

INTERNET BONDS SERIES
BOOK 3: CHARLOTTE
MASTERED

by

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Dedication

My thanks go out to Deb and Dot—both always there for me when I need help and want to get the toys right. Thank you to Chere for being a great editor to work with and to Jinger Heaston. As always, my love to my son and daughter who help to keep me centered.

Chapter 1

Charlotte fidgeted on the leather bench seat of a banquette set in the rear of one of the ritziest restaurants in Washington, DC. She waited for the man she would spend the evening with, a man she'd never met before this night, aside from their conversations on the internet. She crossed her legs in an attempt to stop her reaction to the cool feel of the smooth seat beneath her.

She glanced at her watch and inwardly groaned when she found she'd arrived early and still had several minutes to wait for Simon Anderson, her blind date. While she waited, she remembered how this night had come about. *Would it be worth it, or a waste of time? Why did I take the chance? What if he was a dangerous...*

"May I get you something from the bar while you wait?" the waiter asked.

"White wine, thank you."

Charlotte James thought back to the first contact she'd had with this man in a chat room she stumbled into. She surfed the net often to learn more about submissives and dominants and their lifestyle because she had a fantasy of being controlled by someone when it came to her personal life. As it stood now, she had too much control and it scared her.

Charlotte operated a successful tour business in the Capital and co-coordinated moonlight walks with haunted tours once a month during the full moon. She managed it to be so profitable, it virtually ran itself. She had no life outside her work, could add boredom to her list of attributes and it made her uneasy. In all her

life, she would never have dreamed she'd come to this point, much less actually attempt to make her fantasies become reality—and with a stranger, no less.

One night, as she chatted with several others, one of the members asked her to instant message him privately because he wanted to get to know her better and discover whether they'd be good for one another.

They spent several days e-mailing back and forth, as they learned more about each other. One thing he needed to know as a Dominant was about her health, as he didn't want misdirection to tear anything coming of this apart. He wanted no lies or secrets between them, as it would undermine the Dom/sub relationship. In good faith, he sent her a certificate stating he had blood tests, all negative in results. She returned a copy of hers to him and with the health issues out of the way, they arranged to meet.

She agreed to his offer when he sent her the invitation to meet him in a public place like here at *The President's Pub*. He intrigued her and it impressed her how he wanted to get to know her before they actually met so he could set up their evening. His caring and compassion for their future amazed her, as she would never have thought about blood testing or the like. *Am I truly as naïve as I seem?*

He asked her questions and told her to answer truthfully. What she searched for had its basis in absolute truth. Without it, someone could get hurt emotionally, physically or both ways and he didn't want that to happen.

“You are already special to me, Charlotte, and I would never intentionally hurt you for the world.”

“Simon, I don't know what to say. How could I be this important in your life so soon?”

“Meet me at eight and we'll have a late dinner. I think you'll enjoy the evening I have planned.”

“I've heard good things about the restaurant.”

“It's my favorite. In fact, I have a standing reservation for a very secluded table where we won't be disturbed.”

“Sounds interesting.”

“I’d like you to dress in the outfit I will send you tomorrow. You may not wear anything but what is in the box. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Simon, I do,” she replied. *What does he have planned?*

“Make sure you keep Saturday and Sunday free, because if dinner goes well, I have plans for the remainder of the weekend.”

“Do I need to pack a bag?” she asked.

“No.”

She wondered what he had up his sleeve and looked forward to what would come next.

* * * *

On Thursday afternoon, a messenger knocked on Charlotte’s office door. He held a huge box in his hands and waited for her to show him where to place it.

“Please, put it on the couch if you don’t mind.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he replied. He placed it on the end, then left without a word. She watched him and wondered about what she had gotten herself into.

Charlotte walked over to the couch, sat down, and removed the bow holding the box closed. After she put the lid to the side, she moved the tissue paper out of the way and gasped. She pulled out a beautiful dress of midnight blue. The short dress would rest halfway between her knees and hips, though it had a sheer overdress, short in the front and long in the back. She marveled at the floral motif on the diaphanous material, then at the entire dress. The dress was V-necked in the front and back, it had no sleeves but thin ribbons at the shoulder line to fall gracefully along her arms.

Next, she pulled out matching midnight blue stiletto pumps and gasped. Simon had extremely good taste and knew how to dress a woman. She brushed her fingers over the thigh high stockings and when she moved them aside, she found an envelope.

She pulled the card out and caught her breath.

This is all you will wear to our first meeting, no more and no less. If you misbehave, I will have to punish you for doing so. You will wear your hair loosely piled on your head and

hold it with the hairpins I've sent. I do not want you to wear any jewelry or lingerie. Your evening will only be as pleasurable as you want it to be.

Till Friday night,

Simon

Slowly, she let out her breath and reread the note. *Can I do this? Yes, I can and I will enjoy it.* She placed the dress and accessories back in the box and closed it. After she gathered her things, she left the office and went home.

While she drove, her imagination ran wild. She couldn't even begin to imagine what he had in mind for her, but as she drove out of the city and into Falls Church, she began to sense what this man could do to and for her. She tried to change her position in the car seat but the seat belt held tight. *Had there been a method to the designer's madness, or was he a Dom at heart?*

Charlotte felt wet between her legs and could imagine her panties had been soaked. The mere thoughts of what she might be doing in the near future caused her body to react in a way she needed to take care of. She sped up as much as the legal limit would allow and got home quicker than she normally would. She parked in the garage of her townhouse, grabbed the box and her purse, and quickly went inside.

She dropped the box on the kitchen table and raced upstairs. The heat had built to a raging fire in need of some control. Her breasts ached to be touched and as she stripped out of her clothes, she noticed her nipples had become very firm. She slipped out of her skirt and panties and found her assumption had been right, as they had been drenched.

On the nightstand sat one of her toys, one she used to replace the attentions any man could pay her. After her breakup with her cheating fiancé, she'd sworn off men, invested in some toys and had quietly satisfied her needs, at least until now. She grabbed the vibrator and ran it over her nipples to start with. Then she lay across her bed and ran the humming toy along her body to between her legs, where she concentrated it on her clit.

Greedy, she grabbed another and inserted it into her pussy, thrusting it in and out as the other one remained on her clit. Charlotte cried out as she climaxed, satisfying the need Simon had begun with his gift. She prayed he was as good or better. She realized what she needed was a real live man to fuck her and take care of her needs. If her date with Simon worked out, she would be elated, and if it went into the weekend, well...

Alone in the darkness of her bedroom, Charlotte repeated her dual vibrator orgasmic experience and fell off to sleep dreaming of her mystery man and the control he already had over her.

* * * *

Simon delivered the box to Charlotte James' office, did as she told him by placing it on the couch, then left. He looked at her and his cock hardened. This woman had something about her, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what. He would definitely find out when he met her for dinner.

He couldn't get over how beautiful his next and hopefully, last conquest was. He wanted a submissive who would stay with him for a while. If everything worked out, he might even consider marriage. Everything depended on one dinner and it scared him. After all these years, he placed his entire future on one meeting. *What am I? Nuts?*

He laughed. To be a Dominant, one had to be a bit crazy, just not too much. Overly crazed Dominants wound up hurting their submissives in every way. He heard where one Dom had put his sub in the hospital after he lost control. Simon prayed he would never go off the deep end. No, he expected the evening to be a success.

In his black Lexus, Simon waited for Charlotte to leave the office. He wanted to see what she would do. He got his answer when he tried to follow her through traffic on the Beltway. He knew from the way she drove, she fought to keep her body from reacting to the gift and the suggestion his note gave. *Damn, the woman is hot...*

Once her Mustang disappeared into her garage, he drove off. The last thing he wanted was to be caught by a cop and charged

with being a peeping tom. He had the satisfaction of learning she could be controlled with suggestions and he knew she would definitely respond well to other things. The weekend looked like it would be a success.

He drove home to his Georgetown mansion and went upstairs to prepare the house for his weekend guest. Simon called his butler to advise Allistair of his plans.

“Allistair, you and the staff may have the weekend off. I will be bringing home a guest on Friday night and wish to have the house to myself.”

“When do you want us to return, sir?”

“Monday morning will be fine.”

“Very good, sir.”

Simon nodded and checked to make sure he had the items he needed.

“Sir, should I get the usual for the pantry?”

“Yes, I think so. Make sure to get strawberries, blueberries, the usual.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Oh, and, Allistair, make sure the farm is ready, too, in case my plans change.”

“Yes, sir.”

Allistair left the room and his employer to his thoughts. Simon depended on Allistair and his ability to be very discreet when needed. Allistair knew about Simon’s lifestyle and never condemned him for it, one thing Simon had always been grateful for.

Satisfied he had everything, Simon went to the inside wall of the master bedroom, found a hidden switch and pressed it. A panel opened into a secreted passageway built into the house by the owners in the early 1800’s. He had read documented proof of the house being used as a stop on the Underground Railway and made sure the property remained in the Anderson family. As wealthy as the family was, he could afford his lifestyle and the advantages the house afforded.

In their discussions, Charlotte revealed her fantasies of bondage. He checked his *playroom* as he called it and found he had everything she'd asked for and some surprises. If it all worked out, he would give her a weekend she would never forget and hopefully, a lifetime to keep enjoying it.

* * * *

Charlotte sat and waited. She checked her watch to find she still had time. While she sipped her wine, she thought of how he made her feel as she dressed. It surprised her how he could dominate her emotions and not even be in the same room with her, definitely a new experience for her.

She showered, then lay across her bed to relax. A slight breeze blew across her body and made her feel wonderful as she imagined Simon's fingertips across her skin. She felt her body as she became excited. A small droplet of liquid dampened her skin as it oozed from her slit. *What kind of power did this man have over her?*

After she rolled to her back, she slid her fingertips to her clit and touched it. She rubbed it gently and brought herself to climax. For once, it didn't seem as dirty as she had been brought up to believe. Granted, using toys ran along the same lines as what she enjoyed doing now, but to her, toys were a different story as she had something between her hand and her sensitive areas where she used them.

She pictured Simon as he might make love to her and moaned. She rubbed a little harder and cried out as shudders racked her body. When she pulled her hand away, she found it soaked and knew deep inside, this evening would lead to a permanent situation, or so she hoped.

After another shower, she dressed as she'd been instructed. First, she carefully rolled the thigh high stockings up her long legs, then she slipped the dress over her head and let it fall down the length of her body. The mere touch of it on her nipples hardened them. She felt strange wearing nothing underneath it, but she knew he had everything planned out and she refused to ruin this evening.

Once her hair had been pinned up, she checked her look one last time, then went to leave. She grabbed her keys and the small

clutch with her lipstick, her AMEX and her driver's license, plus some emergency money, then went down to the garage. She slid into the car and gasped as she felt the material of the seat against her body. She took a deep breath, then started her Mustang and drove to the restaurant. A valet parked the car for her and she went inside to meet Simon Anderson.

* * * *

"Ah, Charlotte. You look ravishing."

"Thank you." She looked at the man standing over her and caught her breath. He stood six foot, had dark blonde hair and bright blue eyes, and had to be the most handsome guy in all Washington.

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Simon Anderson."

"I'm so glad to finally meet you in person."

He slid into the seat next to her and trapped her to make sure she couldn't escape him. She gazed at him and felt heat begin where his leg touched hers. She eyed the Dior suit, black with black shirt and tie, and guessed she'd just met a man with lots of money.

"Did you do as I instructed?"

"Yes."

"You will call me master unless there are others near us. Do you understand?"

"Yes, master."

"Very good. Now, before we go any further, I want you to choose a safe word."

Charlotte sat in thought for a few minutes before she answered him.

"Stop?"

"Very well. When you feel the need to use it, you will say *stop* and nothing more will happen until we talk about it."

"Yes, master."

"Good. Now, I want you to hike the skirt up over your hips, because I want your gorgeous ass sitting on the leather."

Charlotte did as he told her and heard his reaction. He smiled and she felt pleasure because she'd pleased him. She'd never had

the need to do that in all her life until now and she found she liked what it did to her.

The waiter brought Simon his Martini and another glass of wine for Charlotte, then left them alone. Simon looked at her and locked every fact about her he could into his memory.

“Charlotte, how do you feel?”

“Good, master.”

“Are you ready for whatever will come this weekend?”

“Yes, master.”

“Good. I want you to spread your legs and let me see your pussy.”

She hesitated and he looked at her.

“Charlotte?”

“The waiter, master...the others...”

“...Are ignoring us. Dinner has been ordered and will be served at a specific time. I did this so we could get to know each other without interruptions. Now, I’ll let this go this once, but the next time you hesitate, I will punish you. Is that clear?”

“Yes, master.”

“Now, I want to see your pussy.”

Charlotte did as she was told and waited for what might come next. She felt the heat of his gaze on her, her body answering it.

“Charlotte, you will not come until I permit it. You will ask my permission, or you will wait for my command.”

“Yes, master,” Charlotte replied as she fidgeted to relieve the slight but noticeable throb. The chill of the seat helped a little, but not much as she couldn’t move from where she sat.

They talked for a few minutes while Charlotte calmed. She jolted when his hand touched her and began to play with her clit. Soft, easy strokes designed to drive her crazy, and they did. She clenched her muscles around him to stave off her answer to his probing fingers. He grinned as his other arm slipped behind her and grabbed her breast. Charlotte caught her breath.

She couldn’t believe what was happening in one of the most exclusive restaurants in the nation’s capital, but here she sat on the

verge of climaxing and no one around them cared. The thrill of it acted like an adrenaline rush and she whimpered.

“No, sweet Charlotte. You will not come.”

“Please, master.”

“No, my sub, you will hold back until I allow it. You can do it, trust me.”

“But, master...”

“Have some wine.” She took the glass and drank the wine. She discovered it took one part of her concentration away from what Simon busied himself doing. She felt euphoric from his touches and wanted more.

“Put the glass down and kiss me.”

“Yes, master.” She set the glass off to the side, raised her lips to meet his, and enjoyed the most wonderful kiss of her life. His tongue explored her mouth while his fingers did the same to her nipple and pussy. Touched in several places at once, her body soared out of control. She whimpered into his mouth as she tried to hold back.

“Come for me, Charlotte. Drench my hand.” His tongue delved into her mouth as he drank her cries and felt her soaking his hand. Heat personified, Charlotte James was exactly the woman he’d sought for the last several years and he refused to lose her. As he applied light pressure to her to keep her aroused, his other hand held onto her breast and pulled her close. She writhed with his rhythm and curled into him.

“Master, please...”

“You will go into the ladies room and clean up. I want you to insert these into your pussy.”

“What are they, master?”

“You’ll find out. Now, go. Dinner will be waiting when you return.”

“Yes, master.”

She slid from the seat as Simon extended his hand to assist her. He held it and their gazes met when he pulled her close to him. As she stared into his icy blue eyes, she felt him raise the filmy material of the overdress up the length of her body, followed by

the hem of the main dress. His hand gently gripped her ass and squeezed it.

“You feel very good in my hand, sweet Charlotte. I want the dress to remain over your hips while the outer one falls back.”

“Yes, master. As you wish.”

Charlotte couldn't believe how easy she had fallen into the submissive she was obviously suited to be. It seemed natural to her to call this man her master and give him her trust. She'd never trusted anyone as much as she had a stranger in the last hour or so of her life. *What was it about Simon Anderson and why do I enjoy this so much? Why do I feel the intense desire to obey his every wish?*

She walked to the ladies room after he placed a kiss on the back of her hand. Heat coursed through her once more from his brief touch. Her stomach felt at a loss because she no longer stood in his presence. It gave her a small incentive to hurry with his request, then go back to him. Once in the lounge, she checked for any other women, only to find herself alone. After she washed up, she looked at the balls in her hand and thought she had an idea of what they were meant to accomplish.

She inserted them in her pussy and felt her muscles automatically clench around them. The sensation rocked her as they moved around inside her and vibrated against the sensitive spots she barely grazed with her vibrator. *Oh, my God!*

A mini-climax begged to overtake her, though she did her best to stave it off. She could not come unless he allowed it and she didn't want to be punished for disobedience. It took several minutes to steady herself while the pleasure balls did exactly what they were meant to do.

* * * *

Simon watched her as she walked across the floor to the private lounge of *The President's Pub*. In all the years he'd availed himself of this spot, he'd never had as enjoyable experience as he was having now. He noticed Charlotte's reticence about his requests taking place in a public place, but knew she would understand once he explained.

Simon Anderson, multi-millionaire and entrepreneur, owned Washington's hottest nightspot. The club had a clientele of some of Capital Hill's hottest senators, congressmen, justices and Cabinet members. Even an infamous president wanting to have his private trysts with his interns or whoever else used the private room for his personal fun. The club catered to those who enjoyed the life of BDSM while needing secrecy and discretion. Simon had made a lot of money and many influential friends thanks to this venture and he intended to continue.

As he watched Charlotte walk, his cock hardened while it begged to enter her hot, wet pussy. He enjoyed the sight of her naked ass under the sheer fabric and wanted her more. While he waited, he went to the men's room and washed his hands, but only after he sniffed the scent of the woman who drove him insane. He tasted her and committed her scent and taste to memory.

What he hadn't told her had been the fact he had investigated her to learn everything he could about her. He spent one night following her as she uncharacteristically led a tour through the center of Washington. His reaction had been the same then as it was now. He had to have her and no one else ever would.

He thought of the gift he had waiting for her at the mansion and hoped she would agree to wear it. He'd bought an Italian gold and diamond necklace for her to always wear as a sign of his dominance over her. Only other Doms would recognize it as his signature of ownership as he intended to be the last man she ever looked at.

He returned to their table and turned to see her walk back from the room's private lounge, a quirk of the club. Every room, while public, had privacy in every way. He could tell she was still trying to figure out how to keep the Ben-Was inside, as she knew punishment would follow if she didn't. She'd been very accepting of the ground rules and had already shown him a strong desire to please him, no matter what he asked. *How far would she go with him before she uttered her safe word?*

“My sweet Charlotte, tell me how you feel.”

“I want to come for my master. Please, may I?”

“Not yet. I want you to get used to the balls and enjoy them before you do.”

“Yes, master.”

Simon smiled when he saw the hint of a groan as she fought to keep them inside her. In time, her muscles would strengthen, but for now, the view he had of her working to hold them pleased him.

“I see your dress is where I placed it. Very good, my lovely sub.”

“Thank you, master. How may I please you next?”

Her question stopped his breath for a brief moment. He had an idea and decided to try it to see what she would do.

“I think I want you to suck my cock. You keep arousing me and I need some relief.”

“Yes, master. I’d be glad to.”

“If it would make you feel better, you may go under the table behind the cloth...”

“No, if master would lean against the wall here so I may sit on the bench...”

“Interesting idea. Do it, sweet Charlotte, but make sure your lovely ass is naked next to the leather.”

“Yes, master.”

He leaned against the wall as she suggested and faced the banquette, his back to the restaurant. He watched her slide his zipper down and gasp when she found he wore nothing underneath his expensive suit. His cock fell into her hand and she caressed the velvety feel of his skin. Her tongue brushed the drop of pre-cum from his head as she ran it up and down its hard length.

He groaned as she took him in her mouth, his entire length without problem or hesitation. She teased him with her tongue, then began a slow torture of his senses. No woman had ever sucked him like this. He put his hand to her head and pressed her face to him as she increased her speed. His hips moved with her as he exploded into her mouth and she took every drop of his seed. *God, I’ve got to fuck her pussy. She’s...*

“Is master pleased?” she asked as she pulled away from him and looked up at him.

“Yes, I am. We will now switch places.”

Charlotte stood where Simon had been as he sat in her place. Her hands went to his shoulders as he pulled her close. He pulled her leg up so her shoe was on the edge of the seat.

“You are beautiful, sweet Charlotte. Your pussy is beyond description.”

“Thank you, master.” She gasped as the Ben-Was moved.

“Not yet, sweet Charlotte”

“I will behave, master, I swear... Oh...”

“Charlotte?”

“Please, master, make me come for you.”

Simon buried his face in the folds of her pussy and teased her clit before he thrust his tongue into her. As he did, his thumb pressed her clit and drove her over the edge. She felt his hand behind her as it made its way to her ass and squeezed. As he savored his appetizer, he felt her fight to hold her climax and smiled.

“Yes, Charlotte, come for me and feed me. Let me drink from you and taste you.”

Charlotte cried out as she came and the orgasm sent shockwaves throughout her body. She ignored the fact of where they were. Simon was the only one in the room and her world. She dug her nails into his neck as her body bucked and reeled.

“Master Simon, how may I please you?”

“I have many ways for you to please me. Believe me, this is just the beginning.”

* * * *

Hours later, they left the restaurant and headed to his home in Georgetown. During dessert, he surprised her by pulling out his cell phone and calling for his limousine. He looked at her expression, amused.

“What’s wrong, sweet Charlotte?”

“My car...”

“It will be safe, along with mine. I have a private garage here for occasions when I choose to have the limo pick me up.”

“A private garage? What kind of place is this?”

“A very exclusive club, my dear. You may have noticed no one paid attention to what we did this evening, as they were doing the same thing. It’s the way the club is designed. If word leaves the walls of this establishment, the offending party will never be allowed back in.”

“But, master, how...”

“I made the rules. You see, Charlotte, I own this place and several others like it all over the world.”

He watched her pale with the new information. He snapped his finger and a waiter appeared from nowhere.

“A glass of wine for the lady.”

“Yes, sir,” the waiter said and returned a few minutes later with another white wine. Charlotte took the glass and sipped at it, then downed it as she tried to make sense of what she’d been told.

“I’m listed on the *Fortune 500* list as well as several other *who’s who* lists. I rank somewhere around thirty...”

“Thirty?” she gasped in disbelief.

“Yes, sweet Charlotte. I come from old Virginia money. I have a mansion in Georgetown, a home in Falls Church near your townhouse and several others throughout the world. I have a thriving financial empire and I dabble in real estate and thoroughbreds. I have them stabled at the Falls Church property.”

“Please, stop talking for a moment. I know the house you’re telling me about. I’ve gone by there for years and dreamed of riding one of your horses. The Arabians are magnificent, as are the thoroughbreds. I can’t believe...”

“Does this change your desires for this weekend?”

“No, master, it does not. May I ask master a question?”

“What?”

“Why me? I’m nowhere near your...”

“Hold it right there. I’ve never worried about that. I have a certain lifestyle and it’s prevalent among the rich. The main problem is that most of the wives ignore their husband’s desires. The husbands turn to my club or others like it where money and status in the business or political world make no difference. I turned to the net and found a lovely, gorgeous woman who shares

my interests. I brought her here and we enjoyed the start of what could be a wonderful relationship.”

“But you could have any woman in the world.”

“I want you, Charlotte. You give me something I’ve never experienced with others and I don’t want to lose it.”

“But, master...”

“Do you want to forget this and leave?”

“No, master. NO!”

Charlotte dropped to her knees in front of him. She gazed into his eyes and saw into his soul. The man did something to her and for her, no other had even come close. He made her feel special and she wanted to please him.

“Please, Master Simon, tell me what I can do to please you.”

“Are the Ben-Was arousing you?”

“Yes, master, they are.”

“I want you to walk around and show me your luscious ass. When you turn to come back to me, I want to feast my eyes on your glorious pussy and I want to see it hot and wet in anticipation of my touch. You may allow your body to react to the Ben-Was, but you may not come.”

“Yes, master. Anything you wish.”

Charlotte walked around the room. The pleasure she got from the vibrating balls sent tremors through her body. She wiggled her ass to keep the balls inside her pussy and he smiled as his cock hardened. When she turned, he could see her wet and heated desire as her essence trickled down her legs. He loved the sight of her body as it shuddered from the sensations the Ben-Was sent through her. She definitely enjoyed toys and he would introduce her to more.

“Come to me, Charlotte,” Simon commanded.

“Yes, master.” She ran to him and he groaned.

“You are perfection and this weekend, you will find out what life can give you in more ways than you can ever imagine.”

“Thank you, master,” she gasped as the balls settled and her body relaxed.

“Your limo is waiting outside, sir.”

“Thank you.” Simon reached for her purse and handed it to her. He guided her out of the restaurant and into the night air. The chilly breeze caused her nipples to harden, obvious under the dress, and he smiled.

He thanked Allistair for getting there as quickly as he had and told him to drive around for a while.

“Is the Falls Church house ready as I requested?”

“Yes, sir.”

Allistair had gone to the house, stocked the pantry exactly as he had the Georgetown mansion, and made sure the other items waited ready for his use. Allistair had been with the family for a lifetime and had seen Simon’s father dally behind his mother’s back and train her, then train Simon in the art of bondage and Dom/sub relationships. However, Simon refined everything he’d been taught. Simon trusted this man with his life and now, with Charlotte’s. She would be a part of his life for a long while if everything went his way and he did not intend to let her go.

Charlotte gasped as she gazed around the interior of the limo. It seemed to her to have every convenience anyone would need for a long trip. Simon grinned at the image of her like a child on Christmas morning, as this was what he saw in her eyes.

Charlotte settled onto the leather seat and resurveyed her surroundings. She came back to the present when the car pulled away from the curb and drove off. He watched her as he sat next to her.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

“Yes, master. I’ve never had the privilege to ride in one of these things before.”

“You may want to get used to it. One can do so much in a limo.”

“Master?”

“In the club, I wanted you to suck my cock again, only I wanted to taste your honey at the same time. Charlotte?”

“Master?”

Simon moved from the seat and onto the floor of the extremely long car. He put his feet up on the opposite seat while he left room for Charlotte to situate herself.

“Remove the dress, my lovely sub.”

“Yes, master.”

She removed the dress and laid it to the side. All she wore were the thigh high stockings and the stiletto pumps.

“My God, woman, you are sexy.”

“My master is way too kind. His slave has too many flaws.”

“No, my slave is perfect. Now, feed me your honey. You may come, but you may not lose the Ben-Was.”

“Yes, master.”

“I want to grab your luscious tits as you suck my cock.”

“Yes, master,” Charlotte said as she unzipped his trousers and pulled the fabric to the side. His shaft stood erect and waiting for her attention and she teased it as she had before. Her fingertips played with his balls as she took his cock into her mouth, the tip to the back of her throat and a little farther. Simon had a gorgeously long cock and it swelled once more as she touched it with her tongue.

Simon groaned as she teased him. He squeezed her breasts and played with her nipples. His tongue went to her clit first as he tortured her with slow, laborious strokes. As he did, she pressed her pussy to his face so he wouldn't have to move to love her. Charlotte had the instincts needed for what he intended for her, and he intended to do a lot over the next few days.

He traced a path to her entrance with his tongue, then blew a gentle breath over it. She shuddered as he drove his tongue into her and thrust it in and out of her, matching the pace she set on his cock. Together, they moved as one, only she shuddered more as the balls pleased her on top of what he did to her.

“Come, Charlotte, come. I need to taste you. I want you to take me.”

“Yes, master, yes,” Charlotte cried out as she came at the same time he exploded into her mouth. She swallowed his seed and kept at him as if she feared missing one drop.

“Charlotte, come to me and impale your body on mine.”

“The...”

“Leave them in. They will enhance your pleasure.”

She did as he commanded and sat on his shaft. She cried out at the feel of his engorged cock in her body, along with the vibrations set off from the balls. She never realized it could all fit inside her, but it felt glorious.

Charlotte began to move on him as he thrust into her. He pulled her down to him and grabbed the pins in her hair to release it. He held her tight against him as he kissed her before he rolled her onto her back and pulled back a little to gaze into her eyes.

“Are you ready for the first ride of your life?”

“As long as it’s with you, master.”

Simon Anderson drove himself into her waiting body and pounded with raw natural drive. He wanted to mark her, to make her his possession.

“Please, master, may I come for you?”

“Yes, sweet Charlotte,” Simon gasped as he exploded into her.

“Simon...” she cried out.

“Mine!” he affirmed in her ear. “You are mine, Charlotte, and no one else’s. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Master Simon. I am yours. Please, do what you will...Simon!”

Chapter 2

Allistair drove for hours while Simon did his utmost to enjoy the woman he wanted for the rest of his life. Anything he asked her to do, she did, then asked for more. She begged him to let her pleasure him.

“You are amazing, Charlotte. I’ve never had a sub keep up with my desires like you have in the last several hours.”

“You make it easy, master. I want nothing more than to make you happy.”

“Would you wear my collar and become my slave?”

“If my master wishes it, I will. That is what my master wants, isn’t it?”

“Yes, but are you sure? You’ve been exposed to this lifestyle for one evening and now you’re ready to commit to a long-term relationship. Do you realize what you’re doing?”

“Yes, master. I’ve never felt as wonderful as when I do what you command. I will wear your collar and if you were to ask me right now, I would say yes to spending the rest of my life with you.”

Simon stiffened as his cock strained to be free of his trousers. He had dressed with the expectations of returning home, but this put a new light on things.

“Allistair, keep driving.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Charlotte, release me from my confinements. Suck my cock, but you must keep your hands behind your back. In fact, turn around.”

“Yes, master.”

Charlotte turned and felt him bind her hands behind her, not tight but firm enough to prevent her from getting loose. He turned her around to face him and told her to do as he had ordered. *How will she get around this?*

Charlotte bent down and pulled his zipper down with her teeth, then moved each side of his pants out of her way. She caught his cock with her lips and laved it with her tongue. He swelled to her ministrations and she took him in her mouth and began her oral assault on his engorged manhood. He watched her with interest, then could take it no longer. His hand went to the back of her head and he pressed her closer as she increased her pace.

Simon exploded into her and she took everything he could give her.

“Kiss me, slave.”

“Yes, yes, master,” she cried out as she locked on his lips and kissed him. He relished the taste of himself in her sweet mouth and knew they would have a terrific future together. As he kissed her, he pulled her close and held her breasts while he toyed with her nipples. She fidgeted in desperation.

“Does my sweet Charlotte wish to come?”

“Please, please, master, I can’t hold back any longer. Simon, I’m sorry...”

The orgasm ripped through her, tremor after tremor washing over her as euphoric waves overwhelmed her. Her breathing became faster as she climaxed in a mind-blowing orgasm she prayed would never stop. She had been so overtaken by it, she never felt her body lifted up and placed on his shaft, or when he rammed his cock brutally into her waiting body.

Charlotte struggled to free her hands. Her movement caused her breasts to bounce up and down, her nipples hard with desire, her chest forward for his attentions. She winced as she held her climax back for him. Simon saw her devotion and drove her even farther to the edge as he pressed his thumb against her clit.

“Cry out and scream as you come for me, slave. I want to hear you as you ride the waves of this. Do it, Charlotte. Call to me as you soak me while I fill you with my life, my soul, and my heart.”

“Simon, my God. Please, help me. It’s too much...I need to hold you. Please, master, I need my hands.”

“No, Charlotte. You’re doing fine. I love what I see and I want to see more of you like this. Charlotte, come.”

“Simon...” Charlotte screamed as if in agony, but the pain quickly turned to pleasure and she wanted more. She felt she couldn’t live without it or this man. She leaned over to him as he caught one of her nipples and suckled at it. More waves crested over her as sweat ran down her body. “Please, Simon...”

“Tell me what you want from me, sweet Charlotte.”

“I don’t know...I can’t think...”

He sat up more and removed his clothes, never once breaking their contact or her rhythm. In the haze of her orgasm, she saw his magnificent body, the muscular chest and arms, the power of his legs. His hand pulled her to him and his mouth covered hers as his tongue delved into hers and kept pace with his cock.

“Charlotte!” He drew back to catch his breath.

“Master, please. I...I...”

Charlotte slumped against him; unconscious and spent from the marathon session they had just endured. Simon relaxed, relieved and pleased with her stamina. He brushed her hair back and looked at the peace on her face. He untied her hands and pulled her to him.

“Mine,” Simon declared. “You are mine.”

* * * *

Charlotte woke hours later, sore but more at peace than she’d been in a long time. She looked around and found she had been brought to a beautiful bedroom where sunlight warmed the room no matter what the time of day. She slept on satin sheets in a huge antique bed. She glanced around and saw a gigantic fireplace with a small grouping of chairs and a couch in front of it. A desk sat at the other end and she loved the way the sunlight sparkled off the cherry wood. As her eyes came back to her side of the room, she saw an entertainment center and another chair; this one adorned by a magnificent naked man, her master.

“It’s about time you woke up. I’ve never carried a naked woman into my house before.”

“What happened?”

“You passed out. You had me worried.”

She moved to get out of bed but he stopped her.

“I’m so sorry, master.”

“Please, sweet Charlotte, call me Simon. I love the way you say it. When we are in the throes of your submission, then call me master.”

“Have I offended you?”

“No, my lovely sub. I love you more than life and I want you to be my wife. You wouldn’t believe how much I had to think about last night when you lay in that bed. I thought I had hurt you and swore I’d make it up to you if you’d let me. I may have gone too far with the last command, but you are so...”

“Simon, may I still wear your collar?”

“And my engagement ring and wedding band, if you’ll have me?”

“Simon, yes. I will. I can’t believe how quick this happened. Love at first sight happens only in books, movies or on TV.”

Simon went to the desk and opened a drawer from which he pulled a black velvet box. He crossed the floor and she gasped at the sight of him in the glow of the sunlight.

“Something wrong?”

“No, everything is perfect.”

Simon grinned as he sat on the edge of the bed. He leaned over to kiss her and she surprised him by tangling her fingers in his hair. She held on to him tightly, afraid she might wake from this and find it had all been a dream.

“Master, tell me what to do.”

“First, sit up and raise your hair from your neck.”

Charlotte sat up and caught her voluminous hair to hold it up. He opened the velvet box and took out a gorgeous necklace made up of a dozen or more strands of subtly twisted gold with diamond chips scattered along each length. The width at her nape looked as

if it measured an inch and a half, while it flowed into a drape of four inches in front, maybe more.

“My sweet Charlotte, I am your Dominant in everything you do. You are my submissive here to give me pleasure and obey my whims. I give you this collar to brand you, mark you as my possession and mine alone. With this comes my heart, my soul, my undying love and my protection. No one will ever touch you and live to tell about it. I have never felt like this about any other woman in my past, nor will I ever. Do you accept this bond to me, my slave?”

“My master,” she began as she let her hair drop so she could face him on her knees. “I take your collar willingly and with all my love and devotion. I give to you my heart, my soul and my undying love. I need you and want to serve my master, however he sees fit. I love you and give you my undying trust without hesitation, reservation, or any hindrances. I thank you for allowing me to wear this fine piece of jewelry and I pray I will never let you down. Yes, my Master Simon, I accept your collar and your dominance. I am your loving slave.”

He stood and extended his hand to her. Once he helped her from the bed, he took her to the full-length mirror and showed her the symbol of their lives together.

“Simon, I don’t know what to say.”

“Do you feel up to obeying a command?”

“Yes, master.”

“Then I want you to repeat what you were doing when you so rudely passed out.”

“Yes, master.”

Charlotte took him by surprise when she turned around with her hands behind her back. She wanted everything to be like it had been when they drove around in the limo. He went to find a tie, then bound her hands behind her. They climbed onto the bed and positioned themselves for the ultimate thrill. She lay on her side and teased his cock while he made sure he could lick her waiting pussy.

“My slave must shave here. Your master needs easier access to your luscious body.”

“Would my master do the honors?”

“Yes, sweet Charlotte, I will.”

Simon gripped her ass to pull her to him. She gasped as his tongue traced long strokes of hot breath along her swollen clit. She pushed to him while she concentrated on his gorgeous engorged cock. She liked knowing she could arouse him no matter what they did. Charlotte felt his breath caress her and she jolted when his tongue thrust into her. Her hands clenched as his thumb pressed on her swollen clit.

Her mind raced as she tried to concentrate on sucking his cock while he distracted her, but she somehow did and set an intense pace. Simon matched her and she whimpered as he drank from her. She took his release and relished the taste of his essential soul. Through the orgasmic haze, she knew she made the right decision and truly wanted to be with this man; one she loved more than anything, and who would protect her—no matter what.

She drew back after she took his last drop and took some deep breaths. He pulled her to him and kissed her deeply while he sat her on him. The mere touch of her body to his, and his cock swelled without hesitation. He pulled her down and thrust in and out of her slowly before raw lust took over.

As he exploded into her and drove his seed as deep into her womb as he could, he tried to speak.

“I love you, my mistress. I want us to marry and have a family. You are in my soul and deep in my heart. Charlotte...”

* * * *

She woke to the smell of hot food. She looked up and saw Simon next to her with a fork in his hand and a piece of fruit on it. He fed her the apple, then kissed her.

“I swear, woman, your kiss is sweeter than any wine I’ve ever tasted.”

“I need to know something.”

“What?”

“Did you call me mistress? I’m not your Dom.”

“Yes, you are. The true submissive winds up becoming dominant in any relationship like ours as the Dom is there to make sure the sub gets pleasure beyond their fantasies. It gives me pleasure as well, but you ultimately control the situation.”

“But...”

Simon fed her a piece of steak, then dabbed at her mouth. His cock swelled from this one little pleasure and it drove him crazy.

“I know you’re confused, but as I sat here and watched you sleep after you passed out giving me the ultimate in pleasure, I realized I had finally found what I’ve been after for years. You are the perfect sub to my dominance and I need what you’ve given me.”

“Even though I have the need and desire for you to be dominant over me.”

“That’s just it. I know I can tell you to do most anything and you will do so without question. I have so much I want you to experience and because of this, I know I can. Like now, I’d love to tie you up and fuck you until you scream for mercy.”

“Then do it, master.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes, master.”

“Then come with me. I have something to show you.”

He led her from the bedroom to another room on the same floor. He unlocked the door and ushered her into a darkened room, though with the light from the hallway, she could see why he kept it locked. She felt her stomach quiver with anticipation and her pussy clench with desire. The thought of her master and bondage made her hot as the onslaught of a climax threatened.

“Are you all right with this, my magnificent slave?” he asked as he closed the door and relocked it.

“Yes, master.”

She felt lost when he left her side.

“Master?”

“I’m lighting some candles. It’s all right, Charlotte.”

He struck a match and lit several candles on a candelabrum on a bureau by the wall, then in the sconces by another fireplace. He

bent and lit a fire, the ambiance set. When he stood and turned to her, he gasped. Charlotte had gone to her knees, her hands behind her and her head bowed, the sight of which yanked his heart and soul out.

“Very good, slave. You honor me well.”

“Yes, master.”

“From here on out, you will not speak nor do anything, unless I command it. You will not answer me unless I give you permission. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master.”

“Stand up and follow me to the other side of the room.” He led her across to where shackles hung from the wall and in various spots in the same area. She looked up and saw a bar over her head. He reached for it and pulled it down, then placed her wrists in the lined wristlets. After he fastened them, he raised the bar a little, then attached another spreader bar to her ankles. When he finished, she hung a mere quarter inch from the floor.

Simon gazed at her, her body displayed for his eyes only.

“I told you I wanted you clean-shaven and you voiced your desire to have me do it. Does that still stand?”

“Please, Master Simon, do what you want so I please you.”

He turned to the bureau and pulled out a small tray with shaving gel, lotion and a barber’s razor. She expected the usual type but somehow, the sight of this old-fashioned one, though a deadly weapon if anything went wrong, sent shocks and thrills through her.

“Remember, you will not climax unless I tell you to. I see you are near climaxing, but you will not.”

Simon took the rose scented gel and put some on his hands to warm it before he touched her treasured body. He rubbed it over the hair on her mons and another shock went through her. Her hands opened then closed as she desperately tried to hold her emotions. Next, he filled a bowl with warm water, put the blade into it, then placed the sharp edge against her skin.

“Do not move, my slave. I would hate to cut you by accident. I’d never live with myself if I hurt you.”

He carefully shaved her, each stroke of the blade an erotic experience. Once he had put the blade into the water for the last time, he took rose scented lotion and rubbed her exposed skin with it. As he did, his fingertip played with her clit and she held back a gasp.

“I want you to always wear the scent of roses for me. It reminds me of the most beautiful flower in the universe. I will shower you with roses on a regular basis, no matter where we are.”

As he spoke, he stood next to her, his hard body not even inches away from hers. He squeezed her pussy and her breath caught. He slid two fingers into her pussy and began a sensuous finger fuck like she had never experienced before. His other hand held her ass, then deftly slid to her anus, where he gently pushed his way inside her.

He could tell by her reaction she had gone over the edge and it would not take much for her to climax for him. He refused to say the words he knew she wanted to hear, as he wanted to push her just a little farther. As his fingers slid into her pussy, his other finger slid into her anus, then he pulled his hands up to apply pressure to both erotic points. Her breath caught again as she closed her eyes.

“Charlotte, look at me. Now.”

Charlotte’s gaze met his, a sparkle of satisfaction coupled with intense need in her eyes.

“Beg me, slave.”

“Please, master. Please let me come for you. I need you to fuck me senseless until I call your name and beg for more.”

“Your wish is my command, mistress.”

It pleased him she remembered what he’d told her the night before as she repeated his exact words to him. His quickened his pace as he assailed both spots and she cried out his name and begged him for more. She drenched his hands and when he pulled them out, he ran them along the length of her body.

“Smell your desire, Charlotte. You did this for me and I love you for it.”

“Please, master. More,” she cried out as she locked eyes with him. “Simon, my God, I can’t take this...”

Simon stepped over the spreader bar at her ankles, positioned her against him, and thrust into her. Somehow, she brought her legs up to hold him, ignorant of the bar keeping her feet apart. Her hands grasped the upper bar as she held on for dear life.

As Simon drove into her and pounded her body against his, his mouth locked on hers, and he kissed her. They screamed into each other’s mouths as they rode the tidal waves their love created. Tears ran down her face from the brief pain of his brutal lovemaking but the pleasure that followed made them disappear.

“Master, may I speak?”

“Yes, my lovely slave.”

“I never thought I’d love rough, hard-driven sex as I do now. My ex was very good at vanilla sex but refused to try anything new. Please, master, don’t ever hold back from me. I want it as hard and rough as you want to give or feel at the moment.”

“What about some other toys?”

“Like...”

“Let me get some.”

He slipped from the grip her legs held on him and went to another cabinet. He pulled out a blindfold and a gag from one drawer, a small flogger from another. He returned to her and blindfolded her with a thick leather shield. Next, he covered her mouth with black silk after he kissed her deeply.

Simon slipped his fingers into her pussy again and brought her almost to the edge. She felt a sting as he lightly snapped the flogger across one side of her ass. The shock made her start to climax, but she held back. He snapped it repeatedly, and each time he did, his fingers played inside her.

After several more times, he knew how far he had taken her.

“Slave, come for me.”

Though gagged, Simon could hear her cries as she tried to call his name. He nipped at one nipple and suckled it while he repeated what he had just done. Her breathing faster, he held back a little so she wouldn’t pass out again. One last time, he drove three fingers

into her pussy while applying pressure to her swollen clit. He suckled her breasts and flogged her several times.

As soon as he gave her the command to come, she let go and drenched his hand.

“You’re beautiful, Charlotte. You’re one-of-a-kind.”

She nodded as she whimpered.

“Mine, Charlotte, only mine.”

At those words, Charlotte climaxed as another mind-blowing orgasm overwhelmed her. Her body shook uncontrollably as his continued to finger-fuck her. From behind the gag, he could hear her repeat one word.

“Mine...mine...”

* * * *

Simon released her and carried her to the huge bathroom in the master suite. She didn’t see the room as he entered because she was gazing into his eyes the entire time. She heard a bubbling and felt the warmth of steam as it rose from the Jacuzzi. He stepped down into it and held her on his lap.

Sweat beaded on her forehead and he brushed it away when he moved her hair from her face. He held her tight to him as a deep-seated fear of losing her overwhelmed him.

“Simon, what’s wrong?”

“I’m terrified of losing the one person in my life I care for more than my own. I’ve just found you and it scares me that I could lose you.”

“I’m not going anywhere. I love you and want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

“I know but...”

“Simon, please don’t worry. Wild horses couldn’t pull me away from you, ever.”

Simon covered her mouth with his as he kissed her deeply. She responded to his urgency and tangled her fingers in his hair as she held him to her.

“You taste so good to me. Sweeter than any wine.”

“I love the way you kiss, Master Simon.”

He grinned as he suddenly spun her around so he could watch her reaction to the jets pulsating against her pussy. The steady throb of the forced water had to cause an arousal and he wanted to see it from the second it took her over.

“Simon, what are...oh...oh...”

Her body writhed in an effort to stave off the reaction until he gave her permission.

“Look at me, Charlotte, and tell me what you feel.”

“I can’t. It’s too... It’s driving me...”

“Does my slave wish to come?”

“Yes,” she answered.

“Then sit on me and makes us both come at the same time. Don’t take your eyes from mine as I want to see every second of it as you look at me.”

“Yes, master.”

Between the bubbling of the jets just to the side of her pussy and his gorgeous cock within her, Charlotte felt a sensation she couldn’t explain. She cried out as they came together as one. Simon groaned at the same time, then pulled her to him and kissed her. She put her hands on the side of the spa to support herself as he laved her nipples.

“Master, I’m not sure how much more of this we can take. We’ve been at it since dinnertime last night.”

“Your stamina is amazing, my sweet Charlotte.”

“I could say the same of you, dear Simon.”

“You are the only one who can say my name and make it sound like a sexy piece of music.”

“You bring it out in me.”

“What else can I bring out in you?”

“I don’t know. I do know I will try anything you want me to. I want to share what you like to do and be a part of your life.”

“You are already. I can’t remember yesterday afternoon or anytime before I met you. You are my entire life now and I intend to make sure you stay with me forever.”

“I like the way you think. I don’t want to leave you, ever. I want you to show me what our lifestyle can be like. I want you to pleasure me while I serve you.”

“Do you know how much I love hearing you talk this way? You were born to be submissive, but you are my Dominant as I explained before. Charlotte, my command to my slave is to tell me what to do to you.”

“Master, I...”

“It’s all right. I command you, because if you don’t, I’ll be forced to punish you.”

“Then take me on the floor and when you’ve done so, shower me with kisses as you screw me in the shower stall.”

“Yes, mistress, I will.”

* * * *

After dinner, Simon took Charlotte for a walk around the house, then outside to the stables where he showed her his prized Arabians and the other thoroughbreds. She gazed at the massive animals in awe of their beauty and grace.

“They are so handsome.”

“They are one of the most majestic breeds of horses in the world. I want you to take a look at them and choose one for your own.”

“What? I couldn’t...”

“How do you expect to ride naked on a horse if you don’t have one to ride? Though it could be very erotic with you either in front of me or behind.”

“Simon, I...”

“Pick one, my love. Consider it an engagement gift.”

It took her a bit but she finally chose one of the darker Arabians named *Sheik*. She stood stroking his neck, the horse content.

“You chose well. He’s one of my favorites.”

“He’s gorgeous.”

“I’ll have him saddled with Araby and we can take a ride to see the sunset from the lower end of the property.”

A hand saddled both horses and led them out to where both of them stood. Simon helped her into the saddle, then mounted Araby.

“Greg, have the ownership papers for Sheik changed to Charlotte’s name.”

“Yes, sir. What am I to put on them?”

“Charlotte James Anderson.”

“Yes, sir. And may I say, congratulations?”

“Thank you, Greg.”

The man disappeared into the stable as Simon led Charlotte towards one of the paths leading away from the main property. She rode beside him in complete amazement at what had just taken place.

“Simon, there are no words to express...”

“Do you love me?”

“Very much. I wouldn’t be your slave and have given you my complete and unquestioned trust if I didn’t.”

“Then he is just a small part of what I plan to shower you with. You deserve only the best and I intend to make sure you never want for a thing.”

“Simon, you’re way too kind. I’m at a loss as to what I can give you in return. You have everything.”

“Charlotte, you answered your own question. Your undying love and pure trust in me means more to me than anything material. For you to do my bidding as you do, and still love me, is the greatest gift you could ever give me.”

They rode a little farther away from the house and past a copse of trees into an open field. Lined by trees on either side, they had a clear view of the sunset. She gasped at the sight of its natural beauty.

“It doesn’t surpass yours, mistress.”

Simon sat astride Araby and watched her as she gazed at the setting sun and the tapestry it presented. He dismounted and let Araby graze while he went to the side and sat at the base of a huge tree. He watched Charlotte dismount and walk to where he sat.

“Stop, my lovely sub.”

“Yes, master,” she said as she waited for his next command.
“How may I please you?”

“I want my lovely slave naked against the hues of the sunset and the glow of it shining off my collar.”

Charlotte removed her clothes and heard him groan when he saw she wore no bra and one of the lacy thongs he’d left in her lingerie drawer. He smiled when he thought about her reaction to the clothes waiting for her in the closet.

“Simon, they’re beautiful.”

“While I prefer you naked and ready for my touch, I realize there are times when you will need to be dressed. I do not want any of the staff seeing you in all your beautiful glory. We’re going for a walk outside after dinner. I think silk and denim will be perfect.”

Now the silk floated to the ground on top of her jeans leaving only lace covering her. He gazed at her as she unwittingly seduced him. His cock strained against the tight jeans he wore and he groaned again.

Charlotte began to remove the thong when he stopped her.

“Come to me, my slave.”

She went to him and he shocked her when he ripped it from her body. He pulled her down to him and their eyes locked. His hand rubbed her breasts, her nipples hard from the light breeze.

“I have never seen more beautiful tits than I hold in my hand right now. You are a beautiful woman, Charlotte, and a masterful seductress.”

Charlotte smiled as her body begged for more from him.

“Master is too kind in his opinion of me. I’ve done nothing out of the ordinary.”

“Feel,” he said as he placed her hand on his pants. She gasped at the feel of him as he fought to be free of the constraint of the fabric.

“Take care of me, slave, while I gaze at your body in the glow of the fading light.”

“Yes, master,” she said enthusiastically as she unzipped his jeans and freed his cock. She gently massaged it, his skin velvet to

her touch. Her hand went to his balls and held them while she smiled. She leaned down to him and he stopped her.

“I want you to kneel at my side because I want those luscious tits of yours free. If they touch anything, it will be my hand as I squeeze them.

“Yes, master,” she said as she complied with his wishes. On her knees, she put her hands on the ground next to his hip, leaned over, and caught his cock in her mouth. She took his entire length in her mouth, this time, a little more than usual. She worked to make him come, as she wanted to drink his essence. Never before had she enjoyed giving head as much as when she did it for Simon.

As Charlotte took him, his hand went to her head and applied the gentle pressure he knew she loved. His other hand played with her nipples as they hardened even more. He rolled a little to the side to give her more access while he gave himself a better view of her nakedness.

“That’s it, sweet Charlotte, take me.”

She whimpered as he could feel her bringing him near the point of no return. He could feel her body begin to tremble as she neared the edge and he smiled. All he had done was play with her nipples.

“Remember, my lovely sub, you may not come until I tell you to.” A groan from her as she took him told him how she felt. “You are very good, my sweet. Your stamina is increasing and it gives me great pleasure to know how much you want to behave.”

Another whimper told him she was losing her fight against her own body.

“Charlotte...” he cried out as he exploded into her and she whimpered as he did. “Sit on me, Charlotte, and make me come again. Ride me, slave.”

“Yes, master,” she groaned as she fought to hold back the orgasm threatening to make her lose control. She impaled herself on his cock and feverishly moved up and down on him to bring him to the crest of the tide he made her ride.

He watched her breasts as they freely moved up and down with her body and grabbed them. He pinched her nipples as he brought her to the edge, but held her back.

“Charlotte, tell me what you want.”

“I want my master to fuck me senseless so I beg for more. I want to have your seed growing inside me. I need to come, master. Please...”

“Come, Charlotte, and take me. If you want a child, then so be it. I will do what I can to give you what you want. Ride me, Charlotte, and enjoy it.”

Simon sat up and slipped his hands behind her back and up over her shoulders. He pulled her down tight to his body as they crested together. He kissed her and held her in place as her body shook from the tremors of the overwhelming passion they shared.

“Simon, my master, I love you and I never want to leave your side.”

“I love you, Charlotte, and I don’t want you to leave my side, ever. I swear if it ever happens, I’ll find a way to put you on a leash so I don’t lose you.”

“Kinky, Simon.”

“I’m very serious. I think if I lost you right now, I’d end my life, because I would have no reason whatsoever to go on.”

“Simon, no. Don’t make me responsible for that.”

He pulled her into a kiss, his tongue deep in her mouth as he held her tight against him. She nearly lost her breath but refused to allow him to know it. She saw a vulnerability in him she felt sure he never showed to anyone else.

Unconsciously, her ass began to move up and down on him and his body matched her pace as they came together. She pounded her fists into his shoulder as he sent her over the edge while he refused to relinquish the lock he held on her lips. Shocks rippled through her like an earthquake and she came, over and over again, as Simon exploded into her pussy and then held her tight against him.

“I’m sorry, master. I came without permission.”

“So did I, mistress. Please, do what you will. I’ll accept any punishment you want to give me.”

“Fuck me again, master, and make me cry out your name. Simon, I need you, I love you, and I thank you.”

“For...”

“Making me disobey your commands, for making me love you unconditionally and for giving me our child.”

“Then may God have mercy on us, because I will do whatever it takes to keep you happy.”

“Thank you, too, for letting me into a part of your life I’m sure no one else sees. You don’t know what it means to me to be so loved.”

“And I do. You are my life.”

They spent a little more time under the starlit night. Birds flew off when Charlotte screamed his name out, startled from their peace. As they rose to return to the house, she stopped him.

“Master, may I ride naked for a little bit? I’d loved to see how it feels.”

“Anything, my sweet sub.” He stood back and watched as she mounted up and enjoyed the moonlight highlighting her wet pussy. He hardened at the sight of her ass spread across the saddle and wanted to take her again, but the night had chilled and he didn’t want her sick. He knew she had been tired from the last twenty-four hours and the fact she’d passed out on him sat in the back of his mind. He prayed she was all right but somehow, he had to make sure and get her to a doctor. If he lost her now, he would lose everything.

Chapter 3

Several days later, Simon took her to the house in Georgetown. She gasped at the size of it, especially when she walked into the master suite of rooms. Along one wall, she looked at shelves of trophies for horseback riding, sports and civic awards intermingled with die-casts of the cars driven by Dale Earnhardt, Cale Yarborough, David Pearson and several other drivers.

“I didn’t know you liked auto racing, an Earnhardt fan to boot.” She looked at him as he gazed back at her with astonishment.

“The sport hasn’t been the same since his death. I like to watch his son, but I think he’s got a way to go yet.”

“At least he’s got the plate races down to a science.”

“So you watch stock cars?”

“Let’s say I like anything with speed and power. I love F1 racing as much as Cup racing.” Charlotte looked at him and smiled.

“Don’t tell me you are a fan of Schumacher?”

“Is there anyone else?” she smiled.

As they talked, Simon walked to where the panel hid the opening to the secret room. He pressed the button and she looked up, puzzled.

“In the 1860’s, it’s been documented this house was a stop on the Underground Railway. The runaway slaves would hide here for a day, maybe two before continuing north, although one or two went the opposite direction and headed back to the South. Follow me and I’ll show you.”

Charlotte entered the room and gasped.

“My father trained me in the lifestyle. A lot of this was his...”

“Your mother?”

“Yes, she was a very open and inquisitive woman. He told me she took to it like you.”

Charlotte walked around the room and looked at the different forms of restraint, tables designed for specific pleasures, everything a good Dominant needed for his submissive. As she touched various things, she could feel her nipples harden and her pussy clench in anticipation of what they could do in this room, away from the outside world. She turned her back to him and silently unbuttoned the blouse she wore.

As it fell to the floor, she heard him catch his breath then again, when her skirt followed and he discovered she hadn't worn anything at all underneath her outfit. She stood before him wearing only the collar and her heels.

“My sweet Charlotte is a vixen, I see.”

She knelt before him, her head bowed and her hands behind her.

“What may I do to please you, master?”

“Charlotte, I...”

“Would master take me spread-eagle on the table, bound and unable to move?”

Taken by surprise, Simon stood stunned, then recovered his composure.

“On the table then, my lovely sub.”

She rose and went to the table. He loved the view of her pussy as she exposed herself while climbing up on it. She stretched out and he went to her. He strapped her ankles first, then her hands above her head. He kissed her deeply and ran his hand over her distended nipples. She arched to him with a need to touch him but the restraints held her tight against the flat surface.

His hand followed the line of her torso and rubbed the thin layer of hair at her mons. He bent down and opened a door to a cabinet beneath the table. He pulled out a tray with shaving gel, lotion and a straight edge. She held perfectly still while he expertly shaved her.

“My slave is coming without permission.”

“I'm sorry, master.”

“I shall have to punish you.”

“Please have mercy, master.”

Simon walked to a display on the other side of the room and pulled down a small flogger. He came back to her and brushed it lightly over her body. As she arched up, he slapped her stomach with it just enough to cause a slight sting. He caught her hips, her arms, and her legs. The more he did so, the wetter she became.

“Charlotte, do you know how turned on you’ve become by this?”

“I’m sorry, master, I’ll try to do better.”

“You are doing just fine. Come for me, slave.”

While he spoke, he mounted the table and placed his cock at her entrance. The mere touch of it caused her to writhe with an insatiable need for him to enter her and do whatever he wanted. As he thrust into her, he used the flogger some more and brought her quickly to climax. She did her best to keep his pace, but the feeling of helplessness caused her to come even more. She cried out and he kissed her.

“Simon, its glorious torture. Blindfold me, or whatever else you want to do. I want to learn what bondage feels like and I trust only you to show me.”

“Are you absolutely sure?”

“Yes.”

He kissed her again before he went to the cabinet and pulled out some more toys.

“Charlotte, shall I blindfold you so you can’t see but you feel, or do you want to see everything?”

“Whatever is more erotic, my master.”

“Minx.”

Simon tied a black silk scarf over her eyes and made sure she couldn’t see anything. He laved her neck, then blew across it. She gasped at the feel of his breath against her skin. His hand hovered over her skin, enough for her to barely feel it, though it excited her to no end. Next, she gasped as he pricked her nipples. He did it several times to each one, then slid his hand to her stomach.

“What are you feeling, Charlotte?”

“A pressure where your hand was a minute ago.”

“Do you like it?”

“Yes, master, I do.”

“You are now wearing nipple clips. They will keep your nipples constantly aroused for me.”

Simon continued his silent siege of her body. He went to her clit and pricked it, though it didn't need much for it to become aroused again. He smiled when she caught her breath.

“Clit clip, my lovely sub.”

“Simon...”

She bucked when he inserted the Ben-Was, the sensation overpowering her.

“Do you want more, or should I stop now?”

“Whatever my master wants.” She gasped when he ran his fingertip from her entrance to her anus. He pried it apart with his fingertip and tested her reaction to the sweet torture. She gasped at the feel of the cool lotion he rubbed over her. Next, he carefully inserted an anal plug, then pressed on it while he inserted three fingers into her throbbing pussy.

Her body shook from the sensations because as he found her pussy, the plug found her ass at the same time. Her body rocked from the onslaught, but she craved more.

“Simon...”

“I know, sweet Charlotte, I know.”

For as much as she fought to hold him, it served only to arouse her more. Simon loved the view he had as he watched her, her gorgeous body on total display to him and no one else. He loved the rise and fall of her breasts with each hard and heavy breath, the pulse of her heartbeat in her pussy as her honey oozed from her, every move she made. He found himself wanting her again but held back to enjoy her as her body endured wave after wave of sensations. Her stomach quivered as she shook her head from side to side.

“Simon...I need you to touch me. I feel lost.”

“You are anything but lost, my sweet Charlotte. Are you ready for another go around?”

“Yes, master, yes.”

He removed the blindfold and told her to look up. She gasped when she discovered the ceiling mirrored.

“I want you to see what happens to you when your master fucks you senseless. You will keep your eyes open and watch me as I make raw, passionate love to you while you are helpless.”

“Anything, master.”

He kissed her neck and nibbled at her earlobe. His lips found hers and he kissed her deeply, his tongue exploring her mouth as if for the first time.

“Watch, my lovely submissive, and see how you come to me and for me on my command,” Simon breathed in her ear. She whimpered a slight moan as her back arched to meet him. Simon dragged the black silk over her body and her nipples became even harder and more desirable. He continued along her body with his fingertips as he suckled each nipple, his love moaning with delight.

Easily, he climbed onto the table and placed his body between her legs. He smiled at the sight of her waiting pussy, hot and wet and only for him. He leaned forward just enough for his throbbing member to tease her stomach as it rhythmically pounded against her lower abdomen.

He looked up to see her obeying him and watching him love her with fascination in her eyes. He positioned himself at her entry and pressed his swelling cock against her. She jolted in an effort to meet him and cried out when he thrust into her with the force of sheer power while at the same time, he squeezed her breasts and licked at her nipples.

“Tell me what you want me to do, mistress. I am your slave to command.”

“Fuck your mistress and make sure I am carrying your child. Don’t hold back as I want you as fiercely passionate as I know you can be. I want pain, I want pleasure, I want it all and I want only you and no other. Simon, make me yours and only yours. Please...oh, master...”

“Watch, slave, and see what you bring out in me. Never have I experienced the power and strength you bring out in me. Watch

us, Charlotte, as I obey your orders. Cry out; call my name. I want to hear everything you feel as I love you with everything I have inside me.”

Simon drove into her and slammed his cock all the way in, his balls at her lips. He watched as wave after wave crashed over them and as her body shook from the double hits of his cock and the anal plug, plus the nipple and clit clamps. Four separate sensations culminated to crescendo into a massive orgasm, which rocked them both from any foundation their lives may have had in the past.

Both lives changed in that one instant, Simon and Charlotte had become one, and would be a force to be reckoned with. Two bodies rocked as shock after shock coursed through them. Sweat beaded from Charlotte’s forehead as she cried out again and begged him never to leave her.

“I need you, Simon.”

“I need you, Charlotte.”

Both of them found the one missing thing in their lives, one which they had searched for over dozens of years. They found peace in the fact two soul mates had finally united and would stay together always.

Simon drew back and pulled out of her as he watched the last remnants of it all course through her. He put his knees between her feet and knelt down. Long, slow strokes of his tongue over her clit caused her to jolt, his breath made her cry out. Her hands clenched as she shook her head, no longer able to keep her eyes open. He saw exhaustion creep over her and knew she’d pass out before she ever admitted the need to stop.

Charlotte fell off to sleep. Simon released her from the table, took her into the bathroom, and laid her on the plush carpeting near the side of the bathtub. He took a fluffy washcloth and washed her as she slept, drained, but content. Once he’d finished and toweled her off, he lifted her up and carried her to the bed they now shared.

Charlotte’s gorgeous hair blanketed the pillow as the lower strands covered her shoulders. Her beautifully tanned body stood

out against the blue satin sheets she lay upon. He drew the sheet over her and watched her sleep for a few moments.

Simon locked the room and went to take a shower. When he came out, he noticed the light on the answering machine blinking. He hadn't heard the phone; grateful it had not awakened her. She needed rest and, in a deep sleep, it hadn't bothered her.

He pressed the button to replay the message.

You ruined me and now I owe you. I will repay your act threefold and I plan to begin with the woman you shackled up with. I saw everything and know who she is. Ms. James is not safe, and neither are you.

Simon shut off the machine and took the tape out. He went to his desk and called a friend of his, a detective in the police department in Washington, DC.

* * * *

Trevor Hammond sat at his desk reading reports on a case he'd closed the day before. It had involved a senator and his aide charged with several counts of paying for sexual favors, obstruction of justice, assault and a few others to make sure at least one of them went to jail. Everyone on the case knew the senator would pay his way out of it and the aide would be the one to take the fall, but it irked Hammond, because he wanted the big fish.

He knew of the elite clubs in and around the nation's capital but most of them had such strict rules, they never had any trouble and the department overlooked them. His best friend owned one and quietly kept his name out of the loop so Washington's power players could dabble without getting in trouble. Simon Anderson had extremely strict rules and if anyone broke one, he showed them the door and exiled them from *The President's Pub* for life.

The nameless senator admitted to being involved in what happened in a hotel room near the Smithsonian, but chose to lay the procurement of his evening's entertainment on his assistant. When police arrived at the hotel, they found a beautiful and high-class escort lying dead on the floor by the bed. From what Trevor could tell, the senator had gone too far and killed her. He would get off with an assault charge, thanks to deep pockets, but the lowly aide who cowered in the corner of the bathroom, sick from what

he'd seen, would have charges of manslaughter thrown at him and he would wind up doing time, a pawn in Washington politics.

The senator went home to his wife and had to explain to his supportive spouse what he'd been doing in the company of a hooker at two in the morning when he had told her he'd be in the office working on an impending measure.

Hammond shook his head in disgust. His hands tied, he couldn't nail the real perp, and it pissed him off to no end.

"Son of a bitch," he muttered as he signed off on the case and put the file to the side for one of the patrolmen in the office to file. He sat back in his chair and glanced out the window at the city of Washington. From where he sat, he had the privilege of having a picturesque view of the Capitol and part of the Mall. Today, it didn't impress him.

"Captain, you have a call," someone announced.

"Thanks," he said as he acknowledged the officer. He took a few seconds to collect his thoughts, then turned to answer the phone.

"Hammond."

"Trev, it's me. I need to talk to you."

"What's up?"

"I have a taped message from someone who threatened not only me, but my lady, and whoever it is called her by name."

"Wait a minute, first things first. Someone called you? When?"

"A few minutes ago. I came out of the bathroom after a shower and saw the light blinking. I listened to it and called you."

"And your lady friend?"

"She slept through it, thank God."

"And you have the tape?"

"Of course. I've hung around with a captain of detectives too damned long not to know what to do."

"I'll be over in half an hour. You're at the house in Georgetown, I take it?"

"Yes."

"One other question, the lady? Who is she?"

"Charlotte James."

“Special?”

“Very. In fact, I wanted to know if you’d stand for me.”

“What? Did I hear right?”

“Yep. Trev, I’ve found my soul mate. She’s a refreshing spirit and to quote one of your favorite songs, *she’s a cool drink of water.*”

“And she knows about...”

“She embraces it, a pure natural sub.”

“Well, it’s about time you found someone like Mom.”

“It is, isn’t it?”

Trevor Hammond and Simon Anderson had grown up together, closer than brothers and the reason why Trevor made sure the department left Simon’s club alone, unless absolutely necessary. He’d grown up calling his best friend’s mother *Mom*.

“Any woman who can keep up with you has to be special. Yeah, I’ll stand for you. When?”

“As soon as I can get the church up in West Virginia.”

“A little fast, aren’t we?”

“Probably, but I can’t take the chance of losing her, especially with this threat hanging over us.”

“Question, how long have you known her?”

“A few days. I met her at the pub on Friday and we’ve been together ever since.”

“Have you had any trouble at the club?”

“We had an ejection the other night.”

Trevor snickered. *Ejection* had become their code word for a politico thrown out on his ass with a warning to keep his mouth shut and never come back. Whoever had been this lucky, had broken the code when he called Simon at home and threatened him and his future wife.

“I’ll be over in a little bit.”

“Thanks.”

Hammond hung up and called the officer back in.

“Mearns, get that file I gave you to put in the cabinet. I think we just reopened the case on the senator.”

“Yes, sir. If I can help...”

“I’ll let you know.”

* * * *

“Thanks, I owe you.”

Simon hung up and turned to find a set of dark eyes pensively watching him. He could feel the heat of her gaze on him and the thrill coursed through him like a raging storm. His cock strained against the silk boxers he’d thrown on earlier when he went down to the kitchen to bring up a bottle of champagne and some glasses.

“Who do you owe?” Charlotte asked.

“An old family friend. His father is the owner of an old white framed church up in West Virginia.”

“Who is he?”

“A very private man who keeps to himself and wishes to remain anonymous. He does favors for family and close friends and is doing one for me, as long as I don’t reveal his name. He shuns publicity and requires his family to abide by it.”

“And what favor, my lord and master?”

Simon groaned when he heard her terms of endearment for him. *How have I gotten so lucky and how the hell will I protect her from the threat leveled at us this morning?*

“My family has been married in Jordan Chapel for several generations going back to the 1860’s. I want to keep to tradition and marry my mistress there.”

“You keep surprising me, master. Come to me and let me love you while you tell me more.”

Simon could not, and would not, refuse her. Allistair would keep Trevor busy until they joined him.

“How would my slave like to...”

“Need you ask? I want my husband for breakfast.”

“Do you realize what you just said?”

“Yes. We are married in every way but name, aren’t we?”

Simon fingered the collar and agreed with her. She slid along the satin sheet, then pulled him to the side of the bed, her hands on his ass. She lay on her back and easily forced him off balance enough so he lay across her, while supporting himself with his hands at her side.

“Perfect, master,” she murmured as he felt the tip of her tongue tease the head of his waiting cock. Her hand held his cock in a gentle grasp while the other went to his balls and massaged them. She took his shaft deep in her mouth to her throat and moved back and forth on him slowly.

“My God, woman, the torture...”

He could feel her grin as she continued to move her tongue along his cock while she took him and pushed him over the edge. Somehow, while she did this, he repositioned his arm in between her legs, tight against her soaked pussy. She pressed it against him and whimpered at the feel of her clit against the firmness of his forearm.

Her pace quickened and he leaned over her to whisper near her ear. His breath drove her crazy as she gave him what she wanted him to have to begin their day. Her body writhed along his arm as she found herself.

“May I...”

“Oh God, yes, woman,” Simon cried out as he filled her mouth with everything he had within him. She took it all, every bit of his semen, and she made sure she had every single drop of it. His arm smelled of her musky scent and he tried to lean over so he could lap at the sweet honey oozing from her.

“Please, mistress, allow me to drink from you...”

“Yes, my magnificent slave, and when you’re done, I want you inside me and filling me again.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

* * * *

“Simon...” she cried out as he rocked her world once more. Her hands clenched the sheet as she threw her head from side to side. Her body bucked as she moved with him. She took everything he had to give her and he could see she craved more.

“Sweet Charlotte, I have a friend on his way over. We...” he began, only to be interrupted by a knock on the door.

“Simon, Trevor is in the study waiting for you.”

“Thank you,” he called back, “we’ll be down in a few moments.”

“He said to take your time.”

Simon grinned, then explained Trevor Hammond to his wife-to-be. She smiled as she curled into him and glued her body to his. Her long thick hair blanketed her head and shoulders and hid her face from his view.

“My sub, what’s wrong?”

“What will he think of me?”

“He’s happy I’ve found someone like my mother, who can live in our world and be an equal in it. You are every bit an Anderson wife. Mom would have loved you.”

She kissed his chest and toyed with his nipple. His hand grabbed her hair and pulled her to meet him as his mouth covered hers and his tongue explored her once more. This time, she felt something different.

“Simon, what’s wrong?”

He brushed the hair from her face and told her about the message. She gasped, fear in her eyes. Simon comforted her and swore he’d keep her safe.

“It’s my job as your Dom and the man you will marry to protect you. Trevor will be here for you as well. Please, don’t worry. It will be all right, I swear.”

“I love you, Simon, and I trust you without question. It scares me someone knows about this and could use it against you.”

“I worry about you, mistress. The threat has been leveled against you specifically and it came from someone close to me because they used my private line here in the house.”

“Maybe we should...”

“Do you love me?”

“Yes, Simon, I do and yes, I trust you, but...”

“Marry me tomorrow. No one will ever touch us again. I will make sure of it and so will Trevor. Now, let’s take a shower and get dressed so we don’t keep Trevor waiting.”

Simon carried her to the shower stall and after he made sure the temperature wasn’t too hot, he washed her, then she washed him. As he shampooed her hair, she slid down and teased his cock with her tongue.

“Charlotte...”

“Yes, master?”

He leaned back against the wall of the shower, the tiles cooling his back as she fired up the front of his body. He continued to soap her hair while he pressed her against him. He’d never met a woman who loved oral sex as Charlotte did, but he relished it and languished in the sensations she sent through his body.

“Master?” she began as he groaned with his release.

“What?” he gasped.

“Who said you can’t live on love?”

“You are wicked. How could I ever let anything happen to you? You are my life.”

“You are mine, Simon, and I want to be by your side always and forever.”

Simon slid down the wall and pulled her onto his lap. As water ran down their heated bodies, he kissed her.

“Mine.”

* * * *

A few minutes later, they entered the study, where Trevor shot a cue ball across the table and sank a solid. He looked up and grinned.

“I had plans to admonish you for keeping me waiting, but seeing this goddess, I can’t.” He took Charlotte’s hand in his and pressed a kiss to the back of it. “Trevor Hammond, your husband’s partner in crime, so to speak.”

“Trevor, this is Charlotte.”

“A pleasure.” He pulled her close to whisper in her ear. “If you decide to dump him, you know where to find me.”

“Thank you, but I doubt I’ll ever dump this man.”

“I must say, you look gorgeous. My *brother* has extremely good taste when it comes to clothes.”

“My taste is nothing compared to what I look like with her by my side.” Simon commented as he pulled her close. He had chosen a Michelle K designer dress in black. The dress wrapped tightly around her body as it fastened to one side in the front. The low-cut bodice, gathered along the side seams, hugged her frame and

accentuated her gorgeous and subtle curves. Thick shoulders draped the top of her upper arms while the skirt fell lower in the back and met to make a high slit in the front. With it, she wore a pair of black Mary Janes with a five-inch heel. The entire outfit complimented the collar she wore, a sexy look created.

Simon held her close to him, a sense of overprotectiveness taking over. Trevor noticed this and knew for sure how deeply in love with this woman he'd fallen. He had never seen his good friend like this before and it made him happy. Simon deserved happiness and he'd finally found it.

"Tell me about the caller," Trevor started in order to get his mind off his friend's wife-to-be.

"Hard to tell. It sounded like he talked through a scarf or something."

"We can determine who it is in the lab. Thank God, he didn't use a voice synthesizer."

"I don't understand," Charlotte said.

"Perps will alter their voice electronically in order to disguise their identity. This guy evidently wants to be found. He wants confrontation."

"But why Simon and why me? I don't know any senators or politicians."

"Was this senator ever in the pub and, if so, is he a member in good standing?" Trevor asked.

"Senator Grimes was a member until I personally escorted him out the door and told him never to come back. He bullied his way in the night I took Charlotte there, but I had him escorted out again. Wade had strict orders to be very discreet with him and not cause a to-do, because I didn't want it coming back on either of us, or the club."

"I don't remember any of that."

"I made sure you wouldn't see anything bad. Now you understand the reason for the layout. Everybody dines in the same room, but the seating is such to give the ultimate in privacy and it allows my clients to do whatever they want without prying eyes, unless they want an audience."

“Why did he get thrown?”

“Augie is into sadomasochism with his domination. I don’t allow that kind of activity on my premises. The poor girl he decided to control left for medical attention at a private clinic so it wouldn’t cause a scandal on the Hill or with Barb.”

“What did he do?”

“He slashed her with a steak knife because she wouldn’t lick his shoe off after he purposely spilled something on it.”

Simon heard Charlotte gasp and tightened his grip on her shoulder as he tried to reassure her. Trevor noticed it, too.

“Trust me, Charlotte, Simon is not into the sadomasochist stuff. He’ll protect you no matter what. He does that with his friends and I know firsthand.”

Charlotte relaxed as Simon traced soothing circles on her bared shoulder.

“Okay, Simon, hold onto her because I have bad news. The senator went after the girl again when she got back home. He forced her to go to a hotel on the Mall, took her up to a room and slashed her. By the time he finished, she’d bled out. The ME couldn’t tell which knife wound killed her. His aide is going up on all the charges for the crime because Grimes paid the judge off.”

“So, he’s coming after me next because of the club?”

“I’m afraid so.”

“How can you stop him?” Charlotte asked.

“The tape should give us a match to his voice print. He’s got enough public appearances on tape so we won’t have to subpoena him to give us a sample.”

“Can he fight it?”

“Public news tape or media coverage is public property, not private. I’ve got samples of his voice at the office from when he spoke to one of the graduating classes. What a joke.” Trevor saw Charlotte’s reactions and asked, “Can you go somewhere safe until we catch him and charge him?”

“Not until I take care of something tomorrow afternoon.”

“What?”

“Our wedding. I got the church for two and I expect my best man there at my side.”

“You got it. We can drive up together.”

“Unfortunately, no. I have to make a few stops on the way.”

“Ok, I’ll be there. Charlotte, you are very lucky to have him.”

“I know and I’m glad you approve.”

“Ok. I’ll see you tomorrow and in the meantime, I’ll get the voice analysis done. I should have an answer by morning.”

“Thanks, Trev.”

“Anytime.”

“Charlotte, stay here while I walk Trevor out. I’ll be right back.”

“All right. It’s been a pleasure, Trevor.”

“Same here.”

Simon walked him through the entry and to the front door, where they talked a few minutes.

“Trev, get him. I can’t have him endangering her life like this.”

“I will. After the ceremony tomorrow, take a honeymoon in Europe or somewhere where he can’t touch you. This gives me the ammo I need to put the bastard away for good. I want to see the son of a bitch try to get out of this one.”

“I’ll talk to you as soon as I know something.”

“Good. If I don’t hear from you, we’ll see you in Pipestem.”

“Works for me. Hey, man, I really like her. I can see she’s been good for you already.”

“She has been. I’ve never had a woman keep pace with my needs the way she does. My God, she can be voracious at times.”

“Like you?”

The two friends laughed and shook hands, and then Trevor left to reopen the case against Senator August “Augie” Grimes of Kansas.

* * * *

Simon walked back to the study and found Charlotte standing in front of the window, silhouetted by the sunlight.

“Charlotte?”

She turned around and he gasped. As she walked to him, she dropped the dress, wearing only stockings and her shoes. The sun reflected off the diamonds and gave her a luminous appearance. She stopped in the center of the room and held her arms out to him.

Simon went to her and pulled her to him.

“How did I get so lucky as to find you?”

“I’m glad you did.”

He lifted her up and took her to the couch, the leather cool to her skin.

“We should get going. We need to get your dress for tomorrow and several other things.”

“I want to stay here with you. What if…”

“We’ll be fine. Besides, I have several surprises for you so…”

“All right,” she pouted.

“Is my slave unhappy?”

“Yes, because master is denying her.”

“Never. Everything I have planned is for you and your pleasure.” She gazed at him with her gorgeous eyes telling him how much she needed him, though she wanted to quench her insatiable thirst for him immediately. “I’ll make you a deal. We go out now and I’ll have Allistair bring the limo around.”

Her eyes brightened at the thought of their first night together. She smiled and agreed. He helped her dress, but not before he nipped at her breasts.

“If I asked you to get a piercing, would you consider it?”

“It would depend on where.”

“I’d like to see your nipples and belly bejeweled with gold chains attaching to your collar. The sight of you the other night…”

“If my master wishes it, then yes. Will you be there with me?”

“Of course. I don’t plan to leave your side.”

She kissed him and held his face in her hands.

“I love you, Simon, and for you, I will do anything. I would give my life for you if it meant saving you.”

“But to lose you would be losing my life. You are my life now, sweet Charlotte. I’ve been searching a long time to find you. If anything happened…”

She put her finger to his lips to quiet him.

“Let’s go so we can have Allistair take the long way home.”

Chapter 4

Simon and Charlotte sat in a restaurant in the older section of the Georgetown business district. He'd taken her to the jeweler's to pick up the engagement ring he'd chosen. Diamonds set in gold, which complimented her collar. They selected wedding bands at the same time, because Charlotte wanted to make sure the band fit with the ring.

After they left the shop, he took her a few doors down to the bridal shop. He sat in a comfy overstuffed chair and watched as she tried on various gowns.

"Sir, it is bad luck to see the bride in the gown before the wedding."

"We're a little unconventional," Simon advised her as their sales adviser served him a cup of coffee.

"If you say so, sir."

Charlotte came from the fitting room, a huge smile on her face.

"What do you think?" she asked enthusiastically.

Charlotte spun around to give him the full effect of the dress. A basic, white satin slip dress with thin spaghetti straps over the shoulder, it had a magnificent lace overdress. Low-cut at the neck and a very high front slit showed off her beautiful legs and long neck. She looked in the mirror and fingered the collar; pleased the dress wouldn't hide it.

"Let me see the back again and this time, hold your hair up."

"Yes, master," she said once the clerk left them alone. She did as he instructed and got his approval for the dress. He groaned at

the sight of her back thanks to a very low cut. The neckline plunged in a v, the point went to the middle of her back.

“Perfect.” He stood and went over to her. He stood behind her, his arms around her. She gasped when she felt his hand slide easily between her legs.

“I like it very much, my gorgeous slave,” he whispered into her ear, his hot breath sending ripples of anticipation through her.

The sound of the clerk’s heels approaching brought them back to reality. Charlotte took the gown off, then picked out shoes. They left and went to the next shop. Since Allistair had taken the bags and put them in the limo already, they had no worry about losing her gown. He stopped her on the sidewalk, turned her to him, and gazed into her eyes.

“Simon, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing, my sweet slave. Do you remember when I asked you about piercings?”

“Yes.”

“I’d like to get it done now. I want to see you decked out in gold and jewels on our wedding night and I have the exact look already picked out. Would you? Oh, and sweet Charlotte, think before you answer. This will be an invasion to your body and I want you to be sure.”

Her hand went to his face as he pressed his cheek against her palm.

“I only ask two things for this.”

“What?”

“I have to be very numb and I want you to be there with me.”

“All right,” he agreed as he took her into the store. She gazed around and saw he’d taken her into a body shop of sorts, one that catered to specific tattoos and body piercing. She looked around the front of the store and noticed neon lights had virtually hid them from prying eyes on the street outside.

“May I help you?”

“Is he in?”

“Yes, follow me.” The tall woman led them to the rear where private cubicles lined the walls. They provided privacy to the elite

clientele of the shop, the operation high-class and high-dollar. Most of the bodywork walking around Capital Hill had been done here, though none of them told their wives.

She led them to a small office, where Simon greeted a man who towered above him. Rick Howard shook his hand and they hugged.

“How long has it been?”

“Too long. I’d like you to meet my fiancée, Charlotte. This is Rick Howard, a very old and dear friend.” She smiled as he gazed at her, then looked to Simon.

“She’s beautiful, Simon. What do you have in mind?”

Simon explained what he wanted, along with Charlotte’s desire to be numb and to have Simon at her side.

“Not a problem.”

A few minutes later, he’d led them to a brightly lit room. Charlotte saw several different tables and such and wondered what Simon had in mind.

“My lovely sub, you will trust what I tell you to do. Remember, I will not allow anything to intentionally hurt you. Now, take off your clothes and we’ll go from there.”

“Yes, master.” Charlotte trembled a little bit, part from the chilliness of the shop and part from being nude in front of a complete stranger. She knew Simon would keep his word. She removed the slinky black silk dress and laid it over a chair. Simon came to her side and slid his arm around her as he warmed her. Heat coursed through her as his hand slid down to her ass and squeezed.

“My fiancée wishes to have several piercings done. She wishes to be numbed and to have me at her side.” Simon repeated this for Charlotte’s benefit. He could feel the tension in her body and wanted her to relax.

“Not a problem. I assume you have the jewelry chosen?”

“Yes,” Simon said as he handed his friend a velvet-lined box. “I’ve had them for a while in hopes of one day finding my perfect playmate.”

Charlotte relaxed but jolted a little when she felt his finger trace lazy little circles at her anus. Another wave of heat went through her as Charlotte realized how he would get her through this.

“She’s having both nipples, navel, and clit pierced?”

Charlotte caught her breath but held her tongue as she refused to embarrass Simon.

“Everything but the clit. We may have it done later on.”

“I see. Very good. Where would you like the lady to be during the procedure?”

“Charlotte?”

“It’s your choice, my master.”

“The table, I think with restraints.”

“Yes, sir. This way.” They followed him through a door in the corner of the room. It led to another room with a medical table in the center of it. Simon lifted her onto it, then took her feet and placed them in the raised stirrups. As he secured the leather straps around each ankle, he gazed at her pussy.

“My slave is ready for me?”

“Yes, master.”

“If you behave, I will reward you. If you become aroused during this, and I’m sure you will, remember, you may not come without my permission.”

“Yes, master.”

Simon went to the head of the table and strapped her hands into soft-lined leather wristlets. Before he did, he pressed a kiss into her palms and after he had, he nibbled at her fingers. He wanted her to be extremely aroused knowing it would get her over the pain of the piercings.

“Are we ready?” Rick asked as he placed a tray on a table beside her.

“Yes, she is,” Simon stated as he pulled her luxurious mane of hair over the edge of the table to keep it out of the way.

“Where first?”

“Nipple then belly then nipple, I think.”

“Good choice,” Rick agreed.

“Charlotte, I will be here and help you through this. You will try not to scream if you can.”

“Yes, master.”

Simon stroked her hair as she watched Rick swab her nipple with anesthetic. She felt a slight numbing from it as he applied an antiseptic next. She saw the thin piece of metal he would use and her body clenched.

“Will you do the honors, Simon?”

“Glad to.”

Simon rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, then pricked it. Quickly, it hardened to his touch and stood at attention.

“Very nice,” Rick complimented.

Charlotte looked up and concentrated her gaze on Simon’s gorgeous face. She felt her nipple being played with, then a slight stinging pressure as Rick began to pierce her firm bud. She caught her breath and closed her eyes. As the pain took over, Simon locked his mouth over hers and kissed her deeply while he took in her whimpers. Her body bucked from the sensation as his tongue probed deeper into her mouth. Instinctively, she tried to suck him as if his cock sat in her mouth. She felt Simon smile.

“All done with the first.”

“You did very well, my lovely sub.”

“Thank you, master.”

“Will you need an inspiration like that to suck my cock again?”

“Never. I love you, Simon.”

“Look.”

She gazed down and saw a small gold hoop as it hung from her nipple. She felt the sting of its presence, pain and pleasure merged to make her want more.

“Are you ready for the next one?”

“If it pleases my master.”

“She is good, Si. Where did you find her?”

“She actually found me.”

“Lucky you.”

“Rick is a Dom also. He’s had several subs who went on to become Doms themselves. He’s a mentor, so to speak.”

“Don’t believe him, Charlotte. I’ve had a good time with them while unable to find someone as Si has,” Rick stated as he waited for a moment before the next piercing. Turning to Simon, he explained what he would do next. “I’m going to use the heavier gauge because of how you plan to use this one. It’s for her safety and comfort.”

“I trust you to do what’s right.”

“Thanks.”

While Rick numbed and put antiseptic on her navel, Simon lazily played with her unadorned nipple and gently brushed over the pierced one. Charlotte felt the sensation and relished it. She moved a little and Simon held her body firm to the table.

“Watch him, slave.”

“Yes, master.”

She watched as Rick skillfully placed a barbell type stud through her skin. On the lower end of it hung another gold ring and she began to see a pattern.

“Excellent, you took that one extremely well,” Simon said as he took her other nipple and suckled it to make it hard. He held it between his teeth enough for her to feel the prick, but not enough to miss the brush of his tongue over her hardened, needy tip.

As Rick finished up, Simon kissed her again as he had the first time. She drew his tongue into her throat and wished it had been his cock. Her body bucked as she fought her restraints.

“Please, may I…”

“Not yet,” Simon said. “Rick, can you give us a few minutes?”

“Of course. I’ll be up front with a tattoo. By the way, your lady has the perfect body for one of my creations.”

“We’ll let you know.”

“You got it.”

Rick left them alone. Simon went to the foot of the table and gazed at her beautiful body. Her legs up in the stirrups afforded him a perfect view of the heat as it threatened to erupt from her.

He could tell how hard she fought her body and loved her for obeying him as she had.

“You have been very good, my sweet Charlotte.”

“Thank you, my lord and master.”

The numbness had started to wear off and Simon could see the arousal in her breasts rising as it built to full desire. She dripped a drop of cum from her slit and he smiled as he sat on the stool and wheeled himself between her legs.

He lapped at her with long lazy strokes and she pushed herself to give him better access. His tongue entered her and he drank from her. The piercings came alive as she felt every bit of thin gold wire in her body. Her hands clenched as he drove her.

“Does my slave wish to come for me?”

“My God, yes, master...yes...oh...”

She didn't hear him unzip his trousers; she only felt his cock at her entrance as he pressed it inside her. She writhed back and forth to take him, her need overwhelming. Her hands clenched as her body reacted to all the different things assaulting it at once. Her breathing quickened as she worked on him.

He drove her over the edge and commanded her to release everything she had.

“I want to drown in you, Charlotte. I want to fuck you so senseless...”

“I beg you, my lord, do it.” Tears streamed from her eyes as she fought to be close to him while she tried to free her body to wrap herself around him. Simon saw her deal with the pain and enjoy it as he rammed himself deep into the waiting cavern he knew as her pussy. He bent over her as he did and pulled her head up, his hands supporting her neck. She strained to meet him and as he felt the start of the combined emotions, he kissed her.

He took her screams into his body as he drove her as far as he could take her.

“Mine,” he stated. “You are mine and no one else's. You will never be touched by anyone but me. I love you, Charlotte.”

“I am yours, never to be touched by anyone but you. I love you, Simon. You are mine.”

“Mine!”

Chapter 5

Allistair drove Simon and Charlotte to the small wood-framed white church in Pipestem, West Virginia. They settled into the long ride to the church, Simon's arm protectively around his wife-to-be. Since the first threat, there had been no more, but Simon knew the senator involved and knew the man was mean enough to carry it out.

Charlotte sensed his concern and looked at him.

"How can I take my master's mind off the things bothering him?"

"Being here, my sweet Charlotte."

"There must be..."

He pulled her into a kiss, deep and passionate but filled with urgency and fear.

"I can't lose you. Not now, not ever."

"I love you, Simon, more than anything in my life. I will always stand at your side..."

"Charlotte, one thing about being my sub is you still have your life. You have a business..."

"...That runs itself. Since I put Jessica in charge, they haven't missed me. I want to give myself to you every second of every day of our lives."

"Charlotte, I love you. I searched for many years to find you and now, this is all threatened."

"Trevor will handle it."

"But what if the son of a bitch gets to you first?"

"My knight will protect me."

"I pray I don't fail you."

“You won’t. I trust you to keep me safe, as my master said he would.”

Her hand slid to the zipper of his pants and easily slid it down. She freed him to her touch and Simon adjusted his position to give her better access to his waiting cock. She teased him with the tip of her tongue as she licked a drop of pre-cum from his slit. She took his head into her mouth and her tongue played over it as she felt his cock swell more.

“Does Master Simon wish me to do anything special?”

“My cock needs release, slave Charlotte. Satisfy it.”

“Yes, master, gladly.”

Charlotte knew how this would take his mind off everything but her and it pleased her she could do this for him, for them. She took him a little deeper and teased him, his body stiffening to the divine torture of her mouth’s caress. Charlotte went further and while she moved up and down on his cock, her fingertips teased his balls. Simon groaned and she smiled.

His hands went to her head, his fingers tangled in her gorgeous mane of hair. His hips moved to meet her pace while he pressed her face closer. Simon exploded with a growl as Charlotte took every drop of his cum and begged for more before she withdrew and gazed at him through a sated haze.

Simon looked at her and she saw fear in his eyes as he gently pushed her back on the floor of the limo and pulled at her clothes. Feeling relief she’d be dressing right before the ceremony, Charlotte stopped him, then she undid the buttons of her blouse and pulled her skirt up over her hips. His groan at the sight in front of him pleased her.

“You minx. I love you, Charlotte.”

“Then fuck me senseless and make it my last act as a single woman. Please, Simon, I beg my master...”

Simon removed his pants and drove his gorgeous cock deep into her pussy. She cried out at the force of it but loved the natural power of the man she loved. Her legs went around him as she pulled him closer to her. His lips went to her breast and played with the piercings.

“You have magnificent tits, woman. I’m glad I’m the only one who sees them.”

“You have a magnificent cock, master, and I refuse to share you.”

Those words pushed him over the edge and he drove into her. As his thrusts kept a heated but frantic pace, Charlotte pushed herself up to his waiting lips.

“Play with me, master, please. I am your toy.”

Charlotte knew all the words to make him feel good and thankful he’d found her. Natural drive took over as he pounded her. He kissed her deeply, his tongue following his cock’s example. He tasted her and the remnants of his own release as frenzy overwhelmed him. When he exploded inside her, he screamed her name.

“Charlotte, my slave, my wife, I don’t deserve you.”

“Simon, it is I who is not deserving of the gift you’ve given me.”

He collapsed to her side but refused to stop as his tongue played with her nipple rings. His fingertip went to her clit and stroked it while his cock swelled again within her.

“My God, woman, you are so wet and hot.”

“Only for you.”

He pulled her close to him and held her.

“Has my master’s slave pleased him?”

“More than you’ll ever know. I love you, Charlotte Anderson, and I will spend the rest of my life pleasuring you and keeping you safe from harm. You wear my collar and with it comes responsibility, not only for you but also for me. I have put my mark on you and I love you more than life.”

“I accepted your collar and want to please only you. Your pleasure is mine. You are a wonderful master and I wish only to be a good slave.”

“You are my Dominant, mistress, as I have become your submissive.”

He kissed her as they basked in the remnants of the powerful emotions filling them. She had made him feel better, a feeling he hoped never to lose.

“What state are we in?”

“Still in Virginia. Why, my sweet, sweet Charlotte?”

“Would master fuck his slave again once we cross the state line? I kind of like being fucked in different states while on the road.”

“Then you’ll love where we’re going for our honeymoon.”

“And where is that?”

“My surprise.”

She smiled. Simon went back to playing with her nipple rings and she arched to him.

“Twice in Virginia...”

“Anything. Tell me what to do.”

“I want my slave on her knees.”

“Yes, master,” Charlotte said as she rose to her knees with her hands behind her. He moved behind her and cupped her breasts, his thumbs playing over her extremely sensitive nipples. His hardened cock danced in her hands but she would not take it until he commanded.

“Take it, Charlotte, and make me come over your beautiful ass.”

“Yes, master.” Charlotte’s hands were wrapped around his cock as he thrust between them. His hands played over her nipples before he slid one between her legs.

“Remember, do not come until I give permission.”

“Yes, master,” she gasped as she could sense he was close to climax. She felt his fingers slide within her soaked pussy and she spread her legs to allow him further access. She gasped as his lips touched her neck and traced the length of it to her shoulder. Charlotte had gone to the same edge with him and her body begged him for release. She fought to hold her orgasm as she cried out.

“Please, Master Simon, I need to come for you. Please, may I...”

“Not yet.” She groaned her answer and he smiled. “My slave will do anything to please me?”

“Yes, master, yes!”

“Then come, mistress.”

Charlotte screamed his name as her body shook out of control. She felt the heat of his semen in her hands and on her back. Though her arms hurt from the position they were in, she pumped him until he no longer had anything to give her.

His fingers kept their divine assault of her pussy going and she reveled in the aftershocks of a spectacular orgasm. He gently withdrew them and she fell onto the seat of the limo, the cool leather bringing her out of her haze. She had no sense of anything but his presence and she languished in his glow.

“Master...”

* * * *

Charlotte woke a short while later. She found herself in the center of a huge bed on satin sheets. She stretched over the softness and stopped.

“What a glorious sight, my sweet, sweet Charlotte. I hunger to take the heat from you.”

“If my master wishes it.”

“You are perfection,” Simon complimented as he buried his face within the velvet folds of her hot, waiting pussy. She spread her legs wider as she curled up to him. His hands held her down as they gently tugged at her nipple rings. His tongue thrust into her and she held her breath. She could feel his smile and knew he wanted to keep her as aroused as possible before he would allow her to let the floodgates open.

She felt the sensation come over her and held his head against her.

“Please, may I love my master?”

“No, Charlotte, this is for you and only you.”

He continued his siege of her and held her on a pinnacle, where she fought the urge. No matter what, his sub would please him by not coming until he gave her permission. As he took her to

the very edge, he tugged her nipples as far as her body would allow without lifting her off the bed.

“Now, mistress. Now.”

“Simon!”

“I want to drown in your sweet honey, woman. Let me feast on your delicious desires.”

“Anything, master, anything.”

Another tug to her nipple rings sent electric shocks through her. She came again and again as she screamed his name. She begged him to let her love him and he told her no.

Charlotte fell back, exhausted but floating.

Simon could see her haze-filled eyes and grinned with the knowledge he had caused it.

“Go in and take a shower, my lovely sub. Your clothes will be waiting for you when you come out. One thing first.”

“What, master?” she asked.

She heard him pull a case from his bag and unzip it. She smiled.

“Thank you, master.”

Simon rubbed warmed cream over her mons and between her legs. She opened her legs wider to give him more room as he shaved her. The trust she felt for him had become infinite and without hesitation. Once he finished, he wiped the remnants of the cream from her, then kissed her denuded skin.

“Mine, Charlotte.”

“Yours, Simon.”

He brought her back to the present when he tongued her navel ring. Another shock coursed through her and she smiled. He helped her up and she walked seductively into the bathroom and showered as he bade her. When she came out, her wedding gown lay across the bed with white thigh high stockings and the shoes she had picked out on the shopping trip the day before.

Quickly, she dressed and loved the touch of the soft dress against her skin. She wore no lingerie and felt no reticence about going to church like this. Simon knew what he wanted and she trusted him.

She busied herself brushing her hair when she sensed him watching her.

“Master?”

She went to her knees, her hands behind her, the movement natural and second nature.

“Very good, slave.” He helped her up and kissed her before he led her to the dressing table, where he sat her on the small bench in front of it. He brushed her hair and loosely piled it on her head with the same clips he had given her for their first encounter. Then he placed a set of matching gold earrings on her lobes. She gasped to see how complete she looked.

“My gorgeous wife. Not even Mother Nature surpasses you.”

“Or your handsome body and soul.”

He kissed her lightly so as not to smear her make-up. He gazed at her and fell deeper in love.

“Are we ready?”

“Yes, my husband. I am more than ready.”

* * * *

The small church stood as a tribute to times gone by. Situated in a remote area, it had a romantic air to it. When they entered, Trevor met them and introduced his wife to Charlotte.

“I’d like you to meet my wife, Blair.”

“It’s a pleasure. Could I ask a favor?”

“Sure.”

“Would you stand for me? I couldn’t think of anyone to ask, my mind’s been in such a daze.”

“I’d love to. Trev figured Si would forget something in trying to pull this off. He loves you more than I’ve ever known him to love anyone else.”

“I’m so damned lucky.”

“I’m the lucky one, sweet Charlotte,” Simon told them. “My thanks, Blair.”

“Anytime, Si.”

“Wait a minute, Simon,” Trevor began, “before this goes any further, what Simon has neglected to tell you is that Blair is his twin.”

Charlotte breathed a sigh of relief; the fear Blair wouldn't understand their relationship immediately non-existent.

"I love the collar. My brother has good taste in both women and jewelry. You are perfect for him and, I guarantee, he learned the art from the best."

"I know. I trust him completely."

"That's all he wants from you. That and unconditional love."

"It is. It is."

* * * *

"I now pronounce you man and wife, master and slave. You may now kiss your sub."

Simon pulled his wife close to him and kissed her deeply. The others left them alone in the small, intimate sanctuary of the centuries old church to wait for them outside. Simon and Charlotte took no notice of the fact while his kiss deepened with more passion and desire for her than he'd ever experienced before.

Charlotte broke the kiss to gasp for air. He smiled as he drew her close.

"Where did everyone go?"

"They've left us alone to say our own vows and finish the ceremony."

He took her to the altar and together, they lit two candles. They stepped back a little and then Simon turned her to face him.

"Down on your knees, slave, and open for me." Obediently, Charlotte knelt and spread her legs for him as her hands automatically went behind her.

"Your wish for me, master?"

"Look at me, my lovely sub."

She did and saw the smile she'd fallen in love with, the eyes holding her gaze.

"My Sweet Charlotte, my lovely sub, my mistress and now my wife. I love you more than my own existence. Before you lightened my life, I searched for the one woman who could fulfill my needs while experiencing the greatest pleasure imaginable. I found you, slave, and put my collar on you after you freely accepted it. I

love you, Charlotte, and I will never let anything happen to you. On this day, I married you for a lifetime of commitment and servitude. You have blessed my life with joy and, for that, I thank you. I love you, Charlotte.”

“My master, my husband, my Simon. I love you more than my own existence. Before you came into my life and enslaved my heart and soul while taking my body, I had no idea what a relationship could entail. You’ve shown me the erotic and I love it. I found you by chance, and have taken your collar as a symbol of my servitude and love for you. On this day, I married you for an eternal commitment and servitude. You have given me more joy than I ever imagined possible and for that, I love you and never want to leave your side.”

“Mine.”

“Yours.”

He helped her to stand and held her hands behind her. This one small act pushed her breasts up to him for his inspection and he grinned.

“You have the most glorious tits I’ve ever kissed and played with. You are perfection, my mistress.”

“So are you. Have I told you lately how magnificent I think you look?”

“Yes, but keep reminding me.”

Simon used his free hand to take a handful of hair and press her lips to his. The kiss rocked them and she looked at him as they fell back a little.

“Simon, what are you afraid of?”

“Losing you, Charlotte.”

“You won’t, I swear.”

He took her outside to meet the others and they decided to have a small reception after dinner. In the meantime, Simon took Charlotte back to the hotel. Once inside their suite, he locked the door and went to her. He gazed at perfection and smiled.

“Did my slave want to do something at the church?”

“Yes, master, I did.”

“And what was that?”

“I wanted to suck your cock, master.”

“Stand in front of me, slave.”

Charlotte did so and trembled as Simon carefully removed her dress. He helped her step out of it and carefully laid it over a chair. Next came the stockings and shoes. Once she stood before her husband, he went to her and released her hair. He watched it tumble like a waterfall and felt his cock harden as it begged for release.

Simon removed his clothes and went to a briefcase where he took out a large velvet box. He went back to his wife and kissed her deeply before he guided her back to the four-poster bed they'd been sharing.

“Put your arms on the posts and do not let them fall.”

“Yes, master.”

Simon climbed onto the bed and began by kissing her neck. She leaned into him and didn't notice the small click as he attached a gold chain to the rear clasp of her collar. She felt the chill of metal against her skin and shuddered.

“It's all right, my slave. You'll like this surprise.”

He slipped from the bed and stood before her. He reached down and slid his arm between her legs. She pressed her pussy against his arm, a weak plea for release denied by her master. She felt the cool metal against her clit and her entry, the subtle pressure driving her crazy.

“Remember, slave, you may not come unless I give you permission.”

“Yes, master,” she said as he pulled the chain through the navel ring piercing, then up the center of her body to where it split below her nipple rings. He ran the two separate lengths of chain through her nipple rings, then attached them to her collar. Pulling another gold chain from the box, he attached it to her nipple rings, the tension driving her wild.

“Would my slave desire...”

“Yes, master, please.”

“I will permit you to make the choice of what happens next. You will please your master, do you understand, my slave?”

“Yes,” she cried out as she slid to her knees. Charlotte feasted on him as she had never before and he drowned in her love. Lust overwhelmed her as she furiously suckled him to make him come for her. As she moved, the chains did their job and drove her insane with need and desire.

“Yes, Charlotte, you may come.”

Simon groaned when she took him over the edge and he filled her mouth with his seed. She took every drop and wanted more. Pulling her up, he kissed her, then pushed her gently onto the bed. He reached over to his bag and drew out some of her favorite toys.

“I want to fuck my slave every way possible all at once. Are you ready for this?”

“Yes, master, I want to obey you.”

“Good.”

He pulled a pillow over and put it under her hips. He rubbed warming gel on her anus and slid her anal plug inside, only this one was different from the one she had become accustomed to. Next, he inserted a vibrator into her pussy and made sure neither would find its way out of her. When he finished strapping a leather thong on her, he moved to the other end of her body. He placed his knees on either side of her head and let his cock hang just out of reach of her lips.

“Charlotte, you will suck my cock until I tell you to stop, then I will take it from there.”

“Yes, master.”

Simon pressed a button and both the plug and the vibrator came to life within her. He sped the pace up and she trembled from the sensation he had created for her. Lowering himself to her, she hungrily took his cock and sucked him as he commanded her. As he neared his climax, he told her to stop, then he took his cock and placed it between her breasts. He squeezed them around him and continued what she started. As he exploded onto her chest, she tried to catch some of his cum. She held her cries and waited for permission to come.

“Come, sweet Charlotte.”

Simon watched her as her body shook out of control from the remote assault on her body. She grabbed the sheets as she held it in, then screamed his name as soon as he told her to come.

“Simon, please...please...”

“Please what, Charlotte?”

“Fuck me senseless, master. I need you inside me. Please.”

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she tried to hold back. She felt the leather straps removed, followed by the vibrator. Simon left the anal plug inside her as he drove himself into her hot, waiting pussy. He thrust hard and she begged for more. Once he exploded into her, he pushed himself deep inside her and held her close; his engorged cock filling her pussy while the plug filled her ass.

“Mine, Charlotte. Mine alone.”

“Yes, my master.”

* * * *

Hours later, Allistair drove them to an airport in Wheeling, West Virginia. Charlotte slept most of the ride, Simon’s arm around her protectively. He stroked her hair and kissed the top of her head.

“Simon, we’re almost there.”

“Thanks, Allistair.”

He rubbed her back to wake her. As she gazed at him through a sexy haze, he told her they were almost at the airport.

“Airport? Where are we flying to?”

“More of the surprise.”

When they got out of the limo, she gasped at the sight of the private Lear waiting on the tarmac for them.

“A private jet?”

“Of course, my sweet Charlotte. You do not honestly believe I want to spend an entire flight with my wife and other people, do you?”

Charlotte smiled. Of course, Simon would have a private jet. *Where is my mind? Ah, where else would it be?*

“What is my beautiful wife thinking about?”

“My gorgeous husband and what we can do on a plane, though it depends on the length of the flight.”

“Oh, I have plans for my gorgeous slave.”

“Thank you, master.”

“For what?”

“Giving me life.”

He pulled her closer. Having her next to him as she slept had been a wonderful experience in itself. Her body against his as she curled next to him had caused his cock to harden and remain ready for her. He couldn't wait for them to get in the air.

Once Allistair pulled the limo to a stop, a man opened the door and they got out and boarded the plane. She gasped when she saw the layout of it, luxurious in everything, from the seats to the entertainment center and galley.

“Mister Anderson, we will take off in a few minutes.”

“Thank you, Giles.”

He looked at his wife and grinned. He escorted her to the rear of the plane and into another cabin. He spun her around and gave her a deep kiss before they took off.

“Master, this is beyond description.”

“Sit down and ready for departure. Once we're in the air, we can have some fun.”

“Yes, master,” she said as she sat in one of the overstuffed chairs. Simon bent down to buckle her into the seat and groaned at the sight of her gorgeous body peering out from the dress she wore. He held his desires until they had been in the air for a few minutes, then called to the cockpit and the pilot.

“If you don't mind, my wife and I would like not to be disturbed until we're ready to land.”

“Yes, sir.”

Simon smiled. His crew had been handpicked after intense background screening. He needed a crew who would be discreet and he paid them well enough to trust them to be loyal.

“Master?”

“Yes, sweet Charlotte.”

“Will you tell me our destination?”

“No, it’s a part of my surprise. Now, are you ready to enjoy the flight?”

Charlotte released the buckle from the seatbelt and went to him.

“I want to please you, master.”

Simon took her in his arms, her hands held behind her back. Her position forced her breasts up to him, her nipples hard and begging for his attention. He slid the dress from her shoulders and let it fall to the cabin floor. He smelled the scent of her arousal and his cock fought to languish in it. Simon held back as he tugged at her nipple piercings. She moaned from the sensation and arched her back to give him more access to them.

“I want to suckle these sweet tits for the rest of my life,” he told her as he played with a hardened bud.

“Master, I am yours. Please, the torture is driving me insane.”

“Good. I want you on the edge. I have surprises for you and I want to pleasure you.”

She moaned as he teased her more. He loved the sight of her body as her desires overwhelmed her and her natural sexiness took over. He laid her back on the bed and drew back to remove his clothes.

“Slave, your hands will remain behind your back. Can you do this or should I help you?”

“If it pleases my master, I’d like his help.”

“All right.”

Simon reached over to the night table and pulled open a drawer. From it, he pulled a set of lined handcuffs. He rolled her to her stomach and placed her hands in the cuffs then rolled her onto her back. Next, he pulled a set of anklets out and placed her ankles in them. She gasped when she heard a click and found her legs restrained to the side of the bed, spread apart.

“Ah, perfect view of my lady’s pussy. I see we are ready.”

“Yes, master.”

Simon placed an anal plug in her rear, then a vibrator in her dripping pussy. She gasped when she felt a new sensation. Not only did it fill her and vibrate within, it touched her clit and drove her

wild. She jolted when Simon turned on the devices, and then turned up the pulses. As she fought to control her reaction, Simon placed his knees on either side of her head and his hands on her breasts.

“You know what to do, mistress.”

“Yes, master.”

Immediately, she locked her lips on his cock and began to take him. The pulsing between her legs set her pace and drove her to make him come. While she did, he held her breasts and squeezed them. He then tugged on the nipple rings and alternated between the two assaults on her senses. He increased the pulsations and heard her moan.

She felt his lips take her navel piercing and tug on it while he thrust in and out of her mouth. Simon felt himself on the edge and knew Charlotte was close. She sucked on him faster in time with the toys.

“Charlotte, you may...”

Charlotte’s body rocked as the orgasms took over and sent her soaring out of control. He heard her muffled cries as the sensation coursed through her.

“Take me, sweet Charlotte.”

Charlotte took every drop he had and greedily wanted more. Simon’s body trembled as she rocked his world.

“Charlotte, I love you,” Simon yelled.

Charlotte’s body shook underneath him. He had made sure she’d been fucked three times at once, and knew how much she enjoyed it. He moved to her side and kissed her. She had yet to stop climaxing from the pulsing, her body bucking. He saw her hands fight the cuffs and as she did, her breasts shook.

“You have beautiful tits, woman.”

“Thank you, master. Oh...oh...oh...”

Simon slowly eased back on her induced throbbing. Once she calmed, he removed the anal plug, then the vibrator. The emptiness she felt showed on her face. He pulled her towards the edge of the bed and kissed her as he drove into her.

“Is my lovely sub all right?”

“No, master.”

“Why?”

“You’ve haven’t filled my body with your come. Please, master...”

Simon drove into her waiting pussy again, then again. His thrusts became harder and more powerful as he seized her body once more.

“I want your soaked cunt to drown my cock, woman,” he commanded.

“Yes, master. Please, fuck me senseless so I can scream your name and beg for more.”

Simon impaled her on his cock and did as she asked. This time, sheer physical emotion took over as he pounded her. The movement of her breasts drove him more as he watched the nipple rings shake. She gasped for air as she called to him. His release sent her reeling and she came without hesitation. She drowned his cock as he buried himself deep within her.

Pain quickly followed by immense pleasure overwhelmed her. She took him as he gave her everything.

“I want you to have our child.”

“So do I, master.”

“That means more fucking.”

“Please, master. I want to be perfection for you.”

“You already are, mistress.”

* * * *

The plane landed several hours later. Simon went to talk with the pilot while Charlotte dressed. He’d left her with a gauze sheath that softly draped her naked body. The lightweight fabric brushing against her sensitive skin caused her to react as a slight trickle made its way down the inside of her leg and her nipples hardened against the softness.

At one time in her life, she would have hesitated to wear something this sheer in public, but it no longer mattered since she trusted Simon unconditionally and knew he would never purposely force her to be uncomfortable. As she came to the hatch and the

small set of stairs, Simon grasped her by the waist and carried her to a waiting limo, since she wore no shoes.

Once in the limo, he placed a black silk blindfold over her eyes.

“I want you to be totally surprised for the next part of this.”

“I have no clue where we are. The plane was in the hangar and I never looked out during the flight.”

“Good.”

She sensed they had left the airport, the highway smooth and fast. She curled next to him and trembled as he traced small designs along her back. She wanted him as his mere touch sent her into overdrive.

The darkness from the blindfold allowed Charlotte to doze. Simon smiled; happy he would be able to give her everything she wanted. He pulled her to his side and held her tight.

“Mine!”

* * * *

The limo pulled up to the front of the huge estate he owned in the Napa Valley of California. From one side of the massive property, it afforded him a spectacular view of San Francisco. From the others, the house overlooked his horse farm and the vineyards his family had owned for several generations.

As they passed through the gates, he roused her. While he kissed her, his hand cupped her breast and toyed with her nipple. She moved to accommodate him and softly moaned. The pressure of his kiss when he pinched her caused her to nearly fall over the edge.

“Please, may I come for you?”

“Not yet, my sweet Charlotte. I want you on edge because we have a lot to do.”

He saw her pout and smiled at her frustration. He had found perfection and planned to spend every waking moment enjoying her as he gave her every bit of pleasure she deserved.

The limo stopped and Simon kissed her again.

“We’re here,” he announced as she sat up. Her hand went to the blindfold but he stopped her. “Not yet.”

The next thing she knew, Simon lifted her from the car and carried her up several steps. She heard the sound of a heavy door as it opened.

“Mister Anderson, we’re glad to see you. Everything is as you requested.”

“Thank you, Yves. This is my wife, Charlotte.”

“Welcome, Mrs. Anderson. The staff and I are at your service.”

“Thank you. I’m sorry...”

“Shh, my love, they understand I want to surprise you.”

He carried her up a huge winding staircase and down a long hallway. She could tell by the way he walked that the carpet was thick because she barely heard his footfalls. He turned and she guessed they had entered the master suite.

“Si...”

“Almost, my love.”

He went a little further inside after he kicked the door closed. Simon kissed her, then put her down, her toes curling in the soft, rich carpet. Simon walked away and she felt a tiny loss until she heard him first lock the door, then strike a match. When he came back to her side, she relaxed a little more.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes, master.”

He took her by surprise when he ripped the thin gauze from her but enjoyed her natural state, especially when she felt a cool breeze wash over her.

“Down on your knees and take my cock.”

“Yes, master.”

Eagerly, she knelt before him and unzipped his pants. After she helped him out of his clothes, she kissed the tip of his cock and licked a drop of his essence from the slit. She took his heated length and loved him as she moved her mouth up and down his length. She took his balls in her hand and massaged them as she continued, each time taking him deeper into her throat. His hand went to her head and his hips matched her pace.

“Yes, my sweet Charlotte, take me.”

She nodded quickly while not losing her rhythm and then moved faster. Deeper in her throat, she took his entire length until her lips touched his sac. The moment she did, he exploded his seed into her with a furious blast. She took every drop and when she pulled back, she tenderly licked every drop from the slit.

Charlotte wanted to climax but held back as he had not given her permission. The heat between her legs grew intense and the fire in her ignited. She started to love him once more, not wanting to stop.

“Stand up, Charlotte.”

She stood and he kissed her, his tongue deep in her mouth, though not as deep as his shaft had been. His hand went between her legs and drowned in the heat of Charlotte’s desire.

“Come for me, woman.”

“Yes, master.”

She gazed at him as the climax wracked her body. His fingers slid into her and fucked her as his tongue delved deeper. His hand squeezed her nipple as she moaned with delight while her body shook out of control

“Please, may I see my master?”

“Not yet.”

“Please...”

“Cry out, slave.”

“More, Simon, more...oh...oh...”

Simon’s hand went to her neck and pulled her closer. He kissed her again as raw passion drove him. He shoved the blindfold from her before he lifted her up and impaled her on his shaft. He thrust into her and she wrapped her legs around him. As she moved with him, her nipples brushed his skin and she cried out as shocks seared her body.

“What does my slave want on her wedding day?”

“Fuck me, please...”

“As you wish.”

Chapter 6

The next morning, Simon roused his wife before dawn. They dressed and went out to the stables. One of his groomsmen had saddled two magnificent quarter horses and brought them out to where they waited.

“I prefer a Western saddle over the English. I hope you don’t mind.”

“No, master, whatever you wish.”

He groaned and saw the hint of a devilish smile on her face. He couldn’t wait to see how she reacted to what he planned for her.

“Thank you, Albert.”

The man nodded, then left them and disappeared into the building behind them.

“As I do not favor the soft leather of a dressage saddle, I will place a towel between my slave and the hard leather saddle. I don’t want your pussy chafed.”

“Thank you, master.”

He helped her mount up, but before she could get her seat, he made sure her dress didn’t come between her body and the saddle. Once he had, he mounted up and they rode off. As they galloped, he watched her and the beauty of the natural movements of her body.

“My slave’s tits take well to riding, I see.”

“Yes, they do,” Charlotte agreed, her nipples hardening against the soft fabric, remaining firm. The nipple rings added to her arousal, as Simon had wanted her constantly hot and ready for his attentions.

“Undo the dress and let me see them free,” he said. “Now, hand me the dress.”

“Yes, master,” she said happily. The freedom caused her body to react, as Simon knew it would.

“Tell me what you feel, slave.”

“My body wants your attention. The saddle rubs me and I want to come for you.”

“Good.”

They rode further and she gasped as she began to take in the entire scope of his California holdings. They left the pastures of the horse farm behind and entered the vineyards. As they slowed their gait, they went between rows of grapevines. The soft leaves brushed her skin and she gasped, thrills going through her. One leaf touched her nipple briefly and she whimpered as she desperately tried to control her reactions.

Simon smiled.

“These grapes produce some of the sweetest wine of the Napa Valley but that taste is nowhere near what you taste like, Charlotte.”

“Thank you, master, but there is no way I can compare to fine wine.”

“I’ll be the judge of that.”

“Yes, master.”

At the end of the field, he led her to a secluded pool, too big to be a pond, while too small to be a lake. He dismounted, took her mount’s bridle and led both horses to a tree, where he tied them and left them to graze. He helped her dismount and knew by her scent she needed to climax. She had been extremely good holding her reaction but he knew she needed release.

Simon led her to a soft patch of grass and laid her down in it. The dew caressed her, drops of water bathing her body. Simon drew back from her and gazed at her beauty in the early morning sunlight as dawn burst.

“Pleasure yourself.”

“Yes, master.” Charlotte’s hands went to her breasts and she teased her firm nipples, then pulled on the piercings. The shock of

it coursed through her as her lower body writhed in need of attention. Her hand slipped between her legs and her finger teased her clit, then found the exact place to make her body tremble. As she played with her body to his delight, his body begged for release.

“Fuck your cunt, slave.”

“Yes, my master, anything for you.” Eagerly, she did as he commanded, though until she had met Simon, she never liked the “c” word. She groaned as she climaxed, her cunt throbbing and aching for his cock. With Simon, the “c” word was pure seduction.

“Again.”

“Yes, master, yes!”

He watched intently as she inserted two of her long beautiful fingers into her opening and moved them in and out. Her other hand left her nipples and went to her clit. While she finger fucked her pussy with one hand, her other toyed with her clit. Her body shook as waves of erotic pleasure washed over her. Her eyes closed, she lost herself in the pleasure of this and didn’t notice Simon as he put his knees on either side of her shoulders.

His cock hung over her mouth and she found him. Her mouth trapped him as she drew him deep inside. She sucked him and as the pace of her fingers increased, she matched it as she took his shaft deep into her throat. Furiously, she fucked them both, her body welcome to it all.

“Come, Charlotte, and make me come at the same time. Take me, slave, and don’t stop.”

“Yes,” she tried to respond but couldn’t, because his engorged cock filled her mouth.

He held her breasts and fingered her nipples as waves of release overtook them. He watched her orgasm and reveled in it. Her body shook, drenched between the orgasm and the dew kissing her. He felt her tire and pulled his cock from the warmth of her mouth. She tried to hold him but he calmed her.

“Charlotte, you are spent. You must...”

“Simon, please, I need you inside me. Please...” she begged him.

“Yes, my mistress,” he said as he took her hands and held them while he moved between her legs, spread apart and waiting. As soon as he’d positioned himself, she wrapped her legs around him, pulling him closer. As he drove into her, he licked her fingers and tasted her essence, the very juice of her life that drove his possessive feelings insane.

He dropped down to her, his body pinning her to the wet grass. His hands slipped behind her and grabbed her shoulders. The more he pounded her pussy, the more his grip on her tightened. As he felt the edge near, he pulled her to him as he impaled her on him.

“Master,” she cried out.

“Mine,” Simon cried out as he exploded into her waiting pussy and filled her with his seed.

“Simon, I love you,” Charlotte cried out, risking a punishment for not calling him *master*.

Simon Anderson looked into her eyes with dark piercing pinpoints. She saw into his soul and shivered but not from fear. She learned how he feared the threat hanging over them and would do anything to protect her, even if it cost him his own life. She saw his love for her and the child she hoped she carried.

“Mine,” he repeated.

* * * *

Hours later, they returned to the house. Simon sent Charlotte up to their suite and told her to languish in a hot tub.

“The bath beads are by the tub.”

“Yes, master.”

“Charlotte,” he said as he held her back.

“Yes?”

“I love you with all my heart and soul. I can’t explain it but . . .”

“I know,” she said, her hand to his face. As he pressed his cheek against it and grabbed it with his own, he gasped at her next words. “I read it all in your eyes when you filled me. I entrust my entire being into your protection and I love you. I know you won’t let anything happen to me.”

She stood on her toes to kiss him, their kiss one of passion-filled love—pure, unadulterated emotion.

“I am afraid I’ll let you down, mistress.”

“Never. I’m yours.”

* * * *

He watched Charlotte go up the long winding staircase, her body gorgeous even with clothes on. His imagination went wild and he could not wait until he took her into the playroom here.

Once she’d disappeared from sight and he heard the door to the master suite close, he went to the library and called Trevor.

“Hammond.”

“Yeah, it’s me.”

“How’s the honeymoon?”

“Outstanding.”

“Then why are you calling me when you should be with Charlotte?”

“I’ve got bad feelings I don’t like. Where’s the senator?”

“On the Senate floor as we speak. He’s fighting some proposal.”

“Any word on what’s he’s up to?”

“No, why?”

“I’ve got these strange feelings.”

Trevor knew what it meant when his brother-in-law felt this way and it bothered him. Simon’s instincts had always been on target and for the most part, kept him alive and able to conduct his businesses successfully. Trevor wondered about this time though since it was on a more personal level.

“Simon, talk to me.”

“I feel like we’re being watched. I haven’t been able to find anyone or anything but someone is following our every move.”

“I’ll increase the surveillance on him and see if we can find out anything. In the meantime, I’m sure you’ll find things to do that are ‘out of sight, out of mind’.”

“True.”

“I’ll get back to you.”

“Thanks, Trev.”

“Anytime.”

* * * *

Charlotte closed the door to the master suite, stripped from her clothes as she walked across the floor to the huge bathroom, and left a trail for her master to follow. She drew her bath, poured in the bubbling bath beads he had left for her, then slid into the luxurious hot water. As it caressed her body, she thought of Simon. The mere thought of her extraordinary husband caused her nipples to harden and her pussy to clench in need of his touch. She could feel herself become soaked and held her reactions for his pleasure.

She loved being his slave, plain and simple. The idea of his pleasure coming from hers elated her. Her master always put her desires first while she enjoyed taking his magnificent cock in her mouth every chance she could. He never denied her and always put her comfort and ease ahead of his.

The thought of his cock caused her to want him more. The absence of his presence caused an empty feeling within her, and she waited for him to come to her and command her to do something totally erotic.

“My slave is enjoying her bath?”

“Oh, yes, master. Come join me.”

“Ah, a good idea but I have a different one.”

Simon came over to her wearing only black silk boxers. He sat next to her on the side of the tub, his cock straining to be free of the thin material holding it captive. He noticed her gaze and smiled.

“Only for you, my sweet Charlotte.”

She smiled.

“Thank you, master.”

She moaned when she felt his hand move along her body and rest on her breast. She arched toward him and he squeezed her. His fingertip teased her hardened nipple and it sent her reeling. His touch lingered before it traveled down her stomach and across her shaven mons.

“I see you’re ready for my attention?” he asked, referring to the slight peach fuzz he felt above her pussy.

“Yes, I am, my master. I love your touch.”

Simon smiled while his hand explored his beautiful wife’s body. His fingers slid into her wanting pussy and it clenched around him as if it would not let go of him. His thumb pressed against her swollen clit and she bolted.

“Has my slave been attending to her desires?”

“No, master, never.”

“Good.”

With his hand secure in her body, he moved her around to face him. He made sure she knelt in the tub before him, then pulled his hand away. She watched him intently as he removed the boxers, then sat on the side of the tub, his legs in the water, Charlotte between them. She gasped at the evidence of his desire for her and inwardly smiled.

“Charlotte, I want you to suck my cock, your hands behind your back. I want you to put as much of your body into this as you can, because I want to see those gorgeous tits of yours move freely. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master.”

Immediately, her hands clasped behind her back. Her lips went to his waiting cock and she licked the drop of cum waiting for her. She bathed his skin with her tongue before she took him in her mouth and deep into her throat after she relaxed her neck muscles to take him. Simon moved her hair out of the way and to the side to give him a clear view of her naked body.

He gazed down at her as he leaned back and could see her breasts moving with her body. Her pace increased and became furious while her breasts slapped the surface of the water. He sat up, took handfuls of water and dripped them over her back, then blew over her. She reacted by going down on him harder and he groaned. When he felt his cock get ready to explode into her, he placed his hand to the back of her head and pressed her to him.

His release sent him rocketing as Charlotte took every drop he had. She whimpered and he pulled his hand back. She drew back, laved the slit of his cock, and gazed at him.

“Charlotte, are you all right?”

“Yes, my lord. You fed me more than usual.”

“What do you mean?”

“You released more into my throat than I’ve ever taken from you before. My master is pleased?”

“Definitely, my wonderful slave, my gorgeous wife.”

“How may I please you next?”

Simon groaned. He’d had submissives before who took to this lifestyle, but never like his wife. She amazed him every moment of every day and he loved her more than he thought he could love anybody.

“Stand up.”

“Yes, master.”

Simon took the soap and washed her, then her hair. Her body reacted to his touch and her firm nipples proved it by straining for his touch. He rinsed her off, then helped her from the tub to a towel he had laid on the windowsill in the warm afternoon sun. Once she had stretched out, he went to a cabinet and pulled out gel and a razor, then went to the task of shaving her mons and pussy. She spread her legs to his touch, this one small act of his one of her favorites.

When he finished, he rubbed oil into her skin.

“Hands over your head, slave.”

“Yes, master.” Charlotte’s arms went up, her hands held above her. His smile gave her all the approval she needed. She heard him go to another drawer and open it. He returned with a velvet box and she watched with interest.

Simon carefully removed her nipple piercings and replaced them with gold rings, a little heavier, but Charlotte didn’t care. He replaced the dangle at her navel with another ring, then applied clit clips, also ringed. He tightened the clip and she gasped as her pussy became hot with the need for release.

“Not yet, my sweet Charlotte.”

She groaned before she acknowledged his command.

Simon helped her to stand and continued his *decorating*. First, he pulled out a small length of chain and attached it to each nipple ring so it could hang between her breasts, then he pulled out

another chain. He hooked it to her collar, then threaded it through one of the rings at her nipples and the navel ring and through the one ring on her clit and up the length of her back. He did the same with the other side and both chains hooked to the back of her collar.

He stepped back and marveled at her beauty.

“I don’t think I’ll ever need a Christmas tree again.”

“If it pleases you, my master.”

“Come to me, Charlotte.”

She walked to him and groaned. The chains between her legs pressed against her clit and her pussy, then in her crack against her anus. The tension this put on her nipple rings sent shocks through her and she felt herself want to explode.

“Charlotte, do you want to come?”

“Yes, please, master.”

“Not yet.” He grinned when she groaned. “You will follow me. You do not have to call me master as I want to hear your immediate reactions to what I am about to do to you.”

She nodded, her body trembling from the arousal caused by the chains. Erotic as hell, all she wanted to do was let the orgasm wash over her. She needed to come in the worst way and fought to obey Simon’s commands. She followed him to another part of the suite and into the playroom. It was a little different from the other ones but she didn’t take the time to go over all the differences.

He helped her onto a low table and told her to kneel on all fours. Her breasts strained against the chains that held them against her body, though the metal against her nipples kept them hard and teased. The slight tension from this caused the chain to pull against her pussy and clit and caused her to tremble more.

“Please, Simon, I can’t stand this anymore. Let me come for you. Please.”

Simon’s answer surprised her and shocked her. She felt a sting on her ass before his hand massaged her. Another sting on the other side, and a massage. Another, this time, a little harder. Charlotte cried out, part from pain and part from the pleasure running through her body. She cried out again and surprised both of them.

“More, Simon, please!”

“Are you sure?”

“Please, I want to come. This feeling... Oh!”

He repeated what he had done and she cried out for more. Her hands clenched, even though her weight was on them. Her pussy creamed for him as the chains rubbed against her swollen clit. She shook as her climax washed over her and bathed her with erotic joy.

He slid a vibrator into her soaked pussy and switched it on. She moved with it, trying to relieve the unbelievable desire to come again. She felt the sting again, and then his hand as he rubbed her sensitized skin. She felt a plug inserted into her anus and the chain moved to hold it in place. As her pussy and ass pulsed, she fought the urge to curl into a ball.

Charlotte came violently as her body shook from the multiple fucks from the vibrator and plug.

“Simon, I need you. Please, let...”

“In a moment. I want you to come for me several more times.”

“Oh, my God...” she cried out with the next wave of sensations.

“Lay on your back.”

Charlotte stretched out; her ass sensitive, although the soft cover on the table eased her soreness. She gazed at him and waited. Simon moved over to the side and picked up another toy. This one had thin suede strips hanging from the handle. Wrapped in the wave of sexual pleasure he had given her, she didn't notice where his attention went next. She gazed hazily into his eyes as he went to the end of the table to face her.

“I want your cock in my mouth...oh...”

Carefully waiting for the next orgasm to come over her, Simon picked his time and when she rose to the crest of the wave, he slapped her breast, then massaged her. He repeated this with the other one.

She bolted and cried out.

“My slave’s tits are a perfect color of pink and beautiful,” he complimented as he massaged them. He could see in her eyes she wanted to take him again.

Charlotte realized what Simon had done to her and wanted more. Another climax and she felt the flogger again. This time when she came, the force surprised her. Waves of ecstasy bathed her as she came, her body refused to stop shaking and giving into its desires. Finally, she could take it no more and pushed closer to him. She grabbed his engorged cock and took him. On her back on the table in front of him, she sucked him as her body naturally reacted to this level of their relationship.

As he neared release, he watched her body and knew she would come at the same time he did. As he reached the pinnacle of erotic release, he flicked the flogger over her pussy. The more he lightly flogged her, the more she came, her body out of control. She increased her pace on his cock and he groaned when he came in her mouth as she dug her nails into his ass. He rubbed his hand over her breasts, and then leaned over her. He kissed her stomach as he slowly removed the toys.

“Charlotte, I love you.”

“I love you, too,” she gasped as she tried to catch her breath.

He removed the chains and laved her nipples, then trailed his tongue along her body. As soon as he removed the clit clips and pushed the chains out of the way, he buried his face in her pussy and feasted. Charlotte cried out and he took more, his hands squeezing her tender ass.

“Simon, please...I...”

He looked up and smiled. Charlotte had passed out from sensational sex, the sure sign she enjoyed their time together.

* * * *

She woke later in his arms. He had given her a sponge bath while keeping an eye on her to make sure she hadn’t suffered any ill effects. She lay on the bed, her body pink from the floggers, her arousal evident.

“Simon?”

“I’m here, baby. You’re wonderful and perfect and...”

“My master is too kind. I...”

“Charlotte, you are exactly what I say. Don’t ever think any other thoughts about yourself. You are mine and I refuse to have any slave who isn’t perfection. You have set a new standard as far I’m concerned.”

“Simon, I don’t remember life before we met at the pub.”

“Neither do I.”

She gazed at him and smiled. Her hand went to his face and caressed his cheek. He gazed into her eyes and moved closer to her. His lips parted to kiss her, his tongue demanding entrance to her mouth. They kissed, life everything they had dreamed of and more.

* * * *

“Where the hell is the bastard?”

“We followed him to the Napa Valley. They’re somewhere on that massive estate of his.”

“Tell your man to let me know when they leave to return to DC or Virginia. Once they do, we go to the next part of the plan and bring her here. I will prove what a true Dominant is, then I will break him in front of her.”

“The rope you requested has been delivered.”

“Good.”

* * * *

Charlotte relaxed while Simon took care of some business dealing with the vineyards. She watched him as he sat at a smaller desk in their suite and worked over figures. His muscular body made her hot and she wanted him.

She slid from the satin-sheeted bed and crawled across the floor to where he sat, feline in her movements. She knelt beside him with her hands behind her and presented herself as he had instructed her their first time together at the Virginia farm.

Simon looked over to her and grinned as she presented her breasts for his attention and exposed her pussy for his gaze. She moaned as his hand cupped her breast and squeezed.

“How does my sensitive one feel?”

“Wonderful. The first time you flogged me took me by surprise, but the pain turned quickly to divine pleasure. Would you do it again?”

“Yes, but after you have gotten over earlier. Too much can be harmful.”

“Oh,” she said, a little disappointed while grateful for his concern.

“Simon?”

“Charlotte?” he asked, concern in his voice.

“I feel...”

Charlotte broke her presentation and ran for the bathroom. Simon followed and grabbed a towel and soaked it in cold water, then wrung it out and handed it to her. She heaved several times, her skin pale.

“Simon, I’m sorry. I don’t know what’s wrong. It came over me so fast.”

“I think I know. You’re pregnant, my sweet Charlotte.”

She looked at him and saw the pure joy in his eyes. She agreed with him and weakly smiled. Simon wiped her face after another set-to and when she assured him she felt a little better, he carried her to bed. He laid her in the center of it, the satin caressing her body. His hand went to her stomach, Charlotte feeling the heat of his love and desire in one touch.

“Charlotte, I want you to relax. I’m going downstairs to brew you some tea. I’ll be right back.”

She nodded, spent from the nausea engulfing her.

Simon bent to kiss her and whispered his love in her ear.

“I love you, Simon, and thank you.”

“For...”

“Letting me carry this one tiny bit of you.”

“You are the mother of my child. It is I who should thank you for giving me this awesome gift.”

“Hold me.”

“Anything.”

* * * *

Charlotte drifted off and Simon left her long enough to brew the tea. He picked the tray up to take it upstairs to her when the phone rang. He set it down and grabbed it before the upstairs phone woke her.

“Hello?”

“Your time is winding down and so is the woman’s. You ruined my life, now I will ruin yours.”

“Who is this?”

“You know very well who it is. Hammond’s voice print confirmed who I am and now I’m waiting for you so I can give you a dose of your own medicine.”

“Grimes, you brought all this on yourself. You knew the rules, but chose to abuse my hospitality. You forced my hand.”

“You and your fuck club. The great Simon Anderson has to go to his own brothel to find a wife and I bet she’s not that good.”

“I would stop now before this goes any further.”

“Hit a nerve, did I?”

“Grimes, I’m warning you. Stay away from my wife...”

“Or you’ll do what? Throw me out again. I don’t think so. You’re fair game, Anderson, and you messed with the wrong man. I will bury you.”

“You’ll try but from what I hear, your star is going to crash, though not soon enough for some people’s taste.”

“Are you threatening me?”

“No, stating a fact. You’ve stepped on too many toes and hurt too many people to get where you are. You have a long line of enemies waiting to take you down.”

“Bullshit. They’re all jealous.”

“Think what you want, you arrogant self-serving bastard. I’m giving you one final warning. Stay out of my club and away from my wife.”

Simon’s skin crawled when he heard Grimes’ sadistic laughter. He hung up, waited a few minutes, and called Trevor.

“Hammond.”

“Trevor, if you don’t stop him, I will!”

* * * *

He took the tea up to her. Fortunately, the phone hadn't bothered her. His terror abated when he saw her peacefully sleeping, beauty personified. His wife, the love of his life and the mother of his child—what more could he ask for? A life without the worry of someone wanting to exact revenge against him through her for one thing. *What if Grimes finds out about the baby?*

He placed the tray on the bedside table and gently roused her with a kiss. She stirred and automatically wanted to curl into him, her usual reaction to his touch. He brushed the hair from her face and kissed her again, only this time, he did something a little different.

Simon feathered kisses along her face to her neck. He laved her skin below her ear, then worked his way down to her shoulder. He wanted to make lazy love without the lifestyle involved. Simple love. He wanted to take it easy with his pregnant wife, she deserved it. As he reached her shoulder, her body turned towards his touch, Charlotte's back arched to give him access to her breasts.

"No, my love. I want you to relax while I love you."

"What's wrong, Simon?" she asked as she put her hand to his face.

"We've been in overdrive and now you're carrying my child. I want you to take it easy, because I'm afraid we can hurt the both of you."

"Simon, I won't break. Our love created this little wonder and it will endure what you and I do when we make love. I want you to do what you want to me. I am your slave, aren't I?"

"Yes, but..."

"My master created this at my plea. I want you to love me without reservation, without hesitation. If there is any problem, I'm sure a doctor will advise us on what to do. It's still early."

"But you were so..."

"Morning sickness is normal. My desire for my husband to fuck me is normal, too."

"Charlotte..."

"Simon, pregnancy brings on cravings. Right now, I'm craving you and our special type of lovemaking. Please, master..."

“How can I refuse you? I love you, Charlotte Anderson.”

“Then, please, fuck me. Drive me over the edge and don’t hold back. I want you, Simon.”

Simon groaned. His hand squeezed her breast as his lips took her other one in his mouth and suckled it. His fingertips pinched her nipple as his teeth matched it on the other hardened bud. She arched to him and pulled him closer as she held his head to her breast. His tongue played with the nipple ring and sent tremors through her.

“Please, Simon...”

Simon moved from the bed and removed his silk boxers. She smiled when she saw his swollen cock and couldn’t wait to suck him. He straddled her but not as he usually did so she could take him. His legs hugged her sides as his cock rested in between her breasts, throbbing for release. He took her breasts and held them, then began rubbing them along his shaft. As he neared the edge, his legs squeezed her body. Her hand found his balls and held them before she rubbed them. His pace quickened.

Simon cried out when he exploded over her breasts. She caught some of his cum on the tip of her tongue and wanted more. She continued her attention to his sac until he had come completely. While he held himself between her breasts, his thumbs played with her nipples, then gently tugged on the nipple rings. She cried out and begged him for more.

He had her pinned beneath him and didn’t want to release her. He liked the feel of her body between his legs, the softness of her breasts, and the sight of her reaction as it passed over her face.

“How did my slave like my coming on her gorgeous tits?”

“You’re so damned hot,” she told him as she trailed her fingertip through his cum and licked her fingertip. This one small move seduced him all over. He moved off her and pulled her towards the end of the bed. He spread her legs, then her labia and blew over her sensitive skin. She reeled at this as her body quivered. He buried his face between the folds and lapped at her, drinking in her essence as she drowned him in her delicious cream. He savored the taste of her and made a silent vow to never fail her.

He looked up the length of her body, past her breasts to her beautiful face. He noticed her hands clenching the sheets as she enjoyed this. He kept up his siege as his hands moved to her nipples and taunted them. He'd brush across her hardened nipples, then tug on the nipple ring. Each time, she cried out and begged for more.

Slowly, he withdrew his tongue from her pussy and moved back up her body. He smelled his brand on her and smiled. His cock found her entry and as he teased her core, he gazed at her.

"Charlotte, look at me. I'm going to fuck your cunt until you scream and beg for more and then I'm going to keep doing it until you can't take anymore. You are mine, woman, and I will have you. You wear my collar and I own you. If you want me to stop, say so now."

"Simon, use me. I am yours and I welcome you with open arms. Please, do it and don't hold back. I want you to impale me with your cock and never stop. I need you to use me, torture me, do whatever..."

Her hands went to his back and pulled him closer.

"Then get ready for the ride of your life, wife, as I intend to brand you for eternity."

Simon drove his cock deep within her and held still as it swelled inside her. He felt her body clamp down on him with no mercy as she welcomed his shaft. He began slow torture by thrusting in and out in an even pace while he played with her nipples. Lust took over and drove him to fierce and brutal passion as he pounded her body. She wrapped her legs around him and pulled him close as she locked her ankles together behind him.

He slid his hands under her back and, without losing a beat, he sat her on his lap. He pulled back to look in her face.

"I want to see your tits bounce as I come."

"Yes, yes..."

With the remaining bits of her sanity, she trailed her fingertips through his earlier release, then licked them off. The sight of this excited him more as he helped her move on him. He watched as her tits danced in front of his eyes and groaned. He felt the edge

and grabbed her by a handful of hair, then pulled her face to his. He gazed into her eyes, then kissed her hard. His tongue kept pace with his cock as he fucked her in both spots.

She wanted to scream, but his mouth covering hers gagged her and all she could do was whimper. He groaned as he exploded into her. He drew back from her, her eyes hazy in erotic bliss.

“If you weren’t already pregnant, you would be now.”

She fell against him.

“Mine,” she whispered against his neck.

“Mine,” he stated, “now and forever.”

Chapter 7

The next day, Charlotte woke to find Simon's side of the bed empty. A red rose and a note lay across his pillow.

Your dress is on the bench at the end of the bed. Wear nothing else and meet me downstairs.

I love you,

S

She slid from their bed and went to the bathroom. She smiled when she found another surprise waiting for her with a note.

To ease your mind, my love—S

She picked up the pregnancy test and took it. She set it aside as she took a shower. The previous night's sex left her aching in many ways. Simon had never made love to her the way he had in the last several hours, but it didn't matter because she wanted him as much as he wanted her. She looked in the mirror and saw the rosy color from the flogging had all but disappeared. She knew from her research that an expert flogger could do it as Simon had and not leave hideous welts or scars like some of the more uncaring or inexperienced floggers could.

The warmth of the water running over her soothed her as she washed the remnants of his release from her breasts. Her muscles relaxed from the heat as she languished under the soothing shower spray.

When she came out of the shower, she wrapped an oversized towel around her body and checked the tester. *Positive* was the result. She breathed a sigh of relief, as she wouldn't have been able to handle a negative answer. She wanted this baby, a part of Simon

and her, more than anything, save her husband. She walked out to the bed, dropped the towel, and placed the test results to the side.

She picked up the lavender silk dress and let it slide over her body. Her body reacted to its touch and she felt the dampness between her legs as her nipples pushed against the soft fabric. Charlotte smiled, loving Simon even more. As sure as she was in business, she needed him in private. He knew what she craved and what was best for her. The perfect Dom, he anticipated her every need while she wanted for nothing. She loved his world more and more each moment.

Charlotte went downstairs to find her husband. He called to her and she followed his voice to one of the terraces where he had breakfast set out and waiting for her.

“You look ravishing, my love. That color is good for you.”

“Thank you, master. The tester...”

He looked at it and grinned before he picked her up and spun her around.

“I love you, Charlotte Anderson, and I want the world to know.”

* * * *

After breakfast, he led her outside to where a horse-drawn carriage waited. The happy couple got in and went for a ride to a huge building on the other side of the vineyards.

“This is the winery where all the grapes you saw before will eventually wind up.”

“You make your own?”

“It’s one of California’s best.”

“What else haven’t you told me about yourself?”

“If I told you that, I wouldn’t have anything left to surprise you with.”

“You devil!”

He flashed a devilish grin and helped her from the carriage. Taking her hand, he led her inside a room where huge wooden casks held wine as it aged. They walked from there through the processing plant and then to the sorting room, where workers

separated the bad grapes from the ones used in the final product. Charlotte looked around her in awe, her eyes wide with wonder.

“This is all yours?”

“No, it’s all ours. Everything I own is legally yours. If anything happens to me, you and our children will never have to worry.”

“Please, don’t go there.”

He smiled, then kissed her.

“I plan to be around for a long time. I do have a good reason, don’t I?”

Simon led her into another room with long tables and many chairs. On one wall, she counted three huge cabinets filled with glasses. She looked at him, her questions in her eyes.

“This is the wine tasting room. We bring tours through here and the tourists sit and see if they can dazzle their friends with their newfound expertise.”

Charlotte laughed at the thought of this. He led her to the side of the room and showed her a small, lighted panel. Simon entered a code and a light lit as she heard several locks engage. He flicked another switch and drapes crossed in front of the windows facing the winery. He lowered the lights, then walked around the room lighting candles.

He came back to her and put his hand to her face.

“We’re safe here. No one will bother us unless the place is on fire.”

She pressed her face to his hand and looked at him.

Simon drew her close and into a deeply passionate kiss. She felt him as he untied the ribbons holding her dress together. He let it slip to the floor and pool at her feet. His hand went to her stomach, her hand on his.

“I love you, Charlotte. You taste better and sweeter than any fine wine this winery or any other can produce.”

“Simon, I love you and I want you. Please...”

Simon picked her up and stretched her out on the long table. He picked her dress up and folded it so she would have a pillow to rest her head on. He turned to the buffet and pulled two glasses

and a bottle of wine from it. He placed them on the table beside her, then retrieved a corkscrew from a drawer.

“This is our best year. It’s a sweet wine, smooth bouquet. I think you’ll like it.”

“What is it?”

“*Vin Charlotte.*”

“What?”

“Our latest creation. We needed a name before the orders for the labeling went in a couple days ago. I wanted to pay tribute to my gorgeous wife.”

“You shouldn’t have.”

“Too late. I registered the name after I ordered the labels and laid out the publicity campaign.”

“I have a wine named after me?”

“Yes.”

She threw her arms around him and pulled him down to her. Her tongue explored his mouth as she kissed him. Their tongues danced with each other before Simon drew back.

“Now, before you become upset at what I am about to do to you, I want you to know I have consulted with the family doctor in Virginia and he told me this is very safe to do. So relax and enjoy.”

Simon uncorked the bottle of *Vin Charlotte 2004* and poured a small bit into one of the glasses. He swirled it around and sniffed it, satisfied with color and bouquet. He tasted it and smiled.

“Well?” she asked.

He poured a little bit into the second glass and let her taste it as he supported her head while she sipped.

“Simon, it’s delicious!”

“Not as delicious as you, my sweet Charlotte.”

Simon ran his tongue along her body, concentrating on her nipples, belly piercing, and her pussy. Instinctively, she spread her legs for him and he lapped at her, enjoying his feast. He came back to her and kissed her. She unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it from his jeans, then unzipped the denim pants. He helped her when he removed the rest of his clothes and stood naked before her.

She reached for his erect cock and held him, caressing the velvety skin.

“Are you ready to learn how to taste wine?”

“Anything you wish, master.”

He smiled and poured some more of the pink colored liquid into his glass. After he set the bottle aside, he meticulously dripped the wine over her skin. It welled in her navel and the valley between her breasts, then ran down the sides of her tits from her firm buds. He moved toward her neck and dripped a little in the valley underneath her chin. He poured more and concentrated on her pussy next.

The chill of the wine sent thrills through her. She refused to move, as she didn't want to lose the tiny pools he had created on her. She laid her arm out to the side and out of the way while her other one reached for him, her hand teasing him.

“Look up, my darling.”

She gasped when she saw the mirrored ceiling and his artwork. She gazed at her body, covered in wine, and loved the sensations it caused in her. Her pussy clenched as she felt it begin to crème. She shivered a little and caused the tiny pools to sway back and forth.

“You are my pallet, Charlotte, and I will drink from you.”

“As you wish, master.”

He gave her another sip and put the glass aside. He kissed her and teased her nipples as he did. His hand moved down her side to her pussy and he inserted two fingers into her soaked and hot cunt.

“Your cunt begs for my attentions, slave.”

“Yes...”

“Your tits are not only gorgeous and seductive, but they taste better than fine wine. You are a vintage I plan to keep to myself.”

“Thank you, my lord and master. How may I please you?”

“Letting me drink from you is what I want from you right now. I will lick every drop from you and when I'm done, I will start over.”

“Simon...” she cried out as he finger fucked her. As soon as he knew she was ready, he crushed her mouth with his and kissed her

while she came and drowned his hand. He pulled back and watched as the orgasm claimed her.

He came at the same time her hand furiously worked him. She writhed from her climax, the wine bathing her as it rolled from the valleys.

“Call to me, Charlotte.”

“Simon.”

“What does my slave want?”

“Fuck me, master, without mercy as you did last night.”

“Very well, mistress. Your wish is my command.”

Simon mounted his wife and drove into her. She arched to him, her body desperately needing to be close to him. She reached for him but he pinned her arms over her head and bent to lick her nipples. His free hand squeezed her breast as he teased the nipple. She gasped when he drew her breast into his mouth and suckled her.

Her body writhed, begging to hold him but he continued to restrain her.

“Open your eyes and watch us, Charlotte. Watch me fuck your radiant body. I want you to watch your orgasm take you to new heights while I make love to your beautiful tits. He thrust into her and smiled as he watched her breasts move up and down with his movement. “Watch us, Charlotte, while I love you.”

“Yes, master...” she gasped as he drove her. She fought to free her hands, his grip firm. She lay back as climax after climax washed over them both. She cried out his name, desperation in her voice. “I need to touch you...”

Simon neared the edge and as he took her over it, he squeezed her breast while he nipped at the other nipple. She gasped, her breathing erratic, her body spent. When he released her hands, they automatically went under his arms and to his shoulders. She pulled him close and they kissed, hard and passionately.

“Fuck me while I hold you tight, husband of mine. I want your magnificent cock filling me. Please, master, use your slave as only you know how.”

“My God, Charlotte, I love you,” he said as he kissed her. Simon obeyed her wishes and as they came together, she pulled him to her and dug her nails into his shoulders to make sure he wouldn’t leave her. They called each other as their waves crested, then ebbed. He looked at her and smiled. “Mine.”

“Yours,” she whispered as she lapsed off.

Simon drew back, slid off the table, then cradled her in his arms. She had reached the pinnacle and gone further before her body showed her who was boss. Now, with her pregnant, he would have to make sure he eased up. He wouldn’t jeopardize her life or their baby’s.

* * * *

A month after their marriage, they returned to the Virginia estate from their California honeymoon. Charlotte’s pregnancy had been easy, though she had occasional bouts with nausea. Simon took care of her, always at her side.

He sat in the kitchen with a hot cup of coffee while she cooked breakfast for them. He watched her intently as she made French toast and eggs.

“My slave needs to be careful. I would hate for you to burn your gorgeous tits or anywhere else on your magnificent body.”

“What does my master suggest?”

“I’ll have to think about it. Maybe a black leather apron to cover the important areas.”

“Not too much. I want you to be able to touch me wherever you want, whenever you want.”

“As do I, but I want you safe.”

Charlotte had stopped wearing clothes from the moment they returned from the Napa Valley. She wanted to feel the freedom nudity afforded her and she wanted her husband’s touch anytime he wanted.

A favorite memory of hers went back to the library a few days before. She was reading, stretched out along the length of the leather couch near his desk. He read over ledgers for the winery but couldn’t concentrate. He put down his paperwork, went to her, and stood over her, just gazing at her beauty.

Under the heat of his gaze, she moved her legs apart without a word. She heard his groan of approval, then felt his hot breath on her aching pussy. His tongue darted over her swollen clit and then drove into her entrance. Her book fell to the floor as she opened more for him. Her hand went to his head and held him as he drank from her.

His hand went to her slightly tender breast and squeezed it. He cupped it as his thumb brushed over her distended nipple. His other hand held her ass and as she drenched him, he pressed her to him, needing to be as close as possible to her.

Charlotte's body shook. The orgasm took her to a new height as she could hear nothing going on around her and her eyesight became hazy. She saw Simon and only Simon. She wanted to sit up but he held her in place.

Her struggle against his arm aroused him and his cock begged for release, the release only his sweet Charlotte could give him. Raw passion took over as he drew back, lifted her from the couch, and carried her upstairs to their playroom. Once inside, he locked the door, then took her to a dark corner, one hidden in the shadows.

Her breath caught when she saw an x-frame, only this one could be maneuvered into several different positions at her master's whim. She creamed more at the thoughts of what he might do to her.

Simon led her up to it, turned her, then restrained her to it with great care. He took her right hand and kissed it, then secured it with a silk-lined leather strap. He repeated the same with her left hand. He moved to her feet and pressed kisses against her ankles before he laid the straps across them and hooked them into place.

“Beautiful.”

“Thank you, master.”

“My slave will not say a word aside from letting me know how she feels. I have no orders for you except to experience what we are about to do. Do not hold back, my sweet. I want to hear everything you're feeling.”

As he spoke, he massaged her nipples and sent tiny shocks through her when he tugged on the nipple rings. She caught her breath and watched as he went to a drawer and pulled out a new gold chain.

“This chain is a little heavier than your first one,” he informed her as he attached the small clasps to each ring. He pulled out what appeared to be charms and attached them next, then stood back to make sure they dangled free of the chain.

“I have just applied nipple weights to your rings. Their purpose is to pull your nipple down...”

“I feel a stinging from them.”

“Good, then you’ll like what they do to you.”

He laved over each bud with his tongue and heard her reaction as her breath caught. He smiled against her body as he trailed along her stomach. He tugged on the navel ring and then on it and the chain combined and she gasped.

He could smell her musky arousal; her personal identifying scent and his cock throbbed for her. Simon put aside his desires and concentrated on Charlotte’s training. Though she had come to him an eager and natural submissive, he had yet to complete her training. The thought of her initial reactions to his dominance rocked him.

Simon stepped to a wall panel and pressed a button. The top of the frame slowly moved forward while her feet went back towards the wall. Her hands clenched as the weights pulled on her nipples and hung freely. Shocks went through her and her body followed the source. Simon gave the chain another tug and she cried out.

“Very good, Charlotte. Remember, do not hold anything back.”

“Do I have master’s permission to come?”

“Yes, sweet Charlotte you do.”

“Thank you, my lord.”

He pressed another button and the frame lifted her toward the ceiling. When it stopped, he stepped in beneath her and tongued

her nipples. He nipped at one, then laved it and repeated the act with the other.

“Please, master...”

He kissed her hard, her eyes closed tight. His hand went to her pussy and rubbed against it. Charlotte drowned him as she came. His fingers slid inside and with three, he finger fucked her while he tortured her nipples with a small soft brush he pulled from his pocket. Charlotte’s body rocked from the sensations he created, her hands clenched tight.

She cried out for more as the climax washed over her. She begged him for relief.

“No, slave. I want to keep you aroused and on the edge for a while longer.”

“Then show me no mercy, master.”

Her words struck him. Not one of his previous submissives had gone this far in training, while Charlotte fed on it. He went to another drawer and pulled out a black silk blindfold. After he kissed her, he tied it over her eyes, then went back to the wall panel.

She heard a motor start and felt the gentle lurch of the frame as it moved. When it stopped, she felt like she was on her side.

“I am adding another strap to secure my slave in her place.”

“Thank you, master.”

He placed it across her body just above her stomach. Then she felt a tug on the chain. Her body answered this and she heard his approval. His hand massaged her belly and she melted to him.

“Open to me, Charlotte,” he commanded, he wanted to know what she wanted him to do. Charlotte opened her mouth and tried to spread her legs more for him.

“Excellent, slave,” he complimented.

He rewarded her with what he knew she craved. He removed his pants and the silk boxers he preferred and stepped to her waiting mouth. She looked like a small bird waiting to be fed and he would do just that.

Charlotte eagerly took his cock and began working on him. She licked cum from his slit, then bathed him before she went

down on him. He slid three fingers into her pussy and fucked her again as she matched his pace to take him. He marveled as her breasts hung free and moved in time with her movements.

“Take me, Charlotte. Take it all.”

His hand pressed her head to him while his other drowned in her desires.

“Come, Charlotte.”

She moaned as they exploded together. She drank every drop and drenched his hand as wave after wave crested over her. She fought to touch him, the restraints holding her in place. She drew back and swallowed, then gasped for air. Her head spun as he kept up his assault on her pussy.

“My dear, sweet Charlotte. Your tits are beautiful as they shake while you suck my cock and I lay claim to your glorious cunt. You are a wonder, my slave.”

Charlotte’s answer to his compliment was to seek out his cock and suck it again. He groaned as she did and continued his assault on her pussy as he added a fourth finger. As it slid inside her, he wiggled his fingers and drove her over the edge. She furiously went down on his engorged shaft and drew him out. She drank from his soul and greedily wanted more.

He pressed the switch and the frame straightened. She panted, like a dog needing water after a long run in a spring field. Simon pressed a bottle of water to her lips and she drank. His hand continued to make her come as he reached for two more leather straps. With one hand, he clumsily strapped them across her legs to pull her thighs further apart.

“I want to see your cunt exposed to me.”

“Yes, please, whatever my master desires.”

The touch of a cool damp cloth on her aching pussy sent chills through her. She felt the gel he used to shave her as he applied it, then the razor blade as he shaved her mons and her pussy. He massaged oil into her skin except over her clit and she knew what he would do next.

She felt him take her clit and tug on it as he attached a clit clamp. He pressed it together to hold it in place and the sting sent her reeling.

“Do not come, slave.”

“I won’t, master.”

She felt a weigh attached and the slight pressure of her sensitive skin tugged away from her.

“Does my slave desire her lips pierced?”

“As my master desires. Please, may I come?”

“Not yet.” She groaned and he smiled.

He pulled a tray from the counter and picked out a pair of gold rings. He brought her to the edge and as she cried out, he pierced one side, then the other.

“I have pierced your labia with a pair of ringlets for your chain. What do you feel?”

“Like I’ve been jolted by an electric shock. Please, master, love me...”

Simon’s mouth crushed hers as he brutally kissed her, no longer capable of holding back his feelings. He submitted to her wishes and loved her. Even though he had just pierced her, he drove his waiting cock into her and impaled his wife on his shaft. His need overwhelmed him as he took her without mercy.

She kissed him back as brutally as he kissed her, a perfect match. As he felt himself nearing the edge, he cupped her breasts and fingered her tingling nipples. As he filled her, he squeezed her soft breasts and kissed her hard.

Charlotte fought her restraints to no avail. Simon had made sure she wouldn’t be able to move and it thrilled her even more. With complete trust in this man, she knew he would never do anything to endanger her or their growing baby. Charlotte understood her role completely and reveled in it. She surprised him when he drew back to take a breath.

“I am your wanting slave, ready to please and pleasure you whenever you desire. I want to always be naked for you to give you complete access to my body and all the joy it gives you. I love you and trust you without question to do what’s right for me and our

child. I will never want for anything, as my master will see to my desires. I wear your collar and your brands and I love you even more each day. Thank you, master, for showing me the way.”

Her words took him by surprise.

“I am your master, my dear sweet Charlotte. I love you and the life you carry within your womb. To have your declaration pleases me more than you will ever know. Your trust in me is an awesome thing, and I vow never to abuse it. You are my slave, my wife and the mother of my child and to see your naked beauty and know it is only for me gives me more pleasure than I could ever conceive possible. I love you more each day and am grateful you agreed to your submission. I dominate you and you dominate me, mistress. Thank you, mistress for giving me life.”

He kissed her deeply as he released her from the rack. He broke the kiss long enough to free her ankles, then carried her to a chaise where he placed her on a soft coverlet, spread her legs and checked her piercings. His cocked throbbed and he knew she wanted him. He pulled her up to him and she took his cock deep into her throat. He removed the blindfold, tied her hands together, and held them over her head.

Charlotte smiled at the memory as she came back to the present. Simon gazed at her, deeply in love with her.

“Where are you?”

“With you, my master. Always with you.”

* * * *

“Hello?”

“Hey, how are you?”

“We’re good. What’s up, Trev?”

“The senator’s on the move. He’s supposed to be going to the convention, but something’s strange about it all. I wanted to warn you to take care.”

“I appreciate it. With Charlotte pregnant, I don’t want him...”

“I don’t even want to go there.”

Simon and Trevor agreed to increase the police detail on the estate. Simon advised him they would stay close to the farm,

though he knew his wife had some business to take care of at the tour office.

“Keep her close until we get him. While you were away, another woman turned up dead and it smacked of Grimes.”

“What happened?”

“They were at another club and he evidently wanted her to act like a puppy. From what I understand, she disobeyed him and he took her into the center of the room and beat her in front of everyone. It looks like he’s into public display. He took her home and left her on her doorstep. A neighbor found her this morning in the front yard, dead from head trauma. The kicker to this is the witnesses state he was with a dark-haired woman but when we pulled the wig off, blonde hair tumbled out. Simon, brace yourself, but she had been made up to look like your wife.”

The news sent him reeling. One man’s personal vendetta now involved his wife and child.

“Trevor, get him before I do.”

* * * *

“This just came for you, Simon.”

“Thank you, Allistair.”

Simon waited for him to leave and opened the letter. Charlotte napped so he walked to his study for time alone. He froze.

Last night’s murder is your fault. I owe you and your wife.

Nobody treats me like you have and gets away with it.

Your time is coming, Simon. Hers too.

You cannot hide—anywhere.

Simon immediately called Trevor back and told him. Within the hour, a police helicopter landed on the lower lawn. Hammond raced to the house where Simon waited with Charlotte at his side.

“Does she know?”

“Yes, I would never keep something like this from her.”

“You have to go into protective until we get him.”

“We do that and he will keep killing until he gets us. It’s me he really wants; the others are tools he’s using against me. How many more have to die while we are...”

“Ok, but I want Charlotte safe.”

“No, I will stay with Simon.”

“You have to think about the baby. You can’t risk that precious innocent.”

“I will not leave. I trust Simon.”

Simon turned to her and looked into her eyes.

“Charlotte, I can’t fight this on top of the fear he’s going to hurt you. If I lose you or the baby, I’ll...”

“Simon, I love you. I won’t leave you unless my master commands it.”

Simon didn’t like the position his wife had put him into. He could very well order her to go to a safe house while he and Trevor took care of the looming threat and he knew she would obey him. He knew she was fully aware of what the separation would do to them both. As her master, he knew he had to make the right decision but his mind raced.

She held his hand and the heat between them comforted him. After what seemed an eternity, Simon turned to Trevor.

“She stays with me. Increase the police patrols and do what you have to. We are going to act as if there is no threat. The sooner we take care of Grimes, the sooner I can get our lives back on track and prepare for the birth of our baby.”

“But the risk...”

“I know the risk I’m taking, but this madman has to be stopped. The longer his threat looms, the more he wins and I refuse to let that pompous ass win any longer.”

“Charlotte, are you all right with this?”

“The monster has to be stopped,” she said quietly.

“I hope you know what you’re doing, bro.”

* * * *

Trevor had security tightened around the Andersons. He didn’t like the path they chose, but he understood it. Simon Anderson was not a man to be held down by anything or anyone save his beautiful and sexy wife. She had to be special for him to be following this route. Before her, he would have taken an extended vacation until the perp had been caught.

Simon had been threatened before, but never like this. He had to make a stand or others would follow in Grime's footsteps. Simon stood to lose way too much if he failed, beginning with his family and ending with his financial empire. Simon had been caught in a noose that slowly tightened around him and he fought to regain control.

Trevor prayed his brother-in-law knew what he was doing.

* * * *

Grimes came down from the power of the adrenaline rush after his latest murder. It never ceased to amaze him how whores would do anything to please the man paying for their services. Roxie had been no exception as she happily wore the wig he shoved into her hands.

"Ah, role-player, I see."

"Just put in on," he ordered.

"Sure, baby," she cooed as she went to the mirror and went to work on her makeover. When she turned, she got his approval and they left for *Congress Hill*, another elite sex club.

The evening went as planned until she refused to get down on her knees and act like a begging dog. Her insolent refusal angered him and he slapped her. Thrown out of yet another Washington club, he took her home and left her battered body on the doorstep, then drove away.

Rage took over and he returned, dragged her from where he left her a few minutes before, and beat the remaining shreds of her life out of her.

"Worthless trash," he muttered as he left her.

He read the front-page and found a small item on a senator's secretary found murdered in her front yard. The senator, one of the few who had seniority on Grimes, was said to be distraught on the loss of his niece. Grimes laughed. Without realizing what he had accomplished, he added another trophy to his resume.

Grimes settled down and waited for news on his main targets. They had to surface and soon. Anderson wouldn't get away with embarrassing the great senator. He would make sure of it and in the process, show his enemy how to really dominate a woman.

Chapter 8

Simon and Charlotte rose early to the warmth of sunlight flooding their room. They had spent the night in the darkness of Simon's playroom and later moved to their bed between black satin sheets. As he slid from her side, the sheet moved from her and gave him an exquisite view of his wife.

Since she had become pregnant, her breasts had become rounder and subtler. She had a new beauty about her as nature took over. He gazed at her before he pulled himself away to go check his businesses and the news.

"What a view to wake up to, my master," she said as he walked to his desk.

"I don't compare to you. You grow more beautiful each day, my sweet Charlotte."

"Come back to bed and tell me how to please you."

"In a moment, I need to check the news and financials from Hong Kong."

He went to the computer and brought up the reports he wanted to see. As he stood, engrossed with the figures, he didn't see her slip from their bed and cross the room to him. Her touch brought a groan from him as he felt her soft hands on his cock. He tried to concentrate on a news item about a grisly murder in DC, but Charlotte caused his attention to waver as he relished the touch of her lips to his shaft.

Charlotte teased him before she took his entire length deep into her mouth. She played with his balls until she had him where she wanted him and pulled her hands behind her back. He groaned again, this time at the sight of his beautiful wife on her knees, her

hands behind her while she gave him glorious head. His hand went to her head and pressed her closer as she sucked him with a furious pace.

He could take it no longer and matched her pace, thrusting his cock into her mouth while he fucked her. Charlotte moaned with delight when he filled her with every drop in him.

“Charlotte!” he cried out as he exploded deep in her throat. Never had he found a submissive who loved to suck his cock like his wife. She had taken him to new levels and each time, gave him more.

He pressed her closer as she laved her tongue over his length licking his seed from him. As he released her, her tongue played in his slit as if trying to get any lasting remnants of his desire.

“My God, woman,” he gasped.

“Have I pleased my master?”

“My God, yes. I want to fuck that pussy of yours right now. Come here, slave.”

“Yes, master,” she said as she stood up. He kissed her as he laid her across the desk.

“Charlotte, you will place your hands on the edge of the desk and part your legs.”

“Yes, master,” she said as she obeyed his command.

“I want to squeeze your gorgeous tits while I take your pussy.”

“Anything, please...”

He moved her hair from her shoulder and kissed her while he teased her entrance. Wet and waiting, he slid inside her easily. He rose off her back and leaned to the side to open a drawer. He pulled out an anal plug and pushed it into her ass, Charlotte moaning in delight. As he pressed his body to her and drove his cock deeper, his arms surrounded her.

“I love seeing your tits hang free for me. To see them move without restraint drives me crazy.” As he spoke, he thrust into his wife, her breasts brushing his hands. The nipple rings had not only served to keep her aroused at all times, but made her more sensitive when something barely touched them. As she tried to hold back her emotions, he tugged on the rings and she gasped.

Charlotte drenched his cock more as she came. His pace quicker, his force more powerful over her, she couldn't help but cry out his name.

"Simon, please..."

Simon slammed into her like a runaway freight train, his fury unleashed. She tightened her grip on the desk as he fucked her in both her pussy and her ass. As they came together, he squeezed her breasts and pulled her against him. Her hands went to his neck for support, her legs weak.

"Master, thank you."

"No, mistress, thank you. I love you, Charlotte."

She turned to kiss him. His lips covered hers as his tongue delved deep into her mouth. Simon felt his cock swell and fill her and groaned. As the heat built between them, he kissed her while he thrust into her and squeezed her breasts.

Simon satisfied his wife in four ways as he brutally took her against his desk. She cried out, but not from pain. She had never experienced pure, unadulterated love as they just had and she feared losing it. Simon felt her emotions, because deep in his soul, he felt the same things.

"Mine," he whispered.

"Yours," she agreed.

* * * *

"What is on the schedule for today, mistress?"

"I have a doctor's appointment with the OB/GYN and then I thought I'd come home and..."

"Hold that thought," he said, grinning as the phone rang. He hung up and told her he had to go to the club about an incident the night before. "We'll drive in, drop me at the club and the limo is yours when you are done. I'm not sure how long this might take."

"How about I meet you there? I haven't been there since our first night together."

"Late lunch or early dinner?"

"Maybe more," she hinted as she kissed him. She laved her tongue over his neck then blew gently over it. His arms went around her and pulled her close.

Simon drew back, kissed her deeply, passionately, and full of love for his wife and the mother of his child. Her hands grabbed his hair and held him to her while she returned the kiss as he gave it. They loved each other more each moment, an unbelievable bond created.

“I can’t wait, mistress,” he whispered, his breath taken away.

Simon wanted to take her again, only somewhere the world couldn’t touch them. Instead, he gazed at her, picked her up, and carried her to the shower. They loved each other under the hot water, then he surprised her.

Simon dressed her, refusing to let her do it on her own.

“My wife carries my child. She deserves to be babied and only by me.”

“I could get used to this,” she murmured. When he finished, she wore a black lace thong under tight black jeans and a black silk blouse over nothing but her soft skin.

“I want you free and sensing everything though no other will see everything about you.”

“Yes, master,” she said with a smile. “I love silk against my skin, especially when you’ve dressed me.”

“Only the most erotic for my wife.”

“I love it.”

* * * *

“Yeah, what?”

“Senator, the Andersons are leaving their estate now.”

“Good, follow them and if they separate, you know what to do.”

“Yes, sir.”

Grimes hung up and smiled. Soon, he would get Simon Anderson back for throwing him out of *The President’s Pub* and humiliating him. He’d also show his wife what a real master could make her do.

“Douglas, get the guest room ready for Mrs. Anderson as we discussed. She’ll be here a little later.”

“And for Mister Anderson?”

“He can wake up in the basement in the storage closet, for all I care.”

“Yes, sir.” Douglas hurried from the room to do the senator’s bidding.

Grimes laughed at the thought of how interesting the evening would be.

* * * *

“Charlotte, this is Bryan. He’ll be driving today.”

“It’s nice to meet you,” she said, smiling.

Simon helped her into the car, then turned to Bryan.

“After you drop me off at the club, I want you to take my wife to her appointment and then her office if she’d like. After that, she’s meeting me at the club for a late lunch.”

Bryan tipped his hat in acknowledgement of Simon’s instructions and closed the limo door once Simon had settled inside. Charlotte snuggled next to him, the mere touch of his body against her sensitive skin driving her crazy.

His hand went to her breast and massaged her feeling something different.

“Where are your nipple rings?”

“I don’t think my doctor appreciates them. Besides, they are aroused as you like them.”

Simon had to agree with her. He noticed her firm tips pressed against the silk and grinned. He squeezed again and she moaned.

“You are beautiful, my love.”

“Thank you, my lord and master.”

Simon lifted her chin and gazed at her. His mouth covered hers as he kissed her deeply, his love overwhelming her. She sensed something wrong and drew back.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m worried about you both. I keep wondering if I made the wrong decision.”

“I won’t leave you. Any threat to you threatens me. If anything happens to you, how will I go on?”

Simon pulled her closer and held her. She slipped her hand to where his cock strained to be free of his pants. She rubbed him and went to pull his zipper down.

“Not now. The club is around the corner and you have an appointment.” He brought her hand to his lips and kissed her palm, then each fingertip. He grinned when he saw her pouting like a small child who was told they couldn’t have a toy from the store.

“Ah, my sweet Charlotte, I love you.”

The car pulled to a stop in front of *The President’s Pub* and Simon pulled her to him. As he draped her over his lap, he kissed her hard. Her arms went around his neck as she pulled him closer while his hand massaged her breast, then moved to her stomach. She moaned into the kiss and his hand went back to her breast. She pushed herself to him, afraid of any space between them.

“Mine,” he said.

“Always, I am yours, master.”

* * * *

Charlotte settled into the plush leather seat of the huge limo. She felt lost in it and away from her husband. She hated being away from him but he had to attend to the club’s affairs and she had to see her doctor.

A short time later, the driver pulled up to the Medical Arts building at the University Hospital. She assured the driver she wouldn’t be long and went into the lobby, then up to the fourth floor and Doctor Allie Black’s office. She went in, checked in with the nurse, and sat down.

Allie Black had been practicing for fifteen years. In her forties, she had dark hair and a firm figure from daily runs along the Mall in Washington and workouts several times a week. While she tried to be open to what her patients did in their private lives, one thing she didn’t like was body piercings. When she had first seen Charlotte’s, it took her back as she had heard of them but never actually seen them in reality, especially in the labial area. Charlotte understood and promised herself to remember to remove them before her appointments. The only one she would not remove was the navel piercing.

A few minutes later, Charlotte went into the small exam room and stripped out of her clothes for her check-up. A few minutes later, Allie joined her.

“How are you feeling today?”

“Good.”

“Any nausea?”

“A little but we’ve found the baby likes to be massaged.”

“Interesting,” Allie said with a smile. She took out a tape measure and measured Charlotte’s stomach to check the progress of the baby’s growth. Then she put gel on her stomach and spread it over her before she placed a small unit against her and started to scan. Once she got to the spot she wanted, she glanced at her patient and waited.

“What’s... Is that...”

“That is your baby’s heartbeat.”

Charlotte couldn’t believe she was listening to the baby’s heart as it pumped away, strong and healthy.

“It’s amazing.”

“I love watching a new mother’s first listen. Charlotte, you’ll be having a strong little one in seven, maybe eight months.”

Charlotte smiled, happy with the news, though she wished Simon had been with her to listen to their baby’s heartbeat.

Before she left the office, she made her next appointment for two weeks later, then said good-bye to the receptionist. As she walked down the corridor to the lobby, her hand went to her stomach and gently rubbed it, everything good in her world.

* * * *

The limo pulled around to the front of the Medical Arts building. The driver opened the door for the woman coming out from the lobby. Once she settled inside, he closed the door and ran to the driver’s side. His hand grabbed the door handle and just opened the door, when someone hit him over the head and shoved his unconscious body across the front seat.

At a stoplight, the passenger side front door opened and his body slid from the car to the hot asphalt of the highway. The light

changed and the limo sped off, leaving him in the middle of midday traffic.

“Sir, we have your guest.”

* * * *

Simon entered the club and went to see his manager.

“What happened here last night?”

“Nothing, sir. I would have called you if anything had.”

“I got a call this morning about an incident needing my immediate attention.”

“Not from here, sir. I’ve been the only one here and haven’t called anyone.”

“Shit! Call my home and ask for my wife.” Simon pulled out his cell phone and called Charlotte’s. He got her voice mail. Checking his watch, he figured she was in with the doctor.

“Sweet Charlotte, call me as soon as you get this. Love you.”

He hung up and paced, waiting for his manager to get back to him about the call to his home.

“I’m sorry, sir. Your butler said he has heard nothing from her.”

“Thank you. I’ll be here in my office. Oh, I’d like a late lunch prepared for when my wife gets here.” He gave Randall the menu and the man left. Simon sat at his desk and went over paperwork needing his attention. He couldn’t concentrate on it, worried about his wife. *Why didn’t I stay with her?*

His cell rang.

“Charlotte?”

“Unfortunately not. Sorry.”

“Trevor, I’m sorry. I left a message for her to call me as soon as she finished at the doctor’s.”

“New father jitters?”

“Something like that. What’s up?”

“Did you have a new driver today?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Simon, I’ve got bad news.”

* * * *

“Hammond.”

“We’ve got an accident case you may be interested in.”

“Oh, how so?”

“The driver of an expensive limo was found dumped in the middle of one of our busier intersections unconscious. In his hand, he held an envelope addressed to both you and Simon Anderson.”

“Did you open it?”

“No, sir.”

“Good, I’m on my way.”

Trevor ran out of the office and grabbed his department issued Ford Crown Victoria. He sped to the accident scene and arrived as the ambulance drove off with the victim.

“Lieutenant Webb, sir. I called you as soon as I could. Here’s the envelope.”

Trevor pulled on a pair of latex gloves before he took the envelope. Carefully, he opened it and pulled out the note inside.

*I have the lovely Charlotte Anderson. Wait for my call and
make sure you meet my demands, or she winds up another
Washington statistic for sex murders.*

A chill ran up and down his spine. The worst had happened, despite their precautions. Now, he had to call his brother-in-law and inform him his wife had been abducted in broad daylight with no witnesses.

Fuck, I hate this part of the job!

He called Simon and heard the concern in his voice when he answered the phone. Though he tried to make light of it, Trevor knew Simon sensed the worst and more than likely, was right.

“Si, it’s Trev...”

“Don’t you dare tell me...”

“I’ve got bad news.”

“Your limo driver is dead and... Charlotte’s gone. There was a note. Meet me at the lab and I’ll show it to you.”

“I’m on my way.”

* * * *

Simon walked into the police lab, pale from the news about his wife. Trevor silently passed him the note and waited.

“Prints?”

“It’s clean but we traced the paper to Grimes’ office and the writing matches his to a tee.”

“Where the hell is he?”

“Patience, Simon, patience. Going in full tilt like I know you want to do can get her killed.”

“I want my wife. She can’t handle his cruelty, not in her condition.”

“Simon, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing, she’s pregnant. She was coming from her doctor’s office to meet me at the club. The driver was a sub because Allistair had something to take care of.”

“Trust me, we’ll get her back and in one piece. Blair would shoot me if I didn’t do my job. Your sister loves you and Charlotte, and this will kill her when she hears about it.”

“What do you suggest I do?”

“Wait for his call. He will get a hold of you one way or another because he wants to torture you and see you suffer.”

“I’m telling you right now...that bastard harms her and I swear to God I’ll kill him.”

* * * *

Charlotte woke, unable to move. She saw she had been left in a huge room in the center of the floor. The walls bright enough to blind her, thanks to the lighting, she closed her eyes. She opened them again and looked around, unable to turn her head. She saw the high-polished marble floor she sat on and felt the chill of it against her naked skin. Fear took over when she heard footsteps behind her.

“Ah, Mrs. Anderson. It’s about time. I wanted to talk with you before I called your husband. Comfortable, I trust?”

Charlotte glared at him. She couldn’t be sure, but she sensed something terrifying.

“It’s *Shibari*, an eastern form of torture using knots. Some call it erotic and if the subject is bound right, it can be very stimulating. Knots are placed in strategic positions to arouse the one tied up. It is also known as *kinbaku*, or rope torture, and was successfully used to pry information from enemy captives. I’ve used hemp rope in

your case to heighten the awareness of your skin. I want you to feel every millimeter of your body.”

Charlotte tried to plead with him to release her but Grimes laughed.

“I had the pleasure of binding your breasts to enhance their shape and give me clear access to them when I want to play with you. There is a knot placed at your clit and if you move, it will cause you to beg for release. Now, you notice the position I placed you in.”

Charlotte carefully looked down and saw her legs crossed at the knees, each foot on the opposite side of her body and pulled back. She looked back at him as he laughed.

“I added my own little twist to this. I’m quite sure you can feel your arms bound behind you. The rope starts at your right ankle, loops around your hand, then goes up to your neck, where it again loops around and follows back to your left foot. In essence, I’ve used an ancient Egyptian method of murder. As you tire or if you try to stretch out, you will slowly choke yourself. I would keep my strength up if I were you, or you may never see that bastard of a husband of yours again, or the brat you carry.”

She whimpered, again trying to plead with the madman holding her. He had placed cloth in her mouth and secured it with more of the hemp. She felt the huge knot in her mouth as the sharp fibers cut at her skin.

“Keep perfectly still, dear sweet Charlotte, and you might live longer.”

Grimes left her in the huge room, alone and terrified. One move, even by accident, could end her life and she couldn’t do anything to stop this. *Please, Simon, help me...*

Chapter 9

“Anderson.”

“Any word yet?”

“No, it’s been hours.”

“No, it’s only been an hour and a half. I won’t ask you how you’re doing.”

“Good, don’t.”

Simon Anderson had been going crazy with Charlotte missing for—*how long?* The hint of failure crept into his soul. He should have gone with her to her doctor’s appointment and let his manager handle the problem at the club.

Horrible thoughts ran through his mind knowing what Augie Grimes could do to her. The man epitomized the meaning of unstable. Now, the maniac had Charlotte and nothing could be done until they got word from him. Grimes sat in the catbird’s seat and could let it go on for days, if he even contacted them at all.

Home overwhelmed him, empty without her. The place he’d always loved, he now hated. He thought about the vineyards but without Charlotte with him, the thoughts became useless memories. If she died because of a deranged senator, he’d...

“Simon, this just came for you,” Allistair cautiously announced.

“Thanks.”

“Can I get you anything?”

“My wife back.”

“I’m sorry, sir. I...”

“Allistair, you’re not to blame. I should have been with her. Now, I’ve lost her...”

“Thinking like that is giving Grimes everything he wants. You’re letting him win.”

Simon realized Allistair made sense. If he fell into depression or gave up, Grimes had won and Charlotte didn’t stand a chance. He thanked Allistair for being his rock and went to his desk. He picked up the phone, a direct line to the club, and waited for his manager to pick up.

“Yes, sir?”

“Can you bring me the file on Senator Augie Grimes?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I’m at the house in Georgetown.”

Half an hour later, Simon had the file in his hand and read through the personal information compiled on Grimes over the course of his membership. He found what he wanted and called Trevor.

“I think I may have something.”

“What?”

“Grimes owns several places in and around Washington. He’s got his official address where Barb is, the office/apartment near the Capitol and an apartment on the other side of town.”

“We know about them and he’s not there. His wife has no clue where he’s been for seventy-two hours.”

“Did you know he owns a mansion on the Chesapeake up around Aberdeen, Maryland?”

“And out of my jurisdiction.”

Simon gave him the location of the property and said he would meet Trevor there.

“Si, you can’t lone wolf this.”

“He wants me. I’m going to oblige him, but on my schedule.”

“You’ll push him over the edge.”

“That’s what I want.”

“And if he kills Charlotte?”

Dead silence.

“Simon?”

No answer, then the recorded message: *If you’d like to place a call, please...*

“Damn it! O’Neill, get me the Maryland State Police at Aberdeen, ASAP.”

* * * *

For over twenty years, Grimes was a United States Senator. His voting record always middle of the road, he tended to side with the moneymen, the ones who donated to and made sure he stayed in office. If the Elections Board ever found out where campaign contributions went over the years, they would have thrown him in jail sometime during his third term.

At sixty-three, he prided himself on his photogenic looks and the many women falling for him, wanting to share his bed—*God, if they only knew.*

He walked around the estate he fled to when affairs in DC overwhelmed him. Not even his loving wife Barb had ever been here. If she ever found out about it, hell would have been an easy paradise compared to what she could have put him through. The real trick to keeping this place became eluding the security detail assigned to him and the others, especially after 9-11. Once he figured out how, he successfully ditched them and went to his haven from life.

A boat sailed by on the Chesapeake as it lazily meandered past the house. He watched it to make sure they hadn’t paid attention to him, then made his way inside to a small room off to the side of the rear entrance. Inside, it housed a security system the previous owners had installed. Cameras scanned the outside of the house and the rooms inside. At this moment, he only cared about one room—the ballroom where his evening’s entertainment would take place.

He watched her and grinned at the sight of Simon Anderson’s wife sitting in the center of the floor, naked and trussed to the point if she moved, she’d die immediately. He’d studied the Asian style of torture and its sexual uses as knots stimulated or tortured, depending on how the discipline had been applied. He had always been intrigued by Egyptian ways after he saw the practice on an episode of *BATMAN* when he was a child. *Moreover, they wondered*

why he voted against any bills regulating what viewers could see on television or in the movies.

He glanced at the clock on the console and noted she had been in the same position for an hour. Simon Anderson had found a submissive with stamina and Grimes would enjoy every second.

His thoughts turned to Anderson, and when he should call the bastard about his wife. *Should I have him brought to the house while she was still very much alive, or wait until she'd been dead for a bit and I have an airtight alibi?* It didn't matter at this point. No one knew where he had taken her, so he had some time to play with.

Augie Grimes stared at the beauty on the screen, and how he'd enhanced her tits with the rope bondage. He wanted to take her but held back, even though his dick begged for her. *Damn, this would be fun...*

* * * *

Simon drove to Aberdeen, pushing the Jaguar to its limits. He knew where the house was and could easily hide his presence from the owner. From the map Allistair pulled up on the computer for him, he saw a small drive leading to the lower end of the property. From what they could tell, it was used by the weather service for their research projects. Now, he would take advantage of it.

He parked the car off to the side in the rear of a small building, nicely hiding it from view of the house. He checked his shoulder holster; his Colt Python nestled comfortably by his side. He made sure he had extra clips and checked the one hidden in his boot. In his other boot, he felt the small but deadly knife he always carried. One way or another, he would be armed unless Grimes came up with other ideas.

Satisfied he had what he needed; he traveled the distance to the estate on foot. As he neared it, he saw security cameras scanning the property. As long as he went with their set search area, he would be able to get around them and make it to the house without tipping off his adversary. He easily circumvented the system and crept to the rear of the house.

Simon took out an old floor plan of the house Allistair pulled from the net. With the possibility of historic significance, he

accessed it without a problem. He noticed a new addition off to the east side of the main house and prayed Grimes would keep his *party* in the main house. As he made sure of his surroundings, he quickly decided where he wanted to make his entry.

The main house had been built in a style where most of the first floor rooms opened into a huge ballroom. The only ones which did not, were the kitchen and a small library near where he was. He folded the floor plan up and went to the windows to see what, if anything, Grimes might be doing. The first set of windows allowed him to see the huge living room. The double doors to the ballroom had been left open and he saw the last thing he could ever imagine.

My God, Charlotte...

He ducked down and closed his eyes to get his mind straight. He immediately saw how Grimes had bound her. Intricate but effective, he rendered her immobile leaving him the freedom to do what he wanted in the meantime. One move from Charlotte and she would kill herself without Grimes touching her.

When Simon started into the life years before, his mistress used *Shibari* and bound him to the point the experience remained one of his favorite memories of Mistress Melina. The set-up Grimes used on Charlotte would heighten her body's arousal to the point the slightest movement could send her over the edge. The knots would begin to do their job once she began to weaken from her position. Usually very stimulating, the addition of the Egyptian torture bonds made it extremely deadly.

He checked his watch and calculated almost two hours since she had been taken. Charlotte had an amazing stamina and could last a while but bound this way, her circulation would stop, and her body would begin to fail her. He had to do something and soon.

Simon cautiously crept to the set of windows for the library and checked the room. No one was in it and the door was closed, he tried the window. As he was about to touch the glass, he noticed a small wire and stopped, silently cursing to himself. He knelt down and thought while he calmed his breathing. *Stay calm... Don't loose your...*

“I’ve been waiting for you.”

* * * *

Charlotte Anderson remained in the same position she had been in since the senator brought her here earlier. Myriads of emotions and sensations coursed through her, her mind racing trying to make sense out of it.

She had read about erotic knots, and how they stimulated sexual arousal. So far, she hadn’t moved. Moving could kill her. She started at the top and worked her way down as she took stock of exactly what Grimes had done. First, the huge knot in her mouth chafed her and the cloth made her sicker. She prayed the baby wouldn’t react to this and add to her problems.

She felt the rope around her neck. So far, it remained slack enough to allow her to swallow but she knew it would not remain that way much longer. Her hands were bound behind her, her arms stiff, and she could feel them begin to slip. If she figured right, the loops around her wrists would tighten first, followed by the length around her neck. She closed her eyes and silently cried.

Her legs numbed a while before she could feel her ankles slip as her body naturally tried to straighten out. She pulled her feet towards her once more. *Thank God for yoga...*

She concentrated on the harness he placed her in. He bound her breasts tightly and she had to admit, it would feel good to her at another time and only with Simon. She could feel her nipples as they ached for release from the blood forced to them from the pressure of the binding. She felt a knot at the base of her throat and several others at different spots on her body. She could see one set over her navel and the piercing as it played with the charm every once in a while. The knot that concerned her most was the one he placed at her pussy. Where it sat, it pressed against her clit. If she moved, it did, and the sensation sent shocks through her.

Charlotte altered her position enough to move the knot from her clit and give her some ease and a chance to breathe. The only problem she had with this was the pressure applied to her anus. No matter what she did, she would arouse her body, and it needed

release. If she stopped one, she started another. The pleasure she could enjoy turned to pain with her need to stay alive.

Simon, please, I don't know how much longer I can hold out.

* * * *

"We'll get a chopper over there..."

"No, I don't want to spook him. The guy is unstable and I don't know what he'll do to the hostage. She's pregnant, so I want to do this as quietly as possible."

"What do you want from us then, Detective?"

"I need the house surrounded and a unit or two in the bay. I have someone already on location who is very close to the hostage."

"What are you trying to tell me?"

"It's like this. Simon Anderson, the husband of the woman he kidnapped, is the object of the senator's maniacal scheme of revenge. The perp is guilty of at least four homicides in the DC area but always gets off and pays a flunky to do the time. I have always been one step behind him and with this situation, we might be able to nail him and get him off Capitol Hill all at the same time."

"I see."

"I want some discretion on this as well, so keep on-air traffic to a minimum. The less the press knows, the better we'll all be."

"How do you propose to handle the frenzy at arraignment?"

"By then, his victims will be long gone and in seclusion."

"Why do I have a feeling you're personally involved in this case?"

"I am on several fronts. The main one is that Simon Anderson and I are closer than brothers. He's my brother-in-law and doesn't deserve what good ole Augie's dishing out. Besides, on a professional level, I'm tired of him getting out of the guilt and literally getting away with murder."

"Ok, we'll do it your way. What's your ETA?"

"About two minutes. My helo is in the process of landing on your helipad as we speak."

* * * *

Simon cursed to himself as he froze.

“I’ve been waiting for you. I hoped you wouldn’t wait for my invitation and just come up here and crash my party. Your little wife is amazing. Two hours and counting and she has not moved. Her stamina is outstanding.”

“Let her go, Grimes. She’s got nothing to do with this.”

“You’re wrong. I want her to see what a real master is.”

“She has and she’s seen what you do and believe me, she knows the difference between the two.”

“You don’t even know where to begin when it comes to handling women.”

“I am not into sadomasochism and murder. I warned you from the start your behavior wouldn’t be tolerated in my establishment and I meant what I said. I threw you out in accordance with your signed membership agreement.”

“You cannot tell me what to do. I can force legislation to close you and your kind down.”

“But you won’t, because you won’t have anywhere to go to practice your heinous games. You’ll have to stay home with Barb and I know you can’t take that. By the way, call her. She’s worried because she hasn’t heard from you in days.”

“Fuck her. She knows better.”

“The woman deserves better than you.”

Grimes’ rage took over. He hit Simon across his face with the gun cutting his cheek and opening a bloody wound. He picked himself up and looked at his attacker.

“Why don’t we settle this out here like men?”

“You son of a bitch!” Grimes screamed as he jabbed the gun in Simon’s chest threatening to pull the trigger.

“Go ahead and pull it, if you have the guts,” Simon challenged him. Grimes’ insanity and anger intensified. He lunged at Simon and they fought for the gun. Punches flew, Simon knocking the weapon from his attacker’s hand. He went for it but Grimes kicked him in the side and away from it. Grimes picked up the gun and held it to Simon’s temple.

“Get up, you bastard, and start walking. I want you to see what will happen to your wife if she disobeys me.”

Grimes shoved him forward and into the house through a sunroom. Another set of double doors met them and Grimes forced Simon to open them. He paused, trying to steel himself for what he would see next.

* * * *

Charlotte heard a commotion coming from outside the house but she couldn't tell what direction and refused to move to see if she could spot anything. It sounded like a fight and she thought she heard gunfire. She couldn't be sure, she only knew the jolt when it startled her had made an impression on her neck.

Tears came from her eyes as she wept. She prayed Simon had come for her, but part of her hoped he'd let Trevor handle things. She needed him in one piece, the thought of losing him overwhelming.

A set of doors opened behind her and she froze. Two pairs of footsteps approached her, but at a distance. She closed her eyes and prayed.

"Charlotte, you have a visitor."

She tensed. *What if it was someone else? What if Grimes decided to share her? What if...*

His laughter sent chills through her. She forced her mind to calm down. Once she did, she relaxed as much as her bonds would let her. She smelled Simon's cologne—one they had picked out together the day she had her piercings done.

"As you can see, Charlotte is a little tied up at the moment."

Grimes' sadistic laughter ran through her like the sound of chalk scraping the blackboard at school. She fought her body to keep it from trembling. From the time she spent in this position, her arms gave into their numbed weight and began to pull down on the rope.

"Charlotte, my dear, you have been extremely good. How much longer can you hold this position?"

She tried to take cautious breaths but the mere movement of breathing caused her to gasp—more pain.

She heard the sound of something dropping to the floor. From the corner of her eye, she saw Simon.

“You bastard,” he screamed in pain. She could only imagine what Grimes had done to her husband—her master. Charlotte whimpered and distracted Grimes, who immediately came to her once she made a sound.

“What do you want, harlot? Concerned for your master? He’s fine—for now. He might not be able to walk for a bit, but he’ll be fine.”

Her eyes widened at what he told her. She saw him walk over to where Simon laid, then drag him across the floor. Simon held his leg and his anger.

“Charlotte, are you all right?”

“Silence,” Grimes yelled, kicking Simon in the lower part of his back.

She tried to talk to him with her eyes hoping he’d pick up on it, but the pain he suffered caused him to close his holding his emotions inside. He looked at her and she winked at him. She could see relief in his features, relieved he understood her.

Grimes rapidly lost interest in the game. His *guests* weren’t playing by his rules. She should have been dead by now, or at least close, and he...Simon Anderson was too calm for the situation.

“Who are you waiting for? Did you bring your stupid brother-in-law with you?”

“Out...of...his...jurisdiction...” Simon gasped. The last blow hit him harder than he expected. Simon coughed, tasting the coppery taste of his own blood. He tried to stall for time, to give Trevor what he needed. He didn’t know how much longer he could endure all this, but he would to save Charlotte’s life, even if it cost him his own.

“Then I assume you don’t care about your slut? If I touch her gorgeous bound knockers, you’ll allow it?”

“Don’t...touch...her...”

“Ah, a spark of anger?”

Simon pulled himself up and watched his enemy cross to where he held Charlotte. As Grimes reached to touch her, Simon found the strength and flew at him, knocking him to the side, and away from his wife. As the two men fought, Grimes’ gun slid

across the floor to the far wall. As Grimes went for it, Simon pulled his knife, and immediately cut the rope at Charlotte's neck.

She relaxed, the tension gone. He slipped the knife under the hemp holding the gag and cut it away. Charlotte gasped for air, sobbing.

"Charlotte, are you..."

"Look out!"

A shot rang out and Simon fell in front of her. Grimes staggered towards them waving the gun as Charlotte tried to cover Simon's head. Her hair covered him like a blanket as she bent over him.

"Simon..."

Another shot rang out, this one hitting Charlotte in the shoulder. She cried out in pain as her body fell on Simon. In her daze, she heard Grimes walk to stand in front of them. He yanked her head back, aroused at the sight of their lives draining away from them.

"Finally, I've bettered the great Simon Anderson and used a whore to bring him down."

He released his grip on her hair and as she fell back over Simon, he began to walk towards the door. She heard glass shatter and a thud. She wanted to see what happened but she was too weak and all she wanted to do was sink into a chilled sleep.

"I love you, Simon," she said, her last words before she lapsed off.

Chapter 10

“They’re in here!” a voice yelled.

“Oh, my God,” another gasped.

“Captain, I want you and the police surgeon in here and everyone else out,” Trevor ordered.

“You heard the man. I want everyone out of here. When we need you, we’ll call you and I want you to keep your mouths shut.”

The SWAT team quietly withdrew, silence being their specialty. The less people knew, the longer their covers remained in tact. State officers patrolled the perimeter of the estate while a small Coast Guard vessel sat watch on the bay.

Inside, Trevor raced to where Charlotte slumped over Simon’s body. He eased her back and finished cutting the rope harness, freeing her legs. The sight of her bound chest bothered him, as this had not been one of his areas of expertise.

“Forgive me, Charlotte, if I do something I shouldn’t. Simon...”

“Free...her...” a weak voice commanded.

As easily as he could, he unwrapped her breasts, then checked her wound. The bullet had gone clean through her shoulder, but she suffered from blood loss and was in shock. He laid his jacket over her while he held pressure to the wound. The doctor who remained behind with them took care of Simon, a bullet lodged in his side. He found one they hadn’t been aware of—a graze wound at his temple.

Doctor Estrada worked quickly to stabilize Simon, then went to Charlotte, relieving Trevor. Trevor ran to get some blankets or

something to wrap around her naked body. No matter what, he would protect her while Simon couldn't.

Trevor heard a helicopter land outside as one of the Maryland State Police birds hovered in wait to take them to the shock trauma unit at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. As soon as the flight team entered the room, Trevor let the police surgeon take over. He advised them of the sensitivity of the case and stepped back to let them *package their patients for flight*.

Once Simon and Charlotte had been placed onboard the chopper, Trevor ran to his and had the pilot fly him to a nearby helipad. A Baltimore City Police unit met him when they landed and sped him to the hospital where he waited for word on his closest friends. It would be a long night.

* * * *

Charlotte woke in recovery after surgery to remove the bullet, repair her shoulder and give her blood. Heated towels had been used to wrap her arms and legs in order to regain her circulation. Unsure of how long she had been bound in one position, the doctors watched her closely to make sure there had been no damage.

Shivering in the cool room, Charlotte looked around. She felt the tube in her mouth helping her to breathe, but it felt like the rope and cloth. *Had it all been a dream? Would she open her eyes and see Grimes again? Simon...*

She felt the warmth on her extremities and tried to glance down towards her feet, fearing to move her head. She saw the blanket as she gazed down the length of her body, relieved. As she became more aware of her surroundings, her body warmed. Someone lifted the blanket and changed the towels. The warmth eased its way into her body and she relished the comfort.

The nurse did the same with her arms. She saw Charlotte watching her and smiled.

"Welcome back, Mrs. Anderson. As soon as I finish with this, we'll take the tube out and make it easier for you."

Charlotte nodded to let her know she understood. The lights a little too bright for her eyes, she closed them. She watched Rosalie

as she changed the heat wraps and checked her vitals. Charlotte's eyes followed her as she went to the phone and called the surgeon to advise him, then Rosalie came back to her.

"I called your doctor and he okayed my removing the tube. Are you ready?"

Charlotte nodded again and braced herself. After what she had gone through earlier, this procedure had to be a breeze. Charlotte felt it and the relief once it was over. Rosalie placed her back on the light oxygen tubing for a little while in order to make sure she had come out of the anesthesia without a problem.

"How do you feel?"

"Thirsty."

Rosalie helped her take some ice chips to ease her back into taking fluids. Once sure she wouldn't get sick from the small amount of liquid, she would help her drink.

"Simon..."

"Is that your hunk of a hubby?"

Charlotte tried to smile.

"I'm not sure, I think he's still in with the surgeons. He was a little more injured than you were. They tell me you tried to shield him from any more harm."

"I...love...him..."

"You are a very lucky woman and he's a lucky guy. Does he have a brother?"

"No."

"Damn, all the good ones are taken."

Charlotte smiled at Rosalie's musing, relieved to know Simon was in good hands.

"Where..."

"You were flown into John Hopkins here in Baltimore and rushed to Shock Trauma. From what they tell me, you were in shock between what happened and the bullet wound. You lost a good amount of blood, but they gave you what you needed and you should be good as new. The shoulder will heal without a problem."

"Baby?"

"I don't know. You'll have to ask the surgeon."

Rosalie fussed over her patient a little more making sure Charlotte kept warm.

“Thank...you...”

* * * *

Simon remained in surgery for several hours due to the multiple gunshot wounds and his leg. The graze to the temple and welt had been cleaned and dressed in trauma, leaving the damaged leg and the bullet lodged against his ribs for the surgeons. While half the team worked to splint his leg since x-rays showed minimal damage and a great deal of bruising, the other half located the bullet near his ribcage.

Doctor Frazier worked to remove it, but as he touched it to pull it out, the bullet shifted to the side, causing him to dig even more and a little deeper. A few moments later, he successfully removed the bullet, then closed the wound. Once he knew all of Simon’s injuries had been attended to, Frazier sent him to recovery where he would remain until he regained consciousness and they were sure Simon suffered no adverse reactions.

Rosalie took over his case in recovery. She looked at the man and knew his wife had been one lucky woman to have him. From what she heard about why they had been brought in for treatment and could tell from talking to Charlotte, they had a very special relationship. She noted his chart with a new update on his vital signs when she heard a whisper.

“Char...lotte...”

Rosalie told her nurse’s assistant to call Doctor Frazier and let him know his patient had regained consciousness. She turned back to him and checked his monitor again.

“Char...lotte...”

“She’s fine, Mister Anderson. She’s been taken to a private room.”

“Ba...by?”

“I haven’t heard yet. The doctor wants to make sure she survives what happened to her.”

“I need...”

“I know, and as long as you behave yourself, you’ll see her as soon as we can get you to her.”

“You sound like a Dominant...”

“I have my moments, Mister Anderson.”

“I guess so...”

“Rosalie, how is he?” Frasier asked while looking at Simon’s chart.

“Already giving me a hard time. He wants to see his wife.”

“Outstanding. How are his vitals?” he asked as he read Simon’s stats.

“Very good. I see no adverse reactions to the anesthesia and he’s being pushy. Ok, monitor for another hour, then get him to ICU.”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“Doc...”

“Yes?”

“My wife...”

“She’s fine and under sedation. She’ll be asleep for a few hours, so relax. We plan to check the baby when she wakes. Can you tell me her OB’s name?”

Once Simon did, he relaxed more, then asked for something to drink. Frazier grinned—both patients would recover and with the drive they both exhibited—it would be sooner rather than later.

* * * *

Trevor Hammond paced waiting for information on Simon and Charlotte. He had been in contact with the Maryland State Police Captain, who had assisted him, and the man assured him the final report on August “Augie” Grimes would be forwarded to his office ASAP.

“We have a clear case of kidnapping and attempted murder against the senator and, as he didn’t survive the incident, it’s been ruled a justified shoot, our case is closed.”

“Do you realize how many cases we can close with Grimes dead?”

“I can imagine.”

“This guy’s done the deed and actually paid people to serve the time for him, while he nicely sat on Capitol Hill making laws and taking his constituents’ money.”

“I did a quick financial run on him and the payments for the Chesapeake house. He paid for it in three hefty payments, all cash.”

“Campaign improprieties?”

“I’d say so.”

“Won’t his constituents be happy?”

“I hear ya, Detective.”

“I feel sorry for his wife. She had no clue about him. Always faithful and...”

“I don’t think so. My man went to see her to deliver the news of her husband’s passing and the circumstances and you’ll be surprised at her reaction.”

“What?”

“She said and I quote ‘finally, the fucking bastard is dead and I don’t have to deal with him anymore.’ She had to know.”

“I agree.”

“It’s a shame though, because Simon has always thought the best of her.”

“Maybe she can get on with her life now.”

The two cops talked a few moments longer, then Trevor said good-bye. He went back to pacing while waiting for word on his brother and sister-in-law. Blair ran up to join him in the wait.

“How are they?”

“I haven’t heard about Simon, but Charlotte’s in recovery.”

“Thank God. The baby?”

“No word yet.”

Trevor shook his head. He’d been sure after all this time, the doctors would know something, but they didn’t. His wife steered him to the cafeteria knowing he hadn’t eaten for a while.

“You need your strength,” she reminded him.

He looked at her—his wife and Simon’s sister.

“How did I ever get so damned lucky?”

“You just did.”

Trevor took his wife in his arms and kissed her long and passionately.

“I don’t know what I would do if I ever lost you.”

“And hopefully, you won’t have to find out. I love you, Trevor.”

* * * *

Charlotte awoke several hours later, rested, and better able to move around than when they had flown her to the hospital earlier. She looked around, her eyes meeting a familiar and very relieved face.

“Blair?”

“How do you feel?”

“Better. I ache though.”

“*Shibari* will do that, especially the way Grimes practiced it on you. He wanted to make sure you went back to Simon damaged.”

“How is Simon?”

“In recovery. They had trouble removing one of the bullets and they’re trying to make sure they’ve built his blood supply back up. He spilled a lot of blood on the floor from what Trev told me.”

“But is he all right?”

“Yes, and they said he’s been asking for you nonstop.”

Charlotte lay back, smiling and relieved. Simon had survived this man’s wrath—they both had.

* * * *

Simon’s drive to see Charlotte pushed him to want to get out of ICU and to his wife. Hours apart seemed like an eternity to him. He needed her in every imaginable way, and refused to let something like surgery keep him from her any longer than necessary.

Twelve hours later, a team wheeled him from ICU into a private suite. He looked to his side while his IV’s and monitors were moved, seeing enough room for a second bed.

“Please, can you bring my wife in here with me? I need to see her.”

“I’m not sure what the doctor wants to do. It’s up to him.”

Simon clenched his fist, his need overwhelming him. He tried to take some deep, calming breaths but it hurt from the surgery. He pushed anyway to try to help his body slow down and regain its normalcy. *Who am I trying to kid? I need her...*

“Do you know where she is?”

“No, sir, but I can check for you.”

“Thanks,” he said, then apologized for the way he acted.

“It’s all right, Mr. Anderson. You two have a unique love for each other, one that I don’t see too often anymore.”

“She’s my life,” he said simply.

“I’ll go find out.” The nurse finished notating his chart, then left the suite. Simon lay back and tried to relax but found he hated being alone. Since she had come into his life, he couldn’t remember what solitude felt like, though most of his life had been alone by choice. Charlotte had given him something he hadn’t believed existed for him. She gave his life meaning when she gave him her ultimate gift.

The day she gave him complete, unquestioned trust to dominate her life had been the day she became his Dominant. Though she looked to him to tell her what to do, she made him her slave, because to control her was also an order to obey her every wish. Complicated, he and Charlotte understood their relationship completely and refused to explain it to anyone.

He closed his eyes and saw her in various places, various positions, and doing the one thing she loved to do the most and did the best. Simon pictured her sucking his cock and taking him. The mere image in his mind caused his cock to swell, begging for her lips and tongue to release his life into her mouth. *At least Grimes hadn’t destroyed that...*

The door opened and he moved his leg to hide his erection. He didn’t need any of the staff discussing it. Moving felt better anyway.

“Mr. Anderson, your wife has been taken to obstetrics to check on her pregnancy.”

“Thank you,” he said, tension taking over. *Please, God, take care of the baby.*

Simon had a damned good idea of what her reaction would be if she learned their baby hadn't survived. He needed to be there for her to comfort her and reassure her.

Time dragged on, Simon's torment with it.

* * * *

Trevor got word about Simon's condition. As soon as they put him into the V.I.P. suite, Trevor ran upstairs to see him. Blair had already gone to see Charlotte and went with her to obstetrics to check on the baby. The elevator took too long, so Trevor took the stairs, two at a time.

When he got to the room, a nurse was closing the door and returning to the desk.

"Can I see him yet?"

"And you are?" she asked.

"Trevor Hammond, his brother-in-law."

"Sure, go ahead. I'm warning you, he's fidgety. That wife of his must be something."

"She is. Trust me."

Trevor thanked her, then went to the door and knocked.

"Yeah?"

"You want a visitor?"

"Trev, come on in."

Trevor went in and shook Simon's hand when he got to the side of the bed. Simon looked better than he imagined—a huge relief.

"How do you feel?"

"Right now, okay, but I want my wife. They don't tell you much in this place."

"Charlotte is being checked out to see how the baby is. Blair went with her."

"Blair's here? By the way, where is *here*?"

"You're at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. They flew you both here and got you into Shock Trauma. From what I understand, it's Maryland State Police SOP."

"Interesting. Tell me what happened."

“Near as we can tell, Grimes shot you and you fell in front of Charlotte. He shot her in the shoulder next and she fell over you. Thank God you had cut the one set of ropes, or she would have been dead for sure. Grimes yanked her out of the way, shot you again, then evidently threw her back on top of you, or else he dropped her when he got shot in the back by SWAT.”

“Grimes?”

“Dead the second he hit the floor. A lot of cases closed with his death.”

“I feel sorry for Barb.”

“I do and I don’t. Her reaction was not that of the grieving widow. They say she cursed him while relief took over.”

“He had to be hell to live with.”

“I wonder why she stayed with him for so long.”

“He gave her everything a woman in her position would or could ask for. Only towards the end did he start to not care what she thought. He evidently didn’t need her for an alibi anymore either.”

“The man needed help. We’ve been going back through some unsolved murders with his M.O. and it turns out he killed women in his home state, and wherever the convention went. He had been at this for at least twenty years that we know of.”

“How the hell did he get away with it for so damned long?”

“Payoffs. Working for this man could end up putting a man in prison for life.”

“And what about them?”

“The Justice Department is going to go over everything with all the cases and more than likely, with the new information and proof, a few guys will be out in the next few weeks.”

“They’ll be bitter as hell.”

“I’ve already heard rumors they’ll be taken care of. At least, most of them.”

“What do you mean?”

“One or two of them got into his sessions with him and are more than likely guilty as charged and convicted.”

“Augie was into threesomes?”

“Any way he could get it.”

Simon laughed. This news made him feel better about throwing him from the club in the first place, though the thought of it left a sour taste in his mouth.

“Anyway, he’s done and I have you to thank for it.”

“Me?”

“Yep, if it hadn’t been for the meticulous records you keep at *The President’s Pub*, he might still be out there and Charlotte might be...”

“Don’t even say it. I don’t want to think about how I would have gotten her back.”

Trevor agreed and started to say something, when they heard a commotion in the hallway. They looked at each other and Simon smiled, his face lighting up.

“I don’t care what you have to say to this, I want to see him.”

“But...”

“Sweetheart, you do your job, I’ll do mine and take care of my husband.”

Simon and Trevor laughed because they knew exactly to whom she spoke. If the volunteer made it to nursing school in one piece, it would be great, though Trevor had his doubts.

The door opened and Charlotte burst in. Her arm in a sling, she ran to him and grabbed his hand. Her face lit up at the sight of him, her love obvious.

Trevor gave her a kiss and told them he’d see them later, then went out to meet his wife. He took her in his arms and held her.

“I love you,” he said.

“Let’s go get a room.”

* * * *

Charlotte, with Blair’s support, went to find out about the baby. Glad to have her sister-in-law with her, it helped to have someone close in case the news was bad. The doctors did several tests, all coming back with the same answer. The baby hadn’t been affected by the abduction. She hadn’t lost it.

“Will the baby be born with problems?” she asked.

“At this point, it’s too soon to tell but it doesn’t look like it. The position you were held in actually helped protect your stomach. Were you drugged?”

“I think so, but I’m not sure.”

“I have one more test I want to do and then you’re on your way.”

Minutes later, Charlotte and Blair listened to the strong heartbeat of the Andersons’ baby. Charlotte cried with relief as Blair squeezed her hand.

“Congratulations, honey,” Blair said.

Relieved, all Charlotte could do was cry tears of joy.

Once Charlotte dressed, she found out her husband’s room number and took off.

“Mrs. Anderson, the…”

“Take it to the V.I.P. suite,” Blair instructed. “Right now, she’s got too much joy in her heart to be held in a chair.”

* * * *

Charlotte virtually burst from the elevator. She went straight for the nurse’s desk requesting to see her husband. The poor volunteer at the desk stammered under Charlotte’s gaze as she checked the charts.

“Ma’am, who are you? You can’t go in there?”

“I don’t care what you have to say to this, I want to see him.”

“But…”

“Sweetheart, you do your job, I’ll do mine and take care of my husband.”

Ignoring the fact of the sling supporting her arm, Charlotte pushed open the door and went into her husband’s room. She saw Trevor as she made her way straight to her husband’s side. Taking Simon’s hand in hers, her eyes sparkled with relief and joy. Simon gazed at her, his eyes speaking volumes.

“I’ll see you two later. Behave,” Trevor said with a laugh.

“Never!” they said together.

Trevor left and closed the door behind him. Charlotte went to the door and quietly locked it, then returned to his side.

“Are you all right?”

“Better now you’re here with me. How about you? Did he hurt you?”

“I’m fine and so is the baby. I just came from every test imaginable. I heard the little one’s heart beat.”

“You did?” Simon asked, astonished.

“Yes, it’s strong like yours.”

Simon put his hand behind her neck and pulled her into a kiss. A deep, passionate kiss, neither wanted to break their contact. She drew back to gaze at him.

“I knew you would come for me.”

“I had to. I can’t live without you. These last several hours have been sheer hell.”

“How can I ease my master’s pain?”

“Ah, my lovely slave, I think you already know.”

“Yes, master,” she said, smiling as her good hand removed the covers and hospital gown in order to release his swollen cock for her attention. She moved to take the sling off but he stopped her. He took her free hand and held it. Charlotte understood his silent commands and licked the drop from his slit.

Her tongue’s easy touch on his slit caused his cock to swell more. She buried him deep into her mouth and began to take control of him. The taste of him in her mouth excited her more and she worked faster. His hand cupped her breast and squeezed it through the light robe she wore before making its way inside to where it waited for him, naked and perfect.

“Take me, Charlotte, I need you to...”

His low groan as he tried to hold his reaction caused her to smile and work on him harder. His hand went to the back of her head as he pressed her against him for the release waiting for her.

“Are you wet, my Charlotte?” he asked. She nodded profusely as she sucked more. She wanted everything he had to give her, nothing less.

His hand slipped under the robe and between her legs. He groaned as he felt her reaction. His fingers pressed against her clit and she whimpered, her need evident. He thrust two fingers within her wet, tight pussy and moved in and out of her.

“Drown me, Charlotte, while you make me come. Take what my cock has to give you, woman.”

She nodded as she obeyed her master. The more he thrust into her, the more she tried to part her legs to give him more access to her hot pussy. She took his release as he exploded into her mouth, the heat warming her. She sucked him harder as they worked towards another climatic explosion.

“Please, master, what can I do for you?”

“You are doing it, my sweet, sweet Charlotte.”

Charlotte smiled as she moved to kiss him. Their tongues met, their kiss hot and feverish as he brought her to the edge again.

“Please, master, may I...”

“Yes, Charlotte, you may come and drown my hand again. I love you, mistress.”

As she screamed, his mouth covered hers and he drank her emotions as she shook, her body out-of-control and totally giving to him. She gasped as her hand grasped his hospital gown and clenched tight.

“Simon...”

“I know...I know...”

Chapter 11

At eight and a half months pregnant, Charlotte Anderson had a beauty about her Simon found hard to describe. Her belly perfectly round, her breasts full—she had a radiance to her that Simon couldn't get enough of.

She came into the bedroom naked and went to the window, where she stood in the warm sunlight. Her hair tumbled down her back as she stretched. When she relaxed, her hand went to her belly and she stood gently rubbing it, calming their active child.

“Charlotte, are you all right?”

“Never better, Simon,” she replied. She held her hand out to him and he joined her.

Since her abduction, they hadn't spent much time at home in Washington. Once Frazier released them from the hospital, Simon took her to a mountain retreat he bought in Maine near Acadia National Park. The owner had been approached by developers and didn't want to see new homes built on land he felt should remain untouched. Simon heard of the deal at the club and checked into it.

He surprised her with the deed to several thousand acres in her name. They sought refuge there for the next several months until Charlotte began to grow and her doctor wanted to see her more often.

“I keep thinking of you in the early morning up in the mountains. Your beauty brightens anywhere you are.”

“It's only because of my master.”

“But for me to have the pleasure and privilege of basking in your naked body twenty-four/seven, I couldn't ask for anything more.”

“I love the freedom of it. When you want me, you don’t have any impediments like I do, but then again, I love stripping you out of your designer clothes.”

“Then strip away, mistress.”

“Yes, master,” she enthused as she undid the belt and slowly slid the zipper to his Prada trousers down. She let them drop and groaned at the black silk boxers he wore and the sight of his cock straining against the thin fabric. She began to unbutton his shirt, a slow, torturous seduction.

“Rip it, Charlotte.”

She grinned as she obeyed him. Buttons flew as she ripped it from him and dropped the shirt at his feet. She followed the shirt but he stopped her, indicating the bed.

“My wife will take me in comfort.”

“But how can I please my husband if I’m lying on the bed?”

“You’ll see.”

Simon led her to the bed and motioned for her to get on her hands and knees in the center of the huge mattress. He had it specially designed for their romps and Charlotte loved it. He joined her after he removed the boxers, his cock begging for her.

“Take me, slave,” he commanded.

“Yes, master,” she said as she hungrily took his cock in her mouth and went down on him after she teased the tip of it with her tongue.

“Put your hands on my hips so I can see those tits of yours.”

Knowing he could see her in strategically placed mirrors, she did so without question and as she worked to take him, her breasts moved for him. He reached down and held them, teasing her hardened nipples. Between the pregnancy and the piercings, which she refused to remove until the last moment, her nipples enjoyed constant arousal.

“Please, master, may I…”

“Not yet, slave. I want to enjoy this a little longer,” he said as he played with her. He felt his explosion building and placed his hand on the back of her head while his other went to her pussy and

rubbed her come from her clit to her anus. He knew she held it for him and he wanted her to do so for as long as she could.

His instincts right, he felt her dig her nails into his hips as she fought to control her body. He filled her with a blast rocking both of them. She cried out as the heat of his essence threatened to overwhelm her. She drew back long enough to take a breath and continue taking his seed. Once she had, she licked his cock and looked at him.

“My master is...”

“Yes, Charlotte, and I want you to do it again.”

She smiled as she took his swollen cock and sucked him once more. Her hand went to his balls surprising him. Furiously, she worked to please him.

“Charlotte, harder,” he commanded as he pressed her head to him, his cock deep in her throat. Need took over as the realization she might not be able to do this for a while overwhelmed him. “Harder!”

“Yes...yes...may I...”

“I will tell you when.”

“Yes, master.”

As she sucked him, his need and desire took over. He eased her to the side, then onto her back as she continued taking him. His hand held her ass as he sunk three fingers into her welcoming pussy.

“That’s it, Charlotte. Harder, slave.”

“Please, I...”

Simon felt his imminent release building. As she drew him to the edge, his tongue went to her pussy, lapping at her.

“Come for me, Charlotte. I want to drown in you.”

Charlotte came as he exploded into her mouth and filled her once again. His hips bucked as he did, while he tongue-fucked his wife. The heat of her core threatened to ignite more fire within it. He needed her and at this moment, couldn’t get enough of her. His cock fucking her glorious mouth, her hot breath on his shaft as her lips surrounded him drove him crazy with desire, Simon was hungry for more.

“Simon, please, I want to be screwed three times at once—at least once more before we have the baby.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m begging my master to fuck me in my mouth, my pussy, and my ass. I need you, Simon.”

“How can I refuse you?”

He slid over the satin sheets to the nightstand where he kept Charlotte’s favorite toys. He pulled out her anal plug and a new one he had designed for her. She looked at him with a puzzled look.

“This will fuck your glorious mouth while my cock sinks deep in your pussy. It will fill you, slave, so your wishes are fulfilled.”

“And how will it accomplish that?”

“You’ll find out.”

Simon inserted the anal plug and started the pulsating she longed for. As he increased the vibrations, she moaned. Next, he drove his cock deep into her, and she screamed his name, the sensation taking her to the edge, and he had yet to stroke her needy core.

“My wife’s pussy is wet and horny, I see. Good, now, take this and suck it as you would my cock.”

“Yes, master.”

He watched her obey as she sucked the toy and smiled. He’d had a perfect duplicate of his own cock made for her to suck on while he fucked her pussy.

My master thought of everything. She watched him loom over her as he lifted her hips up to his shaft and thrust into her. As he took her pussy, her anal plug vibrated more and she sucked the toy.

Simon groaned as he watched her breasts freely bouncing with their movement. He wanted to hold them but her oversized belly made it a little hard for him to lie on top of her.

“Close your eyes, Charlotte, and let it happen.”

She nodded and obeyed. He reached to her hand and held it as she sucked the toy. As he came closer to fulfilling her desires, he increased the pulsations at her lips and she groaned.

“Come, Charlotte.”

She wrenched the toy from her mouth, unable to breathe. She couldn't believe the sensations he'd brought to her.

"Let it go, Charlotte. I want to hear you..."

Charlotte Anderson screamed his name as he filled her. He had never seen her more beautiful than at this moment. He pounded her pussy until he gave her everything he had.

"Charlotte, I love you."

"Simon, my love..." she cried as the last throes of the orgasms ran through her.

"Mine, Charlotte, mine..."

"Mine..." she whispered.

* * * *

A few days later, Charlotte came down the long staircase of their Georgetown home wearing a diaphanous robe, which fell off to the sides, her pregnancy more than evident. She went to the kitchen where she found Simon enjoying his morning cup of coffee while he read the paper.

"Anything of interest?" she asked as she poured a glass of orange juice, then went to join him.

When she first became his submissive, the morning custom had been for her to join him in the kitchen, kneel next to him with her hands behind her and her head slightly bowed. He would gently place his hand on the back of her head, his quiet command for her to take him. It had become one of her favorite things to do, because she loved to suck her husband's cock whenever and wherever she could.

She knelt down one morning after she had become large and he stopped her. She remembered looking at him with tears in her questioning eyes.

"Until the baby is born and you can move in comfort, I want you to ignore our morning orders.

"But, master..."

"My sweet Charlotte, you will be taking it easy until then because I don't want you or the baby hurt. If I had my way, you'd spend the entire time in bed."

"Nice idea but I'm fine. We're fine."

“Allow me to play the worried husband and father and pamper the hell out of you.”

“Yes, master.”

Now with a few days left before she delivered their first child, she had been glad of his foresight, although she missed her morning ritual. She smiled as she sat on the chair next to him.

“My gorgeous wife, you are so beautiful,” he complimented as his hand went to her swollen belly. The emotions flowing between them heated up even more so with her condition.

She looked into his eyes, locking with his. She wanted him more than she could ever imagine. She had heard stories of how women turned away from their husbands right before the baby was born but she didn’t feel that way at all. She wanted him and her pussy clenched while she tried to hold back her reaction.

Charlotte and Simon moved to each other as they kissed deeply, their tongues dancing with each other. Her eyes widened when she felt his fingertips float over her belly down to her pussy. He rubbed her clit as it begged for more attention.

“My wife is...”

“Yes, yes, master, please, how may I...”

“You will take my cock, but you will not come until I tell you,” he commanded as he stood before her.

“Yes, master,” she panted as she eagerly took his pants down, then the boxers. His cock fell to her lips as she hungrily took him with a furious passion.

Love overtook her as she gripped his ass in her hands to hold him close. He pounded her mouth as she took him, both of them moaning.

“Charlotte, take me, but do not come.”

She could only nod, unable to break her pace. His hips bucked when he exploded into her mouth, filling her with the seed she wished was filling her pussy. She could feel the dampness between her legs and fought to hold it back.

Charlotte pulled back, gasping for breath.

“Master, the baby...”

“What?”

“I think the labor’s starting.”

Without a word, he lifted Charlotte up, then carried her upstairs to their room where he gently laid her across the bed.

“How do you feel?”

“I need to come, master, before the baby makes me misbehave.”

“Oh, Charlotte.”

Simon fell to his knees, spread his wife’s legs apart gently and gazed at her pussy. He lapped at her, his tongue teasing her needy clit. His hands went to her breasts and gently squeezed them as his tongue worked over her sensitive folds.

“Simon, please...”

As her hands went to his thick head of hair, he pulled her closer as his tongue delved deep within her core.

“Now, Charlotte, now.”

Charlotte screamed as the orgasm ripped through her. Her hands went to his as he held her breasts. Her grip on him tightened as she felt her desires drown him and her essence flow to him while he feasted.

He gazed up at her and grinned.

“You are mine, Charlotte, now and forever. I love you with everything in me and am a slave to you and your desires.”

“I love you, too, Simon.”

“You’re even more beautiful in labor.”

“You say that now...”

* * * *

Several hours later, Simon drove her to the hospital where Charlotte gave birth to their daughter, Jasmine. While a nurse took care of her, Simon checked their daughter; relieved she had been born without incident and perfect. In the back of his mind, he had worried over whether the way Charlotte had been held had hurt their child, but all the doctors had assured them the baby hadn’t been harmed.

Once Jasmine was checked out and bathed, Simon took her to her mother, placing her in Charlotte’s arms.

“She’s beautiful, Charlotte.”

“Thank you, master.”

She helped Jasmine take her nipple and watched as her daughter nursed. Simon put his arm around her and held them close.

“I love you, mistress,” he whispered against her neck below her ear. “You have given me everything I could ever want.”

“Just as you have given me everything I ever wanted.”

“You know what I would love to do right now?” he asked as he whispered it to her ear so only she could hear his desires.

“I love the way you think.”

He gazed at Jasmine, who suckled at her mother’s breast and smiled.

“Mine.”

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.

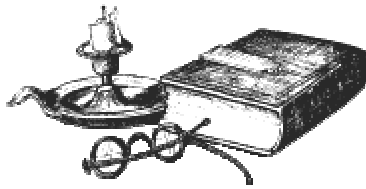
Previously, she wrote news articles for local newspapers and regional firefighting publications. With her articles, she added photography to her pieces.

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.

A volunteer firefighter for over twenty five years, she's been able to use her experience in several published works for others and even in some of her own works in progress.

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