



# SWEET SUBMISSION

ELIZA GAYLE





# Sweet Submission

*Eliza Gayle*



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# Chapter One

“I really hate Valentine’s Day.” Harper piped the final petal on her thirty-third frosting rose.

“You say that every year.” Her best friend Susan sat on a stool on the opposite side of the workbench watching Harper put the finishing touches on the cupcakes for what would be one of her bakery’s busiest days of the year.

“And every year I mean it.” Harper lined up the latest rose on the counter and flexed out her aching fingers. Only sixty-seven more to go before she could call this order complete. “I’ve been here since midnight, baking and frosting hundreds of cupcakes.”

“Speaking of... Why the hell are you doing this alone? It’s seven a.m. and you open in just a couple of hours. Shouldn’t someone be here helping you?”

“I told everyone else to be here at eight. Just because I don’t have a personal life, doesn’t mean I have to inflict my holiday pain on them. Besides you’re here.”

“That’s your own fault, missy. Your divorce has been final for over a year now. It’s way past time to get back on the horse.” Susan dipped a finger in the frosting bowl and sucked the sugary confection into her mouth. “God, I love this stuff. Are you ever going to give up your recipe for it?”

“Nope. The whole point of a secret recipe is keeping it a complete secret.”



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Susan frowned in her direction. "Fine. That just means I need to focus on your love life."

Harper groaned. What had she gotten herself into opening the door to her friend on Valentine's Day? If Susan ever got out of bed before nine in the morning, you could count on her having an agenda. "Let's not and say we did, okay?"

"No way, no how. You're not getting off that easy. I have an idea."

Before she could start down her list of arguments against whatever Susan might have planned, the chime at the front door buzzed.

"Saved by the bell." Harper set down the icing bag and wiped her hands clean on her apron. She hurried out of the kitchen and into the bakery before her friend got in another word. She didn't think twice about getting a delivery this early. She often did. What with all the fresh ingredients she needed on a daily basis.

She saw the uniformed deliveryman standing on the other side of her glass door with a long white box in his hands. Harper furrowed her brow. What kind of delivery was this?

With quick precision she turned the multiple locks and yanked open the door. "Can I help you?" She was certain he'd come to the wrong business and would now need directions to his real destination.

"I have a delivery for Harper Allison. Is that you?"

Harper nodded. He thrust an electronic clipboard in her face. "I'll need you to sign in the box on the screen please."

Harper scribbled her name and handed it back to the delivery guy, who exchanged the long white box tied in silk red ribbon for his clipboard.

"Happy Valentine's Day," he murmured as he wandered off in the direction of his truck, which was nothing more than a standard delivery service.



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She walked back into the kitchen and caught Susan red-handed in her frosting bowl again. “Hey!”

“I can’t help it this stuff is addicting. It’s no wonder your business is booming, I think you’ve addicted half the city on this stuff.”

“Ha ha, very funny.”

“What’s that?” Susan pointed to the box still clutched in Harper’s hands.

“No idea. Delivery guy just dropped it off for me and wished me a Happy Valentine’s Day.”

“Oh my God, someone sent you flowers? Today? You’ve been holding out on me.” Susan jumped from her stool.

Harper set the box down on the counter and stared at it. “No, I haven’t. I’m still thinking this must be some sort of mistake. Or...” She glared at her friend, “Did you have something to do with this? Is that why you’re in my bakery practically in the middle of the night?”

“Jeez, Harper, paranoid much?” When she didn’t rise to the bait, Susan continued, “To answer your question, no, I have no idea what this is about. I did come here to see about a potential date for tonight but the flowers were not part of my plan.”

Harper fingered the envelope tucked into the ribbon. “The last thing I need is a setup from my best friend. Don’t pity me just because I don’t have a date on a trumped up holiday.”

Susan shook her head. “I’m worried about you. Your cynicism is spreading like wildfire.”

She glanced at her friend, saw the pure look of concern marring her lovely face and softened. “I’m not that bad. I’m just not in a hurry to jump onto the dating circuit again. The thought of going somewhere in the hopes of picking up a man curls my stomach.”



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“Well, you aren’t going to catch one here. Unless that envelope happens to contain the ticket you’re waiting for.

Harper snorted. “It’s way too early in the morning for this. We need some more caffeine. Why don’t we go grab some coffee before I finish those roses.”

Susan walked in front of her. She placed her hands on Harper’s shoulders. “Stop stalling and open the goddamn envelope.”

Holding back a smile at her friend’s brash words proved impossible. Besides, her stomach had begun flipping with a wicked combination of excitement and nerves ever since the delivery guy spoke her name. Harper grasped the edges of the envelope and tore through the seal. “We’re probably both getting worked up over nothing.”

She pulled out the simple red card with a single rose embossed on the front. A very elegant start. She flipped it open and read the handwritten note to herself. Blood drained from her face as she read through the invitation. If she’d had a drink in her mouth she’d have spewed it across the counter.

“C’mon tell me. What does it say?”

Trapped between disbelief and shock Harper reluctantly began to read the note aloud.

*Dear Harper,*

*Please accept this gift as a token of unspoken desire and intention for a very special Valentine’s Day. Your previous visit to the Glass Kat did not go unnoticed, nor did your obvious reactions. Your presence is requested at the private dining room of the Glass Kat Supper Club at precisely eight o’clock p.m. for a night of desires and needs fulfilled—one of which includes this gift. Rest assured your safety is of utmost importance so you will need to check in with the Concierge when you arrive. Give him your name and he will follow up with further instructions. On this night*



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*of lovers uniting, your every fantasy can and will come true.  
Don't be late and be sure to bring your gift with you.*

There was no signature or even a hint of who the note had come from. Harper took a deep breath and raised her head to Susan's gaze. The shocked look on her friends face quickly gave way to an enormous grin. "Holy shit, did you forget to tell me something about your trip to the Glass Kat last week? Like meeting a man?"

Harper shook her head. "No. I told you everything. I didn't talk to anyone other than the dining manager who asked me to stay and help out with the cupcake serving."

"Maybe this is him then."

She shook her head. "No way. Sooo gay."

"There had to have been someone."

"I don't know. The party was packed wall to wall. There were any number of people who I'm sure could have seen me, but I didn't talk to anyone."

Harper reached for the fabric of the bow and tugged it loose. She lifted the lid and set it aside. The flowers were hidden among layers and layers of tissue paper, all of which she peeled away. When the gift she searched for was finally exposed she gasped.

*What the hell?*

Susan looked over her shoulder. "Oh. My. God."

Harper lifted the single rose from the box although this wasn't any normal flower like she'd ever seen. The rose had been handcrafted in supple red leather and was attached to the end of a black riding crop.

Blood drained from Harper's head straight to her feet. Her head swam at the sight of a toy eerily similar to the one used in the collaring ceremony she'd worked at the Kat. The very scene that had brought old memories and needs



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rushing back to the surface and left her in a fog for two days.

“Well, whomever this is from, he somehow knew just the perfect gift to send.”

Harper hastily wrapped the paper around the crop and shut the lid on the box. “It doesn’t matter, I’m not going.”

“What? Oh yes you are. You’ve talked almost non-stop about that club for the past week. You aren’t seeing anyone. The bakery closes at six tonight. Seriously, you have no excuse.”

“How about the fact I don’t have the first clue who this guy is. He could be a freak for all I know.”

Susan rolled her eyes. “Give me a break. The Kat club is the most exclusive in Manhattan and you have to be nearly as rich as God to even belong there.”

“Money doesn’t mean you’re sane and BDSM isn’t something to be trifled with.” Harper tried not to burst into tears despite the need clawing inside her.

“Harper, listen to yourself. You have an excuse for everything.” Susan held up her hand to stop her from objecting. “Uh huh. Not this time, doll. You’re my best friend and as said best friend it’s my duty to make sure you don’t wallow in your pathetic non-existent love life for another day. You’re going to go home early, change into that beautiful red dress I gave you for Christmas, which you have yet to wear, and you’re going to meet this mystery man right on time.”

“It’s a really bad idea. What if it’s not safe?”

“It’s a club with a stringent reputation. You won’t be alone and you know darn well you can leave at any time.”

“But—”

“I dare you, Harper. No. I double-dog dare you to go.”

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Harper stood outside the Glass Kat and stared at the door. Her heart beat a rapid staccato in her chest, far above its normal rate. Fortunately between the bulky coat and gloves no one would notice the trembling in her arms and hands. With one last breath to steel her nerves she pushed her way through the revolving door and into the small luxurious lobby of one of the most elegant establishments she'd had the privilege to step into. Her heels clicked on the marble floors like a ticking time bomb to a fate she hoped wasn't a disaster. The trim middle-aged man at the concierge desk stepped out from behind the counter to greet her.

"Good evening, Mademoiselle. May I take your coat?" His smile and easy manner relaxed Harper a fraction as she pulled off her gloves and shoved them in her pockets. She began to shrug the coat from her shoulders and the kind man stepped behind her and helped her remove it. A subtle waft of his cologne drifted to her nose and reminded her of the money that went into a place like this. However, behind the extreme elegance of the furnishings and decorations lay in wait some of the most extreme sexual pleasures to be found anywhere in the city. She'd heard the stories, experienced a small thrill when she'd been here last week, and now she was poised to experience it for herself.

When the concierge disappeared into the walk in closet, Harper smoothed down the front of her new dress. The red fabric caressed her body in the softest silk but the length stopped shockingly high. What had Susan been thinking when she'd purchased this? Fortunately the black tassel fringe rimming the bottom of the dress gave an illusion of another two inches of coverage to almost mid thigh.

"Can I get your name, please?" The concierge had returned to his station behind the desk while she'd been single mindedly focusing on the state of her dress.

"Yes," she cleared her throat. "Harper Allison."



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“Ah, yes, Ms. Allison. I’ve been expecting you. I have a few electronic forms for you to look over before you can be escorted to the private areas of the club.”

“Great. Can you tell me who I will be meeting?”

The concierge lifted his brow and frowned. “I’m afraid that is not part of the instructions I’ve been given.” He handed her a leather portfolio. “If you’ll read through this and then sign where indicated, you’ll be all set.”

It was Harper’s turn to frown. She reluctantly accepted the folder and opted for one of the plush chairs in the corner where she could read through whatever her anonymous date had in store for her. She opened the crisp cover and found an electronic tablet inside. With the swipe of her finger, she read through the document. Unfortunately, she found nothing specific to her. Instead she read what looked like boilerplate language detailing the rules of the club and all that entailed. There were however, express details about the safety precautions and screenings required of members along with notations regarding guests. Members were limited to a certain number of guests per year and while she was here she was to choose a safeword that could be uttered or signaled in any or all rooms of the club. These safeguards were in place to ensure a discreet and pleasurable experience for all members and guests alike.

Harper reread the safety information and rules three times, ensuring she understood every word. She’d taken a pretty big leap by coming here to meet a stranger but it didn’t mean she’d go in uneducated. Fortunately for her, it seemed the Glass Kat Supper Club took their patrons discretion and safety very seriously with attention to detail and some pretty high standards. After some of the dives she’d seen years ago it was a nice change. It was amazing what money could buy even when it came to sexual deviance.

At the end of the document she scribbled in her safeword and signed her name with the plastic wand



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provided. She walked back to the desk and handed the portfolio back to the concierge.

“Do you have any questions?”

“Only the one.” She reminded him.

He nodded his head. “I’ll escort you to the dining room then.” He stepped in front of her and waved to indicate she was to follow him down the corridor.

The opulence surrounding them was not lost on Harper. The place smelled so expensive the walls might as well have been papered with money. When they passed the dining room she’d worked the other night she hesitated. “Aren’t we...”

He turned and followed the direction of her gaze before shaking his head. “No, there is a smaller dining room you’ll be occupying this evening. But don’t worry. It’s fully staffed and anything you can think of is available for the asking.”

“Uh huh. Except for the name of the man I am meeting.”

The concierge ignored her statement and continued toward the end of the hall. The sudden eerie silence surrounding her made her stop and think. They’d passed several doors as well as a bank of elevators and had yet to hear a sound not of their own making. She moved closer to one of the doors and placed her ear against it.

*Nothing.*

A fresh sliver of fear worked over her. Despite the appearance of money and safety, doubts crept into her mind. Dare or not, coming here had been a pretty impulsive decision. Yet, the idea of getting her life back on track in the direction of her choosing appealed more than she’d expected. It had been so long since a man had touched her in anything but a functional way. Her husband had forced her to set aside all of her submissive needs for the vanilla



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life he expected. Now she had a chance to start over—with her rules.

“Every room is soundproofed, Harper.” She jumped at the unfamiliar voice directly behind her and whirled to face the stranger.

The rugged face behind her took her by surprise. Piercing blue eyes stared back at her, halting her breath. Thick, dark hair surrounded his face. A strong jaw, slightly crooked nose and a chin covered with the distinct growth of a five o’clock shadow screamed manly man louder than she’d ever heard. He was good-looking but not handsome. In fact the first word that popped into her head was strong. A thought that sent chills racing up and down her spine.

But it was his wide mouth that really caught her attention. The slight curve of a half-smile threatened to melt her to a puddle of goo, right there on the very expensive floor.

“I—uh—” She couldn’t think straight with him staring at her like she’d just become the main course at an all you-can-eat buffet. She had half a mind to look down and see if somehow she’d lost her clothes. She felt that naked in front of him.

“You’re late.” He did not sound angry or ask a question so Harper simply bowed her head in acknowledgement. Even though she had a legitimate work reason for being tardy, she’d never been one to make excuses for anything. “Where is your rose?”

Harper cringed at the question. She’d debated all day long how to handle this. At the last minute she’d decided not to bring it with her. “I didn’t know what to do. I don’t know you.”

“That’s a shame really. I had such plans for you and your rose this evening. If we proceed then you’ll have to be punished for that later.” He must have noticed the way her face fell at his words. He cupped her chin and forced her to



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once again meet his gaze. “I do however, find you quite brave for agreeing to come tonight.” He stepped closer, filling her personal space with his broad body. He towered several inches over her own five eight frame. “I couldn’t help but notice you here last week. The way you reacted to the different scenes taking place at the collaring ceremony. I suspect you aren’t unfamiliar with the lifestyle.”

“No,” she whispered.

“In fact, you seemed particularly interested in the ménage play the newly collared sub was engaged in.”

Her eyes grew wide.

“You didn’t know anyone watched you as closely as you watched them did you?”

Harper shook her head. Horrified that she’d been so easy to read.

“Don’t worry. It’s a very common fantasy. The question is... What are you willing to be—willing to do—in order to meet those longings I spied on your face that day?”

Harper swallowed thickly. Staring into this man’s face and listening to his deep commanding tone made her want to drop to her knees and offer herself up to his pleasure. In this day and age of enlightened sexuality what did it matter?

“I don’t know what to say.”

His lips curved into that delectable half smile again. Her mind immediately imagined his lush mouth traversing every inch of her naked form. “Have you seen enough of the Kat to believe you are safe here?”

She mulled his question through her mind. Safe. That’s not exactly what she’d been thinking. Ravished maybe. Obviously this is what happened when you deprived yourself of sex for such a long time. She’d agree to just about anything. Sanity managed to penetrate her brain and she considered what little she knew. She’d created a safeword but no negotiations beyond that had occurred.



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“I won't harm you if that's what you're worried about.”

There it was. The big giant elephant in the room. *Her Fear*.

“You need to decide. Do you want to join me in the private dining room and find out what path your pleasure will take or do you want to go home now. The choice is yours.”

She stared at him with feigned surprise when all she really saw were the wide shoulders and strong arms she could imagine holding her down while they fucked. Every second she spent drinking in his imposing appearance, lust built between her thighs until it became difficult to think straight. Her stomach flipped at the mere idea of fulfilling one of her longest held fantasies. Sex with a perfect stranger.

“I don't want to go home.” She blurted out the words before she could give herself enough time to back out. For once in her life she did not need to analyze the situation to death.

“Good choice, Harper, good choice.” He spun her around and clasped her hands behind her back. Leather restraints were fastened around her wrists. The stab of fear from earlier returned.

In an instant soft fabric covered her eyes and the lights of the hallway winked out as he blindfolded her.

“Wait.” She fought the rising panic in her mind.

“Yes, kitten?” He mouthed the question against her ear. She shivered in response.

“I don't even know you're name,” she objected.

A warm chuckle caressed her ear. “I guess we should start with at least a few of the mundane details. I obviously already know your name is Harper Allison and where you work. My name is Alex but for tonight I expect ‘Sir’.”



## Chapter Two

Alex struggled with the heat and scent from Harper's skin. She smelled like cake and looked like sin. The dress she'd chosen to wear skimmed her body to perfection and made his fingers itch to divest her of all clothing. The first time he'd seen her she'd been dressed in a pink and black uniform consisting of a form fitting skirt and a blouse with a cupcake embroidered above her breast. The skirt had hugged her curvy ass so perfectly he'd spent the last week fantasizing about flipping its long length over her hips and spanking her until she shuddered underneath him.

Fortunately for him Jeremy had recognized her from her cupcake bakery and filled him in on a few sparse details about her life. But it was the captivated longing that resided on her face during the ménage scene that haunted him. He'd been around the club long enough to recognize need when he saw it. So he'd set a plan in motion to be the man who'd offer her everything she desired and then some. Sure, it had been risky, but when in his life had he ever taken the easy road?

He stood back to admire her stature. The combination of black leather on her wrists with the sexy red dress, made her look straight out of an old fashioned burlesque show. Very hot. Her midnight black hair fell halfway down her back and he couldn't wait to twist a hand in those silky strands. But from this view it was the long, shapely legs that



drew his eye. Along with images of where he'd like them wrapped. Around his waist specifically.

He'd actually been surprised she'd come. Her strong spine and desire to be here humbled him. Alex stifled the hope he'd found something special in Harper. It was far too soon to go there. Instead, he inched closer until their bodies practically touched. He brushed his fingers through the fringe of her skirt and teased the soft skin of her thighs.

A quiet moan slipped from her mouth. If he'd not been paying attention he might have missed it. Later he'd make sure she screamed so there'd be no mistaking her pleasure. He wrapped an arm around her middle and pulled her against his frame. Her normal height plus the heels she wore lined her bottom perfectly against the hard ridge of his erection.

"I have every intention of giving you pleasure tonight but there are a few more things we need to be clear on." He breathed through her hair, inhaling more of her delicious scent with every breath. He moved his hand from her curved stomach to her right breast until he found the taut nipple he sought through the thin fabric. It pleased him immensely that she'd forgone a bra. He pinched the erect bud just to the point of pain. "I believe pain and pleasure complement each other naturally, so you can expect to feel both tonight."

Her head lolled back and landed against his chest with a quiet thud. "Yes, Sir."

"I'm not a sadist but I do love pushing limits. I will find yours and exceed them."

*Oh would he find them.*

Alex fought back a satisfied smile when he detected her breathing had grown harsh. "Anytime you are commanded tonight, I expect your full compliance."

"But—"



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“Patience. Let me finish. You’ve been given a safeword and I damn well expect you to use it if you need to. It doesn’t mean you’re weak or inferior as a submissive and it certainly doesn’t mean you won’t be wanted anymore. If you use it then tonight’s scene simply ends and I take you home. What happens after that is still negotiable. Understand?”

“Yes.” She nodded.

“Tonight, you’re mine to use as I wish.” He allowed a fraction of the possessiveness gripping his balls to slip free with his statement. How he could feel this way about a woman he’d just officially met made very little sense to him. His analytical brain wanted to pick the reasons apart and argue in his defense, but the caveman in him won this round. She would be his.

With an easy twist of his hands he turned Harper around and nestled her close. Lush red lips stood stark against the cream of her face and the black blindfold still covered her eyes. In a different time or place he’d relish wining and dining her. Seducing her into his bed for a bout of vanilla lovemaking the likes of which both would enjoy. He didn’t doubt she’d be delicious in any setting, but from the moment he’s seen her hands grip the back of a chair until they’d turned white while she watched a flogging, he’d craved something more from her.

The taste of her submission would serve as the ultimate aphrodisiac for them both. Maybe later there would be time for them to sit down and get to know each other. For now though, the club was the perfect backdrop for tonight’s test.

“A relationship like this requires a great deal of trust, wouldn’t you say?”

She nodded.

“I’m asking for yours before I’ve completely earned it. In return I will show some in you.” He brushed a strand of hair from her cheek and wrapped it around her ear. Shock at



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the simple touch coursed through him. She was all soft skin and beautiful curves. "Tonight I intend to trust that you'll be honest with me. Whenever I ask you a question, I will be counting on you to tell me the truth. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes, Sir."

Alex edged closer until their heads were mere inches apart. He focused on the shape and color of her lips. Imagined the divine feel of them all over his body. Tension coiled deep in his gut at the many images flashing through his mind. The first tremor from Harper's body dragged him out of his head and back to her. He liked hearing "Sir" come out of her mouth. He'd bet she had no idea when she spoke the word it came out on a whisper of harsh need.

He was back to focusing on her lips again. The plump bottom lip that formed the slightest pout all on its own. The light pink tip of her tongue that periodically poked out to touch her lip...

"Tell me why you decided to come here, kitten."

She hesitated in answering. He could practically see the gears turning in her mind as she tried to find the right words to voice her desires without giving too much away to someone she didn't know from Adam. It was an age-old dance and one he wished they didn't have to go through.

"Fantasy," she blurted. "I—uh—I mean this club, it's the kind of place that fantasies are made of."

"Hmm..." He trailed his fingers along the curve of her neck and across her collarbone. The skinny straps holding up her dress were no match for a man of his tastes. He banked the urge to rip them away and instead continued a path across her skin to the dip that led to the cleavage the dress had been designed to enhance.

The silk provided little barrier against his probing touch. Harper's lips parted on a sigh when he circled her hardened nipples. They reminded him of small pebbles the



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more he stroked them. Through the flimsy fabric he pinched the tips, elongating them between his fingers. She gasped, her back arched, pushing her breasts fully into his hands.

He released her and she moaned in protest, clearly hoping for more. Immediately, he reached for her again, this time applying twice as much pressure as before. Her mouth gaped in surprise. This time he pulled and twisted until she writhed against him. Her harsh breaths mingled with his, an obvious sign of the pleasure she derived from the mixture of pain and pleasure he applied. Every hope he'd harbored about her willingness and likely response was coming to fruition. Time to step up the game.

"I love how easily you respond."

She jerked a few inches away and color flooded her cheeks. Her arms flew up in a half attempt to push him away.

He gripped her nipples tighter. "No, don't be ashamed. That was meant as a compliment. It's almost more than I'd dared hope for." He squeezed a fraction harder. "Tonight is going to be a very enjoyable experience my little kitten."

She whimpered a second before he released her. The flushed rose of her skin and the light sheen of sweat at the edge of her hair pleased him to no end. She'd gotten more aroused the farther he pushed. He ached to lift her skirt and dip his fingers in her cunt. Although he didn't need a test to know he'd find her dripping wet.

His cock jumped in his pants at the thought. Already his imagination fired on overload with images of thrusting between her thighs while she milked him of his release. When the muscles of her shoulder relaxed, he pulled her into his arms once again. Without giving her a chance to say a word he covered her mouth with his, taking the kiss he desperately needed. He drank in the taste and texture of her mouth on an inward groan.



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Everything about her was so damned sweet. Her tongue tentatively met his when he thrust beyond her lips to the warm recess of her mouth. Alex put everything he felt into the kiss. The instant rush of lust he'd experienced the first time he'd seen her to the moment he'd seen her enter the club on the security screens. Needing to be inside her so bad he nearly ached with it, he wrapped his arms around her and cupped the globes of her curvy ass.

Silky hair brushed his neck and he groaned in response. It would be so easy to change his plans and allow himself to get lost in her tonight—alone. Alex wrenched his mouth free and stared down at her upturned face. The blindfold hid her eyes but he didn't need them to see what he needed to see. Her breath came in pants, her hands had gripped his biceps with the grip of death the moment their mouths had met. She wanted this. The fantasy she'd called it. And he would give it to her, hook, line and sinker.

“Are you ready for the rest of your fantasy then?”

He watched her lips part, the slight nod of her head. “Yes, Sir.” Her breathy answer pulled at his resolve.

Alex straightened his spine and tamped the soft side of the man down. The Dom needed to come out to play and it was now or never with her. “You sure about that?”

He slid his hand underneath her dress and cupped her bare pussy. A wave of hot moisture seared his hand, threatening his sanity. It annoyed him that she'd gotten so effectively under his skin. “So if I do this you're not going to try and run away?”

He pushed his fingers through her slick folds and toyed with her clit.

Her shocked gasp sounded close to his ear but her fingers tightened on his arms.

Her wet skin and mewling responses beckoned him to her opening where he teased her mercilessly by rimming it a few times before thrusting inside. With the heel of his hand



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he massaged her clit, while the two fingers embedded inside sought the bundle of nerves guaranteed to send her over the edge.

Dear God this woman had a hold on him. With his left hand he grasped her ass and pulled her tight. His hard-as-a-fucking-rock dick dug into her hips, seeking relief. It took every ounce of self-control not to lift her legs and impale her right then and now. Everything about her called to him on such a primal level that if he did unleash his control there'd be no stopping for a very long time. Not even her safeword could save her then.

As if on cue, Harper's channel clenched around his fingers, a silent plea for release. He dipped forward and nipped the edge of her neck with his teeth. When her rough breaths against his neck signaled an orgasm, Alex pulled himself free and took two steps away, giving them some desperately needed space.

"Alex," she gasped.

"That would be Sir for tonight. And no coming until I say so"

A slight frown formed on her face and a red blush crept up her neck. He'd bet money that she was debating whether to tell him off or plead with him for more. He smiled at her petulance before brushing a quick kiss across her lips. He raised his hands and touched her nipples through her dress once more. He imagined them bared and clamped, raw and tender from his attention. He wanted her so aroused she cried for more of his attention. Then and only then would she be ready for the explosive orgasms he had planned for her.

She tried to move closer and Alex squeezed her nipples so tight she fought for breath let alone movement. "No."

"Sir..." He closed his eyes at the soft word spoken from her lips, savoring the sound. Moments later her spine



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straightened and he looped her arm in his and led them toward the play room.

“You have much to learn, little one, but first...” He opened the door for her and ushered her inside. “I have a surprise for you.”



## Chapter Three

Harper's insides trembled with the force of effort it took for her to stay calm under the onslaught of such dire need. Never in her life had she been brought to the brink so quickly and then denied. The result had been almost painful. Her sex still squeezed in complaint.

Him leaving her like this frustrated the hell out of her and she'd come close more than once to ripping off the blindfold so she could see him. Not being able to read his face or understand his body language left her more vulnerable than she'd ever imagined. She had no idea what to expect and her fight or flight response had revved into high gear.

Alex stopped them. "Harper, are you all right?"

"I'm scared." She hated to admit it but damn it, this was so far outside her comfort zone she didn't know which way was up.

"Good. I'd be more concerned if you weren't. Just remember what I said before. You have a safeword if you need it." He rested an assuring hand along the curve of her spine.

She nodded.

"Good. Let's get started." The warmth of his touch on her back disappeared.



Eliza Gayle

Warm hands caressed her hips and thighs, traveling slowly down her legs to the strappy heels she'd chosen to wear. "Sexy shoes."

Harper started. That was *not* Alex's voice.

What the hell?

"Alex?" Her heart raced during the seconds that ticked by as she waited for someone to answer her.

"I'm here, kitten," he whispered in her ear, his hands landing on her shoulders. While the other set of hands worked the fastenings of her shoes.

"What—what's going on?" She pulled at the bindings holding her hands behind her back to no avail. "Untie my hands," she demanded.

"What happens tonight is not up to you, Harper. We talked about this. If you can't go through with it then you know what to do. Otherwise your only job is to obey."

*Obey.*

The word reverberated through her mind. She'd taken a chance and come here tonight based on long-buried desires her gift had awakened. She did believe him that if she used her safeword, the night would end no harm, no foul. But then she'd never know...

She bit her lip, worrying it between her teeth.

*Take a chance, Harper.*

*Don't be stupid again.*

Alex had obviously watched her closely during the collaring ceremony. He'd picked up on her envy for the woman who'd submitted to two masters after they'd collared her. The entire scene had been breathtaking and she'd barely been able to breathe through the whole thing.

But this was her life and the fear of screwing it up again was strong, but not nearly as strong as the need to explore her possibilities. She'd always wanted to relinquish complete control and had never had the guts to do it. Nor



## Sweet Submission

had she met the man to follow through on it. Now was her chance. Was she going to run?

“Harper.” The sharp tone of Alex’s voice brought her back to the present.

“Yes, Sir.” They were the only words she could form beyond the lump in her throat. At least her voice didn’t shake. That was something.

“Jeremy is going to remove your shoes and then you are going to step up onto a platform. Don’t worry, we’ll guide you.”

Harper nodded, rolling the name Jeremy on her tongue. She liked the way it sounded when Alex said it.

Her shoes disappeared in the blink of an eye and she found herself propelled forward. Fingers at the back of her neck unzipped her and the other man, Jeremy, peeled her dress down her arms from the front.

“Step up.” He commanded.

She followed his instructions blindly, sucking in a deep breath at the cool air of the room caressing her now naked skin. Had her hands not still been bound behind her she’d have tried to cover herself. Blindfolded and naked made her more self-conscious than ever. She began to think of all the nights she’d used her job as an excuse not to go the gym. That coupled with her love of the cupcakes she baked had caused her to gain several pounds over the last year.

As if reading her mind, Alex spoke from behind her. “You are incredibly gorgeous, kitten. Curves in all the best possible places.” His praise warmed her from the inside out. She hadn’t had a man compliment her body in... Hell, she couldn’t remember.

He grabbed her bound hands and quickly undid the fastenings that held them together but did not remove the cuffs from her wrists. For a few quiet moments he rubbed her arms and stretched out her muscles, relieving all of the residual tension being bound created.



Eliza Gayle

“What would you like me to do?” This from Jeremy who stood just in front of her.

Alex slid his hands between the cleft of her ass and into her creamy center once again. “Help me make her scream her throat raw, of course.”

Oh God, just the thought of their mouths or cocks coming anywhere near her turned her the hell on. She’d relived this fantasy in her mind on too many occasions to count. But it had been just that. A fantasy. Now she blindly stood between two men not only planning to share her but apparently willing to dominate her as well. Her brain buzzed from the sheer eroticism of the moment. How was a woman supposed to think straight in the face of this kind of attention? More arousal flooded her pussy and coated Alex’s hand.

As much as the thought of two strangers having their way with her like this should have repulsed her, it didn’t. For the moment the anonymity of the situation set her blood to boil, giving her the freedom she needed to pretend for one night her life could be the way she’d always dreamed. Taken and controlled.

Before she had any more to time to ponder their next move, a hot mouth covered one of her nipples while a hand caressed the other.

With Alex fingering her cunt and Jeremy sucking on her nipples, Harper began to slip under the storm of sensation raging through her. She barely had time to react before Alex’s fingers tangled in her hair and tugged her head back, baring her throat to Jeremy.

“Oh, kitten. Sharing you tonight is a very dangerous game. You would do well to follow instructions and do as we say. Everything that happens tonight will be at our discretion. By agreeing to my terms you are now ours to use for our pleasure. Whether we fuck you, dominate you, or punish you is completely up to us. Barring your use of the safeword, you have no say so.”



## Sweet Submission

Concern crept into Harper's thoughts. What if they found her a disappointment? Pleasuring two men at the same time did not sound like an easy task.

A small nervous giggle escaped her mouth.

"Is this funny?" Alex demanded, his fist tightening in her hair.

"No, Sir."

To her surprise, Alex crushed her mouth with his. Not the angry or controlling kiss she might have expected. Simply hungry and a whole lot wild. From the tongue that swept the cavern of her mouth to the pressure on her head that crushed her to him, she felt his dominance clear to her bones. Harper couldn't ever remember being kissed with this combination of strength and need. For the first time in her life she felt desperately wanted.

When he suddenly withdrew she whimpered in denial. He'd managed to intensify the ache already spinning her out of control. She licked her lips and savored the incredible taste he'd left behind. Spice and man. A delicious combination she was certain would forever be imprinted in her memory. Somehow the intensity of his brief kiss would set the tone for every future encounter.

"Spread your legs," Alex instructed. "Wider."

Harper tried not to think about the fingers buried in her pussy or the mouth still on her nipple. Despite the nerves fluttering in her belly and the pressure building behind her clit, she desperately wanted to do this right. A good submissive knew how to follow instructions and longed to obey.

Alex wiggled the fingers inside her and brushed against an unexpected bundle of nerves. "Oh..." The moan fell from her mouth, her eyes squeezed shut behind the cloth covering them as she savored the delicious sensations streaking through her.



Eliza Gayle

The pressure in her pussy climbed beautifully and just when she thought, Alex would finger her to a mind-blowing orgasm, he slipped free from her channel.

“Definitely not yet,” he whispered.

Jeremy’s mouth popped from her breast with a chuckle. “Someone’s in too much of a hurry.”

Speechless at their cruel withdrawal, Harper panted for breath. Already her heart beat wildly out of control. Silence stretched between them as she struggled for some semblance of control over her body’s reaction. Before she found it, their hands returned. This time Jeremy rubbed her clit in the front and Alex dragged his fingers from the wetness of her slit to the tight, puckered entrance of her ass.

She sucked in a shocked breath and Jeremy lifted one of her legs and hitched it around his waist. In this position he’d opened her fully to both their explorations. Alex quickly went from stroking the sensitive area to pressing a finger inside one fraction at a time.

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass?” Alex asked.

Harper nearly laughed out loud. Her ex-husband couldn’t have been more vanilla if he tried. Sex in the dark and missionary style had been the extent of their experience. Of course, she’d ordered a wide selection of toys from the internet for herself and experimented all on her own every chance she got.

“Only with a toy,” she offered, remembering her promise to be honest.

“Did you like it?”

“Yes,” she whispered. Finally grateful she didn’t have to face them during these questions.

“Good. Although I can guarantee you playing with toys isn’t the same as being bent over and fucked until you beg for it to stop.” He brushed his lips across the sensitized skin behind her ear. “In case you haven’t picked up on it yet. I



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have a thing for making a woman beg. For more or less doesn't matter, just so long as I can get her to beg."

The crude words Alex continued to use drove her a little wild. Or maybe it was the way Jeremy rubbed and pinched on her clit. Either way, Alex had a finger buried in her ass and Jeremy relentlessly played with her pussy, both of which pushed Harper to the edge of control. Her climax was building, she'd soon be teetering on the edge and one more dirty word out of Alex was guaranteed to send her careening.

In the blink of an eye, both men ceased. Fingers were withdrawn, her leg was released and her body propelled forward. Her front met cold stone and while her brain processed the temperature and foreign texture across her nipples, her arms were raised and cuffs fastened with an audible click above her head.

Harper tugged on the fastenings to no avail. She'd been securely attached to an immovable wall. She twisted and thrashed, fear they'd left her alone slicing through her.

"Spread you legs, Harper or I'm going to restrain them where I want them as well."

She sagged in relief at Alex's voice. He stood right behind her. A hot palm curled around her ankle and forced her legs slightly more than shoulder width apart. The movement created friction between her skin and the rough stone of the wall, eliciting a moan of pleasure. She pressed her breasts forward to staunch the sensations and only worsened them. Fire practically flamed between her legs.

"Alex, Sir, please..." the words came out on a long drawn out breath. More of a moan than a plea.

He chuckled behind her. "Oh you're going to have to do a lot better than that, my kitten." He gripped her hair, forced her head to the side and took her mouth in a fierce but all too brief kiss that left her both breathless and achy for so much more.



“Now about that punishment...”

Alex’s words elicited a fresh slice of fear, although not nearly as much as the arousal building in her cunt. Whatever he had planned for her she didn’t care just so long as they didn’t stop touching her.

“Not only were you late, but you didn’t bring the rose as you were instructed. Thus forcing me to change some of the plans for tonight.”

“I’m sorry, Sir.”

“Silence!” On Alex’s demand the first blow of the flogger struck her buttocks, the loose tendrils wrapping around her right hip.

It didn’t hurt much but they did startle her. Her fingers flexed and grasped onto her restraints. She arched her back and growled at the sensations rushing across her nipples and stomach from the movement.

*Thwap.*

Another slap landed across her backside from the flogger. This time hard enough her skin tingled in the affected area. Harper took a quick breath and exhaled nice and slow to keep her body still and safe from the torment of the stones in front of her. Nothing Alex or Jeremy had done so far was too uncomfortable but they’d managed to put her in a position where even the slightest movement created friction across her body. Much more of this and she might not be able to hold back her response.

“The look in your eyes last week and the response of your body tonight scream ‘submissive’, but a good sub not only knows how to obey, she aches to do it.”

*Smack. Pop. Thwack!*

Harper winced and ground her teeth together at the burn heating her ass and upper thighs. The succession of blows had been delivered with serious intent.



## Sweet Submission

“Do you want to be a submissive, Harper? Or is this just something you needed to try?” Alex whispered the question in her ear so low she doubted even Jeremy heard him.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Which is it, kitten?” A warm hand caressed the hot flesh of her backside, soothing the enflamed skin.

Harper sighed into the touch, uncaring that the slight movements she made abraded her nipples against the cool stone. “I need to learn.” It was the only honest answer she could give him. She’d experimented in the past and enjoyed it enough to suspect where her true needs lie, but no one, not once, had taken the time to really teach her.

The touch on her buttocks eased the last of the pain away, reminding Harper just how aroused she’d become by the whole scene. She had no idea who touched her. Something inside her wanted it to be Alex. The rugged man who’d met her first. With her eyes covered it was his face she focused on in her mind’s eye. How could it not?

“That’s a very good answer.” A second after he spoke the shift in the air around her told her he’d moved away as had the hand rubbing her ass. Once again they let the silence descend and a little stab of fear returned. Although nothing diminished the throb of need between her legs.

“Three more strikes and your infractions will be forgotten. Is that understood?” This time Jeremy sounded from behind her, furthering her disorientation. Where was Alex?

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl.”

Harper sucked in a breath at the next strike. Much like the last, it burned across her now tender skin.

“Your ass pinks up quite well. It’s a gorgeous sight that makes my dick hard.” Jeremy’s admission thrilled through



her. She'd underestimated the affect any kind of dirty talk would have on her.

Lost in the haze brought on by his words, Harper yelped when the next solid hit landed. This time the pain intensified enough to almost take her breath away at the same time fresh desire trickled to the tops of her thighs. The incessant throb behind her clit matched the wild beat of her pulse.

"Can you take one more?" Jeremy asked.

She nodded.

The last strike burned like fire and sizzled from ass to clit. She heard a thud that sounded remotely like the flogger hitting the ground. Someone move against her, pressing a rigid erection between the cheeks of her ass. If that weren't enough to set her off, a finger dipped between her legs and through her wet slit.

"She looks like she wants to come." Alex stated. He'd remained close after all. "If you do though, we'll be forced to start your punishment all over again."

Harper groaned. The agony of holding back while his finger rubbed around the edge of her clit threatened to kill her. Never in her life had she needed to come this badly and they were going to deny her. With her mind buzzing from their onslaught she barely noticed when her right leg was lifted and a cuff wrapped around her thigh. Nothing mattered other than trying to stop the orgasm that crept closer and closer with each sweep of the finger around her clit.

Metal clanged and clicked around her leg until she finally realized her leg now hung on its own after being fastened to the stone wall much like her wrists were. In this position, her legs were spread wide for whatever Alex or Jeremy had in mind.

The touch on her clit disappeared seconds before the flogger returned. This time the many falls curved



## Sweet Submission

underneath her ass to strike the tender flesh of her pussy as well as her buttocks. Where she expected to feel pain she only experienced heightened desire. Her brain buzzed with the euphoria of the scene as the strikes continued one after another. Her legs trembled and a fleeting thought of not being able to hold herself up filtered through her brain.

She hissed and screamed as the onslaught of pleasure hit the point of no return. Or so she thought. All touch ceased immediately and she moaned in protest. She'd been so damn close she'd practically tasted the end.

"Please," she begged. "Oh Sir, please..." Her arms and legs shook from the force of her need. Nothing else mattered. She screeched when the flogging started up again, this time harder and faster than before. Every strike landed on her clit until she teetered on the brink of explosion.

Every sensation, thought and need raced out of her control. Her pleas turned to nothing more than guttural groans as she bucked into the leather as if she could fuck herself to completion with nothing but air.

"You belong to us now, don't you?" Jeremy's question rang in her head.

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Please, Sirs, Oh God, please..." The pleasure increased three fold and Harper knew without a doubt she couldn't stop it. "Fuck!" she screamed.

"Come, kitten. Come now," Alex demanded. Two fingers thrust into her cunt, deep and without pause.

Harper ignited. A force of extreme pleasure overwhelmed her as she came hard. Her body shuddered violently under the onslaught. Still without vision, she remained hyperaware of everything around her. The wet sound of being finger fucked, someone's harsh breathing at her ear, the erection nudging at her backside. The sensation of it all fogged her mind until she barely noticed a ripping sound.



Eliza Gayle

Hands gripped each thigh, spreading her impossibly wider. The hand between her legs disappeared and was immediately replaced with the broad tip of an erection that nudged at her opening.

"You are so wet and hot," Jeremy exclaimed, bringing her attention to the fact it was him plastered to her backside about to push inside her.

Harper breathed deeply, imprinting every scent of these men on her mind. Later, when she returned to her life alone, she wanted to remember every single detail of her fantasy.

"How do you feel, kitten?" Alex had returned to her side. Or maybe he'd never left at all. She found it impossible to tell.

How did she feel? Wild emotions rioted through her as Jeremy pushed up inside her, burying himself to the hilt. She gasped for air. She was tied to a wall, with all of her weight balanced on one leg that shook mercilessly, helpless to two men who for all intensive purposes were complete strangers to her. They'd stripped her of all control, leaving only the safeguard of the Glass Kat in its place. If that wasn't a little crazy she didn't understand the meaning of the word.

"I don't know what to say." She struggled for air. It was still the only truth she had for him.

"Think harder."

"I—I can't think," she breathed.

Alex chuckled. "Good. Then I'd say we've succeeded here. Turn and face my voice, kitten."

Harper turned and faced Alex's direction. Warm breath feathered across her face, sending a shudder racing down her spine. She found it impossible to concentrate when Jeremy's cock stretched her on every delicious slide between her pussy lips.



## Sweet Submission

“I enjoy watching you get fucked. It makes me hot.” Alex spoke softly before devouring her in a kiss designed to steal away the rest of her common sense.

*Oh God...* The heat of both the kiss and the slow shuttle of Jeremy in and out of her threatened to send her up in an inferno. Alex drove his tongue deep into her mouth at the same time as Jeremy did her pussy. With both men taking what they needed, she felt utterly possessed. An incredible experience she'd never forget no matter what her future brought her. Writhing, Harper moaned. Her heart pounded. Her blood roared in her veins. Desperation overtook her. She screamed into the kiss and climaxed. Her body buckled, her leg gave out, putting all of her weight on her arms and one leg still tied to the wall.

White-hot light and heat engulfed her when Jeremy pounded into her with his own release, stealing her breath. Alex eased from the kiss and Harper gulped for air, her breaths short and fast.

Jeremy pulled out and the two men unfastened her restraints. She crumpled into the offered arms and nestled into a warm chest she imagined had to be Alex. A big hand smoothed her hair and wiped the wetness across her cheeks she'd not even realized had fallen. Tumultuous emotions raged inside her and she wasn't in a frame of mind to examine why.

“Shhh,” Alex comforted.

Harper sagged in relief. For whatever reason she'd wanted to be in Alex's arms. His hands massaged her sore wrists, offering her the comfort she desperately sought. When he touched the edge of her blindfold she held her breath. The anonymity of the encounter had ended up a necessity she'd not realized she needed. Now the fear of looking into their eyes after what they'd done unnerved her.

With the fabric gone, Harper blinked in the sudden light even though they'd kept it low in this room. Her eyes



Eliza Gayle

adjusted to find Alex staring at her intently, his blue eyes darker than before.

“I—”

He pressed his fingers to her lips and stopped what she’d been about to say.

“It’s just you and I.”

Harper nodded and buried her face into Alex’s chest, wrinkling her nose at the slight tickle of tiny hairs against her skin. She had no intention of examining her understanding of the situation. Right here and right now in this moment she felt cared for. Safe. She wanted to savor it a few minutes longer before she had to go home and back to her life. Without this...



## Chapter Four

Harper stood at the door to her apartment, legs trembling. Her nervousness in the face of letting him in her home charmed him. He had insisted on escorting her home and she'd invited him to come in with her. At some point on the short drive here it had finally dawned on her that he'd not climaxed during their scene, although he'd come close just from watching her. He'd allowed Jeremy to take her first and his friend had fucked her until she'd practically collapsed. He'd almost forgotten just how voracious Jeremy could get in a scene. It had taken a lot of control on his part to go through with it. Her easy responses to his touch and his control had gone straight to his head and his possessiveness had reared its ugly head. He'd wanted to haul her out of the Kat and back to his place, tie her to the wall of his bedroom and use her to within an inch of her safeword.

Alex shook the memory from his mind. It wouldn't do either of them any good for him to get too worked up now. Something about her fragile appearance told him now was the time to go easy on her. When she'd mentioned in the car that he'd not gotten off, he calmly reassured her that it wasn't important. He had a feeling he wouldn't have to wait long. Now, standing here at her threshold, he saw the obligation shining in her eyes when she hesitantly looked at him. The longer he let her stew the more they'd both anticipate their time together.



## Eliza Gayle

She entered ahead of him and flipped on the lights. Her home was small as most studios were in the city but the appearance surprised him. Instead of the soft, girly furnishings he'd expected, he found modern and cozy in cool neutral tones. He glanced around, taking in the ultra conservative furnishings so different from what he expected of a woman whose chosen career was born in creativity. Not that he'd visited her bakery. He'd just assumed...

"Can I get you anything? Some wine perhaps?"

"Yes, wine would be nice." He'd take whatever she offered for now. The desire to observe her in her own environment piqued his interest.

"Pinot Noir okay with you? I haven't had much time lately for shopping."

"Sure."

He followed her into the kitchen, blinking at the sudden change of atmosphere. This was obviously where all of her decorating efforts had been concentrated. Wood gleamed from the countertops to the cabinets in between the luster of cabinets covered by translucent colored glass. She opened the stainless steel commercial-sized refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of wine, setting it on the counter.

Alex leaned against the doorway and settled in to watch her move. To fuss in the kitchen she obviously adored. When she finally handed him a glass of wine, she instantly set his blood on fire. So as not to offend her, he sipped a small amount of his drink before taking both of their glasses and placing them on the nearby countertop.

"Come here."

She reached for his outstretched hand and allowed him to pull her close. For a few quiet seconds he memorized the look in her eyes. Lust with a twinge of nerves. From the unknown he hoped. If that wasn't enough to draw him in, she poked out the tip of her tongue and licked at her nips nervously. That simple and likely unconscious move began



## Sweet Submission

to harden his cock. Suddenly he had to see more of her. All of it, completely open and available to him alone.

Their gazes remained locked as he slowly undressed her. He took off her dress and shoes, mindful to place them on the counter.

“Where is your bedroom?”

She made a soft noise akin to a protest. He scrutinized her expression and body language. Most likely a case of simple nerves. The under current between them made it clear that this would not be a scene like at the club. Here in her apartment every move they made felt more intimate. A fact that should have had him heading for the door. Why or how she was different made no sense to him, he only knew it was.

“Bedroom?” He sharpened his tone, bringing her into focus.

She acquiesced and led him down the hall to the door at the end. Together they stepped inside and his eyes zeroed in on the very large bed in the middle made up with military precision. Although it wasn’t her obsession with neatness that ultimately drew his eye. There in the middle of the white down comforter rested the rose crop he’d sent her. His heart sped up at the sight of it. He’d fantasized all day about using it on her, never even considering she’d show up without it.

“Kneel down here, at the foot of the bed, face the door.” Amazingly she did as he asked while he walked out of her line of sight and began to prepare himself. He removed his clothing and piled it neatly in the chair next to her bed. He stood still for a minute and admired Harper’s sublime positioning. She looked good on her knees. Naked, her hair brushed the top of her buttocks, framing the heart-shaped ass he longed to crop.

Unfortunately, for the rest of the night he’d have to take it easy. He suspected she was already pretty sore from



Eliza Gayle

the earlier scene. With his right hand, Alex grasped her shoulder and squeezed. They both just might have to accept that tonight his control had nearly deserted him. She trembled underneath his hand.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m nervous. I don’t know what you want me to do.”

Alex leaned across her bed and picked up the crop. “And that’s exactly how I’ll want you sometimes. Anticipation is half the fun.”

He ran the leather rose along her spine from the base of her skull to the crack of her ass. She gasped. A harsh sound he wanted more of. He tapped the crop across her skin. Her back, sides and shoulders. Nothing painful at all, although she had no idea what to expect. At any moment he could decide to inflict more force.

He struck her back with a fraction more pressure. Still nothing painful although her moans had grown to match the tempo of the taps. The sound of her arousal dug into his balls, pulling him so taut he nearly doubled over.

He threw down the crop and walked in front of her. “Open.” He commanded. Her mouth dropped open a fraction and he placed the crown of his erection along the silken slit her lips formed. Watching her closely he grabbed her chin and tilted her head until their gazes met. He squeezed, his fingers digging into her cheeks. Automatically, her mouth opened wide and he fed her the head of his cock.

“What a pretty picture you make, kitten. If my balls weren’t aching for more, I’d stay just like this for a while.”

She moaned against his flesh, her tongue swiping across the slit. He jerked at the contact. “Fuck yeah, baby. Lick me like that some more. It’s so good.”

Staring into her eyes, he slowly pushed more of his shaft between those gorgeous, lush lips. She began to lick and suck him with increased fervor. To stop from losing all



## Sweet Submission

control, he grabbed the sides of her head and controlled both their movements. Her eyes shuttered closed.

“No, keep your eyes on mine. I want to see everything.” For a few fleeting moments he wished he’d placed her on the bed and taken her pussy. What he wouldn’t give to feel her inner walls flexing on his shaft. Or her cream coating him...

She raised her lids and stared back at him, her green eyes shining with so much need it threatened to choke him up. “That’s more like it.” His thumb brushed her top lip on the next slide, sinking him farther into her mouth.

From the moment he’d spied her across the room at the Kat he’d wanted her. He’d moved to approach her then when he’d noticed she wore a uniform and helped with serving the dessert. Even for someone as brash and used to getting what he wanted as he was, he recognized the inappropriateness of propositioning her at the time. So instead he’d begun formulating a plan to draw her into his world of dominance and submission based on her reactions to everything she’d witnessed. So far his plan had worked perfectly. Almost too perfectly.

Alex ground his teeth each time her tongue lashed over him, leaving a trail of heat in its wake. Instead of taking complete control of her actions he eased his grip on her head and let her have her way with his cock. She seemed so eager to give him pleasure and he wanted her to feel good about this. Harper tightened her lips on his cock and blood rushed through his veins. “Fuck yes. Just like that. You’re going to make me come.”

She must have liked that because she slid forward and increased the suction on his tip before she tilted her head back and urged him deeper with a low, vibrating moan. He jerked at the sudden sensation, losing control. Hot come flooded into her mouth and she swallowed it all. But it was the slight smile she gave him when he pulled free that did him in.



Eliza Gayle

“Jesus, Harper.” His meek little kitten hid a tigress underneath. One not only bold enough to meet a man she’d never met but strong enough to realize the power she held in the situation. Something a lot of vanilla women never understood. The power dynamic was not solely in the Dominant’s court.

He knelt in front of her, kissing her hungrily. His hands grabbed her arms and pulled her close. Her legs went around his waist and clung. Alex lifted her without releasing her mouth, loving the way their tongues tangled together with such need. He groped for the mattress and settled her down first before blanketing her with his own frame. He grabbed the covers and shifted her into a spooning position.

“Don’t worry, kitten. I haven’t forgotten about you.” He smoothed his palms around her stomach and dipped one hand into the soft curls nestled between her thighs. Moisture coated his hand and he smiled when he pushed two fingers into her cunt. She parted her legs, giving him better access.

A couple of tight strokes across her clit later her orgasm convulsed through her. When the aftershocks passed he soothed the area with slow gentle glides of his fingers. “You—I—oh my God.”

Alex chuckled softly. “Shh...” he whispered. “I know. It’s been an incredible night. Thank you.”

When her body relaxed into him, his fingers slipped free from her body. He brought them to her mouth and she sucked them inside, licking her moisture clean. Humbled, he placed a soft kiss to the back of her neck.

“What made you do it?” He paused to see if she understood.

She shrugged. “My best friend dared me to.”

Alex’s laughter filled the room. Her answer came as a complete surprise. “So you are a daring little sub then?”

“I don’t know about that. But I guess everyone has to try something crazy at least once.”



## Sweet Submission

He hugged her tighter. "Indeed they do. Remind me to offer my thanks to your friend. It seems I owe her quite a debt of gratitude."

"I'm sure she'll be thrilled to hear that. But in all honesty, I'm really glad I did it."

Alex relaxed. Her happiness pleased him and gave him hope for a potential future together. Maybe for once it didn't have to be a one-night thing.

"Who are you, Alex?"

"Just a man who saw something in a woman that called to him."

"You like filling women's fantasies?"

"I like filling yours." He nipped at her shoulder.

"I'm feeling pretty fulfilled." She wiggled her ass against his stirring crotch.

"And incorrigible too." He gripped her hip and stilled her. "Go to sleep. You need some rest because in an hour or two I'll be waking you for more."

He almost missed her quiet gasp. He definitely needed to see her beyond tonight. There were too many things he wanted to do with her. Put her through. He definitely wanted to hear her scream again. This time just for him.

But there was still so much he didn't know about her.

"I know you own a cupcake bakery but what about family? Are you from here?"

She snorted into the darkness. "God no, I'm not from here at all. I grew up in the South, couldn't wait to get out so I married the first man I could. We landed here in the city and until a year ago I spent most of my time trying to be a wife."

He worried over the resentment in her voice. "I take it that didn't work out too well."



Eliza Gayle

“No, it was fairly doomed from the start but I can’t really regret it since I’ve fallen in love with the city and the divorce gave me the opportunity to do what I love.”

“Cupcakes,” he stated.

She nodded against his chest. “It’s hard work but the most fun I’ve ever had in my life. I really love it.”

“And what about men?” He held his breath. He wanted to know as much as he could but he didn’t relish hearing any tales about other dominants she’d been spending time with.

“Nope. I’ve spent the last year building up the business.”

“What about D/s? You don’t strike me as a newbie.” He’d seen too many subtle signs from her that she was not a complete novice to the scene.

“I started to figure it out back in my teens. I studied some but then set it all aside for marriage.”

A story he’d heard all too frequently. It made him want to paddle her all over again. Why so many subs sacrificed their needs for a vanilla life drove him mad. Living a lie was not a life at all.

“Susan is a sub. She and I worked together when I first moved here for a caterer. She’s had a tumultuous journey these last few years and I think I’ve learned a lot from that.” Harper took a deep breath, exhaling slowly. “So here I am. A cupcake baker, recently divorced and a novice submissive.”

“And don’t forget risk taker.”

She scoffed. “If you knew me better, you’d know how ridiculous that sounds.”

“Yet, here you are.”

She settled back against his chest and he let the conversation drift off from there. They had time tomorrow



## Sweet Submission

to discuss their differences and similarities then. She'd brought him back to life with her incessant wiggling.

“On your knees, kitten. I'd like a view of this gorgeous red ass while I fuck you.”

“Yes, Sir,” she murmured and scrambled into position.



## Chapter Five

Harper set down the spatula and leaned over the counter. Air. She needed air. The normal peace she'd always derived from working in the bakery had abandoned her today. Oh who was she kidding? It had abandoned her days ago.

When she'd awoken the morning after Valentine's to find an empty bed except for a sweet note underneath her new rose crop she'd started to rebuild the walls Alex had torn down. One night of bliss didn't make a lifetime of happiness. She of all people knew better than to believe in fairy tales. If only she could get the clawing hunger of her womb to settle back down. Alex and Jeremy had awoken a monster inside her and she didn't know how to make it go away short of giving in to them.

But she'd thought long and hard over everything Alex had said to her that night and when she searched her soul it always came back to the fact that her Valentine fantasy had only been that. A fantasy. Not something she wanted to live out on a regular basis. Maybe one day she'd search for a dominant man who understood her odd limits.

She wanted to be a one-dominant woman. Two was more than a simple girl like her could handle. She just didn't have it in her to be the kind of submissive that Alex and Jeremy clearly needed.



## Sweet Submission

Unfortunately, knowing it and living it were two very different things. Every time she closed her eyes or took a breath for that matter, she was reminded of Alex. The impossible dream. Susan had been on her case to answer his calls but she'd adamantly refused. Even seeing him one more time would make things worse. She had to treat the situation like a band-aid. Just rip it off or in this case, simply not communicate. Eventually he'd get the message and move on to someone more to his tastes and someday she'd get over him too. Tears leaked from her eyes. God she hoped so but today it felt impossible. How in the hell did this happen? One night and she'd fallen in love like a lovesick schoolgirl.

If it wasn't for the bakery, she'd have probably stayed in bed long enough for the pain to ease. As it was, she'd gone to work mere hours after Alex's departure with a deliciously sore ass and some incredible memories.

"Harper, there's someone here to see you." Jesse's voice shook her from her thoughts.

"What? Who?" Suspicion and fear consumed her. If Alex had come to see her she doubted she could deny him in person. She couldn't see him now. It would kill her.

Jessie shrugged. "I don't know. Some cop. You in some kind of trouble?"

Harper wiped her hands on her apron and headed for the front, pushing through the swinging door. Sure enough, a New York City cop stood in her bakery with his hands on his hips, a cocksure smile on his face. He looked familiar and she guessed he'd been in here more than once for her to remember him. Crisp, clear blue eyes stared down at her from probably at least six foot three she'd guess. If it wasn't for the slight smile turning up the corners of his mouth she'd probably be intimidated.

"I'm Harper Allison. Can I help you?" She held out her hand in what she hoped was a friendly gesture. She couldn't take bad news today.



Eliza Gayle

“Hi, Harper.” He drew out her name in a cadence she recognized immediately. “I’m Jeremy.”

Her eyes widened and her heart beat wildly. The heat of a frantic blush crept along her neck and face.

*Oh my God.*

“I hope you don’t mind me coming by here. I thought we might need to talk.”

Talk? Was he crazy? She shook her head, words escaping her. Suddenly her skin crawled with fear that everyone was staring at her and somehow they knew what she’d done. She glanced around the small space only to find everyone absorbed in buying or selling her baked goods and not paying a lick of attention to her.

“Is there somewhere we can talk?”

“No. I don’t even have a private office here.”

“No problem, how about a walk?” When she hesitated he added, “Surely you can afford to take a break. You look like you need one.” He reached up and brushed what she knew to be pretty dark circles under her eyes. The evidence of her not sleeping was written all over her face.

Harper sighed. Might as well get this over with. “Sure. Let me grab my coat.” She disappeared into the back and bent over the sink for two seconds, trying to slow down her racing heart. This was the last thing she’d expected. For a few brief minutes here and there she’d let a few romantic fantasies creep into her mind of Alex coming after her. Announcing his undying love for her. Harper laughed. It sure as hell didn’t get more ridiculous than that.

She scooped her coat from its hook and yelled at Jessie that she’d be back in fifteen. He merely waved at her. She shook her head. Good enough.

When Jeremy spied her coming from the back, he turned and headed for the door. She followed, shrugging into her coat. February in the city could be pretty unforgiving. Thank goodness for a sunny day. She caught



## Sweet Submission

up with Jeremy and they walked in silence for about a half a block.

“So you’re a cop.”

Jeremy laughed. “That’s exactly what everyone says when they find out. They always sound so surprised.”

“I don’t know what else I’m supposed to say in this situation.”

He stopped and faced her. “How about, ‘it’s great to see you again. Where’ve you been all my life.’ Or even ‘thanks for the great fuck’.”

Harper bit back a caustic response to his last statement. She didn’t need to attack Jeremy. It wasn’t his fault she was on the edge of tears. If anything she should feel guilty that she couldn’t be the woman he and Alex obviously wanted.”

“Damn it, Harper. I’m sorry. That was completely uncalled for.”

“Not really. I probably deserve worse.”

“What? Are you crazy? Don’t say things that are going to make me want to spank some sense into you.”

She laughed then. Big hearty guffaws that made her sides hurt that quickly turned to a flood of tears she could no longer hold back. Jeremy gathered her into his arms and rubbed her back while she cried it out. Their one night had opened a side of her she’d thought was long forgotten and now she didn’t know how to put it back away.

When the racking sobs subsided Jeremy tipped her head back and wiped the remnants from her face. “Why aren’t you returning Alex’s calls? Did we hurt you?”

She shook her head. “No. It’s not that at all. You and Alex gave me an incredible fantasy night that I’m never going to forget.”

“But...”

“No buts.”



Eliza Gayle

“Harper, in my experience when a woman cries her eyes out on your shoulder there are always buts.”

“Seriously, Jeremy. It was an incredibly decadent night that I’m never going to forget.”

“So why not talk to Alex? He’s anxious to see you again.”

“I—I just can’t.” She pulled herself from his comforting embrace and straightened her clothes, doing her best to pull herself together. She’d need to return to the bakery soon.

“That’s not much of an answer. But if we pushed you too far and you regret that night...”

“No!” How could they think that? “Absolutely no regrets. If anything it made me realize how much of myself has been closed off. Maybe when I get my bearings again I can look for...” She didn’t have the heart to even voice the words. It would be some time before she got Alex out of her mind. Not to mention now letting Jeremy down.

“I’m really not getting it. You’re going to have to spell it out.” He stood his ground, hands on hips, looking every inch the alpha male she knew him to be.

Harper blew out her breath and threaded her fingers through her hair, pulling it free from the ponytail holder. “Why did Alex send you here instead of coming himself?”

“He didn’t. I ran into him this morning at the coffee shop and he filled me in on what’s been going on.” Jeremy cupped her chin and lifted her head to meet his gaze. “Now stop stalling and tell me what the real problem is.”

Fine if he was going to harass her for the truth she’d give it to him. “I don’t want to be in a relationship where I’m shared.”

Silence stretched between them for long moments. She blinked her eyes against his harsh scrutiny. He remained silent. Harper’s stomach cramped. Rejecting Jeremy in



## Sweet Submission

person had not been on today's agenda and she was beginning to resent him forcing her to do this.

"Is that it?"

"Isn't that enough?" She didn't bite back the sarcasm. Her patience had officially run out.

Jeremy smiled wide. "Oh little one, you have no idea what you're in for do you?" He dropped his hand and pivoted her in the direction in which they'd come.

What the hell was that supposed to mean? Harper's anger rose. "You aren't making this easy for me you know."

"I can't believe you thought I would. Didn't your mother ever tell you that anything worth having is not going to be easy?"

Harper sighed. "My mother didn't have time for clichés and men who made no sense."

"It's a good thing I know Alex likes a little sass. Where I on the other hand would be more likely to fuck it out of you."

Unbidden images of her being fucked hard at the Glass Kat flooded Harper's mind. Fire erupted between her legs of its own free will. Damn arrogant man. He probably knew exactly what his words did to her.

A few minutes later they arrived back at her store. Torn between running away and grilling Jeremy for more information on Alex, Harper bit her lip and shoved her hands into her pocket.

"You really are going to be a stubborn one aren't you?"

"I have no idea what you mean."

"Uh huh. Look, you need to talk to Alex, you've got it all wrong."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means that you don't know Alex and his needs at all. Talk to him. Hear him out. It's time to let down this



Eliza Gayle

wall you've built around you." Jeremy made a knocking motion in the air in front of her.

His words knocked some of the outrage out of her. Maybe she'd been acting too rigidly...maybe.

"I'll think about it."

Jeremy nodded. Harper watched him move down the sidewalk until his form became a spec in the distance.

*You've got it all wrong.*

His words taunted her. Did she? Her body shivered every time she thought of Alex's hands touching her. Although it was the sound of his voice commanding her that made her tremble with the need for more. She'd convinced herself that if she just gave it enough time she'd get over him and the way he made her feel. Now Jeremy's cryptic messages had her more confused than ever. It looked like he was going to get exactly what he wanted. If she wanted to understand or move on she'd have to face Alex. Too bad she feared saying goodbye in person was going to rip her heart out for good.



## Chapter Six

Alex had agreed to meet her at a coffee shop near Central Park. Not exactly her side of town but still one of her favorite places to enjoy a day of sightseeing. He'd said nine p.m. sharp and it was already fifteen minutes past. The fear of being stood up enveloped her. Although why he'd go to all this trouble to not speak to her made no sense. She had no other plans for her evening so it wouldn't hurt to wait.

Harper stirred another packet of sugar into the hot black coffee she'd ordered while she waited, observing every person that stepped through the door. Susan had tried to talk her way into coming along, but she'd flatly denied the need for a chaperone. They were a little beyond that now. Besides, it would be hard enough to open herself up to Alex alone, she certainly didn't need an audience to make her even more nervous.

Her stomach rumbled with hunger. She'd been too nervous to eat dinner and now her body demanded food. She eyed the pastries in the case and decided a cookie or cake probably made days ago wasn't going to cut it. She'd get through this meeting and then grab something on the way home.

Instead she thought about Valentine's Day. Alex had gotten under her skin from the moment she'd opened her gift to discover a riding crop with a beautifully crafted rose on the end. She'd thought it quite clever to change up a



simple whipping tool into a device that almost looked romantic. When they'd returned to her apartment he'd only teased her with it though. She still had no idea how it would feel to have it strike sharply across her backside. Heat built in her pussy from imagining it. Her pulse picked up speed. She wanted Alex.

"Waiting patiently?" Harper nearly jumped out of her seat at the sound of his voice behind her. His big hand landed on her shoulder, a warm touch she wanted to sink into.

"I enjoy people watching," she answered.

He bent behind her and brushed her ear with his lips. "I want you to gather your belongings and walk out the front door. No questions. No hesitation. I expect you to obey. My car is waiting outside the front door."

Harper swallowed, a rush of doubt consumed her. She really wanted to obey, God did she ever. But... If she couldn't be his submissive, what was the point?

"Alex—"

"The car, Harper. Now."

His demanding tone heated her body to boiling in seconds flat. She gathered her purse and the white box holding the Valentine's present she'd planned to return and headed for the front door, not even taking the time to look behind to see if he followed her or if anyone noticed what had happened. Nothing mattered at the moment other than the man who wanted her submission.

Brisk winter air blew in her face when she pushed through the front door and out onto the sidewalk. A glance at the street showed his sleek black limo parked at the curb waiting invitingly. If she got in, there would be no saying no to this man. She craved his touch more than air at the moment.



## Sweet Submission

“You still have a safeword you can use anytime you want.” She jumped this time. How he kept sneaking up on her she didn’t know.

“It’s not that.”

“Then what?”

“I don’t know how to be what you want.”

He brushed the hair at her nape. “That’s ridiculous. You did remarkable the other night. I couldn’t have asked for more.”

Pride at his words suffused her. She hated her doubts.

“Do as I asked,” he spoke low, a dark tone that brooked no argument.

Frustrated, she opened the passenger side door and slid across the butter soft leather seat. Alex followed her inside although in her nervous state, Harper chose to avert her eyes and face forward. The partition between the driver’s seat and their section of the limo had already been raised, leaving her and Alex in complete privacy.

In the confined space it was all about Alex. His scent permeated her senses, a wonderful mixture of spice and cologne she would forever associate with this man. She closed her eyes and inhaled. Somehow, some way, she never wanted to forget this part of him. Her chest constricted. Saying no to him was going to be impossible. Hell, who was she kidding? They barely knew each other yet somehow he already owned her. She needed to tell him the truth sooner rather than later before things got out of hand and she lost herself in his control.

*Isn’t that exactly what you want though?*

But at what expense?

Alex reached for her hands and pulled her onto his lap. His face nuzzled at her neck. “I’ve missed you.”

“I didn’t expect to see you again after the other night.”



Eliza Gayle

“Only because you refused my calls, kitten. I had every intention of pursuing more with you.” He scraped his teeth along her tender skin while he fumbled with something in the pocket of his seat.

“I brought these for you.”

She turned and looked. He held the same leather cuffs he’d used on her the other night. Her pussy squeezed. She licked her lips.

“Don’t want them?”

She nodded. She really did.

He smiled and proceeded to wrap them around her wrists until they locked into place. Now what she wondered?

“Why did you hide from me?” The hard expression on his face demanded an honest answer.

She took a deep breath to steady her racing pulse. “I can’t be the kind of submissive you need, Alex. No matter how much I want to.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean? We haven’t even had that conversation yet, so how do you know what I need. Besides, why would I want to force you to do something you don’t like?”

“Because I did like it,” she whispered. The urge to crawl out of his lap and huddle in the corner fought with the desire to burrow closer into his warmth.

“You aren’t making any sense, Harper. How about we start with what you’re afraid of and go from there?”

She stared blankly at him. The words on the tip of her tongue refusing to form.

Alex sighed. “We aren’t going to get very far if you aren’t going to talk to me. Didn’t we already go over this? You have to be honest and tell me what it is you want.”



## Sweet Submission

“It’s the fantasy, Alex. The incredible night of pleasure you and Jeremy treated me to. It was more than I could have dreamed.”

“I agree.”

“But it was a one-time thing for me. While I have no regrets, I’m not ready for that kind of relationship.”

Alex stiffened. The space in the limousine grew painfully quiet except for the tell tale signs of the road outside. “You aren’t interested in a D/s relationship?” His voice rang with disbelief.

Harper shook her head frantically. “No, no that’s not what I meant. I mean like that night with you and Jeremy. I don’t think I could handle two Doms.”

“What about just one? Me in particular. Do you want to see me again?”

“Of course I do, but—”

“Stop right there. Enough buts.” His arm wrapped around her waist and pressed her into his hard body. “I am going to enjoy putting you on your knees for your assumptions when it comes to my needs. In fact, you are in serious need of discipline.”

The hard rumble of the Dom voice did not hide the slight tremor she felt coming from him. For the first time she got an inkling how serious he was about pursuing a relationship with her. “I’m afraid if we let things continue, I’ll want more than just discipline from you. I’ll get attached.” Again, who was she kidding? He’d have to be a fool not to see how much she cared already.

“When it comes to you, kitten, this is not a game. Don’t ask me to explain why yet though, because I don’t really understand it. We’re going to have to discover what this is between us together.”

“What now then?” She didn’t understand.



Eliza Gayle

“I want you to submit to me. How far we’ll go is the journey I relish.”

“It’s not going to be easy. I have a lot to learn. Not to mention I get cranky.”

Alex laughed. “And stubborn too.” He pinched her thigh, grabbing her attention. “But we’ll work through it and I’ll spank you when I think you need it.”

Harper’s pussy grew wetter every time he spoke to her in that Dom voice. It made her all shivery. When his hand moved between her thighs, she moaned. First he stroked her through the thin panties she wore but he quickly changed tactics and slipped his fingers underneath them. With the first touch of skin against clit her eyes slid closed and a low keening noise rumbled in her throat.

“You sure know how to sweet talk a girl,” she murmured. Her doubts and denials crumbled in the face of her impending release.

“I like watching women fall apart in my arms, especially you, Harper.” He pushed two thick fingers inside her.

Harper grabbed the handle in front of her, so lost in the myriad of sensations he worked her with. So out of touch with anything other than him playing her body like a musical instrument she nearly slipped to the ground when he shifted.

“I’m taking you home so I can properly give us both what we need tonight. Do you want to argue about that?”

“No.” She had complete faith that with him she’d be safe. He’d gone to great lengths to give her all the necessary safeguards from the very beginning. Alone in his home didn’t change anything. He’d left her a business card and she’d checked into him. Out of curiosity of course. He lived a high-profile life in his circles. He’d recently been hailed as a stock market genius and had the bank portfolio to prove it. The money mattered little to her other than the niggling



## Sweet Submission

in the back of her mind that she didn't have the first clue how to be a girlfriend to a man of his stature.

"You're thinking too hard again. Stop worrying. Not only does it make you screw up your face in the most unattractive way, it tells me that I need to work harder." To that end he pushed on her shoulders until she dropped to her knees.

With her face at crotch level it was impossible to miss the hard-on he sported. Her belly fluttered. He had an answer so far for every excuse she'd provided. In fact she believed that he'd keep calling her on them too. She liked that about him—a lot.

She reached for his belt with the intention of sucking his dick. Her mouth watered from simply imagining his taste in her mouth again. He caught her hand, bringing it to his thigh and holding it until the car came to a stop.

"Where are we?" They hadn't gone very far.

"My building. Enough questions for now." He brushed the hair from her eyes before he cupped her chin and forced her gaze to his.

He picked up the flower box holding the crop and pushed it in her hands. "I'm not even going to ask why you brought this with you tonight. I have a feeling the answer would piss me off."

Harper bit her lip. What a fool she'd been.

"But I am glad to have it for tonight. We've yet to properly break it in." She caught a hint of a smile before he turned serious again. "First, this." He held up a black silk blindfold that looked eerily similar to the one she'd worn on Valentine's day.

She shook her head. She wanted to see him this time. Know for certain it was him.

"Don't trust me not to push you too far again?"

"Again? But you didn't—"



Eliza Gayle

He closed his hand over her mouth. "I did say we are done talking. The only word you aren't forbidden from is your safeword. Understand?"

Harper nodded. She kept forgetting that if he asked her to do something she couldn't handle they had a safeguard in place. It was seriously going to take her a while to adjust.

She remained still as he tied the fabric at the back of her head, effectively cutting off her ability to see anything around her. She then allowed him to help her from the car. God, wouldn't there be someone on the street or in the lobby who would wonder why he led a blindfolded woman into his building or had he done it so many times no one thought twice about it?

He steered her to a sharp right. "We've got to go up the elevator." Of course they did. Probably straight to the penthouse. The doors slid shut and her stomach lurched when the elevator car shot skyward. "When the doors open you will take twelve steps forward and stop. You will then proceed to remove all of your clothing. Do not remove the blindfold."

"Yes, Sir."

He kissed her cheek. "I love the way the word Sir rolls off your tongue. I'll look forward to trying out Master when you're ready."

Harper shivered.

The elevator dinged and the doors open on a hushed glide. Now or never. Harper took two cautious steps forward, making sure she didn't trip on her way out. She counted out ten more steps and halted. She strained to hear a sign that Alex still stood next to her and heard nothing.

Knowing full well he watched from somewhere close by, she set the box down on the floor next to her feet and removed her clothing in record time. Only taking enough care to stack them neatly next to where she stood. A subtle sweep of her arms found no furniture nearby. She sure



## Sweet Submission

hoped his apartment was how she'd visualized and that the elevator opened directly into his apartment and not an open lobby. She'd had enough with exhibitionism for now.

She'd barely straightened to a solid standing position when he grabbed her arms and pulled them behind her back, clicking her cuffs decisively together.

"On your knees, kitten." She loved the nickname he called her by. It was likely meant as an indication of a scene, but it made her feel cared for. She had no idea what to expect when he pushed her forward. Moments later she was bent at the waist with her torso pressed into her knees, her forehead touching the thick carpeting. "Spread your knees a little." He nudged her legs apart with his foot.

She heard rustling beside her and recognized the sounds of him opening the box and pulling the tissue paper from around the crop.

"You've been a handful these last few days..." She flinched at the touch of the leather rose on her ass.

"I'm sorry, Sir," she whispered around the lump forming in her throat. Already the flesh between her thighs grew wet. Although considering how things had ended up she didn't exactly regret her behavior.

"Uh huh. Why do I think you don't feel an ounce of remorse?" He sighed and flicked the rose back and forth across her backside. "You had no problem denying me of your attention, not returning my phone calls or second guessing pretty much everything I've said."

"I was scared," she exclaimed.

"Not to mention the mouth on you. There's only one thing left to do."

A stab of fear slice through her before quickly dissipating. There she went making assumptions again when the answer lie in the very position she found herself in. "I should be punished, Sir."



Eliza Gayle

“Yes, you should.” He whapped the flogger across her ass, sending fire burning across her flesh. She moaned. The anticipation of their future broke quickly through the pain giving her more pleasure than ever before.

“You love this don’t you, girl?”

“Yes,” she moaned, just in time for the next strike across her warm skin.

“Although it will be a hell of a lot better when you’re screaming.” Her only hint at the force he used when he brought down the leather on her rear.

Her surprised screech echoed in the space of his apartment.

“You won’t get away with hiding from me ever again,” he growled as a series of blows covered every inch of her flaming ass and lower back. “You’ll look at these marks in the mirror in the morning and thank me all over again.”

She believed him. Her pussy dripped with the proof of how turned on she’d become and the pressure building in her clit threatened to override her common sense. More streaking pain washed over her as he continued a steady stream of alternating touches. Some sweetly soft and some fucking hard.

“Yes, Sir,” she agreed. Her legs and arms trembled from the force of need running through her. She desperately wanted to wait for his instruction but much more of this and she’d lose all control. Her clit throbbed.

Time stopped and Harper’s brain went fuzzy as her new Sir continued to use the innocent looking leather rose to inflict her punishment far beyond anything she’d experienced before. Tears formed in her eyes when his hand replaced the crop and instead of striking her he soothed her sore bottom with gentle rubs. The subtle signs of his reverence tore at the last of her heart’s defenses.



## Sweet Submission

“The worst part of the last few days was not seeing you, Harper. I won’t let you deny me like that again. It bears repeating over and over until you truly understand.”

“Why me?” she managed through a barrage of tears and sniffles.

“If I only knew. But it doesn’t matter. Call it lust, call it chemistry, whatever. I crave you, baby.”

Harper floated on the river of his incredible words. Her ass burned. It hurt but the underlying pleasure far outweighed any discomfort. She had no words to describe the extreme arousal holding her in a near death like grip.

Alex unclipped the latches holding her wrist cuffs together and eased her arms to her side, taking care to rub the sore muscles before she used them. She relished every delicious ache, especially the one in her pussy. But she needed him to do something about it.

“Turn and kneel facing me,” he commanded.

She winced at the ache the first time she put her weight on her arms. She didn’t want to think about how she’d feel when she had to sit on her sore ass. Good thing she had a job that kept her on her feet.

She moved into the position he wanted. Taking care to rest her head close to where he stood. She needed to please him. Something she was sure of clear to her bones. The fuzz in her head thickened with every pulsing throb of her clit. She desperately needed to be fucked.

“I can’t begin to tell you how much you’ve pleased me tonight. You were scared but you eventually listened. You needed to be punished and you knelt without a squeak.” He squatted next to her until his lips brushed her neck and ear. “Right now though, I really need to fuck what’s mine.” He dipped a finger into her soaked pussy.

Harper released a low thin wail at the streak of pleasure the friction caused. “Yes, Sir. Please. I need it so bad.”



Eliza Gayle

“You need what? You should never be embarrassed or uncomfortable about telling me what it is you need. There’s no guarantee that I’ll give it to you exactly in the manner you think, but I’d never chastise you for honesty. Never.”

He fucked her with his finger, nice and slow. She closed her eyes and gave herself up to whatever he wanted. She’d give him whatever he needed. She was beginning to realize that now.

He blanketed her body with his and aligned his covered cock to her opening. He lifted his wet fingers to her mouth and hooked them inside. She tasted herself and greedily licked his fingers for more. The broad crown of his cock stretched the lips of her pussy as he pushed inside her, filling her.

“Yes!” she cried. “Please, oh God. Yes, please, Sir,” she shrieked around his thick fingers. The tears she’d tried to staunch flowed freely down her cheeks. With his dick plowing her cunt and his hand grabbing her by the mouth she felt totally and utterly dominated by him. She’d found herself in the exact position she’d always dreamed of.

“Fuck yes. Tighten on me just like that. So damned hot.”

Harper clenched, her vaginal muscles spasming out of control at his words. His dirty talk continued to drive her wild. She’d do anything for more.

His free hand went on the hunt for her clit, easing through limbs and wild, jerky movements to stroke her clit. In one second flat she went off like a rocket, all the pressure exploding deep inside her. The violent climax shook her from head to toe, limbs straining, muscles quivering until he too followed her into the pleasurable abyss with lightening pulses of heat.

Together, they collapsed onto the floor their heavy breathing the only sound either of them making.



## Sweet Submission

“Jesus,” Alex murmured when he caught half a breath. He pulled away from her and headed to a bathroom she presumed.

Half out of necessity and half from the need to please she pulled herself back into the kneeling position and waited for him. It felt like the submissive thing to do. Something that gave her immense pride.

Her Sir stopped when she heard him enter the room. “I have got to be the luckiest Dom on the planet right now.” He moved to her side and used the warm cloth he’d brought with him to clean her gently. When he finished he pulled her into his arms, ripped off the blindfold and carried her into the bedroom. In the dark her eyes adjusted quickly but the light was too dim to give her much of a sense of what his apartment was like. Hopefully there’d be plenty of time for that later.

Just like before, he adjusted her into a spooning position on her side and curved himself around her.

Protected.

That was the word she was looking for. That’s how he made her feel. Cherished too. Exhaustion quickly stole over her. She was so sleepy. Neither of them had said anything for long moments so she slid her eyes closed and relaxed.

“I’m going to want to put a collar on you—soon.”

Her eyes popped open. A collar? Her? She’d never worn one.

He must have sensed her wariness. “How about we start with a training collar and see how it goes. That way while you’re learning to love everything about your submission, I get to show the world your mine.”

“I’d really like that, Sir,” she whispered.

“Me too,” he added, pressing his lips to the back of her neck, his arms tightening around her waist.



Eliza Gayle

There were no guarantees in the future, she of all people knew that, but he gave her hope and that was all that mattered.



## About the Author

Eliza Gayle lives a life full of sexy shapeshifters, blood boiling vamps and a dark desire for bondage--until she steps away from her computer and has to tend to her family.

She graduated Magna Cum Laude (which her husband translated into something very naughty) from Park University with a dual degree in Human Resource Management and Sociology. That education, a love of the metaphysical and a dirty mind comes in handy when she sits down to create new characters and worlds. The trick is getting her to sit still.

Join her in her world. The door is always open and the next red hot adventure is just a page away.

For more information on other books by Eliza, visit her official website: [www.ElizaGayle.net](http://www.ElizaGayle.net)



# Red Velvet Cupcakes

(Makes about 12 cupcakes)

**For a moist, fluffy and with a hint of chocolate cupcake, you must go red velvet.**

## **Ingredients:**

4 tablespoons unsalted butter, at room temperature

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup granulated sugar

1 egg

2½ tablespoons unsweetened cocoa powder

3 tablespoons red food coloring

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla extract

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup buttermilk

1 cup + 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking soda

1½ teaspoons distilled white vinegar

1. Before you get started mixing, turn on the oven to 350 degrees and line a standard cupcake pan with your choice of liners.



2. On medium speed, cream the butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Turn the mixer to high and add the egg. Be sure to scrape the bowl and beat until well mixed.
3. In a small bowl, mix together the cocoa powder, vanilla extract and red food coloring to make a thick paste. Add your paste the batter and mix on medium speed until completely combined. Again, be sure to scrape the bowl so the color gets to all of the batter.
4. Reduce the mixer speed to low and slowly add half of the buttermilk. Add half of the flour and mix until combined. Scrape the bowl and repeat the process with the rest of the milk and flour. Once it's mixed, beat on high until smooth.
5. With the mixer on low, add the salt, baking soda and vinegar. Turn to high and beat for another couple of minutes until smooth.
6. Divide the batter evenly between the cupcake liners and bake for about 20 minutes, or until a thin knife or toothpick inserted into the center of the largest cupcake comes out clean.
7. Allow the cupcakes to cool for 10 minutes and then remove them from the pan and place them on a rack to cool completely.
8. Once cooled, frost with the cream cheese frosting of your choice and enjoy.

**If you'd like to get my personal favorite cream cheese frosting recipe, be sure to visit my website at <http://elizagayle.net> and look for the recipes under the Fun Stuff tab.**



## Also by This Author

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