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# *Blush:*

A Story of Dominance and Submission

Jenika Snow

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## Blush: A Story of Dominance and Submission

When Kasia is taken to the BDSM club, Cimmerian, by her friend, she doesn't realize that she isn't the only one with dark fantasies. When she is approached by a Dom only known as Master, she doesn't know if she is really ready to experience what she has always fantasized about.

Through him she is tempted with erotic pleasures, and tantalized with experiences that she has only dreamed about. Tonight is when she will finally know what it means to be fully dominated, while she lets her mind and body submit.

**Genre:** Contemporary

**Length:** 20,900 words

**BLUSH:  
A STORY OF DOMINANCE AND  
SUBMISSION**

**Jenika Snow**

**EROTIC ROMANCE**



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**A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK**

IMPRINT: Erotic Romance

**BLUSH: A STORY OF DOMINANCE AND SUBMISSION**

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## **Letter from Jenika Snow**

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So once again, thank you for purchasing this ebook legally and for not participating in e-book piracy.

With deep gratitude,

Jenika Snow

# DEDICATION

“Change in all things is sweet.”

*-Aristotle*

To you. You've brought me hope, love, friendship and acceptance.  
Because of you I am who I am. Thank you for always being there for  
me.

# **BLUSH: A STORY OF DOMINANCE AND SUBMISSION**

**JENIKA SNOW**  
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## **Chapter One**

She stood on the dirty, cracked sidewalk, the cool night air blowing gently around her as she stared at the descending stairs into hell. It wasn't literally hell, but it sure gave off the feeling of impending doom. The wind chose that moment to kick up her hair, pushing it into her eyes and obscuring her vision. She was already regretting agreeing to join her friend Tatiana on a wild and carefree night at Cimmerian, a BDSM club.

"You're not having second thoughts, are you, Kasia?"

Kasia looked over at Tatiana, moving a stray piece of hair out of her face before shaking her head. It was a lie. She was *so* having second thoughts. The very idea of taking those stairs down to the unknown scared the hell out of her. Tatiana was no stranger to the BDSM scene – actually, she was a regular at Cimmerian.

"You look great, by the way."

"Thanks." She thought she looked ridiculous. Kasia looked down at herself, running her hands over the lace and leather, feeling completely exposed and out of character. *Why did you agree to go through with this?* She knew why. Her life was boring, utterly and



dreadfully plain. She was only twenty-seven, didn't have a boyfriend, had only slept with one man in her life, and went home alone to a cat named Felix. Working full-time as a receptionist at a doctor's office was the highlight of her week, and only because of one reason. One man, really, the doctor she worked for. Dr. Ronan Devlin was one of those doctors who went into the profession because he honestly wanted to heal people. He was kind, caring, funny, and loving toward his patients and his staff. That was a big part of why she found him so fascinating, why she longed for him – that and his delicious Irish accent. The other part was because he looked like he would be an incredible lover, someone who could fulfill all of her fantasies. Kasia knew her fascination with him was silly. A man like Ronan Devlin would never date someone like her. He was gorgeous and physically stunning. He was what the word masculine meant in every sense.

Then there was her, the plain Jane.

She cleared her head of her musing, knowing her fantasies were embarrassing and that she should face reality. Someone like Ronan Devlin would go for a woman like Tatiana—a beautiful, heart-stopping siren.

Tatiana was a medical assistant at Dr. Devlin's office, and if Kasia hadn't gone to high school with her and known how she really was, she would have never guessed by how Tatiana acted at work. Tatiana was a typical wild child in every sense. The two of them had clicked right away, both of them completely opposite in every sense. Tatiana was a beautiful woman, almost thirty, but it was the death penalty to mention that. She had stunning auburn hair, deep brown eyes, and a body with curves that went on for miles. Kasia, on the other hand, saw herself as plain and just your typical average woman.

Tatiana smiled at her, taking the lead and heading forward. Her friend had decided to wear the tightest leather ensemble Kasia had ever seen, the material practically a second skin that showed off every curve. The heels she wore could kill a man, totally perfect for Tatiana's personality. Kasia looked down at herself again, taking as

deep a breath as she could given the fact the corset she wore was cinched tight. Compared to Tatiana, Kasia still looked average.

Kasia's long brown hair hung loosely around her shoulders, her blue eyes nothing impressive and not even accented by makeup. She had always been plain and skinny to the point that she had been called Olive Oyl in school. Even now she had to wear one of those Wonderbras that enhance a woman's curves and make everything pop. The corset was laced up with black leather, a naughty contrast to the pure white of the lace. Her breasts peeked over the top of the peasant blouse, compliments of the Wonderbra.

When Tatiana had taken her shopping at one of those extreme clothing stores, this outfit had stood out amongst everything else. It could be that it was probably one of the tamer items the store had to offer. Amongst the whips, chains, vinyl, and leather, the white lace had stood out like a beacon of light. Tatiana had agreed to the outfit; she was paying after all, but said she had full control of the shoes. Kasia was now regretting that agreement. She looked down at the black peep toe stilettos, a pair of shoes that she could hardly walk in, were way too pointy, and made her feel like a giant.

"Coming?"

Tatiana stopped right at the stairs, one brow raised, hands on her hips. Kasia took a breath and started forward, her heart beating a mile a minute and her palms sweating from the prospect of what was to come. She knew once she stepped inside the club, all bets were off and she would either have to open up and finally be herself, or hide what she has always felt. The closer she got, the more she realized this was a horrid idea. She knew everyone would stare at her, knew she would be out of place.

"I don't think this was a good idea. Maybe I'll take a cab home."

Tatiana shot daggers at her, stomping her foot and grabbing hold of her arm.

"There is no freakin' way you are backing out now. We are ten feet from the door and I promise you," she lifted Kasia's chin up so

that they were staring at each other, “this is going to be a night you won’t forget.”

Kasia had no doubts about that whatsoever.

A big burly bouncer stood off to the side by the door in an area shrouded by shadows. He was so inconspicuous that you wouldn’t be able to see him if you stood at the top of the stairs. He seemed intense and menacing, the exact epitome of the word “guard.” Already Kasia could hear the music blasting. The steady and deep rhythmic sounds penetrated the brushed steel door, seeping into her body and making her tenser. Tatiana and the bouncer embraced briefly, and he pulled the heavy-looking door open. Ornate iron wall sconces lined the blood red walls. The hallway they were about to enter seeming foggy and sexual in nature.

Kasia stared at the back of Tatiana’s head as she stepped into the entryway. She glanced at the bouncer, a large smile forming on his lips as his eyes scanned down her body.

“Fresh virgin meat.” He leaned in slightly and Kasia was too stunned by his comment to move. “They’ll eat you up alive in there. Enjoy, little lamb.”

“Mikael, behave.” There was laughter in Tatiana’s voice and Kasia took a deep breath when her friend grabbed her hand and pulled her into the dark room, the door slamming shut behind them.

The wall sconces did little to light their path, obviously there more for decoration than providing a functional purpose. Another door was ahead of them, and the music was getting louder with each step they took. Tatiana stopped and turned around, shadows casting darkness across her features.

“Hey, are you okay? You’re shaking.”

Kasia looked down at where their hands were intertwined, her hand shaking slightly as she breathed heavily. What could she tell her friend? She wasn’t frightened, she was excited. Excited to see what lay behind the door, to see if the images she had conjured up as she played with herself were as good as the real thing. She often thought

she was a pervert, a sick woman who thought lewd and disgusting things. How could she voice her thoughts, her fantasies and musings? People would think she was a weirdo or a sicko and ostracize her. No, she played it down, made herself so unnoticeable that no one would notice her. It had worked her whole life, hiding those thoughts, those feelings that could only end up drawing unwanted attention.

“I’m fine.” But she was far from it. She was excited, so very, very excited to see what was in store for her. What would Tatiana think if she were to come clean? If she were to say how much she secretly wondered how this life would be? How it would feel to be tied up and spanked, to be completely dominated by a man that wanted to possess her as much as she *wanted* to be possessed.

She opened her mouth, about to tell her friend everything, about to confess her deepest and darkest secret.

“Come on, we’re going to miss all the excitement.”

Before anything could come out of her mouth, Tatiana pulled her forward, opened the door and dragged her inside.

## **Chapter Two**

Her breath seized in her lungs as her eyes adjusted to the sight, smells, and sounds. The smell of leather, sweat, and sex filled the air and instantly caused her to tingle all over, as if her very cells come alive with arousal and titillation. The sound of whips cracking in the air and hands slapping against flesh surrounded her. Moans and groans of pleasure filled the air and brought about realism for her that she instantly recognized. This place was right. She felt like there was no other place that could have described the things she felt or that could have made her feel so comfortable.

She took the time to look around, to actually take in every nook and cranny, every dip and hollow that made up this underground club. The air was thick with sex and made her senses come alive with want. Leather whips cracked against the ground, the sound causing her muscles to tense with vivification and a little bit of trepidation. Although there were not too many bodies in the room, the small space was intensified by the heat of each person moving to reach their pleasure.

Tatiana whispered in her ear about grabbing some drinks and she nodded. She was transfixed by everything, not able to pry her eyes away from everything that was being revealed.

A stage was set up directly across from the door she had just entered through. A woman stood on the stage, naked, arms above her head as a masked man took a crop to her caramel colored skin. Even from the distance, Kasia could see how much the woman enjoyed it, her body now covered with red marks, her flesh swollen as she withered and moaned. The chain that held her arms in place jangled

loudly, her body thrashing as she spread her legs and thrust her hips out at her masked lover. He never touched her though, just continued to slap her with the crop, the sounds of leather against skin loud in the room. Over her breasts, across her belly, and between her legs, he was ruthless in his pursuits. Over and over again he did this, never once touching his flesh to hers until soon the woman had her head thrown back and screamed out her release. It was intensely erotic and frightening.

Kasia took a step back, her hand going over her heart to will it to slow down. She felt like a voyeur for the way she had just watched that woman get slapped into orgasm. There had to be something wrong with her, something terribly disturbing going on with her for her to *want* to see these things, for her to desire to be the one strung up there. She pushed the thoughts away and looked around the room, noticing for the first time that the majority of the patrons were staring at her. She swallowed, suddenly feeling so overwhelmed that she couldn't breathe. Her stomach was suddenly rolling with nervousness and lust. She looked around for Tatiana, trying to see through the thick, murky darkness that coated the inner club.

Aside from the stage, there wasn't anything else going on. The inside of the club was set up much like any other club. Tables were strewn about, an impressive bar on one side, a dance floor on the other. There really weren't too many people—at least, not as many as Kasia assumed there would be on a Saturday night. She noticed someone coming out of a side door, sweat clear on his body and a flogger in hand.

She shivered.

Whatever was behind that door was where the real party was. What was displayed out here was just an appetizer.

She finally spotted Tatiana leaning against the bar, a man dressed only in a pair of tight leather pants talking precariously close to her. Kasia made her way toward her friend, halting when she felt a prickling on the back of her neck. She stopped and looked around, her

eyes stopping on a table that was pushed far against the wall. The shadows obscured the majority of it, but she could still see the massive body that was seated behind it. She couldn't make out the face, but judging from the huge legs that were lazily stretched out beneath the table and the huge forearms that the shadows didn't touch, it was a man – and a very big one at that.

Even though she couldn't see his face, she knew he was staring right at her, knew that his eyes were boring right into her own. His finger played over the rim of his cut crystal glass, the fluid in the glass as dark as blood. She swallowed, her pussy suddenly growing damp, knowing that the man seated behind that table was powerful and strong: a Dominant. She quickly moved her gaze away from the shadowed table, feeling embarrassed and dirty at the fact that she had grown wet from her thoughts. She felt exposed, stripped bare, as if the clothes she wore were nothing in a place like this.

Even though she felt dirty and disgusted with herself, she felt alive and aroused, empowered by the feelings that this atmosphere conjured up in her. She was a big walking contradiction.

She stopped next to Tatiana, her friend not looking toward her until the man she was standing next to nodded his head. Tatiana then turned toward her and smiled.

“Hey, girl. I was going to come get you, but I saw how transfixed you were with the show.”

Kasia blushed fiercely, heat encompassing her entire body as her friend and her male companion smiled at her. She dropped her head, embarrassed that she had been so blatantly obvious.

“This must be your first time?” He lifted her chin with his hand until she was staring into his eyes.

He was handsome in a rugged way. His hair was light and hung to his shoulders, his body toned like a swimmer's or a runner's. *Not my first time thinking about it though.* She nodded, thinking about what she really wanted to say, but biting her tongue instead.

“I can tell. You're like a lone lamb around a pack of wolves.”

“The bouncer said something similar. What does that mean?”

His smile was big and all white with straight teeth flashing in the darkness. “Your first time at a BDSM club makes you stick out like a sore thumb. Everyone wants to deflower the virgin.”

“I’m not a virgin.”

“We’re talking theoretically here, darlin’. Every man and most likely every woman at this club wants to be the first to spank that pretty ass, wants to be the first to make you submit to them. It’s all part of the allure. You even dressed the part.”

Kasia looked down, thinking her outfit had been more tame than Tatiana’s but still outgoing. Now though, actually being in this place, she realized she really did stick out like a sore thumb.

“You look like the sacrificial virgin, the white lamb that is about to be eaten by the wolves. It’s quite intoxicating, really.”

He had stepped closer to her, his eyes running over her body and making her feel naked. She took a step back. This man who had just been a minute ago sweet and kind now looked fierce and dark. It was as if this was who he really was, that the gentle and laughing man he portrayed was just a façade of what hid below the surface.

She shivered, thankful when Tatiana sighed and then giggled. “Ash, take it easy. Give her some time, let her adjust. If you want to play, I would be more than happy to accommodate you.”

Ash kept his eyes on her as Tatiana spoke. “No, she wants it. I can tell. She is most definitely a sub. She wants to be dominated, wants to be controlled and taken. I can see it in her eyes.”

Was she that transparent? How had this man that she had only known for a few minutes seen right through her? She looked at Tatiana who smiled and shook her head.

“Maybe I can give you a tour? Show you around so you feel a little more comfortable?”

Kasia looked over at her friend. Tatiana’s eyes were watching Ash with a look of total devotion and loyalty. Tatiana liked what she was watching, liked watching this man show dominance. Kasia knew her



eyes were wide, like a deer caught in headlights. Ash leaned over and ran his tongue over Tatiana's lips, causing Kasia to turn away. She could hear Ash tell her friend what a bad girl she was being, speaking without permission and how she would be punished later. She instantly felt like an intruder to their intimate moment, her cheeks heating and palms become clammy.

Once again, her eyes sought out the darkened table. The man was still sitting behind it and staring right at her—she could feel it. She couldn't see his face, and to be honest, she couldn't know for sure if he was looking at her. It was that gut instinct that told you the predator was watching the prey, planning that striking move that would conquer all.

"Follow me, ladies." Ash's deep voice whispered past her ear and she turned around. He moved with stealthy grace to the side door, stopping and giving them a stern look that had Kasia's heart beating quickly. Tatiana hurried to catch up with him, grabbing hold of Kasia's arm and tugging her along.

## Chapter Three

They followed Ash to the side door and into the darkened hallway. Kasia was very aware when they passed *his* table. Her heart beat frantically and she tightened her hold on Tatiana's hand. Her friend looked at her questioningly. "Who is that?" Kasia whispered as she kept her eyesight trained ahead. Tatiana took a quick glance to the darkened table before they entered the hallway.

"That's the house Dom." Tatiana's voice was a hushed whisper.

Kasia didn't need to ask what Tatiana meant by her statement, as it was pretty clear. The door slammed behind them with resounding force, and Kasia jumped and turned around. She willed her frantic heart to calm down as she turned back around and took in the scene.

A few stripper poles were placed sporadically around the room, a couple of them in use as women in leather or nothing at all danced to the smooth notes of the music playing overhead. The lights were low. Red lights were hanging from the ceiling, and small floor lighting ensured no one fell and broke anything. Another stage was set up in the middle of the room, a large metal table sitting in the center with leather straps attached to the upper and lower portions of it. Kasia swallowed as thoughts of what they would use that table for filled her mind and made her ache with longing.

"Come on, the rooms are this way." Ash deep voice drew her away from her wild thoughts, and both women followed quickly.

They stepped into a large hallway, wide enough for four people to easily walk across side by side without touching. People were lined up on either side, all standing in front of the plate glass that made up

the walls. Their eyes were transfixed, each one staring with total concentration on whatever was behind that glass.

“This is the observation deck. There are eight rooms total, four on each side and each consisting of a different theme.”

“Theme?” Kasia’s voice was low as she looked at all the expectant and lust-filled faces. Her eyes moved back to Ash, and she swallowed when he took a few steps toward her.

“I know you are new, so I am going to let it go that you keep speaking without permission. You are a sub though, and because of that there are rules you have to follow. Do you understand, Kasia?” His voice was low and deep, holding authority and command. All she could do was nod. “Good, that’s very, very good.” He turned back around and started pointing off rooms. “For instance, this is the fantasy room. The couple or couples as it is right now have an hour to live out a fantasy. Well, to an extent that is.”

Kasia turned her gaze to the room where they had stopped, gasping at what she saw. A woman lay on a red velvet couch wearing nothing but a pair of Stilettos. A man and woman were fucking off to the side as another man stalked toward the woman on the couch. He helped her up, smoothing his hands down her pert breasts, over her flat stomach, and down to cup her full ass cheeks. They kissed passionately before he picked her up and carried her over to where the other man and woman were having sex. They kissed once more before suddenly the other man pulled his cock out of the woman lying on the table and started to run his hands over the woman in the heels.

“Both couples in there are married and have always wanted to know what swinging was like.”

Kasia was speechless as she gave one last lingering stare at the fucking couples and followed Ash to the next window.

“Now, I have to warn you, this room is a little more intense.”

That instantly piqued Kasia’s curiosity. She turned and stared at the room below, her mouth dropping open as she stared at a woman hanging from the ceiling. The woman was tied up in ropes, each rope

seeming to be precisely placed so that her weight was distributed evenly.

“That’s Clive and Hannah. They are married also. He gets off on seeing his wife tied up in ropes. He makes sure each rope is intricately placed so that Hannah feels no pressure or pain.”

Kasia ran her sweaty palms over her dress and looked at Ash, who in return was staring at her intently. Kasia didn’t dare ask what was on her mind but he seemed to know regardless.

“Hannah enjoys it because Clive finds pleasure in it. A dominant and submissive relationship is about giving and receiving. When one finds pleasure, they both do.” At Kasia’s lingering stare, he continued.

“Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. That is one of the first lessons you will learn here.”

They moved on, looking at another five rooms, each one more daring and erotic than the next. Kasia was a little embarrassed. Not only was she burning up, but her nipples were hard, and her pussy was soaked. Seeing all those naked bodies bringing themselves pleasure had gotten her so aroused.

“Last but not least, this is the private room.”

They stopped at window number eight, the same size as every other room they had seen, yet this one was empty. A spotlight illuminated a lone bed in the center of the room, the black silk comforter shinning under the light and speaking of hidden desires. Everything else was dark around it so Kasia couldn’t tell if there were any other pieces of equipment in the room.

“They call this the private room because if the occupants choose to, a veil will cover the window blocking any watchers. Believe it or not, even at a place like this, some people just want to be alone.”

Kasia looked again at the empty bed, sitting ominously in the center of the room as if it were calling out to her. She wiped her sweaty palms on her skirt and walked slowly over toward one of the other windows. She picked the one that was the least congested. Most of the voyeurs huddled around the fantasy room as two married

couples took turns swapping partners. There were only two men standing next to the three of them, both of their attention on each other. She tried not to stare, but the two were passionate in their pursuits of each other. They both wore leather, one of the men wearing a studded collar with a leash attached to it and the handle in the other man's grasp. They fondled and kissed one another, their hands rubbing over the erections that were evident through their leather pants.

Their heavy panting was mixed with all the other sounds of sex that penetrated the air. Their tongues tangled with each other, and when the collar-wearing man started to place his hands on the other man's chest, the leash was yanked roughly. The man wearing the collar suddenly dropped to his knees while his partner unzipped his fly and pulled out his erection.

Kasia couldn't help but watch in sexual awe when the kneeling man gripped the shaft and started stroking it. He brought it to his mouth and licked the come-dripping tip, drinking it up like he was a starved man.

She snapped her attention back to the room in front of her, her eyes taking in every aspect of it. The room was pretty empty except for some men setting up equipment. A table was laid out, various strips of leather, masks, clamps, and other sexual devices being intricately placed on the black velvet that covered it. A pole stood in the center of the room, the overhead light dimming as the men exited. Ash and Tatiana stood next to her and through Kasia's peripheral vision she could see the way Ash's hands stroked over her friend's body. She didn't look though, just kept her eyes forward and waited for the show to begin.

## Chapter Four

Her heart started to beat frantically as a woman in nothing more than a sheer white gown stepped into the room and leaned against the pole. She kept her hands behind her back, her eyes darting back and forth, her stomach hollowing from the force of her breathing. Kasia could tell the woman was excited.

Movement in the corner of the room drew Kasia's eyes. A big, beefy man stepped out, leather pants covering his huge legs, and a rippling bare chest. His dark hair fell to his shoulders, the black locks matching perfectly with the leather he wore. He circled the woman, his eyes roaming up and down her body. Whatever words he spoke made the woman tense and thrust her breasts out as she closed her eyes.

*What is he saying?* Kasia wondered how the woman felt at that exact moment. She wondered if his words made her wet. If his breath against her bare flesh made her skin tingle with awareness.

He stopped in front of her at a slight angle so that anyone watching from above could still easily see. He gripped the low dipping collar of her dress, not doing anything for a suspended moment as the woman bit her bottom lip. In one swift move he ripped the dress away, his big fists gripping the delicate fabric as her nude body was revealed. Kasia gasped from the intensity of his action.

He ran his palms over her breasts, down her belly, and over her mound. He took hold of her wrists, bringing them above her head and whispering something in her ear before stepping away. She kept her hands above her, her breasts thrusting out as the man walked over to the table and grabbed a leather strap. He came back and wrapped the

strap around her wrists, securing them above her head so she was helpless. Kasia's heart rate sped up and her clit tingled. She continued to watch the play below, finding herself more and more aroused with each caress of his hand over the woman's body, with each nip of his teeth on her skin.

The woman twisted her hands together as he went over to the table and grabbed a small whip. He seemed to test the weight in his hand. The six smaller strips of leather that came off of the whip brushed along his forearms, making it look imposing. He walked over to the woman, circling her once more as the sub kept her eyes to the ground. He ran the whip gently over her flesh, her body shaking as her mouth dropped slightly open. He walked behind her, running the leather strips over her body and then finally rearing his hand back and bringing the whip against her ass. Even though Kasia couldn't hear anything coming from the room, it was as if she could feel the sting of the whip on her own flesh, hear the sound of it cracking against *her* ass. Her pussy and clit swelled, her labia rubbing together and igniting her senses until it felt like she was suffocating.

"Are you enjoying the show?"

The low, deep voice behind her startled her, and she squeaked. She went to turn around, but his hand wrapped around the back of her neck and held her immobile. Kasia swallowed again, her eyes wide as she watched the scene below. The man continued to bring the whip across the woman's flesh, red marks welling up on her tanned skin. Kasia was all too aware of the man behind her, the strong and intoxicating scent of his cologne, the way his other hand smoothed down her arm and gripped her hip.

"Do you see the pretty shade of red her skin is becoming? Do you see the glistening trail running along her thigh or the way she keeps rubbing her legs together? You want that. You want to be strung up and helpless, to be at the mercy of another."

Kasia swallowed again, her eyes darting toward Ash and Tatiana. Ash's back was at an angle toward her, his position making it easy for

Kasia to see the way his hands cupped Tatiana's breast and the way his thumbs brushed along her nipples. Kasia flicked her eyes forward and closed them briefly, trying to breathe. His words weren't anything more than mere whispers against her ear, teasing her senses and fueling her desires. She didn't even know who he was, but she hoped it was *him*—the house dominant, the man hidden in the shadows.

His hand moved from her neck and rested on the other side of her hip. He squeezed her gently, small clenching and unclenching of his hands that made her very aware of her surroundings. She was breathing fast, trying to suck as much air as she could, but the tight confines of her corset made it almost impossible. He pulled her back against his chest, her eyes widening as she felt the hard and defined erection that pressed against her back. He had to be tall, really, really tall for his erection to be pressing against her lower back—and she was wearing heels for fuck's sake. She grew swollen with need, her own juices slipping out at the feel of that hard, long cock against her.

She was insane to be thinking about this man who was behind her, a man she didn't even know. She tried to turn around again, but his hands on her hips stopped her movement. He pressed his hips into her, grinding his cock against her and making her whimper. The way his hands tightened on her spoke of dominance and authority – exactly the things that made her whole body tingle and swell.

Isn't this what she had always dreamt about? Hadn't she always wanted to be possessed, to be dominated in a way that made her feel wholly feminine? Yes, she had always wanted this, but now that she was faced with it could she really handle it?

Watching it was one thing; doing it was another.

"You want to be controlled. You want someone to tie you up and run a whip over your pretty pale flesh. Turning all that glorious skin pink and then red—marking you as someone else's. Tell me I'm wrong." His words had started off soft, but the more he spoke, the more they sounded rougher, huskier. He pressed that huge shaft against her once more, silently asking her what she wanted. "Tell me.



Tell me how much you *crave* it.” His words were spoken into her ear, his warm breath slipping against the side of her neck as his hands moved down to her thighs and ran small circles over them. His hands then moved up and grabbed her wrists, keeping them in a gentle yet unforgiving hold as he brought them behind her back and kept them there.

She looked to the side and noticed that Tatiana and Ash were gone. The very idea that she was alone with this man was frightening yet arousing. “Y-you don’t even know me.” She stuttered, her throat constricting as she tried to focus.

“I can feel how you shake in my hand with the thought of being possessed. You want it and I want you. You came to this club looking for something in particular, and I can give you what you seek. All you have to do is give yourself to me.”

She looked back in the room, the man now on his knees as he draped his sub’s leg over his shoulder and ate her pussy out. Kasia shook her head, knowing she could never let herself go like that. Wasn’t that the point of a fantasy? As much as she needed to let go, as much as she dreamt about it, how could she? She shook her head, feeling like a coward.

“Say it.” His voice had gone harder.

She shivered in delight. “No, you’re not wrong, but...but I can’t.” It wasn’t anything more than a whisper, but she knew he heard it nonetheless. He inhaled deeply, but didn’t speak, just let go of her and stepped away. She instantly felt the cold air around her, covering her like a blanket and making her shiver with awareness. She didn’t bother turning around, just continued to watch the scene below. The man was still on his knees, eating the woman’s pussy with fervor. Suddenly the woman’s eyes snapped open, those big black orbs seeming to stare right at Kasia, as if knowing, as if seeing right into her very soul. The woman smiled slowly, seductively before she closed her eyes again, her body tensing as her orgasm tore through her.

Kasia stared at the woman's limp body, the man showing her kindness and even love as he unlaced her hands and carried her over to a bed, laying a soft kiss atop her head. Only seconds had passed, but it had all seemed to be in slow motion, like a sign from something more powerful urging her, pushing her. If she didn't do this she would never truly know, maybe never truly be herself.

She turned around, looking frantically for the man who could give her what she desperately wanted. She saw his huge form disappear behind a black curtain and she walked briskly toward it.

## Chapter Five

The door shut silently behind her. She took the few stairs that led to a landing and stopped at the bottom to look around. Seeing a hallway the same size as the one above, she took a right. It was the exact same layout as the observation deck, but this was where you entered and exited the rooms. She swallowed, feeling suddenly nervous knowing how close she was to all the naughty things people were doing behind those closed doors. The air around her was eerily silent and she heard the creak of a door open. The stairs were blocking her view, and she walked back around. She stood utterly still, not even daring to breathe as she stared at the open door. She visualized the rooms upstairs, trying to remember what room she was looking at: the private room. Goosebumps prickled over her skin, and even though she had only seen his dark shape disappear, she knew he waited for her just a few short steps away.

She took a steadying breath and stepped forward. She ran her hands over her dress, over and over again until the material irritated her skin. The beating of her heart was so loud she could positively hear it surround her. The flow of her blood was a rhythmic beat against her pulse points.

She took a deep several more deep breaths and continued forward. She stood as she reached the door. She lifted her hands slowly and placed her sweaty palms on the cool wood. She slowly pushed it open. The door creaked slightly and seemed too loud for the silence around her. Everything looked as it did before, though the room was now illuminated in soft lighting. She looked around, noticing the big bed sitting in the center of the room, the table off to the side covered

with velvet, and manacles on the opposite wall. She swallowed as she looked at those wrist and ankle cuffs dangling against the smooth wall.

She took a step forward.

As soon as she was far enough in the door closed. She spun around, her heart in her throat. She gripped the handle, expecting it to be locked, and breathing a sigh of relief when she was able to open it.

“You aren’t a prisoner.”

She spun around, trying to find that deep, low voice that made her clit throb. She saw his large form sitting in a chair in the corner, the shadows once again masking his face. The light spilled across his lower body, showing her exactly how large and muscular he really was.

“You knew I would come?” She didn’t move, her words so soft and low that she didn’t even know if he had heard.

“I knew.” He kept his voice low.

They were both silent for several seconds, the only sound she was able to hear was her own erratic breathing.

“Relax, little sub, you are ready for this.” He chuckled softly, the sound inflaming her higher. Just as suddenly as it started, the laughter stopped. “You will do what I say when I say it.” His voice grew serious.

He seemed to be able to sense her indecision.

“You will not be harmed, that I can promise you. On the contrary, I plan on making you feel so very good.”

She would have moaned right there if she could have found her voice.

“So, sweetness, will you let go and surrender to me?”

She hoped she didn’t regret what she was about to do. She nodded.

“Perfect. From here on out you will obey everything I say. If you disobey me there will be consequences. Do you understand?”

She did, but she wondered why he spoke so low, why his words were soft like a whisper. “I don’t even know what you look like or what your name is.”

“Do my looks have anything to do with the pleasure I can bring you?”

*Yes. No. I don’t know.*

“You can call me Master. That will suffice for tonight.”

Her mouth dropped open slightly. “I’ve never done this before.” The words were tight as they came out of her mouth. She was scared, but in a good way.

“I know, and I promise to be gentle with you. If there’s anything you don’t like that I’m doing then all you need to do is say your safe word.”

“Safe word?”

“Yes. What would you like your safe word to be?”

She thought about it, saying the first thing that came to her mind.

“My name. Kasia.”

“So be it. Now step into the center of the room and turn around so that you’re facing the door.”

She did as he asked, slowly. She stood there for a minute, not knowing what he would ask her to do next.

“Just breathe, Kasia.”

She swallowed and took a deep breath. The more air she took in, the more her heart slowed to a more normal pace

“I want to explain some rules before we begin so you are fully aware of what to expect.” He was silent for a moment, as if he was letting her absorb his statement. “You will not speak unless asked a question. If you break this rule you will be punished. Do you understand?”

His words caused her heart to start beating madly again. *Punished?* That one word slammed into her brain and had her pussy lips tingling with excitement. “Yes.”

“Good. You will do what I say when I say it. If you choose not to obey my rules then you have the right to use the safe word. If you use the safe word then this ends right away. Do you understand that rule?”

“Yes.”

“Good, now take the corset off.”

She turned around, eyes wide. “What?” She squeaked the word out.

“I will let that disobedience go because you are new to all of this, but I will not be so lenient next time. Now do as I say.”

She turned back around and took a deep breath. She started to undo the lacing in her corset, the strain on her ribs and waist lessening with each tie she undid. Several minutes went by without him commanding her to take anything else off. She didn’t dare speak, just breathed in deeply again and waited.

“Take the top off.” His words were low and dark. He sounded sexy and mysterious as he told her what to do.

Again, after she had the top off he let her stand there for several minutes, not speaking, just breathing.

“Now, the skirt.”

She removed the rest, now standing in just her panties, matching bra, thigh-highs, and heels. Her heart was beating hard, her breathing erratic. What was he thinking? Did he like what he saw? Questions bombarded her until she felt light-headed. She glanced up at the window, so thankful the curtain was pulled closed. She had completely forgotten about the idea that all those people could see her submit for the first time.

She heard his chair scrape against the floor, knowing he was moving toward her. She didn’t dare look behind her. A thrill shot through her and made her nipples bead up tight. *What does he have planned?*

“I’m going to put a blindfold on you. Is that okay, Kaaa-shaaa?” Her name rolled off his tongue in two seductive syllables. She nodded, not able to say no to him.

She saw his large hands and muscular forearms before the cool silk slipped over her eyes and obscured her vision.

“With one of your senses gone, your other ones will be hypersensitive.” His mouth was right by her ear, his moist, sweet smelling breath slipping over her skin and causing a whimper to slip through her lips. He took her hand and turned her around, leading her a few steps until she was pressed against the cool smooth wall. She gasped, knowing what he had in store. “Wait.”

“Are you choosing to use your safe word?” His breath was hot and moist against her cheek and she shivered. “You can use it, Kasia, and I will stop. But if you choose to use it I will leave.”

Was she going to use it? She thought about it, knowing if she backed out now she would forever regret it. She shook her head.

“Good, that’s really good, although I did not give you permission to speak so you will have to be punished for that.”

*Punished?*

He took her hand and lifted it up, attaching one of the cold metal cuffs to her wrist before doing the same to her other hand. Once her wrists were secured she felt him run his hands down her arms, over her shoulders, and rested them right above her breasts. She suddenly became paranoid. She wore that damn Wonder bra, that thing easily giving her two cup sizes, but as soon as he took it off she would be back down to her thirty-two A. She swallowed, suddenly feeling embarrassed.

He smoothed his hand down her thigh, so slowly she wondered what he was thinking about. He took hold of one ankle and stretched it to the side and attached the cuff to her ankle. He did the other one as well so that when he was finished, her legs were spread wide. Once she was all tied up, he didn’t do anything. She could hear him breathing right in front of her, but he didn’t do as much as run a finger down her arm. “This needs to come off, although in my excitement, I overlooked the necessity to removing this,” he cupped one of her breasts through the bra and she gasped, “before I secured you.”

He clicked his tongue, the sound of ripping fabric loud in the room.

*He just tore the thing off.* She squeaked and then moaned, not even caring that she had spent a lot on that damn bra. She could hear his even breathing, could feel the cool air waft across her breasts and tighten up her nipples.

“You are so fucking beautiful. Just like I imagined.” In the next instant he latched onto one of her nipples with his mouth. She moaned and threw her head back, momentarily forgetting there was a wall behind her and slammed her head back against it.

“Little sub, you need to control yourself.” His words were muffled against her skin.

The sting was slight compared to the feel of his hot, wet mouth on her aching nipple. His hand snaked up and cupped the back of her head, rubbing the spot that had suffered the impact. His hand moved gently against her scalp, his tongue devouring her nipple, two totally different sensations, both driving her mad with desire.

His mouth latched onto the other nipple, his growls and groans fueling her own arousal until heat pooled low in her belly. His hand that had been caressing the back of her head moved down and cupped her other breast. His fingers pinched and tweaked at her nipple, and she found herself thrusting her hips in tune with his pinches. His other hand moved down her stomach and rested above her mound. She held her breath, knowing exactly where that hand was going.

His mouth unlatched from her breast with a resounding pop. The noise was erotic as hell. He ran his lips and tongue over her breast, up the side of her neck, and twirled his tongue around her ear, his teeth gently nipping at her earlobe. “Tell me where you want me to touch you, baby.”

Her mouth opened and closed and she felt him press his body closer to hers. She felt the defined length of his erection press against her stomach and that seemed to make her vocal cords constrict further. “I...”



“Yeah, baby?”

“I want you to touch me down there.”

“Down where?” There was a teasing note in his voice.

“Touch my pussy.”

“Touch my pussy what?”

She knitted her eyebrows behind the blindfold before finally realizing what he wanted to hear. “Please. Touch my pussy...Master.”

He growled his approval. “Good girl.”

She let her head fall back—gently this time—at the feel of his fingers brushing over her mound. He ran his finger lower, moving over her clit and making her bite her lip with bliss. He ran his finger down her slit, his tongue and mouth licking and sucking at her neck as he groaned. He stopped when his finger was right over her pussy hole, the big digit slowly starting to push the fabric inside and then gently retreat.

“You’re so wet for me. So fucking hot and wet. It’s going to feel so good once I sink into you.”

Her mouth opened, his words bringing her to the brink of orgasm.

“I can tell how close you are to coming, Kasia.”

In the next second his finger was gone, but he didn’t give her time to feel disappointed. His lips replaced his finger, his mouth sucking and licking feverishly at her vagina through the lace of her panties. She was so close and he seemed to sense it. He took his mouth off, hooking his finger on the side of her panties and pulling them so that he exposed her cleft.

His mouth was on her so fast she screamed in pleasure. The wetness and heat his mouth and tongue provided was just too much for her to bear. His tongue flicked at her clit as his finger pressed into her opening. It was too much, the sensations so intense she let herself go. Her orgasm crashed through her, so powerful she was unable to stop the thrusting of her hips or the squeezing of her inner muscles on his finger. He didn’t let up, just continued to suck and lick at her,

wrung out every last drop of her orgasm until she was panting and hanging from the manacles.

He took his mouth from her pussy, kissing her lips gently as he whispered against them. “You taste so good, like peaches and cream. Can you taste yourself on my lips, baby? Can you taste how good you are?” He brought his body closer, the feel of his still hard shaft pressing mercilessly against her stomach.

She moaned and opened her mouth, his tongue slipping easily in and filling her senses with the musky yet sweet taste of her own orgasm. He broke the kiss and started to suck on her neck. She thrashed her head as his fingers took up where his mouth had left off. His thumb ran circles around her clit while his finger started a slow fuck in her still clenching hole. She whimpered and moaned as he brought another orgasm just within reach. She could feel her body coated in a light sheen of sweat, but she didn’t care.

“You’re such a good girl. Listening to your Master and doing what he says. Do you want to come again?”

She nodded, her body already so sated she didn’t know if she could handle another one, but needing him to give her more.

He brought his lips to her ear, “I’m going to give you so many orgasms you won’t be able to walk when I’m done with you.”

She gasped, his mouth kissing from her ear to her cheek to her mouth. His lips crushed against hers, so firm and warm that she couldn’t help but sigh. He tasted like her still, but he also tasted like a man, all wild and fervent for her. His hips were thrusting against her as his mouth fucked hers, his tongue slipping past the seam of her lips and dueling with her own. It was heaven, it was hell—it was pleasure and pain.

His fingers started going faster, his thumb moving in quicker circles, his finger thrusting rapidly inside of her. Her whole body tensed, her inner muscles clamping down hard on his finger as she climaxed again, the pleasure washing through her and stealing her breath. All the while he whispered dirty things against her mouth,

things that would have made her blush on a normal day, but that were making her so impassioned now.

As her climax subsided, she sagged against the wall, aware that he was taking the cuffs off of her ankles and wrists. He scooped her up in his arms, walking a few steps and then gently laying her on softness—the bed—her pleasure-drugged brain surmised. She let herself sink in, felt the mattress dip as he moved next to her, and felt him pull her toward the hardness of his body. She took a deep breath, not remembering when the last time she actually felt this pleased.

## Chapter Six

“That was good, baby? You’re going to tell me how good it felt.”

“Yes, so good.” Her words were wisps of air, nothing substantial, but then again she was so relaxed she was surprised she could even talk. The blindfold was still on, and she desperately wanted to see her dominant lover.

“Are you ready for more?”

Her heart sped up at his voice, her pussy becoming saturated with her juices and her clit tingling. “Oh, yes, Master.” Just like that, just the simple sound of his voice against her ear caused her to want him feverishly.

“Tell me what you want.”

“I don’t know. Oh God, I don’t know.” She didn’t. Her mind was so hazy that she couldn’t even think straight. What she knew for sure was that she wanted whatever he gave her.

He chuckled before taking her hand and sliding it down his chiseled chest to rest on the steel erection that pressed forcefully against his pants. As if her touch was electrified, his cock jumped under her palm. “As much as I want to fuck you right now, I’m not going to.”

Her mouth opened and closed in succession, her body so alit that she needed something, anything. “Oh, God, please, give me something.” She still had the damn blindfold on and wished she could see his expression. Hell, she’d settle for his face.

“You spoke without being given permission to. That’s strike two.”

She breathed heavily, her pussy swelling with need again even after the climaxes he had just given her. Her labia were nude of any

hair, something she did on a whim earlier today, and she was wondering if it had been a bad idea. Everything seemed so much more sensitized, so much more pleasurable that it was almost too much.

He took her hand and helped her off the bed. “We need to get rid of these.” He ran his hand across her lace covered mound and she shivered. His finger hooked underneath her panties, the thin material sliding down her thighs as his mouth left a trail of kisses behind it. She clenched her fists together and bit her tongue as pleasure coursed through her at his simple touches.

She lifted her leg so he could remove the undergarments, his hands smoothing up and down her stocking clad thighs. He helped take off her heels, her thigh high stockings following that. She now stood completely naked, his hot breath brushing along her belly, his hands smoothing over her flesh. She could just imagine what he looked like, kneeling on the ground, his big, hard body straining as he stared at her shaved vagina. She wanted to say something to break the utter silence that filled the room, but she was already going to get disciplined for her disobedience—as exciting as it may be—and she didn’t want to push it.

Even though she was still blindfolded, she could tell when he stood, his presence so powerful she took a step back. He grabbed her hand, leading her a few steps and then stopping.

“I’m going to spank that pretty ass of yours, Kasia.”

She swallowed, so aroused and frightened by the image of his hand slamming down on her backside.

“I think ten should suffice.”

She bit her tongue, wanting to protest that ten spankings seemed like an awful lot.

“You’re going to count them off. Every time I spank your round, full ass, you’re going to count. Do you understand me, baby?”

She nodded.

“Do. You. Understand. Me. Kasia?”

“Y-Yes, Master.”

“Good, that’s really good. Now I’m going to help you, and you’re going to lie on your stomach across my lap.”

Her pussy was throbbing, her clit so swollen she could feel it move against her labia with every step she took. He helped her across his lap and she braced her hands on the ground. She anticipated that first smack, that first sting that his palm would deliver to her flesh. It didn’t come though, the moments ticking by as his hand smoothed over her ass, kneading and petting her skin in the most gentle of ways. It turned her on, made her hotter and more aroused. She lifted her ass in invitation, wanting his touch like she needed to breathe. She moaned as his fingers brushed ever so lightly against her pussy lips.

*Smack!*

She gasped as his hand came down on her ass cheek, the sting present but not the reason she made the noise. She was surprised. Surprised at how good it felt.

“How many was that, Kasia?”

“One.” Her voice cracked.

*Smack! Whap!*

“How many?”

“Two... Three.” She was panting, her ass heating and tingling with every connection his hand made with her now tender skin.

Four. Five. Six.

On and on he went, delivering the blows as he made her count them off. His erection straining harder and fuller against her belly with every land his palm made to her ass.

With every spank he gave her, he smoothed his hand down her abused bottom, running circles along her hot skin as he whispered what a good girl she was being.

Seven. Eight. Nine.

Each blow barely missing her pussy.

“How many more, baby?”

“One more, oh please, one more, Master.” She could hardly talk—her voice nothing more than a croaked whisper as she squirmed on his

lap. Her pussy lips rubbed together torturously, her juices still continuing to slip out of her with fervor each time his palm had connected with her skin. Her nipples were hard and swollen, the nubs rubbing against the rough texture of his pants and making them more sensitive.

“Your ass is the prettiest shade of red.”

His voice was nothing more than a strained groan, driving her lust higher as his finger slipped between her thighs and slid into her saturated slit. His thick finger ran up and down her cleft, gathering her moisture and bringing it back to her clit. He ran small circles around the swollen bud, bringing her closer and closer to another intense climax. Right when she was on the precipice of another orgasm, he pulled away from her vagina and smacked her ass hard and then immediately pushed his finger into her pussy as his thumb worked on her clit.

She screamed as her orgasm tore through her, her body going rigid, her inner muscles clamping down on his finger as he thrust it in and out of her. It was at that exact moment that *his* face popped into her mind, a face that she had been lusting after for years. Ronan Devlin, the man her fantasies were made of, the male that screamed pure strength and power. It was Ronan’s face that she thought about as her body convulsed. The way his features were masculine and fierce. The way the words rolled off of his tongue, his Irish accent thick and intoxicating. It was his massive body that she imagined slamming into her, his cock in her pussy, his mouth on her nipple.

Before her climax ended, her Master had her thrown on the bed, his big, heavy body atop hers, his mouth pressed possessively against her lips. She moaned into his mouth as his tongue played with hers. She spread her legs wider and lifted her hips, pressing her still clenching vagina against his jean-clad erection, groaning and moaning from the impact. She was still blindfolded, so it made picturing who she really wanted to be under that much easier. She should feel guilty about giving her body to this male stranger, this man who bought her

pleasure after blissful pleasure, yet here she was thinking about a man she could and would never have. It was pathetic, she knew that, but she didn't care.

He slipped a hand in her hair, gripped the locks tightly and tilted her head back so her neck was arched. He broke their kiss, his lips trailing over her neck and collar bone and down to her breasts where he sucked in a nipple. She arched her back, the sensations almost too much to handle. His teeth and tongue worked together as they pulled and nipped at the sensitive flesh, causing the nub to swell from the action.

"I'm going to sink my cock into that pretty mouth of yours. You're going to suck it so good. It'll be so good. Tell me how good it sounds, Kasia."

"Oh, God, yes. It sounds so very good." The wicked words were spilling from her mouth without any conscious thought.



## Chapter Seven

“Have you been good enough, Kasia?”

“I’ve been good, please, I’ve been good.” She was panting, her legs scissoring as her lust started a slow burn in her belly.

“Yes, I think you have been a good girl. You’ve been so responsive to me, so open and willing to experiment even though this is your first time.” His tongue trailed up her neck, running over her lips and stabbing into her waiting mouth. She sucked his tongue in, opening her legs wider and wantonly rubbing her slick pussy all over his crotch. “Whose pussy is this?”

“Yours, oh God, it’s yours.” She felt his heavy weight lift off of her and she instantly became cold. She gripped the sheets tightly in her fists, wishing that she could see who he was.

“How I wish I could see your eyes when you suck my cock.”

Was he going to finally remove it? Sure, she wanted to see his face, but the thrill of the unknown—the very fantasy that she was fucking Dr. Devlin made her want to keep it on—keep kept the fantasy alive.

“No, I think I’ll keep it on you. It’s all part of the mystery, all part of the allure. As much as you may think you want it off, I know you want it *on*.”

She felt his body cover hers once more, now free of the jeans, his hot and smooth flesh surrounded her and heated her further. She tried to press herself closer to him, but as she lifted her hands to touch him, he grabbed them and stretched them above her head. He made quick work of tying her wrists to the iron headboard with soft material, the metal cold and the material unyielding against her skin. Her back was

arched, her breasts thrust up so that every time she breathed she could feel her chest rub along his.

He smoothed his hands down her arms and sides, his hot breath tickling her as he groaned against her ear. “Ah, my sweet, you’re so beautiful. Better than I ever imagined.”

The way he spoke sent tingling awareness through her. He spoke so softly and eloquently, as if he knew her very soul, knew who she was and what those words did to her. Was this how all dominants treated their subs?

She gasped as she felt the hard and hot length of his cock move along her slit, the thickness surprising her. He moved away from her again, and she groaned.

“Tilt your head to the right, baby.”

She did as he said, not knowing what he had in mind. That question soon left her brain as she felt the blunt crown of his dick slid against her lips. She had never given head before and was afraid of not doing it well enough. She opened her mouth, sticking her tongue out and running it over the salty tip. She could taste his pre-cum and it inflamed her senses. He tasted so good, so wild and dangerous that she wanted to have all that thick liquid moving down her throat.

“Suck my cock into your mouth.”

“I’ve never done this before.” She broke away long enough to speak, knowing it might cause her to be disciplined, but needing him to know so his expectations weren’t high. He was silent and she felt embarrassed until his big palm cupped her cheek, his thumb brushing gently over her lips.

“We’ll take it nice and slow.”

She nodded, hoping she didn’t disappoint. She felt his smooth cock head poised at her mouth again and she opened, swiping her tongue over the crown again and lapping at the moisture that gathered there.

“Now take some more in. Yeah that’s it, suck harder, baby.”

She did as he instructed, opening her mouth as wide as it would go, the fullness of his shaft impressive yet frightening. He was huge, that much she could tell from the way her lips stretched over his flesh. She wished she could wrap her hand around his erection, her wrists straining against her bonds as she tried to do just that.

“I’m going to start moving back and forth, fucking your sweet little mouth. All you need to do is suction those pretty full lips around my cock, use your tongue like you’re doing now...oh yeah, just like that. I’ll do all the work.”

She nodded as much as she could given the fact she had a mouth full of dick. She moaned as she felt and tasted a small amount of his semen coat her mouth. He started moving his penis in and out, his hands going into her hair and gripping the strands tightly. He groaned and moaned above her, his naughty words fueling her desires and making her suck harder. She felt small jets of semen flow more frequently and she knew he was close to exploding. She moaned loudly, knowing the vibrations would drive him higher. Just when she thought he would finally ejaculate in her mouth, he pulled away and cursed loudly.

“No, not yet, I’m not done having my fun with you.”

She was breathing heavily, the taste of his semen still thick in her mouth. She felt the bed dip as if he were getting off, heard the sound of rustling and the clank of metal, and then the bed was dipped once more. She shifted uneasily on the bed, not knowing what he had in store for her, fear seeping into her quickly and forcefully. She gasped when she felt something cold move against her nipples, tightening the flesh up further and making her ache harder. She squeaked as he clamped something on each of her nipples, adjusted them so they were snug against the swollen and sensitive buds. She didn’t dare talk, didn’t dare speak.

She felt his finger smooth down her lips, across her collar bone, and over her breasts but making sure to steer clear of her nipples. He continued to move down her belly and stopped on her mound, right

above her clit. She swallowed thickly as he dipped his finger lower, playing gently with her clit, flicking it back and forth before spreading her lips wide. The cool air brushed against her inner lips, causing her clit to swell further so she had no doubt it was sticking out with need. She felt something cold and smooth run along her clit and she instinctively tried to close her legs, but his strong hands were there to stop any such movements.

“You will keep these open, Kasia.” His voice was hard and unyielding.

“Yes, Master.” She was scared, she could admit that, but she was also expectant, excited, and fucking aroused as hell.

“Do you know what these are, Kasia?” He flicked her nipples until she was gasping, and caressed her clit until she was thrusting her hips up for more.

She shook her head, no.

“They’re nipple clamps and this is a vibrator.” The cold and smooth thing that had just been caressing her clit now started to vibrate ferociously and she moaned and tilted her head back. She gripped the iron headboard as pleasure exploded inside of her. He held the vibrator to her clit hard and didn’t let up. He was merciless as he slowly rubbed it against her clit then moved it up and down her slit, finally resting it at her pussy hole. She breathed in heavily at the small reprieve her clit got, but then suddenly opened her mouth and groaned when the nipple clamps started to vibrated wildly.

He pushed the vibrator into her pussy, and she instinctively clamped down hard on it, spreading her legs as wide as they could get and thrusting her hips up. She could feel the long, smooth girth of the vibrator as it vibrated inside of her. She bit her bottom lip to keep from crying out in pleasure. He pulled it out, running it around her saturated hole and then bringing it back to her clit, pressing down hard on the sensitive tissue and rolling it in small circles. She was so close to her orgasm going off inside off her.

*Yes, yes, oh, please, harder, faster.* She didn't speak, just said the mantra in her head until her climax finally broke and she was gasping, her body strung tight, her muscles clamped down hard. He didn't turn off the nipple clamps or the vibrator, just rode out her orgasm until she was whispering for him to stop, that it was too much for her to take. Finally he turned them both off, removing the nipple clamps, untying her hands, and lying beside her as he pulled her flush with his body. She rested her head on his chest, trying to get her breathing under control and not able to ignore the feel of his still hard cock pressing against her belly. She was amazed to find that her body heated right away even after the intense orgasm she just had. She was ready to go again.

He started pressing his erection into her, slowly at first, then thrusting more forcefully. His fingers gripped her hair tight, not painfully, just the slightest pressure so she knew who was in charge. She loved it.

"You're going to move down my body and suck my cock." His tongue licked over her lips, and then he slowly pushed her down toward his cock.

Even though she couldn't see, she could tell right when her face was by his cock, his pure male scent washing through her and making her inner muscles clench desperately. His hands gripped strands of her hair, pushing her face forward roughly until her nose was buried in the soft hair at his groin. She felt his thick, hard cock move along her cheek, and she slipped her tongue out and stroked it along from root to tip. He groaned above her, and she grew braver. She moved her tongue down the length of his shaft, his skin smooth, like velvet over steel. She felt the raised edges of his cock head, moving her tongue around the crown and running it along the slit. She tasted his pre-cum, that salty, addicting flavor that instantly made her grow warm.

"Touch me, Kasia. Stroke me while you swallow my cock."

She gripped his shaft with one hand and started to stroke him, feeling the skin move with every pull she did of his cock. She

engulfed his shaft with her mouth until her head was bobbing up and down. His hands were still in her hair, holding tight as he guided her head in the rhythm he wanted. His hips started to match the movements his hands were doing on her head. He was uncontrollable, and his demanding thrusts were getting faster and more insistent. She ran her tongue along his shaft, feeling the ridges and veins that made covered it. She tightened her legs together, needing some kind of pressure against her clit as she moaned on his dick.

“That’s it. You are doing such a good job. I love how you suck my cock.”

His encouragements fueled her on, and she moved her head faster, needing to taste of him sliding down her throat.

“Touch yourself, baby. Move your hands and play with your little clit.”

She slid her hands down her belly and between her thighs until she felt the swollen bud of her clit. She barely touched herself before she was moaning against his flesh, her pussy walls clenching down as she hollowed out her cheeks. It wouldn’t take her more than a few flicks of her finger on her clit before she came.

“Not yet, Kasia. You will not come until I give you permission.”

She eased up on touching her clit, instead just running her fingers down her cleft to tease her opening. With her other hand she played with his heavy and full balls, moving them around until he was making grunting noises above her and gripped her hair tightly. There was a flash of pain as he tugged, but it felt oh so good to her, the pain mixing with pleasure until she was gasping.

“Oh yeah, so close. Faster, deeper, Kasia.”

She did what he said, bringing her finger back to her clit until she was squeezing her eyes shut to try to control the orgasm that was teetering on the brink. She felt his body stiffen before his hands cradled her cheek.

“Come, Kasia.”

That was all it took, just his deep and commanding voice and she went over the edge. She shoved her finger in her pussy and felt the muscles clamp down on her digit as jet after jet of his salty semen coated her mouth. She swallowed it as she tried to focus on swallowing every last drop that shot out of the tip of his cock. He groaned loudly, praising her for being a good little sub, for sucking his cock so well, for feeling so good. Finally, he eased her away from him and pulled her up the bed, turning her around so that her back was to his chest. She could feel his wet shaft along the small of her back, moist from her mouth and his semen.

He removed the blindfold, and even though she could have easily peeked over at him, she didn't want to lose the illusion of her mystery man being Ronan. She let herself fall asleep, knowing she could find out who he was after she got a little rest. His strong arms wrapped around her as he whispered something inaudible against her hair. That was the last thing she was aware of before she let herself succumb to sleep.

## Chapter Eight

Kasia woke to the feel of fingertips running down the length of her spine. Instantly her body came alive with desire. She was on her stomach, her head turned away from the man that was igniting her senses. She closed her eyes and breathed out when she felt his mouth follow the path the tips of his fingers made.

His lips were soft and gentle, and his breath heated her body further. She felt the length of his shaft press insistently against her thigh and she tried to turn around.

His hand landed on the small of her back, stopping any further movements she may have made.

“Don’t move. You’re just where I want you.”

A breath of air left her in a rush at his abysmal words. He meant what he said and she had no intentions of disobeying him.

He lifted his hand from the small of her back and placed a heated kiss on her flesh. The length of his body pressed firmly against hers, and when he whispered against her neck, she positively shivered with delight.

“I want to take you here, Kasia,” his palm smoothed down her back to caress on of her ass cheeks before giving it a stinging slap. “I want to push my cock up your tight little ass.” He emphasized his words by slipping his finger between the crack of her ass and running the digit over the tight, unused hole. She stiffened, never having a man touch her there. He was silent for a moment. She knew he was waiting for her to use the safe word.

She was hesitant about him breaching her there. Fear and the idea of it hurting played a factor in her hesitance. She knew that with him



though, the pain and pleasure were mixed until they were combined into one blinding ray of white, hot spear of intensity.

She stayed quiet, silently letting him know this was exactly what she wanted. He kissed the nape of her neck and her heart fluttered. The heat of his body disappeared, and the sound of soft rustling temporarily brought her back to reality.

“You will keep your eyes closed, Kasia, or I will blindfold you again. I want you to fully feel what I’m about to do to you. You need to open up your mind and see how the pleasure can coalesce with all of your senses and bring you to a new height. You can do that for me, right.” It wasn’t a question.

She nodded and tried to relax her body when she felt him move behind her. His hands gripped her waist and lifted her until her ass was in the air. Her upper body was still flat on the mattress, and she was very aware how the material of the sheets teased her aching nipples.

His hands smoothed down her ass before pulling the cheeks apart. Cool air brushed against her sensitive flesh and she shuddered. She could hear his heavy breathing behind her, could almost feel the thundering of his heart through his hands.

Her pussy was soaked, her juices slipping from her until all she wanted was his cock buried deep inside of her. He nudged her thighs wide, and moved his body between them. She bit her lip when she felt his cock press against her swollen folds. He was scorching. The tip of his shaft was so hot that she thought he would burn her alive.

The thick crown was precariously close to her pussy opening, and if she arched her hips just a little he would slide right in. As if he sensed her thought, his palm landed on one of her ass cheeks. The “*slap*” echoed through the room and she gasped, not from pain but from pleasure.

She gripped the sheets with more force than was actually necessary. Her whole body called to him.

She heard the sound of a lid being popped and a wrapper being opened. She froze when she felt cool wetness coat her anus. Sweat started to bead on her forehead, but it wasn't from fear, no, it was from excitement and anticipation.

His body covered her without any penetration. His hands smoothed over her shoulders and skimmed along her chest until he reached her breasts. He plucked, teased, and taunted the bundles of nerves. He brought her to the point of climax just by rolling the sensitive tissue between his digits and gently biting her shoulder.

She sucked in breath after stuttering breath until she was so close she could taste her orgasm. It was at the pinnacle that he stopped his actions and lifted off her back. Her clit throbbed to the beat of her heart when she felt him reach between their bodies and align his cock with the asshole.

His silence actually gave her strength and she made her body relax.

"Bear down when I push in."

He may have been a dominant in this experience, but he was gentle, and made she knew exactly what was going on. She did as he asked and squeezed her eyes shut tightly when he started to push into her. His hands gripped her hips with such force she knew she would have bruises, but the very thought had a flash of desire pounding inside of her.

She let out a long breath when she felt the tip of his erection break through the inner ring of tight muscle. He didn't make a sound as he continued advances inside of her. He completely filled her as every thick inch pushed into her body. When he was fully seated inside of her ass, she heard him exhale loudly. He didn't move. He let her body adjust to the size and girth of him. Finally he broke the silence.

"Absolutely. Fucking. Beautiful."

A soft whimper left her lips and she bit her tongue. He started to move inside of her. His hips pulled back, the tip resting at the entrance before barreling into her again. He was slow and steady at

first, but with every upstroke of his cock inside of her ass, his motions became quicker, wilder. His hands left her hips and gripped her shoulders. He used her for leverage as he pulled her back onto his cock. He pounded into her, a grunt coming from him and driving her lust higher. Her body was coated in sweat, but it allowed him to move against her body easily, more erotically.

Never had she thought anal penetration would be pleasurable, but her Master was showing her a side that had her experiencing pleasure so intense, so untamed it left her breathless.

He moved one of his hands over her side and down her belly, never stopping his hips from pumping into her. He didn't stroke her clit, but instead took the small bundle of nerves between his thumb and forefinger and pinched it, hard. She opened her mouth on a silent scream as her orgasm slammed into her.

On and on his hips pounded into her, his finger keeping a steady hold on her clit that brought the slightest flash of pain. It was good, so very, very good.

When her climax was finally ebbing, he covered her back once more. He moved his hands to her breasts, grabbed her nipples between her fingers, and pulled them, hard.

She couldn't back the scream of pleasure that shot out of her as another intense orgasm crested inside of her. He pulled at her nipples, pounding into her once, twice, and then growling against her flesh as he ejaculated.

His body shook, his breath was blistering against her skin, but it was erotic as hell. When he finally stopped trembling, he pulled out of her ass, causing them both to sigh in resignation. Gravity took control and her body fell back on the bed. She kept her eyes close, because really, she couldn't even open them. She didn't resist when she felt his arm snake around and grip her waist. He pulled her onto her side, and against his chest. Exhaustion coated her like a second skin, and she let herself fall asleep for the second time that night.

Kasia slowly awoke, her body hypersensitive in all the right places as she stretched. She was exhausted but it had been *so* worth it. She rolled over, a smile on her face. “That was incred...” Her smile faltered when she was greeted with a cold, empty spot next to her. She sat up, pulling the silk sheet over her breasts and pushing her tangled hair out of her eyes. She looked around the room, her heart pounding as she realized she was all alone.

He hadn’t said goodbye. *What did you expect?*

She looked up at the window and noticed that the curtain was still pulled. *Thank goodness for small miracles.* She got out of bed and quickly put her dress back on, picking up her corset, heels, and thigh high stockings and walking over to the door. She turned around before she reached it, looking around again at the messy bed and the ties that still hung from the iron headboard. The memories of what they had done together flashed through her mind and made all of her erogenous zones tingle in awareness. She took a deep breath, opened the door and left, knowing she needed to leave what had happened at Cimmerian behind her.

\* \* \* \*

Kasia sat behind her desk Monday morning, going over the schedule for the day, her mind not able to forget what had happened over the weekend.

Even though she loved what he had done, she couldn’t get over the fact that the man that had given her countless orgasms had just up and left. The woman in her expected something more, not a relationship of course, but something. She didn’t even know what he had looked like, and she knew that was what bothered her the most.

She brought her mind back to the present, knowing she was acting ridiculous, but unable to help herself. Since leaving the club, she hadn’t been able to stop thinking about *him*—her Master. She didn’t have a face to go with, but that didn’t matter, the only face that would

do was Ronan Devlin's anyway. As if she had conjured him up, the object of her desire walked by. He set a chart on the counter and flipped through it. He glanced up, looking her right in the eye and giving her one of his devilish half smiles. The white lab coat did nothing to hide all of the muscle that lay beneath.

"Hello, Kasia. How are you this morning?"

His thick Irish accent always made her pussy tingle, but what woman wouldn't be affected by a deep, sexy accent? She cleared her throat. "I'm doing well. Thank you, Dr. Devlin."

"Did you have a nice weekend? The weather was beautiful."

Her cheeks heated as she recalled what she had done on her day off. She cleared her throat again. "It was...nice." He hadn't taken his eyes off of her as he smiled again. They stared at each other for a suspended moment before he broke the eye contact and looked back down at the chart. "How was your weekend, Doctor?" Kasia kept her voice smooth and even. Just looking at him brought back the illicit things she did over the weekend, and who she was thinking about while she did them.

He didn't look up. "It was quite wonderful actually." He smiled before closing the chart and handing it to her to file away. "Have a lovely day."

She watched him leave, his walk reminding her of some kind of forest predator, a lion or jaguar, all swagger and power. She shivered, scolding herself for her inappropriate thoughts toward her employer.

Kasia bit her lip, her stomach rumbling in hunger, her mind a frenzied mess. She looked at the computer screen for a third time, hoping she was reading it wrong...nope. She had double booked an appointment. She didn't remember booking two appointments for one time slot, but no one else answered the phones or scheduled the appointments, so it must have been her.

This wasn't good, not at all.

She would have to tell Dr. Devlin and hope this didn't push everyone's appointments back. She couldn't say she didn't know how

it had happened because she knew exactly how it had happened. She had been unable to stop herself from reliving her weekend in her mind, and because her brain had been on another planet, she had booked two people for the same time.

“I’ll see you in an hour.”

Kasia looked up as Tatiana stopped and looked down at her, the statement hanging in the air. A few of the staff members waved as they left for lunch. She forced a smile.

“Are you coming with us today?” Tatiana spoke as she rummaged through her purse. She grabbed her keys and looked back at Kasia. Tatiana leaned over the counter and her scrub top gaped open, showing generous cleavage.

Kasia shook her head and pointed to the break room. “I packed today, but I overbooked two patients and now I have to go let Dr. Devlin know.”

Tatiana’s eyes grew wide “Yikes. Well, have fun breaking the news to him. It’s been a packed day.”

“I know.” Kasia groaned as she scrubbed her hand over her face. “I’ll see you in an hour, if I’m still alive.”

Tatiana laughed lightly, which only irritated Kasia. She heard the front door close and got up to lock it, switching the “Yes, we’re open” sign to the “Be back in an hour” sign. She walked back behind her desk, printed out the appointment list and made her way toward Dr. Devlin’s office. Ronan was a very sweet and kind man, but even under stress he could get scary.

His door was closed and she stopped in front of it, smoothing her hand over her skirt then bringing her knuckles up and giving the wood two sharp knocks. There was a moment of silence before the doctor’s deep voice came through.

“Come in.”

She took a reassuring breath, grabbed the handle and pushed it open. He was leaning back in his chair, his attention on his computer

screen. She shut the door and took a few steps forward. His eyes went to her and his brow knitted in confusion.

“Shouldn’t you be at lunch?”

“Yes, but I wanted to bring a mistake I made to your attention.”

His brow knitted more. “Really? Well, how bad could it be?” He gestured to the chair in front of his desk. “Please, have a seat.”

She took the offered seat, slipping the paper she held on his desk and pushing it forward. “I inadvertently double-booked appointments. I know today is already hectic and my mind was elsewhere. I’m really sorry, Dr. Devlin.” She watched as he picked up the paper, looked over it and then set it back down on his desk, his eyes going back to hers.

“Well, I’m already packed for the day. How are you going to make this right, Kasia?” His voice had gone harder, his Irish accent seeming thicker.

She swallowed, “Well, I can call Mrs. Hendriks and ask her if she wouldn’t mind switching days.”

He put one of his big arms over the top of his chair as he watched her. “I guess that’s a start.”

She nodded, “I’ll get right on that.” She got up and walked briskly to the door before his stern voice stopped her.

“I don’t think I said you could leave.”

## Chapter Nine

Kasia stared at the closed door, her eyes growing big at the deep and commanding words that came from behind her. There was no more Irish accent coming from Ronan. It was the same voice that had dominated her Saturday night—the same man that had given her the most intense pleasure she had ever imagined. *No way*. Her cheeks became hot with her realization and embarrassment.

“Lock the door and turn around.”

She instantly grew wet from his voice, the sound so possessive and dominant that her clit actually throbbed. She obeyed him, not knowing what else to do in that instant. He was still seated behind his desk, his short blond hair disheveled but in a completely stylish way. *He had disguised his voice*. It was hard for her to believe, but there was no denying that the man sitting behind the desk was the same man that had dominated her into submission over the weekend. She placed her hands behind her back and twisted them together, not knowing what to do with them as he stared at her.

“Come here.”

She just stood there for a moment, blinking a few times.

“You aren’t obeying me, Kasia, and for that you will be punished.”

She shivered and took the few steps it took her to stand in front of his desk. Her pussy was already wet, her body all primed and prepared for his possession. His Irish accent was back as fast as it had left, but the dominance stayed strong.

“I can see it in your eyes you aren’t going to deny what we did over the weekend.”



Her mouth opened and closed a few times, her voice leaving her as he stood up. She craned her neck back to look into his face, seeing a whole new side of the doctor that she had never imagined.

He walked around the desk until he was only a breath away from her. He leaned down and whispered in her ear. “Do you remember how good it was, baby? Do you remember how well you submitted to me?” She nodded and swallowed, her saliva thick in her mouth. “That’s all I’ve been thinking about this weekend, all I’ve been thinking about today.”

“You left me at the club.”

He took a step back and stared down at her with sympathy. He finally shook his head. “No, I didn’t leave you. I only left for a moment and when I returned you were already gone.” He ran a hand over his hair, his bicep bunching with muscle and strength. “I tried to find you in the club, but you were already gone. I knew I would see you today, and as much as I wanted to call you and explain everything, I knew it was best to do it in person. At least that’s what Tatiana suggested.”

Her mouth opened in surprise. “Tatiana knew about all of this?”

He nodded and looked sheepish. “Yeah, it was actually her idea to bring you to the club even though I wanted to start off slow, take you to dinner or something ‘normal.’”

She smiled, not about being misled, but because the sweet and gentle doctor she knew was coming out. “So what? Everything was a setup?”

“No, not a setup. Tatiana and I could sense how you really were—what you really wanted. It was only a matter of time before you came around, but you see,” he took a step forward and ran his finger down her cheek. “I’ve been after you since you started. Two years I’ve wanted you. It was just a matter of time before I finally claimed you.”

She took an involuntary step back until her back hit the wall. He followed her, step for step until he was standing so close to her his warm, wintergreen breath wafted across her face. His hands went to

his throat and started undoing his tie. She placed her hands flat on the wall behind her, her body heating up at the illicit thoughts that she conjured up. She knew what he would do with that tie and it made her hot.

“You’ve been a very bad girl, Kasia. You know you have to be punished.”

Her mouth opened slightly as she drew her gaze from his neck to his blue eyes. Oh, she knew, and she wanted to be punished. She nodded, not trusting her voice now that her arousal had blossomed.

“That isn’t how you properly answer your Master. Do it correctly or I will increase your punishment.”

Her whole body shook from the force of his deep and demanding voice. As much as she wanted his punishment, as much as she liked it, she also wanted to abide by his rules. “Yes, Master. I know you have to punish me.”

His full lips tilted into a half smile as he finished undoing his tie. He started to unbutton his shirt, his large fingers easily popping out the flat disks as his eyes stayed on her. When his shirt was finally unbuttoned, he removed it and threw it across the empty chair. Her eyes roamed over his chest, all smooth golden skin, his muscles bunching and flexing with every breath he took. Her heart was beating frantically, her eyes darting to the closed and locked door. His finger went under her chin and pulled her head around so she was looking at him again.

“No one will come in. We have a good hour.” He stepped closer so that his chest was pressed against hers.

He was so much bigger than her that she felt so small and petite—so very feminine compared to all of his mass.

“I have wanted to see you again since Saturday so badly. I have wanted to fuck you so hard we both won’t be able to move. I know you’ve wanted that too. Tell me, Kasia, tell me how much you have ached for it.”

“Y-Yes, Master. I ache for you.” Her pussy was drenched with unadulterated lust. The very idea that a staff member could come back frightened her, but also excited her...extremely.

“Take off only your blouse.”

Her shaking fingers went to the buttons on her silk blouse, her hands sweaty from her excitement, and making the task difficult. Finally she got all the buttons off and slipped the shirt off her shoulders, the material fluttering to the floor like a leaf falling from a tree. She didn't know what possessed her this morning when she was dressing, maybe it was her need to not forget what happened Saturday, or maybe it was just a sick way of punishing herself, but she had opted to wear a red lace bra and matching thong. It wasn't padded, the material so thin it left nothing to the imagination—her areolas and nipples visible through the delicate material.

Ronan's eyes went to her chest, the demi cups dipping low so he was sure to get a view of everything she had to offer. Her nipples here hard and poking through the fabric, and she all but moaned in ecstasy when he cupped her oversensitive breasts.

“You're perfect.”

She closed her eyes, loving the feel of his thumb moving back and forth over her elongated nipple. She let her head fall back as she closed her eyes and moaned. While his finger tweaked her nipple, his other hand smoothed down her belly and rested above her mound.

“Lift your skirt.”

She opened her eyes and gripped the edge of her skirt, their gazes focused on each other as she slowly pulled the material up. She wore a black pencil skirt, the fabric tight around her ass and thighs making it a hard task to pull up. When the skirt was finally up around her waist, she swallowed and dropped her hands, the material staying in place. Ronan's eyes roamed down to her crotch, the matching fire engine red lace thong she wore showing her slit clearly.

“Turn around.”

Even though his voice was deep, Kasia could hear the strained note in it. She took a deep breath and turned around, closing her eyes as she felt his big palm smooth over one of the globes of her ass.

“You have such an incredible ass.”

A couple more touches from his hand and she felt like jelly inside. She moaned softly, the sound turning into a squeak as Ronan’s hand smacked her ass hard. The sound filled the small room, her ass gently jiggling from the force of each hit. The pain was slight, but there was enough of it that it inflamed her desire higher. She rested her head against the wall, his fingers running gently over the edge of her thong, pulling at the string and letting it snap against her skin. It stung, it tingled—it felt delicious.

She felt his finger slip under the top of the panties, pulling them down until she lifted her leg and he could remove them. He smoothed his hands over the back of her calves, moving up her thighs, and finally slipping his fingers into her saturated folds. He pressed his chest to her, his erection evident as he did a slow grind against her lower back. Her breathing picked up as she heard the low sound of his zipper being pulled down.

“Put your hands behind your back.”

She did what he said, feeling the cool silk of his tie wrap around her wrists as he tied it snugly. She felt his hot breath tease her ear, his tongue running slow circles around the cartilage until she was inadvertently thrusting her ass against him. His deep chuckle seemed to travel straight to her clit, her pussy getting wetter and wetter with each second that went by.

“I’m going to fuck you, Kasia. Right here, right now. Tell me how much you want it. Tell me what a good little submissive you are.”

She made a noise in the back of her throat as she felt the hard and hot tip of his erection slid along her slit. His hand gripped her waist and pulled her back slightly, causing her to spread her legs wider and stand at an angle that caused her ass to pop out. She knew he could see how wet she was, how ready she was for him.

Just when she thought he would thrust into her, his mouth was suddenly latched onto her vagina, his mouth sucking her clit quickly, his finger stabbing into her clenching pussy hole. She hadn't even felt him move, but there he was, using his mouth with such abandon. He was ruthless, sucking and nipping, thrusting and licking. Over and over again he brought her to the brink of climax, stopping just before she exploded and then starting up again. Her legs shook, her body becoming sweaty as he worked her to a fever pitch.

Just when her orgasm was finally about to peak, he unlatched his mouth from her sex and stood, standing behind her once more and thrusting his cock between her legs.

"Close your legs around my cock."

She did what he said. He didn't penetrate her, just thrust slowly between her legs. She looked down, tightening her fists as the thick crown of his shaft peeked through her thighs. Her breath left her quickly, the girth of his penis hitting her clit every time he moved. She was so close she could taste it, could feel the tightening in her back as her orgasm crept up.

*Please don't stop. Please don't stop. Just a little bit more, a little bit faster.*

As if he read her mind he sped up, moving his hips faster as his hands gripped her waist tightly. *Yes, yes, right there!*

"Oh, fuck yeah." His words were roughly spoken against her neck.

That was all it took, his deep voice whispering along her skin as he groaned her name over and over again. She threw her head back, resting it on the hardness of his chest as her orgasm encompassed her entire body, drawing her muscles up taut as she moaned loudly. She thrashed her head, the pleasure so intense she couldn't breathe. Ronan's lips found hers, his tongue stabbing into her mouth as his hips slowed and his hands loosened their hold on her waist. She sagged against him, her breath finally leaving her as her bliss-filled mind finally returned to Earth.

## Chapter Ten

It only took a second for Ronan to lift her and move her toward his desk, his hand sweeping out and clearing it off. He pushed her gently onto it, face down on the wood as his hands gripped her hips and his foot pushed her feet apart. Even though she had just come hard, his roughness and dominance had her senses intoxicated all over again. She felt the cool air brush along her ass and swollen pussy lips. She tilted her head slightly and looked behind her, seeing the glazed over look that covered his face as he stared at her vagina.

“Whose pussy is this?” As if to emphasize his words, he ran his finger around her clit and then dipped it in her hole. Her inner muscles clamped around the digit, drawing him deeper and begging for something with more sustenance. The naughty way he talked had her panting and spreading her legs wider.

“Oh, God. It’s yours, Master.”

“When I’m buried balls deep in you, you’re going to call me Ronan. Do you understand, Kasia? You’re going to scream my name.”

“Yes.” She whispered the word as she closed her eyes and heard a wrapper open a second before she felt the thick tip of him press against her entrance. She instinctively clenched around his cock head, trying desperately to have him buried within her. She thrust her ass back, gasping when his hand smacked her.

“Who’s in charge?”

“You, Ronan.” *Oh God, you are.* Her eyes widened as he started to push into her, his thick cock stretching her wide to the point that the pleasure mixed with pain—such a sweet combination. His hands

smoothed down her hips and rested on her ass, squeezing and kneading her flesh as he cursed and panted behind her. He spread her cheeks wide, the air slipping across her virgin hole. She tensed, feeling a little awkward at the fact that he could see her anus even though she remembered what they shared over the weekend. He pushed the rest of his shaft into her pussy, both of them exhaling in pleasure.

He started a slow grind of his hips, pulling out and pushing in. Over and over he stroked her with expert precision, knowing exactly what she liked, what would set her off. Soon she was hyperventilating, her sweat-slicked body moving against the desk. Her nipples were tight little buds, his thrusting pushing her chest against the desk and causing the material of her bra to scrape along her nipples, tightening them further.

He let go of one of her ass cheeks, slipping his finger up and down her pussy—where his cock was buried in her vagina. He brought his finger soaked with her juices back to her asshole and gently moved it around. She instinctively tensed, the sensation wracking her body almost too much to handle.

“I’m going to fuck your ass soon, Kasia. So very soon. You aren’t going to fight me on it either because you’ll love it... fuck you’ll love it, and so will I.” His tempo increased, the sound of their wet skin slapping together erotic and tantalizing. His finger started to press into her asshole, mimicking what his cock was doing to her pussy.

Forward, back, forward, back. In and out, in and out.

His pistoning hips were ruthless as he brought her closer and closer to what she ached for. She felt it in her toes first, that tingling and then tightening that signaled her release only a breath away. He removed his finger from her ass, his palm connecting with her ass cheeks in rapid secession.

*Smack! Whack! Smack! Whack!*

“Say my name, Kasia. Oh fuck yeah, say it!” He groaned his demand as he slammed his hands down onto the desk, one either side of her head, his hips never stopping their onslaught.

His balls slapped against her skin, igniting her clit until she opened her eyes wide and screamed out her second release. “Ronan! Oh God, Ronan! Yes, yes, yes! Harder, fuck me harder, Ronan!”

“Yeah, baby, that’s it. Say my name. Tell me how much you like my big cock inside of your tight little pussy. Say it, Kasia!” He moved in her faster and harder.

Her orgasm tore through her like a freight train, and it took all of her energy to say what he demanded, what he decreed. “Ahhh. Your big cock feels so good in my pussy!” She felt him tense behind her, saw his hands tightly grip the edge of the desk, and heard his deep animalistic groan as he came. As her orgasm subsided, her body finally relaxed, her sweat dripping from her face and landing on the smooth wood.

*Oh my.*

Her mind was a blob of pudding, the pleasure still sending little aftershocks of bliss through her and causing her inner muscles to clamp down on his still hard penis. He rested his upper body on her back, breathing heavily before finally pulling out of her and untying her wrists. She let her hands fall to the desk, not even caring when they hit the hard and unyielding top a little painfully. She heard the rustling of material before she was pulled off the desk and lifted into his strong arms. She let her head loll on his chest as he took the few steps it took to walk over to the leather loveseat that sat against the wall.

He sat down with her still in his arms with only his pants on. She could feel the cool air kiss her overheated and wet nether lips, but she was so relaxed and sated that she didn’t even care. She closed her eyes briefly and hummed in satisfaction. “What are we going to do about the double-booked appointments?” She should care, she really should, but she didn’t, not right now anyway.



“There isn’t anything to do. Tatiana set it up so we could be alone. There isn’t anything to worry about.” There was amusement and triumph laced in his voice.

Ah yes, she should have known. She would have to make sure to thank her. Kasia smiled and let out a content sigh.

They sat there for several moments, just their combined breathing breaking up the silence that filled the room. She could hear and feel his pounding heart, the rhythm its own lullaby easing her deeper into comfort. It was euphoric being in his arms.

“Do you know how long I’ve loved you, Kasia?”

It took all of a second for her to fully process what he had just said. She snapped her eyes open and looked into his face, his gaze already on her as he brought his finger up and traced her eyebrow.

“Do you know how much I love you?”

Her breath caught as she struggled to sit up more, but his arms held her in place.

“No, please, stay where you are. I like the feel of you in my arms.”

Her pulse was beating a mile a minute, the full meaning of his words sinking in and washing away all of the sexual pleasure she had felt just moments before. “What?” That one word was a croak out of her throat. She had heard him right hadn’t she?

He smiled softly as he moved his finger down to trace her lips. “For two years I’ve loved you. I’ve watched how you are so kind and sweet with the patients. I see how much you care for your coworkers and your job. You’re the only woman that has ever made me feel this way. You have a fire inside of you that burns me...inflames me.” He dipped down to kiss the top of her head. “Do you see how we are the same? You are my other half. It isn’t even just about the way we have incredible sex, or the way you submit to me completely without question. There is just so much more to it than that.” He breathed out and looked away. “I don’t know. Maybe this is just sex for you, but I

wanted to let you know that it's so much more to me—that *you* are so much more to me."

She didn't say anything for the longest time, her mind trying to process everything he had just said. She could feel how tense he was as he held her. Never had she thought she would hear anything like what she just heard come out of Ronan's mouth. Here she was in the arms of the man she had dreamt about, had always wanted, and if she were being honest with herself, had loved since the moment she saw him. This whole thing seemed surreal. The man she loved, the man who dominated her and possessed her actually loved her.

She lifted her hand, cupping his cheek and turning his head so he stared at her. "This isn't just about the wild and fantastical sex we have." She smiled. "It is so much more for me too. I love you too—*have* loved you for a very long time." The look on his face was a mix between surprise and happiness and she couldn't help but lean up and press her lips to his. She hoped this didn't change what they had going because she didn't think she could give up the life of a submissive, especially if she was going to be dominated by Ronan. "I...I don't want to stop what we have going on here. I like being..."

"Controlled, dominated, possessed?" He finished her sentence with such accuracy that all she could do was nod. "I know what you need and crave, and believe me, I am prepared to deliver as long as you are ready to receive." He gave her a wicked grin.

Her heart gave a little stutter at his declaration and she couldn't help the thrill that went through her. *Oh yes, I've finally found what I've been looking for.* "Yes," it was a whisper, "I am so ready to receive." He growled and flipped her over so fast she gasped in delight. They still had about fifteen minutes before the staff came back—fifteen minutes for her Master to bring her to another mind-blowing orgasm. He knelt on the ground between her thighs and watched her. She was wet again, ready for whatever Ronan had to give.

"I love you, Ronan."

“And I love you, baby, but you spoke without being given permission so now you need to be punished.”

Oh, yes, she *so* needed to be punished. She smiled as he wrapped her in a strong embrace, knowing that things truly did happen for a reason.

## Epilogue

*One year later*

Kasia looked at herself in the mirror, her cheeks heating as she took in her outfit. She had bought it knowing she wanted to surprise Ronan with it.

She couldn't help the blush that spread across her cheeks as she thought about the sensual things they did together, what they would be doing together in just a short time. Ronan had opened up not only her eyes, but also her senses. He had awakened something inside of her, and had showed her what it really meant to be dominated completely.

She took a deep breath and ran her hands over the outfit. The soft pink corset stopped just below her breasts, and only seemed to accent them more. The wire under the garment pushed the normally modest mounds up, making them appear fuller and larger.

Since the revelation about Ronan being her Master at club Cimmerian, they had moved in together. A rather big surprise not only to everyone they knew, but to her as well. Never had she thought she would be where she was at. Although Ronan was exactly the man she pictured herself with, she never gave herself enough credit to actually believe she could acquire what she truly wanted. Being with him had changed that. She was more confident than ever now. She felt beautiful and desired, something she had never known.

She looked at herself once again. The outfit was erotic, for sure, but with her hair hanging around her face in soft spiral curls, she

looked almost innocent. She smiled wickedly, as innocent was exactly what she was going for tonight.

She stepped out of the bathroom and turned off the light. The house was bathed in inky blackness, the only illumination being the candles that were lined up against the wall. She followed the path of votives, the air saturated with the sweet smell of roses and violets.

The anticipation was all part of the game.

Her stilettos clicked against the hard wood and the cool air brushed across her pussy lips. The corset and high heels were the only thing she wore, and with each step she took, her enthusiasm for what was to come escalated.

She stopped at the thick wooden door that led to the basement. Behind it was their sanctuary.

She swallowed, the adrenaline pumping through her veins at an astounding rate. She reached out with a damp palm and gripped the cool brass knob. As soon as she swung it open the smell of dark spices wafted around her. Candles lined the stairs, the light growing fainter and fainter as the steps descended. Below was as dark as the night, the only thing penetrating the deep sea of oblivion was the candles. She knew what awaited her as well as all the wicked lovely things Ronan had to offer.

She looked down at her left hand, the engagement ring she wore sparkling like a thousand jewels across the wall. She smiled for a heartbeat and then took the stairs slowly. She gripped the polished banister tightly as her mind conjured up all the illicit things she was about to participate in.

When she reached the bottom she looked for him.

Her lover. Her Master.

The basement had been renovated to suit their lifestyle. Manacles, chains, tables, and even a cage were a few of the items that decorated their playground. Candles littered the ground, and although black leather whips and floggers were illuminated by the soft glow of light,

red rose petals also lined a path to whom and what she wanted the most.

She turned to the right and saw Ronan standing next to the grand four poster bed that was showcased by gentle track lighting. The thick red velvet drapes hung from the canopy, but what excited her most about the piece of furniture was the thick leather straps at the four corners of the bed. The images of what they used those restraints for had her pussy feeling like a dam had opened up.

She trembled in delight.

“Come to me.”

A wisp of air escaped her as she looked at Ronan. He wore only a pair of black leather pants. The muted light bounced off his muscular chest. The shadows caressed his rippling abs and brushed along his colossal thighs. He was everything the word male implied, and he was all hers.

He held a suede studded paddle in his hand and her skin tightened in expectancy. She walked forward and stopped when she was no more than a foot from him. His eyes bore into hers and she licked her suddenly dry lips.

He didn’t say anything, but then again he didn’t need to. The look he gave her was what got her moving over toward the stone wall. She pressed her palms flat against the stone and glanced down. Right by her foot was a set of leg cuffs and a spreader bar. It was a new toy they had gotten, and the thought of trying it out had her nearly moaning in want. She knew better though, knew to keep her mouth shut until a direct question was asked.

Ronan came up behind her and nudged her legs apart. He attached the cuffs to her ankles and secured the spreader bar. No matter how hard she tried, she wouldn’t be able to close her legs, but then again, that was the point.

He ran his hands up the back of her thighs, across her ass, and gave each cheek and mighty smack.

His breath was right by her ear when he whispered. “Are you ready to submit completely and fully to me?”

She had no hesitation as she said, “Yes, Master.” She closed her eyes when he caressed her cheek.

“Look at you dressed like a naughty little girl.” His hands snaked in front and captured her breasts. The nipples were already stiff peaks as he rolled them between his fingers. “I’m going to make you scream, Kasia. I’m going to make you beg before I let you come.”

He thrust his leather-clad erection against her bare ass and she made a small mewling noise in her throat.

“Tell me what I want to hear.”

She knew all too well what he wanted her to say, but that was okay, it was something she ached to repeat over and over again. “I am yours to control, dominate, and possess.”

His growl of approval had her panting. She needed him inside of her like she needed to breath.

Oh yes, she was so ready to submit to him, now and forever. This was her life. Ronan was her Master, her controller, but most of all, he was her lover. And wasn’t that the sweetest thing of all.

# THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jenika is just your average woman. She lives in the too hot northeast with her husband and their young daughter. Thankfully, he shares her unusual sense of humor and naughty nature.

Along with taking care of their daughter, they have to keep an eye on Milo, and Otis, their spunky cats. When not writing, Jenika works full-time at a hospital and attends nursing school. Writing is Jenika's number one passion, but since life gets in the way she isn't able to write full-time (at least not yet.)

Jenika started writing at a very young age. Her first story consisted of a young girl who traveled to an exotic island and found a magical doll. That story as long since disappeared, but her passion for writing has stayed strong.

Jenika loves to hear from readers, and encourages them to contact her and give their feedback.

### *Also by Jenika Snow*

Dimi of the Seven Moons 1: *Deliciously Wicked*  
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