feel. His steady rhythm kept her on the razor's edge between pleasure and pain.

Sweat glistened on his chest and arms as he worked in and out of her ass. His breathing sounded harsh and labored. "You have my permission to scream your pleasure while I fuck your ass, my pet. I want to hear your need, hear your desire in every grunt and moan you make."

Lena moaned, unable not to now that he'd given her permission. She tried to meet his thrusts, to take him deeper inside her, but she couldn't even move in the position he'd placed her. She could only accept him. Her legs were still spread high and wide, hooked behind his elbows, giving her no leverage.

Lena shook her head back and forth and cried out as he stroked her harder, faster. He pounded her ass with his cock while his fingers fucked her pussy. When she thought she had no more to give, he pinched her clit between his fingers, ratcheting up her need even higher than she thought

possible. He would kill her for sure. There was no way to survive the climax she could feel building inside her.

Lena fisted her hands in the comforter beneath her, bucking and screaming as Master picked up his pace. Shoving both legs over his shoulders, he bent down and gently bit down on a puckered nipple, before sucking it into the hot recesses of his mouth.

Without warning, Lena exploded. Her climax rolled over her in wave after wave of pleasure. She flew high and higher still as he thrust in and out of her ass, the climax going on and on seemingly without end. Her body clenched tightly around Master's cock. Then, with a grunt, he filled her bottom with his thick seed until it dripped out of her ass and onto the blankets beneath her. "Very good, my pet. Now tell your Master who you belong to."

\* \* \* \*

Lena came back to herself as icy water pelted her already sensitive clit. *My God, how long have I been in here?* Knowing that quite a bit of time must have passed for the water to have grown cold, Lena quickly shut off the shower and, after wrapping the towel around her, rushed into her bedroom.

"Dammit! I'm supposed to be at work in fifteen

minutes. It will take at least that long to cross town, and I still have to get dressed," she muttered to herself as she pawed through her closet. She should have known better. She never had a quick orgasm. Every one of her orgasms were intense and took a while. "Damn, damn, damn, Lena. What the hell were you thinking?"

She grabbed the closest appropriate thing and rushed to lay it on the bed. It wasn't the royal blue skirt suit she'd planned to wear today, but the emerald green pantsuit would do. It still looked professional and that's all that mattered.

She rushed to her dresser, snatched up the white lace teddy in the top drawer and slid it on. Normally she wouldn't wear such a garment to work, but this was faster than the undies, bra and garter belt with stockings. She'd go bare legged today—at least until lunchtime. After dressing, she ran into her kitchen, poured a cup of coffee into her travel mug and ran for the door. Perhaps she would actually make it to work on time if she prayed hard enough.

Ten minutes later, as she pulled her car onto the side of the road, she knew no amount of praying would help her today. With a groan, she put the car in park then dropped her head against the steering wheel. Why today of all days did she have to get a flat tire?

All last week, memos and emails were sent out

warning all the employees at her accounting firm that a mandatory meeting would begin at exactly 9:00 AM. Anyone late or absent could expect to spend the next day in unemployment lines. At five minutes to nine now, there was no way she'd ever get to work on time—no way at all. God, why oh why had she succumbed to her body's demands this morning?

\* \* \* \*

Mark Mattheson breathed a sigh of relief once everyone left the conference room. Finally, he had a reason to fire the delectable Lena Andrews. From the moment he took over as acting CEO of Mattheson Accounting Firm in his father's stead, he'd had to fight his dominant impulses in regards to Lena. Fight his own need to mount her right here in the office where anyone could walk in on them. Everyday it got harder and harder to rein in his body's demands.

No more though. Thanks to her no show at today's mandatory meeting, he had grounds to terminate her from his company and could finally pursue her. If he had his way, she'd be in his bed soon. If not tonight, then by this weekend.

For the last few months, he'd slipped into her dreams, doing his best to prepare her for what he wanted, for what he'd demand from her. Her

complete submission to his needs and desires, to her own submissive needs. It's not that he wanted a woman who couldn't think for herself or even support herself. He just wanted one who trusted him enough to see to all her needs. Someone who knew deep down that by dominating her, he'd be giving all of himself into her keeping.

Mark sighed as he looked out his office window into the employee parking lot below. He fully admitted, at least to himself, he was sexually dominant, that even outside the bedroom he liked control. In Lena, he wanted more than to dominate her in bed. He wanted to care for her, cherish and adore her. Hell, he wanted to provide for her and give her everything and anything she'd need. But that couldn't happen if she worked for him.

After what seemed forever, he watched Lena's car pull into her assigned space, and something inside him eased. Walking over to his desk, he buzzed his administrative assistant. "Maryann?"

"Yes, Mr. Mattheson?"

"As soon as Lena Andrews comes into the office, send her in to me."

"Yes, sir."

Mark released the intercom button, fully aware that his assistant was extremely curious about what he had planned. She'd caught him staring at the luscious Lena more than a few times in the last few months, especially after some of their more



exciting dream-liaisons.

Within minutes, he heard the tentative knock on his door. Knowing his woman stood on the other side of his office door had his dick straining against the zipper of his trousers. Soon, he told himself. Soon. Aloud he called out, "Enter," making sure no hint of weakness showed in his voice. He wanted her to see him for who he was, and who he would be to her — a Master waiting for his pet — his love — to come to him.

\* \* \* \*

Lena wiped her sweaty palms on her pant legs. It couldn't be good that the CEO called her into his office. She just hoped she wouldn't break down until after she packed up her desk and escaped the building. She knew she was about to be fired, and though the job wasn't very challenging and somewhat boring most often than not, it was the only job she's had since college graduation. It was going to be hard starting over somewhere else, not that she actually enjoyed accounting. It was just something she was good at, a way to pay her bills and have enough left over to live on.

Knowing she couldn't stand out here forever, Lena gave Maryann a wary smile, then after taking a deep breath, opened her boss's door. Now or never, she thought to herself. How bad

could it be anyway? As soon as she walked into his office, she saw him. His back was to her as he looked out the window. Her stomach clenched and her hands began to shake. Unsure what to do, she dropped her gaze, focusing on the toes of her black pumps.

"Shut the door, Lena."

At the husky command, Lena whipped her head up, swallowed past the lump that suddenly seemed lodged in her throat. Oh. My. God. She knew that voice. Had dreamt of that voice for weeks, months.

"I won't repeat myself again, Lena. Remember that for the future."

Stunned, Lena didn't even think of hesitating again, immediately turning to shut the door.

"Lock it. We have much to discuss."

"Yes, Master," she whispered then cringed as she realized just what she'd said. Lena flipped the lock then turned around, facing the big cherry executive's desk, hoping he hadn't heard her. Her hopes were dashed when the man from her dreams, the man she'd worked for for months, turned and faced her, his arms crossed over his chest and his legs spread shoulder width apart. His stance was all dominant man, all power and control.

"Very good, pet. Now tell me who you belong to."

Lena's eyes widened in disbelief, positive those were the exact same words her dream man had uttered while she fantasized about him during her shower this morning. "Uh...um." When she couldn't think of an appropriate reply, or any reply at all actually, her boss walked toward her, stopping directly in front of her. She looked up into his steely grey eyes and knew to the depths of her soul that she'd been dreaming about him nightly—not a stranger at all. Why hadn't she recognized him before? And how in the hell had she been dreaming about him at all?

Her pussy spasmed as she remembered all the naughty, raunchy things they'd done in her dreams. She could feel her cream spilling between her thighs. She clenched her legs together, desperate to escape, confused and uncertain.

"I called you in here to let you know that you're fired."

Lena nodded, dropped her gaze from his. There was no way she could continue to work for him, especially knowing just what she'd done with him in her dreams.

"I also wanted to offer you a proposal of sorts."

She snapped her head back up, needing to look at him. "What? I don't think I understand."

"I want you, Lena. In my home, and in my bed. Stay with me for two weeks as my pet. If after two weeks, real life doesn't measure up to your

dreams, you can go. But if I can make you happy and visa versa, then agree to bind with me, to wear my collar."

Lena couldn't believe what she was hearing. Then something he said caught her attention. "You have the dreams too?"

Mark nodded. "Yes. I needed to know if we were compatible, if you were receptive to both my physical needs as well as my psychic ones."

"Um...I don't know what to say." And she really didn't. What he was offering was not something she'd ever thought someone would say to her, and never mind the whole psychic thing. She just didn't know. She'd never had the type of relationship or liaison, whatever, that he wanted. She didn't know if she could do it—give herself over to a virtual stranger for two weeks of submission.

"Try it and if it's not something you want, no harm, no foul."

Lena knew she'd never have another opportunity like this. She'd probably run screaming from the room if anyone else asked this, but she had to remember that somehow she already knew this man, on some level at least. Without giving herself time to change her mind, she nodded. "Okay. But I can't guarantee anything. I don't know if I can be what you need."

"Fair enough. In two weeks, you'll either agree

to wear my collar or you won't, to be bound to me or not."

*Two weeks later...*

Lena sat in the center of the bed waiting for her Master to come home from the office. She'd spent all day pampering herself, preparing herself for her Master. She'd gone to the spa and had her entire body waxed because she knew how much Master enjoyed a smooth pussy. The only thing she had on was the jeweled collar Master had given her the first night he'd brought her to his home. Tonight was the first night she'd wear it. The first of many.

Nervous anticipation zinged through her when she heard his muffled footsteps in the hall. Then, finally, the doorknob turned though she kept her gaze locked on the bedspread beneath her. She had her thighs spread so he could inspect her pussy. Her hands were clenched behind her back and her back was arched so her breasts were on display. How long before he came in? Would he notice her collar or even comment on it? She didn't know. All she knew for certain was that the last two weeks had fulfilled her in a way she hadn't realized she needed. Her submission to her Master made her happy, made her complete.

As the door slowly opened, it became even

more difficult to sit still, knowing that he could see her clearly even from the doorway. She heard a sharp gasp then silence. Finally, when she didn't think she could stand the suspense any longer, he asked the question she'd been waiting for.

"Very good, pet. Who do you belong to?"

"You, Master. I belong to you."

## About the Author

Bonnie Rose Leigh has been in thrall with the written word since childhood. When she ran out of things to read, she created her own stories. Now, she is a Bestselling multi-published author and lives in a small town in Upstate, New York. She spends most of her time on the computer either writing or visiting with friends. When not busy on the computer, her free time is consumed with reading. It doesn't matter what genre the book is either, though she is partial to romance novels. Her favorite after-hours hobby is sprawling in a chair with a book clutched in her hands and a cup of cocoa sitting nearby.

Bonnie would love to hear from each and every one of you. Make sure you subscribe to her monthly newsletter or check out her [blog](#) as it will be updated regularly with release dates, excerpts and online appearances. And, as always, feel free to drop her [email](#) if you have any questions, concerns or just want to chat, and she'll get back to you as soon as she can.

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