



BRYNN PAULIN

**MR.
SMITH'S
WHIP**

TABOO WISHES

Mr. Smith's Whip

A Taboo Wishes Story

By Brynn Paulin

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Mr. Smith's Whip

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For those who dare...

*And a special thanks to my Word War babes without whom
this book would never have happened.*

*Bronwyn Green, Simone Anderson, Mia Watts, Jennifer Armintrout,
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Chapter One

Olivia McKinnion flinched with pleasure at the sting of leather across her ass. Her fingers clenched on weathered copies of *Moby Dick* and *The Scarlet Letter* as she bent over two stacks of books and fought to maintain her balance to please her Master as he disciplined her.

A moan crept past her lips as the belt slapped across her flesh once more, tearing a rush of arousal from her. Cream flooded her pussy, and sharp tingles crawled up her spine.

More... She needed more.

Her blouse gaped open as she bent, arms braced on the aged volumes of classics, legs spread to open her to the man behind her. She didn't know her infraction, and she didn't really care.

He'd pulled her breasts from their bra cups. They tingled in the cool air as they were pushed up by the fabric and swayed with each smack of his belt. Her nipples knotted into tight points. She longed for his mouth on them or even the sensation of his fingers, pulling and twisting them until she cried out with an orgasm she was unable to keep inside.

The coarse fabric of his pants brushed her heated behind as he leaned close, his breath hot on her ear. "You like that, Livvy? This is how I punish bad girls like you."

"Yes, more...please, Colin...Sir..."

"Excuse me?"

Olivia's eyes blinked open at the clipped British voice that was far more distinct than the faint voice in her reverie. She stared at the subject of her fantasy, Colin Smith, author-in-residence. At least, for now, while he did research.

As usual, he wore a white, buttoned-down shirt, opened a few buttons at the collar and showing the white T-shirt he wore beneath. Tailored, khaki trousers hugged muscular thighs and slim hips. His body was bisected by the narrow, black-leather belt about which she'd just daydreamed. Brown hair with just the slightest hint of red curled over his forehead. His inquisitive chocolate-brown eyes seemed to observe everything, and heat flushed through her. She had an uncomfortable feeling he knew exactly what he'd interrupted.

"Are you unwell?" he asked, quietly. "It sounded as if you," his eyes grew more intent, "moaned."

He *did* know.

Her cheeks burned, and she knew she was blushing. Damn, telltale body. How loud had she been? The library was quiet as a tomb today, and she feared any sound she'd made would have traveled like a shockwave across the silence.

"I...I'm fine. Can I...can I help you, Mr. Smith?"

He stared at her, assessing her with his probing gaze.

"No," he replied slowly. "I don't think you can."

Disappointment chilled her. Why did she feel as if she'd just failed the Master of her fantasy? He hadn't even given her a chance—

Olivia, this is stupid. Stop it. He was just a library patron, not a Dom. Not a man to wrench emotions from her and manipulate and punish her body to achieve both their desires.

Heat flooded her, and she clenched her thighs together beneath the desk. She summoned a polite smile. "Let me know if there's anything I can do for you."

He gave a slight nod then turned away, giving her a view of his tight rear. What would it look like cupped by a pair of worn jeans? Or better, naked?

To her surprise, he pivoted and returned to her desk. His groin rested right in her line of vision. She closed her eyes against her inappropriate desire.

Pasting a bland, friendly expression on her face, she met his gaze. "Yes?"

"I need you to come to my research room."

"Is something wrong?"

He studied her silently, his expression clearly disapproving. Olivia immediately decided no one questioned him. He gave commands and they were complied with—that was the impression she'd gotten up until now. This exchange confirmed her belief. Especially, when he

turned away without answering and walked toward the research rooms on the other side of the floor. He disappeared behind a bank of tall shelves that blocked the four small chambers the library rented out to researchers and others who needed a quiet space to work.

She rose as he left her sight. If something was amiss, it was her job to deal with it. Management wouldn't appreciate her neglecting a patron for any reason.

Her knees wobbled as she followed his path. Damn, that had been a vivid fantasy. She hoped she could resurrect it when she arrived home and had plenty of time to indulge her naughty thoughts.

He waited just inside the room when she rounded the corner. Still, he said nothing when she entered. To her surprise, he closed the door behind her and turned the lock.

"What are you doing?"

"What do you know about BDSM?" he countered.

"A little," she blurted before she could stop the words. Colin had a commanding presence she couldn't deny. In fact, she found herself naturally complying whenever he was around. Before, she'd attributed it to her job. Now, like dawn breaking the horizon and threading light into the pitch, she knew.

Mr. Smith was a Dom.

"Are you in the scene?"

"I shouldn't be talking to you about this," she answered stubbornly.

He raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms over his broad chest. Suddenly, he appeared massive. "Yes. You should. I require it of you. Now, are you in the scene?"

She bit her lip. What the hell was happening here? Her eyes darted to the doorknob, but he blocked the way.

"Olivia," he commanded, and she started.

She shook her head. "Just experimentation."

Why was she telling him this? It was personal information and none of his business. Yet, as he stood there, he brooked no argument, and something deep inside her being responded to his dominant nature. That coupled with her attraction would probably lead her to answer any question he posed.

It grated against her very nature. Olivia was a highly private person, even considered shy by some. She wasn't. She was merely reserved. Observant. Quiet. Especially when she was out of her element. But Colin's powerful personality offered strange comfort and a feeling of safety.

It didn't surprise her. For the past few months, he'd been nearby when she'd had to deal with the occasional unruly young adult. He'd never stepped in, but she'd known he would if called upon. It was as if he had a sixth sense about when she might need him. And more often than not, she found him leaving the library when she did. Stating that it was common courtesy from a man, he'd always walked her to her car, his hand at her elbow or at her back, before going to his own vehicle.

Her friends thought it strange, but she didn't. He'd never tried anything. Every gesture was perfunctory with no suggestion of sexual undertone. By him anyway. Every time he touched her, or even stood near, her pulse throbbed and she felt an electric zing across her core.

"Experimentation?" he asked. "With whom?"

"My ex-boyfriend."

"He was a Dom?"

She let out a derisive breath. "No. He tried, but he would rather be tied up than tie anyone."

He nodded with understanding. "And are you with anyone now?"

"Mr. Smith," she tried. "This is really inappropriate—"

"What is inappropriate," he cut in, "is your insubordinate behavior. You don't have a Dom, do you?"

He stepped closer, and she trembled at the heat that crossed the small space. She tried to control her aroused breathing, but she knew he could tell. She was like a puppy quivering for its master's attention. Could Colin be...could he be hers?

"No," she whispered. "After I broke up with him, I dated a few men, but there was none of that, um, BDSM. I've thought about it, but...there was never anyone who seemed like they were into it."

"Hmm," he said and nodded again. "There are places you can go—"

"No," she interrupted, finding herself again. "I'd have to trust whoever it was. And if I went to a club or something, I might run into something bad. Someone just mean. I don't want that. I might like some pain, but I don't want to be hurt and humiliated." Her eyes went wide and

she pressed her hand over her mouth. "Oh my God, I can't believe I just said that." She turned toward the door. "I should go."

While I still have a shred of dignity. How on earth would she face him next time she saw him?

Colin stepped into her path. His hands smoothed up and down her arms, gentling her as if she were a baby bird. He stared into her eyes.

"Be still," he said kindly yet with clear command.

Mesmerized by the connection he'd wrought between them, she nodded.

"When you were experimenting, what did you do?" he asked.

She gave a small shrug. "Amateur stuff. Some bondage. Pain play. Basic things."

"And you liked it," he observed.

She nodded.

He backed away then circled her. "Tell me about this pain play. What did you do?"

Her tongue darted over her bottom lip. Having read enough about D/s, she looked straight ahead rather than following his movements. She'd thought about a scene like this, envisioned it in her late-night fantasies while she touched herself and wished for a real man.

"Olivia," he prompted gently.

"Spanking, nipple clips..." she supplied. "Using wax. Being rough. We had a flogger. Sometimes he'd use a belt. Stuff like that."

There was silence as he stood behind her. "You said my name," he finally said. "Before I interrupted your daydream. You said my name."

Oh no. Her head dipped forward. "I'm sorry."

He circled to her front then lifted her chin with two fingers. "Don't be. You gave me an invitation. I've been waiting. Trying to decide...if you were in the scene or if you'd be receptive. I tend to be very careful and choose judiciously." His eyes grew intense as he assessed her again. She wondered if he was deciding what to do with her. His head tilted slightly sideways. "You're a strong woman."

She nodded. "Mostly."

"But I could see it, that submissive side of you. You hide it well."

"Thank you?"

Colin chuckled. “Olivia,” he growled, capturing her full attention. He leaned into her. “I want you on your knees. Not figuratively. Physically. Submissively. I want you on your knees. Now.”

Her heart thudded in her throat, and she glanced down at her slim skirt and high heels. Kneeling in it would be nearly impossible without hiking it up.

“In this?” she whispered.

The imperious eyebrow rose. “Figure it out, Olivia.”

He kept saying her name in that very British accent. And she was willing to do just about anything for her when he said it. Okay. She could do this. Squatting down as she would to pick up a book, she maneuvered her body close to the ground then swung a leg down beneath her. The other followed, and she was kneeling upright. It wasn’t graceful, but her skirt and modesty remained in place.

Once more, she questioned her sanity. What the hell was she doing? She should be out at her desk, watching over the library’s reference archives. She certainly shouldn’t be on the floor in front of one of the patrons, taking his commands like a puppet.

“You’re thinking too much,” he chided. “Let me guess. What am I doing? Why am I doing this? Why am I listening to him?” He paused. “Am I right?”

“Pretty much,” she mumbled.

“You’re discovering what you’ve always wanted,” he answered, his deep voice rumbling over her. “You sense I can show you what you’ve always wanted to know. You feel it in your pussy—which I bet is creamy with desire. You want this. You know I’m the right one for it. We’ve been heading here for months.”

“No...”

“I won’t tolerate lying.”

She sighed, and her head tipped forward.

“Have you read about the scene?” he asked. “Perhaps watched videos?”

“Just read.”

“Then answer me, from your reading knowledge. Is this the position I want?”

She knew it wasn’t. He wanted her sitting on her heels, her knees apart. And there was no way like this. Forgetting the oddity of the situation, forgetting where they were, forgetting everything but pleasing him and experiencing what she’d fantasized about, she focused on this

moment and his desires. What he wanted was triggering illicit pleasure inside her. Tension ran thickly between them and every moment ratcheted up her arousal and the stark need pummeling through her.

Fisting her hands in her skirt, she shifted until her knees were free.

“More,” he directed, even as she continued to move.

Soon her skirt was at her thighs. She sat back on her heels. Her legs parted, further hiking up her skirt and exposing far more than she’d ever imagined she’d show Mr. Smith.

Remembering the last BDSM book she’d read—easy since it had been last night and had probably triggered her fantasy—she placed her arms behind her and crossed her wrists at the small of her back. She kept her head bowed. She bit her lip as she focused on her thighs and her skirt that was bunched so high up that the lace tops of her stockings showed, and he could likely see her red silk panties.

“So...someone has a secret beneath her stuffy librarian clothes,” he commented. His toe of his black leather shoe traced the line of her stockings. “These are nice. I look forward to seeing them without the skirt and blouse hiding so much of you.”

“Thank you,” she murmured.

“Thank you, Mr. Smith,” he countered. “When we are in a scene, you will call me Mr. Smith or Sir. Understood?”

“Yes, Mr. Smith.” She called him that all the time, outside this room. Never again would it have the same meaning. Just working with him to find needed research would get her wet. Who was she kidding? It already did.

She took a shuddery breath, laced with excitement. This was really happening. She was with a man who would teach her about the D/s lifestyle. A man she liked and trusted.

“And when you are in this room and the door is closed, we are in a scene. Understood?”

“Yes, Mr. Smith.” Anything you want, Mr. Smith. Bend me over a table and fuck me, Mr. Smith. Let me show you how compliant I can be, Mr. Smith.

“When I call you into this room, you will close the door and immediately assume this position. No excuses.”

“Yes, Mr. Smith.”

“That is...” He reached down and lifted her chin so she was looking at him. Their eyes connected, and she saw the intensity that seared her soul whenever she encountered it. No man—

no person—she'd ever met had such power in his gaze. "That is, if you want to continue and explore this."

She blinked at him. Hadn't she already made that decision? She was on her knees before him and following his orders.

"Moment of truth, Livvy," he said, using the pet name she'd imagined he'd call her but that no one—*no one*—in her life ever had. "Say you don't want this, and we forget everything. This is your one chance. I will not offer you this again."

Everything inside Olivia screamed for her to say no. She needed to get up and walk out of here and never look back. She couldn't do this. She couldn't let Colin command her. This was an inappropriate interaction between librarian and patron.

Her fingernails bit into the sides of her hands as she clenched them together. This could cost her the job she'd held for four years.

But you want it, a small voice whispered inside her. Can you live with the regret? The curiosity?

She couldn't.

"Yes, I want this, Mr. Smith," she replied. She nodded. "I want this."

Suddenly, a world of unknown experiences yawned before her. What would be next?

"Very good."

She bowed her head once more, happy with the approval in his voice. She'd pleased him. Would he reward her somehow? Give her another task? She eyed his fly through her lashes. She knew what she'd like to do. Now that they'd crossed this barrier of yes or no, now that she'd dived in and accepted her exploration into Colin's lifestyle, taking his cock didn't seem beyond the realm of acceptable behavior. They could do anything—okay, they probably shouldn't do it here, but she didn't feel restrained. Her shock had dissipated, leaving her with anticipation of his next move. And it would be his. He was in control.

To her surprise, he walked away. She heard his chair scrape backward on the tile then he sat and pushed close to the table but said nothing. She remained still. What should she do? Did he mean for her to leave? To wait?

Her pussy spasmed as she thought of him watching her. Just the act of kneeling here for him like his own personal statue aroused her. Even the bite of the hard tile beneath her calves added to her excitement level.

The quiet stretched on. She struggled to breathe calmly as she anticipated what would happen. The tick of the clock was loud in the silence.

“You may go,” he finally said.

Go?

She barely restrained the surprised “what” that came to her lips. She pressed her mouth shut to keep in her response. Tension ran through her body as it protested his dismissal. This was it? Had she done something wrong? Had he been playing with her? Seeing how far she’d go?

With little grace and keeping her face from him, she struggled to her feet and started to straighten her skirt.

“Take off your panties, and give them to me,” he instructed suddenly.

She glanced at him, but his attention was on his papers. He scanned them and jotted in a notebook as if he’d never said a thing. Her eyes narrowed. Sensibility told her to ignore the order, but something else made her consider obeying him. She let out a silent sigh. She’d give him whatever the hell he wanted. In for a penny and all that...

At least for now.

Reaching beneath her skirt, she grasped the red silk scrap then shimmied them down her thighs.

“Leave on your shoes,” he added quietly. Another glance showed his attention no more on her than it had been before.

She stumbled a little but managed to get off the garment and step free without tripping. It certainly wasn’t her most graceful moment, and if there’d been a window in the room, she would have showed her bare ass to the world. But not to Colin. He couldn’t be bothered to look. For several brief moments, she considered walking out without giving him what he wanted.

Anger pushed through her. He was sending her away. He was doing nothing. He’d made her kneel there, show herself, and now she could go? Fine. Jerk. She’d give him what he wanted and give him a cheap thrill and ignore him until...until the end of time.

Fisting the silk in her hand, she straightened her skirt. The gray wool taunted her bare ass, reminding her she was now sans underwear. Despite her ire, a swell of cream descended to her folds and reminded her she could enjoy sensual delights without Mr. Smith and his commands.

She marched to the table where he pored over a tome on ancient Rome and held out her hand to give him “the prize”. He didn’t look up or react. She was tempted to whip them at his

head. Scowling, she set them on the table then stalked away. She half expected him to say something as she unlocked then turned the doorknob, but he didn't.

Fine.

Just *fine*.

It took everything in her not to slam the door with all her strength and announce to the entire library exactly how pissed off she was at Mr. Smith.

Chapter Two

What the hell? Really. What the hell?

Two hours later, Olivia was still steaming. Angrily, she headed for her car, more aware than ever of the chilled February air as it snuck up her skirt to lick at her damp folds. Bundling her coat tighter around herself, she dodged her coworker Todd, who no doubt wanted to discuss his aspirations for promotion, and hurried across the parking lot.

She paused a foot from the vehicle. A square, cream-colored envelope had been pushed beneath the driver's side wiper. She looked around, thinking a marketer had papered the cars in the parking lot, but hers was the only one with something on the windshield. She plucked it off in irritation then tossed it on the passenger seat after opening the driver's door.

The car was freezing inside, but thankfully she didn't have to scrape. After starting the ignition, she picked up the envelope while the car warmed up. It wasn't the run-of-the-mill, office-supply standard, but almost as thick as parchment. It was sealed beneath only the point of the flap. Mildly curious, she slid her gloved finger inside and disengaged the glue.

A matching piece of high-quality paper was folded inside. Okay, this wasn't a piece of junk advertisement. Tentative excitement simmered through her.

7:00. CS

Her anger receded as she stared at the simple message. He'd included a phone number at the bottom of the small sheet, likely to decline though it didn't say. But decline what?

She turned the note over in her hand. There was nothing else.

As suddenly as a rain spate on a sunny spring day, she knew the answer. Colin Smith was an incredibly careful man, and he'd said as much earlier. This was a test, just as earlier had been a test—only, she hadn't realized that until now. Apparently, she'd passed. She'd pass this, too.

A thousand scenarios went through her head on the drive home, but she knew none of them likely came close to what Colin had planned. That thought was confirmed as she pulled into her driveway and spied a package on her front porch.

He knew where she lived. It didn't bother her. This was a fairly small city and she was the only O. McKinnion in the book. Besides, she was contemplating a sexual encounter with him. He was picking her up here. How else would he if he didn't know her address?

More than anything, it intrigued her that he'd left her a package. He'd left the library earlier than usual today. Despite her ire, part of her stubborn awareness had remained squarely on the man who'd had her on her knees in his research room. The time between departure and now, though, didn't seem enough for him to get her something, come here then go.

Anticipation swelled through her. Anxiously, she pulled the car into the garage then hurried through the house to the front door. No one was around when she opened it and snatched the parcel inside. It was the size of a large clothing box and made of heavy, cream-colored cardboard. A thick black ribbon ran the length of the top and was threaded with silver. One end of the ribbon had a silver handcuffs logo and a small script name: *The Dungeon*.

Her excitement ran double time. He hadn't been here. He'd had this delivered, his intention absolutely clear. Dominance. Control.

Setting the box on the table inside the door, she pulled off the lid. It dropped to the floor as she examined the contents inside. On top of a sheaf of black and silver tissue paper was another envelope. Opening it, she found a typed message.

Wear this. ALL of this. The shoes from earlier, too. No panties. No bra. CS

Placing the note to the side, she pulled back the paper and looked inside. Her first impression was silk. Red silk trimmed with black. Pulling it out, she held it up and found it was an Asian-style shift. The hem would hang to mid-calf but it had a long slit that would reach high on her thigh. A faux closure, trimmed with a band of black silk, ran to the high-necked collar. The capped sleeves were also tipped in black.

Beneath the dress were black silk stockings, a garter belt and a couple items she didn't recognize. Setting aside the clothing, she guessed this must be what Colin meant by "all of it". Something for her nipples; something for her pussy. His selections were still in their packaging so it was easy to decipher what they were.

Olivia gathered everything and headed for her bedroom. It was already six-fifteen which gave her a scant forty-five minutes to get ready and figure out these things. Luckily, she'd had a recent waxing so she didn't need to worry about anything but freshening up. She hoped Colin didn't prefer things *au natural*. That was the scary part about a new relationship—the unknown likes and dislikes... She'd learn soon enough, though.

After her quick shower, she was back at her bedside where she'd earlier dropped her "gifts". The tip of her tongue pressed to her upper lip as she first considered the nipple toy—a suction device to draw out her nipple then slip a band around the tip to keep it erect. She wasn't sure how she'd like that, but with Colin's impending arrival, she didn't have time to waste.

Her teeth sank into her bottom lip, and she pressed the tool to her breast. Her breath hissed as a zing of pleasure tingled through her. A choked gasp followed as the band snapped into place around the nipple with a bite of pain—and she nearly orgasmed as her womb contracted in approval. In moments, she had the second band in place. Her eyes closed as she enjoyed the sensation and imagined Colin's eyes on her while she prepared herself. If only she could savor this feeling. No time. Instead, she turned to the next device.

He'd chosen weighted balls that she'd push deep inside. They'd vibrate with each movement and drive her to distraction. Her hands trembled slightly as she worked first one then the other into her creamy folds. More than anything, it focused her attention on her pussy and constantly reminded her of the toy's presence as she slipped on the decadent silk stockings and garter belt.

A moan escaped her lips as she slipped on the dress and it slid over her bare skin. It grazed her nipples like the barest of soft caresses. She shuddered, knowing she was in for a night of sensual torment. The balls inside her thudded against each other at her aroused movements and further stimulated her swollen passage.

Colin might wish her on her knees, but with her intense reactions to his toys, she might melt at his feet.

He'd never seen her with her hair down so she unpinned the dark tresses she'd kept up while she'd showered. They fell low, on her back and she brushed them until they shone in lustrous waves.

She'd just finished her eye makeup and a light touch of gloss to her lips when the doorbell rang. Exactly seven o'clock. A glance in her full-length mirror showed what Colin would see in a moment—her face naturally flushed, her nipples pressing to the soft fabric, the gentle curves of her body, a long length of leg with a glimpse of the lace at the top. She'd never felt so sensuous or alluring. Was this really her?

Quickly, she slipped into her shoes and raced to the door, unwilling to let Colin wait. Slowing and taking a deep breath, she pulled open the door in a controlled movement. His eyes immediately darkened, and his lips turned up in a small smile of appreciation. He wore a dark suit and black shirt that hugged his powerful body to such perfection, she knew they'd been custom tailored for him. A wool overcoat completed the picture of fashionable savoir-faire, wealth and common sense.

"May I come in?" he asked.

Mutely, she nodded and took a step backward, opening the door wider to admit him. Colin immediately stepped into the foyer and shut the door on the frigid air outside. His black leather shoes moved silently across the faux-marble entryway as he crossed to her.

Olivia watched him, without moving, unsure what she was supposed to do, if she was supposed to do something or how she was expected to respond. Her lips parted, and she knew her eyes were wide. She tried to stay still while she waited, but a tremble worked through her, triggering a low moan as the weighted balls vibrated.

He smiled, knowing in his eyes. His hand cupped her head and his mouth covered hers. Her moan intensified as pleasure sank through her, making her lightheaded and drawing her awareness completely to the sensation of his firm body against hers. Her fingers curled in the soft wool of his coat while his tongue coaxed its way into her mouth. Slowly, he stroked inside, tasting and exploring her. He filled her senses, enveloping her in a web of sensuality she'd imagined but hadn't believed could exist. It was as if his magnetism had attracted all her ions and consumed them, making her part of him.

Colin stepped back, gathering himself when all he wanted to do was lose himself in this woman. Livvy was the one. He'd suspected it the first time he'd seen her in the library, but today had confirmed it. She'd submitted to him—not complacently, but with a fight within herself. That was the very quality he'd been looking for in a submissive. As long as they didn't bollocks things up, they might find mutual satisfaction for which they'd both apparently searched.

The fight inside Livvy made this all the sweeter. She'd submit, but it would never be a mindless response. When she'd gotten on her knees for him today, he'd almost lost it. He'd had to take several moments to collect himself. It had proven a good testing ground for how she'd react to not getting her way. He'd give her what she wanted more often than not, but *not* all the time and *not* without her working for it. Pleasure and release were rewards for good behavior, though Colin Smith and Noah Webster had differing views on how “good” was defined.

“Have you followed all my instructions?” he asked, cupping her chin and gently wiping away a trace of gloss that had smeared beneath her lip.

Her brow furrowed then she nodded. “The toys, no undergarments... Yes, Mr. Smith.”

“Good girl. And how are you feeling now?”

She squirmed a little, her thighs pressing together. She'd slid her wrists behind her back when he'd stepped back and her luscious nipples poked against the soft silk of the dress. He'd have them in his mouth before the night was over. Just the thought stirred his cock. He forced back his reaction, needing to remain in control.

“I...I feel...hot,” she replied.

“You look hot,” he complimented.

She shook her head. “Melty,” she clarified. “Shuddery—”

“Aroused?” he filled in.

“Yes.”

His forefinger trailed down her bare arm, taking care to graze over her tender inner elbow. “And how will you feel when I tell you I intend to spank you for disobeying me?” he asked her. “For improper address.”

“I'm sorry, Sir,” she blurted.

He shook his head. “But how do you feel?”

She swallowed, and he watched the movement of the nervous gesture. She wasn't completely at ease, but there was no fear in her eyes. Having her off-balance fired him. This was

what he'd desired since the day he'd met her. And now...he couldn't wait to have her bent over and waiting for the sting of his whip. Her sweet cries would fulfill them both in ways she couldn't yet imagine, ways he'd longed to experience again for years.

"Livvy?" he prompted when she didn't answer.

Her teeth sank into her bottom lip and her head bowed forward. "Excited," she whispered.

"Good." Leaning forward, he kissed her forehead. "You have a coat?"

Her head popped up in surprise. "Yes..."

He grinned at her confusion. "Now, you could hardly expect me to take anyone outside in this frigid air without proper protection, could you? I always take care of the woman in my charge. I will always take care of *you*, Livvy."

"Thank you, Sir," she responded. She nodded to the door behind him. "It's in that closet."

Colin nodded and went to grab the garment. "We'll go to dinner first," he told her, "and then to the club. At the club, you will address me properly, as a scene demands. At dinner, I'm just Colin." He could nearly feel her surprise as he slid her coat over her shoulders. "I want to know you outside of the D/s play, too, Livvy. I'm not in the scene twenty-four-seven. For me, that would be exhausting and it would hamper building a real relationship."

"You want more than just sex?" she asked as he moved in front of her again.

"Of course I do. Don't sell yourself short. You're a smart, fascinating woman. And I'm not exactly into casual sex."

"What kind of sex are you 'exactly' into?" she asked. Her eyes went wide and she clapped a hand over her mouth. Colin nearly chuckled at the adorable image. Livvy would be fun. He liked that she was new to the scene and wouldn't be jaded to everything. He hoped she never would. Truthfully, that had drawn him. She had a somewhat pure air about her that belied any cynical views on sex and relationships. But she also had a strain of adventure running through her. Both qualities would ensure she'd enjoy this experience, and he'd stay close to her side to protect her and police her activities.

"What do I like?" he clarified as he walked her to his rental car, a luxury Lexus with all the bells and whistles, then handed her into the passenger seat. "I like the sharper side of sex," he continued after he'd seated himself. He turned to face her, wanted to see her reaction to his words. "I like to give a good spanking. I like a woman to submit to me, deferring especially to

me in sex. As you've learned, I like sex toys and you can expect you'll experience a large range of them. With me so far?"

She nodded, heated interest in her eyes.

How would she take what was next?

"I enjoy sharing my submissive—"

"No!" she exclaimed. She looked shocked but her interest was plain on her face. He pressed his fingers to her lips.

"Another punishment," he sighed with a tsk. "You didn't let me finish, and we weren't discussing what you want. Were we?"

"No. I'm sorry, Sir," she murmured. He almost felt sorry for her. She had to feel adrift, but she had to learn. And she had to know where his predilections laid.

"I enjoy sharing my submissive," he repeated. "But only when it comes to touching, pleasuring and occasionally punishing. No one but me fucks my woman."

"Okay," she conceded.

"And I like role-playing and exhibition. I enjoy being watched. I will especially enjoy people watching you." He started the car, but he suspected she barely noticed. Her breathing came in quiet, shuddering gasps as arousal hit her hard. His words along with his toys were likely pushing her to the brink of orgasm and he intended to keep her there for awhile.

Cognizant of the slick driveway and roads, he carefully pulled from her driveway.

"Do you have any questions?" he asked.

"You like to spank and punish," she ventured. "You'll hurt me?"

Pain was often a new sub's concern. She'd soon learn the bliss it could bring. "There's some pain, but I promise there's more pleasure," he told her. "Most of the time, anyway. There are various reasons to spank—and spank covers a whole category of activities. For me, the reasons are enjoyable sensation, punishment and trust. Never for sadistic reasons; always for the furthering and deepening of the relationship."

He thought of the things in the bag in his trunk. It would take a lot of trust for her not to freak out when she saw the whip. He trusted that she'd fulfill his desires and prove she'd been the correct choice.

Livvy twined and untwined her fingers where they rested in her lap. He would tell she was deep in thought—hopefully, not thinking of a way to ditch him.

He was pretty sure that wasn't it. He wouldn't have approached her if he wasn't sure she was the one for this period in his life and that she was ready.

"What are you thinking?" he asked.

"Truthfully?"

"Always."

"That I want to skip dinner and get on with things." She chuckled and glanced at him, still grinning. "I know how to eat."

"Not like this."

He pulled into a restaurant close to her house, one he was sure she'd never been to. He'd discovered it shortly after he'd joined *The Dungeon*, after several of the club's patrons had recommended it. *La Maison* catered to fringe sexual desires, and he had a menu of pleasure waiting for Livvy.

Chapter Three

The Maison was plush. That was the only way Olivia could describe it. Her second thought was, *This is how the other half lives.*

Thick, velvet curtains hung around the room, some partially enclosing the seating along the walls. Each intimate table was draped with white linen. Faux candlelight flickered around the room, gleaming off the polished silver and glass.

After their coats were checked, the maître d' led them to one of the side tables. A curved seat made a semicircle along the curtain. Colin had her slide in then he followed. Before she could mention that there were no menus, a steward brought them white wine then slipped away after Colin had deemed it perfect.

It was then that she realized he'd preordered. She guessed he remembered the casual conversation they'd had once. He'd brought up different types of ancient foods and if she'd consider, hypothetically, trying them. She'd mentioned not being allergic to anything and how her mother had gotten both her kids to be adventurous eaters.

Colin took her hand and clasped it on the table, playing with her fingers. "I want tonight to be special for you. Before we start, we should have a few ground rules. I need to know if you absolutely don't want to do anything or if something scares you—not if it makes you uncomfortable, because part of this lifestyle is about pushing your conceived boundaries."

"I don't want to sleep with some random guy I don't know. When I'm with a guy, I'm *with* that guy. Know what I mean? I'm open to what you said, and I know you said no one sleeps with your woman, but..." Hell, she hoped she wasn't sounding like a blithering idiot and drawing a line that would make him end this before it started.

He stroked the crook between her thumb and forefinger. “And you’re wondering if that applies to you when I say ‘my woman’? It does. No sharing, poppet. Just me.”

Suddenly, the tablecloth brushed her leg, and a cool breeze momentarily grazed her skin. She jumped as a large hand settled on her knee—a hand that was definitely not Colin’s since he was holding one of hers and the other was resting on the table.

Colin’s fingers tightened on hers. “Relax. It’s okay.”

Relax, her ass... Lifting her foot, she pressed her shoe’s heel against the unknown person. He caught the spike then callused fingers circled her ankle. The man forced them apart then wedged his wide shoulders between her knees.

Her eyes widened. Total shock and arousal flooded through her body and filled her pussy with liquid. Colin seemed to be completely aware of what was happening. It surprised her that he’d planned this interlude of illicit pleasure for her, while he sat beside her and wasn’t receiving his own reward.

A disembodied palm skimmed up her thigh, pushing up her skirt and pooling the tablecloth around her hips. She wasn’t wearing panties. Whoever it was would find her naked cunt in a moment. Could anyone see what was happening? She couldn’t remember how long the cloth was nor could she figure out how he’d gotten under the table.

She expected him to touch her intimately as soon as he bared her, but instead, he grasped one of her unresisting feet and slipped it from the spiky pump. His fingertips traced along her sole, sending a full-body shiver down her spine. His thumb pressed firmly along her instep then slid up to her ball of her foot. She took a gulp of water to stifle a moan as he worked the crease behind her toes. Her breath shuddered as trembles moved along her thighs and into her core.

Colin leaned close to her ear. “It’s one of the waiters,” he murmured, his voice a low rumble that poked at the simmering fire in her core. “He’s a member of *The Dungeon* and enjoys role-play. This is his wish—to secretly pleasure a beautiful woman. It’s my wish to let him.”

The man’s breath was warm on her bare skin while Colin spoke. Soon, her secret lover pressed open-mouthed kisses on the inside of her knee while his fingertips skated up her calves.

“Close your eyes and feel,” Colin instructed. “I love the sound of your breathing as he touches you. You’re so aroused and your nipples are so hard against your dress. I want to lick them and make you scream from the pleasure. The way you’re squeezing my fingers and

shaking, I can only imagine what it will feel like when I fuck you. Do you want that, Livvy? For me to fuck you and make you mine.”

“Yes,” she breathed. Turning her head, she pressed her lips into his neck so he knew she was answering him and not responding to the man beneath the table. The hidden waiter’s mouth was heading for dangerous territory. She was terrified of scandalizing the other diners and staff if he reached his destination. If? When... There was no stopping him, and Colin wanted this so she wouldn’t fight. Besides, it was a forbidden dream come true.

Her folds were parted and hot breath coasted along her wetness. Inside her, the weighted balls vibrated against each other as her channel quivered. Strands of pleasure radiated from her center, and she bit back another moan as the sensations inside her raced toward orgasm. How would *La Maison* react when she let out a mindless cry of passion? Heat raced into her face, but she knew when the moment rushed upon her, she wouldn’t care.

“It feels so good, doesn’t it,” Colin murmured. He caressed her wrist, feathering his thumb over the sensitive inside. She could hardly fathom his words as he touched her, and the person beneath the table stroked his fingers along her crevice. He gathered her cream, using it to create the sensual glide of his hand.

Her teeth sank into her bottom lip. She couldn’t...she couldn’t just... She was going to come! Right here in the middle of this swank, hushed restaurant.

A mouth covered her clit as two fingers pushed into her pussy, stretching the passage and tapping against Colin’s naughty toy. In and out, he surged while he sucked and licked at her throbbing nub. A low, strangled groan fought for freedom in her throat, and she squeezed Colin’s fingers. With her eyes closed, her entire focus was on the sensation on her cunt and Colin’s hard body pressed to her side. Under the cover of the table, he splayed his large hand over her belly.

“I can feel your muscles flexing as you react to him,” he murmured against her ear. “I can’t wait to see you naked and spread out while you’re given pleasure. I’ve waited so long to hear your lovely cries as you come.”

She jerked at his words and the man nipping at her folds. The fingers of her free hand dug into the seat as her hips angled to him, seeking all the pleasure. He added a third finger, tugging hard on her clit and abrading it with his teeth. With a choked cry, she careened into orgasm, pulses surging through her while the man lapped swiftly at her convulsing pussy, gathering her release. Colin caught her cries with his mouth solidly over hers. His hand clasped the back of her

head and kept her in place while he delved inside with his tongue and muffled her release. It seemed to go on.

Finally, she felt the hidden waiter ease away from her and smoothed her skirt into place. Still her whole body vibrated. Every nerve was so on edge she wanted to lay back on the seat and beg Colin to fuck her right here—spectators be damned. He'd said he liked exhibition, but she supposed this wasn't the setting he had in mind.

Slowly, he lifted his lips from hers. "I want you to slide out and go to the ladies room. There's a lounge between the hallway and the restroom. Wait there."

Was this another test?

Giving him a slight nod, she waited for him to stand then slid from the seat. She didn't worry about how the waiter had gotten beneath the table or how he'd departed. It wasn't from the portion that faced the rest of the dining room, and she supposed Colin would explain later. He knew, she knew he did. He'd obviously planned exactly what would happen. She couldn't help but wonder what else he had in store for her at this "meal". Would they even eat? She didn't care. She was enjoying this experience far more than she'd ever enjoyed any food.

The odd, carefree feeling that came over her was strange. It was as if she could do anything—that anything would go. She'd never had a sexually permissive lifestyle, but she'd wanted Colin for so long, she suspected she'd try whatever he suggested tonight. It was as if she'd been given a free pass to do things she'd normally be far too repressed to do. In the past, she'd been kinda adventurous in the bedroom, but never publically. What was it about Colin that brought this out?

The ladies' lounge was a throwback to the Victorian era with plush red velvet and curved wood. A pair of benches stood against one upholstered wall and a settee sat in the middle of the floor, atop a red and black oriental-style carpet.

She jumped as the bolt on the door was thrown behind her. She swung around and took two steps backward as Colin leaned against the door, his arms crossed as he watched her. He'd moved so quietly—or she'd been so deep in thought—that she hadn't heard him following.

"Take off your clothes," he ordered, his voice so quiet and lethal she sensed his words more than heard them. They vibrated across her body like a sonic wave, arousing whatever scant ions might have remained dormant.

"Here?" she questioned. What if someone was in the restroom and they came through?

“Now,” he rasped as she hesitated and started to look around.

With a jump and an accompanying contraction in her core, she reached for her hem. She wanted him to fuck her; there was no question about that. It was only getting naked *here* that stalled her actions.

“Livvy,” he warned. “I don’t want to spank you here. Not yet.”

Her breath stalled and she grasped her skirt. Spank her? Didn’t he realize how hot that thought made her? That she *wanted* him to spank her? She would have thought he’d realize that from their conversation at the library.

In two long steps, he was in front of her and he yanked her into his arms. His hand buried in her hair as he fiercely took her mouth, pushing apart her lips and darting his tongue inside. Olivia groaned as his force bent her back over the iron-muscled arm he’d slung behind her waist. She clung to his biceps for balance while her body went soft for him. He was rough, and she wanted him that way. She wanted him out-of-control when he plowed into her with the full force of his passion.

He grabbed at her dress, hiking it up until his warm hand splayed on her bare ass. His erection pressed to the juncture of her thighs, promising her a hard ride and revealing the thin breadth of his control.

“I could take you right here,” he growled against her mouth.

“Please, Sir,” she begged. She needed him. He’d started this in his study room and she didn’t know that she could wait until they reached *The Dungeon*. The frustration aroused her further, especially knowing it was pushing him to this extreme—sex at a posh restaurant.

She trailed a hand over his chest and ripped belly to cup his throbbing erection.

“Open my pants,” he ordered, stepping back slightly so she could straighten. She flipped open the button of the closure then drew down his zipper. Immediately, she reached inside and grasped his thick column. Her thumb ran over the velvety, rock-hard head and caught the droplet that wept from the tip.

Meeting his dark gaze, she slowly lifted her thumb to her mouth and licked away his essence. Colin groaned and captured her wrist when she reached for more.

“I’m going to fuck that sweet mouth later,” he promised and took a slight step back.

“Strip. Stop wasting time.”

“Yes, sir,” she replied and her head dipped forward. Forgetting her earlier worry, she pulled off the dress and stood naked before him, save for the stockings, garter and heels. A glance down reminded her of the bands on her nipples. The tips were so sensitive. She wanted his mouth on her...or something...his mouth... his teeth...his hands... She needed him.

His fingers skimmed over her sex and she felt him removing the weighted balls, their sensuous slide making her legs wobble.

“Touch your breasts,” he told her as he stepped away. The toy was tossed into a nearby wastebasket with a thud.

Biting her lip, she cupped the mounds, moaning as her cool palms came in contact with the heated flesh. Her fingertips traced the bottom edges of her areolas. She shivered as the thread between her chest and core yanked tight, and her channel fluttered with need. The taut, crinkled peaks pulled tighter at her light touch.

She shifted, restless need bringing her to the edge of her patience. How much more could she take before she snapped? The movement brought her awareness sharply to her slick crease, the lips sliding against each other as her thighs pressed together.

Colin hauled her close and lifted her. Her legs immediately wrapped his hips as his tip pressed to her opening and she groaned her approval. “Please,” she begged. “Please. Master, please.”

Her entreaty seemed to drive him past his control. His shaft slammed forward with a sharp upward thrust, driving into her clutching folds. His motion propelled them into the cushioned wall, her back to the surface. Her head dropped against the padding.

“You belong to me, Livvy. You’re mine,” he rasped, his hips pistoning his shaft deep within her. Over and over, he drove, forcing apart her clutching folds and claiming her passage as his own.

She didn’t say yes; she didn’t confirm his claim. Instead, she crossed her wrists above her head and let him do whatever he wanted. His fingers dug into her buttocks, angling her for his possession. It seemed as if she were floating, riding his cock on air. It took her a moment to realize, he’d moved again and taken her to the narrow settee. He pulled free and turned her. The faux-embroidered cushion was rough against her forearms as he bent her over the seat. The way he effortlessly moved her, taking her as he pleased without direction, made her feel like a

ragdoll, there for his bidding. In some circumstances, she might hate that, but she loved it from Mr. Smith.

He could do whatever he wanted as long as the heady sensations continued to make her mindless with pleasure. She'd never felt anything quite like Colin's fucking.

"Yes..." she sighed as he kicked her feet apart, leaving her in an awkward position, her back slanted to the bench while her hips were high in the air, pushed further upward by her heels. Her pussy was open to his inspection, and she had no doubt he could see exactly how wet and ready she was for him.

He moved into her line of vision. While she watched, he tucked his aroused, damp cock back into his pants then zipped up.

"No..." she moaned as her body jerked in protest.

His face hardened, his cheeks drawing in slightly as his jaw set. Closing his eyes for a moment, he sucked in a breath. It was then she knew. She sent him out of control, and he was grappling with it. The quick intense fuck had been to gain some mastery over himself, even if neither of them had found release.

"You've been very naughty," he said quietly, forcing her to focus on him.

"I... You said—"

"Silence," he snapped. "I told you to enjoy the waiter, that's true. That's what you were going to say, is it not?" he asked. "You may nod."

She nodded, slightly fearful of what was to come, but excited by his dominating behavior. She'd been mistaken earlier. He knew exactly what she wanted. All her life she'd lived with loosey-goosey people, and she'd desired a firm hand like his. She didn't understand her primal need; thankfully, he did. Her forehead rested on her arms as she listened and waited.

"You've hesitated and fought nearly all the commands I've given today."

She opened her mouth to protest, thought better of it then bit her lip to refrain from response.

"For this, you will be punished."

"Here?" she squeaked. Oh God, she was in bigger trouble now. Silence fell between them as he circled her. The air seemed to thicken as time elapsed. Her nipples brushed the seat with each agitated breath. Her fingers clenched.

She jumped as a loud knock sounded.

“Stay as you are,” Colin ordered.

On silent feet, he crossed to the door and opened it. Olivia tried to suppress the horror sinking to her throat. He was opening the door with her bare ass in the air.

“Your coat, sir,” a male voice said. Heat rushed into her face, knowing the man could see her.

“Thank you. Would you like to stay?” Colin offered. “After all, you’ve already tasted her.”

“Yes, sir,” the man replied, and hot, prickly panic clawed up Olivia’s back. “But I can’t. I have tables.”

“Another time,” Colin said.

She heard the door close and the bolt sliding back in place.

“I had a feeling I’d need this.”

Venturing a glance upward, she saw him pull a paddle from a deep inner pocket in his coat. Her eyes went wide at the sight of the smooth wood with several one-inch holes cut into the surface. Setting it beside her, he reached into another pocket to withdraw something else.

“And *you’ll* need this,” he added.

Her breath caught as she looked at his open palm. A black ball gag rested there. Before she could think, he had it in her mouth and fastened. He pulled a crisp, white handkerchief from his pocket and pressed it into her hand.

Gently, he kissed her temple. “Very lovely. Now...you are to maintain this position. Show me what a good girl you can be. If it gets to be too much and you want me to stop, all you have to do is drop the cloth and I’ll stop. In this lifestyle, I’ll punish you for misbehavior, but never if you remove your consent. Do you understand?”

She nodded, glad to know she had an out if the paddling was too much, but wondering what would happen if she stopped him. Would he take her home? Would they never speak of this again? She didn’t want to find out.

Steeling herself, she waited for the first blow. How badly would it hurt? Would she enjoy it like the books said? She couldn’t say she’d never been spanked. As loose as her childhood had been, her parents still believed in corporal punishment, and as she’d told Colin, her ex had indulged in it...a little. But she’d never been paddled.

A whoosh of air was the only warning as the small plank of wood landed squarely on her ass. Olivia cried out behind the gag, the sound barely audible, and she jerked, her hands splaying out as she reacted. Her eyes went wide as she tried to stay in position and grasp for the cloth that had fluttered free. Peripherally, she saw Colin circle the settee. He found the handkerchief before she did. Unable to speak, she looked worriedly at him, hoping he understood.

“An accident?” he asked.

She nodded quickly and reached out her hand. Instead of giving it to her, he crouched and rearranged her arms back to position. Then he twined the cloth through her fingers so she’d have to pull it free and there would be no unintentional dropping. She looked at him gratefully, and he kissed her temple again.

“No more accidents,” he said.

Again, she nodded and fisted her hand tightly. As he rose, her focus moved back to her ass. It burned. She whimpered at the cool flesh of his hand as he ran it over the place he’d stuck.

“I believe in discipline for my submissives,” he revealed, his thumb stroking the edge of the spot where the heat wasn’t as intense. “And I believe you desire it. You’ve repeatedly pushed limits today. Am I right?”

Remembering her temper and anger earlier, as well as her questions about his orders, she knew he was right, yet she shook her head vehemently. What would it make her to admit she wanted punishment?

“Livvy,” Colin said sharply.

She sighed and nodded, dropping her head to her wrists. He’d been giving her a chance to end this. Intentionally. But she wouldn’t.

A second swat landed on her ass, and she yelped as the sensation screeched through her. And another and another. The smacks were so loud that they echoed while her cries were only loud in her own head. Her eyes squeezed shut as tears formed and the fiery heat mounted. Though he focused only on her ass, the heat radiated into her thighs and up to her back. Slowly, insidiously, it flicked at her pussy.

The tendrils strung through her, threading into her core and tightening. She screamed, but all at once, it wasn’t agony filling her. Pleasure crossed the fine edge dividing sensations and pushed away the pain.

“That’s it, love,” Colin murmured, all the while continuing in slow measured blows. “Reach for it. Give me what I want. Don’t fight and disobey. Let it take you.”

Her gasps shook her body and her entire awareness focused on the pleasure-pain—more pleasure than pain, now—that built on her ass. Her pussy convulsed, suddenly needing to be filled. The emptiness was worse than anything else. She needed his cock in her, bringing her to the impending climax, joining her as she soared over the edge. But he was pushing her there without him and that was the worst punishment, bliss without true bliss.

Suddenly, he stopped. Her sobs continued out of control, but no one could hear them outside this room. She was glad the waiter hadn’t stayed. This was hers and Colin’s, no one else’s. A groan rolled from deep in her chest, as a long, cool length slid into her sopping pussy. The handle of the paddle. Slowly, he worked it in and out with one hand while his other circled her clit.

Mindlessly, she worked her hips with his motions, all thought of propriety or reserve or what anyone would think gone in the surge of sensation washing over her in monumental waves. Each swell pushed her higher, until she was once more screaming behind the gag, this time with unwavering release.

His lips pressed to her scorching-hot buttocks and black spots clouded her head, obliterating all but the sense of tumbling into nothingness. Pulses exploded down her limbs in an electric burst. Her legs buckled and Colin’s arm quickly slinging beneath her waist was the only thing that kept her from falling.

Chapter Four

When she came fully back to herself, Colin had laid his coat along one of the benches and placed her on it. The silk lining caressed the front of her body while the cool air of the room seemed to bite at her bottom. Kneeling beside her, he carefully smoothed cream into her spanked skin, but though his words were soothing, she couldn't have recited what he said.

"You did very well," finally cut into her haze.

"Thank you, Mr. Smith," she murmured then realized he'd removed the gag. She still tasted a slight trace of rubber, but she knew she'd never smell the scent of it again and not think of what had happened here. She lifted a hand to touch her lips and realized the handkerchief was still twined in her fingers.

With the gentlest of touches, he removed the cloth and shoved it in his pocket. He lifted her hand to his mouth and kissed her palm. "I've never had a woman like you."

She didn't ask him what he meant. "Is that good?"

"Assuredly." Finishing with her behind, he closed the small tube of ointment and pushed that into his pants pocket, too. "You've enjoyed your visit to the *bad girls'* room?"

"The what?"

"The bad girls' room. This restaurant abuts to *The Dungeon*. Because of shared clientele, they offer some services that are...similar."

"Like the waiter?"

He shook his head. "Like the facilities for role-play. The waiter is actually an unattached submissive who enjoys oral sex at a Dom's command. He was mine for the hour, and has now gone to play with another." He smoothed her hair. "Perhaps we should save *The Dungeon* for another evening."

“I can be good, Sir,” she promised. She didn’t like the slight panic in her voice, but her middle went tight with tension at his words.

“I know you can. I’m thinking of your bum, love. But, very well. We’ll take it easy tonight while you get a feel for the place.”

Olivia wanted to protest, but that had already gotten her into trouble tonight. “If you think it’s best.”

“I think it is. Your paddling wasn’t harsh, but you’re obviously new to this. I don’t want to take you too far too fast. I may discipline, but I don’t brutalize.”

She licked her bottom lip. “It...well...it hurt at first then...well...I liked it. It was so...powerful. I don’t think I’ve ever had an orgasm like that.”

Leaning forward, he brushed his lips over hers, and she was surprised by the desire that seeped into her again. She still wanted him. This time, she wanted him fully, completely. She needed him with her until his release, not just for a few moments.

“That orgasm was the first of many, love.” His hand ran over her ass, and she flinched. Perhaps she was more sensitive than she’d thought. Colin made a small sound in his throat then rose. “Let’s get you up and go back to the dining area. Our dinner should be there shortly.”

Feeling slightly achy and ever so sensuously aware of the twinges over her rear as she scooted off the bench, she stood. Colin settled his hands on her shoulders then slipped his palms down her arms. “Stay here. Let me help you get ready.” Turning, he went to get her dress. When he returned, he slung it over his arm and lifted his hands to her breasts. He flicked the bands off her nipples. “As pretty as these are, your nipples need a break—at least, until we get to *The Dungeon*.”

She gasped as blood rushed into the tips that had been restricted. He cupped the mounds and ran his thumbs over the tingling peaks. “I’ve pictured you naked since the moment we first met. Every time you reached for books, bent over to pick up things, leaned over your desk... I wanted to bend you over that surface, lift your skirt and fuck you for anyone to see while you tried to stay quiet. Of course, you couldn’t have, and I imagined your screams echoing across the research floor.”

“Please don’t, Sir,” she begged, horror at the idea warring with extreme titillation. She wanted him to do that, but it was too dangerous. “I need my job.”

With a slight smile curving his lips, he cupped her cheek. “Strike it from your thoughts. I won’t jeopardize your job. Anything between us will be kept private at your workplace. Now, lift your arms.”

Immediately, she complied and he slid the dress on her. She shivered as it grazed her sensitized breasts and reddened ass. Every move she made would remind her of this interlude.

He brushed her hair from her face. “Ready?”

“Yes, Mr. Smith.”

He scooped up his coat then stowed the paddle and gag inside. Together, they headed for the exit. He stopped her at the door. “Out there, we’re just a normal couple. Call me Colin.”

Livvy was a dream. Colin had to admit, he’d been testing her today which was actually outside his nature, but he needed to know how she’d react to her role as submissive and his as her Master. Weeks into a relationship wasn’t the time to learn the submissive wasn’t meshing into her role. Livvy was pleasing him at every turn.

He’d sensed earlier that she’d enjoy spanking—she’d said as much when they’d discussed pain play. She understood the concept of pain for pleasure. When she’d stood firm in the face of the paddle, he’d known she had the spirit he wanted. He’d seen fear in her eyes, but she hadn’t flinched away.

Now, she needed to learn trust. Complete trust. That would come.

Hopefully, she’d move along smoothly with him as they went forward. He had big plans for her.

Her lips pressed together as she slid into their table, but she took a deep breath, her eyes closing in subtle enjoyment as the sensation worked through her. Tomorrow at the library, she’d be reminded of this night as she worked. Good. He wanted her to remember.

“How did you decide to become a librarian?” he asked as he took his place.

She grinned. “I love books,” she said, her words almost an orgasmic sigh. He wanted to hear her say his name that way one day. “I especially like sharing books with others and helping them learn.”

“You could have been a teacher,” he countered, wanting to find out exactly what made her tick.

She shook her head. “Too erratic. For the most part, everything at the library is orderly. Even the most rambunctious of children understands the library rules. Every book has a particular place. Everything runs on a fixed schedule.”

“And you like structure?” he asked, making a note.

A self-conscious half-smile curved her lips. “Yeah, I guess. My family thinks I’ve turned boring. I was a wild child—I guess that’s what you’d call me. My whole life was chaos. The only time I felt calm was at the library—well, there and church, but I wasn’t becoming a nun.”

“Thank the saints for that,” he laughed. “Tell me about this structure in your life outside the library.”

“I’m not OCD or anything. I don’t have to park in the same parking space everyday or have my clothes color coded. I find I like everything picked up. I want to eat at the same time everyday and go to bed about the same time. I do everything in a certain order. I follow a pretty regular routine. But if it gets disrupted, I don’t have a meltdown. I’m pretty good at adjusting. Moving eighteen times in twelve years of school will do that for you.”

“Were you...what’s the American term? An army brat?”

“Or something,” she replied. “My mother changed jobs a lot. Jobs and her life. Whenever things were going badly, she’d decide to move. Looking back, I wonder why she thought her problems wouldn’t follow us. God!” she exclaimed, putting a hand to her forehead. “I shouldn’t be telling you this. I don’t usually blurt out my life like this.”

He squeezed her fingers and bent his head, looking at her intently. “We share something deeply intimate. It’s not unusual that you feel comfortable enough to share this with me. It tells me some things.”

“Like?”

“Whatever we do, you should know the rules, and there should be consequences for broken rules. Our scenes should be somewhat scheduled and not random. I should plan and direct whatever happens so you don’t feel out of control. Does that sound right to you?”

She nodded, and relief dawned in her eyes as he offered a touchstone for this experience. She’d craved something new, something more from sex, but she needed to feel secure in what was happening.

“Before I completely melt into mortification, though, please tell me something about you. Something I don’t already know.”

“My mother is American so I have dual citizenship with the United States and the UK.”

“You don’t have a limited visa? I thought you’d have to go back soon.”

Worry cropped up inside him. Would that affect them? Had she thought anything they did would be short-term, perhaps only a one-time event. “I don’t have a home here,” he hedged, looking for her response. “Of course, my job is portable.”

“You have a plan?”

Of course she’d ask about a plan. He nodded. “Multi-tiered. Do you remember those ‘choose your own adventure’ type books?”

“We have them at the library. We even have a funny *Pride and Prejudice* version.”

“It’s like that, I suppose. Depending on circumstances, I’ll choose one direction or the other.” He didn’t want to reveal how integral her role was. Not yet. He didn’t want to scare her, and like her, he wasn’t one to jump the gun. He squeezed her hand. “I’m a planner and backup planner. My family’s pretty staid, but my father taught me to always be prepared. My father and Scouts,” he laughed. “Be prepared and all that.”

“There are Boy Scouts in England?”

“They were there first, actually, but they’re called Scouts in UK not Boy Scouts. Both my father and grandfather were in troops. We’re all exceptionally good at knots.” He ran a thumb over her wrist, thinking of what she’d look like with her wrists tied, her face contorted with pleasure and torment as he brought her to the edge of release, over and over.

“Are they all...” She bit her lip and glanced around. “In the lifestyle?” she whispered.

He chuckled, amused and delighted by her tentative question. “Not openly. My father is in the parliament so he maintains a high level of decorum. Obviously, I’m not entirely open about it. I keep my private life quite *private*.” His mood darkened slightly as thoughts of his parents crowded in. They disapproved of his life as an “artist” which was what they considered writing—a pointless dabbling. They’d made that clear, even eschewing his success on the bestseller lists. They’d be heartily displeased when they learned of his decision to remain in the States. Especially his father. Though Colin wasn’t the first son, his father had wanted him to enter the political arena and follow the family’s footsteps. He contended it wasn’t too late for his son to change directions. Colin was uninterested.

Unwilling to let his family situation shadow the evening, he turned the dinner conversation to popular culture, drawing her into a conversation about music and movies. They

soon learned they both enjoyed the same movies, though her tastes tended to lean more to romance and his more to action. Still there was a lot of common ground. To his surprise, Ms. Orderly had a hugely eclectic taste in music which surprised him since it was so random. She even liked some of the classic rock he preferred. Again, he was struck with the thought that this was a good pairing.

As the waiter brought the bill and cleared away their plates, Colin was surprised at how quickly the meal had progressed. Though he was anxious for the next step in their sexual journey, he'd enjoyed simply talking with her. He'd often spoken with women for short periods of time, much like he had as he'd walked Livvy to her car the past weeks, but he couldn't remember the last time he'd had an actual conversation like tonight—or when he'd even wanted to have one.

“Ready?” he asked after the bill was settled.

She nodded quickly. Her teeth sank into her lush lower lip. Such abuse. He had something far better for her to do with her lips...later. Gently, he pulled the abused flesh from beneath her incisors. He tapped the plump bit with his forefinger. “Don’t.”

“Yes, Sir,” she replied, naturally sensing he'd brought them back into a scene. She dipped her head deferentially and watched him through her lashes as he stood. Her face revealed her torment as she slid from the table and rose. He'd have to be mindful of her ass for the remainder of the evening. He wanted her to remember this first outing for the pleasure not the torture.

Olivia's stomach was a mass of butterflies as Colin threaded his fingers through hers and led her up front. The silk of her dress brushed constantly against her abused ass, but she couldn't say she found it disagreeable. In fact, it seemed inordinately sensual, a reminder of his domination over her body. Did that make her a pain whore or a masochist?

She glanced at him as they walked to the coat check desk, and found Colin looking at her. His gaze was possessive. Owing. Devouring. Right then, in that moment, she was his.

“I left a small bag earlier,” Colin told the clerk, handing over a small plastic card. In return, he was given a leather satchel from beneath the counter. It all seemed strange, but before she could question it, he led her down a dim passage and away from the restaurant's front entrance. A door with a keypad beside it loomed ahead of them, and Colin paused before it.

“My coat?” she asked.

“I already had it delivered to my locker at the club—our under-table ‘waiter’,” he clarified. “The restaurant and *The Dungeon* share this wall. You’re about to enter my domain.”

“Yes, Sir.” His words were a warning, but she wasn’t sure of what. She felt a bit like Alice about to fall down the rabbit hole. She had no idea what to expect, but she had a feeling it would be beyond her wildest fantasy. So far it already had been.

Setting the satchel on the floor, he opened it then reached inside. Her eyes widened as he withdrew a black leather collar with a silver buckle and three matching D-rings. Watching her, he straightened. The length of the band was pulled straight between his hands.

“Lift your hair,” he ordered.

“But—”

“Olivia!” he bit out in warning.

She eyed the collar. Was it too demeaning? Was it a deal breaker for her? No. She could do this. Her cunt was already flooding at the idea. Reaching for her hair, she lifted it out of his way. A shudder spiraled down her spine as the cool surface touched her neck. He fastened it behind her neck then slid his hands to her shoulders. She shifted, testing the unfamiliar binding. It was tight against her neck, much like a choker. It wasn’t so tight she couldn’t breathe, but it would remind her of its presence all night. Between her ass and this, there was no way she’d forget her place as a sub.

And she felt nothing but excitement. She’d wanted this for so long, and she’d thought it would never happen. Still, the collar was a surprise. Raising her hand, she tentatively fingered it while he retrieved something else from his bag. Her eyes widened when he produced a short lead. Before she had a chance for protest, he clipped it to the front D-ring. Wrapping the links around his hand just in front of her throat, he tugged her abruptly to him.

“Mine,” he growled.

“Yes,” she gasped as lava flowed through her veins. His mouth covered hers, his kiss almost savage as he staked his claim. His lips forced hers apart and his tongue swept inside. She moaned at the heady euphoria overcoming her as he grasped her wrist and pulled it behind her back. The other followed. Liking the sensation of her chest pushed against him, she stayed in position even as his hand moved around to her front to squeeze her breast.

Pulling his mouth free from hers, he lowered his head then covered the peak. He drew the nipple, silk and all, hard between his lips. Olivia lurched as the cord of nerves between the tip and her cunt pulled tight. Spears of electricity spiked into her extremities.

She whimpered as he pulled away. She needed him to fuck her, to push her against the wall and just fuck her. Hard and fast and again and again. A flush swept through her body, making her limbs heavy with desire. She reached for him, only to find her hands cuffed behind her back. Her eyes went wide.

How...?

Colin raised a brow. Without explanation, he pulled a card from his pants pocket and slid it through a slot beside the door then typed in a four-digit code. A green light flashed on the keypad, and she heard a click. Slinging the bag over his shoulder, he grabbed her chain and without a word tugged her into his lair.

Chapter Five

Olivia had expected to see dark corridors, brick and leather as they entered *The Dungeon*. Instead, the wide hallway they entered was brightly lit and painted a homey sage green. Cream wainscoting lined the bottom halves of the walls, and low-piled cream carpet with a sage and red geometric design ran the length of the floor. Soft chamber music played from hidden speakers and completed the surreal setting. It was as if she were being led, handcuffed, into an office building. She half expected a frenzied secretary to come rushing out of one of the closed doors along the hall.

Colin stopped halfway down the corridor and opened the door there. Inside a woman with spiky red hair reclined behind a counter, her feet on the surface while she read a magazine. At their entrance, she swung her legs down and stood.

Olivia blinked as she looked at the stranger. She looked like a manga action figure in her short, short pleated skirt cropped top and jacket, white thigh-highs and patent leather pumps.

“Mr. Smith!” the woman exclaimed with a smile. “I haven’t seen you in a while.”

“Hullo Syb. What’s this?” he asked, motioning to her clothes.

“Duh, this is my Sailor Moon costume. Master likes it. Hopefully, he’ll be down later if things stay calm in Security. Besides, I like it. What’s the point of having a dress-up job if you can’t have fun?”

He chuckled. “Why indeed? And that’s why we’re here.” He gave Olivia’s chain a little tug and brought her forward. For the first time, a shot of humiliation pierced her. What was she doing and why was she letting him do this to her? In front of other people?

Syb came around the counter. “You need her dressed?”

“Yes. I made an appointment earlier with my instructions.”

“Right-o, old chap,” she quipped in a terrible Brit imitation accompanied by a cheeky salute. “I’ll get her all fixed up then bring her to you. Where will that be?”

“I’ll be reading on four.”

“Gotcha! I’ll have her there in about twenty minutes.”

“Perfect.”

He turned to leave, but Syb stopped him. “Dude! The chain. You know I don’t touch one unless it’s my own.”

Torn between fascination and irritation, Olivia watched the pair converse as if she weren’t right there. Questions assailed her. Colin had requested for her to be “dressed”? The idea gnawed at her, though it hadn’t when he’d sent her clothes earlier. Perhaps that was because it had been between only the two of them. Now, there was a third, another *woman*, involved. Olivia didn’t really like it. Didn’t he trust her to pick her own things? Did he find her regular clothing boring?

She also found his interaction with Syb intriguing. Syb was obviously a sub, but she didn’t seem deferential to Colin other than his title. It confused Olivia. Colin seemed so strict with her, dominating all her actions when they were in a scene—which she sensed was *now*. His demeanor only backed down slightly when they weren’t in the midst of D/s action. It was obvious he was a natural leader and, dare she say, Master.

“I’ll see you shortly, love,” he said, turning Olivia. Approval lit his features. Warmth seeped through her and washed away some of her confusion. What he required of her was different from anyone else. She pleased him, as no one else did. Heat kindling in his eyes, he pulled her forward. “Behave for Syb,” he rasped for her ears only. “And no one touches you. No one but me. Understood?”

“Yes, Sir,” she replied, feeling the dampness rush to her folds at his possessive demand.

Apparently satisfied, he unclipped the chain from her collar. Grabbing her upper arms, he yanked her to him. The chain bit into her flesh as it was trapped between his hand and her skin, but she ceased to notice as he kissed her with all the passion of a man about to plunge his cock into his lover. Her heart slammed into her ribcage as her body responded. Her blood pulsed behind her ears like a gushing stream while her limbs shook as if she’d run miles with no rest. Heavy longing settled in her core. She needed him, yet this was goodbye—for now. She’d still have to wait.

Slowly lifting his head, he stared into her eyes. “The best is yet to come, Livvy.”

Oh, please, yes.

Breathless, she watched him leave. Immediately, she felt the emptiness throbbing inside her. How had she become so connected to the man in such a short time?

“You have questions,” Syb said behind her.

“More than you can imagine,” Olivia murmured.

To her shock, Syb’s cool fingers linked through hers where they were still bound behind her back. She pulled Olivia toward one of the doors behind the desk. “I can probably imagine. I was you once. A newbie, I mean. I used to be an assistant for a fashion designer—a not very well-known one either. Not long after I met him, my Master introduced me to this place. Now I am the designer, and I don’t put up with a bunch of crap from a power-hungry narcissist.”

“That seems odd to hear in this place,” Olivia said, looking around. The room they’d entered was full of clothing racks, all jammed full of plastic covered garments. They circled all four walls. A metal walkway ran the circumference of the area and housed another row of racks.

Syb laughed. “The Masters and Mistresses here aren’t power-hungry. They have all the power they want. My ex was a wannabe—yeah, I worked for my boyfriend. Bad combo. Now, stay right here,” she said, leaving Olivia in the middle of the huge room. She giggled as she headed for a computer station a few feet away. “Welcome to my lair.”

“It’s enormous. You did all these clothes?”

She nodded. “I have a lot of time on my hands. Master keeps me so worked up all the time then he spends long hours working.”

Olivia licked her bottom lip, overwhelmed by this world she’d plunged into. She’d never imagined such a sexual underground existed. Oh sure, she’d heard about them, but she’d assumed rumors were vastly exaggerated. Yet Colin had introduced her into a subculture she didn’t quite fathom.

“Do you ever call him anything but Master?” she asked.

Syb studied her, suddenly quite serious. “Not around here, and not without permission.”

“You’re afraid of him?”

“Are you afraid of Colin?” Syb asked, showing she knew his name. She looked away and clicked a fingernail on her screen. There was no keyboard, leading Olivia to believe it was completely touch activated. So this place was a forerunner in tech savvy, too.

She shook her head. “No. Not afraid at all.”

“But you only call him by his Dom name, correct? Unless you’re allowed otherwise?”

“Yes.”

“Why?” Syb asked. “Why do you do as he says? Why do you allow him to put a collar on you and lead you by a chain?”

Olivia drew in a sharp breath at the harsh questions. Was this what Syb really thought?

“Submission isn’t about fear,” the woman continued. “Or at least, it shouldn’t be. It’s about your mutual satisfaction.”

She dug into a drawer beneath the computer screen then walked back to Olivia. Gently, she turned her. Olivia felt a key being slid into the lock of one of the cuffs. In a moment, she was free. Reflexively, she pulled her wrists in front of her and massaged them though they weren’t hurt. She hadn’t worn them for very long.

“This is a safe place, sweetness. There are hard and fast rules around here. The most important rules involve behavior toward submissives. No one is to attempt a scene with an attached sub other than their own. No one, sub or Dom, is allowed to enter a scene without permission. No Dom may exert control over a sub without direct permission from his or her Master. That means you don’t have to address them as Sir, Master, Mr. or anything like that unless your Master has instructed you to do so—or in my case, unless your job has instructed you to. Anyone who breaks these rules risks censure at minimum and permanent expulsion from the club at maximum.”

Syb circled her, a hand to her chin. Both handcuffs were looped around one wrist like a goth-like bracelet. “I’m Sybil, by the way,” she said, still studying Olivia. “Everyone calls me Syb or Sybbie.”

“I’m Olivia.”

“Nice to meet you. It’s good to see Colin with someone. What size are you?”

Following Syb’s train of thought was exhausting. “Six.”

“Great. I have just the thing...” She trailed off as she walked away. Suddenly, she turned. “Odd question. Are you a librarian?”

“Yes...”

“Hmm, thought so.” She disappeared into a bank of clothes before Olivia could question her. Olivia’s brow furrowed. Did she *look* like a librarian? She knew what the stereotypical look

was, and in truth, she occasionally dressed that way—straight-laced and bespectacled. She didn't think she looked anything like that now.

Her hands slid up and down her arms. The room seemed suddenly chilly. She wanted to be bundled up in her coat. Too bad she didn't have it. In this cavernous room, she felt exposed. Even without the nipple bands Colin had requested her to use earlier, her nipples looked like pokers against the soft silk of her dress.

Syb stuck her head out of the rack where she'd been digging around. "Hey. Get naked. Everything off. But keep the shoes nearby. Colin seems to have a hard-on over them." She glanced at the high-heeled pumps with their red soles. "Christian Louboutin. Nice. I'm sure your Master has no idea about the designer, but he has good taste anyway. Mentioned three times in the message that the shoes stay. See? A hard-on."

With that, she disappeared into her 'clothes cave' once more. Olivia let out a sigh. Though she felt as if she were being watched, she kicked off her shoes then yanked off the dress. She was bent over, removing the stockings when Syb emerged from the racks with an armful of things.

"Stay. Just. Like. That," the woman breathed.

The garments and hangers she'd been carrying dropped to the floor behind Olivia. She startled at cool fingers on her ass.

"He does good work," Syb said reverently, tracing the edges of the spank marks. "Did you like it?"

"Yes," Olivia answered, hardly believing she could be truthful about it with anyone. But she *was* at a sex club and the person asking the question was dressed like Sailor Moon. She had a feeling she could say just about anything here, and really, spanking wasn't too far over the fetish line. She suspected a lot more people did it than admitted it.

She straightened, and glanced over her shoulder at Syb. "We should hurry. You told him twenty minutes."

Syb made a noise that sounded like a half-snort. "He knows full well that when I say twenty minutes, I mean an hour."

"Does he...um, bring lots of women here?"

"Mr. Smith? No," she replied as if it were one of the most farfetched things she'd ever hear. "My timetable is common knowledge. Plus he joins with other couples or occasionally

hooks up with an unattached sub. He's friends with Rob—the owner of this place—and his family.” She bent to get the things she'd dropped. “Grab your shoes and follow me. I'll have the other clothes sent to Colin's locker. Normally, I'd just get you dressed here, but I think you need a little something first.”

“That sounds...ominous,” Olivia laughed as she followed.

“No worries. It won't hurt. Not like Mr. Smith's whip might.”

She stopped short while Syb kept walking. Whip? What was the woman talking about? Of course, she knew more about Colin's activities here than Olivia did. But a whip? She'd been prepared for a hand or a paddle or maybe even a flogger—maybe whip was another word for flogger.

Syb turned when she got to the door and realized Olivia wasn't behind her. “What?”

“What do you mean by ‘whip’?”

“Shit,” Syb cursed under her breath. “Ignore my big mouth. Look, you let him spank you, right?” she said, coming back and taking Olivia's hand. She led her to the other room where a padded table had been placed in the center of the room.

“Obviously,” Olivia replied.

“Then it will be fine. He won't let anything happen to you. I can't say it won't hurt, 'cause we like a little bit of pain, right? But he won't injure you or make you bleed. He's not into that. Just remember that, and everything will be okay. Now, hop up on the table. On your back.”

Olivia shivered as she complied and the cool vinyl made contact with her heated skin. Syb took Olivia's shoes and set them aside. Going to a small chest against one wall, she set down the clothes then got out a small tray and put it on a rolling table she moved next to Olivia.

“Are you familiar with nipple clamps?”

“I've used them a few times.”

“Good. I have a pretty jeweled pair I'm going to put on you. Your nipples will show in the outfit you'll be wearing.”

“I won't be covered?”

“You'll be wearing a whole lot more than a lot of people around here, sweetie.” She grabbed a sleep mask from the tray and slid it over Olivia's eyes. “Relax. I'm going to be touching you as I get you ready and I don't want you jerking all over the place and falling off the table.” She lifted Olivia's wrists over her head. To get them out of the way, she supposed, then a

bar clicked in place over them, holding them in place. Annoyed, she tried to get her hands free. A mistake. With her focus drawn above her head, she was unprepared when Syb grabbed one of her ankles and manacled it. The woman was quite deft at the maneuver and had Olivia's other ankle restrained though she flailed.

"Good thing those tuck into the base of the table or I'd have to taser people to get them in position," Syb commented, sounding distinctly out of breath. Feeling betrayed, Olivia wished she would have gotten in a good kick.

"Colin said no one was to touch me," she exclaimed, still fighting to get free.

"Sweetness, he didn't mean me. Now, be still. I'm just going to massage you and get you ready. And it might even feel really good." She leaned to Olivia's ear, and her breath stirred the tendrils of hair at Olivia's temple. "Feel free to moan."

"Don't," Olivia begged. God help her, though she didn't want Syb's attentions, her body was vibrating with anticipation of what would happen. Gently, the woman drew her fingers along Olivia's outstretched arms. An involuntary shiver shook her frame, and she sucked in a shaky breath.

"You have pretty skin."

She stayed silent. What was she supposed to say? *Thank you? Thank you for tying me up and terrifying me and making me feel things I never wanted to feel?* Or at least, she'd never thought she'd want to feel them.

"Did Mr. Smith tell you he liked to watch?" Syb asked.

"He said he'd enjoy people watching me. That he likes exhibitionism." Were people watching her right now? She jerked against the restraints, even though the idea sent cream flooding her pussy. She didn't want people watching her without her knowing it.

"He's watching right now. My room has a viewer, and when I looked up his order, I enabled it for him. He's watching me touch you," Syb added as she kneaded Olivia's right biceps. She moved lower then slid her hands over Olivia's breast.

Olivia moaned involuntarily, as blissful, warm sensation shot through her body, centering at the nipple Syb pulled then spreading out in waves.

"Do you like that? Knowing he's watching?"

Did she? Oh yes...

“Do you like me touching you? You have lovely breasts. Not too small but firm enough that you can get away without a bra once in awhile. I bet Colin loves that.” Her thumbs flicked over the peaks as she worked both in unison now. She squeezed the mounds, pulling them upward and tugging at the tips, twisting. Olivia cried out, her hips shunting upward as Syb pinched and rolled the sensitive flesh. Suddenly a small, warm mouth covered the nipple and drew hard. Syb sucked while Olivia shook with the fire erupting through her. Her fingers clenched while her pussy convulsed in need.

Suddenly, sharp pain erupted through the tip as Syb trapped it in the nipple clamp. A moment later, the other suffered the same fate. Tears streamed down Olivia’s face, seeping under the mask as the intense sensations rocked her. Syb didn’t pause as she continued to massage the breasts, increasing the blood flow.

“I guess you’ve never used the clover type,” she commented. Olivia felt a chain being drawn between the two and attached to the D-ring on her collar. With a gentle tug, Syb adjusted the chain to provide a constant, light pull. “You’ll have to be careful how you move. These will give you a constant reminder.”

She brushed her lips over Olivia’s then there was the sound of gel being squirted into her hands. The cool substance was welcome relief to Olivia’s heated skin, but as Syb rubbed it into Olivia’s breasts then her lower torso to her belly, it began to tingle and heat.

“Oh God,” she moaned. “What are you doing?”

“Getting you ready. You’ll be nice and overheated for your Master. I bet you’ll be willing to do just about anything to get off by the time it takes full effect.” She massaged the gel into Olivia’s legs, never touching her sex until Olivia was mindlessly rocking her hips to the air as fiery need took her.

“Please...please,” she moaned. This night was torture. Would no one fuck her, really fuck her. She was ready to offer herself to all comers in the busiest part of *The Dungeon*.

Finally, Syb trailed a finger lightly over the slit of Olivia’s pussy. “You wax. Very nice.” The fingertip glided back to Olivia’s navel and circled the divot. “Can I touch you?” she asked, her voice catching slightly. “Can I taste you?”

If Olivia could have spread her legs wider, she would have. “Yes. Yes, please do it now.”

Cool, gel-coated fingertips parted her cunt and the room’s chilled air licked over her drenched folds.

“You’re so wet,” Syb breathed. She circled Olivia’s clit, fondling the erect nub until Olivia screamed, her body snapping upward in the bindings as an intense orgasm pierced through her. Still, Syb didn’t stop, driving the release higher and higher while Olivia begged incoherently for more and for her to stop, to please stop, to never stop.

“No,” she cried as Syb stopped touching her clit, but the objection dissipated as two of the woman’s small fingers slipped inside her pussy.

“Oh God, you’re so tight,” Syb exclaimed, moving her fingers in and out of Olivia and added a third then a fourth slim digit. “You feel so good. I wish Mr. Smith would give you to me for a night. I could show you things you never imagined. My Master better fuck me hard tonight.”

She pistoned her hand forward and back until Olivia was clawing for the release that loomed just out of her reach. “Yes,” she cried. “Yes! Please... No!” she wailed as Syb pulled away.

Suddenly, Syb freed her feet then moved around the table to release her hands. Gently, she brushed her lips over Olivia’s while she held down her wrists. “It’s time to get dressed.”

Olivia blinked as Syb removed the blindfold. The dresser’s elfin face was flushed but her eyes twinkled as she gazed down. Carefully, she freed strands of Olivia’s hair to disengage the mask.

“No wonder Colin’s so taken with you,” she murmured. “You’re one hot, sexy librarian. That’s what he requested, by the way. A sexy librarian. You’ll blow him away.” She helped Olivia to sit, and Olivia gasped at the sharp tug of the clamps. She glanced down and saw the way they pulled her nipples upward without enough force to stretch her skin. She felt their hold with every excited breath.

“Is he watching now?” she asked.

“The line is open. He could be,” Syb responded, and Olivia knew he would be. Turning sideways, she pulled Syb between her parted legs and cupped the back of her head with a shaking hand.

“What are you doing?” Syb asked.

“Something I’ve never done and I might suck at.” She pulled the redhead to her and covered her lips. It was so different from kissing a man. Syb’s lips were soft and pliant as Olivia kissed her, her tongue tentatively sliding against the other woman’s. Syb moaned and pressed

closer, her hand settling on Olivia's thigh and squeezing. The front of her shirt rubbed Olivia's nipples and she gasped at the blaze of reaction that shot through her.

"God, sweetness," Syb gasped pulling back. "You're gonna get me in trouble."

"Sorry," Olivia responded, dipping her head.

The other woman caught her chin and lifted it. "Don't be. I hope Mr. Smith brings you back soon, or perhaps arranges something for us with my Master."

"I never thought I'd say it, but I'd really like that."

Syb smiled and went to gather the clothes. Coming back, she put them beside Olivia's hip. One of the hangers looked much like an over-the-door shoe bag with pockets that snapped shut. Syb opened one and withdrew a pair of black stocking with three-inch lace tops. As she rolled them onto Olivia's legs, Olivia discovered they had faux seams up the back. They were thigh-highs rather than nylons needing garters.

"Come on," Syb said, helping her off the table. She knelt and helped Olivia put on her shoes. Rising, she reached for the clothes on the table. First was a black-and-grey houndstooth straight skirt. At first glance, it seemed respectable. Like her normal attire, it came to just below her knees, but the slit in the front was so long it revealed glimpses of Olivia's pussy when she moved. Next was a white blouse. It was much like the type she'd wear to work, but as Syb had warned, the square-cut collar was so low, her nipples and the tops of her areola showed above the neckline.

Sliding back a panel to reveal a mirror, Syb moved Olivia to look at her reflection. In minutes, her hair was in a loose up-do, and clear-lens glasses were perched on her nose.

"Holy smokin' hot," Syb complimented her.

"Wow," Olivia murmured.

"A very sexy librarian, if I do say so. Just one more thing." Syb opened the cuffs on her wrist then dangled them from a finger. "I need to return you as I got you—except for the clothing change. Part of the rules."

Olivia nodded and shifted her hands behind her. Her chest pushed outward, causing the clips to tug and she sucked in a breath as a corresponding tug yanked at her core.

"Nice, huh?" Syb said as the metal snapped around Olivia's wrists. "Let's take you upstairs."

Chapter Six

Once more, Olivia was struck with the feeling of falling down the rabbit hole as Syb led her from the prep room and back into the enormous costume shop. In moments, they were back in the sage green hallway, the elevator music all the more surreal in its blandness. It seemed as if it should be edgy and suggestive to match their attire and their intentions for the evening. Despite herself, Olivia couldn't suppress a giggle at the dichotomy.

"What?" Syb asked, smiling.

"It's so tame," she answered with a nod to the surroundings.

"Rob has a wicked sense of humor. I'm sure he finds this hysterical."

The hallway curved and widened. Doors lined one side at about ten-foot intervals then the corridor widened into a spacious lounge with several seating areas. Several people sat on one of the couches, talking, while a naked woman knelt near them, her hands and head in stocks as she faced away. Her knees were braced apart by a spreader bar, opening her to anyone who passed. Those in conversation ignored her as if she were artwork on the wall. Olivia's skin crawled at the sight. She *so* wasn't doing that. Ever.

Taking her arm, Syb turned her away and to a bank of elevators. "Never think never, sweetness."

"Did I say it out loud?"

"It's written all over your face. We all have things that are completely off-limits, but the stocks are pretty tame in the scheme of things."

"I guess..." Olivia conceded as the elevator doors opened.

"Girl-5-1-1 likes it."

“Girl-5-1-1?” Stranger and stranger. If she came to a little bottle labeled *Drink Me*, she was outta here. And if Colin called her anything less than her name or an endearment, he could just kiss her ass. Her cunt fluttered at that, but she tried to shove it away. What she’d do and how he’d treat her was important.

Syb waited until the doors shut, closing away the scene, and she’d pressed the button for the fourth floor. “It’s her thing—and her Master’s thing. Some people like more objectification than others. Don’t judge.”

Olivia shook her head. “I’m not,” she vehemently clarified. “I’m just worried about what the hell I’m getting into.”

Her companion remained silent which Olivia didn’t find the least bit reassuring. Was the scene she’d just observed the sort of thing Colin had in mind for her? He’d said he was into exhibition, but she’d assumed he meant during sex. Her insides knotted.

Maybe she was making a mountain out of a molehill. With Colin, she was comfortable. He never seemed to want anything that didn’t turn her on or to which she wouldn’t agree, even if she had initial hesitation.

Syb reached over and gave the chain connected to the clamps a tug. “Stop it,” she ordered. “Remember, trust him. The two of you will get nowhere without trust. I know this is new, but you must already trust him somewhat to have gotten to this point. Don’t take that away now. Or else leave.”

Olivia looked at her wide-eyed. “Leave?” Her whole being objected to that, even her over-active thoughts.

“Yes, leave. He’s a good guy. You shouldn’t mess with his head.”

She almost laughed at the thought. A submissive messing with big, bad Dom, Mr. Smith’s head? He could chew her up and move on. Or drop her at home and forget about her. She wasn’t so important that what she thought was a big deal to him.

“You don’t have to worry about what I’ll do.” The rest of the trip was made in silence. Soon, she was led into the room where Colin waited and suddenly everything made more sense. His eyes darkened with possessive approval as he set aside the book in his hand and stood, waiting for her to come to him. Syb retreated without a word and it was only them, save for a few uninterested parties in other areas of the space that had been outfitted to look like a library—a posh version with leather armchairs and a cheery fire. Still there were study tables and

computer terminals scattered around the space while floor to ceiling shelves filled with books lined the walls.

And she was Colin's own personal librarian.

"How may I assist you, Mr. Smith?" she asked quietly, her head slightly bowed as she stopped in front of him.

"My God, you're gorgeous."

"Thank you, Sir." Warmth swelled inside her, and some of her worry dissipated. This was right between them. As he watched her, she sensed an unspoken affection that wrapped them both in an intimacy she hadn't seen downstairs. Perhaps it had been there and she hadn't known, because it wasn't *her* situation.

Colin twisted a loose tendril of her hair around his finger. "I want you on your knees with my cock in your mouth," he commanded, his voice as even as if they were discussing the weather.

Here? For once, she maintained enough control to keep in the question, but she was sure he saw it in her eyes. With some difficulty, she dropped to her knees before him. He backed away and sat in the brown, leather armchair he'd vacated. His arms laid on the rests as he waited, his face bland yet almost challenging.

Suppressing a sigh as she watched the fine scrap of control she'd had waft away, she scooted across the floor on her knees. The metal cuffs clanked against one another and underlined her 'captivity' and submission to her Master. Between his knees, she waited, staring at the ridge of his penis behind his zipper. He wanted her to give him head, but she had no idea what to do about his closed pants with her hands bound behind her.

"Problem?" he asked, gently stroking her hair.

She glanced up at him through her lashes. "I want to please you, Sir, but..." She bit her lip. "I don't know...I mean..." God, she sounded like an untried virgin.

"Livvy. Tell me what you want."

"I want you out...so I can...you know."

He chuckled and she felt the camaraderie between them building like a warm comforting web growing thicker and tighter by the moment.

"You can do better than that," he told her.

“Can you open your pants?” she tried. He raised an eyebrow and she knew he wouldn’t let her get away with that. Well, whatever. She was a big girl and she could use big girl language. She could be bold and she doubted very much that she’d shock him. She looked him in the eye. “Most of all, I want to please you,” she said. He gave a single nod, approval and pleased appreciation lighting his face as warmth filled his eyes and his lips curved into a small smile. Leaning forward, he framed her face with his hands and kissed her, taking his time and exploring her mouth. Her heart sped up. She leaned into him, relying on him for balance. Silent words filled her mind as she realized what she’d done, and though she wasn’t psychic and she knew it wasn’t really his voice, she guessed the words were exactly what he wanted. *Trust me, rely on me, submit to me, let me take care of you... Please me.*

When she was breathing heavily, he pulled back. Mere inches separated them, and the room shrunk to the small space surrounding them. It didn’t matter who else might be around, who else might see. This was their scene.

“Please open your pants,” she repeated. “I want your cock in my mouth. Sir.”

Colin’s hand moved between them then flicked open his fly. He sat back while simultaneously guiding her forward. His cock loomed before her face. She wetted her lips as she gazed at the ruddy column of flesh. Large and well-formed, it curved slightly toward his belly as he waited. His fingers flexed in her hair as she looked at it. The smooth, mushroomed head twitched slightly while the vein twisting around his length throbbed.

Bending forward, she drew her tongue along the bottom ridge. He tasted of her and a saltiness that was purely him. She groaned at the combined flavor and worked her way to the head. A silky, droplet of pre-cum awaited her. She captured it on the tip of her tongue, savoring the smooth texture.

“Livvy,” Colin breathed.

In response, she opened her mouth and sank down over his cock, taking him as deep as she could without choking. His rumbling growl of satisfaction vibrated through her, urging her on. Her nipples brushed against the seat between his knees with each up and down movement. Moisture swelled to her pussy at the sensation that was so much like palms tormenting her clamped tips. Each touch sent dull shocks from her nipples to her core and pulled her further and further from cognitive thought and deep into instinct.

Her cheeks sucked in around his shaft as she closed her eyes and focused on the sensation of him in her mouth and the reactions sparking through her body. Pulling upward, she drew on the head of his cock. Colin's fingers tightened in her hair as he pushed his hips upward and murmured pleasure-filled expletives under his breath. Releasing the pressure, she moved downward again and swirled her tongue along his length. Swept away by the scene, she quickly found her pace and lost herself in the rhythm.

Colin's chest grew tight as she watched Olivia's lips moving up and down his shaft. Though he sensed she didn't get around and didn't have tons of experience, she had skills. Already his balls were drawing upward as she applied and released pressure, pushing her tongue against his more sensitive spots. And watching her... After seeing Syb prepare her, he'd almost come when Olivia had walked into *The Dungeon's* library, the sexiest librarian to ever fulfill a man's fantasy. Her slim lines moved fluidly over him as she was forced by her binding to move her body up and down to accommodate him.

"Fuck," he grated as her teeth lightly abraded the underside of his cock.

Enough. He needed in her. And he needed in her here. He was well aware of the other Doms watching as his sweet Livvy performed. Now they could see her beautiful orgasm.

"Enough," he repeated aloud.

When she didn't immediately respond, he gently tugged at the chain running between her neck and breasts. She hissed and looked up at him, her expression cloudy with the space she'd entered in her head. She was so fully immersed in pleasure, she was barely with him, except for the sensations—a wild thing bent on as much carnal fulfillment as she could get.

Her parted lips were shiny as she gazed up at him with those unfocused eyes. A light flush stained her upper chest, and her breasts appeared swollen with her arousal as she breathed heavily.

He helped her rise. She moaned as he pushed up her skirt to reveal her bare pussy. Gently, he ran his thumb over her slit, feeling the moisture seeping from within. She trembled and moved her legs farther apart.

"Do you want me?" he asked despite the truth. He wanted her to say it. Along with trust, he wanted his submissives to speak their needs during sex.

“Yes,” she moaned, her hips canting forward as he slipped a finger into her cunt. Her slick passage tried to clamp around him as he pushed to her center. If he didn’t get balls deep in her soon, he’d explode. His thumb flicked over her clit and she hissed. “Yes...yes, Mr. Smith.”

He bit back a grin. He loved it when she called him that. Her job required her to address him as ‘Mr. Smith’ and every time she did, he’d remember her like this, in the throes of passion.

Reaching an arm behind her, he brought her forward to straddle him. She leaned against his right shoulder while he grasped her upper arm to support her. His other hand splayed over her ass. Sliding it down, he caught his cock and guided it to her pussy. A low groan rasped from him as her heat enveloped his tip.

“Take me,” he ordered.

With a low cry, she sank onto his girth, her channel stretching to accommodate him. The fiery passage squeezed him as her muscles contracted. She whimpered as her body adjusted, but he didn’t give her time to fully stretch.

“Fuck me. Now,” he ordered. His hips jerked and he dug his fingers into one well-spanked buttock, knowing she’d feel the burn and it would stoke her fervor. Livvy instantly complied. Her breathing was heavy against his neck, each exhale accompanied by a tiny frenzied cry as she lifted over him, following his command. Over her shoulder, he saw her fingers clenching against her back as she worked her body over his. She was his—his captive, his submissive, his own personal sex slave, his mate...

Though it was difficult, he kept his hips as still as possible, making her give him pleasure and show her desire to please him. Her cries were growing in pitch, and he knew she was growing closer and closer to her orgasm. Each pistoning movement was accompanied by steadily stronger quivers of her cunt. Her body sucked at him, pulling, dragging him closer to their fulfillment.

“Take it,” he murmured to her. “Take my cum. Milk me and take it. Fuck me, slave. Fuck me hard, and show me what you want.”

“Mr. Smith,” she yowled into his neck. Her perspiration dampened his skin as she convulsed. Her body jerked as it clenched around him and she rocketed into her release.

Reaching down with both hands, he grabbed her hips and forced them up and down as her orgasm froze her. She gasped, her breaths catching with each inhalation. In a moment, her forceful plunges resumed though he could feel her reaction still rolling through her.

“Please,” she begged against him.

If she wanted him to stop, it wasn’t happening. His hand clapped down on her ass and she jerked then moaned. Oh, yeah, his Livvy liked a good spanking. In his sex-consumed state, he wondered what she’d think about his other tools. What would she think if he bent her over the study table and fucked her into the wood?

“Please,” she repeated. “Let me have your cum.”

“Livvy,” he groaned. Her words fisted around his balls. He jolted upward and grasped her hips tightly, holding her in place as he buried himself as deeply as he could. His eyes shut, and he gasped. His release poured from him, draining away years’ worth of need. The empty space was immediately refilled with desire for this woman, more intense than he’d ever felt for another. He’d often heard that men knew right away when they’d found the right woman, and he knew. In that moment, he vowed to never let her go as long as she was willing to stay with him.

They sank together in the chair. Though he would have liked to have stayed buried in her forever, or at least an hour, he pulled free. After adjusting his pants so the zipper wouldn’t dig into either of them, he arranged Livvy on his lap and pulled her skirt to cover her ass—his ass, he corrected. He’d been willing to share the view of it for the scene but no more. She curled into him, pressing her face into his shoulder. Carefully, he reached around her and unlocked the handcuffs. Immediately, she wrapped her arms around him.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

He lifted her chin with his fingers and kissed her tenderly. “I never imagined I’d find something as precious as you in a library.”

She laughed quietly. “Sometimes, the best treasures are found hidden away with the books. Look what I found.”

His lips covered hers again, and his tongue slipped inside her mouth. He needed to be inside her again, to physically connect, even if it was only orally. Clapping hands sounded nearby, filling him with annoyance. He frowned at the interloper. The middle-aged man dressed in pristine black leather looked to be a poser—totally new to the scene and trying too hard to fit in. Even more, he didn’t know enough not to interrupt a Dom and his sub, especially in the aftermath of an intense moment when intimacy was needed.

“What?” Colin growled.

The man ignored him and looked at Livvy. “Ms. McKinnion, I had no idea you had it in you,” he chuckled, the sound entirely mocking and none-too-friendly. It raised Colin’s hackles as the man leered. He obviously wanted to horn in on Colin’s territory.

“Todd,” Livvy gasped. Her eyes widened as the man’s arrival jerked her out of the warmth Colin had built around them.

Todd slapped his hands on his hips. “That’s ‘Sir’ to you. I’m a Dom around here.”

“*I* am the only one she calls Sir, *Todd*,” Colin interjected. “You’re intruding on a private encounter. Please leave.”

“Aren’t we all hoity-toity?” the interloper replied. “And it didn’t look private to me. You were fucking her in the middle of a public room.”

“You obviously don’t understand the club’s rules. Would you care to have a review set up? I’m sure it can be arranged.”

“I’m going,” Todd answered then smirked at Livvy. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Olivia.”

Chapter Seven

Olivia rubbed her temples, hoping to drive away the headache that had plagued her all day. After Todd had shown up last night and she'd explained that he was another of the library's employees, the mood between her and Colin had been shattered. They'd both thought it best for him to take her home. Though she'd hoped he'd stay the night, she hadn't known exactly how to ask since it was so early in their relationship. He'd kissed her tenderly at the door, lingering then seeing her safely into the house.

Restless and wishing she'd had more courage, she'd tossed and turned for hours. Why hadn't she asked him to stay? She'd been fearless enough to do a whole host of things—some of which she'd never dreamed of doing. Yet one little word, stay, had been stuck in her throat.

Lack of sleep was hitting her hard today—that plus stress. Todd had been skulking around her floor all day. He had no reason to be up here. He oversaw the children's and young adult sections on the second floor. And Colin had yet to make an appearance. Was it a coincidence that she'd had sex with him and he'd disappeared?

As the hour hand on the clock drew closer to five, she wondered how quickly she could get out of there tonight. She was going to go home and bury herself in flannel jammies, a thick blanket and a mountain of dark chocolate. She'd flip through the channels and see if she could find a reality show to make her feel better. Doubtful. At the moment, she was feeling like the biggest loser and not in a good way.

Geez, Olivia! Snap the hell out of this!

It had been a nice acquaintance and one date with Colin, not six months and an engagement. It had to be her headache and her uncertainty in the BDSM scene that had her

second guessing herself. It wasn't her nature. With moving so much as a kid, she'd learned to be strong and resilient.

"Olivia."

She didn't look up at the unwelcomed voice. "Go away, Todd."

"How dare you speak to me like that, slave."

Her head snapped up and she glared at him. In the past, he'd looked as harmless as Mr. Rogers in his everyday cardigan and canvas pants. Today, however, he'd taken on a hard edge she'd never seen, and she didn't appreciate it at all.

She rose from her chair, crossed her arms and glared down at his weasel-ey face from a full three inches taller—thanks to her high heels. "I'm only going to say this once. If you ever speak to me like that again, I swear I will kick your ass. I don't care who you think you are."

"Hmph," he replied, the sound trumpeting from his nose. "You're not well versed in the scene, are you? I could give you instruction. Obviously, you need it. You don't know enough to address a Dom properly and with deference."

"Oh..." She bit her lip and looked around. "Forgive me. I should have done this." Slowly, she lifted her hand in front of her. When he smiled, she lifted her middle finger and raised an eyebrow.

"Bitch. You'll be sorry," he growled. "When the library board learns what you do in your spare time—"

He was cut off by three chiming tones announcing the library's closing. Before he could restart his tirade, she gathered her purse and headed for the elevator. She hadn't had any patrons on this floor in over an hour.

"You'd better go down and clear out all the kids. Make sure they all treat you properly," she goaded as the doors opened, knowing he'd never do a thing to cast aspersions on his job performance.

He shoved her forward, and she stumbled into the conveyance. Her ankle twisted and she barely caught herself on the support railing. He stepped inside as the doors closed. Her brain scrambled for defense options as he stalked toward her. "Stay away from me!"

"Who's not so full of herself now?" He grabbed her arm as she raised it to protect herself. His fingers bit into her wrist. Lifting her foot, she drove her spiked heel into his foot. As he bellowed, she shoved him away. Her wrist wrenched but she tugged it free.

She grabbed her shoe and held it up as a weapon. Moving toward the control panel, she reached for the door-open button. Unfortunately, the elevator was already moving down. Someone must have called it, since neither of them had selected a floor.

“Listen to me,” she ordered in the deadly tone she used on recalcitrant teenagers. “I belong to Colin. No one touches me but him. Understand? No one, not without his permission.”

The elevator dinged, announcing the floor, and she shoved on her shoe. The doors had barely opened when she slid out and brushed back the waiting people. Without pausing, she rushed out to her car. It wasn’t until she was halfway there that she realized she’d forgotten her coat. There was no way she’d go back for it. Not and chance another encounter with Todd.

By the time she got home, she was shaking, her bones ached and her vision was blurring beneath the pain of her headache. She stumbled into the house and headed for the shower. The heat drove away the chill from outdoors, but she retained a bone-deep cold that had her shuddering beneath the blankets though she’d slipped on flannel pajamas.

Her eyes were drifting shut as someone pounded on her front door. Pushing her head further into her pillow, she drew the extra one over her head. “Go away,” she moaned. Hopefully, whoever it was would leave when she didn’t open the door.

When the knock came again minutes later, she pulled her cushions tighter around her head. She needed some sleep to get rid of this headache. Just moving that little bit made her stomach roil and she fought back her response.

“Livvy?”

She moved the pillows just enough to see him with one eye. “Colin...” she breathed.

“When you didn’t answer and I knew you were here... Are you okay? You didn’t lock the door.” He crossed to her bed and she thought he looked far too good to live. She felt like the dregs of the earth. She shuddered as he knelt beside the bed and his cool palm settled on her forehead.

“You’re burning up,” he exclaimed. “Did you take some meds?”

“Just a headache,” she moaned.

“It’s not. Don’t move. I’ll be right back,” he said, getting up.

“Not going anywhere,” she muttered. There was no chance she was moving, not with a spike driving through the center of her head. She was almost asleep when Colin returned. After

she sat up, he handed her pain relievers and a glass of water. He took it from her after she'd swallowed.

"How long have you felt poorly?" he asked gently, stroking her hair as she sank back into her pillows.

"Since this morning. Not enough sleep."

"I think it's more than..." he trailed off as he ran a hand over her arm. His thumb smoothed over her wrist. "I think it's more than that. A bit of a bug."

"Mmm..." she replied, wanting nothing more than the oblivion of sleep. She felt him rise and heard him moving around. When he left the room, regret filled her. She wished he would stay. Even more, she hated that she felt so bad. She wanted to be with him, to feel his strong arms around her.

Vaguely, she heard him return. A few moments later, a chill cooled the bare strip of skin revealed on her back by her hiked shirt and the movement of the blanket as he lifted it. Pure relief wrapped around her as Colin slid into the bed. Cradling her body, he held her. His large frame was so warm against her back, she was soon lulled into sleep.

Colin kissed the back of Livvy's damp neck, feeling helpless to do anything but hold her. He could have gone home, but he just couldn't leave her. Even though their plans for the night had been completely changed by this, he'd rather be at her side than anywhere else. If they were to have a relationship, she needed to know he cared about her for more than just sex and submission.

Closing his eyes, he forced himself to relax. Later, when she was sound asleep, he'd get up and do some work. Today had been a wash since he'd had to deal with non-writing issues all day. The stress had been draining so he could use a few hours of sleep.

"Colin?" Livvy asked quietly.

He stroked the hair back from her forehead and kissed her temple. "Sleep, love. I'm not going anywhere."

"Where were you today?"

"Family matters. My father is ill and my brother wants me to come home to deal with it." Hopefully, she wouldn't notice his wording. His father's illness was alcoholism. His brother wanted him to come home to get his father into rehabilitation after another drunk driving

accident. Thankfully, it had only involved the car, a tree and a ditch, but the problem was escalating.

“When are you going?” she murmured drowsily.

“I’m not. My brother can handle matters. I’ll fly back if the situation becomes dire. I also talked to the owner of *The Dungeon* today. We had lunch together and discussed your *friend*.”

She groaned. “He’s an ass.”

He couldn’t agree more. They lay in silence, their breathing meshing as they relaxed together. “Liv,” he finally said. “What happened to your wrist?”

Olivia didn’t answer, and as he waited, he heard a soft snore. His question would have to wait until the morning. He suspected he knew what had happened. Those bruises hadn’t been there yesterday, and he knew he hadn’t caused them which meant they had to have been sustained sometime today. They were clearly finger shaped, and as he’d examined them, rage had flared through him. It had taken all his control to rein it in. Sick as she was, she didn’t need him flying off the handle.

Still, the rage had barely subsided, and the desire to pummel her assailant boiled within him. Instinct told him it was Todd; his feelings for Livvy told him to protect her at all costs.

He’d gotten to know her these past months, and though she hadn’t known it, his affection for her had grown with each passing conversation. Now that they’d finally taken the next step, it was nothing less than his duty to protect her. He *was* her Dom, after all.

* * * *

Olivia smiled as she woke the next morning. A sensation of warmth and love cocooned her, filling her with well-being as she roused. Slowly, her awareness sharpened and she realized a solid form was curled behind her, his arm around her waist, his hand cupping her breast and his soft breath stirring the hair at the back of her neck.

Colin. She knew his feel without looking, and who else would it be, anyway? She vaguely remembered his arrival last night. She’d been so out of it. Her head and body still ached, but she felt better than she had last night. Thankfully, the freezing cold was gone. Instead, warmth filled her, fueled by her arousal and Colin’s body heat.

She wanted to turn over and kiss him, but instead she carefully slipped from the bed. She couldn’t even remember if she’d brushed her teeth last night. All she remembered was pain. If she was going to lock lips with her guy, she wanted minty not yucky.

Getting out of bed proved more difficult than she would have thought. Carefully, she slipped free of Colin, and instantly, regretted the loss of his heat. As soon as possible, she was cuddling back into his body—maybe, naked. She wasn't feeling *that* bad. She could manage sex. A giggle rose in her throat at the idea of sexual healing. Stifling the sound, she hurried into the bathroom to freshen up.

"What're you doing?" he muttered from the bed, just as she'd popped the toothbrush in her mouth.

Brushing, she peeked out at him. "Getting ready to kiss you," she said around toothpaste.

"Are you always this cheerful in the morning?"

Considering she'd woken up with a virile, sexy man in her bed...

"Yeah. Problem?" she asked then ducked back into the bathroom. She couldn't help grinning at the moan from the other room. The mattress creaked.

"Do you have a spare?" he asked as he leaned against the door frame, naked save for his briefs. She almost swallowed her toothpaste. Despite his hair standing up in places, he was breathtaking. She realized suddenly, that this was the first time she'd seen him without his clothes. He had a beautiful wide chest that tapered into narrow hips. Her gaze traced his prominent pecs and down his six pack to his smooth belly. A narrow strip of dark hair started beneath his navel and trailed to his pelvis where it widened dramatically just above where his waistband hid his cock. His arousal stirred as she stared. The flared head pushed against the cloth, clearly outlined by the soft fabric.

He laughed. "Liv? Toothbrush?"

"Huh?" Oh God, she was staring. Quickly, she turned and pulled open the drawer in the vanity. A moment later, she tossed him the package with the spare.

Leaning forward, he kissed her hair. "Thank you," he murmured. "You're good for a man's ego."

She felt a flush crawling up her cheeks. Gawking at him like a sex-starved spinster... Geez...

He brushed the back of his forefinger over jaw. "You should probably get back into bed, love."

Olivia did feel a bit weak, though she doubted it had anything to do with her illness. Finishing her brushing, she rinsed her mouth. Her eyes widened as she saw her bruised wrist in the mirror. Quickly dropping her arm, she inched it slightly behind her.

“We’re going to talk about that,” he said as she edged past him.

She almost asked what he was talking about, but thought better of it. They both knew full well what he meant.

“It’s not important.”

He scowled. “It is to me. Not only weren’t you feeling well, but he has no right to touch you. No one does. Even I wouldn’t without your permission. Consensual is one of the three main tenets of the lifestyle. Are you going to tell me you consented to being roughed up?”

“Of course, I didn’t,” she exclaimed indignantly.

Snaking a hand around her waist, he pulled her to his chest. His warm skin felt so good against her cheek. She breathed in his sleep-heated scent and wrapped her arms around his waist. It seemed so natural, as if he’d courted her and now they were a committed couple.

“When I spank, some of my implements might leave marks on your ass. Ropes or cuffs might leave marks, depending on how rough we get,” he offered, “but I’d never bruise you with my touch. It’s not how I operate.”

“Thank you, Sir.” She sighed, realizing she’d have to tell him what happened. “He did grab me. Shoved me... I stabbed him in the foot with my shoe.”

“I love your shoes,” he replied and she heard the grin in his voice. “Who is *he*?”

“It’s not important.”

Grasping her shoulders, he stepped back and pierced her with his gaze. “It’s important to me.”

She sighed again and dropped her head forward. “Todd.”

Silence followed, growing and vibrating with suppressed tension until she looked up at him. His face was set in granite, his skin taut over his jaw. “Get in bed. I’ll be right there.”

“I’m sorry—”

“It’s not you who should apologize.”

Releasing her, he turned to the sink.

“Colin...”

“Bed, Olivia.” His use of her given name shocked her into action. Damn Todd. He’d managed to wedge between them by displaying just what a jackass he could be.

With one last glance at Colin’s implacable face, she pivoted and marched to bed. Feeling like a petulant child, being punished, she huffed and climbed in. She pulled the covers up to her neck, crossed her arms over her chest beneath them and closed her eyes.

Colin chuckled as he returned to the room. “Don’t pout, Livvy. I’m not angry with you.”

“I’m not pouting,” she replied. “I’m sleeping.”

“Mm-hmm.”

She heard him leave the room. Shocked, she opened her eyes and propped herself up on an elbow as she stared at the door.

“Stay there,” he called.

With another exasperated gust of air, she flopped back on the pillows. “As you command,” she muttered.

“I heard that,” he said. Apparently, he hadn’t planned to go far.

She rolled her eyes. If he’d thought she was completely subservient, he didn’t know her well and he had another thing coming. “As you command, *Sir*.”

“I can see you’re feeling better.”

“It’s a good thing. I need to be into work in three hours.” Too bad, too. She would much prefer other things today. Things that would involve his naked chest against hers and his powerful arms and legs around her. A quiver went through her and she wondered if there was time before work for a little playing.

As if reading her mind, he lifted his hand and showed her a bag with similar markings to the box she’d found before their first date. “You left this on the porch last night. It was the first indicator that something was wrong.”

Her teeth sank into her bottom lip. “Sorry…”

His shoulder lifted. “You were sick.” He placed the bag on the floor beside the bed and sat beside her. “You have to be to work in three hours? How long will it take you to get ready?”

She shrugged. “About a half hour. I’m pretty no-fuss when it comes to that.”

“Good, we have an hour and a half then.”

She glanced at the clock, confused by his train of thought. “I know you’re a writer, but your math skills can’t be that bad.”

He chuckled. “Grab your things. You’re coming to my place.”

Chapter Eight

Olivia's mind was reeling. While she'd packed what she'd need, Colin had warmed up the car. He'd told her not to get dressed and had bundled her into the car while she'd worn her flannel pajamas and socks. On the way, she'd seen an envelope on the windshield of her car. He'd obliged her and let her grab it.

Be mine. 6:00.

C

She'd looked at him curiously. "I'll tell you later," he'd told her.

Now, as he carried her through his ostentatious house, she wondered when "later" would be. What did he mean by "be mine"? Her head tucked against his neck and her arms looped around his shoulders while he hefted her, his package and her things to his bedroom, she already felt like his.

He set her on her feet beside his black outfitted bed. Her small tote was tossed into a nearby chair while he set the gift bag beside the bed. Lifting her again, he settled her in the center of his soft bedding. Crawling over her, he straddled her.

"We could have done this at my place," she offered.

He shook his head. "Not really." He pressed two fingers over her lips. "No more talking. I have plans for you."

Her tongue flicked out over the pads of those digits. "I'm yours. As you command, Sir," she replied, this time serious in her reply.

His eyes darkened and he bent over. Gently, he kissed her. She moaned as his tongue swept inside to press against hers. She sucked him inside, hoping his plans included fucking her until she couldn't think. Though they were somewhat pressed for time, he seemed to be in no hurry as he leisurely explored her mouth, and she gave him complete access.

Her heart throbbed frantically by the time he moved away. Leaning over her, his cock pressed to her mound as he unbuttoned her shirt. As each opened, he kissed the revealed skin. Goose bumps raced down her limbs as she trembled under the attention. When he was midway, down her torso, he pushed aside the left side of her shirt and captured her nipple.

Olivia moaned and reached for him, but found her wrists trapped in his hands as he laved her peak. With continual suction, he pulled at the tip while pushing at the sensitive flesh with his tongue. The more he drew, the more cream flooded her pussy.

"Don't come," he ordered, just as she thought she couldn't take a bit more. "No coming today, unless I say so."

"I don't know if—"

"You can do it, Livvy." He finished unbuttoning her shirt. Laying it open, he bent to her other breast and offered the same attention as he had to the first. She writhed beneath him, grinding into his cock. Fiery lava pooled in her groin. It seemed to seep into her thighs, warming her whole lower half.

The tip of his tongue traced her areola, swirling ever closer to her peak until he nipped at her and abraded the puckered skin with his teeth. She jerked as it sent a bolt through and shoved her closer to the forbidden release.

Sitting up, he pulled one of her arms free of the pajama sleeve. His fingers trailed along the sensitive skin, lingering on her inner elbow and the inside of her wrist. He pressed his lips to her wrist, and gently suckled on the delicate skin while his eyes held hers. Her eyes widened as he lifted the arm above her head. A fur-lined, leather cuff, attached by a chain to the headboard, closed around her wrist.

Without hesitation, he removed her shirt from the other arm and pulled it from beneath her. As the garment sailed across the room, he dragged his fingertips along her other arm to the bruised flesh of her wrist. Gently, he kissed the darkened skin, touching and flicking his tongue against each portion as if his mouth could heal the damage. She closed her eyes and arched into him as the tender eroticism sank through her.

Moments later, her second hand was bound and he moved down her body. Inch by inch, he eased down the elastic band of her pants. His mouth followed the path as her pussy was revealed. He kissed her mons then drew his tongue along her seam, but didn't prolong the attention. Pushing the clothing below her knees, he bent her legs. His lips etched an invisible trail of possession up each thigh while his hands grasped her knees and held them open.

"Please, Mr. Smith," she begged, the sound of that address pushing the tension of release higher. Knowing she couldn't come the second he touched her pussy, she grappled for control.

"Who do you belong to?" he rasped.

Dazed, she stared at him. "You," she breathed, realizing Todd's attack had disturbed him more than he'd let on.

His finger slid into her slit, scrubbing across her clit before finding her opening and slowly sinking inside. "And whose pussy is this?"

"Yours," she gasped, jutting her hips into his touch. "Yours, Mr. Smith."

"Who decides if you come?"

"You do. Please, let me come," she begged. Her body prickled with heat as a fine sweat broke across her skin. Her belly undulated as she worked against his hand.

"Not yet."

She blinked at him as he got off the end of the bed. He yanked off her pants and socks and tossed them aside. Grasping her ankle, he pulled it toward the edge of the bed. A leather shackle fastened around it. He went to the other side of the bed and repeated the action with the other leg.

If she didn't trust him, she would have been terrified. Her legs were spread eagle, her arms were pulled above her head and bound and she was at his mercy.

Standing at the end of the bed, he watched her as he unbuttoned his dress shirt then dropped it on the mattress. Her back arched as strands of pleasure spiraled through her. Soon. He'd take her soon. Her channel flexed with need, another flow of cream seeping down.

She moaned as he opened his pants and they dropped from his slim hips, leaving him in only his briefs. His thumbs hooked in the elastic and he pushed them down his thickly muscled thighs. He was the picture of healthy perfection with strength emanating from his powerful frame—and he wanted her. *Be mine*, he'd said. *His. He was staking his claim.*

Circling the bed, he snagged the gift bag and sat beside her. He reached inside and brought out a small box. "I opened everything and prepared it ahead of time," he told her. Inside, cradled in a bed of satin was a pair of square nipple clamps formed by two bars and two screws each. She remembered the pain then pleasure of the clamps from *The Dungeon* and wondered if these would be similar.

Her breathing accelerated as she watched him. The metal was cool as he set the fully open clamps around her erect nipples. Slowly, he tightened the screws on the one closest to him. She cried out as a dull but increasing pain throbbed from the tip. Before she could react, he tightened the other. Her head swayed from side to side as the sensation crept along her breasts. Her womb tightened then her cunt. He drew his finger lightly over one tip.

"I'll loosen these a bit later. You'll wear them all day as a reminder of my hands on you."

"Please...I don't think I can..." Her body quivered as pleasure prickled through her. She longed to press her thighs together and stave off some of the sensation raking over her. Spread out like this, she was helpless but to succumb.

He brought out a ball gag much like the one he'd used on her in the restaurant. She moaned as he put it on her, and was shocked when it amplified the sound.

"Like that?" he asked. "You won't be able to speak or stave off your orgasm by biting yourself, but I'll hear all your sweet sounds."

"No..." she begged, but the plea came out as a low mournful groan.

"I thought you'd appreciate that," he replied and she glared at him. Finally, he produced a vibrator and tossed the bag aside. "Remember what I said. No coming. I'm going to go shower, but I'll be able to hear you."

She shot him a "what the fuck" look.

"I have big plans for tonight. You need to be on edge," he said simply as if he didn't have a huge erection, bobbing at her hip. Her meaningful glance was sidetracked by the tip of the dildo breaching her slit and lodging just inside her. She dropped her head back at the sensation, pointlessly making a sound of protest. It didn't matter. They both knew she wanted it.

She closed her eyes, her head rocking from side to side as he worked the toy deep inside. She gasped when he flicked on the switch and the shaft began a slow rotation against her g-spot. The clitoral stimulator vibrated against the over-aroused nub. Her teeth sank into the rubber ball between her teeth. Her cry exploded across the room.

“No!” she frantically begged Colin as he rose, the word once more unintelligible. She couldn’t hold off her orgasm like this. Ignoring her, he fastened elastic straps around her thighs to keep the vibe in place. He grabbed his shirt from the end of the bed and draped it over her face. It blocked out her vision, but even more, his scent filled her every breath. She heard him stride into the bathroom and the sink started—a death knell to her hope that he was joking.

Did he know what he’d done by putting his shirt over her? Of course, he did. Each breath was torture as his essence taunted her with the lack of his presence yet the reminder of what it was like to have him nearby. Over her. Driving into her.

No, no, no... She needed to stop thinking like this. But she needed him to fuck her. She’d needed it for hours. She’d needed it yesterday before she’d been ill. Why was he teasing her like this?

Sweat beaded her forehead as she steeled herself against the vortex twisting relentlessly in her core, drawing tighter and tighter. It threatened explosion and she felt the beginning impulses threading down her thighs. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes. She blinked them away. Breathing heavily, she focused on the intense pleasure arcing over her...through her...around her.

That only made things worse and her channel started to clench on the vibrator’s shaft.

No, don’t come, she desperately thought, another moan rolling through her. She needed it so badly. *Don’t think about it... Think about something else. Books. Think about books. Okay... Moby Dick—oh, God, a dick. Please a big one—Stop. Pride and Prejudice... Little Women... Jane Eyre—to err is human. Surely, he won’t be pissed if I come.* Fisting her fingers, she tried to stave off the idea and stop every thought from turning to sex. *The Crucible...bondage and BDSM implements. No. The Scarlet Letter. Sex. Romeo and Juliet. Forbidden sex. Three Musketeers. Sex, sex, sex...sex and swords. Driving. Plunging. Tarzan—jungle sex with a wild man. Colin should be wild like that. Tie me up. Drive his cock in and out of my cunt until I’m screaming in orgasm.*

From the bathroom, Colin drew a razor over his face while he ran a lazy hand over his engorged cock. He had no intention of leaving this house without fucking Livvy into her forbidden orgasm—one orgasm that wouldn’t be enough to take off her edge before they went to *The Dungeon*. One orgasm that would give him an excuse to “punish” her—though they’d soon

need to discuss pain for play and punishment itself. Truly, he preferred reproof by spanking or other disciplinary measures. Tonight, wouldn't really be about that.

His cock leaked at the thought of the sexual games they played. Livvy was the ideal partner. Willing, enthusiastic and trusting. She liked some pain and especially discipline. It played perfectly into his dominant nature and his ability to give pleasure through punishment.

Her moans from the bedroom were driving him to the edge of his own release. She wouldn't hold out much longer. Quickly, he finished his shaving. As he wiped away the shaving cream, a sharp cry echoed from the bedroom and he knew he'd better move it. His intention wasn't to set her up to fail. When she "failed", his cock would be inside her.

Livvy's head rocked back and forth. The shirt had slipped to the side, and her eyes were squeezed shut as the dildo moved into the part of its program where it thrust into her, very much like he would in a moment. She was retreating into herself to control the moment.

They couldn't have that.

She startled as he climbed onto the bed and licked a path from her navel to her sternum. Her exertion tasted good. Turning his head, he lightly bit the side of her breast.

Her wide eyes told him he had her attention now. "You want to come?"

She nodded frantically then whimpered as he removed the dildo. He tossed it to the floor without thought then removed the gag. "Whose pussy is this?"

"Yours," she groaned as he pushed forward. Her cunt was like a vise around his cock—a wet, silky, vise. He wouldn't last long.

"Who do you come for?"

"You...*Sir*. Please." She tremored around him, almost there.

He dipped his head beside hers, his hips thrusting hard and his groin connecting with her clit. "Whose cock are you going to milk?"

Livvy screamed, plummeting over the edge, her limbs straining as she convulsed into him. She clamped around him, so tightly, he could barely move.

"Colin," she moaned, a sure sign that she'd fully lost control. His name pushed through his body like a storm, dragging away all vestiges of his discipline. With a strangled grunt, his cum gushed from him.

"Call in late to work," he murmured when he'd gathered himself. They lay in a tangle—mostly him tangled in her. Carefully, he disengaged himself from her still clenched pussy. She

wanted more, but it would need to wait. Tonight, when they returned to bed, he'd fuck her until they both collapsed and they couldn't manage another release until they'd both rested a few hours.

"Can't," she whispered. She turned her head and kissed his ear. "I'm a little tied up."

"I can fix that." He reached up to unfasten the cuffs. Olivia ducked her head and caught his nipple in her mouth. With a strangled growl, he abandoned his task and buried his fingers in her hair. His cock stirred. "Livvy..." he sighed.

"Please, Sir. I want some more," she laughed against his chest.

"You're a naughty baggage, aren't you," he chuckled. Reaching up again, he finished releasing her then scooted down the bed and opened the shackles. She immediately drew up her limbs, curling up and looking at him.

"You didn't say I could come," she said.

"But you did."

"I suppose I'll have to be punished."

"You don't look or sound worried about that." In fact, she appeared rather pleased with herself.

"I'm not. I don't think you'll do anything to harm me—bring pain...?" She shrugged. "Maybe. But harm? No. Pain is part of our game, right?"

"Yes..." he replied, her use of the word "game" giving him pause. Did she consider this a brief episode? A diversion while he was in town?

She smiled up at him. "I need a phone, and...I think your dildo is going to fuck a hole in the carpet."

He glanced down at the eager thing pumping away like crazy. Hopefully, he wasn't working away at nothing himself.

Chapter Nine

Having near perfect attendance to work had its benefits. Her boss never questioned her need to come in late. And by the time she would normally have been heading to the library, she and Colin were on the way to *The Dungeon*.

“Are you feeling okay?” he asked.

She nodded, wondering what she was in for. He’d been tense and quiet since before they’d showered together while they’d been getting ready. “Whatever it was, it’s passed now. I feel fine.”

“Good.” I want you to have your full strength.”

Fear roiled in her stomach. No matter how much she trusted him, the unknown frightened her. She knew Colin wouldn’t do anything that would be detrimental, though she might bear marks for a short period of time, but she wondered about her endurance level. How much could she take? How far would he push her?

“It’s the whip, right?” she asked.

He appeared surprised that she knew. “Syb told you?”

She nodded.

“I’ve used the whip since I was nineteen. Fourteen years now. I’m very accurate.”

Pushing at her fingernail, she didn’t look at him. “So you’ll have perfect aim for my ass?”

“Or your thighs.”

The skin there twitched as she imagined a lash across them. “That’s why you wanted me sexually on edge?”

“It helps. Livvy, you have to understand, if you say no, it’s no. I’ll stop.”

“But you’ll be disappointed?”

“Yes,” he said simply. His tone indicated nothing.

“This is something you want sexually?” she ventured. She understood that the submissive’s behavior was often the key to the Dom’s pleasure. D/s was often a give and take of pain. He might hold the whip, but she held the power for his fulfillment or lack thereof.

“You think I’m a deviant.”

She laughed. “Yes. But so am I, I guess. That’s between us. Human predilections have traveled these paths for eons. It’s a subculture people never talked about. And the punishment part used to be readily accepted in society—though the pleasure component wasn’t a given.”

“Sometimes you stun me,” he said quietly, squeezing her hand.

“I read a lot.” She looked out the window as they entered the club’s underground parking lot. “It doesn’t mean I’m not frightened.”

“I’ll always take care of you.”

“I know.” After he’d freed her earlier, he’d carefully rubbed lotion into all of the places where she’d been restrained. He’d been meticulous in determining if she’d strained any muscles. Before they’d left the club that first night, he’d done the same.

Colin came around the car and handed her out. Together, they walked to the underground main entrance. A man with dark, mussed hair met them. He unlocked the door and let them inside. It was then that she realized that a special concession was being made for them to be here this early. Colin must have called while he was warming up the car earlier.

“Rob,” Colin said and they shared a stiff man-hug. “Thanks. I appreciate it.”

“No problem. I understand. I don’t know what I’d do if I didn’t have my own playroom at home. Jenna and I would spend a whole lot more time here.”

“As soon as I get a place...” Colin alluded. “Rob, this is Olivia. Livvy, this is Rob Colvin. He owns *The Dungeon*.”

They exchanged pleasantries then Rob handed Colin a key on a diamond shaped, gold key ring that reminded her of old-time hotel keys. “Your usual room,” he said. “I’ll be in my office, just ring if you need anything. Good to meet you, Olivia. I hope to see you again soon.”

He headed away while Colin led her in the other direction across the entry. It looked a lot like the lobby of a health club with a main desk, a drink bar, tables and seating that overlooked a darkened glassed-in area. Right now, it seemed as if Rob had gone to great lengths to make the place look like anything but a sex club, but what would it look like during business hours?

They took the elevator to the fourth floor, but walked past the “library” where they’d had their first scene here. At the end of the passage was a set of double doors with a key reader beside it. Colin waved the gold diamond of the keychain before it. The door clicked open. Motion activated lights flickered on as they entered. He didn’t pause until they reached the last door on the passage.

Olivia’s stomach was in knots. With each step, she grew more and more tense and worried about what would happen. She was so tense that when he opened and held the door, she hesitated before entering. The pause did not go unnoticed. Colin’s brows drew together, but he didn’t say a word once she stepped through.

The door banged shut with all the thunder of a dungeon sealing in its prisoners. Though it was a psychological ploy, she started to shake in the darkness. She felt every bit the captive. Colin pulled her roughly to him, her blouse ripped as he yanked it open. Yanking down her bra, he squeezed her breasts then twisted the clamps still holding the tips.

She cried out as fire lit through her.

“You’re mine now, slave,” he growled. “I’ll show you who your master is.”

“No,” she begged, falling immediately into the role-playing. She fought him as he tore off her shirt, not really caring that he’d shredded her favorite top.

“Your safe word is ‘bicycle’, Livvy. It’s the only word that will make me stop.” He squeezed her breast roughly. “Understand.”

“Yes,” she cried. “Please don’t do this,” she continued, falling back into it. She struggled with all her might to get away, knowing Colin was far stronger, and she’d never win. Her shoes came off in the battle and put her at even more of a disadvantage.

“You’ve been disobedient.”

“No, I haven’t. I’ve done everything you’ve said.” God, she never realized how arousing something like this could be.

“Have you? Yet, even now you fight.”

She twisted away, and he released her. She stumbled backward. Cold metal glided across her back and clanged together as she ran into it. She blinked as Colin flicked on the low lights and revealed the Spartan, gray-stoned room housing his disciplinary gear.

A shocking thrill spiked through her. She backed away, grabbing the manacles and chains she'd run into and swinging them at him. He caught them with one swoop of his hand and circled her wrist with the other. He yanked her hard to him.

"There's no escaping now," he growled. He gave her no quarter as he fastened the manacles to the wall. Going to the wall he pressed the switch that drew the chains upward. Slowly, irrevocably, her arms were forced over her head. He didn't stop the machine until her heels were an inch from the floor.

Arms crossed, he circled her. His face was implacable, his jaw hard. Despite her earlier fear, unbelievable arousal flooded her. If it had been anyone but him, she was sure she would have been terrified. But not with him.

Suddenly, he yanked off her skirt. The button in the back popped, plinking across the stone floor. Then she stood in only her panties and bra. He stopped before her, studying her.

"You're my prisoner now. You've heard what I do to my slaves?"

"Please...no..."

He flicked open the front closure of her bra. Since it was trapped on her arms, he snapped the straps and tossed it away as the flotsam it now was. His mouth came down on her nipple. He licked around the crinkled tan skin, avoiding the clamped tip. She groaned as his teeth sank into her exposed areola.

Needing to be closer, she grasped the chains and lifted her legs. She wrapped them around him. Her pelvis ground into him as he turned his attention to the inside curve of her breast. He sucked hard while she arched into him.

"Mine," he grated.

"I belong to myself," she insisted.

"Not anymore." He pulled open his pants, fingered aside her panties and drove into her pussy with no preamble. Grasping her hips, he drove into her hard. His fingers dug into her skin as he pistoned in and out of her as fast as an out of control train.

"My cunt," he grunted. His hands slid to her ass. One of them smacked hard. "My ass."

"No. Mine," she insisted, knowing her denials were driving them both further along the path of no return.

He bit her shoulder and she screamed, her channel convulsing around him. He chose that moment to pull free. "Bad slaves get no release," he decreed.

“No,” she wailed. She needed him. Her whole body vibrated with need.

But Colin zipped his black jeans. He yanked his polo shirt over his head and tossed it aside. His back muscles rippled as he walked to the implements on the wall. Her heart stuttered when she saw what he picked up. It was far larger than she’d imagined.

She took a deep breath, determined it would be okay. Syb had said it would be. So had Colin. Still, she eyed the whip with wide eyes.

“Olivia,” he said in a hard voice.

“Yes, Mr. Smith,”

“Do you remember your safe word?”

She nodded.

“Say it. Out loud so I know you remember.”

“Bicycle.”

Without a word, he picked up a bar that appeared to be at least a foot and a half in length, maybe longer, and a pair of shackles. He dropped the whip at her feet then moved behind her. She flinched when he tapped her ass with the bar.

“This isn’t for punishing you, slave.” Crouching he grasped her ankle and secured it in one of the shackles clipped in to the bar then repeated it with the other foot. It didn’t occur to her until afterward that perhaps she should have fought, especially when he sank his teeth into her ass. “Or perhaps it is,” he continued. “With your legs wide open like this, I have total access and you’re completely at my mercy.”

She shuddered as he hooked the bar into a recessed ring in the floor.

“You slaves never appreciate it,” he growled scooping up the whip and sinking completely into character once more. “But a whipping takes absolute aim. You’re always squirming and trying to get away. Can’t have that, now can we?” he asked as he wrapped the whip around his arm then drew the tail along her belly.

“No, Sir,” she managed. “Please...I’ll be good. Let you fuck me whenever you want.”

“You’ll do that anyway. You’re mine.”

“No,” she protested. Her eyes never left the black leather whip. It would sting like hell. But nothing short of death would make her say the safe word right now. A streak of adventure she’d thought killed by her vagabond childhood was alive and well and goading her forward.

So was her need to please Colin. Her love for him was growing with every moment of prep he was giving her. Despite the rough role-play words, she could tell he was trying to put her at ease and make sure she was ready.

“Still arguing? Shall I prove who’s master?”

She shook her head.

Ignoring her, he pushed her panties down her legs. The stretchy fabric pulled tight between her knees as the whip handle scraped down her thigh. She felt so damn naughty. Exposed. Loved.

That jolted her. When had she started to love him? When had this feeling grown? Before they’d even gone out the first time. When he’d gotten to know her and protected her and starred in her fantasy—fantasy was nothing compared to the real thing.

His palm flattened on her belly and slid down to her pussy. He parted her with his fingers then easily drove two into her sopping passage. “You can’t convince me I don’t own this channel and all its honey.”

Helpless, she tried to jerk her hips into his touch, searching for the release he so insidiously, repeatedly denied.

“No. Not yet,” he rasped. Stepping away, he swung the whip through the air. It cracked with such ferocity, she cried out though it didn’t touch her flesh. He moved in front of her and lifted the end of the tail. “Kiss the tip, slave. Perhaps it will lessen the sting.”

Caught up in his commands, she bent her head forward and touched her mouth to the soft leather. Colin cupped the back of her head and covered her lips with his. His tongue drove into her mouth past the leather tail between them.

“Four strokes tonight,” he said, stepping away.

Her fingers fisted above the manacles as tension flooded back into her. The crack echoed through the room and she screamed as a stripe of fire slashed across her ass. Her body shook. She couldn’t do this. She had to stop.

“Whose slave are you?” he demanded.

“No one’s,” she sobbed.

He did the second lash quickly, the whistle and crack of the leather seeming ear-shattering before it struck. It landed along her ass, crossing the first mark.

“Whose?”

“No one’s,” she repeated. The fire spread, fingering out over the untouched flesh and licking into her cunt. How could it morph to something good? Her eyes rolled back as surprising prickles of satisfaction and ecstasy crept deep into her core. Pleasing him sent insane bliss through her—a bliss she could never have explained. When the third lash slapped her thighs, she moaned. The shock of pain was nothing like the first. When the fourth came, crisscrossing the first on her thighs, she almost asked for another.

Colin grabbed her hair and drew back her head. “Whose?”

“Yours,” she cried. “Yours. Please take me now!”

The whip was tossed across the room. He released her ankles and wrists then her manacles. “On your knees,” he ordered and walked away. Weakly, she pushed off the panties binding her knees then went to the position he’d commanded, her body on fire from the lash and her need of him. Mixed with it was the satisfaction that she’d weathered his whip and pleased him. She flinched as her ass met her heels. Covertly, she touched the two long welts on her rear with her fingers as she held her hands submissively at her back.

Her pussy was dripping and her nipples were so taut she feared she might pop off the clamps though they were on tightly. She still needed him to take her, and she feared she might be addicted to him. Her Dom. Her Master. Her Mr. Smith.

“You promise to be mine?” he said, coming back.

“Yes, Mr. Smith.”

“Please look at me, and use my given name.”

Lifting her gaze from the gray floor, she looked up into his all-consuming stare. “Colin,” she said. “I belong to you.”

Strange tenderness filled Colin as he observed her. This was his woman, and he couldn’t wait to claim her with more than these words. Sitting behind her, he pulled her into his lap, careful of her lash marks. He set down the tub of balm he’d just gone to get. After a moment, he’d have to apply it. Aftercare was important, but so was interpersonal connection—especially in a bonded relationship. “You’re the most amazing woman I’ve ever known.”

She snuggled into him. “It wasn’t so bad.”

“I want to make love to you, but this isn’t the place.”

“If you don’t soon, I might have to find a new guy to take care of this sexual need you keep leaving me with.”

Though he knew she teased him, his heart jolted and his world went sideways.

“Over my dead body,” he exclaimed. He wasn’t giving her up anytime soon. He surged to feet, with her over his shoulder, scooped up the balm and headed for the door. “There’s no one besides Rob in the building. We’ll use the library.”

It was the perfect place for them, surrounded by books. He set her on the sofa in the center of the room and came down over her. Her soft body cradled him, and she wrapped her arms around his shoulders.

“Finally,” she murmured, and he chuckled. This time, there’d be no stopping before they were both sated.

He kissed her neck. “Let me up, love. I want to be naked with you.”

“Come right back.”

“I will. I promise.”

Quickly, he shucked off his pants, shoes and socks. Sitting beside her, he reached for her nipple clamps. “These off, too.”

Air hissed through her teeth as blood rushed into the tips. She held out her arms, and he went into them, again struck by the feeling that he’d been blessed with the perfect woman. He’d cross oceans for her. Her thighs cradled him, holding him where he wanted to be. She was home.

With her, his mind cleared. He’d been divided between lands for too long, unsure where he wanted to end up. His hand brushed back the hair from her face as he gazed at the woman who’d be most cherished in his life.

She canted her hips into him, her damp need grazing his cock. “Please...” she begged.

“As you command, love,” he whispered. Slowly, he sank into her damp passage, allowing himself to feel the completeness he’d denied himself until now. There would be no rush. Not this time. He wouldn’t pull away until they were both good and ready.

Livvy lifted her legs around him and as he ran his hands over her, he felt the welts from the whip. She hummed low in her throat and grinned triumphantly as he touched the marks. How had he gotten so lucky?

His hips pistoned rhythmically, while he stroked her body. He kissed her throat, tasting the clean perspiration that had erupted during their session. She tasted like heaven. She gasped

when he took a nipple between his lips. Gently, he laved, again taken by that feeling of tenderness. He needed this part of their life to be as full as the BDSM portion. He needed affection and togetherness. Livvy offered everything he wanted. With her, he was complete. His eyes grew damp, and he hid his face in her neck as they searched for fulfillment.

“Colin,” she cried. Her sweet passage closed around his cock, driving him to completion. Her fingers dug into his shoulders as she too found her release—the first of many before they left *The Dungeon’s* library.

Chapter Ten

Shifting in her seat, Olivia tried to ignore the soreness where her ass and thighs rested on her desk chair. After their session with the whip, Colin had made love to her for over an hour, adoring every inch of her body, including the stripes he'd left on her behind. Before they'd left, he'd smoothed a tingly balm onto the affected area. It contained lanocaine, but now, four hours later, it was wearing off.

Leaving had been an adventure. With her clothing all but destroyed, she'd worn her unfastened skirt and Colin's shirt. He'd gone bare chested. The two of them looked like a pair of refugees pulling into her driveway. Thankfully, no one had been around. She'd gotten dressed in new clothes while he'd promised a shopping spree to replace the items he'd destroyed.

Something had changed during that afternoon, and she wasn't sure what. Perhaps it was successfully meeting the whip. She suspected that was only part of it. They'd forged a connection, something that surprised her since she'd spent her life *not* connecting with people out of self preservation. Why bother when she'd only be moving on soon? Yet, this time, it was Colin who'd be moving on, and that scared her. He'd worked his way beyond the protective barrier she'd always kept around herself. She wasn't sure how she'd cope with that. But...she might have to cope anyway. It wasn't as if he'd made any commitments to her.

He was protective though. He'd insisted that he'd work at the library all day. After the Todd incident, he wasn't willing to leave her alone—not until the man had been dealt with. Rob had expelled him from the club, but there were still the work issues. How to handle them wasn't immediately apparent.

Thankfully, Todd was making himself scarce. Perhaps her shoe jabbing into his foot had sent home a message yesterday. Probably not, but she could always hope. She ran her four-inch Manolo heel along her calf. If he came back, she was ready.

Eyeing the cart of books to be re-shelved, she rose. Her eyes closed briefly, and she took a deep breath as her skirt rubbed against her lower half. Her skin was overly sensitive and though she'd worn a soft wool skirt with an even softer silk lining, the slide of fabric made her shudder and sent goose bumps careening up her body. She ached, but even more, it was a sensual reminder of the very naughty things they'd done earlier.

Her body was already ramping up to be with him again. She'd never been in such a state of constant sexual agitation. A feeling she both enjoyed and found distracting.

Work... She had to work, she reminded herself before she wandered too far down the mental path that included Colin and sex and little else. Ignoring the cart for now, she scooped up a few titles from her desk. These needed to be replaced in the back research repository. She'd do that first before they mysteriously walked away and were found on the wrong floor.

The first were housed on shelves to the front of the section, while the last one—a book Colin had used for research—went all the way to a cubby in the back. She was searching for its space when a body crowded in behind her. A large hand ran along her leg while another splayed low on her belly, pressing her to an obvious arousal.

“How are you feeling?” Colin asked quietly, bending close to her ear.

She leaned back her head, letting it rest on his shoulder as his hand explored upward and moved toward her breast. He brushed his fingertips over her sensitive nipple, sending a flow of moisture to her panties. She bit her lip. The man managed to keep her constantly wet. Another trait she'd never found in another guy. Colin knew just how to hit all her hotspots, no matter how inappropriate the location.

They shouldn't indulge in even this little bit of private interaction here, but she allowed the intimacy to take her. Just being close to him warmed and settled her soul. She had no idea how long this thing would last between them. She'd take what she could.

She moaned quietly as his thumb skated along her thigh. “Not as bad as I would have thought. A little achy.”

“I should put more salve on you. Did you take some pain relievers?”

She shook her head, her body melting under his touch.

“You should.” He kissed her hair and stepped back. His hands fell away as she straightened. Hearing footsteps, she reached up and placed the book she’d been holding.

“Well, well... What’s this?”

Turning, she glared at Todd. “Lost again?”

“Funny. The director is looking for you.” He smirked. “I’m sure she wouldn’t appreciate this. Making out on the job, Olivia. I never would have thought it of you.”

Rage shot through her, but long years of self control kept it reined in. “I don’t—what did you so crudely call it?—*make out* on the job. I also don’t attack my coworkers and leave bruises on them.”

“The broken bone in my foot says otherwise,” he retorted. “Besides, anyone who knows about your lifestyle would think *he* bruised you. Don’t go blaming that on me.”

Colin seemed to grow several feet beside her. He took a step toward Todd, stopping when Olivia placed a hand on his arm. His face draining of color, Todd moved backward.

“And just *who* knows about Olivia’s private life?” Colin demanded.

Todd shook his head. “Stay away from me!”

Limping slightly, he scurried away while Colin turned to her. “Are you all right?”

She snorted. “It would take more than that worm to worry me. I’m sure the Director just wants to talk to me about this morning.”

Cupping the side of her face, Colin kissed her. She sank into him, enjoying his rapid possession.

“Come see me in my room when you take break. I’ll take care of your behind,” he told her. With a final caress, he headed back to the main research area. She leaned back against the shelf, touching her lips. She wasn’t as confident about her boss as she’d portrayed. What would she do if she was forbidden to see him because he was a patron?

Deciding it was best to face the lion immediately, she headed for the administration offices on the first floor. Dread dogged her. She hadn’t exactly been behaving appropriately at work. Would they call her extracurricular activities into question? It wasn’t anyone’s business, but Olivia didn’t know if she’d be able to fight the small library system if they took umbrage at what she did privately.

Madison Spence, the library director, greeted Olivia warmly as she entered then directed her to take a seat.

“I suspect you wonder why I’ve called you in,” she started. She placed her arms in the desk and leaned forward. “It’s come to my attention that you’ve begun a relationship with one of the patrons leasing space in your area, a…” she glanced at the notebook beside her blotter, “Colin Smith.”

Olivia nodded. Here it came. The directive to end things.

“Did he approach you?” Madison asked.

“Yes.” Was there a rule against dating someone who used the library? That could eliminate half the population.

The director shook her head and sighed. “I don’t care that you’re dating him, but I received a complaint. Someone citing inappropriate behavior—”

“Someone who’s an employee? In the children’s section?” Olivia asked sharply. She closed her eyes and rubbed two fingers across the center of her forehead. “I’m sorry. He’s been causing me problems.”

“What sort?” Madison asked, her tone a little too bland. She scooted her notebook closer and lifted the gold Cross pen the staff had given her for her fifteen year anniversary with the library earlier that year.

“He saw Colin and I out on a date, and now he feels he should have proprietary access to me. It was personal interaction, and none of his business.”

“That sounds as if he saw you having sex—Jesus, Olivia!” she swore when Olivia avoided her gaze. Shaking her head, she opened her top desk drawer and pulled out a bottle of antacids. “Go into library science, they said. No stress.” She popped two of the tabs in her mouth. “*How* is Todd acting inappropriately?”

“He grabbed me yesterday in the elevator.”

“What time?” She jotted on her paper.

“Closing. Right after the alert sounded. I didn’t have any patrons remaining on my floor.”

“All righty then. You all do realize the board had security cameras installed all over the library last summer, right? No? Well, that must be one of the only secrets about this place. It’s a regular soap opera lately. I’ll take care of this.” She smiled. “And behave. We’re watching you,” she added darkly.

* * * *

The rest of the day passed in a blur of wondering where the hell the cameras were and exactly who was watching—and what had they seen. When she'd broken the news to Colin, he'd been none-too-pleased. They'd decided any intimacies would have to wait until after work. By unspoken decision, Colin was coming to her house that evening, and she suspected he might just sleep over. Neither of them seemed inclined to part.

They were halfway home when his cell phone rang. While he spoke in a quiet voice, she couldn't miss his half of the conversation. Something about "father" and the "A and E". She knew from reading that in the UK, the A and E was the same as the American ER. Whatever was happening, it wasn't good, and tension rolled off Colin in waves.

She stared out the window and tried to give him privacy. But she couldn't miss when he said, "All right. I'll be there." She had no doubt Colin was going home, and this was turning into a cruddy day. Yesterday, he'd said his father was ill. She hoped he hadn't taken a turn for the worse. She wondered if he'd tell her what was happening. He seemed rife with the British belief of privacy and bottling up. It wasn't a bad quality to have, but she'd like her lover to be open with her.

To her surprise, he swore when he hung up the phone. "Bloody hell! Bloody damn hell!" He pulled into her driveway and stared at the garage while he gripped the steering wheel. After a moment of seething silence, she figured he was waiting for her to get out of the car. She reached for the door handle, but he grabbed her arm. "Wait."

"What is it?" she asked, taking his hand and threading her fingers through his.

"My father. He's on a bit of a...bender. Drinking binges. Driving. He's jolly well cocked up things. Two accidents in two days. Who bloody well does that? And now he's at the A and E in serious condition. I need to get home." He shook his head. "I need to catch a flight out tonight. I'm sorry. I want to stay here with you."

"But it's your father."

"I'm worried about you and Todd."

She shrugged. "I'm a big girl. I've been taking care of myself for twenty-eight years. I think I can manage. Besides, someday, you'll go home to the UK."

His brow furrowed and he stared at her, his eyes troubled. He shook his head. "We need to talk about this, but I have two hours to get my things and clear customs to catch the flight my brother booked for me."

She forced a smile, feeling as if this was a forever goodbye. “Call me?”

“I’ll do more than call. You belong to me, remember? I’m coming back to you. Wait for me.”

She sniffled, overwhelmed by his declaration. “Yes, Mr. Smith. As you command.”

And he kissed her, staking his claim and, silently, telling her to believe him. At least, that’s how she took it. But she still had to hold back tears when she entered her house, alone, with no prospect of seeing him for an indefinite time to come.

* * * *

Colin’s jaw clenched as he stared at his brother ten hours later. They’d lied. They’d all lied. Just to get him here and coerce him into following the family plan. His father, while deep into his cups once more, wasn’t injured, wasn’t in the hospital and he jolly well wasn’t in any legal trouble, either.

“You lied to me,” he growled.

“We need you here. Mum misses you. Grandfather still wants you to join his office staff to learn the political ropes.”

“I’m a writer. *Why* would I want to do that? I don’t even live here anymore. I’m moving permanently to the States.” He’d decided that on the plane when he’d felt as if he were leaving behind his heart. He’d sent Olivia a text message, letting her know he’d landed. She’d still been awake and had called then They’d spoken for a bit about nothing consequential, each avoiding their relationship but both needing to hear the other’s voice.

“Eventually, you’ll get past that phase and want a real job. Wouldn’t you like to have something there to fall into?”

He stared at his brother then finally shook his head. “You’re serious, aren’t you?” What would it take for these people to understand he was successful at what he did? “I’m a bestselling author. They’re making one of my books into a movie. Even if I never wrote another book, my investments would keep me going.”

“Dreamer!” his father declared. “You’ve never grown up. You spend your days with your head in the sky. It’s time to stop frittering away your time and come home, Colin.”

“I’ll be going home tomorrow as soon as I arrange for my things to be moved.”

His father staggered to his feet. “I’ll cut you off!”

“Please... I haven’t relied on your money, or grandfather’s money, since I graduated school.” Why didn’t someone take away the man’s alcohol if he was such trouble? Yet here they all stood while he poured another tumbler of whisky from his crystal decanter.

Hefting his laptop and seriously pissed off at his family, he headed for the door. Though he had a room upstairs, he’d stay at a hotel in London.

* * * *

As it turned out, it took a week to arrange for his things to be shipped from the small storage facility he’d rented when he’d gone abroad. During that time, he and Livvy had discovered the joys of webcam. She’d been reluctant at first, but she was a very willing submissive and quite interested in pleasing him. Of course, besides cyber-sex, which wasn’t as fulfilling as he’d like it to be, they’d talked. Livvy had gleefully told him that Todd had been arrested.

“What?” he’d asked in shock.

“Arrested! Syb told me all about it when we had lunch. She’s feeling bad because she broke up with her Dom—is that what it’s call when you stop having a Dom? Breaking up?”

“He was her boyfriend.” He liked that she was spending time with Syb, but it worried him that the longtime couple had split. How would Livvy view it? Would it change her perspective on their own relationship?

“It’s sad,” she’d continued. “But anyway, Todd tried to go to the club even though he no longer has a membership. He made a huge scene. Threw a chair through that big plate glass window overlooking the open play area. Then several of the women from the club spoke up about him being a harasser... The whole thing is snowballing. It led Madison—the director at the library—to start reviewing the security tapes. I’m not the only one he was bothering and some of them were patrons. Underage.”

He smiled as the plane landed. Todd would be busy with his own problems for awhile. Hopefully by then, he’d forget Livvy existed. No matter, he’d see that a restraining order was in place and that she had a security system installed.

Within minutes, he deplaned and was on his way up the concourse. Having already cleared customs, he was free to leave without delay. His heart sped up when he saw Livvy waiting for him. She hurried toward him as he cleared security and was instantly in his arms.

“God, I missed you,” he groaned then kissed her hard, the feel of her in his arms sheer heaven. She smelled of wildflowers and pure Livvy. His throat was dry for need of her. He could barely stop touching her as they made their way through the airport and she drove him to his house.

Livvy was in seventh heaven. Colin was finally home. Though he hadn’t been gone all that long and they’d been in constant contact, she’d missed him more than she’d imagined possible. She didn’t know how she’d cope when he had to return to his family permanently.

Her heart was flooding, all the same. The way he touched her, the way he looked at her, she knew he’d missed her as much as she’d missed him. She’d lain awake at night, thinking of him, touching herself, hoping maybe someday he’d love her as much as she loved him.

Looking over at him now, she wondered what he’d say if she were brave enough to blurt out how she felt about him. She opened her mouth to tell him, but he leaned over and kissed her again hard as soon as she parked the car. They couldn’t get enough of each other.

Finally, Colin disentangled himself. “Inside,” he grated.

“Yes. Hurry,” she begged. Ever since this morning, her body had been gearing up for his return. Her breasts were swollen with her need; her pussy was in a constant state of wetness. All she’d had to do was remember that she’d be in his arms tonight and quivers would plow through her. Working today had been useless. She’d finally asked Madison to leave early. The director had been so distracted by something, she hadn’t questioned it at all.

Colin leapt from the car. She climbed out before he could come around to get her, so he grabbed his bag. They rushed into the house like teenagers with two hours alone at home. She felt like a teenager, all hormones and urgency.

He dropped his small bag just inside the entry and pushed her against the inside of the door. In the darkness of his foyer, he swept his tongue into her mouth. They peeled off her jeans. While she wrapped her legs around him, he fumbled with the closure of his pants. Deep guttural groans echoed in the shadowy expanse as his thick erection pushed into her. Every ridge seemed pronounced as he took her, stretching her convulsing folds.

“Colin!” she cried as her orgasm cascaded into her as he surged forward. “Yes! God, yes.”

Neither of them lasted as he grunted, and his fiery release flooded her. With a groan, he pulled free. "One..." he murmured against her ear. "Tonight you'll have a climax for every night without my cock."

"Please," she begged.

They stumbled through the house to his room. Since he'd rushed out of town last week, the bed was still messy from their session there that morning. For some reason, the twisted sheets stoked her already out-of-control need for him.

With little force, he pushed her backward onto the bed. She licked her lips at the sight of him standing over her, his pants open, his arousal already partially erect once more.

"Now, we talk," he said as he pinned her beneath him.

"Talk?" she asked slowly. "Is something wrong?"

He nodded slowly, his face stern. "Something that's bothered me since I left. It's almost all I thought about besides being inside you again."

Ice ran through her veins as she struggled to come up with what it was. Had she done something?

"You seem to be under the impression that I'm going back to the UK and leaving you behind. That this is a lark for me to pass time."

"Aren't you? Going back there?" she asked.

"No."

"No?" Hope blossomed through her. She pushed it down, wanting more than anything for it to be true but fearful of disappointment.

"No." he started unbuttoning her shirt. "Livvy, I've looked for someone like you for a long time." He paused and stared at his hands. To her surprise he started re-buttoning her shirt. "I don't want this to be about sex. Not this part." Kneeling up, he straddled her and reached into his pocket. A moment later, he held out his hands.

She gasped at the sight of the multi-tiered necklace hung between them, the twisted gold loops adorned with onyx stones.

"Colin...what..." she gasped, pushing herself up on her elbows.

"It's my collar...for my submissive. I had it made a long time ago, so I'd have it when I found the perfect woman for me. We haven't been together as Dom and submissive for long, but will you take this and wear it. Will you be mine?"

Nothing else seemed right. She wanted to belong to him more than anything. She lifted her hair and raised her chin so he had access to her neck. Her heart fluttered out of control. She couldn't believe this was happening—but it was exactly what she wanted.

“There are no papers and no legalities, but to me, the collar is as binding as marriage. I want you to be sure. I won't easily give you up.”

“I want you and this.” Her lips trembled as he fastened the necklace around her neck. She fingered the fine strands. “Colin...I love you.”

“Livvy,” he breathed. Kissing her, he pushed her back into the bedding. “I love you, too. I'm so glad I found you.”

She laughed as he fastened her wrists into the cuffs at the head of the bed. “I'm never letting you go,” she promised, though she was the one held captive.

He reached into his pocket again. “Good,” he said.

His hands found hers and as his cock found her entrance again, pushing deep, he slid a ring onto her finger.

“Mine,” he whispered. “Mine to love. Mine to fuck.”

“Yours to whip with your very wicked whip.”

He lifted his brow. “You like it, slave.” He grasped her hair, gently tugging back her head. “You like being mine.”

She smiled, but didn't confirm his suspicion. She didn't need to. “Colin,” she whispered. “You're mine, too. And I'm never letting you let me go. Ever.”

“Ever,” he repeated. He winked at her. “As you command, slave.”

“Then I command forever. And ever. The end. Just like the best books.”

He grinned. “No. Can't do it. Our story will never end, Livvy. Forever and ever *no* end. I love you.”

About the Author

When it comes to books and movies, Brynn has one rule: there must be a happy ending. After that one requirement, anything goes. And it just might in her books.

She lives in Michigan with her husband and two children, who love her despite her occasional threats to smite them. They humor her and let her think she's a goddess...as long as she provides homemade chocolate chip cookies on a regular basis. Brynn has conducted workshops at several writers' conferences around the country and enjoys mentoring and meeting new people.

According to Brynn, her writing success can be attributed to an eclectic collection of music, her local road construction crews, a trusty notebook, and of course, her husband, Mr. Inspiration, who puts up with a lot in the name of research.

Brynn loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.brynnpaulin.com

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***Kidnap and Kink* by Brynn Paulin**

Be Careful What You Wish For...

Jenna Marks has a secret fantasy, to be kidnapped, tied up and seduced. When she confides her secret to her best friend on a dare, she never imagines her wish might come true.

Rob Colvin, owner of The Dungeon, has had his eye on Jenna for months, but he didn't think Jenna would be into the things that make him hot. When he overhears her secret, he knows he's going to be the one to deliver her fantasy—one weekend of her submission to him, her mysterious and masterful lover.

***Infernal Devices* by Abigail Barnette**

All Steamed Up: Book One

The Two Aces. Victorian London's most salacious secret, the club is a place where erotic fantasies are played out among clockwork automatons and aether powered machines. Where nothing is off limits and the pleasures are as wicked as the imagination will allow...

Permilia Deering goes to The Two Aces looking for the sexual excitement that she knows she will not find with the man to whom she is affianced, notorious cold-fish Wallace Sterling. On her first visit to the club, she meets the Ace of Spades, a masked stranger who drives her to heights of passion she's never dreamed possible—and makes her seriously reconsider becoming a mannerly society wife.

When Wallace Sterling first glimpses his fiancée standing outside The Two Aces, he assumes she's uncovered his secret identity—the Ace of Spades. But Permilia has no idea that her intended is living a double life, and Wallace worries that he'll be out of the picture once she gets a taste of what the Ace of Spades can offer her...

***Las Vegas* by Demi Alex**

Determined to spread her grandmother's ashes from the top of the Eiffel Tower, Angel embarks on a cross-country trip to Las Vegas. It's not France, but it's all her budget will allow. Too bad the screened observation deck hinders her plans, and when she attempts to slip her hands past the wire, the local authorities cuff her wrists.

With the last of her money used to pay fines and court fees, a complimentary food voucher leads her to a casino pub for a bite to eat. There, a late night proposition arises. Baring her breasts for a bit of cash seems simple enough, but three intriguing strangers change the odds and raise the stakes.

Angel discovers she doesn't need Lady Luck when she's got the Luck of the Irish. Laying all her cards on the table, she bets on a passionate night with Liam, Brody and Ryan. But come morning, the guys up the ante. The jackpot is tempting, but staying with the three men is the greatest gamble of her life and requires that she go all in.

Will Angel fold and leave Las Vegas as she arrived? Or will she add her heart to the pot and meet their ante?

***Possessing Eleanor* by Tessie Bradford**

Eleanor Lewis is perfectly content with her comfortable, quiet, relationship free life until she finds herself on all fours at the feet of Jackson Royce. Eleanor is stunned by her instant and intense attraction to the power and confidence radiating from the devilishly handsome building contractor. He scrambles her brain and heats her body to the boiling point.

Jackson always trusts his gut instincts. The ultra sexy woman sprawled on the floor is a sexual submissive. How intriguing that the all-business, sensible shoe-wearing office manager has absolutely no idea. The moment he takes her into his embrace, he vows to possess her mind, body and soul.

From their first sizzling encounter, through a whirlwind courtship, Eleanor discovers being possessed by a man who loves her absolutely is what she had been searching for all along.

***Transparent Illusions* by Melinda Barron**

Freelance writer Saffron Tyler needs work. When she offers her journalistic skills to Steele Publications, they suggest that she spend two weeks as a submissive at Fingertip Fantasies, an exclusive BDSM resort that caters to the ultimate fantasies of any customer willing to pay for the high-end service. She's been tasked to come back with a titillating exposé guaranteed to enthrall the readers of Steele's underground magazine, *Salacious*.

But when Saffron arrives at the resort, she realizes nothing is as it seems, from the fact she doesn't know where the resort is located, or anything about the man she is submitting to—except she's to call him Master, with a capital M.

What starts out as an undercover assignment soon becomes so much more. Immersed in the lifestyle, Saffron finds herself no longer acting the role of the submissive, but actually wanting to be the perfect sub her Master believes she can be. When all is said and done, will Saffron take her

experience and her story and never look back? Or will she choose to stay with the man who commands her mind, body, and soul.

***Heart of Ice* by Brynn Paulin**

Kai is perfectly unhappy with his life. Cast into a role as shop boy and forced into marriage to save his family, he sees nothing good in his future. In fact, his betrothed, Gerda, seems to hate everything he enjoys. Especially winter and his attraction to dominating his partners. His prospects look grim...until the Snow Queen arrives.

Wyn has spent her life alone, living vicariously through those who love winter. When she learns of Kai's predicament, she knows she must save him. If only she could save herself. She craves his dominance, but there's one tiny thing standing in their way. No human can touch her without experiencing chilly agony. And that might bring any relationship to an icy death.

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