

**INTERNET BONDS SERIES**  
**BOOK 1: THE REBIRTH OF**  
**RACHEL**

by

**Christy Poff**

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### **Credits**

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**WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT**  
*The Internet Bonds Series, Book 1: The  
Rebirth of Rachel*

**THE REBIRTH OF RACHEL** is a finalist in two categories in the first ENDA's at Literary Nymphs:  
**Best Erotic Contemporary**  
**Best Erotic BDSM**

From Donna at **FALLEN ANGEL REVIEWS**

**Ms. Poff** writes a story that pulls at your heart with the details of abuse and then with the love between Rachel and Rafe and all they have to go through. With the last word of the book, you know that it was worth every minute of reading. I really didn't want the story to end, I wanted to stay and learn more about Rachel and the journey. I wish it was longer.

4

Angels

Rating: 4 Nymphs

Reviewed by KIRA STONE

"The Rebirth of Rachel" published by Swanbeauty publications is a fast-paced erotic romp with ragged edges. The story incorporates some imaginative ideas. Christy Poff also provides a good demonstration of the difference between physical abuse and the loving pain/pleasure shared in a healthy d/s relationship. A sweet torture to read!  
from **LITERARY NYMPHS**, 4 nymphs

*The Rebirth of Rachel* is an interesting and insightful look into a woman's life that hasn't been easy, nor what she has wanted. Rachel is unhappy with her life and while I didn't

agree with some of her decisions in the beginning, Ms. Poff still caught my attention with Rachel's struggles. The BDSM lifestyle is explored nicely and openly in the pages of this story.

...But, Christy Poff is an author who is becoming a great writer, one who I hope to see more from in the future.

*Reviewed by Tracey West for **The Road to Romance***

*August 29<sup>th</sup>, 2004*

Rating 5 coffee cups

The Rebirth of Rachel is a wonderfully well-written erotic story and one of the best dominance/submission stories I have read lately. It successfully combines romance, hot sexuality, and even suspense.

The Rebirth of Rachel is a great story that attracts readers with wonderful characters who have depth but continue to grow. Readers will enjoy following Rachel as she begins her new life and can identify with how she makes her choices for a dominant/submissive lifestyle, becoming a stronger woman.

Rafael is almost the perfect man, an "Alpha" without being obnoxious. Through Rafael's training of Rachel the differences between dominance and abuse are well played out, and to me this is one of the best facets of the book.

The author, Christy Poff, has written a story that will keep readers attuned to the characters and entertained with the plot progressions. The dialogue is enticing, realistic, and adds to the story. This is a keeper.

Anya Khan

Reviewer for Karen Find Out About New Books

Reviewer for Coffee Time Romance

From Susan Holly at **JUST EROTIC ROMANCE  
REVIEWS**

Rating 4/5 stars    Heat level: O

THE REBIRTH OF RACHEL is a great introduction to BDSM lifestyle. I fell in love with both Rachel and Rafe's characters. They were well written with love, morals and compassion for one another. The sexual chemistry between Rachel and Rafe is explosive!! Rafe is a tender, passionate man with a heart of gold that any woman would be proud to submit to. AS you read and find out the turmoil Rachel has had in her life, you realize she deserves to find a master who will make the love of his life, and lay the stars and the moon at her feet. THE REBIRTH OF RACHEL is not your ordinary love story, the main characters are not young but they still have the desires and passion to make you believe that love can conquer all; even the dangerous experiences in life. All in all I highly recommend this story and I'll add it to my home library.

From Chloe at **RAVEN REVIEWS**

3½ wine glasses

Ms. Poff has created an excellent story line about a woman who feels trapped by her life and is trying to escape. The love scenes are adventurous and bold...

From Jaynie Ritchie at **ROMANCE JUNKIES**

Blue Ribbon Rating: 4

THE REBIRTH OF RACHEL is a wonderful addition to D/S literature. Christy Poff has written a realistic look into this sexual lifestyle, avoiding the often clichéd characters this genre attracts. Rachel is a natural submissive, and Ms. Poff lets us see into Rachel's feelings as she discovers new things about herself. Rafael is charming and gorgeous: I would love

him to carry me off into the sunset too. The characters are engaging and really made me feel the ups and downs of their life together. Ms. Poff weaves the use of sex toys into the plot with ease, giving the reader a fun and interesting education on what some of these playthings are for, and just what they can do to you. I recommend THE REBIRTH OF RACHEL and I will be looking forward for more from Christy Poff in the future.

## **OTHERS**

Ratings:

Realms of Love 4 stars

## **Dedication**

My thanks go out to my son and daughter for putting up with me and giving me their love as well as their opinions; to Deb for being the best “sister” anyone could have; Sire Don and Devilish Dot for their help with getting the toys right; Maria and Rob for their friendship; Chere Gruver for her insight as an editor and putting up with me during the edit phase, Scott for a beautiful cover and Jan for taking on this series.

## Prologue

Twenty-five years...twenty-three of which she had been under the impression she had a good and fulfilling relationship with her husband. They had two children, a son in the Air Force and a daughter, a college student at Virginia Tech.

She noticed changes in his attitude over the last several years, especially after the events of September 11th. He'd become cold, very cold, and it unnerved her. If someone died, his response was "*Oh, well*". He fought their son, and then their daughter, who had always taken up for him. Within the last year, her emotions turned to dislike, then hatred as she resented his staid and silly notions. Times had changed, but it seemed William Wainwright had regressed.

Tall and average in appearance, Wainwright swore everyone had dropped their lives, so to speak, just to piss him off or hurt him as paranoia began to rule him. He believed his family, co-workers, and even the guys at the firehouse where they volunteered, all seemed to make it their lot in life to make him miserable. His daughter even swore to him that he was bipolar; while his wife, Rachel, was sure he was another Wainwright male. She swore each successive generation got worse.

Rachel began putting her thoughts on paper, and compiled several full-length manuscripts. Her husband told her it had been a waste of time and money since nothing had *greased his palm* in return. *So, what else was new?* She'd been successful in photography and news writing. In one month, a regional paper had printed six



pieces of her work, and she felt pride in what she'd done. He couldn't care less and made sure she knew it. That's when Rachel had begun to hate him.

Rachel found some erotic book publishers on the internet. She learned about a world she could let her imagination go to whenever she wanted. That's when she'd found what she'd been missing in the bedroom. Rachel found she enjoyed that imaginary world—immensely. Afternoons spent in front of the computer with a whiskey sour or a glass of wine, while wearing little to nothing had been mind-boggling, as she became lost in the words of others. Some of the stories got her hotter and wetter than usual.

As she read, Rachel found herself becoming damp between her legs as need overwhelmed her. Her nipples would harden as she felt glorious jolts course throughout her body. She learned the art of self-gratification and her inner being demanded she try more. Wainwright would refuse her advances, making her feel like a slut, a whore who bared her soul, just to be refused by the man she thought she loved and who loved her.

Twenty-five years...twenty-five long years...

This became Rachel's sentence for falling in love with a man who couldn't completely satisfy her needs. She'd married a man she should have steered clear of, since he now had his own ideas of what he wanted her to do. When she naively refused him, he hit her. Cement floors hurt, but he didn't care. He hadn't gotten what he wanted; to him, Rachel was at fault.

Rachel Wainwright looked on the internet to see if she could possibly help herself. In a chat room, she surfed into a BDSM site, where she began e-mailing a man who offered to help her with her fantasies. Rachel told him about herself and what she wanted to try. They agreed to meet at a store in the mall. She loved *Hot Topic* and other than her kids, no one knew she frequented it. Her circle of friends wouldn't be caught dead at a store where one could buy Gothic and *Care Bears* together.

She loved the store because she could momentarily lapse into a world of vampires and the darker side of sex. She'd learned that she enjoyed *vanilla* with William but she wanted more. Oils and

toys were sold for a reason, the industry private and very profitable. She wanted to try it, and had told this man how she felt.

“Wear black. I expect you to obey simple requests, or the deal will be off.”

She agreed willingly. *How hard could it be, especially since black is my favorite color?*

“I want you to wear silk with nothing underneath and black jeans with heels. I want you to realize you can appear in public and be fine. I have one other request, which is important to both of us. I will send you the lab results from my blood test. And I want you to have the test done and bring the results with you,” he told her in their private chat room.

“All right,” she answered back. She understood his caution and appreciated it.

Rachel entered the store and relaxed as she walked to the rear of it. Once she did, she walked off to the side and looked at the items displayed in the corner. She took a deep breath, and then waited.

\* \* \* \*

Rafael Donovan had been listed on *Fortune 500*’s list, ranking around twentieth. He lived alone on a secluded estate on the outskirts of Williamsburg, Virginia, though his business life took him around the world. He owned a Spanish villa, a small castle as it had been described, an island in the Keys and his yacht, *The Domination*. He had been referred to as an international playboy, but had never settled into any relationships. Wherever he went, after the corporate galas and dinners had ended, he prowled the clubs that specialized in bondage, domination and submission. As those who played in this dark world of sex relished secrecy, his privacy had been respected and his identity kept quiet. His personal life had been successfully kept separate from his professional one and it worked out quite well.

An associate, the last man Rafe would have considered, had introduced Rafe to the lifestyle years before. Through training, he discovered his dominant personality. He quietly enjoyed this life, quite satisfied.

Once the internet opened up anonymity, he'd been able to contact others with the same tastes. Several short-term relationships developed but none caused him to go crazy. That is, at least not until Rachel Wainwright chatted with him one evening. Over a span of a few months, they had gotten to know each other, and she asked him to train her. She said her husband would be gone for a week of training in Michigan; her son had gone off to the Air Force; and her daughter, to college.

*I have the week free,* Rachel wrote.

Rafe agreed and they set up a meeting at *Hot Topic* in a mall in Newport News. He had requested she wear black silk, no bra, black jeans and heels for two reasons. He wanted to be able to pick her out in a crowd and he wanted to see how easily she would take to obeying commands.

He entered the store and saw her immediately, then went to stand next to her and gazed at her. His sunglasses didn't give anything away as he stared. His cock strained to be driven into her—then and there—a feeling he'd never experienced before on an initial meeting. ...Now came the first test.

Unknown to her, he had paid for one hour of the store's time. Once he'd entered, the staff left, the gated doors were closed and locked, while they went on an extended break. Anyone in the mall would see a darkened, closed store and a sign noting power problems.

The lights dimmed as Rachel looked around.

"Rachel, I'm Rafe."

"Hi." Her breath caught and he smiled. The tight silk draped over her nipples accented how firm they had become and Rafe was very pleased. He handed her a box and told her to put on the outfit. She opened it to find a body hugging black dress. She went into the dressing room and stripped out of her clothes. She slipped into the dress, saw the impression her panties made and frowned. In a bold move, she removed them and gasped.

Rachel couldn't believe it. As black as the strapless dress was, she could see everything and felt herself blush.

"Beautiful."

His voice bathed her with velvety power and she wanted to please him so she could hear more of his gorgeous voice. Six foot five, dark and very dangerous, she had become wet and wanton at the sight of him. His compliment made it feel like her passion trailed down her legs, she felt so damned hot.

Rafe joined her in the dressing room and sat on the bench. He liked what he saw.

“Turn around.” She faced him. “Excellent.”

He stood, then spun her back to face the mirror. Without a word, he slid the hem up and over her hips, her naked ass pale against his tanned hands. As his hand ventured between her legs, his other hand slid the top of the dress down to her waist. The sight of her breasts obediently begging for his touch turned them both on. Rachel climaxed while a whimper crossed her lips.

“You’ll be perfect. You are definitely ready for this.” He spun her around and took one of her nipples between his teeth before his tongue played with it. She tried to hold back the moan of utter satisfaction.

“Go ahead. I bought the store for an hour. We’re the only ones here.”

His fingers teased her and she fell against the wall from the climax, her arms over her head as she tried to grab hold of something to support herself. She gasped as he tasted her.

“My God!”

“Tongue fucking is a wonderful pastime. I look forward to teaching you.”

“Yes, my God. I can’t stand.”

Rafe couldn’t hold back. He unzipped his pants and let his waiting and hungry cock come between them.

“Relax, Rachel,” he coaxed as he drove into her. She gasped again as her pussy clenched around him and convulsions took her. He buried himself inside her fully and began to tease her.

“Please, I shouldn’t say it but, please fuck me. I may never get a chance to enjoy this again.”

“You will, Rachel. I’ll make sure of it.”

Rafe Donovan fucked her in the dressing room of the store he'd bought for an hour. She screamed and pulled his mouth to her breast. Rachel had her first multiple orgasm and Rafe saw it. She loved the new experience and obviously wanted more.

"Our time here is almost up. Get dressed." She nodded, her head spinning. "One last question, did you bring the results?"

"Yes." She bent over to reach for her bag, her pussy exposed to him. He groaned at the sight of Rachel's exotic treasure.

He helped her out of the dress and told her he'd take it with him so it wouldn't be found in her home. She felt relief that he cared.

"Tell me what you want me to prepare."

"Dominance of my submissive being, toys, mind-blowing sex and bondage."

"You'll meet my driver at this corner. It's within walking distance of your home. What time will your husband leave?" Rafe handed her a piece of paper.

"Around one in the morning."

"Then the limo will pick you up at two. Bring no suitcases, just yourself. I will provide the rest. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Until then." She nodded as he kissed her. After this, Rachel knew she'd never go back to her husband. She had a taste of the life Rafe could give her and she desperately wanted it. She experienced feelings for this man she hadn't expected and she loved the freedom he'd given her in the short span of an hour.

When they left, he watched her walk away, already a different woman. He could tell she had experienced new sensations she never had before. Rafe would make her his wife. It wouldn't require a great deal of convincing, because he had a feeling she already knew.

"My sweet Rachel..."

\* \* \* \*

Rachel looked at the piece of paper Rafe had slipped into her hand, then folded it and hid it in her wallet. Nerves took over as what had happened hit her. She felt no regrets and she didn't feel

like she'd betrayed her husband. Rachel didn't regret this meeting and refused to ever be sorry for what she'd just experienced.

Rachel prayed she wouldn't screw things up with the gorgeous man with dark hair, dark eyes and built all the way around. She smiled. *God, his cock's amazing. Will I find the answers I'm seeking, or return to my life sentence? If I find the answers, will I have the strength to leave him? The guts to get a divorce? Will I find what life has waiting for me?* Rachel already knew the answer. *Yes, yes, yes...*

Early Friday morning, two days after the mind-blowing, sensational meeting with Rafe Donovan at *Hot Topic* in Newport News, Rachel locked her front door, walked to the corner near her home and got into the back seat of a stretch black limo.

"Ma'am, a glass of champagne is waiting for you. Sit back and relax."

"Thank you."

Half an hour later, the driver pulled through revolutionary-era dated gates, then followed an extremely long driveway to an old Williamsburg estate. Rachel liked the seclusion of his home and it helped her relax. The car stopped in front of a historic mansion. The front door opened as she got out of the car to stare.

When reality hit her, she went up the steps and inside. Instinctively, Rachel Wainwright knew her life would change drastically. Something deep inside her told her that her future would always be here. She would not leave here, except with Rafe Donovan. She somehow knew her life would become a part of his and he'd own her. The thought made her damp as her pussy begged for his cock, the only satisfaction in which she'd had any pleasure. *Well, here goes...*

## **Chapter 1**

### **Their First Lessons**

Rafe looked at Rachel. He felt strange feelings as his cock let him know this woman would be his to keep. So she had a husband. By the end of the week, she would be finding him to be the answer to her future. It had never been like this on a first meeting or date ever. Rachel Wainwright would be his future and his forever.

“Are you ready?”

“I hope so,” she answered as she looked at the foyer of the huge home she stood in. Just the main entry overwhelmed her with its grand stairway, marbled floor and elegance. Rachel adored it and wished she could live here forever.

“Good. Now, go up the stairway to the master suite. Remove your clothes, fold them neatly in a pile on the bench at the foot of the bed, then shower. When you come out, you’ll find what you will wear during the time you’re here. When I wish you to dress...”

She looked up toward the top floor of the house and swallowed hard. Hesitantly, she moved to the staircase, where he stopped her.

“Rachel, my dear...”

“What?”

“From now until the end of our time together, you will always address me as my lord whenever you speak to me and always answer my directions. Do you understand?”

“Yes, my lord.”

Rachel went up the stairway, surprising even herself. The words had rolled from her lips easily and oddly enough, felt right.

*Am I a true submissive?* His first commands had caused her body to react in a way she found she liked.

When she found the master suite, she went inside. Awed by the elegance of the room, she crossed it to the bed. She did as he requested and removed her jeans, blouse and lingerie, then folded it all neatly. She placed the pile of clothes and her shoes on the bench at the foot of the bed. She glanced at the bed, where she saw nothing laid out for her and figured the clothes would be in the bathroom.

She went in, drew the water to the temperature she liked and showered. The water from the jets of the showerhead caused her nipples to harden in anticipation of what Rafe Donovan had planned for her. She hoped she wouldn't back out of this, but he had assured her he would be patient with her. Patience she needed since she had married a man who had never been satisfied with anything she did. She would hear his words and know he lied because in his next breath; he put her down while he played mind games with her emotions and shattered her self-confidence. All Rachel craved to do while she with Rafe was please him, and see if she could do this and enjoy everything involved.

After she turned the water off, she toweled dry, then hung the towel back on the rack. She left the bathroom, went back into the bedroom and over to the bed. While she showered, her clothes and shoes had been removed. On the bed lay a white satin hooded dressing gown without its sash. She picked it up and found a white lace thong underneath. She caught her breath as she picked up the skimpy lace garment.

Rachel slipped it on, then put on the robe. She felt her nipples perk up at the touch of the soft, cool fabric on her skin. She found a pair of black stiletto sandals by the side of the bed and slipped into them. She pulled the robe over her body and held it in place, then left the room to find Rafe. Odd sensations surged through her as her anticipation intensified. She went downstairs to find him and did, waiting at the bottom of the stairs for her.

"Let it fall open. You and I are the only ones here and I want to feast my eyes on your gorgeous body."



“Yes, my lord. Thank you, my lord.” Rachel let it fall gracefully to her sides as her breasts held it apart.

“Ah, perfect. You’ll wear this and the thongs I choose, only if I decide you’re to wear anything. Now, we must get several things set out before we go any further. First, you have taken care of rule one, as I’ve told you to address me always as *my lord* when I tell you to do something or anytime you speak to me. Good rewards will come with obedience. Misbehave, and I will punish you. Understood?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Ah, I like that.” he commented as he noticed her breasts swell, her nipples firm and desirous.

“Thank you, my lord.”

“You will wear only the robe, open at all times, with the lingerie of my choice and the shoes. High heels give you a height and add to the sexy line of your body.” His reference to her being sexy caused her to feel hot in all the right places and drenched between her legs. She squeezed them together to hide this, but Rafe caught her and smiled.

“Are you wet, Rachel?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Good. As long as you don’t come before I tell you. I want to build your body’s reactions to a certain point before I let you climax. I want you constantly aroused and wet. You will learn to control your body, but for now, I’ll let it slide. How does it feel?”

“Strangely wonderful, my lord.”

“You, my dear Rachel, were born to enjoy sex and I will be more than happy to teach you.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

Rafe walked around her and inspected the sleek lines of her figure. He wanted to try and calm his obvious reaction to her. His cock felt as if it had swollen more just by knowing she had become wet for him. *Damn, this would be good!*

“I like my woman to present herself to me when I desire. I have several positions I prefer. Position one—you will go down on all fours, your beautiful ass in the air, your breasts hanging free for

my touch. Your legs will be spread wide. If you're near a couch, you will part your legs for my inspection and attention if I so desire. Do it now."

"Yes, my lord."

Rachel knelt down on the cool floor and placed her hands in front of herself for support. She pushed her rear up, spread her legs apart and felt her breasts hang free. He moved the robe up over her hips and smiled.

"Very good. Very nice ass. It will be an experience fucking it and your cunt."

Rafe heard her gasp but let it go. He knew she would react in this manner as this had been her desire and she would get what she'd fantasized from him, although a week would not be long enough, but he would take care of that. Donovan wanted her for himself and he usually got what he wanted.

"Position two, my dear... When you are sitting on a chair or the like, your arms will be behind your back to push up your luscious tits. Your legs will be spread as wide as possible. On a couch, you will hold your breasts up to me for my gaze. Do it now."

"Yes, my lord."

She stood and went to a chair by the doorway. It was in front of a long pane of uncurtained glass running the length of the door. Warm sunlight came through it and he noticed her hesitation to sit there.

"No hesitation, Rachel. We are isolated here. Now, do as you are told."

"Yes, my lord."

She sat down, her hands behind her back and her legs apart. The robe slid from her shoulders and Rafe decided he would have her use those lips on him in this position in front of the window.

"Extremely nice. Position three will be done on either the bed or the floor. You will lie down, arms out from your body, legs wide open and spread-eagled. Do it now."

"Yes, my lord."

“Oh, Rachel, open the front door. I want you to do it for me right here.”

“Y-yes, m-my...l-lord.”

Rafe inwardly smiled as he enjoyed the sight in front of him. Rachel opened the door wide to let in the warm sunlight and stretched out on the floor as he had commanded.

“Excellent.” Rafe complimented as he gazed at her. He saw the damp spot on her thong and smiled. Rachel had done extremely well for the first time, even with her hesitation.

“Rachel, you may choose a safe word, if you’d like. Remember, I will never ask you to do what you can’t, or anything that will hurt you. Do you want a safe word?”

“No, my lord, I trust you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, my lord.”

He felt his body react. *Damn it!* He’d never had a more willing submissive and he had, in their brief time together, fallen hard for her. She was what he’d been searching for. *Now, can I save her from the marital sentence she wants freedom from?*

\* \* \* \*

Rafe knelt at her side and sat down next to her. His hand on her stomach, he gazed at her as he ran his fingertips over her skin to her breasts. He pricked each nipple, then brushed his hand over them. Involuntarily, she moved to meet his touch.

“I see we’re eager.”

“Yes, my lord.”

A breeze came in and the cool sensations drove her body crazy. While he played with her, he explained some more of what would happen over the next few days.

“You are on a time limit with your husband’s schedule. Where does he think you are?”

“The beach house... It has no phone, my lord,” she gasped as his hand lightly brushed her pussy. He grinned, her body ready for him, wet and hot.

“Do you still want to use the toys we discussed?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“The plug we need to begin working with now, because you need to get used to it in stages.”

“As you wish, my lord.”

He could take it no longer. Rafe ripped the thong from her and drank from her as his tongue played over her lower lips and stroked her clit. It swelled for his attention at the same time he nipped it. She gasped as he thrust his tongue into her and ate her. She pushed into him while his hand pressed down on the mound of hair guarding her treasures. She gasped once more as she trembled, her hands holding onto the doorjamb for support.

“Please, my lord, may I...”

“Yes, Rachel, feed me.”

He groaned as she came for him, her crème like sweet candy. He gazed up the length of her body to her breasts and watched them move with the sensations racking her.

“Cry out, Rachel... Scream.”

“Thank you, my lord...my lord... Oh...”

“Do you desire more, sweet Rachel?”

“My God, yes, my lord!”

He stood up and caught his breath.

“Rachel, on your knees. Remove the robe, then unzip my jeans.”

“Yes, my lord.” *My God, don't let me screw this up.* Rachel hesitated but did as he instructed. She had gone into this knowing what would be asked of her. She'd said she trusted him and denied a safe word as an escape. She knelt in front of him and unzipped his jeans.

“Pull them down and take me in your mouth.”

“Yes, my lord.”

She slid his pants down the length of his gorgeous legs. Rafe's cock fell straight to her mouth, hard and desiring release. She put her lips to the head of it and gingerly kissed it while she tasted the drop of pre-cum waiting for her. She opened her mouth and took a tiny bit of him into her, then stopped. Old fears overpowered her.

“What's wrong, Rachel?”

“My lord, forgive me. I don’t know how. Every time he wanted me to, I gagged. He became angry and would either slam my head into a cement floor, or hit me.”

“Sweet Rachel, relax. Think of it as ice cream, or the like. Relax your throat and take me in. The rest will come easy, so to speak.”

“I will try, my lord.”

“I’ll help you, Rachel. Take me in your mouth and suck my cock.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Rachel closed her eyes and cleared her mind. Old memories would not rule her. She opened her mouth and started over. She thought of his cock as a freeze pop she enjoyed in the summer. The cool treats were long and always went in deep. Rachel felt his hand at the back of her head, the slight pressure welcome. As she moved back and forth over him, her tongue swirled around his head and his heated length.

Rachel lost herself in what she did. His hand pressed her on as her rhythm became faster in desperation to please him. Rafe exploded into her and Rachel swallowed every bit of his release, milking him, the salty taste good to her. She kept at it, since she wanted to repeat the experience. She enjoyed giving him this and her body agreed as she felt her own juices run down her leg. She climaxed at the sound of his pleasure. She looked up at his face and saw his smile.

“Rachel! Woman, you’re perfect.”

“Thank you, my lord, but I must apologize.”

“For...”

“I came without your permission, my lord.”

“I’ll let it go for now, sweetness. Remember this. Self-gratification is fine, only when I am not with you, or when I tell you to do so specifically. You’ve done well, my dear.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

“Shall we?” he asked as he motioned to the kitchen.

“As you desire, my lord,” she replied, following him. She felt a deep love for him and wanted him more than she ever wanted any

other man, even her husband. She had discovered life and found a man who appreciated her and what she did. As far as she was concerned at this point, her marriage had ended a long time ago. *Now, how do I get this man to fall in love with me?*

In the huge kitchen, she felt lost. It had everything she'd always wanted with its stainless steel counters, refrigerator and work area—lots of room to work. There was a center island or open workspace, doubling as a dining area if one didn't want to sit in the alcove to overlook the gardens.

Rachel watched Rafe go to the counter and pull out a small covered tray from a lower cabinet.

"I want you on the counter and on your knees. Bend over with your face to the countertop. Good. Now, reach back and spread your cheeks. Very good."

She felt his fingertip circle her anus, the sensation awesome and different. The next thing she felt was cool and slick as Rafe spread a gel over her rear. She caught her breath when his fingertip pried its way inside her. Her muscles clenched.

"Relax, sweetness. By the end of the week, you'll take my cock in your ass with no problem." He moved his finger back and forth and watched her body jolt as he found one of her erogenous spots. Rachel sensed his withdrawal, then something hard re-enter her body.

"My lord?"

"I have just inserted your first plug. It will help your rectum adjust so you can take me when I fuck your beautiful, virgin, horny ass. You'll wear this and will not let it come out unless I give you permission. Understand?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Your plug may cause you to want to come. You may not do so without permission. Understand?"

"Yes, my lord." she croaked as she trembled from desire.

"Do you like this?"

"Very much, my lord."

“Excellent. While I fix us something to eat, I want you to explore the house or go out to the gardens. I think we’ll eat on the terrace.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Slow and cautious so she wouldn’t dislodge the plug, she slid from the counter and walked outside to the garden. She felt odd but erotic sensations coursed throughout her body as the plug moved within her. Rachel made sure not to lose it as Rafe had instructed, while at the same time, liberation washed over her.

*This is freedom and I like it. This will be good for me. This is what I need...and want.*

\* \* \* \*

Rafe watched her from the alcove. She had the most sensational body he had ever seen. She did everything he asked, and he could tell she had a desperate need to please him. She still had a lingering hesitation, but when they finished, she would no longer feel desperation, because he would be the one in that position.

He would never hurt her. He wanted to protect her. Hell, he wanted to marry her while she remained married to a real prick. She had told him how her husband treated her and he’d made a vow to himself—then and there—to keep her safe from this guy while giving her everything she truly deserved.

He went back to fixing salads for them and put the plates on a tray with two tall glasses of iced tea. He joined her on the terrace and placed the tray on the table.

“Position two.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Rachel sat on the chair with her arms behind her and her legs spread apart. He nodded as he went to her, took her hair in his hand and placed his other hand on her breast. He pulled her head back to kiss her while he played with her nipples and his tongue explored her mouth. Rachel whimpered.

“Before this is finished, I will bind you to a chair and eat your pussy, or I will tie you to the bed and fuck you until you can’t move.”

“Yes, my lord, please, my lord...” she panted.

“One thing I will take pleasure in doing is shaving your mons so I may see you—nothing hidden.”

“As you wish, my lord.”

He kissed her again, this time, his hand slid between her legs and found her hot and wet. She pushed into his hand as he inserted two fingers inside her. While he did, his thumb pressed against her clit.

“Soak my hand, sweetness.”

“Yes...yes, my lord,” she cried out. He withdrew his fingers and heard her disappointment. He brought them to his lips, licked her essence and took in her scent, his cock at attention against his pants. He put his fingers to her lips and, with a little push, she opened her mouth and licked them clean.

“Very good, my sweet Rachel, very good. Now eat. You’ll need your strength for this afternoon.”

“I can’t wait, my lord.”

While they ate, they chatted about general things and got to know each other, while they skirted the issue foremost in their thoughts. Unknowingly to the other, both were praying for time to stop so they’d never have to leave each other.

\* \* \* \*

After lunch, Rafe took Rachel downstairs to the weight room. She saw numerous exercise machines and could see many possibilities with each one as she gazed at them. *Have these thoughts always been with me?*

She remembered watching *Real Sex* on HBO, and some of the books she read. *Yeah, they were there, hidden from her husband and friends so they would have no chance to make fun of me or shame me. Is that why I enjoy writing and reading erotica?*

“Come with me.” Rafe led her to a machine, where he instructed her to lie down on her back. Her feet went to the footboards, her legs spread apart. Her hands held the grips and she began lifting the lighter weights. Rafe watched as her breasts moved in rhythm with her movements. As she concentrated on her breathing, Rafe concentrated on her pussy.



“You will exercise your arms and shoulders while I minister to your pussy. You’ve done well. I see your plug is still in place.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

“Continue.” Rachel pulled the weights up as she worked her arms. “You’ll find your stamina will increase so you can find me with your beautiful long fingers and not strain your upper arms.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

She caught her breath as his fingers sought their way inside her. He began slowly, and then added a third finger. He sped up his pace and Rachel matched him with the weights.

“Cry out, Rachel. Soak my hand, sweetness.”

“My lord, please...more! Please...”

“Please what, my sweet Rachel?”

“Please fuck me, my lord.”

“Not yet, sweet Rachel. It’s too soon.” He smiled when she groaned. He stopped her, pulled her from the machine and took her over to where a bar crossed in a doorway. He helped her into isometric boots then suspended her from it upside-down. He noticed how her breasts fell to where he could hold them and inwardly groaned.

“You will feel a rush of blood to your head. While you do, you’ll feel other joys.”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Drop my pants and take me.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Rachel did as he commanded and took his cock in her mouth, this time being easier than the first. Her hands went to his ass to draw him closer. She lost herself in pleasuring him and never felt him move her legs apart and lock them into place. She did feel his hot breath between her legs as he whipped his tongue over her sensitized skin and lapped at her oozing pussy.

“Come, sweet Rachel. Come for me.”

Rafe heard her answer a mumbled response, then gasped as they came together as one. He filled her mouth with his seed and she swallowed him without hesitation. He drank every drop of her

as she threatened to drown him. Orgasm after orgasm rocked them as they took each other to a new level.

He kissed her clit and the enveloping lips around her treasure, the treasure he sought for his own. He lapped at her cunt like a starved animal. She swirled her tongue over him as she squeezed every drop from his balls.

“Is my lord pleased?”

“Extremely. And you?”

“Definitely, my lord.”

“Have you ever used isometrics?”

“No, my lord.”

With the knowledge she had never hung like this upside-down before, he took her down, laid her on a mat and removed the boots. He looked at her, a new glow to her face and skin, radiance unseen before now. Rafe kissed her where she lay spent from their exercise and it pleased him she had enjoyed it as she had.

“Position three.”

Automatically, Rachel assumed the spread-eagle position. He gazed at her and his heart slammed against his chest. *What if she wants to go back to her husband? No! I have the week with her. I will use every single second to the fullest and not let these kinds of thoughts invade our time together.*

“Very good,” he complimented.

“I will do anything to please you, my lord.”

*Divorce your husband and marry me! No, not yet...don't push too fast...*

“I want to fuck you, sweet Rachel.”

“Oh yes, please do it, my lord!” Rachel begged.

“Get ready for the ride of your life then.”

“Take me, my lord.”

She opened her eyes when his extraordinary cock drove into her. He thrust into her with a fierce brutality bordering on violence. He grabbed her by the shoulders and, as he drove into her, he pulled her down to him as if he feared he'd lose her. Rafe Donovan felt himself hit the point of no return.

“Open your eyes and look at me. Take me into your body and take my seed.”

“Yes, my lord,” Rachel said without hesitation.

“Rachel?”

“My lord?”

“Sweetness...”

“Please give me your child. If we never see each other again, I want a part of you to remind me of now and this week.”

“If I do, then I need something from you.”

“My lord?”

“Divorce him. Marry me and let me take care of you like this whenever we want. I’ve never felt this way about any other woman. I need you, sweet Rachel. My God, I love you and I will have no other man raise my child.”

“You do, my lord?”

“Yes.”

“I love you...I will...I promise...I want to be with you always. May I please carry your child? I beg you, my lord.”

“Yes, Rachel.”

Another explosion rocked them as he filled her with everything he had. She cried out his name as he withdrew and thrust his tongue into her pussy. He needed to taste her and drown in her juices as her essence flowed freely. Rafe maneuvered his body around to place his cock at her lips. He slid into her mouth and she took him again.

He thrust into her and buried himself in her mouth, deep down her throat while he fucked her with his tongue. He loved her mouth holding him as her tongue teased him while her body feasted and he drank from her.

Rachel took every bit of his cock she could and every drop. He had a sweet taste, where her husband had always been bitter and nasty. She wanted more of Rafe and feared she couldn’t get enough of him.

Rafe came to face her.

“I love you, sweet Rachel.”

“I love you, too, my lord.”

“You don’t have to call me...”

“I want to,” Rachel cut him off. “You are now my lord and my master. You are the man of my dreams; I have no regrets about anything. I want to marry you and have your children, and always enjoy what only you can give me. Don’t stop with our plans. I want to experience everything.”

“What about your children?”

“My son realizes I need a life away from his father. My daughter will understand.”

“Then yes, sweetness, whatever you want.”

“What’s next, my lord?”

“Shower.”

“Good.”

He lifted her up and carried her to the shower located off the side of the weight room. Half an hour, plus a couple more orgasms later, they left the room and went back upstairs to the first floor.

“Go ahead and put on the robe.”

“No, my lord. I want to be free of any clothes or restraints so that my master can take me when he pleases.”

“You are so perfect.”

“So are you, my lord, so are you.”

## Chapter 2

Rafe looked over at the chair by the door and knew what he wanted Rachel to do next. He guided her to it and gave her the next command.

“Position two.”

“Yes, my lord.”

She quickly sat down with her hands behind her, her legs apart and eager to please him. He saw a fire in her eyes, non-existent before now. He could not believe what they had discovered about themselves and each other in such a short time. He gazed down at her and groaned.

“Beautiful, my sweet Rachel.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

Her heart raced, her breathing was erratic with anticipation, and she loved the feeling.

Rafe dropped to his knees and gazed at her as his hands went to her waiting tits, her nipples hard buds of desire. He took one in his mouth and suckled at it, while his hand rubbed the other. Her body pushed into him as he switched sides for equal attention. She could feel her blood pulse through her while the sun bathed them. She panted, and then gasped, when he stung her in three places at once.

The sensation of her nipples being pinched at the exact moment he nipped at her clit sent her skyrocketing. She cried out as he fucked her with his tongue, drowning him in passion—hot, wanton and unabashed.

“Rafe...Rafe...my l...”

“Yell, sweet Rachel... Yell,” he told her as he opened the front door of the house.

“Rafe, I love you. Please, may I touch...my lord?”

He stopped, moved to her face, and his mouth covered hers. She moaned, as she tasted herself on his lips and tongue. Rafe pulled back and she whimpered.

“Wrap your legs around me.”

“Yes, my lord.” As she did, he drove into her.

“Tell me what you want, Rachel.”

“Fuck me, my lord, hard...”

“Where?”

“Outside. Against a tree...I want to feel the hard bark against my skin while you fuck my brain senseless, and then again, in the soft grass...” Rachel could hardly speak, breathless from the force of his entrance.

“As you wish, Rachel, my lady.”

He carried her outside to a spot suiting him and his plans. He backed her against the tree and she gasped.

“Reach up and grab the branch above you. Hold onto it and do not let go.”

“Yes, my lord.”

She reached up, put her hands over the limb, lacing her fingers together. The roughness of the tree against her soft skin was arousing. She felt her pussy clench and desperately tried to hold herself under control until he gave her permission to come for him.

“Done, my lord.”

Rafe thrust into her as hard as he could. When she caught her breath as he suckled at her breast, shock waves wracked her as his finger pressed against her clit, making her pussy wetter and hornier.

Rafe cried out and growled as he filled her. His tongue teased her nipple. His hot breath on her sensitive skin sent thrills through her. She cried his name as she shook. The rough bark brought her back to reality but that didn't matter because she wrapped her legs around him and pulled him closer. He sandwiched her between his

body and the tree and shuddered as the very last drops left him and lodged within her. With his head on her breast, he calmed.

“You may hold me, Mistress Rachel.”

“With pleasure, my lord.”

A few moments later, he lowered her to the grass, chilly and damp from the dew of the early evening. The dampness of the lawn eased the sting from the bark as conflicting sensations brought her body alive.

“Eat me, sweetness.”

“As you desire, my lord.”

He straddled her shoulders and watched as she drew his cock to her lips. His intention had been to have her take care of his throbbing shaft, but it didn’t work. He had to have her again, his control shot to hell. Rafe could not get enough of Rachel. He had to have her, relieved to discover she felt the same way.

As her tongue danced over him then teased the slit at the tip of his cock, he bent down and let his fingers play. She felt so distant to him, so he pillowed her head on his ankles to press her to him, her moan the only approval he needed.

His hands slid under her ass and held her to him. He licked her dripping hot cunt and savored the taste. His hand moved to the anal plug and began to play with it, sliding it in and out. Tremors wracked through her and he smiled. She definitely had come out of her shell, and there would be more to come.

\* \* \* \*

Rafe cooked them a light dinner. She cleared the table and put everything in the dishwasher. Night descended on them and the glow from the candles on the table cast an air of romance on the setting.

“On the counter as before, sweetness.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Rachel climbed on the marble counter of the island workspace and curled into a ball, her ass in the air with her hands spreading her cheeks apart for his inspection and desire.

“Very nice,” he complimented her. He lightly kissed her while his hands massaged her rear and lower back. “I think you’re ready for more.”

“Thank you for your praise, my lord.”

A loss welled inside her when he removed the anal plug. She had become used to—and very attached—to it as her muscles had become accustomed to closing around the foreign object and holding it tightly. Rachel caught her breath and he became aware of her emotion.

He trailed kisses over her and played with her asshole. She wanted to react but held back to please him. She waited for him to tell her when. She heard him pull a tray from the cabinet. Rafe used a heated washcloth to clean her anus as he planned something different for Rachel. He removed the warmth, causing her to shiver as a breeze cooled and thrilled her. She felt her nipples harden and her pussy swell.

“I am warming some oil in my hands. It is lavender scented, a scent I want you to bathe in, wash your hair in, I want you scented in lavender for me. Do you understand?”

“Yes, my lord.”

He slapped her cheeks and her hands tightened and spread them more.

“Very, very good,” he said as he massaged her to work the oil into her anus. He felt her body close on him and he liked it. As his fingers eased in and out of her, she caught the rhythm and moved with him.

“Please, my lord...you, not a plug.”

“You’re not ready yet, my sweet Rachel.”

In one move, he removed his fingers and inserted her new plug, obviously bigger and much more pleasurable.

“Oh,” she cried as it pulsated.

“Do you like that?”

“Oh...m...may I present myself to my lord?”

“Yes.”



She rolled to her back, spread her legs and showed him how much she enjoyed her new toy. He loved a wet pussy and hers dripped, ready to spill over.

“Please, my lord,” Rachel begged as she panted from the sensation of the vibration in her ass. She had never felt anything as glorious as this. *Could he pleasure her any more?*

“Not yet, sweetness.”

He went to the refrigerator and pulled out some ice cream, chocolate syrup, whipped cream and maraschino cherries. He had never found anyone willing enough to be the base of a chilling confection, but then again, no one else was Rachel.

“Put your hands over your head.”

“Yes, my lord.”

“My sweet Rachel, I want to eat you.”

“Please do, my lord. I can’t hold on much longer.”

“But you must and you will for your master.”

Rafe took a scoop of ice cream and placed it in the valley between her breasts. The chill made her move as her body shivered a little. Next, he poured chocolate syrup over her breasts and the ice cream, followed by the whipped cream on her nipples, her navel and her pussy. Cherries nestled on her nipples, on the mound of ice cream and in her belly button.

“Delicious, my sweetness.”

Her hands clenched on the edge of the counter, her body so aroused from the cool sensations, she wanted to explode. He fed her some ice cream, then a cherry.

“Please, my lord...”

“From this point on, I don’t want to hear you beg unless I tell you to. I want to fulfill your desires forever.”

Rafe made his way slowly down her body and licked the whipped cream from her creamy pussy, the dairy delight mixed deliciously with her natural crème. Rafe Donovan thought he had died and gone to heaven. He allowed her to come and he lapped at her while he fucked her with his tongue. She writhed in harmony with him, although she held her cries.

“Do not hold back, Rachel.”

“Rafe!”

He moved from her pussy to her navel and grabbed the cherry between his teeth. He moved up and fed it to her, while his finger played with her swollen clit. *My God, she's perfect!* Then, he continued along her body to one nipple, then the other. He suckled them as he pricked the unattended bud. Her body jolted from the thrill he sent through her. He went to the melting delight sitting between her breasts and licked at it while he enjoyed his dessert.

He finger fucked her and, as she climaxed, he kissed her. His tongue explored her as he loved her.

“I love you, Rachel.”

“I love you, too, Rafe. May I get up, my lord?”

He nodded and she moved from the counter, dropped to her knees and took his entire length deep into her throat. She massaged his balls and milked every drop he had.

“Rachel!” His cries echoed throughout the house.

“My lord, please. Use my body for your pleasure as much as you desire. Please, increase the pulse on my plug. I want to always be wet and ready for you.”

“Rachel, we need to talk.”

“Why, my lord?” she asked, confused by the sudden change in his tone.

“We need to know each other.”

“I know what I need to. I love you. I want to marry you and have your child. You know about my past. I can't stay with him. You've showed me I can live and enjoy life. You have made me feel cherished and important while I've been your submissive. I will do anything for you. I know I need you and want you.”

“I could be a serial killer.”

“But I know you're not. You would never hurt me.”

“Rachel, what about your husband?”

“He'll be fine. I can't go through what he does to me any longer. Until I came to you, I had no self-confidence. I told you I've written numerous manuscripts. He's told me they're a waste of my time and his money because he's seen nothing come across the table. I would feel great about myself, and in just a few quick

seconds, he would pass it off as nothing because it didn't benefit him. Would you do that to me?"

"No, I wouldn't. As far as I'm concerned, you will be published. You'll write all you want, as long as I know you'll be there for me whenever I need or want you."

"I am and will be. I don't care about them at the moment. I'm dripping and I want you to fuck me blind. I want your cock in me while that plug pulsates to its heart's content."

"I like the way you think." He pulled her close. "You've got to go through one more trial of desire and you'll have your answers."

"Please, my lord, whatever you wish. I want to come for you. Please, may I?"

"In a moment, sweetness. Come with me."

\* \* \* \*

Rafe took her upstairs to the biggest test of their relationship. Up until now, she had accepted everything without question, no lapses, no punishment. *Would she, could she handle the rest of her fantasy?* He went over things with her quickly, impressed she had taken almost a week's worth of training in just over twenty-four hours. Once she had stripped naked for him, she freed herself for him, eager to please him. She refused the robe when he offered it to her and wore only the high heels.

Rafe guided her through another set of doors to a different bedroom suite. Rachel gazed at a room with its dark stained paneling, burgundy carpet matching the thick drapes and the bedspread on a high platform bed, all softened by the light given off by the many different candles lit. Rachel immediately fell in love with this room and its ambiance and never wanted to leave it, or its owner. She looked around it in awe of all the toys he had. Rachel loved this house and its history dating from the Revolution to the Civil War, nestled in this area deep in the center of the birth of this country.

"Rachel, you requested bondage. This is where you will experience it. How far all this goes is your choice. Understand?"

"Yes, my lord."

Rachel dropped to her knees with her hands extended.

“My God, I’ve found a natural submissive.”

“My lord, I am your toy.”

His cock rose at her words. He told her to look at how she affected him. At the sight of his magnificent cock, she tried to crawl to him. She had to have it in her mouth, or she felt she would burst from need. They both noticed the effect she had on him as he swelled and throbbed more for her.

“No, my Rachel.”

“Please, my lord.”

“Part of bondage is holding back. Restraint. Do you trust me?”

“Yes, my lord. With my life, my lord.”

“Do you want a safe word?”

“No, my lord.”

“One thing I will never do to you is use a gag of any type. Even if you ask, I will not do it. Part of my pleasure is hearing yours. Silk is for blindfolding, not gagging. I refuse to use ball gags or O-rings because I think they are too much. Besides, when my sweetness comes, I want your natural cries to echo throughout this old house. Understand?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“This is one thing I feel very strongly about, Rachel. Are you in agreement?”

“Yes, thank you, my lord.”

“Where do you want to begin?”

Rachel looked around and found what she wanted. She crossed to where a bar with leather wristlets hung from the ceiling. On the floor below it, she found a spreader bar for her ankles.

“Here, my lord.”

“One of my favorites.”

Rafe cuffed her hands to the bar, then restrained her ankles to the other. He raised her a little bit above the floor so she would be suspended.

“This is position five, my love. You are very open to me, beautiful and unable to react, aside from your dripping pussy. Do you wish a blindfold?”

“No, my lord. I want to see everything you do to me. I want to watch your gorgeous body as you use me. I want to imagine your magnificent cock fucking me. I don’t want to lose sight of my master.”

She knew how to keep him hard and ready for her. He went behind her and checked her anal plug. He adjusted the pulse, increasing it slightly, Rachel thrilled by the increased vibration.

“I have a combination I can use, or I can let this remain and add a vibrator.”

“Don’t move it, my lord, unless you thrust your cock in there instead.”

“As you wish.”

Rafe went to a drawer and pulled out a crystal dildo. She gasped at the beauty of it as the candlelight reflected in it sparkled. Rafe moved over to her and teased her clit with the dildo. She tried to curl up from the sensation, but the bars held her back. Rafe’s lips went to her breast and his tongue lathed her hardened nipple. She felt the sting of his nip at the same time he thrust the crystal toy deep within her.

She moaned with delight as she felt it touch her womb and found another one of her hidden erogenous spots. She tried to move on it and relieve some of the tension it brought on but couldn’t. She trembled as her pussy dripped, the evidence trickling down her leg. Rafe grinned.

“Rachel, you must keep this within you for the next few minutes. If it comes out, I will punish you.”

“Yes, my lord. I will do as you command.”

Rafe watched as her body wrapped around the crystal cock. He watched her fight to keep it in place, so eager to please him and obey his every instruction. His cock swelled to attention, his desire obvious. He wanted to be where the crystal sat but, as he made her wait, so would he.

“One thing you will have to do, besides the weights to increase your stamina, is to increase your pussy muscles, so they will hold your master’s toys without a problem.”

“Yes, my lord,” she breathlessly replied as she tried to hold back her cries.

Rafe went to another drawer and picked out another toy. He returned to her and watched as she held the dildo deep within her. He removed it and replaced it with another one. He inserted it into her dripping wet cunt, then strapped it in place. He put it on low and she cried out in joy. Her body shuddered from the dual sensations, Rafe pleased at her happiness.

“Now, as part of this training, you cannot cry out again. You may not come either. I will leave you for a short while in this erotic torture, because I need to go out and pick something up. If you behave, you will be rewarded. If you come, I’ll have to punish you. Understand?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Will you be all right?”

“Only if you hurry, my lord.”

“Alright.”

“My lord?”

“Yes, sweetness?”

“I love you. Please, I want to come.”

“No, hold back. I promise I won’t be long.”

Rafe kissed her deeply before he left her. He went across the hall to his room, showered and dressed. He ran downstairs, then out to the garage. He drove off in his black Porsche 911 turbo, the fastest set of wheels he owned. He did not want to keep her waiting while he picked up two things at a jeweler in town.

\* \* \* \*

Rachel felt his absence, her stomach sick from the separation. The pulsing between her legs and in her ass drove her to a frenzy. She had never been so stimulated in all her life. She desperately tried to behave, but she didn’t have enough training to control her natural sexual reactions.

She felt herself as she dripped. She clenched her hands as orgasms, blessed orgasms, rocked her. She cried out his name and begged for his mercy because she knew his punishment came next. The joy and fulfillment she felt now overshadowed all else.

Rachel trusted Rafe with everything in her heart and soul. He could and would do no wrong by her.

“Rafe...” she cried out when another orgasm ripped through her. She felt sexy and whole. She shuddered as the sensations coursed through her.

“Oh, my god, my lord...oh...oh!” she screamed, as her hands clenched tight. *What glorious torture.* She screamed again, then passed out, exhausted, spent and happy.

*The punishment would be worth it.*

\* \* \* \*

When Rafe returned, the house seemed deathly quiet. He had expected to walk in and hear her joy. His sweetness had either one hell of stamina or...*shit!*

He raced upstairs and discovered her passed out. Her body involuntarily shook from her double stimuli. He switched them off.

“Rachel...Rachel...”

“Rafe?”

“Hey, are you all right?”

“Better than ever, my lord.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, my lord. I await your punishment.”

“Punishment?”

“I came without permission. I cried out your name. I misbehaved.”

“My God, I took too long. I’m sorry.”

“My lord, I enjoyed it. I’ve never had a continuous orgasm before.”

Rafe kissed her, deep and passionate, her face lodged safely between his hands. He wanted to take and hold her, but she had done exactly as she had been told, misbehaved as she said and admitted to it. Never had he experienced a true abiding trust with anyone as he did with Rachel.

“I...”

“Please.”

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t, my lord. I trust you with my life.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes, my lord.”

He went to the drawer next to the vibrators and chose a soft suede flogger. It could arouse and it could hurt but it suited him for what he wanted. He traced it across her body. She trembled as he trailed it up her side. Her nipples hardened when he teased them with it.

SNAP!

Across one ass cheek he snapped it, then massaged her skin, his breath hot on her sensitive skin as he whispered to her.

SNAP!

Across the other cheek, followed by another massage.

Three more times to each side followed by a massage. Rachel cried out toward the last one, tears welled in her eyes.

“Thank you, my lord. I’ll do better next time.”

“We’ll see how well you learned.”

He moved to the bed, then stripped out of his clothes. He returned to her and kissed the sensitive pink skin on her ass. She moaned a little, then jolted when he restarted her anal plug.

“Thank you, my lord.”

He turned her around to face him and restarted the vibrator.

“No matter what, no sound, no coming, until I give you permission.”

“Yes, my lord.”

He could tell she had gone almost to the edge but found a way to control her reactions. He watched as she kept herself from orgasming once again.

“I’m proud of you, sweetness.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

“Good girl.”



As she reached the point of orgasm again, he pinched her nipples. She held her cry and he saw the inner fight to hold it all in. He repeated it but again, she held her cries.

“Excellent, my sweet Rachel.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

As she neared the edge again, he suckled her breast and played with the other. He switched and repeated what he had just done.

“Let it go this time. You’ve been very, very good.”

The orgasm ripped through her as it rocked her. She cried out as she saw tiny explosions in her mind. Her body shook as her hands clenched, fighting to touch him. She came, the release glorious. She threw her head back, her hair grazing the sensitive skin on her rear. It aroused her all over again and the next climax exhausted her.

Rafe held her as he switched off the anal plug and the vibrator. He removed them, then took her down from the bars. He carried her to bed, where he laid her in the middle of the huge mattress.

“Thank you, my lord.”

“Sleep, my sweet Rachel. You deserve to sleep.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

\* \* \* \*

Periodically, Rafe checked on her while she slept. Loving her more than life, he knew he had found his soul mate. The problem would be the husband. He didn’t like the answers he got when he asked about the man. His investigator had learned things about William Wainwright that could hurt any attempt Rachel made to divorce him.

He called his attorney, Dave Capwell, who had been his solicitor for years. If it could be done, then Capwell would do it.

“Are you absolutely sure, Rafe?” he asked.

“Yes, I am.”

“Does she know your—”

“Yes, and she embraced it. In fact, Rachel found me through the internet. She is glorious.”

“Have you told her about your wealth?”

“No, not yet. I want to wait.”

“It may be hard if you intend to finance her divorce.”

“The money will funnel through your office, no one the wiser.”

“Ok.”

“I want it quick, quiet and Wainwright out of the way. My investigator copied his files to your office.”

“How much?”

“I’ll buy him out at one point five, no higher.”

“You got it. Hey, Rafe?”

“What?”

“Congratulations.”

“Thanks.”

## Chapter 3

Rachel woke up, her body sore. She ached from all that she'd enjoyed. Greedy, she wanted more. When she rolled over, she discovered herself alone. Her heart felt heavy. *Have I somehow failed? Did I disappoint him? Has he changed his mind about me?*

Her heart skipped a beat when she heard the door open and he came in with breakfast. Rafe came to the side of the bed, climbed the three steps of the platform and sat on the side. As he did, Rachel followed his movements, drinking in his gorgeous body with her eyes.

"Good afternoon, my sweet Rachel. You've slept the day away."

"I'm sorry, my lord."

"Don't be. It's been a real turn-on watching you sleep."

"Rafe, I..."

"No, my sweet, I haven't changed my mind about us. I want you to be my wife. I want you to have our children. Nevertheless, I have to make sure your husband doesn't screw things up. I have my attorney taking care of it as we speak."

"But, I can't..."

"You didn't, sweetness. I'm being selfish. I want you all to myself, free and clear with no strings attached. Why do you think we haven't gone to any of the clubs? I don't want to share you at all. I want to know I'm marrying you, so we can have our lives together."

"You're a very special man, Rafael Donovan."

"Only because of you, my sweet Rachel. How do you feel?"

"I understand pain/pleasure so much more now. Please, my lord, take me again like that."

"I have other plans for you. But first, breakfast."

"I should be doing this, my lord," Rachel protested as he fed her a blueberry muffin. She caught his finger and licked the butter from it, before taking it in her mouth and suckling it. The sensations of the act had his cock hard and throbbing, and he wanted more.

"There will be time for that later, sweetness."

"Promise, my lord?"

"I swear." He fed her a piece of sausage, then a piece of orange.

"You're not eating, my lord?"

"I ate before so I could please my mistress. You gave me more last night than anyone I've ever trained."

"I did?"

"No other has ever been a true submissive. You are a natural and once you're introduced to something, you take to it immediately and with a great deal of enthusiasm. You've begun to control your reactions without my instructing you."

"I want to make my lord proud of me."

Rafe pulled her to him and kissed her as he held her to him.

"May I?" she asked.

"In a moment, my sweetness. I want you to finish breakfast," he told her as he fed her some more fruit. "I love you, sweet Rachel."

"I love you, too, my lord." Rachel kissed his fingertips as he fed her a strawberry. Then she drew them into her mouth again and sucked the juice off.

"I have something for you," Rafe said as his Rachel's eyes opened like a child's on Christmas morning.

"Rafe, I..."

"Shh, my sweet. Close your eyes."

He pulled a gold necklace from his pocket and clasped it around her neck. He pulled her hair from it and freed it to fall down her back. Then he pointed to the mirror.

“That is my mark of domination. In our world, it means you are mine, and no one else’s. I have never ever put my collar on anyone else. You are the first and the last.”

“I...”

“Don’t worry about it. You are not going home—you are home. When the time is right, I’ll take you to get your personal possessions.”

“Can we get my manuscripts and a couple of other things before he comes home from Michigan? That way, I’ll never have to go back.”

“Perfect idea. We’ll go tonight after dark. What about your son and daughter?”

“I spoke with my daughter and she’s behind me totally. I did not tell her about the lifestyle, because that’s between you and me, and I do not intend on her seeing me any other way than how she is used to. If she comes to visit...”

“She’ll never be the wiser. Your son?”

“He’s been trying to get me away from his father for years. It’s a huge relief to him, now that he’s stationed overseas.”

“Good. I’m elated for you.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

“Now, I want you to take a shower and put some heat on your body.”

“Will my lord join me?”

“I might.”

“Please, my lord?”

Rachel surprised him by slipping to her knees, casting her eyes to his feet and putting her arms up for him to take her however he desired.

“Rachel, how can I refuse you anything?”

“Maybe I should get a collar for you, my lord.”

“Maybe you should at that.”

\* \* \* \*

“Once we get your stuff and bring it back here, I have a surprise.”

“You have already been too good to me.”

“Get used to it. I’m planning to spoil the hell out of you. And, as we have all the time in the world now, we can slow your training and explore other things.”

“I like the sound of that.”

“Good. Now, my driver will take you to your place. Get what you need to and come back.”

“My lord?”

“Rachel?”

“I think I should dress first.”

“No lingerie. I want you primed when you come home. Come here,” Rafe said as he checked her plug. He put it on throb and she thanked him. He watched her leave the room and made some phone calls. His Rachel would never need anything.

“Yes, I want everything delivered within the hour, then put away. It’s a surprise for my fiancée.”

“Yes, Mister Donovan. We’ll be there as soon as possible.”

He grinned as he imagined her face when she saw his latest gift to her. She deserved only the best and he would give her everything.

\* \* \* \*

Rachel returned to the estate with her laptop, manuscripts and notes, CD’s and her collection of books. She had packed some clothes, but since she didn’t expect having to worry about something mundane like clothing, she didn’t pack a lot. She had also grabbed her grandmother’s ring, some jewelry and family photos. She left her past, her wedding band and engagement ring, behind.

By the time she had finished, it was evident that she wouldn’t return. When her husband returned, he would find no books, music, writings, or her die-casts from the NASCAR races they went to. Her favorite driver had been Earnhardt and she remained an avid fan after his death, her reason for taking the models. She left the rest in hopes of replacing it all later. If she didn’t, she didn’t care. She wanted out of the marriage and her life sentence.

When she returned to Rafe’s estate, the driver helped her carry in the heavier things.

“The rest will be taken care of, ma’am.”

“Thank you.”

Rachel hurried into the house and stopped. She found an envelope and a red rose waiting for her on the foyer table. She opened the envelope.

*Go to the dark bedroom, undress and get into bed.*

*Position three please, my sweetness.*

She ran up the stairs with the rose in hand and went to the room where she’d spent one of the most glorious nights of her life. The seam of her jeans continued to rub against her swollen clit and aroused her to a wanton and needy frenzy. She enjoyed the wetness and knew her juices trickled down her leg. The silk of her blouse brushed her tender nipples and kept them in a complete state of arousal. Every time she moved, thrills coursed through her body. Once inside the bedroom, she removed her shoes, jeans and blouse. The smell of her desire kept her at a heightened state and ready for Rafe as she climbed the steps of the platform and got into bed, where she stretched out and waited for him, spread-eagled as he had instructed.

She didn’t have long to wait. Rafe joined her and smiled when he saw she’d laid the rose between her breasts.

“Perfection, my sweet Rachel.”

“Yes, my lord. Thank you.”

He went to the headboard and pulled down silk lined wristlets. He cuffed her hands to points on the headboard, then went to the foot of the bed to put silk lined manacles on her ankles.

“For this, you’ll be blindfolded as I want you to experience through your other senses. Understand?”

“Yes, my lord.”

Rafe tied a black silk scarf over her eyes. He liked the way she looked, his cock emphatic and hard in agreement. Rachel was the only one who could do this to him and now, she not only wanted to marry him, but she had accepted his collar without hesitation and happily wore it, because it pleased him. He could tell how

happy she had become with him and could only imagine what they could discover together.

He went to the cabinet and picked out several different toys. He returned to her side and gazed at her. He took a long feather and ran it along her side. Her breath caught as he trailed it along her body. He brushed over her nipples and watched them harden in response. He pricked her right one until it firmed up enough to attach a nipple clip, then watched her body buck as he attached it. He repeated the same with her left one.

“What do you feel?”

“Like electric shocks are touching my nipples, my lord.”

“And this?” He took a make-up brush and brushed it across each nipple. She trembled at the touch of the gentle brush.

“Please, my lord, more.”

“Excellent.”

Rafe went to her soft mound of hair between her legs. Her body started when he put the lavender scented shaving cream on it.

“Do not move, sweetness. I refuse to hurt you.”

“I’ll try, my lord.” Rachel tensed a little.

“Always, you will be naked to me. This includes your pussy. I will make sure of this each and every day.”

“Yes, my lord.”

He played with her clit as he parted the folds of her labia to get a better view of her treasures. The more he did, the more swollen it became. Carefully, he shaved her, his Rachel, ready for his next gift. He took a smaller clip with dangling jewels and attached it to one fold, then repeated the procedure with the other. She caught her breath as the stinging sensation went from one end of her body to the other. He took another brush and played it over her clit as he inserted his fingers inside her. Between the two, her body shook as he took her over the edge. The climax shot through her as she desperately tried to control her reaction. He watched with intense interest.

“Does my Rachel desire to come for me?”

“Yes, my lord. My God, yes!”

“Then you may, my sweet Rachel.”



His cock throbbed, desiring to be inside where he belonged as she drenched his hand. Her senses went wild as he watched shocks surge through her. He removed his fingers and could tell her body felt bereft.

“Open your sweet mouth.” She did so without hesitation and he placed his fingers inside. She greedily licked them off while he pressed his cock against her pussy. He smiled as another orgasm rocked her.

His tongue flicked over her nipples, her breasts full and desirous. Nipple clips agreed with her as much as the clit clips had. His free hand reached for a gold chain. He clipped it to the nipple jewelry and gently tugged on it. Her breath caught at the new sensation, even more so when she felt it attached to the clit jewelry. Her body trembled as her hands clenched. She held and prayed for divine relief.

“Please, my lord, may I have more?”

“Always, my bejeweled sweetness.”

He saw the look on her face as she tried to figure out what he meant and he left her to wonder. While she did, Rafe stripped, then climbed into bed with her. He moved pillows out of his way and placed them under her back and hips. He moved into the space between her head and the headboard. Rachel instinctively moved her head toward where she sensed him to be. Her mouth open like a small bird, she invited him as she licked her lips. They no longer needed to say anything to each other, they each knew the other’s desires and acted on them. Rafe had found his perfect match and Rachel, hers.

Rachel’s tongue lapped at the head of his cock and aroused him even more. He leaned toward her to ease her access to him. She took him in but not as far as she felt she needed.

“Please, my lord, I need more of you.”

“For you, anything.”

As he thrust into her mouth, he bent over her so his tongue could lick at her newly shaved mons, then her pussy. He needed to eat her, feast from her while she took him in a mind-blowing

mouth fuck. Sex with Rachel Wainwright had become a celebration.

“Make me come, sweetness.”

She whimpered as she feverishly worked to suck him and pleasure him. Her hands clenched open and shut as she took every drop exploding into her mouth and down her throat.

“Feed me, sweetness.”

She went from oozing to dripping. Rafe licked every drop from her pussy and teased around her clips. As he felt the last bit of his release slide into her, he gently tugged the chain. Rachel climaxed once more for him and he savored her. She drew back, her fingers wanting to play along his cock.

“My lord?”

“My Rachel?”

“Please fuck me, my lord. Please...”

Her plea caused his cock to harden involuntarily. Rafe moved to place himself between her legs, driving into her hard, brutally and fiercely, with love for her. He wanted to fill her with his semen, as he knew she desperately wanted a child. He did, too, and only with her.

“Rachel Wainwright,” he began between thrusts. “I marry you. I promise to love, honor, and fuck you until death do us part. I take you for better, for worse, in sickness and in health. You are my submissive, as I submit myself to you. I love you, now my wife, Rachel Donovan.”

“Rafael Donovan,” she began, matching his every move, “I marry you and I swear to love, honor, obey and fuck you until death us do part. I take you in all ways as I love you, my husband, Rafe Donovan.”

Together, they cried out. Together, they became one. Together, forever.

\* \* \* \*

Rafe awakened first and released her. She stirred as he showered her with kisses. As she turned toward him, he untied the silk blindfold. He slid from bed and took her hand to lead her to a full-length mirror. She gasped as she stared at herself. The gold

braided collar to the chain between her nipple clips and the dangling jewels at her clit made her feel cherished and unique.

The collar symbolized his sole possession of her. She accepted this without question, as she knew she possessed him, the basis of a dominant/submissive relationship. He would give her everything she could ever want or need, emotionally and materially. He would not take away her life, except when they loved each other and for them, it had become twenty-four/seven. She had to touch him, felt bereft when he left her, even for a few minutes.

She gazed at his reflection as he watched her.

"I don't know what to say."

"You are a beautiful woman, my sweet Rachel."

"Only for you."

"The collar remains but the clips are temporary. When I remove them, you may enjoy whatever sensations you experience."

"One question, my lord."

"Yes?"

"If I wanted to have them permanently, would it please my master?"

"Oh, Rachel. Yes, if that's what you want."

"Thank you, my lord."

First, he went to the cabinet in the drawer and returned with another length of gold chain. He added it to the other one, then tugged both of them. She jolted, her pussy creaming uncontrollably.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, my lord."

He pulled the chains and with them, came both sets of clips. Rachel screamed but not as much from pain as pleasure, divine, indescribable pleasure coursed through her body. She quivered until the aftermath left her.

"If I asked you to pierce your navel, would you?"

"Yes, I would."

"Anywhere else?"

“I want my nipples and my pussy done. I love the feel of the constant arousal of your personal brands. I want the chain for my lord to pull on. I want all of it.”

“Then we will take care of it, but later.”

She looked at him.

“And what will my lord pierce for me?”

“Good question. What do you have in mind?”

“I’d like the earlobe done with an earring of my choice so I know you are mine and mine alone. There’s another place, but I could never ask you to do that. I was curious though.”

“But I asked you seriously.”

“And I will, my lord. I want it done more than anything right now. The constant push to keep me aroused for you is awesome.”

Rachel’s body stopped quivering but she felt the evidence of her body’s desire trickle down her leg. She touched his shaft, playing her lips over it. He pulled her up, then eased her down on him, impaling her on his cock as he drove deeply into her. As he moved her up and down, her nipples brushed against his skin. He bent his head to kiss her, then took her breast and suckled it. They came together as she held his head to her chest.

“I forgot something.”

\* \* \* \*

Rafe carried her downstairs to the kitchen. He sat her on the counter.

“Your usual position, my sweet Rachel.”

“As you wish, my lord.” Once she rolled to her stomach, she curled up with her ass in the air and her hands reaching back to spread her cheeks wider for his easier access.

“Very nice.” He turned the switch on to a higher setting and the anal plug throbbed more. “Does my submissive want her vibrator also?”

“Yes, my lord. Please.”

“All right.”

She heard him slide out a tray. He removed her plug and wiped her rear with a warm cloth. He spread lavender scented oil on her skin while he concentrated on the hole. He shoved his

middle finger in her and wiggled it. The force of this caused her to move her hands to support herself. Waves of pleasure bathed her in sheer ecstasy. She held her cries.

“Scream, my sweet Rachel. Tell me how you feel.”

“I love you, Rafe,” she panted as he kept up the frantic pace.

“Are you ready, Rachel?”

“Yes, my lord.”

He inserted a combination plug and vibrator. Due to its construction, he could press the toy to touch all her erogenous spots and give her supreme pleasure. He switched it on and Rachel screamed.

“Rafe, please, help me.”

“What’s wrong?” he asked with concern.

“Hold me. I need you to touch me. Please, my lord.”

The new sensations rocked her. In order to hold her, Rafe sat on the counter with her. Her body rocked back and forth, her breasts swaying freely with her movements. He cupped them and held her as he positioned himself in front of her. She surprised him as she grabbed his engorged cock and went down on him. He held her as she shook, he groaned as he came.

She couldn’t stop herself, just like the evening before. Orgasm after orgasm ripped through her and she sucked his cock more and more feverishly. His hand went to her head and pressed her closer while his other hand rubbed her ass. Rachel had been pushed past the limit and now acted out of raw instinct. She continued, unable to stop. She loved him and had to go the distance to please him. When she pleased him, she pleased herself and she loved the feelings he brought out in her.

“Sweetness, stop, you’re draining me.”

“I can’t. I have to take you. My body won’t...”

He reached down and shut the toy off. Rachel collapsed in his lap.

“Please forgive me, my lord.”

“There’s nothing to forgive. I love you, Rachel.”

She smiled.

“Rachel, walk in the garden. When I come out to join you, I want position three.”

“Yes, my lord. Any place in particular?”

“I want you in the wet grass of the early evening.”

“Yes, my lord.”

Rafe watched her leave the room. Since he had brought her here, she lived her life naked and accessible only for his desires. *Sheer Perfection.*

## Chapter 4

Rachel went outside. The cool air calmed her though she felt a tad bit cold. Her nipples erect, her pussy soaked, she did as Rafe asked. She walked around, smelled the flowers and enjoyed the evening.

Happier now than she'd been in a long time, she felt safe and loved. William Wainwright had flat out jerked her over. Rafe treated her like a queen. She discovered new and exciting aspects to her personality, amazed at how she'd grown in just a few days with Rafe.

She fingered her collar and thought about what it all meant. She liked the idea of his stated possession of her total being. Solely between them, the meaning went deep within her. If he never gave her anything else, she'd be happy to wear only the gold at her neck and nothing else plus, she loved the freedom nudity afforded her.

At one time, she loved clothes, though she always took care to make sure she didn't look too sultry or seductive. She'd been brought up to believe things like low-cut sweaters, *open to the navel* blouses, tight jeans and short skirts, to name a few, made her look like a whore. Now she hated wearing even the thinnest layer of silk, though she had to admit, the arousal of the other day when she wore nothing under her jeans and blouse had been exceedingly erotic.

Rachel needed the contact of her flesh against his whenever they could. She felt herself become hot and wet at the thought of exclusivity with Rafe Donovan. She wouldn't worry, seeing that

she trusted him without question. This, too, was a new feeling since she'd never trusted Wainwright.

She heard Rafe when he came outside on the terrace and found the perfect spot in the grass. She stretched out spread-eagled. The cool dew bathed her back and combined with her dripping juices.

"Perfection, sweet Rachel."

"Only for you, my lord."

He knelt beside her and kissed her. Involuntarily, she pushed her breasts to him for his ministrations.

"How are you feeling?"

"Wonderful, my lord."

"Your ass?"

"Wanting your cock embedded there, my sweet lord and master."

"Very good. Now?"

"Please, my lord, no toy matches your glorious cock, my dear, sweet lord."

"On your knees then, my sweet slave."

The sound of the word made her stomach convulse. They had reached the true dom/sub relationship. She had become slave to her master.

Moonlight bathed them as she got on her knees. He removed the toy and with one thrust, he buried himself deep within her. She felt his balls against her and melted as she pulled him closer to her. Her cunt ached for him and she wanted him as deep inside her as humanly possible. She begged him to go deeper, but he assured her she had all of him he had to give.

Rafe pulled her up and against his body, she cried out at the extraordinary joy this brought her. Her hands locked behind his neck as he kissed her throat. Her breasts were shoved out by this position; his hands went to them and squeezed them as he moved within her. As one hand held her tits tight, his other hand went to her clit and rubbed the swollen nub while he nudged her legs a little farther apart. They moved together and he played with her as he took his tongue and ran it along her neck. She groaned when



she felt him suckle her behind the ear. *How could an old-fashioned hickey be so erotic?* He pulled back a little.

“Play with your nipples for me,” he instructed her as he buried himself within her again.

Without a word, she did as he commanded. A new sensation took hold of her and he filled her with everything as she drenched his cock. His mouth covered hers as he drank in her screams and Rachel found the pleasure of playing with herself satisfying four points at once. Pleasure beyond description.

She fell against him as the last shudders ran through both of them.

“I love you, Rachel.”

“I love you, my lord. I am truly yours in every way.”

She turned to him, pressed her breasts against him and kissed him. He lowered her to the grass, reaching quickly to clean himself off with a well-placed cloth, and then made slow, passionate love to her. No orders, no titles, just one man and one woman, madly and deeply in love. They fell asleep under the stars in the moonlight.

\* \* \* \*

Rachel woke first as the sun’s warmth beat down on them. From the beginning, she loved the idea of the seclusion of his Virginia estate but this made her love the place even more. They could do whatever they wanted behind the walls and in the hidden, secure, and secluded gardens without anyone seeing them. She found out his property encompassed thousands of acres in a very rich and historic area of the state.

They had been tangled in each other all night but he never let her go. She heard his heartbeat and felt so damned lucky to have him in her life. She snuggled closer and smiled. While Rafe slept, his cock had come to life and as she gazed at it, she came up with a wonderful way to wake her master.

She carefully moved, so she wouldn’t wake him too soon, and slid him into her mouth. Since he had first asked her to give him a blowjob, it had been so damned enjoyable for her. She couldn’t get enough of the feel of him shooting into her mouth and it drove her

to her own heated, wet arousal and more. She decided to draw it out for as long as she could.

Her tongue lovingly licked the head of his shaft while she teased the slit where all his heated seed exploded. She ran her tongue up and down his length as her fingertips massaged his balls. His cock grew and she took him. She relaxed her throat to take his expansive length. She had no problem taking Rafe's cock as she had with William's, even though Rafe's was twice as big. Of course, Rafe hadn't beaten her either.

She closed her eyes and worked on him while she tried to wake him with her seduction. She moved faster and felt his hand on her head as he helped her by applying a slight pressure to the back of her neck to hold her closer.

"If you intend to do this, that naked pussy of yours better get up here so I can feast, too."

Rachel didn't know how she accomplished it, but she moved without missing a beat. She felt his hot breath on her sensitive skin when his tongue delved into her and his fingers spread her apart. While his tongue tasted her, his fingers played with her clit. His hand moved to her breast and, as their level of passion increased, he squeezed her tit as he pressed her clit.

His cock firmly trapped in her mouth prevented her from screaming but she moaned and knew her master had been satisfied.

"Come to me, sweet Rachel."

"Good morning, my lord."

"Tell me what you want me to do for you right now."

She whispered it in his ear as she licked his neck and lavished kisses on him.

"Why, you little minx..."

\* \* \* \*

Rachel got what she wanted from him. With her feet held apart by the spreader bar, her ankles bound by leather straps with her arms above her head and her hands mirroring her feet, Rachel moaned with delight. Rafe inserted a new anal plug and strapped on her vibrator. She caught her breath when he attached the nipple clips and the chain.

“You are magnificent, my sweetness.”

“You are perfection, my lord and master.”

“Tell me what to do,” he coaxed as he wanted and needed to hear her say the words.

“Continuous orgasm, like the other night. I want to pass out from total satiation and wake in your arms while you are fucking me senseless. I want you to make sure I am pregnant. I want all of you, my lord.”

“Your wish is my command. My submissive is now my dominant.”

“Do it, Rafe. Please.”

He switched on the plug and the vibrator, then sat back to watch her enjoy her desires.

“May I...”

“Yes, no restraints or limits, my sweet Rachel.”

She felt the first orgasm wash over her and she cried out. It rolled through her body and when it subsided, the next one started. She threw her head back and screamed Rafe’s name. Rafe went to her and added to her pleasure by playing with her firm pebbles. The clips held them erect enough for him to find the sensitive spot and take advantage of her heightened senses. As he did, her body went out of control. An hour later, she had lost count of how many climaxes she’d enjoyed. She had screamed his name each time. When she felt his touch, she drowned his hands while hers clenched, then opened as her body begged for more.

Several more orgasms overwhelmed her before she passed out from sheer exhaustion. Her mind on emotional overload, she wanted and needed more. She knew she could not be away from him. *My God, Rafe...*

Rachel woke in the huge mahogany framed bed in their playroom. She looked straight into his eyes as her legs wrapped around him. As she had commanded, her husband-to-be fucked her as she woke. They kissed as he exploded in her and thrust himself inside her as if his cock was her plug. He buried himself deep in her and the feel of him within her sent her hurtling to another mind-shattering release.

“Rafe...”

“I know. I can’t let you go,” he told her as he buried his face in her thick, luxurious hair. “I don’t want to. You’ve become my life. You wear my collar. My God, Rachel, please don’t ever leave me,” Rafe Donovan begged her, tears pooling in his eyes.

“I swear. I won’t. Now, come to Mama.”

“Rachel...”

“My lord, I love you.”

## Chapter 5

*One year later*

“Good morning, my sweet.”

“Morning.”

“How did you sleep?”

“I don’t know. What time is it? The baby...”

“The baby is fine and out with her nanny. Can you think of anything to do while they’re out?”

“Plenty.” She smiled as they kissed.

Their daughter had been born three months earlier. Felicity Rachel Donovan had come into the world and made their lives complete. She looked like Rachel, but had her father’s appetite for life.

In the year since their first meeting, a great deal had happened.

William Wainwright had returned from his conference to find his wife gone and an offer for a quiet divorce in exchange for one point five million dollars. As Rachel predicted, he took the money, left town and moved to Florida. She didn’t hear from him. Her son had congratulated her, right before he received orders for a two year assignment in Australia. Her daughter wished her the best and visited often. She loved her half-sister and agreed that Rafe had been very good for her mother.

Within the first week of her moving into Rafe’s home, Rachel knew he had given her his child. It took a few days to confirm, but she had gotten her wish. She had his seed growing inside her and for nine months, Rafe would be with her constantly, one way or

another. They became inseparable, so she had the best of both worlds.

Sex had become more intense because Rachel wanted to try everything his dark room had to offer. While her favorite had to be the spreader bars and vibrators, or as she christened it, *Rock 'til I drop, my continuous orgasm*.

As she had spent their first week, Rachel blissfully enjoyed life naked. She wore her collar; the marquis cut diamond engagement ring and matching wedding band, plus several new additions to her jewelry collection. Rafe had given her a lariat necklace to be worn at her waist. The tails she kept to the side so they would not become entangled with her navel piercing. Then, there were the nipple piercings and the matching chains he could tug on at will.

She loved the fact they valued their privacy and she truly did not miss going out. If she went outside, she wanted to stroll naked in the gardens or sleep nude under the stars. She hated clothes, plain and simple. She didn't look forward to giving up this one love when their daughter grew old enough to understand.

\* \* \* \*

Soon after her divorce became final, she experienced the first signs of pregnancy. As her favorite activity had been continual satiation, she had begged him to watch her as she enjoyed the pleasure. He sat back and took in every moment, while he got comfortable in bed. His cock agreed, as it stood erect and waited for her. Her sessions had slowly increased in time as she remained at a peak for several hours.

"How are you, my sweet Rachel?"

"Fine, my lord." She cried out his name but her call for him scared him. She never used a safe word or called for his help, but she did this time. He jumped from the bed and ran to her as she paled. He released her, then carried her to their bed where he removed the clips and anything else she might feel confining. He'd discovered over the years, if a sub became sick, something as simple as a nipple clip could make it all worse.

"Rachel, are you all right?"

"I feel sick." He looked at her as she lay in his arms, feverish. Rachel had never been sick before.

"I'll call 9-1-1."

"No, my lord, I'm fine. Can you take me to your doctor?"

"I'll get him to come here. Why?"

"I need a blood test."

"Rachel, you're scaring me."

"Rafe, I think I'm pregnant." He relaxed with this as he held her to him.

"Sweet Rachel."

"I don't think this baby likes my favorite toys."

"Right now, I don't care. I want you to take it easy."

"I'm carrying a baby, not dying."

"No, you're carrying our child. I won't have you doing anything to risk either one of you."

Rachel put her hand to his cheek and smiled. She let it slip to his cock and licked her lips. She moved to take him while he moved to let her. With a renewed strength, she went down on him and his hand automatically held her head in place. She worked faster to please him while his other hand slid between her legs. She rose to her knees and moved them apart to give him better access to her waiting cunt. His hand pressed against her soaked pussy and he groaned.

"Would my Sweet Rachel like to come?"

"Yes, master, please."

"Yes, Rachel, you may."

As she took his burst, she drenched his hand. It seemed as if she came more this one time than ever before. He tangled his fingers in her hair and sighed.

"Rachel..."

He arched his back and pushed his cock deeper to give her every drop of cum.

"Did I please you, master?"

"You're even sexier pregnant."

"Thank you, my lord."

He growled his approval as he rolled her onto her back. He put his fingers to her lips and she licked her own cum from them. He moved to tongue fuck her and she moved to accommodate her lord and master. The perfect sub. She knew his desires and acted on them instinctively. Rafe felt like the luckiest man in the world.

They showered, then began to plan their wedding while they waited for his personal physician to arrive.

“Rachel, I need to tell you something.”

“What, my lord?”

“This is important. It’s something I’ve hidden from you.”

“You’re into heavy torture?” Rafe rolled his eyes.

“No, my lady. Worse.”

“What, Rafe? Now you’re scaring me.”

“When you sleep, I conduct business. I have a net worth of several hundred million dollars.”

She stared at him, stunned.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I wanted to know our love was real and true. I’ve had several relationships where women came to this lifestyle, not for me, but for my money. I opened myself to them and they took it all. My attorney got wealthy on negotiating silence. I swore if I ever found the perfect woman, I’d wait until I was absolutely sure before I said anything.”

“Rafe, I…”

“I’m surprised you didn’t recognize the name.”

“Why? Should I?”

“Donovan Publishing.”

“I never made the connection. I didn’t think you could be…”

“That’s what I wanted. I had called my office and told them to give you the lifetime contract. I wanted it to be exclusive, as you know. If anything happens to us, you’ll walk away a wealthy woman.”

“I won’t walk away. I don’t care about the money. I want your body and the pleasure you allow me to have and experience. You, my lord, are all I care about.”

“Rachel, stand here.”



“My lord?”

Rafe dropped to his knee and took her hand.

“Rachel Wainwright, will you marry me?”

“Yes,” she replied while she watched him slip the marquise solitaire on her finger. Her other hand went to the gold collar at her neck. Tears pooled in her eyes as she fell to her knees to kiss him.

“Come, we’ll see if the baby likes this.”

He led her to a black velvet cover hidden in the shadows of the dark room. He nodded and she pulled the cover away. She gasped and he grinned.

“Please, my lord.” she asked and he moved a little closer to hold her.

“Lay on it and let me do the rest.”

“Yes, my lord.”

She laid on the stand, her stomach on the cushion. Because the back of the cushion was higher than in front, the position of her ass was up in the air where it would give him a good view of her treasures. Two small posts stood at the front edge. He attached the wristlets, then went and took care of the anklets. Her legs apart, her pussy exposed, he felt his cock swell. He massaged her rear, then drove into her and buried his cock deep within her. He continued pounding her until he knew he would explode. He pulled out and drove himself into her anus. She cried out as her hands clenched around the posts.

“Rachel...”

“Don’t stop, my lord.”

“Rachel, sweetness.” Rafe growled as he pulled out and then thrust back into her pussy. He exploded in her, then fell on her, spent. His hot breath by her ear, he whispered his love for her. “And to think, I could leave you here like this with your toys...”

“Please, my lord, do what you feel is... At least, until I get bigger.”

He picked up the anal plug and vibrator combination, inserted it, then turned it on. She gasped and when she did, his mouth covered hers and kissed her waiting lips. He told her to come all

she wanted, his gift to the woman he planned to spoil. She obeyed him as she lost count of how many times she climaxed. Each time she did, he kissed her, his tongue shoved deep into her mouth. The next time, his cock filled her mouth and they shared a glorious orgasm as the strength of their combined reactions rocked them.

Rachel passed out, proof of how satisfied he made her. He relaxed a moment and stroked her hair before he freed her from her new toy. He carried her to bed, only this time, he took her to the master bedroom. The next surprise would definitely set her reeling.

She came around to his kisses and smiled.

"I love my new toy." she told him weakly. "The pain...erotic."

"Wonderful, sweetness. I designed it just for you."

"Why did you bring me in here?"

"As the wife of a prominent businessman, an aspiring author in her own right and mother, it's time you opened a present I bought for you the day you left your old life behind." She smiled, since she knew Rafe would never talk about her ex-husband. He always referred to him as *her old life*.

"What?"

"Open the door." Rachel did and walked into a huge walk-in closet with hangers and racks filled with clothes for all occasions with accessories. Her eyes widened as her mouth dropped.

"But, my lord. I don't need clothes. I'm happy here with you and with what I have for when my daughter comes to visit."

"Is my sweet sub scared of the outside world?"

"Yes, my lord, I am. I only feel safe here. I'm afraid if I go out into the world, I'll lose you and wind up back with..."

"Don't say it. One question though, don't you want to see the villa in Spain or the beach house in the Florida Keys, or the yacht..."

"Yacht?"

"My dear sweet Rachel, you can lay naked in the sun, as free as you want on deck, or stroll along my private beach, walking and exploring the island off the coast of Spain. But there are some things you must dress for, like our wedding."

“My lord, I...”

“For me, Rachel. Besides, think of the fun we can have while clothes hide your pet toys, the joy of removing them, the beauty as your nipples proclaim their desire for your husband.”

“Sounds promising, but not here. At least not until after the baby’s born.”

“What have I created?”

“Your perfect sub. I love being your slave.”

“Would you like to go out to celebrate the good news?”

“Only if you promise to tie me up later, my lord.”

“Ah, sweetness, no promises needed.”

\* \* \* \*

Her pregnancy confirmed, Rafe took Rachel to buy a gown for their nuptials. He looked at white, while she looked at colors. He liked the colorful button-down shirtdress she chose to wear. The neck unbuttoned to below her ribcage and had slits on both sides up to her hips. The gold chain belt fit her perfectly.

“I’m not a virgin, white is for virgins. After twenty-five years and an ex, but with...”

“No one knows. We can marry, enjoy the reception and then leave for our honeymoon.”

“As you wish, my lord.”

“Rachel, talk to me. What’s wrong?”

“You, of all people, know I love you. My collar proves my devotion to you but I can’t wear a white gown and all the stuff that goes with it. We said our vows the other day and, as far as I’m concerned, the Justice of the Peace is fine.” She slipped to a bench nearby. “Please, my lord...”

“How about we do this? We fly to the Caribbean, get married on the beach and then go to the yacht. You can wear a white shift with nothing else and I’ll wear a white pair of pants. As soon as it’s over, we shuttle to the yacht and...”

“I like it. Can we go home now?” she begged, her discomfort evident.

“My sweetness is whining,” he teased.

“That and I feel nauseous, my lord.”

“Let’s get you back.”

As soon as they arrived home, he carried her up to the master suite, helped her undress and put her to bed. While she slept, he made several phone calls. First, he called a friend of his in the islands, who agreed to marry them at sunset on the beach. Next, he contacted the captain of his yacht, *The Domination*, and had him ready the ship for an extended cruise. He wanted a cook, a steward and one other crewmember, and he wanted them to be advised to hold to the owner’s privacy. His captain assured him that he’d get the usual crew, one always loyal to Donovan’s wishes. Finally, he called his pilot and told him to file the necessary flight plans.

He went back to the bedroom and slipped into bed next to Rachel. He fell asleep with her in his arms, the happiest he had ever been. He kissed her hair before he dozed. He loved Rachel more than anything.

Rachel stirred, then fell back asleep. Her movement woke him and, as he stroked her hair, it hit him. She had somehow become his dominant and he, her submissive. He had teased her about it several times but never realized how true the teasing had actually become. Their roles hadn’t changed, both of them equal. He wanted the big wedding to show her off and give her what he assumed she wanted. Instead, he would give her quiet and intimate—just as their lifestyle dictated.

When she had first contacted him, he’d imagined her to be shy, nervous and leery of totally trusting anyone. She had been married to a man who stole her trust emotionally and physically abused her during the time they spent together. *Thank God his attorney had taken care of paying the bastard off.* Rafe gazed at her and smiled. Within moments, she had professed her unquestioned and pure trust for him, then, had refused a safe word. He had punished her once. *Amazing.*

Rafe remembered her utter refusal to wear clothes around the estate. It surprised and fascinated him. Every time he saw her beautiful body or even thought about her, his cock swelled as it begged to fuck her senseless. Her smile had the same effect. Gazing

at her now did too as he reacted the same way. Rachel never ceased to get to him, his sweet submissive, his sweet dominatrix.

He thought about her instant love of bondage and her favorite set-up she renamed *the continual orgasm*, and the new one. It gave her the same results; only he could either kiss her, or have her luscious lips suck his cock while she continually climaxed without a rest. To watch her as sexual hurricanes spun her out of control became one of his favorite experiences.

Rachel woke and gazed back at him. She lazily stretched and he noticed the new and wonderful radiance to her. It had to be the pregnancy. Her desire to have his child, whether they stayed together or not, impressed him. She didn't ask for money or gifts, content only to please and obey him. Her only request besides a baby had been that he allow her to always be free and naked around their home.

His collar and several other pieces of jewelry had been his requirements, along with one other command. He remembered to the moment the day it came about. They had been in the garden. She had been tanning while he ran a few errands. When he returned and imagined what he would like to do with her, he sat down next to her and ran his fingertips over her breasts, her nipples hard and inviting.

"I have a new position for you."

"Yes, my lord."

"When you are on a chaise lounge, I want to see you with your arms above your head and your legs apart with your feet on the ground. Position six, please." Immediately, she complied. "Perfect."

"I want to make you happy, my lord."

"Would my sweet Rachel have her navel pierced for her master?"

"And my nipples, master. When?"

"Now, if you trust me to do it?"

"I do, my lord."

"Shall we?" he asked as Rachel beamed.

"May I take you before we do?"

Rafe stood, stripped out of his Armani suit and straddled the chaise. She sat up and gazed into his eyes as she took his waiting cock in her mouth. She worked back and forth along his shaft as her tongue teased him. He watched her as she moved, sheer poetry in motion. Her breasts moved freely as she put her entire body into what she did. Her hands went to his ass and massaged him. One finger teased his anus and he groaned. He held her head as he always did, while his free hand caught her wrists and held them above her head. Her body shook as she took him. He shifted position so her nipples brushed against his legs. He heard her groan when she took his cum and swallowed her treat.

“My God, Rachel, I love you. You give the best head I’ve...”

“I love you, master.”

“Come, my love.”

She rose to take his hand and dutifully picked his clothes up to bring them inside. He led her to the weight room where he laid her on the bench of his weight table. He took his tie and bound her hands to the bar holding the weighted plates. He told her to hook her feet around the foot of the bench.

“Beautiful view, my sweetness.”

“Always for you, my lord.”

Rafe knew how he would ease the pain of the multiple piercings. He went to a cabinet and took out what he needed to use. He pulled out a box containing a specially designed dangle and two nipple rings, his special design. At the top of the dangle sat a one-carat diamond with a sapphire, garnet, emerald, topaz and several other semiprecious gemstones dangling from it to jiggle as she moved. The rings had matching droplets of gemstones dangling from gold rings.

“The gems symbolize the many facets of your personality and your life, all of them in submission to my wishes.”

“They’re magnificent, my lord. Rafe, I’ll wear them always.”

Rafe began with her belly button. He dabbed the area around her navel with antiseptic, then pinched the area he would pierce. While the sensations traveled through her, he pushed a thin rod

through the layers of skin and then inserted the dangle. She cried out and he calmed her.

“Shh, my sweet. It’s done,” he told her as she cried.

“I’m sorry, my lord.”

“Rachel, don’t be. It’s natural to experience pain and react to it,” he assured her as he kissed her. He moved his things out of the way and knelt between her legs. His fingertips went to her nipples and played with them. His tongue lapped at her dripping pussy as he nipped at her swollen clit. His tongue dove into her cunt and licked the inner walls of heaven. He felt her attempt to hold back.

“Come for me, Rachel. Let me feed from you.” Without a word, she obeyed. Hungrily, he drank from her as her body shook from the surge of emotions. She pushed her pussy to his mouth and he took her over the edge once more. As he did, he pinched her nipples to get them ready for the next piercing.

“Rafe, my God. Please...”

“Rachel, tell me what you want in no uncertain terms.”

“Fuck me, Rafe, as hard as you can. Make me scream and let me satisfy you, I beg you, master...”

“Anything,” he yelled as he drove in to her. His hands on her hips, he held her while he rammed his swollen cock into her channel. She cried out at the pain and begged him for more. He watched her breasts move and he became engorged again. He exploded within her and she glowed with the heat of the passionate desire between them. Rafe withdrew and moved closer.

“Clean me, my sweet Rachel.”

“Yes, my lord. Thank you,” she panted as she ran her tongue over his shaft and licked her own essence from his cock.

“Are you ready for the others, or do you want to wait?”

“As long as you fuck me after you do each one, I want it now.”

Rafe untied her hands, lifted the weight bench to an angle, and then retied them behind her. He wanted her breasts pushed up, as if she were presenting them for his attention. Then he strapped her feet to the base of the bench to support her. Next, he went back to the cabinet for another bottle of antiseptic. He laved each nipple

with his tongue and suckled them to harden them. It didn't take much for her body to react to his touch.

He bathed each in the antiseptic, then aroused her again.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Close your eyes." She did as he instructed, then gasped. Instead of feeling a piercing, she felt him drive into her. The wonderful sensation distracted her. When he rammed into her, he pierced one nipple and inserted the ring, then did the same with the other breast. While he kept an eye on her for any bleeding, he continued to fuck her as she wished.

"Harder, my lord."

He smiled as he quickened his pace.

"May I..." she asked as he reached to untie her.

"Not yet, Mistress Rachel. I'm not ready yet."

"Unstrap my feet so I may help you."

He groaned and reached down to unbuckle the straps. Her legs immediately wrapped around his waist and held him tight. Rafe thrust into her over and over again.

"Now, Rachel, now."

Rachel drenched him as he filled her with everything he had in him. She cried out his name as she felt his hot release inside her, while his cock pulsed unrelenting against her G-spot. She shook as the tremors began to subside.

"Please, Rafe..."

"Not until later. I want to make sure you're all right. One piercing could bring a major shock to your system. I worry about the multiples. I can't lose you."

"You did the others?"

"Yes, my love. You are pierced in three places, as my bejeweled slave should be. Once you've become used to them, we can add your chains." Rachel grinned at the thought of him tugging at them.

"Rafe?"

"Rachel, my love, I cannot live without you. I'm terrified of losing you, and I will never share you with anyone. You've brought



out the territorial side of me. You've given me so much. Remember the night I left you upstairs for the first time on the bars? When I saw you unconscious, I thought I had lost you. I wanted to die, because I had never felt that kind of loss or pain."

"When did you first know?"

"The first night. None of those who I trained before took to all of this as quickly and willingly as you did. I needed to make you mine forever."

"I knew then, too. I've never felt cherished and loved the way you make me feel. You've published my books and supported me. You helped me with William and the divorce, and you've allowed me to find myself. I never knew the simple joy of nudity as I do now. You praise me, when all he did was criticize."

"As long as you present yourself to me exclusively..."

"I wouldn't leave your home to do it. I couldn't. Besides, I like being reclusive and I please you. I serve you and no one else. If this ended, I'd go back to my old life, afraid to let anyone see the real me, not as you have. I will never call anyone else master."

"Sweet Rachel."

Rafe looked at his sleeping love. He constantly remembered and reminded himself of what he could easily lose.

## Chapter 6

The day of their wedding had been a major undertaking. The thought of having to dress made Rachel physically ill. Because of it and the morning sickness, she ran to the bathroom. Since she'd had the first signs, she had been sick almost every day. Her frustration evident, all she wanted and needed had been his love and support. She felt better the minute he made contact as they became one when they came together.

He picked out a bright yellow silk strapless dress. While loose on her, the soft crinkled fabric fell gracefully, draping her body. Its slight pressure aroused her sensitive nipples.

The ribbon sash added the final touch. Rafe helped her step into black stiletto sandals, then he brushed her hair. He always loved her luxuriously thick and long hair, especially when it fell down her back or blanketed him, and when it draped over him when they made love. Underneath the slightly sheer dress, she wore nothing but her jewelry. Her nipples pressed against the silk as the skirt excited her waist. She had to admit, she liked the feeling as it moved over her body.

“My lord, a plug maybe?”

“Position one, my sweet.”

Rafe inserted one of her favorites and set it on a low pulse. She moaned in delight, then gasped when she felt a new sensation.

“I’m inserting Ben Wa balls into your pussy. You will have to keep them inside of you until I allow you to remove them or I take them out. They will excite and keep you hot and wet until we get

to where we are going. You may not come unless I give you permission and I guarantee, you will enjoy them.”

She whimpered at the initial sensations of the balls rubbing together inside her. She wanted to come for him, but would wait for her master’s command.

“This will be a distraction for you as I have the feeling you are leery of flying.”

“Yes, my lord. I am.”

“Come, Rachel. Let’s go. I want to see your pleasure as you experience the new toy.” Rachel stood and trembled as the first wave of sensation washed over her. She had read about Ben Wa balls and how they vibrated as the wearer moved.

Rachel walked around and felt the sensation within her, as it never happened in the same spot twice thanks to the design and movement of the Ben Was. They caused her to experience new erogenous points and took her mind off what went on around her. She felt herself dripping as a trickle of cum started its way down her leg. Rafe’s hand calmed her as her head spun. His fingertip brushed over her lip and she grabbed it and suckled at it.

“Thank you, my lord.”

“For you, sweet Rachel, the world.”

\* \* \* \*

The flight from Williamsburg to a private airstrip on one of the lesser islands in the Keys took several hours. After the distraction of touring the private jet, Rachel fidgeted as she kept her mind on the Ben Wa balls. Rafe hid his amusement while she squirmed, then paced, then sat, then...

“My sweet Rachel, come to me.”

“I’m so sorry, I just...I feel so confined.”

“Do you know what a rush it is to see your tits aroused and the way they move when you do? I get hard watching the sway of your beautiful hips. I imagine what is underneath and it’s making me hot for you. I have to wonder how much of it is caused by the Ben Was and how much is your natural desire. You, sweetness, are so sexy, it should be illegal.”

“Are you sure?” she asked as he stood up and took her to his cabin. He heard her gasp when she saw the bed because it took up three-quarters of the cabin.

“Position one, my slave, but do not touch the dress.”

Quickly, she got on the bed on her hands and knees. She felt calmer because Rafe took her mind off her nervousness. He bent over her and pulled the top of the dress down to free her breasts from the fabric holding them. The jewels on her nipple rings dangled and sparkled, and his cock got harder. She moaned in anticipation of his next move. He slid his hands underneath the skirt and shoved it over her hips. She relaxed when she sensed his approval.

“I see the Ben Was have done the trick. My wife-to-be is horny and ready for me to take her.”

“Please, master, do what you will.”

He unzipped his jeans and released his cock. It hit her ass and she creamed at its mere touch. Rafe smiled and thrust into her hot pussy. She screamed out as the balls inside her vibrated and moved around inside her while he drove her over the edge. Her body closed around him with no intention of ever releasing his splendor. She shook uncontrollably from the sensation, her breathing short and erratic. Rafe pulled back and thrust in again and she reacted the same way.

“Please, may I come for you?” Rachel begged.

“In a moment...”

Her groan told him she’d reached another level of satiation and it pleased him. He pulled her up against his body so her back pressed against his chest. Her arms went around his neck and she held on for dear life. Her hair fell over them like a velvet blanket and aroused Rafe even more. He kissed her neck and periodically tugged the chain attached to her piercings. Coupled with the Ben Was, the sensation caused her to jolt and she moved on him, unable to control the orgasm. She tried to kiss him but her body wouldn’t let her.

“I’m sorry, my lord, I cannot control myself. Please, punish me if you must, but I just...”

“Shh, my sweet, I am not angry. I desired to see how far I could take you with the Ben Was and I must say, you pleased me very much.”

“Please, may I come again? I can’t take this... The pain, no the pleasure... Oh... Oh...”

“Rachel, you’re perfection.”

“Rafe, please...” she cried when she reached the point of no return.

“Yes, my love.”

She screamed her desires as she drenched his cock due to the earth-shattering climax. He pushed her down onto her hands and grabbed her hips. He saw her grab the bedspread and knew she was on the verge of another one. He pounded into her and she met him. The more he thrust, the more she matched his pace. Her juices soaked him as he burst into her and emptied every drop into her. She turned to him, her need and desire evident. Raw, natural and beautiful, Rachel exceeded any expectations he’d ever had of her and he loved her more.

“Scream, Rachel. Tell me what you want.”

“Don’t stop fucking me. I want you to do it until I pass out or this plane lands, whichever comes first.”

He tugged her chains and she jolted. Her sudden movement caused the balls to vibrate and sent her reeling. She had a death grip on the bedding and continued to ride him. He increased the pulse a little on her anal plug and buried himself deep within her. Somewhere over the Florida panhandle, Rachel passed out from ecstatic exhaustion, Rafe next to her. *What a way to fly!*

She awoke when his lips touched her, his mouth covering hers. His tongue drove into her as his cock drove into her pussy. He tasted her and wanted more. They laid across the bed after Rachel somehow turned around without losing her grip on him. She kissed him while his tongue continued to probe her mouth. She tasted sweeter than any wine and Rafe wanted to drown in her forever. As they kissed, he held her hands behind her back. Her breasts pushed up to welcome him, in need of his ministrations. He groaned as he laved them while gently pulling on the golden chains

linking her nipples to her navel. *I wonder if she would handle a clit piercing...*

“Move the pillows,” he commanded.

She did and he kissed her again. His clothes came off, then her dress before he bound her hands behind her back.

“Are you all right if I try something new?”

“Of course, my lord. I survived the balls.”

“That you did. Good,” he complimented as he moved to the bottom of the bed. He brought up two hidden sherpa lined manacles and restrained her to the bed. Next, he pulled her to him just enough to bend her knees. Rafe bent down and sucked her dripping cunt. The minute his tongue touched her clit, she cried out.

“Rafe!”

“I know, Rachel, I know.”

“Mister Donovan, we’ll be landing soon.”

\* \* \* \*

Rachel relaxed once they arrived at the small cottage on the beach of Encanta, one of the small beautiful and ignored islands in the Caribbean. She took off the dress and ran to the clear inviting waters of the private cove. She played in the water while Rafe kept an eye on her. She looked like a model. He wished he had a camera but right now, her emotional state concerned him. She was pregnant and he expected some changes, unsure which one would overwhelm her.

She came out of the water, her hand on her stomach. Rafe worried until he saw her smile.

“How’s the water, sweetness?”

“Perfect.”

“Go into the bathroom and present position three.”

“Yes, my lord.”

She ran in after he kissed her. When he joined her in the bathroom, he saw she had found a place to stretch out spread-eagle, as he wanted. He took the lavender shaving gel and applied it where her hair grew. She waited for him to shave her, because he preferred her naked all over and she loved his ministrations. Once

he finished, he helped her into the shower and washed her. As he toweled her dry, he kissed her.

“Your dress is in on the bed.”

“Yes, my lord.”

He heard her gasp when she picked up the dress and gazed at it. A silk creation, it had a low-cut neckline, tiny sleeves and a skirt flaring out to an angled hem. He helped her put it on and, as always, she wore no lingerie. The only thing she wore underneath was her jewelry. Pleased, he could see her firm buds with their jewels, the navel gems, and the shadow over her pussy. Rachel brushed her hair. *Perfection.*

Rafe wore a pair of white linen trousers and no shirt. She could see every glorious curve of his body and the fact his cock ached to be free. She loved the effect she had on him and all she wanted to do was love him. *Later, Rachel, later...*

He led her from the cottage to a spot on the beach where a flowered arch had been erected. A man waited for them along with two others.

“Rachel, *el es mi amigo, Diego Ortega. Diego, mi Rachel.*”

“Hi,” she said as he took her hand and kissed it. Diego Ortega had been Rafe’s friend for decades since they sailed on the same cruiser together in the Navy. When Rafe went into the publishing field and the family business, Diego returned to Encanta to help the island survive in the international world of business. Rafe had worked with him over the years and the small island had come into its own. He introduced Amelita and Jorge, Diego’s sister and brother to Rachel.

“Your witnesses, *mi amiga.*”

“It’s nice to meet all of you. We appreciate your doing this for us.”

“*Por Rafael y Rachel... juntos para siempre.*”

“*Gracias, mi amigos.*”

“Shall we?”

Diego performed a simple ceremony for them as the glow of the setting sun washed over them.

"I now pronounce you man and wife. Congratulations, Rafe...Rachel..."

Rafe kissed Rachel deeply, drinking from her. Then he thanked Diego again and spoke with Amelita and Jorge.

"The cove is yours. No one will bother you tonight." Rafe grinned, the rest of his plan complete.

*"Adios, Señora."*

The Ortegas left them. Rafe went to his wife and held her. She looked at the gold band on her finger resting next to the engagement ring.

"Sweet Rachel, my cock desires your attentions."

"As you wish, my lord."

Rafe loved the way she instinctively fell into being submissive. He loved her more while he watched her slide to her knees. She untied the drawstring on his pants and pulled them down his hips to the sand where he stepped out of them. Rachel smiled.

"My lord is magnificent," Rachel complimented. She ran her hands up his legs. One hand wrapped around the velvet shaft throbbing for her while the other caressed his balls. Rafe had been erect all evening while standing next to her. He felt he would burst at the seams because time seemed to stand still.

"Hurry, sweetheart, you're driving me insane."

"I'm sorry, master."

"Don't be, I love you, Rachel Donovan."

He thought he heard her purr as her tongue licked the tip of his cock and the drop of pleasure waiting for her. She took him, totally, his cock deep in her throat until her lips touched his balls. She worked with a fierce pace and Rafe's fingers tangled in her hair as he pressed her closer.

"Make me come, sweetness." She moaned and continued. "My sweet Rachel, you may also."

Those were the words she had waited and needed to hear as he exploded in her mouth. By the way her body shuddered, he knew she had come with him. She pulled back.

"Position, please, master. I beg you to tell me what to do."



Rafe pulled her up to stand in front of him. He kissed her, then his tongue delved deep into her mouth just as his cock had. She explored his mouth with hers as he licked the remnants of his climax from her lips.

"I'd like to stake you out in the sand and bury my cock deep in your cunt and fuck you senseless. Would my sweetness like that?" he asked her, as he slowly slid the sides of the dress from her shoulders. The dress bunched at her waist, he loved what his eyes feasted on.

"Yes, my lord."

"Perfect."

He led her to the spot he'd chosen earlier. Already in place, stakes and restraints waited for her. He stopped her, kissing her while he shoved his hands under the hem of the skirt and shoved it up over her hips. White silk blanketing her waistline, she stood topless and exposed to him. The feel of her soft skin on his hands caused his arousal. He held her ass while he kissed her. When he drew back, he saw the jewels on her body catch the light and sparkle.

The thought of undressing her had his cock at attention. He let the dress slide down and he heard her frustration. *Sweet torture is making her stay dressed.* He picked her up after he fixed the top of the gown and laid her in the sand, her head on a pillow. Moments later, she laid staked out at sunset in the Caribbean.

"My lord, I..."

"Shh...you trust your husband?"

"Always, my lord." she assured him. She watched him as he took out a pair of scissors. Slow to seduce her. Rafe cut the center of the gown, his wife looking erotic as she lay bound to the ground and very dependent on him. It fell open and acted as a shield between her softness and the grit of the sand.

"I see my wife is wanton and wet and oh, so very desirable."

"I am, my husband."

He reached over to a small case and pulled out a butt plug. He inserted it and switched it to pulse.

“To get you ready, my sweetness, because before this night is over, I will fuck your mouth, your cunt and your ass.”

Her breath caught at the jolt of the plug. She tensed and he smiled when he saw her body tighten on it to hold it within her. He drew out a pair of clit clips and put them on her, then snapped the end of another chain to them and then to her navel and nipple chains.

“Don’t come yet, my love.”

“Please hurry, my lord.”

“Not tonight. I’m going to torture you slowly and romantically.” He bent to lick her nipples, then traced small patterns around her aroused tits. He moved his hand between her legs and pressed his palm against her mons, the pressure a wonderful feeling for them both. Her body shuddered as his hand was drowned in her passion.

“I’m sorry, my lord. I can’t...”

“It’s all right. You’re pregnant, remember? Your body’s changing and I love you more each moment.”

Rafe bent to kiss Rachel, then took a small, soft bristled brush and played with each nipple. He saw her jolt and the gems dance in the moonlight. He smiled. *Slow, romantic torture. She deserved it.*

He kissed her long and passionately. His hands surrounded her face and as he gazed into her fiery eyes, his cock slowly slid deep into her soaked pussy.

“Is this what my wife and slave of my heart wants? If so, for the rest of the evening, I want you to put aside all the training and let yourself go freely. You are your husband’s mistress, my dominant, and I will do anything to make you happy. Please, mistress, call my name out as I slowly fuck you everywhere I can.” His thrusts intensified and his cock swelled within her. He lapped at her neck, then grabbed her shoulders from behind. When he drove into her, he pulled her down to him and swore he’d never let her leave his side.

While their bodies rocketed to new heights, he drove his tongue into her mouth. He groaned as he explored her and her pussy clenched onto him. She refused to let go of him.

“Rachel, my mistress.”

“Rafael, please, my love...oh...Rafe...yes...”

Her screams woke sleeping parrots from their slumber and sent them flying off screeching and indignant.

“My wife, I love you.”

“I love you, Rafe.”

They lay in the sand together and drifted off to sleep. The morning tide woke them as it bathed them. Rafe looked at her and grinned. Love in the surf had always been a favorite of his. He pulled the stakes at her feet out of the sand, her legs automatically curled to him. He removed the restraints and tossed them to where his bag of toys sat away from the incoming surf. He did the same with her hands.

Rachel stirred but not until he pulled the chain between her nipples. Her overly sensitive buds stung and the sensation woke her with a start. Then she realized she felt the sensation from three separate areas.

She smiled as she gazed at him.

“The way you react to a slight pull leads me to believe my slave would like another.”

“If my master wishes.”

“I do.”

He helped her to stand, reached to the bag, and brought out a long velvet box.

“I had saved this for a later time. I never dreamed you would be so receptive.”

“Anything for you, Rafe.” Her eyes lit up when she saw the long length of gold chain. “For my wife...”

Rafe took one end of the chain and attached it to the clasp of her collar. She felt it run the length of her back, the chill of the metal causing her to become wet. Rafe smiled at her sensitivity. He knelt down in front of her and parted her legs. She felt the chain

run through the rings in the clit clips, then as it ran up to her navel, then her nipples.

“How does it feel, sweetness?”

“I don’t know yet, I’ve yet to move.”

“Talk a walk and feel my new brand on you, my slave.”

Rachel walked and the onset of an orgasm came upon her. The chain rubbed against her swollen clit and along her pussy lips through the clips. She felt the movement through her navel and the slight tugs on her nipples. Erotic as hell, she fought for control.

“Master, may I...”

“Not yet. Not until you tell me how you feel.”

“It’s amazing. It’s so stimulating, though I think I’m missing something.”

“What’s that, slave?”

“When you fucked my ass last night, you never replaced the plug. I’m feeling lost without it.”

“Position...”

Before he could finish, Rachel had already presented her ass for his ministrations. He took the oil and massaged her anus, then slid his finger inside and thrust back and forth with it. She rocked with him and pushed herself closer to him. She felt his finger pull out, only to have her plug inserted and switched on. He helped her to stand.

“Oh, master...yes...”

He took her to the water’s edge, laid in the surf with her and as the tide came in, he entered her and rode the tide in many ways. He timed himself with the water and fucked her when the tide came in. The new additions to her body worked with him to keep her in a heightened aroused state. After he filled her with his seed, he lifted her legs over his shoulders, in one move, removed her plug and drove into her again. She gasped at the feel of his massive shaft filling her ass.

While he thrust into her, his thumb pressed her clit and she cried out more.

“Come for me, Rachel.” Rachel nodded as she shook. “Touch yourself for me. Play with your nipples and make sure I stay hard.”

“Yes, master.”

She cried out again, as he exploded into her anus and filled the second orifice he promised to fuck before the night had ended, the waves washing them with each tide. He heard her panting and knew he’d have to take it easy with his next move.

Now, clean from the surf, he helped her stretch out, then made sure she remained aroused and hungry. He stood before her and looked at her.

“Rachel, one more. Come to me...”

“Yes, my lord.” She rose to take his cock in her hand. She licked the length of it, then, as he wanted, she took him in her mouth and sucked his cock. He felt it grow with her attentions and he smiled. His hand went to her head and held her close. When he felt her begin to weaken, he told her to get on her knees. She did without question.

“Open.”

She did and he brought her lips to him. While he supported her head, he set the pace and, as her fingers squeezed his balls for every drop, he fucked her mouth and filled her for the third time. He smiled when she swallowed and then licked his tip of the last drop of cum.

“You are perfection, my lord. You promised three and gave them all to me.”

“Always, my Rachel. I will always keep my word to you.”

She pulled him down to her and held him. She wanted to ride him again and he took her without a word said. She wrapped her legs around him as he sat with her in the surf.

“Make me come, mistress.”

“Yes, master.”

“Fuck me, my magnificent slave.”

“I will, my lord.”

“You are perfection.”

“I am?”

“I am your dominant; you are my submissive but you... Sometimes, you become the dominant and, I swear, I will trust you

without question and submit to your every command, just as you do mine.”

“What a wonderful gift, Rafe. You’ve made life perfect for me. I need you, want you, and above all, I love you. You own my heart and soul, and possess my body. I will obey you always, my master.”

Rafe growled her name as his cock filled her with every bit of seed he had left in him. If his wife had not already been several weeks pregnant, she would have been before they left this cove.

“Rachel...” he screamed before he fell to her, spent yet fulfilled at the realization they had become the perfect couple. *Thank you, God, for sending her to me.*

\* \* \* \*

While the Donovans loved each other on their wedding night and into the next morning, a man watched them from the cover of the bushes near the rear of the cabana. He trained night vision binoculars on them to watch their every move. *That fucking whore! How dare she?*

William Wainwright had come to Encanta after his wife’s attorney had paid him off with money and a divorce. He had no one left. His daughter wouldn’t take his calls any longer and only the military knew where his son had been assigned. At this moment, rage coursed through his six foot frame, almost as it had at the airstrip where the Donovan jet landed and he spied his ex-wife disembark with the multi-millionaire. *What the hell was going on?*

He followed them, watched their wedding ceremony at sunset, then their flagrant display. *The bitch never sucked his dick. It made her sick, she claimed. Now, it took two seconds, and she deep-throated Donovan without argument.* He began to formulate plans in his mind and decided he would follow them to their next destination and take care of Donovan and the lying whore who had made him a laughing stock.

He watched as they screwed for hours in disbelief at the stamina she had with Donovan. He never spent hours in sated sleep with her. It had always been *wham-bam-thank you, ma’am*, before they acted like bookends and fell asleep. Wainwright ignored the

fact his dick was half the length of his competition's, matching his virility, as jealousy turned to murderous rage.

Wainwright watched them rise from the water, gather everything and go to the cabana. When he got a closer look, his stomach turned at the sight of the collar, the navel and nipple piercings attached to the chains, and the jewels she wore. *Oh, how I despise her!*

"I will make you pay, bitch, I will make you pay big..." Wainwright muttered.

"Rachel, in the morning we sail. When do you want to meet the yacht?"

"Later in the morning. I want to spend the rest of our wedding night here."

"Sounds good to me."

They went inside the cabana and the lights went out. Wainwright headed to town for the supplies he needed and information. He'd be on their yacht before them, just as soon as he got what he needed. Rachel would not get away with what she had done to him, and neither would her fucking bastard of a wife-stealing husband. He would make sure of it.

\* \* \* \*

A small powerboat waited in the cove for the Donovans to shuttle across to *The Domination*. The couple left the cabana they had spent the last hours of their wedding night in and waded out into the shallow waters, then his crewmember helped them aboard. The boat sped to a huge ship anchored off the island's coast.

"My God, Rafe, you own a cruise ship."

"We, my sweet Rachel, we own her. She'll take you wherever you want to go."

"No, Rafe. You do." They kissed, then she looked back at the ship as they gently nudged against her. Rafe hopped up to the small outer deck, then helped Rachel up. He took their bag when the crewmember handed it to him.

"Mister Donovan, is there anything else?"

"No, Diego has your checks. Thank you."

“Anytime, sir, and congratulations.” They thanked him, then watched as the powerboat sped back to shore.

“After you,” he said, then groaned at the view he had of her when she climbed the steps to the main deck. She had worn a tiny bikini and for her, even that had been defined as overdressed in her mind.

“Is my lord pleased?” Rachel asked with a devilish innocence.

“Extremely,” Rafe replied as his cock began rising in agreement. Fortunately, he had chosen to wear khaki shorts instead of his swim trunks. He couldn’t wait to get her out of the skimpy swimsuit and into bed, the Jacuzzi, the...

Once on deck, he introduced her to his captain, Dave O’Toole.

“Pleasure, ma’am,” Dan greeted her with a salute. “Sir, Chad and Jeff are on board. We will remain out of sight and out of your way, invisible as always, unless one of you has need of our services. There are several messages on the bridge, sir.”

“They can wait. Thank you, Dave, my wife tends to...”

“I understand, sir,” the captain said before he excused himself.

Rafe turned to Rachel and reassured her they would be able to do whatever they wanted, just like they did at home and would be able to do at the villa.

“Come, I have something to help relax you.” He took her hand and led her below to his private quarters. They had to go three levels below deck to get to the master suite that made up their rooms with a huge bath with Jacuzzi. She looked at the living area and sleeping quarters, then asked about the third room. He led her to a closed door and told her to close her eyes. She heard a key slide into a lock as he opened the door and led her inside. He closed the door behind them and locked it.

“Rafe?”

“Right here,” he answered before he stopped her. She felt him remove her bathing suit, her body now fully relaxed and feeling more herself. He kissed her neck and started making love to her. She leaned back against him, the heat of his breath sheer excitement to go with the sting when he pinched her budding and firm nipples.



His other hand slid between her legs and swam in her creamed and heated desire.

Rachel slipped her hand behind his neck as if to hold on for dear life. She trembled while he inserted not the usual two, but three fingers into her dripping cunt at the same time his thumb pressed against her anus. She climaxed and cried out, her breathing erratic. She wanted to beg him for more but he had told her early on never to plead with him.

“Very good, sweetness,” he complimented her, at the same moment, he touched her lips with his damp fingers. She took each one in her mouth and suckled them while she licked her juices from them. She went to turn but he stopped her. “Step forward two steps.”

She did as he instructed and felt a soft pad beneath her feet. Her eyes remained closed while she obeyed him with total trust.

“My lord, your desire?”

“I want one hand to play with those luscious tits of yours while the other plays with your clit. I want to watch you do this. You have no idea what a rush it is to watch you touch yourself. Spread your legs and go with it.”

Rachel did as he told her. He watched intently as she rolled her nipples between her fingers and pinched them while her other hand disappeared into her shaved pussy. As she lost herself in the moment and the sensations, he could tell she had no clue what he was doing. Rafe strapped her ankles to the toy he wanted her to enjoy and knew she would.

Rafe saw her as her body rocked and the thrills that coursed through her while she wavered. He caught her as she fell forward, then laid her over a cushioned bench, her beautiful ass in the air. He heard her gasp with delight as her hands instinctively found the grips to support herself. He put her wrists in the sherpa lined manacles and told her to open her eyes.

“I told you I had one of these put here and in our other homes so you will never be without your favorites.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

Rafe went to a drawer while she gazed around the room, a miniature of their dark room at their Williamsburg home, only without the bed. The thick burgundy carpet offset the rich dark paneled walls. He brought two-thirds of their paradise to her and she smiled when he inserted her anal plug and strapped her into the light harness to insert her vibrator in her overflowing pussy. He switched them both on and she moaned. Her favorite, she had named it *continual orgasm*, and enjoyed it for hours.

With this, he had added a new twist and she'd taken to it immediately. He smiled as he watched orgasms wrack her body while she cried out each time. He dropped his shorts, went to a chair he'd set in front of her and sat down.

"Please, master... Please...oh...oh..."

"Yes, sweet Rachel," he told her. With hunger and greed, she latched onto his erection and sucked him. When she came, so did he. He yelled while he watched her hands open and close around the posts. His hand went to the back of her head and pressed her mouth to him while he helped her with the pace. Rafe felt himself thrust into her mouth hard and fierce and Rachel took him.

"Rachel..."

\* \* \* \*

After dinner, he showered with her and they lazed in the Jacuzzi. She curled next to him and held him. Rachel felt something strange, unsure of what, but she trusted him to keep her world safe. She had promised herself never to be dependent on any man ever again but Rafe Donovan had been different. He gave her everything she needed. She knew he felt the same way, their match with each other sheer ecstasy.

"I have a gift for you, sweet Rachel."

"You are all I need."

"You deserve to be showered with gifts always and I had this specially designed for my mistress."

"What..."

"Tonight, sweetness, you will act as my Dominatrix and I will submit to your every desire. Now, go see it. I laid it on the bed for you."

Rachel stood, stepped from the Jacuzzi and toweled dry before she went into the main stateroom. Rafe followed her and smiled when she held the outfit up to look at it. In her hand, she held a leather bustier and thong set with matching hose. She couldn't believe the direction they would go with this and it excited her. Her body betrayed its reaction and she looked at him.

"Rafe..."

"I've always wanted to be dominated by you in black leather. The thought of it is giving me a hard-on right now." She glanced over and saw he wasn't kidding, his desire very evident.

Rachel put it down and eased into the thong first. She wiggled a little and he smiled. Pregnancy had filled her out a little and it made her look gloriously radiant.

"Each time you move, it will rub your clit and keep it wet and wanting. I had it made for you for that reason."

"Thank you, my lord. I want you to help me with the rest of the outfit."

"As you wish, mistress." He held the bustier to her body so she could adjust it, then she held it while he laced it up the back.

"Oh," she said as she felt more pleasures.

"It's not too tight, mistress?" Rachel shook her head. "Your buds will constantly be rubbed and excited so, in essence, my mistress will be constantly pleased."

"You are so thoughtful, master," she teased.

"May I help my mistress with the rest?"

"You may finish dressing me, yes."

He slid the lacy garter, then the stockings seductively up her legs, followed by sliding her feet into the stiletto heels. He handed her a black suede flogger, while she gazed at him.

"If your undyingly faithful slave misbehaves, mistress."

"I love this. Now, what..."

"I have what we need," Rafe said as he slid into black leather pants, then came to her. She feasted her eyes on his sexy body as he filled the pants to perfection and his engorged cock strained against the tight material. Heat flowed through her.

"I love what I see," she commented.

“Please be kind, mistress,” he said as he handed her a collar and wristlets. She first took each wrist, kissed it, then put on the sherpa lined wristlets. Next, she placed the collar around his neck.

“Kiss me, lover.”

He hungrily kissed her, his mouth covering hers. She closed her eyes and cherished the man she loved.

“Eat me, slave.”

“Yes, my sweet mistress.”

Rafe Donovan, one of the world’s richest businessmen, dropped to his knees and, after moving the thong to the side, he orally fucked his wife, his mistress, his life. Her hand on the back of his head told him how much she loved him, and what he was doing. Rachel Donovan had become a good mistress already and would become an even better one. Rafe feasted on his wife and craved more.

“Well, isn’t this just perfect?” an unfamiliar voice asked as Rafe cried out, not from pleasure but intense driving pain. His breath caught as he heard Rachel scream.

Something violently wrong shocked his world.

## Chapter 7

“What the...” Rafe’s last words before he slid to the floor, pain searing through his shoulder and the rest of his body.

“My little bitch! You left me for him?”

“Yes, I did. We both knew it had gone south long ago. I had to...”

“And this asshole gives you what I couldn’t?”

Wainwright kicked Rafe in his back. Rachel gasped when she saw him lying in a pool of blood. Frozen, she witnessed her ex-husband drive the knife into Rafe’s shoulder. He pulled it out and stepped back to look at his handiwork.

“Stop it!” she cried as she dropped to Rafe’s side, his breathing thready, at best. He could do no more than whisper to her.

“Rachel...”

“Snap those cuffs together,” Wainwright ordered.

She ignored him to cradle Rafe’s head in her lap.

“Do it, Rachel. Now!”

Rachel heard him pull the slide back on a gun.

“I’m sorry, my...” she apologized while she snapped the wristlets together.

“Shh, I know sweetness. Don’t push him.”

“Back away from him. My God, what would our kids say?”

“My son is very happy I have someone who loves me and supports me. My daughter doesn’t care. Because of the way you’ve treated her, she hates you anyway.”

“Yeah, and as always, it’s my fault. Who turned them against me?”

"You're trespassing, William. Get off the yacht now." She needed to change the subject. She didn't want to go over their marriage while Rafe lay dying.

"Always the way you want it. You have to control me but yet, you'll submit like a puppy to this asshole and in public, no less."

"What?"

"I watched the two of you shamelessly fucking on the beach last night. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Me? You obviously were trespassing again. Oh yes, I am ashamed, but not of myself. I'm ashamed of you."

"You screwed up my life, Rachel."

"You had to be overpowering. You never supported me. Rafe published my books, and they are bestsellers, no thanks to you."

Rachel heard Rafe groan as he weakened.

"Get away from him, Rachel, or I'll shoot you both."

Rachel bent over him, her hair a blanket over his face.

"Protect the baby, Rachel. Promise me..."

"I swear, I will. Ow!" she cried out when Wainwright yanked her away from her husband's side. Wainwright pulled handcuffs from his backpack and cuffed her to one of the bedposts. She buried her face in the lightweight netting draped for cruises farther south. Tears welled in her eyes as fear chased away her bliss filled life.

"Why are you doing this? Why can't you leave us alone?"

"It's all because of you. Somebody's got to..."

"Me? What did I do? My God! You tried to kill my husband."

"No, this is trying."

Wainwright went over to where Donovan lay bordering between shock, unconsciousness and death's door. The lunatic put his heel on the second stab wound and ground it into the bloodied gash. Rafe cried out in agony as Rachel screamed for him to stop. She fought the cuffs to get to her husband and felt the metal dig into her skin. Blood trickled down her arm and onto the netting.

Rafe fell back and William laughed, then went to Rachel and grabbed the flogger. He liked the look of terror in her eyes.

"Please, William, don't do this. No...no...no..."

“Wainwright, stop!”

“Go to hell, Donovan.”

Wainwright continued using the flogger as a paddle. The soft exposed skin on Rachel’s ass went from pink to red and swollen. Rachel cried out and pressed her body against the draped netting and the bedpost. With each assault, her grip tightened around the bedpost. She prayed he wouldn’t go for her stomach. *Fortunately, Rafe had her dress in the leather bustier.* The memories of how William liked to aim for her stomach flooded back. *God, why?*

The thoughts of their marriage flooded through her. She thought she had escaped the beatings, the near strangulations, and the times her head had been slammed into cement or another hard flooring, because she wouldn’t agree to his wants. She realized how wrong she had been.

“William, please...”

“Not until you pay.”

“For what, William?” she cried out as he hit her again.

“Ruining my life. My first question... How come he gets head and I never did?”

“You rammed my head into a cement floor when I refused. You stood there and forced me to try to do something I’d never heard of and thought utterly repulsive. You ruined it for me, William.”

“And him?”

“He let me try. If I hadn’t been able to, he would never have forced me, as you always chose to do. He cares for me before himself.”

“You submit to him like a common whore.”

“He makes me feel like you never did...or could. My pleasure is always his primary...”

“You stupid little cunt. I ought to...”

“Wainwright!”

William turned to Rafe and fired off a round. She heard Rafe groan as he took a bullet in his other shoulder. Rachel knew if he didn’t get help soon, he’d die or be forever crippled if he survived.

“Rafe!”

Wainwright turned and began to flog her again. She thought of their baby growing inside her and held her cries. Her strength weakened while she risked his anger more.

“That’s it. Beat me just like you did when I carried our son. You are a fucking son of a bitch, William.”

Wainwright slapped her before he uncuffed her. She pushed at him and ran to Rafe’s side. She pulled the cloth from the champagne bucket and put the cold wet towel on the gunshot wound.

“Rafe? Please, don’t die on me. Rafe...ow, damn it!” she shrieked. Their attacker yanked her up, then grabbed her hands, wrenched them behind her back and reattached the restraints. He dragged her toward his backpack by the door and removed a gag from it. He shoved her to her knees and forced her to look at Rafe.

“Move one inch, bitch, and I’ll kill him.”

Wainwright crossed the floor to where Rafe lay, roughly lifted his head from the carpet and forced a ball gag into his mouth, then secured the leather straps behind his head. He shoved Rafe’s head back to the floor, then stood up. As a parting shot, Wainwright kicked him.

“There, suck on that. It’ll be the last thing you do.”

He grabbed Rachel and dragged her from the salon up to the main deck. He pushed her to another stairway and forced her to one of the higher decks where the hot water in the Jacuzzi bubbled. He shoved her across the deck, Rachel already off balance from the shoes she wore. In shock, she slumped to her knees, her face against the cool enamel of a deck chair. The chill eased the pain in her head.

Rachel cried while hatred roiled over her body. *How did I ever love this monster?* She weakly watched Wainwright pull something from his backpack. He went to her, grabbed her hair, and forced her to look at him. He pried her mouth open and inserted an O-ring into it, another type of gag. Rafe had never used one on her, not even a silk scarf or the like.

*I will never use a gag on you ever...*



They had not explored the darker side of bondage or submission, though she had read about the rigs and this one made her shudder. She knew they came in different sizes, this one way too big. It hurt her jaw when he strapped her into it. He tightened the leather too much and she gagged on it, his rage heightened as it flared again.

“You never change. Suck and screw others, but gag for me. Now that lover boy’s dead...”

She tried to beg but she became sick as nausea struck. *My God, the baby...* Wainwright yanked her to her knees and forced her to stay in that position as pain shot through her. *What did her survival matter with Rafe dead?*

\* \* \* \*

The minute he saw Wainwright drag Mrs. Donovan from the salon, Captain O’Toole quickly slipped into the room from another door. He had been on his way to the bridge when all hell broke loose. He grabbed a first aid box, one of several placed at various positions on board, and his .38 snub-nosed revolver. He waited for the right time.

Once Wainwright had left the salon with Mrs. Donovan, O’Toole slipped in and went to Rafe. The first thing he did was to free Rafe’s hands from the wristlets that Rachel had been forced to lock together. He saw what Wainwright had done to Rafe and worked quickly to stop the bleeding and used the champagne to douse his employer’s injured shoulders. He saw Rafe’s reaction to the pain, a good sign. He cut the tablecloth into long strips and used them to dress the stab wounds.

He carefully used a penknife to dig out the .10 mm slug Wainwright had fired into Donovan. It had gone in deep and lodged against a fleshy area, easy to remove.

“Mister Donovan?” O’Toole asked when he removed the gag.

“Where’s Rachel?” he asked while the captain freed his hands.

“He took her to the main deck or one of the upper ones.”

“Help me get her back.”

“You could start bleeding again.”

“Dave, if my wife dies, it won’t matter. Please...”

Against his better judgment, he helped Rafe Donovan to his feet, then out of the salon and up to the main deck on the opposite side of the yacht. After a quick search, they made their way to the upper deck where they heard voices. The man he helped leaned against him, totally in need of his support. He could only guess Rafe's love for his wife drove him.

"What's happening?"

O'Toole told him. Rafe winced and O'Toole knew he would die before he let the madman win.

\* \* \* \*

Rafe caught his breath to do some quick thinking. Rachel had given him an insight into Wainwright's violent nature, but she had never fully gone into it. She had tried to put it all behind her, especially after Rafe began e-mailing her before they set up their initial meeting and first week of training. She had to get him out of her life, her prime objective, though it did rank a step or two below her sexual freedom. At least, until they fell deeply in love with each other after they discovered the perfect dom/sub relationship.

In pain, he peered around the corner and saw her in a position he swore he'd never place anyone in. Wainwright had Rachel on her knees, supported only by the placement of the stilettos he'd slid on her feet earlier. He knew she had to be sore as she wavered from the pain and the chill of the ocean breeze. Wainwright had her arms cuffed behind her and had forced her to wear an O-ring gag way too large for her mouth. *God, I haven't thought to use one on her ever. I would never use something barbaric like that on her, even if she wanted to try it. Not my gorgeous...* Rafe realized what Wainwright planned and winced more. *Do I have enough strength to stop him and save Rachel and the baby?*

"Dave, you've got to get behind him. Get another gun and when you get a shot, for God's sake, take it."

"Aye, sir."

O'Toole knew Donovan and smiled, both men Irish and very stubborn, but focused when it came to their wives and families. He crept around to a hiding spot behind where Wainwright held

Rachel Donovan. Rafe nodded, then watched the hardest thing he ever had to do in his life.

\* \* \* \*

Wainwright, caught up in what he planned to do to his ex-wife, didn't see O'Toole come up behind him and hide. It wouldn't have mattered anyway, because Wainwright had set his mind on one thing.

"You know what I want you to do. You do it for him, and you'll do it for me. I'll be the last one you ever take."

"No..." she cried, shaking her head.

"Why? What's your excuse this time?"

"Peeze, no ike dis..." she tried to say.

"Do it, Rachel."

\* \* \* \*

Rachel's head hurt. She had no circulation in her wrists, her hands numb. Her arms felt stiff from the way her ex-husband had her cuffed. She had never experienced this kind of pain before. Her knees ached from being forced into a kneeling upright position on the hardwood deck. Morning sickness hit and intensified everything due to the thing he forced her to wear. She cried uncontrollably and it pissed Wainwright off even more.

She couldn't obey him. It no longer mattered if Rafe had died, as Wainwright had told her. She gagged and he slapped her. Rachel tried to tell him no but Wainwright refused to listen to her. She knew his stubbornness and it could be a long while before he ended the torture and her life. She did know she would not see the next day.

"Do it, slut."

She shook her head, dodging him, trying to plead with him again. She knew what he'd do to her, but she would not take him orally, or any other way. She couldn't betray Rafe this way and, most of all, she wouldn't betray herself. Horrified she'd most likely never see Rafe again, she watched as Wainwright's rage intensified.

"Do it, Rachel!"

Another order she had to refuse.

“You know what will happen if you don’t,” he told her as he tried to press her head to his dick, tiny compared to Rafe’s, but she dodged him each time. *Rafe, my God, I’m sorry I got you involved in this.*

“Take it, Rachel.”

“Kill me. Get it over and done with. I want to be with Rafe,” she managed to tell him.

“No, you’ll die when I say so. You will not get your way in this. I’m the one in control now.” He tried to force her again, but Rachel refused. He slapped her and knocked her over. *Finally, some relief...*

His rage took over as he dragged her to the Jacuzzi. Wainwright called her every name in the book before he bent her over the hot tub and shoved her face underneath the surface. She couldn’t do it anymore, her fight gone.

Rachel’s mouth flooded with the hot steamy water. She couldn’t close it with her jaws forced apart. Rachel relaxed and let it happen. She’d failed their child by not surviving and Rafe by not keeping her vow to keep the baby safe. She’d prayed they’d meet again and he’d forgive her.

She lost consciousness, her body limp, her world went dark.

Peace finally came to her, a weight lifted from her shoulders. Wainwright would be out of her life for good.

\* \* \* \*

Wainwright’s rage got the better of him as he dragged his ex-wife over to the Jacuzzi. He bent her over the side of the hot tub and forced her head under the hot, bubbling water.

“Die, bitch,” he yelled as he held her under. She no longer fought him. *Why? Had she finally made her final submission to him?*

“So you finally gave up?” he asked her while he continued to hold her down. He had to make sure she died. His future depended on her death and Donovan’s.

Something knocked him off his feet. Wainwright groaned when he looked into Donovan’s eyes. He lashed out at the injured man and shoved him against both shoulder wounds. Donovan grunted as he fell back. Wainwright stood up, yanked Donovan’s

weakened body to his feet and pulled him to the railing, with every intention of throwing him overboard.

A shot ripped through the quiet tropical night. Wainwright slumped against the rail while Rafe slid to the deck, his wounds reopened and bleeding again.

“You fucking son of a bitch!”

“Me? I’m not the one who fucked another man’s wife into submission.”

“Then you don’t know Rachel at all. The failure of your marriage was your fault, not hers.”

“No!” Wainwright screamed. “She had to be in control. She deliberately made me feel stupid and turned our children against me.”

“Fuck you, Wainwright!”

“You...”

Wainwright raised his hand and aimed his revolver at Donovan. Another shot broke the night as O’Toole nailed him in the back. The force made him totter and caused him to fall over the railing and into the water.

Rafe painfully made his way to Rachel and pulled her from the water. He undid the leather straps on the gag and carefully removed it. He pulled her close to him and held her as he rocked her and begged his wife to live.

O’Toole joined them, after first removing his own shirt and covering Rachel out of respect for both her and Rafe, he convinced Rafe to let him look at her. O’Toole laid Rachel on her stomach in order to get the water out of her system. He tried to do artificial respiration and wished he could unlock the cuffs on her hands to do the procedure right. They had no key or the luxury of time to find one. After a bit of work, she coughed some water up and gasped for air.

Rafe cradled her while O’Toole went to the house phone and called Hammond. Jeff came to join them immediately with bolt cutters. He snipped the chain between the bracelets, and Rachel’s hands were free.

Rachel lay in Rafe's arms, unconscious and barely breathing. Rafe held her close and tried to keep her warm, pulling Dave's shirt around her as best he could. He brushed her hair from her face and begged her to live. O'Toole begged Rafe to let him carry Rachel below deck, and allow Jeff to help him, since Rafe was not in any shape to walk on his own. Rafe all but ignored him.

A medic, O'Toole had served with the British Royal Navy. He knew time would run out, unless he could get them moved. Rafe had begun to bleed again while Rachel was shivering. He knew about the pregnancy, concerned over the brief loss of air and the intake of the spa water, which could cause her to lose their baby. No matter what he said, either Rafe didn't hear or ignored him.

He told Hammond to grab blankets. He had to keep them warm. As he covered Rachel, Jeff put another one around Rafe's shoulders. The instant came when they could act—Rafe passed out.

## Chapter 8

An agonizing scream emanated from the master salon on board *The Domination*. Two men looked at one another, then back out to sea.

“Stay here and wait for the Coast Guard. I’ll go check on the Donovans.”

“Aye, Skipper.”

O’Toole left the bridge and headed to where the scream came from. He entered the stateroom and stopped. Rafe Donovan lay on one side of the huge king-sized bed, restlessly tossing and turning as pain etched his face. Beads of sweat ran down his face as his body fought shock, fever, three invasions, plus other injuries. O’Toole went to his kit and opened it to remove a syringe.

From experience, he knew this would be the only way to heal him because Rafe Donovan refused hospitals. He hated them, though he trusted O’Toole. He injected Rafe with painkillers then, after cautiously taking care of the sharp, he went to where Rachel Donovan slept. He removed a stethoscope from his pocket and listened to her heart. Her breathing was thready at best, but relief set in, as her heartbeat sounded stronger.

He left them and closed the door when Jeff Hammond caught up with him.

“Sir, the Coast Guard’s here. Captain Tony Blair is aboard and waiting to see you on the bridge.”

“Very good. Keep an eye on the Donovans.”

“Aye, sir.”

O'Toole went to meet with the Coast Guard officer and explained the events leading up to the Donovans' presence and the disappearance of William Wainwright.

"You say Wainwright went over?"

"Yes, sir, only my intentions were prioritized to the Donovans. We did not search for him, as they needed immediate medical help."

"For..."

"Mister Donovan has several stab wounds in his back and shoulder and a gunshot wound to the opposite shoulder. His shoulders will be crap for a while. His wife is one to two months pregnant. Wainwright beat her so that she's swollen and bloody. He concentrated most of his attentions on her head, face and buttocks. Then he attempted to drown her in the hot tub as punishment for disobedience."

"We can remove them to a hospital..."

"Mister Donovan will not go to one. Long story, but don't worry, I have all I need on board and they both seem to be responding to treatment. I don't advise moving either of them at this time. You're more than welcome to check for yourself but you'll find it all bears out."

"If you need our help?"

"I'll call."

"Captain, we found evidence Wainwright became a victim of a deadly shark attack," one of the junior officers came up and announced, then explained the findings. Blair thanked him, then turned back to O'Toole.

"Very good. That closes it. As I said, Captain, call if you need us."

"Aye, sir. Thank you."

The officers saluted before Blair and his men left *The Domination*. O'Toole watched their launch take off to return to the cutter anchored a short distance away. He turned to Hammond.

"We'll weigh anchor for a day or two so we can better assess their conditions."

"Aye, Captain O'Toole."



O'Toole went below deck to the master salon and to the Donovans' stateroom. Rafe looked peaceful, though he remained unconscious from the sedatives given him. He checked the wounds, not pleased with what he saw. Next, he checked Rachel.

She lay on her side to ease the pain from the severe beating. O'Toole felt her forehead and found her feverish as well. He went to the in-house phone and told Hammond to call the Coast Guard for an immediate airlift of two patients.

*To hell with Donovan's hatred of hospitals, they were going.*

\* \* \* \*

Several hours later, doctors at a small private clinic in Key Largo walked out of surgery. Their patient had suffered two deep stab wounds in his back and right shoulder and a small caliber gunshot wound to his left shoulder. Whoever had tried to kill him had intended he wouldn't have full use of his arms, if he had been lucky enough to survive. They had been fortunate and, after the microsurgeon finished, the patient had minimal damage.

His wife had been rushed straight to maternity and put on a regime of medicines to help her keep her baby. Shock had caused fever, chills and tremors in her stomach. Her doctor succeeded in stabilizing mother and baby and both rested comfortably.

Word leaked out to the press as to the Donovans' presence at the clinic. Reporters swamped the hospital with questions, while the phones were all tied up and the entrance was blocked because the media camped outside. They awaited news and wouldn't leave without any. Bad enough that a *Fortune 500* publisher and his wife, a noted author in her own right, had been admitted due to a murder attempt, but the fact Rafael Donovan had finally wed had them chomping at the proverbial bit.

Gossipmongers had accepted Rafe's privacy. What the world knew had been simple. Everything he touched turned a profit. He owned vacation homes in the Keys and Spain, a private jet, and a yacht christened *The Domination*. It had been speculated that the yacht's name was derived due to Donovan's business savvy. If they only knew the true reason. It had been his private joke.

The hospital's Chief of Staff, Doctor Larry Morton, held a brief press conference to satisfy the media and hopefully get things at the hospital back to normal.

*Mister and Mrs. Rafael Donovan are resting comfortably after treatment due to injuries suffered at the hands of a deranged killer. Rafe Donovan, noted publisher and businessman, suffered a gunshot wound to his left shoulder and stab wounds to his other shoulder and back, plus minor internal injuries. He is listed in stable condition. His wife, best-selling author Rachel Scout, was taken directly to maternity due to concern for her pregnancy and the results of beatings and torture suffered at the hands of their attacker. Both mother and baby are in stable condition. The alleged killer died of injuries suffered after falling over the side of the Donovan's yacht into shark-infested waters. The Coast Guard has concluded their investigation into the matter.*

He thanked the press and left. Morton refused to answer any questions. The press had gotten a morsel and begged for more but did pull back, especially when they found out no more information would be forthcoming.

While all of this happened around them, the Donovans rested and healed.

\* \* \* \*

Rachel's pregnancy had been considered high-risk after what had been done to her. While Rafe healed with no apparent problems, Rachel had been a constant concern. Rafe had worried about her, afraid for her *delicate condition*, but loved her more each day as their baby grew. Once they returned home to their Virginia estate in Williamsburg, Rachel blossomed because she could relax in their private world.

Thanks to the constant assault from the press, they holed up in the centuries old mansion. Rafe devoted himself to her and gave

her the pleasure she couldn't get from her favorite toys. They loved each other. Their lives were perfect.

Toward the end of her pregnancy, Rachel found him in their dark room, where he sat on the edge of the bed, lost in thought. She stood in the doorway and gazed at her husband's magnificent body. Her hand went to her oversized belly and massaged it, their baby very active.

Rafe moved a little, his muscles flexing. She felt her reaction to the sight as her pussy clenched and dampened. She knew what she needed to do, though he refused to let her use any of her toys, afraid of hurting the baby. She slowly made her way to the bottom step of the platform and knelt down, her eyes down in submission.

"Sweet Rachel, please don't hurt yourself."

"I won't. Please, my lord, may I?"

"Are you sure?"

Rachel rose, stepped up to her husband and took his hand. She placed it between her legs and both moaned.

"Tell me what to do, mistress."

"Lay back, my lord." Rafe laid back and his hand remained where she'd placed it. She stretched out on her side and gazed at him while his thumb rubbed her clit. She gasped as the tremors began to run through her. Her mouth virtually locked onto his cock and took his length. She relaxed her throat so he could bury himself in her.

She worked faster from need and wanton desire. His hand went to the back of her head to press it to him. As he felt the heat rise, his hips jerked and moved in time with her. It had been a long time since he'd come like this. As he did, his fingers slid within her drenched cunt and finger fucked her as she went down on him.

"Rachel, my God it just gets better with you." He trailed his wet fingers along her belly, naked of dangles and jeweled waistlets. She only wore her collar and her wedding band since she'd started showing.

"Rafe, I need you to do me a favor."

"Anything."

"Promise?"

“Yes, mistress.”

“Tie me down or up and fuck me before the baby comes, then...”

“Where?”

“Here and there.” She pointed to the bar set-up.

“Allow me, mistress.”

His love boiled over as he trailed kisses over her and concentrated on her swollen belly. Since she had started feeling life, he always paid more attention to her there and enjoyed it when the baby kicked. He moved her onto the bed and bound her spread-eagle in the center of it. He licked the remnants of his earlier trails from her belly, then traced lower. Since the fifth month of her term, he had stopped shaving her pussy.

“I’ll be right back, mistress.” He returned with what he needed and after rubbing lavender scented shaving cream on her mons, he slowly and erotically shaved her pussy.

“I’ve missed your attention to detail, my lord.”

“My apologies, mistress.”

Rafe continued and, after he dried her with a soft cloth, he massaged her with the lavender scented oil.

“My master has returned?”

“My God, yes, sweetness. Can you ever forgive my distance?”

“Always. We’ve been through a lot and with the baby...I understand, new father jitters. Trust me, I won’t break.”

“I’m glad,” he said as he massaged the oil into her body. Her breasts soft under his skilled hands, it pleased him how the nipples perked up in desire. He bent to her and kissed them. As he suckled on one, he tasted something new about her.

“What?” she asked when she noticed his reaction.

“Your sweet milk...” His cock immediately hardened. “Oh, Rachel, you’re even more sexy pregnant.”

“Take care of me, Rafael. I’m begging...”

He trailed kisses down her body while he played with her, and then pricked her nipples before he rolled them between his fingertips. Her milk dampened them as it oozed from her. She gasped as he pinched them and she jolted as he drove his tongue

into her soaked cunt. He dined on sexual delight and loved when she pushed herself to him as his tongue delved deeper as he explored her.

“My Lord Donovan...” she cried out as her hands grabbed her bonds to grip something. “Rafe, please...”

“You command me, mistress.”

“Fuck me, master...oh...yes...”

Rachel rode him and electricity sparked between them. Rafe’s passion took over as caution fell away. His raw natural drive brutal, Rachel languished in heaven. She screamed out his name then, as his mouth covered hers, she sucked his tongue inside as if it were his cock. Orgasms wracked through them both as the heat between them drenched them in beads of sweat. Rafe and Rachel looked as they did on their wedding night on the beach at the cove.

“Rafe?”

“My love?”

“I love the sound of that.”

“So do I.”

“It’s time.”

“For...”

“The baby. It’s time but I’m not going to make it as we planned.”

“Then we will just do it on our own.”

After he freed her, Rafe carried Rachel outside to the gardens she loved. Crickets chirped, lightning bugs floated by, and the sky was pure of clouds as the full moon lit the yard.

He stretched a blanket on the grass and laid her down. He had pulled smaller blankets for the baby, plus towels for Rachel. He had water in a huge bowl to bathe their child and everything else he might need for the delivery. He read a great deal over the last several weeks and Rachel knew if he set his mind to something, he would do it.

Rafe relaxed her by making slow, lazy love to her. She smiled as he helped her control her breathing. An hour later, he helped her deliver their daughter. He did everything he had to and bathed the baby before he laid her on Rachel’s breast. The baby

immediately latched onto her nipple and fed. While she did, Rafe cleaned his wife up, stood back and watched as mother and daughter bonded.

\* \* \* \*

Rachel brought his thoughts back to her.

"If you keep this up, we won't have any time..."

"Come, Sweet Rachel, we've time."

He took her into their dark room and led her to her very favorite toy. She laid across it with her ass in the air after he strapped her ankles and wrists to it. He gave her a gift and she gasped.

"Rafe?"

"It's special and for you. Once it is inside and I press it together, it will drive you crazy. I can start it remotely and at any time. You can wear it whenever you want and, as you can probably tell, it will tease your clit at the same time. Ready?"

"Yesterday, my lord."

"Wonderful," he complimented as he pressed the button to start a dull throb. She grinned and he caught her meaning. He increased it to the maximum, then sat down on his chair to enjoy her pleasure. It pleased him as she went through climax after climax. He moved closer and gave her what she had been desperate for.

Without a word, she latched onto his cock, and in her own way, she took him just as hungrily and greedily as Felicity took from her. He bent over her and held her damp, oozing nipples.

"Rachel..."

She slipped from him to gasp for air.

"Rafe Donovan, thank you for perfection. Now, come back to Mama."

"Yes, Mama," Rafe answered as he grinned.



## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

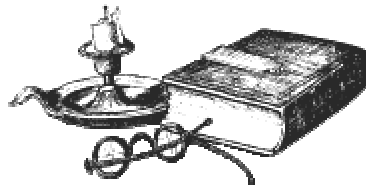
Christy Poff lives in southeastern Pennsylvania with her husband and two teens, although her son is in the Air Force stationed in Minot, North Dakota and remains a cell phone call away.

Previously, she wrote news articles for local newspapers and regional firefighting publications. With her articles, she added photography to her pieces. Writing for several years, she has a deep respect for Civil War history and has done extensive research into the times. This love and research have resulted in several Civil War novels looking for a home. CHASE FOR AN ANGEL was born from this and the others followed.

She loves old cities with charm and history like Charleston and New Orleans, the wide open spaces in Wyoming, the Dakotas, Civil War battlefields and the hustle and bustle of Las Vegas and seeing the rest of the US. One day, she hopes to see Ireland with her daughter and both Canadian coasts.



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