

**INTERNET BONDS SERIES**  
**BOOK 4:**  
**MEMPHIS BELLE**

by

**Christy Poff**

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## **Dedication**

Thanks to Chere Gruver for editing and being a great friend; Devilish Dot for allowing me to use her for Belle's shopping experience; Deb, as always, for her insight, Jinger for the cover art and as always, my daughter.

I'd like to dedicate this to my dad, a pilot in the Air Corps during WW2, who taught me everything I know about planes. I miss him...

## Prologue

*January, 1998*

Years after Desert Storm, Gulf War veteran and Navy SEAL Greg Chamberlain got a much needed and well deserved thirty day leave from where his unit had been staging at an undisclosed location. He planned to fly to Naples with every intention of making his way home to Memphis, Tennessee to surprise his wife on their anniversary.

He stowed his duffle on an outgoing plane, ready to board it when a lieutenant called him.

“Captain Chamberlain, this is for you,” the younger officer said after saluting him.

Chamberlain thanked him, returning the salute. Opening his new orders, he groaned.

*Remain in Naples for duration of your leave time. Your unit has been placed on emergency stand-by. Your group is the only one with the necessary talents for this mission.*

He boarded the plane, buckled in and waited to leave. *So much for my surprise...*

Hours later, he checked into his hotel, then went straight to his room. He tipped the boy who brought his bags in, then locked the door behind him when he left. Greg got out his laptop and set it up to go online. The Internet had been a lifesaver. Calling his wife from the Gulf or other exotic locals tended to become very expensive and, at times, hard to do. They found the Net the easiest way to go.

Checking his e-mail, he found one from Belle, his heart skipping a beat. High school love brought them together and they

married days after graduation. No one thought they would survive his enlistment in the navy followed by his becoming a SEAL team member, but somehow, they had.

Opening her post, he gasped. He should have known from the subject line—*For your eyes only!* On the screen, he stared at a scanned photo of his wife, naked and beautiful. No note, just her picture. He replied simply—*I love you!*

He looked at his watch, figuring out what time it had to be in Memphis, picked up the phone and called home.

“Hello?” a sleepy voice answered.

“You better be naked.”

“Greg? My God, where are you?”

“Naples for a few days. I wanted to come home and surprise you for our anniversary, but...”

“I know, duty calls.”

“Happy anniversary, baby.”

“I love you, Greg.”

“I still have something to surprise you with.”

“And that is?”

“I want you to do exactly as I say and tell me everything you feel.”

“Are you naked, too?”

“Getting there,” he said as he undressed. “Now, I am.”

“Okay, what?”

“I want you to play with your nipples. Make them hard and sensitive.”

He heard her little moans and told her to find herself. Belle did, her moans driving him. Together, while on opposite sides of the world, they needed each other desperately. He groaned when she cried out again, her gasps erotic.

“Get one of your toys, baby. I want to hear you.”

He heard the drawer to the nightstand squeak open, then a buzz when she turned on her favorite toy. He could tell by what he heard which one she decided to use. This one teased her asshole, her pussy and her clit.

“Greg, I want to hear you. Please,” she begged, “for me!”

“Sure, baby, anything,” he said, getting off on her orgasm as it washed over her. Unable to control himself, he brought himself to the edge, his cock throbbing. Together, they charged the long distance between them.

“Happy anniversary, baby.”

“I love you, honey.”

“I’ve got a surprise for you.”

“What?”

“If I tell you...”

“Tell me,” she begged as he laughed.

“I got you nipple clamps with Murano glass dangles and while I was at it, I bought ones you’ll be able to wear when you get your nipples and belly pierced.”

“Greg, I love it.”

“I thought you would. I’ll get them in the mail in the next few days.”

“I can’t wait to see them.”

“Baby, the thought of you wearing them drives me crazy.”

“Tell me what to do.”

“One more time, Belle.”

\* \* \* \*

Belle Chamberlain sang at local clubs throughout the city of Memphis. She varied her song list, changing the shows, while making sure she included the different types of music she loved to sing. Her catalogue included some jazz, blues, the old standards, new ones, and some different songs to add spice.

She loved what she did, but lately, she seemed to be performing more blues and one or two torch songs someone sent her a few months back. Missing her husband put a sad edge to her vocals. Her need for him came out in her music, and it made her one of the favorite singers on the Memphis club circuit.

“And now, for her last set this evening, our own Memphis Belle Chamberlain,” her emcee announced. The crowd applauded as she walked on stage wearing a slinky red gown, one of Greg’s favorites. He had picked it out for her when she met him in New York for a brief weekend together. They had gone into *Saks Fifth*

*Avenue* because he wanted to buy her a *sexy number* so he could show her off when they went to dinner.

Extremely low-cut in the front, the halter top went over her shoulders, hooking at her neck with thin straps from the collar to the lower back. The slit up the side stopped midhip.

“Sex personified,” he said about the fire engine red Halston creation. Wearing his favorite brought him closer to her. *Thank God for his phone call the night before.*

Belle waited for the applause to die down before she started to sing. Forty-five minutes later, she enjoyed an extended standing ovation. It had been a good evening.

The bartender had a cup of hot tea waiting for her when she took her usual stool at the end of the bar.

“Great show tonight, Belle.”

“Thanks, Phil.”

She looked at her watch, relieved to see she had some time before she needed to be home to chat online with Greg. She smiled at the thought as her body reacted. She needed him, and their nightly chats eased her loneliness.

He’d been on every night since his arrival in Naples, and they took advantage of it, knowing he could be ordered out at any time on some emergency covert mission. She finished her tea, then said goodbye and left. She didn’t want to chance missing what little time they had together.

She drove home, parked her Camaro in the carport and hurried inside. She went to the den where she signed on to the Net, knowing the computer upstairs would network with the one downstairs. It was the only way she could keep their conversation going without any breaks.

Belle poured herself a drink and checked her e-mail. She had numerous posts from several groups she belonged to. She deleted most of them until she came to one from *gcsealcap*. Apprehension immediately took over as she clicked on it to open the message.

*Sorry, baby, but I received orders. By the time you read this, I’ll be on my way to the mission I’ve been on stand-by for.*

*I will contact you as soon as I can.*



*I love you, sexy lady.*

Belle brushed back tears as she printed out his e-mail. She added it to the others he had sent her over the course of his military service. She looked at a cross they had standing on the mantle across the room.

“Please, keep him safe, Lord.”

\* \* \* \*

Greg’s unit received orders to extract a kidnapped minister from a private residence in the outskirts of a small Iraqi village near the border. He took a flight from Naples back to the carrier where he would meet his team and go over final strategy.

As soon as he stepped from the plane, Lieutenant Jay Donato met him. As they walked to the conference room below deck, Jay updated Greg on the specifics of the mission.

“Everything has been set up, right down to helo extraction at dawn.”

“They’re sure he’s being held there and they’re positive we can easily extract the minister?”

“The schedule’s waiting for your input.”

“Is everyone here?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Thanks, Jay.”

With the team assembled, they went over the operation and familiarized themselves with the minister to be rescued, the territory they would have to cover, what equipment they needed, and any questions they had. Plain and simple, the team would go into where Intel stated the minister was being held, get him out and to where a helo team would extract them, then fly to safety. However, none of the ops the team handled could ever be considered routine. Greg knew the minute he thought it was, he’d be dead.

At twenty-three hundred hours, they made their way into the village to the targeted house. Inside, they met opposition from a small enemy cell. The team took care of them, rescued the minister and headed to the rendezvous point.

Greg held back to make sure his men had cover. As he moved to join them, he felt a searing pain at the base of his neck. Instinctively, he put his hand to his neck, feeling blood. He tried to run, but the immediate blood loss slowed his movements. Falling to the ground, he tried to stand up again, stumbled to his knees, then on his face.

“Well, the great Captain Chamberlain. You are human after all.”

“What?” Greg whispered, seeing the man standing over him.

“You think you’re so great, but I’ve proved you wrong.”

“What? Why?” he croaked, staring at one of his team members in disbelief.

“I want everything you have—the rank, the prestige, your sexy wife—I want it all.”

“Belle...”

“You don’t deserve a She-body like her. Trust me, I’ll take care of her, and she won’t remember you.”

“But...”

“You’ve always been the best. Me, I’m the eternal bridesmaid, but not anymore.”

“You bastard! I trusted you.”

“I know,” the other man laughed. “That was the idea.”

“Leave Belle alone.”

“Not on your life. As a widow, she’ll need my help.”

Greg choked, feeling cold. He closed his eyes and begged the Lord to look after Belle and strike down his killer.

With his last breaths, he whispered one word—*Belle*.

“Captain!”

“Over here. He’s been hit. Get Doc.”

Two team members raced to their fallen leader, lifted him up, and carried him back to the helo.

“We can’t stay. Enemy’s over those hills and inbound.”

“Let’s go then.”

Three SEAL team members carried the body of Captain Gregory Chamberlain to an Evac helicopter. An hour later, the team sat in debriefing trying to figure out what went wrong.

One volunteered to get the captain's things together to ship back to his wife, while the others took shifts watching over his body. SEALs never left their own behind.

\* \* \* \*

Greg Chamberlain's duffel sat in the cabin he used when the team based off this aircraft carrier. The member who volunteered to get his things together quickly went through Greg's belongings. He found the body jewelry Greg bought in Naples, pocketing the pouch. He switched Greg's laptop computer with one he purchased at the base, taking Greg's personal life with him. He packed everything and placed it on the bunk before slipping from the cabin to his own. He packed Greg's laptop, the body jewelry, and a few other items in his own pack, then left to join the team.

"Trust me. I'll take care of She-body. It might take a while, but I will have her."

\* \* \* \*

Belle answered the incessant knocking at her front door, half awake from a sleepless night. She never slept when she knew Greg and the team were on ops. Once she heard from him and he told her the mission had been successful, she slept without a problem.

She opened the door noticing the official-looking car before her gaze met the two men standing on her porch.

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Chamberlain?"

"Yes? What is it?"

"I'm Captain Nelson and this is Lieutenant Russell."

"No!"

"Ma'am..."

"No, you can't be here to..."

"Ma'am, I'm sorry. Your husband took a fatal hit, dying in the line of duty."

"No, it's not true!" she screamed as Captain Nelson held her after they moved inside.

"Can we call someone to be with you?"

"It's not true. I just talked to him several hours ago."

“Ma’am, he wrote you a letter,” the captain said, handing her an envelope. “He gave it to the carrier’s captain before the mission. I’m truly sorry.”

She dreaded touching the envelope, but slowly took it.

“How did it happen?”

“I’ve told you all I know.”

“Meaning it’s classified and I’ll never know what happened.”

“I wish...”

“Save it. All I want is the truth.”

“I don’t have any more information than what they gave me.”

The naval officers drove away several hours later after they helped Belle make some arrangements. Captain Aaron Nelson told her he would stay with her once he learned she had no one to turn to. Losing her husband took the last bit of family she had, leaving her alone in the world.

“I will help you through this, if you want me to.”

“Thank you. I will need help.”

\* \* \* \*

Belle dressed in a black pinstripe pantsuit for the services and burial for her husband. A full military service, she sat through it—entirely numb. She jolted at the twenty-one gun salute, cried when *Amazing Grace* filled the silence before an admiral presented her with the flag from his coffin, along with the insignia he proudly wore. She lost it when pilots flew the missing man formation.

She met his team, their stories warming her. Later at *Club Onyx*, they toasted their fallen comrade, then left to return to their base of operations. Captain Nelson escorted her home and, before he left her to start her life as a navy widow, he promised her he’d keep in contact.

“Thank you, Aaron.”

He saluted her before he left. Belle watched him drive away, then looked around her now empty home. She’d never hear his laughter echoing through the house again, never see their family running through it and she’d never enjoy sex like she had with him. For all intents and purposes, Belle’s life died with Greg.

Belle screamed, hugging the flag to her. She saw the envelope, as yet unopened.

“Why?”

\* \* \* \*

The man who knew the answer to her agony returned with the other team members to prepare for their next assignment. He wanted to spend more time with Chamberlain’s widow, but he knew it would raise suspicion. He remembered every move she had made, envisioning the photo of her he’d taken from Chamberlain’s computer.

“Patience,” he told himself as his thoughts turned to the matters at hand.

*Patience. You’ll have plenty of time once you’re out of the navy.  
Patience...*

## Chapter 1

Once a month, Belle went to the cemetery to visit her husband's grave. Seven years had passed and she had yet to understand what had happened that night or why. Covert operations lived up to their names, their secrets going to the grave.

She returned to singing, but never wore the red Halston again. She knew she had to let him go because he wouldn't want her withdrawing from life the way she had. He'd want her to go on, but she feared taking the first step. *You have to do it to survive.*

One night, she finished her last set, stayed a few minutes, then left the club. She drove home, went into her lonely house and made a decision. After flipping the bolt on the front door and checking the others, she went into the den, and signed onto the Internet. One thing she learned a long time ago—for the most part, cyber-sex was safe. She decided to find out.

She surfed different sites, entering chat rooms, while saying little. Some of the things she read shocked her and others caused her body to react with sensations she had locked away when Greg died.

She created a new screen name on another server, trying to remain anonymous—at least as much as she could, being someone else and keeping her reality safe.

As *flamingsiren*, she lurked in several chat rooms, quietly learning how to play the game. She picked one devoted to bondage and joined in, while trying not to be too obvious. Some of the chatter fired up her lonely, love-starved body, so much so, she went upstairs to her other computer. She read what had been said while she switched and gasped.

Tfac4: *Ooh, baby, you know how to get me hot.*

Angryredhead: *Always, lover. My pussy's waiting for you.*

Trader: *Then tell her what to do with her tits, tfac4.*

Tfac4: *Good idea. Pinch your nipples.*

Angryredhead: *You're making me want to come.*

Tracer: *You have to wait until you get permission.*

Belle stripped out of her clothes, reading more as her body ached for attention.

Tracer: *Hey, flamingsiren, are you there?*

Flamingsiren: *Yes.*

Tracer: *You can do the same. Pinch your nipples and hold back your reactions.*

Flamingsiren: *Okay.*

Belle knew what it would do to her but she needed to do something. She'd been alone for a long time and needed release.

Tfac4: *Well, flamingsiren, what's happening there?*

Flamingsiren: *I need to come.*

She typed the words, shocked by what she had written, then clicked send.

Tracer: *Not yet. Slide a finger in your pussy and finger fuck yourself until you cry out.*

Belle did as he said, crying out. She couldn't help herself, her long-awaited orgasm washing over her. She ran to the nightstand, grabbed a vibrator, and drove the pulsating toy deep inside her—as deep as she could. Her body shook, feeling like she was drowning.

She went back to her computer and signed off before taking a hot shower. Inside, she slid down to the tile floor and cried. Seven years and she had yet to let go of Greg, needing him, even though she knew she had to go on without him.

Lying in bed, Belle considered Internet sex seriously. Being a screen name did secure some anonymity. Relatively no danger came from it and if she didn't get aroused, she had several options: she could fake it, sign off, then go on later, or she could start over again with another online personality.

One thing hit her. She missed human contact. Thinking about Greg made her body long for the touch of a man's hands caressing

her, teasing her, loving her to distraction. Grief overwhelmed her. *God, will it ever let up?*

Marriage to a career Navy SEAL started her in the world of online pleasure. They would go on and on, telling each other what they wanted and needed. Then he'd come home and the sex would be off the scale. The memory of her third anniversary and the call from Naples made her smile. She needed her husband's love, but the sad realization of his death sent her into another tailspin.

As she always did, she broke down in tears.

\* \* \* \*

To describe Jasper Constantine as a dark and brooding man epitomized the term "understatement." He rarely went out, his heart unable to take any more pain. At the board table, he ran his *Fortune 500* company with a firm hand, though his compassion for those around him became not only his greatest secret, but his supreme strength.

Talk at the water cooler always centered on the reputation he had made for himself—if his eyes turned black, there'd be hell to pay. Most of the women commented on his spectacular blue eyes, while the men respected his prowess as an executive.

But they had no clue about the reason for his brooding. He could have any woman he wanted, but once they discovered his sexual preferences, they left him. Because of this, he'd taken to lurking in the dark shadows of some of the nightclubs in Memphis, drinking away his sorrows. He favored another club called *Shackles*, one catering to the Dominant/submissive side of sex—the reason he scared away the women in his life.

Jasper had learned dominance at the feet of a Swedish mistress in London, finding he enjoyed a woman taking control of his entire being. Submitting entirely to a woman gave him the sexual high he craved. He found, too, he wanted to be a Dominant. Here was where he faced problems because he had searched for years to find a woman to share his lifestyle with—both ways.

He searched for the one woman who would submit her life to him, while dominating him when he needed it. The woman he searched for would be a rare find—if she even existed—and he



would do everything in his power to keep her—no matter what it took.

His search took him online. He searched chat rooms and personal ads on bondage sites, but could never find the right one—the perfect woman. He brooded more, the reason for his visit to *Shackles*.

“Master Jaspar, welcome.”

“Thank you, slave.”

“Are you meeting someone, or should I send Leticia to your table?”

“That will be fine.”

“This way, Master.”

*Shackles* kept their client list confidential. Most of the women took *stage names* while they worked. Leticia used her real name because of her position in the club she owned.

“Jaspar, how are you this evening?” Leticia said, giving him a kiss.

“I’m here,” he answered, his voice full of sadness.

“What do you want to do, Master?”

“I want a mistress and I want to be punished.”

“What’s wrong, Jaspar?” she asked, worried.

“I need the pain to take my mind off things. You are the only one I trust with the whip.” He smiled at her. “Why couldn’t we have met years ago? I could...”

“What? Destroy a beautiful relationship?”

She led him to one of the dungeons in the basement of the club. As soon as she closed the door and locked it, he fell into a slave’s position.

“Slave, you will remove your clothes and neatly place them on the chair. Then you will pick out what you want to have used on your gorgeous body.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

After stripping, he went to a cabinet and chose several items. Her quick intake of breath told him of her concern.

“Do you want a safe word?”

“No.”

Leticia took the *toys* and began their night together. First, she caught his wrists in fur-lined manacles hanging from the ceiling, then placed a spreader bar between his ankles. Then she locked it to the floor as he requested.

“Are you positive about the rest?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he replied.

She knew he had pushed his emotions to the limits when he asked for a bit gag and wanted his cock and balls shackled. This session tonight would not be for sexual pleasure, but release and pain. She slipped the bit gag into his mouth, then buckled the strap securing it. She made sure of the shackles. Then, after she sucked him to arousal, she took a thin leather strap and tied it around his cock, followed by his balls.

“Don’t come, slave. You know what will happen.”

“Do your worst, Mistress,” he said, despite the bit.

Leticia played with his cock until it swelled to its full size. She placed a manacle on it with a weight attached. His gasp pleased her. She went to the counter and chose nipple clamps. She pricked his nipple before clipping them on.

“Slave, this is how I like to see you.”

She picked up a flogger and snapped it over the sensitive areas of his body. He writhed in the shackles with each hit. She teased his nipples and his cock, lapping the drops of cum oozing out.

“My slave is misbehaving. Do I need to punish you?”

“Yes, Mistress Leticia.”

She turned and picked up the whip he’d chosen for her to use on him—one of her finer ones. She walked behind him, closed her eyes for a moment to collect her emotions, then began.

*Snap!*

She hit his shoulder—the second time, his other shoulder.

*Snap!*

She cracked it over his hips, one followed by the other.

*Snap!*

She marked his back.

Jaspar held his cries, needing the pain to invade his despondency and pull him from his sadness. He bit hard on the bit.

“More,” he begged.

*Snap!*

This time, he cried out, his agony filling the small dungeon.

Leticia walked around him, holding the whip around his neck.

“Has my slave learned his lesson?”

“No, Mistress.”

Leticia looked at him, shocked. She removed the gag.

“Jaspar, before I go any further, tell me what the hell brought this on.”

“I need release. I need someone who understands me and won’t run when I ask her to embrace my lifestyle. I need to bleed out my loneliness.”

“You are bleeding, Jaspar,” she assured him.

“I still feel the need.”

She grabbed his cock and squeezed it, then removed everything but the leather thong. She knelt before him and sucked his cock until she felt him near the edge.

“Does my slave wish to come?”

“Whatever Mistress desires.”

“Very well,” she said as she reached for a chain nearby. She attached it to his nipple clamps, then took his cock deep into her mouth. She sucked him again, her free hand massaging his balls. His body trembled with the sensations she created, though he knew he had to hold back until she permitted his release.

As soon as she felt him at the edge, she tugged on the chains and forced his disobedient release. He groaned as his release filled her, fighting the shackles as it overpowered him. Jaspar Constantine cried, Leticia being one of the few he allowed to see his vulnerability.

Quietly, she took the whip and cracked it again knowing, as a slave, he wouldn’t feel complete without punishment.

She helped him to the bed, laid him on his stomach, and tended to the bloody cuts on his back.

“Lay here until you’re ready to leave. I’ll make sure you’re not disturbed.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” he whispered as he fell asleep.

“My God, you haven’t slept in days, have you?” she asked, planting a light kiss on his forehead. She pulled a satin sheet over him and left.

“You’d better find somebody and soon, my dear Jaspar.”

\* \* \* \*

Several nights later, Jaspar went online to see what was happening in the world. He used the holiday to heal his body from the whip’s ire. Labor Day always gave him some needed downtime because, once he left on Friday afternoon, he didn’t return to the office until the following Monday—a week later.

He switched between two chat rooms, finding an interesting conversation going on in a bondage room he liked. He knew all of the names but one—*belleflower*.

Bishoplost: *Hello, Belleflower. Welcome.*

Belleflower: *Hi and thanks.*

The chat went on a few minutes before he invited *Belleflower* to e-mail him privately to continue their conversation. They spent the evening getting to know each other. She told him what she wanted to try and he explained what she needed to expect.

Belleflower: *I’d like to try it.*

Bishoplost: *This is not like taste-testing wine. It is serious.*

Belleflower: *I know. I’m very serious. I need to know if...*

Bishoplost: *What’s wrong?*

Belleflower: *Nothing, really.*

Bishoplost: *All right. We will try this but if I determine you are not suited, it ends—at least with me.*

Belleflower: *Fair enough. When?*

Bishoplost: *Soon. We need to know more about each other.*

Belleflower: *Why don’t you come see me sing at Club Onyx?*

Bishoplost: *Interesting. I’d also like you to fill out a questionnaire so I can plan. I’ve sent you mine so you can decide if you still want to do this. I’ve also included my medical reports.*

Belleflower: *Hold on.*

Jaspar waited, hoping he had not put her off by being forward but as her Dominant, he had to start now.

Belleflower: *Check your e-mail.*

Jaspar did, finding she'd returned the questionnaire completely filled out and her blood test. He smiled, *belleflower* a promising prospect. He glanced at her answers, intrigued.

Bishoplost: *Very good. I will meet you within the next week or two. You mentioned you want surprise?*

Belleflower: *Yes.*

Bishoplost: *Send me your schedule and your home address.*

Moments later, he had what he needed to know.

Belleflower: *How will I be able to find you?*

Bishoplost: *I'll find you.*

Jaspar sat back, staring at the questionnaire and the info on her whereabouts for the next several weeks. Her next performance would be the next evening and he decided to take in her show. He put the papers together, put them in his wall safe, then went to work out, needing to burn off his physical tension. His cock swelled while he planned out their meeting.

"Belleflower, I will give you a night to remember."

\* \* \* \*

Belle signed on, chatting in one of the BDSM chat rooms. She ended up instant messaging privately with a man who stirred dead emotions in her. When she signed on expecting self-gratification at someone else's whims, she refused to get personally involved, but her conversations with *bishoplost* pushed her to be daring enough to agree to the private communications.

He sent her a questionnaire, which she filled out as truthfully as she could. She put down what she wanted to try. His answer took her by surprise. She sent him her address and her schedule at the club.

She surprised herself by agreeing to his contacting her in a week or two. He could be an axe murderer wanting to set up her death, but something told her he was legit. *God, I hope so.*

She took a shower, then slipped into bed, naked between satin sheets. The softness aroused her, but not as much as thoughts of the mysterious stranger she'd meet in the next few days.

"Please, let this be right."

## Chapter 2

*Club Onyx* catered to fans of various types of music, but each performer chose their preferences to perform, thereby giving the club a varied patronage. When Belle Chamberlain appeared, the place took reservations, usually selling out. This time no different, it was the reason she now had an exclusive contract.

"*Club Onyx*, may I help you?"

"I'd like to reserve a table in the rear of the club for every night this week."

"I'm sorry, we..."

"The name is Constantine and I want the entire evening."

"Yes, sir, Mister Constantine. Of course. I had no idea..." he stammered.

"Quite all right. Make sure I get the one in the darkest corner."

"Yes, sir. Your usual."

"Thank you."

Hanging up, the maitre'd brushed a bead of sweat from his brow. Jaspar Constantine had been one of their best customers from the night they opened. Always sitting alone at a shadowed table in the rear, he spent a lot of money over the course of an evening and tipped well. To have him in the house not once, but every night for the next week was a dream come true.

The phone rang again.

"*Club Onyx*, may I help you?"

"I'd like to make a reservation for this evening."

"I'm sorry, sir. We're..."

"I need a reservation tonight," the caller stated emphatically.

"All I have left are barstools."

“Fine.”

“Your name?”

“Smith.”

\* \* \* \*

He slammed the phone down, cursing in disbelief. It amazed him how popular She-body was, though he wondered what the feelings would be if her fans or her boss saw the picture he had of her.

He'd settled for a seat at the bar only because he had to see her. With no end in sight to his navy hitch, the sight of She-body was what he needed.

His cock reacted to the fantasy he had of bedding the sexy siren of Memphis.

*Soon...*

\* \* \* \*

Belle went over what she planned to sing in the first set, then picked out the gown she would wear for the performance. She felt good about her life because of the lifetime contract she signed with *Club Onyx*. The idea of job security suddenly appealed to her for some unknown reason.

She arrived at the club early, going to her dressing room. She gasped, seeing her name on the door. She went inside, gasping again. Two dozen red roses waited for her. All the card said was *Till we meet, bishoplost*.

“So, he is a gentleman of romance,” she commented, brushing her fingertips over the sentiment. Warmth coursed through her, a strange, wonderful feeling. *What the...*

She put the card down, picking up her garment bag. She hung the dress up, then removed her street clothes. She slipped into a matte jersey ruche gown in a wine color. Gathered on the sides and down the center front, it clung to her figure before the skirt flared out below the hips. Thick straps held the V-necklined gown up. Soft, it draped her body with a sexy air to go with some of the songs she planned to sing for the different sets.

“Five minutes, Belle.”

“Thank you.”

She slipped into sandals and went to the mark offstage where she would wait for her introduction.

"And now, we can call her our very own Memphis Belle, thanks to a fortunate event bringing Belle Chamberlain here to *Club Onyx* exclusively. Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Belle Chamberlain."

Belle entered to thunderous applause. She began with John Denver's *Annie's Song*, did a set of four more songs, then ended with Dolly Parton's *I Will Always Love You*. She received a standing ovation, the first of many.

She went back to her dressing room overjoyed. Her first set over and successful, she forgot about the mysterious *bishoplost* and waiting for him to appear.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar sat in the corner waiting for Belle Chamberlain's first set of the evening. The minute he saw her, his body went into overdrive. *I must have her.*

Entranced by her sexiness, he wanted to melt when he heard her gorgeous voice. After her first set, he asked to see the manager.

"Yes, Mister Constantine."

"I want to put in a standing reservation for this table."

"Every night?"

"Every night Belle's singing. I think this should cover it," he said, handing the man a check for five thousand dollars.

"Sir, I..."

"If it's not enough, let me know."

"It's more than enough. Are there any special drinks you want me to stock?"

"Jack Daniels is fine, thank you."

"Sir, thank you."

He watched the man hurry to his office, then turned his attention back to the stage for Belle's next show. His cock strained at the idea of having her as his slave, maybe even more. Enjoying the goddess on stage, he committed everything about her to memory.

So far, he knew she wore designer gowns and red was a good color for her. He figured she put the events of her life into her



vocals. He'd have to find out more about her because he could feel her misery. Something or someone had hurt her and he intended to find out what had happened.

*Whoever put sadness in your life will answer for it.*

At the end of the last set, Jaspar quietly slipped out of the club, went out to his black Jaguar XJ6, and sat inside waiting for her to come out. He planned to follow her home to make sure she got there safely, then had another idea.

A few minutes after he'd made a phone call, a black stretch limo entered the parking lot. The driver switched cars with him and he went over to wait in the limo. He called the manager of the club and advised him he was waiting for Miss Belle if she should need a ride. Jaspar knew they would celebrate with champagne and he didn't want her driving while under the influence.

He went inside and waited for her.

*Soon, slave of mine, soon!*

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar's actions did not go unnoticed. A dark colored Ford Taurus followed the stretch limo with her inside. *What the...*

He watched it pull into the driveway and the driver escort her to the house, then inside. He waited for the limo to leave, but something struck him as odd. *Who are you?*

Quickly noting the license plate number, he'd have to wait a while before he learned who the competition might be. His SEAL team had been set to ship out for a mission inside Afghanistan. One thing he looked forward to was the day he walked away from the navy for good. His plans—leave the navy one day, bed She-body soon after, and, if need be, he had the skills to kill whoever showed an interest in her or got in the way.

\* \* \* \*

"Belle, as always, perfection."

"Thanks, how's the house?"

"Sold out and standing room only during the nine o'clock show."

Belle's legs wanted to crumble from disbelief. She leaned against her dressing table.

“Wow,” she whispered.

“And we got a standing reservation for the table in the very back.”

“Who?”

“Jaspar Constantine.”

“*The* Jaspar Constantine?”

“You got it.”

“A rich guy like him has a permanent reservation to see me?”

“He gave me a check for five thousand dollars to cover it.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me. Why?”

“He knows great talent when he hears it.”

Belle felt faint, unable to comprehend why a man like Jaspar Constantine would come to a small club like *Club Onyx*, much less want to listen to a non-established singer like her. Now, he wanted to make it his with a permanent seat in the house. She knew how it would help the club but, surely, the man had a life.

Phil brought her a tray with her nightly mug of hot tea and a glass of champagne.

“Congratulations, Belle.”

“Thank you,” she said, taking the champagne and sipping it. The bubbly warmed her, easing her nerves.

“Are you all right?”

“A little overwhelmed.”

“Are you okay to drive home?”

“I will be,” she assured him, putting down the glass. She excused herself to go change into her street clothes. When she returned, Phil and Brad, her manager, said good night and left her. A few minutes later, Phil returned.

“These were left at the bar for you.”

“Thanks,” she said, taking the three florist boxes. She opened one holding a single red rose. The card said *Congratulations*—but had no signature. She opened the second and gasped. Jaspar Constantine had sent her a dozen red roses, his card simply saying *Perfection*.

Collecting herself before she opened the third box, she drank some tea. Taking a deep breath, she opened it to find one dozen

red roses with a lone white rose. She read the card and felt faint—  
*Until we meet, your songs will make me want you more.*

“My God, he was here tonight,” she said, needing to hear the words. The thought of *bishoplost* in the opening night audience made her lightheaded. She downed the rest of the champagne and left her dressing room to go to the bar.

“Phil, refill please.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, and I think I’ll need that ride home.”

“Did you know there’s a limo waiting for you outside?”

“No, I didn’t order one.”

“The driver said to tell you Mister Constantine insists.”

“Good, I accept, because I think I’m going to be too dizzy to drive myself home.”

“Belle?”

“Don’t ask. Tonight’s been so overwhelming,” she explained as she sipped more champagne.

When she left, a stranger held the door of the limo open for her.

“Ma’am, my name is Jerry. Mister Constantine asked me to see you home safely.”

“Thank you, but could you answer a question?”

“Ma’am?”

“Why me?”

\* \* \* \*

When they arrived at her house, Jerry escorted her to the door, asked for her keys, then entered before her to ensure her safety.

“If you’ll allow me to, I’ll make sure your car is brought back for you, unless you’d like me to drive you to work?”

“No, that won’t be necessary,” she said as she handed him her spare set of keys. “Thank you.”

She watched him leave after he made sure she locked the door behind him. She turned off the lights, went upstairs and showered. No sooner had she slipped between the covers, then she fell off into a sound sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar slipped behind the wheel of the limousine and drove away from Belle's Southern mansion. From what he'd learned from his investigator's report, she'd been given the pre-Civil War property as a wedding gift from her parents. From what a friend said, the house seemed the main reason for her staying in the Memphis area, though her singing career ran a close second.

While scoping out the house under the guise of making sure no one lurked inside to harm her, he took note of every door, window and important aspect he needed to know in order to carry out his plan for their first meeting. The mansion, one of the last remnants of old Southern money, impressed him. It told him exactly what had molded Belle Chamberlain.

Grateful for a photographic memory, he remembered every bit of what he'd seen of the first floor with its living room, dining room, den, kitchen and solarium. Considering the age of the house, he knew he'd be able to get floor plans from the historical society, a definite plus for his idea.

He sent the real Jerry and one of his other drivers to get her Camaro from *Club Onyx* and take it home for her. His evening had been a success. His cock throbbed in anticipation of their first meeting, although it would be of a clandestine nature. Being near her caused his cock to strain against the black designer pants he wore, his intended submissive never the wiser.

Jaspar needed to work off what Belle Chamberlain stirred in him. He went to the west wing of his huge estate where he had an indoor gun range. Pulling out a Ruger Security Six .357 Magnum and ammunition, he began target shooting. One of his favorite pastimes, it always relaxed him. Hopefully, tonight would be no different.

\* \* \* \*

Over the next several days, Belle's routine remained consistent. She'd get up in the morning, choose her dress and go over her program, then spend the remainder of the day running errands or doing other things around the house.

Since that first night, she had not needed Jaspar Constantine's driver and she had yet to meet the elusive multi-millionaire. Each night before her show, she arrived to find a dozen roses waiting for her and after her final set, a single long-stemmed white rose. Between Constantine's reputed mystery and her mystery man's, she'd had enough, but she kept it to herself refusing to be the one blamed for ruining things and causing the elusive multi-millionaire to cancel his reservation.

Each night, she received standing ovations, finally feeling comfortable with the audience's approval. She decided she would look at new music in the next few weeks to keep her show fresh. She had to keep her fans wanting more. With her contract came an impressive raise. She looked at her gowns and made plans to go shopping the next day for one or two new ones, which would give her a dozen to wear over twelve performances without duplicating.

For her next show, she chose a white Ralph Lauren silk gown. A haltered creation, the V of the neckline ran down below her navel, while each side of the bodice gathered and joined at an antique silver brooch. The skirt hugged her hips and fell gracefully to a beautifully delicate but full skirt—subtle, yet elegant and sexy.

Belle pulled her hair into a tight bun, wanting to put the accent on her dress. Holding the dress in front of her and looking in the mirror, she smiled, satisfied with the look for her show.

She went to the club, changed and went on for the first set—starting with Cher's *If I Could Turn Back Time*. The evening went as always, Belle the crowd's favorite.

"Miss Chamberlain, Mister Constantine would like me to see you get home safely."

"Where is the man? I'd like to thank him personally."

"In due time, ma'am. He asked me to give you this," he said, handing her a note.

*Please allow Jerry to drive you home. While you wear a beautiful gown, you deserve to feel what it's like.*

Fantasy visions ran through her mind and overtook her. Whoever Jaspar Constantine was, he knew how to make her feel wonderful.

“All right,” she agreed.

“I will make sure your car is brought home as well.”

She nodded and excused herself to get her things. Jerry took her garment bag and put it in the car, then waited for her to come outside. As she turned to get into the car, he snapped her picture.

“For the memory.”

### Chapter 3

“Jerry” drove her home and checked the house to ensure her safety. Expertly, he pocketed her keys while distracting her. He said good-bye, then drove off. In his disguise as his own driver, Jaspar drove away and parked the limo next to his black Jag. Grabbing a duffel bag from his car, he drove back to the house, quietly unlocked the door and snuck inside, placing her keys silently on the small table near the archway to the living room.

He heard her moving around in the kitchen and quickly crept upstairs. He found her room, went in and set his bag near the bed, though out of immediate sight. From it, he pulled out a blindfold, one he could put on her like a pair of glasses. Then he stood behind where the door would open and waited for Belle to come to him.

Her heels on the staircase told him how close Belle was as she came up to her room. He took a deep breath, then held it. *Patience...* The door knob turned and Jaspar waited, appreciating the training he’d taken in swimming.

*Patience...*

\* \* \* \*

Belle went upstairs, loving the soft touch of the gown on her body. She wore only a skimpy thong to avoid lingerie lines while allowing the silk to caress every inch of her skin. Her nipples peaked from the arousal the material brushing over them caused. She needed relief and waiting for *bishoplost* did not cut it.

She walked into her room and gasped as a rough hand caught her throat, holding her tight, though not harshly.

“Please don’t hurt me.”

“I could never hurt you, especially if you do as you are told.”

He placed the blindfold on her, then led her toward the center of the room. While she stood trembling, he went to where he'd hidden the duffle bag and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. Before he used them, he moved the bag to within his reach making his toys more accessible.

"What are you going to do?"

"Silence. You will not speak unless I tell you to."

Belle couldn't begin to fathom what was going on. Forgetting about *bishoplost*, she dreaded what the intruder would do to her. She bit back the urge to cry out, fearing what he might do.

She gasped when he came behind her. He took her left wrist and closed a cuff around it, then did the same to her right. It unnerved her how this pushed her chest up, her nipples tingling. She sensed him walking around her.

"Very nice," he complimented as he ran his fingertip along the low-cut neckline of the gown. Her trembling caused little ripples in the silk, driving him crazy, desiring her more. *Patience...* He slid his finger inside the slinky material tracing the curve of her breast. While he did this, his free hand undid the top of her halter, dropping both sides of the bodice to her waist.

"Your tits are breathtaking. I see they beg for a man's attention." He walked behind her, loosening the skirt to let the dress fall to the floor at her ankles. "Beautiful body to go with beautiful tits," he complimented.

She shivered as he traced the curves of her body, the sound of the thong as he ripped it from her echoing in the silence. She froze when she felt his hands remove the clips holding her hair up.

"Understand me, slave, you will not wear your hair up unless you have my permission. If you do, say 'yes, Master.'"

"Yes, Master," she said. Her voice changed, the fear leaving once she realized who was with her.

"You will, if we continue this, make sure your pussy and mons are always clean-shaven. I want no impediments when I fuck you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."



“Good,” he said as he removed his clothes, setting them to the side. He went behind her, cupping her voluptuous breasts in his hands, his cock throbbing between their bodies.

“Take my cock in your hands.”

Belle did, grasping his velvety shaft, hard and long. She caught her breath when he began to pump his cock while in her grasp.

“This is what any orifice in your body will eagerly take at my whim at any time.”

“Yes, Master, thank you,” she said, her grasp on his cock tighter.

“Good,” he complimented as he squeezed her breasts while pinching her hard nipples. “Make me come, slave.”

Belle did, wanting to please him. Although she couldn’t see and had no idea who had taken control of her, it felt right. She wanted to be his slave. The feel of his hot cum on her hands and back sent heat through her as he groaned his pleasure.

“That’s it, slave,” he coached. When she had, he propelled her to a nearby table and bent her over it. Because of its size, her breasts remained free for his pleasure. He reached into his bag and took out an anal plug and a tube of lubricant.

“Your ass is too tight to take my cock, so it needs to be stretched. I will insert an anal plug after I use gel to make it easier on you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master, as you wish. I want to please you.”

“If we continue, you will wear and bathe in magnolia scent always.”

“Yes, Master.”

He smiled when she gasped at the insertion of the anal plug.

“How does it feel, slave?”

“Good, Master,” she croaked. He spread her feet apart, then stood at her side.

“No matter how much you want to come, you will not unless I give you permission. You will not utter a sound.”

“Anything, Master.”

Jaspar set the anal plug on a low pulsation, her body’s jolt pleasing him. He slid his finger to the lips of her pussy and parted

them. As he teased them, his other hand played with her nipples. Surprise jolted through her as he tortured her clit, though she fought to hold her reactions. The dual shock of it with her nipples pinched sent her body rocketing to the edge. Her hands clenched, the handcuffs holding tight.

He caught a glimpse of her in her full-length mirror, his cock swelling once more. He let it throb against her back as he tortured her senses. He could tell she desperately wanted to cry out, her need to come for him overwhelming her.

Knowing she had a little bit of control left, he slipped a finger inside her, followed by a second. While his thumb pressed her clit, he finger fucked her. Belle held to his command, fighting her body's need for release.

"Come for me while my fingers fuck your sweet cunt."

"Master!" she screamed, her cum drowning his hand. She shivered as an orgasm washed over her for the first time in years. Toys only did so much to a love starved/sex starved body.

He stood her up, then lifted her to carry her to her bed. He turned up the pulse on the plug, her body responding to the newest sensation.

"Suck my cock, slave."

"Anything for you, Master," she gasped. Like a little bird, her mouth searched for him, eagerly and hungrily wanting him. He positioned his cock at her mouth, leaning over her for support. She took him in her mouth, causing him to gasp as he felt his head touch the back of her throat.

"Deeper, slave."

She obeyed him, the need to please him driving her. Hungrily, she sucked him, her lips enveloping him while her tongue laved over his length. His need to release pushed him over his limits, pushing him to pump his cock into her mouth as if he was pounding her sweet pussy.

"Push your hips up and open your sweet cunt to me." She did and he greedily took her. Increasing the pulse drove him to suck harder as he lapped at her drenched pussy.

“Come, my lovely Belle. Feed me while I fill your gorgeous mouth.”

All Belle could do was nod as he exploded into her mouth. She swallowed his seed, sucking on him more as she bucked her hips, then pressed herself to his lips.

He heard her groan as he came again, her body out of control.

“Master, may I please you again?”

Surprised at her natural submission to him, he moved away from her and rolled her to her stomach. He walked away, her body feeling lost without his touch. She tried to listen to what he might be doing, her heart sinking when she heard him zip his pants up.

“Master, what have I done to drive you away?” she cried out, butterflies in her stomach.

“You are perfection, Belle. It’s six o’clock in the morning and I have an eight o’clock meeting. I want you to wait until the alarm goes off, take a shower, then go to bed.”

“But...”

“I will be in touch.”

“Master, when?”

“As soon as I get some arrangements made. Never fear losing me. You are a perfect sub and I look forward to training you.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“This meeting has been what I’ve been searching for. I want you, Belle, as my slave.”

“Yes, Master, I will be glad to serve you as your toy.”

*I’m hoping for more than that.*

“When the alarm goes off, you will remove the blindfold and place it on your bureau. The anal plug will remain inside your sweet ass until you get ready to go to work. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

Jaspar unlocked the handcuffs, removing them. He increased the pulsations on the plug, then he rolled her to her back and kissed her. Unable to control himself, he finger fucked her while his tongue explored her mouth, committing it to memory.

“Come for me, slave.”

\* \* \* \*

Belle woke around noon, the anal plug pulsing away in her ass and driving her crazy as it pressed against one erogenous spot while teasing another. She felt sore in places she had no idea existed, the evidence of the night before remaining.

Never had she had phenomenal sex as she had hours before with her *Master*. She groaned, realizing she'd given her entire being to a complete stranger, pledging her obedience to him without question.

"What the hell are you thinking, Belle Chamberlain?" she asked herself. She knew the answer. *Master* had given her mind-blowing orgasms and she would do anything for him in order to get more.

The phone rang, Belle rolling over to answer it.

"Hello?"

"Good morning, slave, how do you feel?"

The gravelly sound of his voice sent heat coursing through her, her need for him intense.

"Your slave wants her master desperately."

"Soon, slave."

"I don't know how long I can wait."

"You'll have to and you will not pleasure yourself. I don't like that kind of betrayal. You will only do as I command."

"Yes, Master."

"Is the plug still in?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. I'm impressed, Belle. You are the first natural submissive I've met and taken on."

"Thank you, Master. When will I see you?"

"In a few days."

"But how will I know you, Master?"

"Only *I* am your master. When you hear my voice, you'll know I am either with you or nearby."

"Thank you, Master."

"Is my slave wet?"

"Very, Master."

“Good, when you come home tonight and, any time you are home over the next few days, you will do two things. I want you naked and free in case I decide to surprise you and you will insert the plug as I did using the gel first.”

“Yes, Master.”

“You’ll be an excellent slave.”

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar went straight home and took a cold shower. Never had any woman impacted his life like Belle Chamberlain. Her sweet lips on his cock as he tongue fucked her caused him to swell, wanting her. The thought of her total submission drove his body crazy.

“Baby, you will be mine.”

He let the cold water run over his body, calming him. He needed to regain control because he had to concentrate on the agenda of the board meeting later in the day. While the company sat solid financially and on the New York Stock Exchange, Jaspar made sure it stayed there—the man very hands-on.

After the meeting, he called her to make sure she had obeyed him. Her answers pleased him, her voice sending heat through him.

After he hung up, he called *Club Onyx* asking to speak with Belle’s manager.

“I’d like to ask a favor for Friday night. I’m having a gala at my estate and would like to hire Miss Chamberlain, your musicians and your bartender for the evening. I will make it worth it for you closing the club.”

Belle’s manager agreed after Jasper named his price. Jasper called *Shackles* next.

“*Shackles*.”

“Leticia, how are you?”

“Master Jaspar, you sound like you’re feeling better.”

“I am. I am training a slave and would like your help. Can you attend the gala I’m hosting on Friday?”

“Sure. What do you want me to do?”

“At the moment, I can tell you this. I want you to spirit her away from the party and upstairs to the master suite. From there, I want her readied for her next session.”

“Anything for you, Master Jaspar.”

“Excellent. I’ll send you everything you’ll need to know by messenger, plus a bonus.”

“Thank you, Master Jaspar. I’ll be waiting. Master?”

“Yes?”

“It’s good to hear you happy.”

“It feels good.”

\* \* \* \*

Brad, the manager of *Club Onyx*, met Belle when she walked in.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, fearing the worst.

“Nothing. I wanted to tell you you’ll be singing at a gala on Friday night. He’s hired the band and Phil, too.”

“Who?”

“Jaspar Constantine.”

“You’re kidding me.”

“No, he even covered my losses for being closed, along with everyone’s salaries. He sent this over for you, too.”

“Thanks, I’ll be in my dressing room,” she said, surprised at the news she’d been hired for such an event. A huge honor and a boost to her career, Constantine’s parties always garnered lots of news. Her star felt like it was rising.

She opened the envelope to find a list of songs he wanted her to perform. She went out to her guitarist and went over it with him. Then Belle got ready for the evening’s set.

Hours later, she sniffed the roses sent to her by Constantine and her master, her very attentive Dominant. She drove home, went inside her house and felt something familiar. For the first time in seven long years, she felt life thanks to her mysterious master. If someone had told her about this change in her life, she would have told them they didn’t know what they were talking about.

The next day, she went to her husband’s grave. Standing at the foot of it, she stared at the bronze military marker.

“Greg, I’ve found someone who seems to want me as much as you did. I don’t know about love yet, we’ve only had one night, but he did things to me... I’m sorry, Greg. I never stopped loving

you, but he's alive and genuine and I need what he can give me. I hope you understand."

She stayed a few minutes longer, then got into her Camaro and drove home. She had to go through her gowns to find the right one to wear to the Constantine gala, because if it wasn't in her closet, she would go shopping to find it. Everything had to be perfect.

Once home, she went through her closet and found the perfect dress. A strapless off-white sequined gown, it had a purple design to highlight when the light did not catch the sparkle of the sequins. A matching scarf would drape over her shoulders and down her back. The classically designed gown gracefully fell to the floor into a short train behind her. With off-white stiletto sandals, her look would be subtle and classic to go with the list of songs she would sing for her mysterious host.

She chose simple earrings and put everything she needed in her bag, then took it downstairs, placing it by the front door. She then went over the songs, stopping several hours later when she realized she'd lost track of time. As far as the party the next evening, she felt good about the music and her confidence was strong. Going upstairs to her room, she stepped out of her clothes and into the shower.

"Shit!" she cursed. Quickly, she found the magnolia scented shave gel she'd bought on the way to work the day before. With it, she also bought bath beads, bubble bath, body spray and shampoo—all in the magnolia scent her master told her to use. Not enough that she planned to put her hair up without his permission, but to disobey several commands would not do.

Belle concentrated on shaving her mons and pussy, finding it not so bad, though she decided to ask him to do it for her since he could see some areas easier than she could. The thought of her master using a dangerous edge on her sensitive pussy thrilled her, her stomach clenching.

"Please, come to me soon, Master."

\* \* \* \*

A car sat parked outside of the front gates to Belle's mansion. A man cautiously watched what she did and had since he'd been asked to by a buddy of his serving in the navy. His friend had told him to keep an eye on the lady, a fellow SEAL's widow.

He watched, bored because nothing out of the ordinary ever went on. It didn't matter—the check he'd been given more than made up for his boredom.

"Excuse me, buddy—license and registration with proof of insurance."

"What?"

"Several neighbors called in a suspicious vehicle matching this description."

"Oh?"

"What's your story?"

"I... I... I felt tired and decided to pull over."

"And you couldn't make it home a mile away? Come on, out of the car."

"But, Officer..."

"No, the charge is loitering, for now."

"But I haven't done anything wrong."

"Add resisting arrest. Several calls came in because they've seen you in the same spot for the last three days. You have a crush on Mrs. Chamberlain?"

Joey McIntyre fell speechless. *How will I explain I got busted like a stupid fool?*

\* \* \* \*

Belle saw the reflection of blue strobe lights from outside. Glancing out the window from her piano bench, she saw two police cars and watched while the officers arrested someone. She felt safe knowing the Memphis Police did their jobs to keep the city safe.

She went back to what she'd been doing but stopped when the phone rang.

"Hello."

"My sweet slave, what are you doing?"



"Going over some new music for a private engagement tomorrow night."

"Then I won't bother you while you're working."

"No, Master, it's fine. I need a break."

"Good. Now, I need to know how obedient you've been."

"Yes, Master."

"Magnolia scent all over your luscious body?"

"Yes, Master."

"Clean-shaven everywhere?"

"Yes, Master, but would Master do it from now on?"

"Possibly. Hair down?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good, now I want you to strip out of your clothes and enjoy your nudity. My slave has a gorgeous body and you must never be ashamed of it. I want you comfortable being naked."

"Yes, Master. Thank you."

"Have you've done as I asked?"

"Yes, Master."

"How do you feel?"

"Freer, Master. Thank you for that."

"Anything, slave. Now go into the kitchen, get an ice cube and run it over your body. I want to hear your reactions."

She did as he wanted, the breezes from the ceiling fans causing her nipples to harden. Her breath caught as chills ran up and down her spine. She felt every nerve ending, a new sensation.

"I want you to sit on one of the stools and let the ice melt over your sensuous body. What do you feel?"

"Oh," Belle gasped. She shivered with the cold moisture trickling over her body and the cool breeze blowing over her. She rubbed it over her breasts, her nipples harder.

"Master, it's... Oh..."

"Belle, take one of your beautiful long fingers and slide it between your legs."

"But, Master, you said..."

"I'm telling you to do this. Phone sex is very erotic, just like online."

“Yes, Master, I remember.”

“While you tease your clit, finger fuck your sweet pussy, and tell me what you remember.”

Belle let the ice cube slide along the length of her body to the floor, followed by her hand. She teased her clit, her pussy dripping. Easily, she slid her finger along her lips and into her core. In and out, she finger fucked herself as he wanted while telling her master about Greg’s phone call from Naples. As she told him of her orgasm the night of her third wedding anniversary, she cried out as a new orgasm crashed over her.

“Let it go, slave.”

“Master, I...”

“Don’t apologize. You are perfection, Belle.”

Belle bent over the counter, the chill of the marble helping to ease the scorching ache of her body.

“Master,” she said, feeling faint.

“Belle?”

## Chapter 4

Jaspar had Leticia organize the gala while he took care of last minute preparations and details. If things went as planned, Belle Chamberlain would not be leaving his house, or his life.

A masked ball, Belle would have no clue as to what was happening until their second encounter allowed him to reveal his true identity to her. If something adverse happened, his identity would remain a mystery—his secret still his.

He went upstairs to the second floor. The east wing housed the guestrooms, while the west included his huge master suite, his family's rooms—ready in case they visited—and one room very special to him. Inside, he could go to find out exactly where he had come from—high school trophies for soccer, swimming and track, along with many academic awards. Sometimes, he looked through an album where he kept invitations from colleges like Harvard and Yale. Instead of following in his father's footsteps of continuing his education, then the family business, he made a deal with his father. If the man gave Jaspar a good stock portfolio, Jaspar would increase it while he served his country. He remembered his father's reaction.

"If the stocks aren't profitable by the end of your first four years, you will not re-up and you will come home and go to school." Twenty-five years later, Jaspar Constantine retired from the United States Army, a veteran jumper with the 82nd Airborne and a member of the elite Ranger team and Special Ops, having attained the rank of major general, one of the nation's youngest.

During his hitch, his father died, leaving him a multi-million dollar financial empire. Jaspar retained his father's law firm and his

financial advisors because, while the country benefited from his military service, his empire grew steadily by leaps and bounds.

He looked at the evidence of his military service—the awards, the promotions, his medals—and it always left him asking how a man could be so successful in school, business and the military but unable to reap the benefits of the perfect woman at his side.

In the early years of his army career, Jaspar remained content in doing things like relationships in the normal way, only it did not satisfy him. Something was lacking in his life until his team spent time in England. On leave for two weeks, Jaspar haunted the darker side of London nightlife and learned something he never knew. He had an extremely dominant side begging to come out.

Mistress Glynnis spent his leave time training him. He came to love being bound and unable to move while she pleased him. She taught him everything, Jaspar an eager student. At the end of his time with her, he learned how to accept and relish this part of his personality. Jaspar did, embraced it and kept it secret.

Until Belle, he'd been unable to find the perfection he had with the Memphis siren who haunted his soul after she stole his heart. *You will be mine, Belle. No one else's...*

Jaspar felt his cock swell thinking of her, straining for release from the confines of his clothing. He tried to ignore it but seeing the dress he planned for her to be wearing when he came to her sent heat scorching his emotions, his body nearing the point of no return.

He heard a knock on his door.

"Come in."

"Master Jaspar, do you have any more instructions?"

"First, once you spirit her up here, I want her collared and restrained. When I come to her, I expect her wearing this and ready for my commands."

"She will be, Master Jaspar."

"Second, I need release."

"Won't it betray her?"

"Yes, Leticia, you are right, as always. Thank you."

Leticia left him alone with his memories as she went to prepare for the gala.

\* \* \* \*

Belle and the others entered the huge mansion overlooking the Mississippi River. Before she did, she took a moment to imagine the old paddleboats and steamships cruising past the massive property. She'd read his family's fortunes dated back to the 1700s and, from the way the house sat, it appeared several additions had been added over the years. Instantly, she fell in love with the place, not feeling overwhelmed by it as she expected.

"Good afternoon, my name is Leticia and I will be assisting Mister Constantine in hosting the gala tonight. I don't know if you were told this is a masked ball, though he does not want you to be. He understands musicians and does not wish to make you do anything you are uncomfortable with. If you will follow Charles, he will show you where to set up and get you any assistance you require."

"Thank you," Belle said.

"Mrs. Chamberlain, Josie has been assigned to assist you. If you will give her your things, she will see they go to your room."

"Thank you again," she said as she handed Josie her garment bag, then her other one. She went to follow her, but Leticia stopped her.

"Mister Constantine wants me to give you a tour of the house."

Surprised, Belle could only nod. After she had seen everything, Leticia took her to her room. Belle gasped.

"Mister Constantine figured you might want to practice or warm up, so he made sure you would come here. The piano was tuned yesterday and if you have need of anything, Josie is here. If you need me, feel free to use this."

Leticia handed her a Nextel two-way phone, then quietly left.

Belle looked around the suite of rooms, remembering Greg's first apartment. *It would fit in here with room to spare.*

"Ma'am, would you like anything?"

"Some water would be nice."

\* \* \* \*

Leticia went straight to Jaspar. He sat at his desk e-mailing an overseas associate.

“Master Jaspar, everything to this point is complete.”

“And Belle?”

“In shock.”

“I thought so.”

“Josie’s seeing to her needs.”

“Excellent. Thank you very much for helping me out.”

“Anytime, Master. One thing, if I may?”

“What?”

“She’s perfect.”

“I hope so,” he agreed, sitting back. “Are you ready for later?”

“Yes. When do I bring her to you?”

“After the last song of her second set. When she’s due to go on again, announce her regrets due to some logical malady. Once I leave, the party’s yours.”

“Yes, Master. Until later...”

“Thank you.”

“Oh, by the way... Your disguise?”

“The first one will be the Southern gentleman.”

“And the second?”

“The Dominant in tight leather.”

Leticia smiled. Jaspar’s gorgeous body filled out tight leather pants like no other man she had ever met. Mrs. Chamberlain had to be special for him to wear them for her. She knew exactly what he would do to his new slave and wished he would do it to her—at least, one more time. She knew once Jaspar committed to Belle Chamberlain, it would be a long time before she saw him again—if ever.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar dressed after a late afternoon shower. He wore a pair of off-white trousers with a long, dark blue coat over a white shirt and white satin vest. He tied a thin tie around his collar, pulling it into a loose bow. He looked at the Southern gentleman reflected in the mirror and knew tonight would be it—one way or another.

Before he left to greet his early guests, he checked the room off to the side of his small parlor. This would be where he would find his Belle when he returned later. He'd personally renovated this room for restraint. He'd built two columns, five feet apart, in the center of the room. In the columns ran two tracks so he could adjust the restraints according to his whims or those of his slave at any given time. He'd placed a track in the flooring for the same reason, plus a quick release system if needed. Smiling, he recalled a very pleasurable night with Leticia when he tested it, hoping for the same or better with Belle.

He left the room, then stopped in the sitting room. He willed his body to relax. *Fun and games would come later.*

Once he made it downstairs, mask in place, he greeted some of the board members from *Constantine International* and their wives or guests. A few of his fellow Special Ops and Ranger team members showed up next. He made his way into the smaller of the two ballrooms where the evening's entertainment would occur and quietly watched the final sound checks.

Jaspar glanced around the room, the truth of his gaze hidden by the mask. His breath caught when he saw his Dark Angel escorting Belle to the stage. His gaze locked on her, photographing every subtle, sexy curve of her body for his mental scrapbook. His cock jumped to attention, desperately throbbing its impatience. He wanted to sink himself inside her and impale her luscious body on his.

"Sir, would you like to introduce Mrs. Chamberlain?" Leticia asked, careful not to reveal the true nature of their relationship.

"No, my dear lady, you may."

"As you wish, sir."

Leticia obediently went to the microphone and waited for the room to quiet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Mister Jaspar Constantine would like to welcome everyone to his annual masked ball. You have all been extremely generous and the charities benefiting from tonight's gala thank you."

A thunderous applause rose before she spoke again.

“And now, for your pleasure, the song stylings of Belle Chamberlain.”

Jaspar applauded, then listened to Belle’s beautiful voice when she sang George Strait’s *I Cross My Heart*. Slipping through the crowd, he made his way to the terrace where he could enjoy her voice in private.

*Patience...*

\* \* \* \*

Belle dressed, fixed her hair and made sure her makeup was flawless. She did several sets of scales before Josie led her through the cavernous house to the ballroom. She quietly overlooked the largest room and crowd she ever performed in or in front of before. She said a silent prayer.

Opening her eyes, she hoped to see her elusively mysterious host, but instead, Leticia took the stage for the introduction. Belle’s heart sank. *When do I get to meet this guy?*

Once she heard the applause, everything else disappeared. She drowned herself in the music, letting it take her where it would. She finished the first set, then excused herself to take a break.

“Y’all are great. I couldn’t sing without you,” she told her band.

“It’s all you, Belle.”

She followed Josie to the solarium at the rear of the mansion.

“Mister Constantine has set this up for you so you can relax. Whatever you need...”

“When will I get to meet him?”

“I’m sure you will before the evening’s over.”

“He’s a very mysterious man,” Belle started, hoping to learn something.

“And he’s very private,” Leticia stated. Josie quickly left the room, Leticia closing the door behind her.

“I’d love to meet him,” Belle said.

“He wants to meet you later. He loves your singing.”

Belle smiled, heat coursing through her, though she didn’t realize why. She enjoyed the meal Josie brought in for her, trying to distract her mind from the emotions running wild through her.



She could get to like this, but knew she'd never be able to compete with half the people attending the ball.

"What are you thinking?"

"I could never live in his world."

"Why not?"

"Too rich."

"Mister Constantine is an extremely simple man. He does this once, maybe twice a year and all for charity. He enjoys going to your performances every night wanting nothing more..."

"I didn't mean to... Damn it, I...I think I'd better leave."

"He wouldn't like that."

"I'm out of my league here. I'm sorry. Please, extend..."

"Can I show you something?"

"Sure, I..."

"Come. I'll have you back in time," she assured Belle. "Josie?" she called.

"Yes, ma'am?"

Leticia whispered something to her and Josie left them. Leticia led Belle up the back stairs to the second floor of the other wing of the house.

"What? Where are we going?"

"To Mister Constantine's suite."

"No," Belle said, stopping her. "I can't."

"But your master commands it. You don't want to be disobedient, do you?"

\* \* \* \*

"Master Jaspar," Josie whispered.

"Yes, Josie, what's wrong?"

"Mistress sent me to tell you she's taken Miss Belle upstairs. She had to, or the lady would have left."

"Left? Why?"

"She feels out of place here."

"I see. Very good."

"Your wishes, Master?"

"Inform the musicians and her bartender of her feeling ill."

"And if they want to see her?"

“Tell them I’ve called a doctor and he recommends she be left alone to rest.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Thank you, Josie. You’ve done well.”

“Thank you, Master.”

She left him, and Jaspar pondered what Josie told him. He never considered the fact his life might overwhelm her. *Had it pushed her away?* He looked at his watch, spent some time mingling with his guests before disappearing. His usual habit, no one would miss him while enjoying his hospitality.

He hurried to the back stairs from the kitchen, heading to his suite. He quickly ducked into his brother’s room to change into the tight leather pants and shirt he planned to wear. Then he slipped from there across the hall. As stealthy as he had been on many a mission, he entered the room unnoticed. He caught a glimpse of his slave and almost ran to her but he heard Leticia’s voice, coming back to reality.

*Patience...*

\* \* \* \*

“Master? What are you talking about?”

“Your elusive master who wants his slave smelling of magnolias when they bloom in spring. Your master who wants you to enjoy your nudity and never be ashamed of it...”

“But how do you know?”

“I have my instructions. Now, if you will allow me to prepare you for your master.”

Belle’s stomach lurched, her heart slamming against her chest in total disbelief at the sudden realization her master happened to be one of the richest men in the world. As if she’d been put into a trance, she allowed Leticia to do as her master wanted.

“Is Master’s slave all right?”

“I don’t know. It’s all so overwhelming. I hope I don’t disappoint him.”

“You won’t. You’ve made it here. Now, if you’ll step over here,” she gently coaxed, leading Belle into Jaspar’s world. Belle

looked around the room and trembled, heat coursing through her. Somehow, it felt right to her.

She turned around, expecting her master, but Leticia stood in front of her holding a soft, diaphanous dress. She understood what to do and stripped out of her gown, handing it to Leticia.

“Gorgeous gown. You have beautiful taste.”

“Thank you.”

“He wants you to wear this and absolutely nothing else.”

Belle slipped into the dress made from a soft silky material she could only equate in description with sheer curtains. The bodice had overly full sleeves with eight inch long ruffled cuffs. The low-cut of the wide V neckline showed off her beautiful neck, while her breasts pressed against the fabric, every curve evident. The broomstick style skirt draped over her hips, her lower body seductively hidden.

“White looks good on you.”

Belle blushed at the compliment.

“No blushing.”

Belle’s gasp told Leticia she remembered her master’s command. Leticia led her to the center of the room where she cuffed each of Belle’s hands to a post. She knelt at her feet, shackling her ankles, her feet spread a short distance apart. Leticia smiled, smelling the scent of pure arousal and seeing Belle’s natural reaction.

“Master wants you as immobile as possible. He wants you to be collared.”

“As he wishes.”

Leticia took a black leather collar and buckled it in place around Belle’s neck, not loose, but not snug either. Belle heard a chain pulled from one post to a ring on her collar, a second one for the other side.

“How do you feel?”

“Fine,” she answered honestly.

“Good. Now, I’m going to take your scarf and blindfold you.”

Belle nodded, her body aching for release. She felt her nipples press against the sheer fabric while her pussy oozed her honey, a

trickle touching her inner thigh. Being blindfolded heightened the sensations and anticipation and made her hornier for the stranger who owned her.

Leticia stood in front of her, approving of Jaspar's newest conquest. Many had come and gone but she knew this slave would be his for life. Without a word, she ran a fingertip along the outline of Belle's breasts, then teased her nipples, pinching them to make them hard.

"Remember something—if you hurt him, I will never forgive you. He's a special man and he needs a special woman's touch to survive. He desires you as I've never seen him desire anyone. Don't hurt him," Leticia warned before another pinch jolted her nipples.

"I swear, I'll be whatever he wishes. I won't hurt him. I know what it feels like. I swear."

"Good," Leticia whispered before she left Belle alone, unable to move and aching for her master's touch.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar heard the last warning, appreciating Leticia's loyalty and overprotective feelings. He knew he should punish her for overstepping but couldn't. Leticia too special to him.

"She's ready, Master."

"Thank you, Mistress, for everything," he said, giving her a kiss. "I will always love you."

"And I you, Master."

He waited until the door closed. He locked it, then walked back to the doorway of the alcove he held perfection in. His cock strained against the tight leather, begging for release. He wanted her, but first things first.

Jaspar walked around her, desiring her while not wanting to ruin the journey they started several nights before. He could smell the scent of her arousal mixed with magnolia. She had remembered his wishes except for his desire for her hair to be tumbling free. He could allow this indiscretion due to the dress she wore for the gala. He approved of her attempt at shaving, her mons smooth since the

soft material of the dress did not catch on any new growth. Her request for his ministrations to her pussy pleased him.

Still without a sound, he went to where a tray sat on a table within his reach. On it, he'd placed a variety of toys and stimuli, everything she requested he use on his slave. He smiled—Belle Chamberlain was everything he wanted and he intended to make sure she wouldn't leave him.

"How is my slave feeling?" he asked, his nearness taking her by surprise.

"Good. I'm ready for your pleasure, Master."

"I see Leticia did a glorious job of binding my slave so she cannot move."

Belle's hands held onto the chains holding her velvet-lined cuffs out from her side. She ached for him but knew he would take her at his desire and no sooner.

"My slave, we are in a part of the house where no one can see us, hear us, or bother us. I plan to use your sweet cunt to satisfy my needs while you experience your exotic and erotic fantasies. I will use your tits and your mouth the same way and as before, I will fuck every orifice your body has. Do you still want this?"

"Yes, Master, I do—more than anything."

"You will not come until I give permission. I have you bound in such a way, you cannot and will not move unless I allow it."

"Yes, Master, please, I am yours," she croaked, her breathing erratic.

The rise and fall of her breasts as she took each breath sent his cock over the edge as it swelled even more within its leather confines.

"Do you have any questions?"

"Two, Master."

"And they are..."

"When can I see Master's face?"

"When I allow it. And the other question?"

"May I wear Master's collar of possession?"

"Do you know what you're asking?"

“Yes, Master. I want to be yours in every way possible. By wearing your collar, I will know who has complete dominance over my submissive being. I don’t know who you are, though I suspect you are Jaspar Constantine. If you are and can accept your lowly slave as she is, please allow me the privilege of wearing your brand of ownership always.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes, Master.”

“If I ask you to pierce your body for me...”

“Yes, Master.”

“Tattoos?”

“Yes, Master, if it pleases you. I know most women would say this is wrong but they don’t understand what is inside me, what I feel or how I want and need to be loved. My husband understood, which is why I told you about his call from Naples. He dominated me over the phone, online and in bed. You do the same and I need to be your slave in order to get full satisfaction.”

Jaspar slid his hands on either side of his slave’s neck and kissed her, their tongues dancing. While he explored her mouth, he pulled the skirt of the dress up over her hips, squeezing her bare ass. His fingertips traced her ass from her anus to her clit.

“I see you’re wet for me, slave.”

“Yes, Master, I want your cock in my pussy, my mouth, my ass. I want you to fuck me so hard, I scream in pain but beg for more. I am yours to use however you desire.”

Ribbons held the shoulders of the dress together. He loosened them, dropping the top of it to her waist, exposing her breasts to his gaze. While he teased her clit, he suckled her nipples, her gasp pleasing him. A few moments later, he unbuttoned the cuffs at her wrists, then unhooked the waist of the skirt. The dress came away, exposing Belle’s natural radiance to the moonlight coming in the full-length windows.

She felt him massage her anus with gel before he inserted a larger anal plug. Its light throb drove her senses crazy.

“Master, please...”

“Not yet.”

“No, I need to see you.”

She heard a click and felt the ankle restraints loosened. She heard him pull his zipper down and pull back the tight leather pants. He lifted her up, impaling her on his swollen cock, then removed the collar at her neck. While she reveled in feeling his cock inside her, she didn't notice her hands being drawn over her head.

He thrust into her, holding their bodies together. He increased the pulse on the anal plug, Belle fighting to hold in her cries of ecstasy. He drove her hard, Belle's body begging his for more.

“Belle, come for me.”

“Master,” she cried as her essence bathed his cock while he filled her. She wrapped her legs around him, holding onto any support she could find. The movement of her breasts pushed him to suckle first one, then the other. Somehow, he found a way to increase the pulse on her plug again. She cried out as waves crashed over her.

“Tell me what to do, Belle.”

“Fuck me, Jaspar.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, removing the scarf blindfolding her. “I am Jaspar Constantine, your master and slave. I will forever dedicate my life to your satisfaction and care while loving you with everything in me. Will you please be my slave, Mistress of my heart and soul? Will you willingly wear my collar?”

“Yes, Master, yes to everything. I submit my mind, my soul and my body to you, even though we've had so little time together. I feel heat from your handwriting. The sound of your voice makes me want to come. My body aches for what you and only you can do to me. Jaspar Constantine, I will gladly submit to you in every way and I will wear your collar of dominance.”

On her cue, he drove his cock deeper into her pussy, holding her body tight against his, no space between them. He laved along her neck, kissing her as he committed her body to memory.

Reaching over, he flipped a switch releasing her from the overhead chains. Her hands still cuffed, she put her arms around his neck pulling his head to her breasts.

"Tell me what Leticia meant. If I'm to be your complete submissive, then I must know how to care for you so I don't lose you. I've lost one love. I can't go through losing you. Not now, not ever."

"If I lose you, for any reason, Leticia will have to be the one to pick up the pieces. She is my mistress when I need dominance. Run your hand along my back." He heard her gasp. "I asked her to take the whip to me in order to bring me out of a despondent state. If she had not, I may have committed suicide."

"But, why?"

"I've searched for years for you, or someone like you. When I've admitted my sexual preferences and my lifestyle, the others ran. One threatened to go to the tabloids unless I paid her off. I couldn't afford her kind of publicity."

"What would you say if I told you someone has a nude picture of me?"

"Talk to me," he said, driving his cock into her and holding her tight against him once more. Relieved, he held her while they shared an honesty between them unique to Dom/sub relationships.

"This could be my imagination but when I got my husband's possessions back from the navy after his death, several things were missing. The night he called from Naples, he told me he had a pair of Murano glass earrings with matching body jewelry. He figured he'd get them all at once. He told me he would mail them home to me. I never got any mail from Naples. When I got his gear back, the jewelry and his laptop were missing."

"His laptop?"

"His laptop. When I got it back, I checked the memory for the picture. He had no files at all."

"Would his command have gone over it for sensitive files?"

"Probably, but I don't think they did. I think someone switched it or erased everything, the photo also."

"And the photo..."



"I had my girlfriend take a nude photo of me lying seductively across our bed. I scanned it in and sent it to him. I don't know where it is."

"Who would have gone through his things?"

"I assumed his team, maybe his lieutenant."

"Let me see if I can find out anything."

"How?"

"I retired from Special Ops and the Rangers as a major general."

"What?" she asked in shock, trying to pull back. He refused to let her go. "No, I can't... We can't... It could ruin you if it comes to light."

"I want you, Belle. If you leave me, I'll..."

"But..."

"No, I have the resources. I command you not to worry, slave."

Suddenly, her body clenched around his. His voice soothed her, drawing her to submit to him. She gazed into his dazzling blue eyes, melting.

"I made a commitment to be your Dominant, meaning I will take care of this so it doesn't hurt you."

"And if you find out who did it?"

"I'll kill him," he answered as he teased her nipple, nipping at it. Her body jolted, and Jasper was pleased.

## Chapter 5

When Belle woke, she heard the grandfather's clock strike two. She went to move but she had been cuffed to the bed, her feet spread apart. A breeze blew over her, her nipples instantly hard. She looked for Jaspar but couldn't see him. Suddenly, her body reacted to a new stimulus.

While she slept, Jaspar had been busy. As she shook and fought to hold back, she felt an extra restraint on her body. She tried to look down her body but the pulsations increased. She guessed he'd inserted the new toy and used leather strapping to insure it remained inside her.

"Master, wherever you are, please allow me to... Oh..."

"Not yet, sweet Belle. I love watching your luscious tits moving like they are now."

Belle closed her eyes tightly in order to stave off disobeying him. She felt him at her side, then as he straddled her rib cage so he could grasp her breasts around his cock. As he pumped his cock while wrapped in her softness, his thumbs teased her nipples.

"Master, no... Please, let me..."

Quickly, he moved the head of his cock to her lips. She hungrily took his swollen length and moved back and forth on his cock. As he neared his release, he matched her pace, pumping his cock hard.

"Come, my sweet slave," he ordered as he exploded and filled her.

Her moans filled the room, her body bucking from his toys and his magnificent cock. She licked him clean, paying extra attention to his slit. He felt his body react.

"Do that any more, and you'll be taking me again."

“Yes, Master,” she enthused. With his cock in her mouth again, she worked with the sensations torturing her pussy and ass. Her hands clenched as her body jolted again. Her mouth full of his cock, she couldn’t ask his permission, this time, not caring if he punished her or not. She couldn’t hold back, driven by him in several ways. She moaned as her body shook, the orgasm crashing into her like an out-of-control freight train.

She didn’t notice him pacing with her. She only knew the unique taste of his hot seed bursting down her throat. Hungrily, she took him as seven years of self-imposed abstinence overtook her. She felt relief from Jaspar’s assault on her senses.

Jaspar felt her need overwhelm her as he exploded into her.

“Belle, you’re perfect,” he complimented.

“Thank you, Master.”

“How do you feel?”

“I’m sore but I love the feeling. It’s been so long...”

“You deserve to be fucked all the time, my gorgeous slave.”

“You have me where you want me, Master.”

“I know, which is why I’m going to teach you stamina.”

He went to the bureau and picked up a flogger. Coming back to her, he removed the toys, giving her lower body a break.

“Flogging has twofold purposes—as punishment or stimulation, sometimes both. You need to be able to hold your emotions and your reactions until I allow you to let go.”

He started at her feet. After each whack, he massaged where the flogger hit. She jolted at first, learning to hold her cries. She took it until he made it to her inner thigh. Her back arched when he snapped it over her sensitive skin. He massaged both and surprised her by lavaging her pussy, nipping her clit.

Again, her body arched, only this time, she pressed her pussy to his lips as he tongue fucked her. The sensations he sent through her while she had to hold back caused her to try to curl up, the bed refusing to give up its captive. Repeating his assault on her senses, he lightly flogged her breasts. She gasped, especially while he massaged them, teasing her nipples.

“What do you feel?”

"Every nerve is crying out. I need to come. My master, please..." she cried.

"Feed me, slave."

Her cries echoed through the room—first from pain, then from pleasure. She shook from the climax and begged him for more.

"Fuck me, Master Jaspar. I need your cock inside me."

Jaspar grinned.

"Anything, Belle."

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar slid from bed around nine the next morning. He looked at the clock to do some quick figuring on time changes. After he sent an e-mail to one of his brokers, he called a friend of his at Fort Bragg.

"Colonel Troutman's office."

"Put me through. General Constantine calling."

"Yes, sir. One moment."

"Jaspar, long time."

"Too long. A bunch of the guys were here last night and sent their best."

"You society types. How did the party go?" he asked, knowing the reputation of a Constantine party.

"Good returns. The charities really made out."

"I'm glad. Now, what can I do for you?"

"Good, still straight and to the point. I have a friend, seven years a navy widow. She lost some property between where her husband died and Memphis."

"Don't you have your branches crossed?"

"Yes and no. What I need is one of your investigators. Send him to me and..."

"What skills?" Troutman asked, knowing how serious his old friend was, since Jaspar called him and not a local.

"Computer. She thinks files were stolen or erased. They could be personal, or they could affect National Security."

"Why seven years?"

"She had no idea who to talk to, plus you know how closed-mouthed SEALs are."

"Almost as bad as Rangers."

The two men laughed before the colonel got serious.

"What do you think she's into?"

"I don't know, but it could have devastating effects."

"I'll send Lieutenant Harvey."

"Thanks, I appreciate this."

"She's special, isn't she?"

"How can you tell?"

"Army-Navy? Sounds like a football classic. Hey, I wish you luck."

"Thanks."

"By the way, what's her name?"

"Belle Chamberlain."

"Give her my best. You deserve it."

Jaspar hung up and signed onto the Net, going directly to a secured site. After entering through a dual password log-in, he went to another link and into Navy Ops. He checked to make sure Belle hadn't stirred, then did some research on her husband.

He entered another secured page getting information he did not expect to learn.

"Shit!" he cursed.

"Master?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you."

She got out of bed and joined him, massaging his shoulders. She caught what he was reading and gasped.

"How did you do that? I was told it was classified."

"It is. I still have my clearance."

She read the article on what happened, gasping when she read the results of Greg's autopsy.

"He was murdered?"

It could have been an accident, though he doubted it. Friendly fire would have been more random. From what he saw on the second page of the autopsy report, it had been definite the cause of death was murder, execution style. As near as he could tell, Greg

Chamberlain knew his killer and whoever committed the crime was still on the loose.

Jaspar put his hands on Belle's, then pulled her across his lap. His hand went to her neck, drawing her into a deeply passionate kiss. The feel of her naked skin against his body caused him to react with desire and need.

"I will find out who did this and you will get justice for your husband."

"I can't ask you to do that."

"You haven't. I'm your Dominant and I will do this."

"I can't argue with the man I love. Thank you, Jaspar."

He kissed her again, his hand massaging her breast. She slid onto his cock, Jaspar groaning as Belle moved up and down on him, driving him crazy. He suckled her breasts, his love for her growing. She felt him as he went over the edge, cradling his head against her breasts. His hands ran along the length of her body to her shoulders, pulling her down to him.

"Belle Chamberlain, my slave, I love you more than life. I love everything about you. Marry me, Belle."

Unbridled love boiled over upon hearing his words. Against his hold on her shoulders, she forced herself to be strong enough to make him fill her. She came as he did and she cried out. He did things to her no man could or ever would do again. She wanted him and dreaded having to leave him to rejoin the world.

"Answer me, slave."

"Master?"

"Will you marry me? Will you spend the rest of your life with me?"

"Yes," she cried out as he exploded inside her, chills overtaking her body. "Yes, I'll marry you."

"I love you, my slave."

"I love you, Jaspar, my master."

"You realize we've shot your training all to hell?"

"No, Master, we haven't. I want to be your submissive. I enjoy having someone make decisions for me. Please, handcuff me until I wear your collar."

“But I don’t want you to lose what you’ve gained.”

“In public, fine. Here, alone with you, I’ll do whatever you want. I need you and the thought of losing you sickens me.”

“Belle, go take a hot bath and relax.”

“Will Master shave my pussy?”

“Anything, Belle. I can’t refuse you.”

\* \* \* \*

“What do you mean, you have no clue where she is?”

“I watched her place like you told me but I got arrested. When I went back, I found out she’s been gone for a few days.”

“You stupid...”

“I’m sorry, though I can tell you she didn’t sing at *Club Onyx* Friday night.”

“Why?”

“Private party for somebody.”

“Find her, you idiot.”

He looked at his calendar—two months until he went home. Two long, slow-moving months until he bedded Belle Chamberlain. Two long months...

\* \* \* \*

After she showered, Jasper led her to an alcove. He shackled her as she’d been the night before, gazing at her in the bright sunlight. Normally, she wouldn’t stand near a window without clothes on but the warmth felt so good to her, it didn’t matter.

She watched Jasper shave her, her body aching for his touch.

“I want your body pierced so I can adorn you with diamonds and gemstones.”

“Anything, Master,” she said, the thought of finally getting her nipples and navel pierced an erotic high. “Will you do it?”

“I can if you want me to,” he said.

“Please, I don’t want anyone else touching me.”

He hoped she’d be agreeable and appreciated her desire to have him do it. He found body piercing to be an incredible rush, though he preferred privacy. Going to a cabinet behind her, he took out everything he needed—piercing rods, antiseptic,

bandaging if needed. He pulled out a small jewelry case, showing her what he wanted her to wear.

"I'm going to pierce your nipple, then your navel, then your other nipple. Is that all right?"

"Yes, Master."

"I can numb the areas, but your nipples need to be aroused and I'd rather not use clamps."

"I want to feel everything."

"Here, or..."

"Right here."

Jaspar kissed her, his tongue playing with hers. He reached to her breast, squeezing it before he slid his other hand between her legs. He slipped his fingers into her wet hot pussy, finger fucking her. He wanted her to climax before he did the first piercing.

Nipping her breast, he suckled her nipple. Catching it between his teeth, he teased it as it firmed more. When he got it as hard as possible, he pushed the piercing rod through it, then inserted the golden cross of diamonds. She gasped but his mouth covered hers. She jolted again when his fingers reentered her, repeating what he'd done a few minutes before. Using this pattern, he completed the piercings. Belle hung, cuffed in the sunlight while the last remnants of several orgasms ran through her body. He released her feet, then lowered her hands. When he went to remove the cuffs, she stopped him. Slowly dropping to her knees, she held her hands up to him.

"I beg you, Master, until you place your collar on me, please cuff my hands as proof of my submission to you."

"You are unbelievable, slave."

"Thank you, Master."

"How do you feel, slave?"

"Perfect, Master."

\* \* \* \*

True to her word, she remained in handcuffs, just as she wanted. He'd given the staff time off after they finished cleaning up from the gala, meaning he and Belle had the huge mansion completely to themselves for the weekend. He led her downstairs



to the kitchen where he gave her a glass of orange juice. As soon as she finished it, he opened one cuff, then caught her hands behind her back.

“I like your tits pushed out so I can tease them and torture you.”

“Yes, Master.”

Jaspar lifted her up, setting her on the marble countertop. He pulled a dining chair over and sat down in front of her, eying her pussy.

“I want to see your pussy, slave.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied, spreading her legs more. His hand slid between her breasts as he commanded her to lean back. Grasping her jeweled tits, he massaged them as his tongue laved her pussy.

His rough fingertips on her overly sensitive nipples sent her out of control as his tongue dove inside her, finding her. She creamed, Jaspar feasting on her. She cried out louder, unable to hold it in, her body shaking. She threw her head back, the movement pushing her breasts up and into his hands.

“Yes, Master. Yes...”

“You should be bathed in chocolate.”

“Anything, Jaspar, my...”

He pulled her close to the edge while torturing her. She didn’t see him stand up but the force of his entry shook her. Her legs encircled him as he helped her up, their lips meeting. He listened to the sound of the cuffs as she fought their hold.

“I need to collar you so your hands are free.”

“No, Master, collar or no collar, when it’s just you and me, I want them. I want the restraint.”

“Why?”

“Because I have relinquished my entire being to your charge.”

“Tell me what to do, Mistress Belle.”

She whispered her desires to him and he grinned.

“I think we can do it,” he said, kissing her as he filled her. Once he had, he praised her for behaving. He pulled out of her wet pussy, helping her to stand. Belle surprised him as she bent over to

take his cock and lick the remnants of her essence from him. Belle let him slide deep into her mouth, hungry to drink from him.

Jaspar watched her, pressing her head closer to his body. He saw the natural sway of her breasts, swelling more. He caught them, squeezing them, despite the recent piercings. She whimpered, Jaspar not hearing her as the power of his release drove him more.

Belle sucked his cock, ignoring the pain. The rough skin on his hands tortured her more, pushing her harder. When she tasted his come, she relished its taste, hungry for more. She held her desires as much as she could but when his essence burst into her mouth, she lost the control she was being trained to maintain.

Belle's body shook, wracked by orgasmic tremors like never before. Overwhelmed by it, she didn't feel his one hand hold both her breasts while his free hand played in her pussy, torturing her clit. Lost in lust-filled passion, Belle came without Jaspar's permission, not caring about the punishment he would give her.

She didn't feel her lips swell as he pounded her mouth with his cock filling her throat while her luscious lips brushed his balls.

"Belle..."

She nodded, unable to do anything else. He pulled back, Belle taking deep breaths. She knelt before him with her head bowed.

"Belle?"

"Please, Master, I climaxed without permission. Your punishment?"

Jaspar picked her up, standing her to face him with glassy, sexy eyes.

"My sweet Belle, no punishment. I could not take away from what just happened. You are my perfect slave and you've done nothing wrong."

"But..."

"No, Belle, I can't. Not after what you've given me."

"Thank you, Master, for everything."

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar put her to bed knowing how spent Belle was. He left a sheer drape for her to wear. Open at the sides, it got around her

obsession of being cuffed. When she woke and found it, she grabbed it and his note:

*Put this on and nothing else. Meet me on the terrace.*

Quickly, she dressed, the dark purple bringing out the color of her eyes. She went downstairs and found the solarium, gasping at the sight of the intimate dinner for two waiting for her.

Candles flickered setting an air of romance. She jumped at the sound of a ship's horn as it passed by. Hearing Jaspar's laugh sent heat through her.

Jaspar kissed her hands as he unlocked one of her *bracelets*, then led her to a chair, held it for her to sit down, then recuffed her hands behind her. He gently pulled her head back, exposing her neck to his light kisses. Belle's body arched more when they kissed.

"Do not move, my sweet Belle."

"I won't, Master."

"My family is related to King Constantine of Greece. When one of my ancestor's came to this country in the early 1700s, he took the king's name as his family name. Also, my family has deep roots in the Orthodox Church. We've had a bishop serving in the church with each generation."

While he told her about his ancestry, he opened a large, velvet-lined box. From it, he took a necklace he had specially designed for the woman he found to be his worthy submissive. Three strands of diamonds set in gold chain crisscrossed to hold three matching crosses of different lengths with the longest cross dropping gracefully between her breasts, the smaller ones above it. He placed it around her neck, closing the clasp behind her.

"With this, I collar you, Belle, as my willing slave, to submit your being to me as you wish me to do. I am your Dominant in everything but your professional life. Do you accept this?"

"Yes, Master. It is a privilege and I wear it knowing you'll never hurt me but you will always place me before you because it pleases you to do so."

He stood in front of her gazing at her, beautiful in the candlelight, the diamonds glistening in the flicker of the small flames. He gently replaced her earrings with those matching the

collar and, with his hand at her neck, he kissed her deeply as their tongues danced together. Belle tried to get closer to him but he pulled back, gazing at her again.

"Belle Chamberlain, will you please do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

"Yes, Jaspar, I will gladly marry you. To have you completely means more to me than anything else in my life, even singing. You are my life, Jaspar."

"I love you, Belle."

"I love you, Jaspar."

"Are you ready for me to fulfill your earlier desires?"

"Yes, Master," she said. The very thought of it caused her pussy to clench in anticipation. After he fed her dinner, he helped her up. After that, he removed the drape she'd been wearing. He checked her nipples and navel to make sure the piercings had not become infected. He would never forgive himself if anything happened to her, especially if he had caused it.

"Your tits are gorgeous, especially with diamonds sparkling from them."

"Thank you, my loving master."

He led her outside onto one of the many terraces surrounding the mansion. Together, they stood in the moonlight gazing at the Mississippi meandering by. As she leaned back against him, he teased her nipples, loving the constant arousal. Holding her breasts with one hand, he slid the other down her body to her shaved mons. She pressed her body against him more, trapping her hands between them.

"You feel as if you were born to be mine, slave," he complimented, his hand parting her legs. He pulled her against him, Belle moaning. She spread her legs more to give him access to her wet pussy, his fingertips playing in her sensitive folds before teasing her clit.

Her body writhed against his, silently begging for more. She wanted to wrap her hands around his cock, but they were unable to move.

“Master, please, uncuff my hands. I need to touch your magnificent cock. I beg you,” she pleaded as she tried to move her hand inside his pants to touch his velvety shaft. Jaspar removed the cuffs, slipping them into his pocket.

“Come with me, slave,”

“May I remove Master’s clothes?”

“Not yet.”

He led her from the terrace down the perfectly landscaped lawn to a small wooded area. In the center of it, he laid her down on a soft patch of grass. The evening dew chilled her but she took no notice, only caring about Jaspar Constantine.

“As my slave requested, I will fuck you in every orifice I can. First, you will remove my clothes and suck my cock.”

“How, Master?”

“You will press your sweet cunt to my waiting mouth while your lips take me in all the way and kiss my balls.”

She removed his clothes, making sure of his comfort in the grass before she placed her pussy at his lips and took his cock in her mouth as instructed. She laved his shaft and he let her go with it, enjoying the sensations she sent through his body. One touch and he felt like fireworks went off, the heat between them intense.

Her body froze momentarily when his tongue traced a line from her mons to her clit. She massaged his balls as she took his length deep into her throat. The feel of her lips brushing over his balls drove him to sink his tongue in her pussy to drink from her. The more he teased, the faster her pace until she slowed and seductively tortured Jaspar’s senses. Unable to control his body, he moved with her.

“Make me come, woman,” he commanded.

She pressed her pussy closer, his hand sliding to squeeze her breast. Sensations took over, driving him to forget domination. He wanted her, surprising her when his other hand traced her ass. Slowly, he slid his finger into her anus while he drank from her. Belle responded, her body needing his to be one with hers.

“Ride it, baby, for all it’s worth,” he ordered. “Come, Belle.”

Waiting for those words, Belle rode the climax he created within her as he exploded inside her. She swallowed pure heat, laving his cock to taste every drop. Her body shuddered from the remnants of an incredible orgasm. Jaspar nipped at her clit, bringing her back to him. Spent, she allowed him to gently roll her to her back, her body soaked from their heat and the dew.

He reached for her hands, holding them tight while he pulled the handcuffs out. Cuffing her wrists, he put them over her head. She languished in the restraint, a puzzled look on her face at what he had planned.

“While you slept this afternoon, I came out here and made a few preparations for your pleasure.” Her smile pleased him, her body obviously wanting his.

“What else has Master done?”

“You’ll see.”

He grinned as he reached over to a leather bag he’d hidden earlier. He brought out several items, and Belle watched, intrigued. He shackled her ankles, bringing them up to her ass where he attached them to a belt he’d already placed at her waist a few minutes before. He gently spread her legs, making sure he did not hurt her.

“Are you all right?”

“Yes, Master, I’m fine.”

“I order you to tell me otherwise. I would never forgive myself if...”

“My darling, I love you. Please, do what I asked you to do.”

“Yes, Mistress Belle. As long as you are very sure.”

“Yes, I’m sure.”

He reached for two more leather straps. On her own, she spread her knees apart. At the point where she could go no wider, he bound her calf to her upper leg, repeating the same thing on her other side. He attached a chain between the leg restraints and the ground.

“You make a gorgeous captive. The moonlight sparkles off the dew on your body and the hot dampness of your sweet pussy.”

“And I’m a starving one.”

Jaspar laughed, more in love with Belle than ever. He placed his body between her legs, the head of his cock at her core. She tried to move to touch him, the restraints holding her in place as she wanted. He eased his swollen cock into her slowly, Belle's hands clenching from his teasing. He bent to lick her hardened buds, her breasts subtly highlighted by the glow of the full moon.

"Forget training, my love. I want to hear and see your reactions to what I'm going to do to you. I want you to scream if you want to, call my name, let your body ride the crest I plan to create while I fulfill your fantasy."

Her breath caught as he blew over her wet nipple, exciting it in addition to the constant arousal from the diamonds. He did the same to her other nipple, her body trembling. She cried out from the tingling sensation he sent through her. She writhed against him, trying to lure his cock to where she felt it belonged.

With slow, meticulous movements, Jaspar slowly fucked his fiancée in the chilly wet dew of a Memphis evening along the Mississippi River. She fought to be closer to him, holding back her own desires.

Jaspar's lips covered hers, his tongue exploring and remembering every tiny bit of her sweetness. He squeezed her breasts every time he thrust into her and held his length inside her, throbbing with the need to fill her.

"Jaspar, please..."

"I'm changing the plans. I'm going to torture your senses while I slowly fuck you senseless. I want to hear you cry out your passion and desire, then beg for more and I will do it all over again unless you beg me to stop."

"Then gag me so I don't..."

"No, I want your natural reactions without any impediments. If I want you quiet, my mouth will cover your sweet lips so I can take your screams into my body. No, your only restraints will be your present bonds."

He thrust into her again, squeezing her breasts while teasing her aching nipples. He kissed her, Belle whimpering from the pain/pleasure surging through her. She pushed against him,

needing to be closer. Her moans filled him as he thrust in and out of her, keeping his promise. He pulled back from their kiss, Belle crying out. Birds stirred and flew off into the silence of the night—the silence she'd broken.

“Jaspar, please... More... Please, I can't... Jaspaaaaarrrrr....”  
True to his word, he did it again.



## Chapter 6

Jaspar sat at his desk, watching Belle sleep while e-mailing his Greek subsidiary. She lay naked save her collar, her breasts gently rising and falling with each breath she took. He'd carried her back from where they spent their evening under the stars and once he laid her on the burgundy satin sheets, she'd slept soundly.

He looked back at the screen finding an e-mail from Colonel Burt Troutman.

*Am putting you in contact with Navy Captain Aaron Nelson. He's aware of the case, having been the one to advise the widow of her husband's death. He will be able to do your PC work. Trust me, sir, he's a good man.*

Jaspar picked up the phone and called Troutman, needing more information. He trusted his friend's opinions but this involved Belle's life. He had to make sure.

He waited impatiently for his friend to answer.

"Troutman."

"Yeah, what the hell is going on?"

"I did some research—more than likely, you did the same. You know about the findings from the autopsy?"

"Yes."

"The bullets extracted from his body were determined to be American, not Iraqi or anyone selling them arms and ammunition. Because of the nature of their mission, it's been classified on a need to know basis. Your inquiry to me started the ball rolling."

"Why?"

"Chamberlain became this guy's fourth execution, although no one can figure out why."

"How..."

"Nelson has been working with NCIS since Chamberlain's death. Of the four, Chamberlain's the only one Navy Forensics could get any definite answers from."

"You're losing me."

"It seems they have a guy executing senior officers—captains or higher. The other three became suspect after Chamberlain's death because of some tiny bit of evidence found in each case."

"What?"

"The ammunition."

"Tell me he got sloppy with the last hit."

"No, they think the other three were done to throw off investigators, a smoke screen in a way."

"Meaning Chamberlain was the intended target all along."

"And his killer wanted everyone to think they had a psycho who hated officers on the loose. The only things they have in common are rank, method of kill being execution style, ammo used and the fact no one remembered any arguments or trouble between the victims and their subordinates."

"What about those serving in their groups?"

"No one was on all four. The first one occurred at the training facility in Pensacola, another at Annapolis, one in San Diego on a destroyer and then the SEAL team. Another point is there have been no killings since her husband's seven years ago."

"Okay, so he could either be out, getting out, or dead."

"Exactly."

"Shit!"

Troutman agreed.

"Whatever it involved with the stolen computer..."

"You don't have to remind me," Jaspar groaned.

\* \* \* \*

Belle saw a shadow looming over her.

*Belle, be careful. Somebody wants to hurt you.*

*Who?*

*The man who murdered me. He'll try to eliminate the competition by getting rid of Constantine.*

*Who?*

*Be very careful.*

“Greg!” she screamed, sitting up in bed, hysterical.

“Belle, it’s all right.”

Beside herself, she shook. Jaspar held her, finally calming her.

“My God, it...”

“Talk to me.”

“I saw Greg. He warned me to be careful. His killer wants to hurt me and he’ll kill you to do it.”

Jaspar pulled her to him, holding her as terror overtook her. One moment, he watched her peacefully sleeping, the next, she became an emotional wreck. Trying to calm her by holding her was not working.

“Slave, I am your master. I will protect you. You accepted my collar telling me it’s what you wanted.”

“Yes, Master, it is but the fear of losing you...”

“It is my job to make sure you are safe and cared for. Our bond is unique and too valuable for me to lose in any way.”

“I couldn’t live without you.”

“I intend to be around for a long time. It took me way too long to find you.”

“Master, I need to know I won’t be the cause of you being hurt.”

“You could never be unless you leave me. Besides, you have a huge wedding to plan. My brother is looking forward to crowning my wife and welcoming you into the fold.”

“Crowning?”

“He told me it’s part of the wedding ceremony.”

“We haven’t even set a date.”

“Pick one. It’s September now. When do you want to...”

“I’ve always dreamed of a Christmas wedding.”

“Then Christmas it is.”

Jaspar smiled, relieved he’d gotten her mind off the threat looming over them. He felt her relax, their bodies melting together. It amazed him how perfectly they fit together, as if she’d been made especially for him.

“Come,” he said, leading her into the bathroom where he started the shower. She’d been so exhausted when they returned, she’d fallen off to sleep without doing anything else. While he waited for the right temperature, he shaved her body as she’d requested, the scent of magnolias filling the steamy room.

After an erotic massage, he pulled her into the stall with him, the water easing everything. Jaspar’s cock throbbed, his body craving hers.

“I truly know what addiction is. I can’t get enough of you.”

“I never thought I’d find this kind of love after Greg but I’ve got more with you than...”

Jaspar’s mouth covered hers, his hands on either side of her on the wall. As his cock throbbed more, her hands found him, pumping his shaft. He stood back giving her room to move, then took her breasts, holding them together, his thumbs teasing her nipples.

Closer—she drove him closer to the edge. He caught her ass, lifting her up, her nipples at his lips. He lowered her onto his cock, impaling her on it as he held her against the tiled wall. He thrust into her hard, her hands desperately seeking something to support herself. Unsure of where the fierceness came from, she languished in the raw power of his body. She couldn’t believe how far they had come in just a few days and what she learned about herself.

“Tell me what to do, Mistress Belle.”

“Fuck me as hard as you can, my gorgeous slave.”

Belle calling him *slave* sent heat scorching through him, overwhelming his senses and his control, something Belle Chamberlain had severely tested. Pure brutal sexual power drove him to hammer his swollen cock into her sweet pussy. She gave herself to him completely, letting him use her without mercy.

He caught her nipple, suckling it, wanting to take her to the edge. He nipped it, then went to the other. Pinning her body to the wall, Jaspar held her, driven by his love and desire for her.

“Kiss me, woman,” he commanded. He felt her emotions travel into his body as he drove her more. She broke away, screaming when they came together, his hot seed spilling from him into her waiting body.

“Jaspar, I love you.”

“My Belle, my sweet Belle,” he said as she cradled his head to her breasts. Together, they slid to the floor of the shower, hot water running over their super-heated bodies. Belle’s fingers tangled in his hair as she let her body rule her. She knew whatever she would do would force him to punish her, but she no longer cared, her addiction to Jaspar too strong. Her body gyrated, needing to be taken again. Feeling his cock swelling inside her drove her insane. The pain turned to sexual pleasure and she needed another fix.

Jaspar loved the seductive lap dance she performed for him, his body responding to it.

“Make your cunt dance for me, Belle. Make me fuck you senseless.”

“Yes, Jaspar,” she gasped as her pace increased. He cupped her breasts, suckling her nipples while squeezing her.

“Your tits are gorgeous, Belle. Your body is magnificent. I swear on all I hold sacred, I will never share you with anyone. I love you, Belle, and I am your willing servant. Please, my Mistress, forget training. We’ve written a whole new book.”

She called his name, her body reacting to what he said.

“Jaspar...”

“Belle, promise me something.”

“Anything,” she screamed.

“Collar me, Mistress.”

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar hung up after calling *Club Onyx*. Asking a personal favor of Belle’s manager, he requested the club not open for the next week. He would have a check sent over to cover lost receipts during the closure.

“Is Belle all right?”

“She’s fine. She has some personal business to attend to dealing with her late husband’s death.”

As soon as he looked at Belle, his love for her grew more.

“What did he say?” she asked.

“To give you his best. He’s a good businessman. I’m covering his losses and he’s doing some *repairs* to the club.”

Belle knelt before him, her head on his leg.

“What’s wrong, my love?”

“I’m sorry to be such a pain. You wanted a slave who wouldn’t hurt you. Now, this...”

“Belle, since you came into my life, I’ve been the happiest I’ve ever been. Leticia can tell you I had issues but you have changed it all. You’ve given me what I need and I don’t want to live if it means living alone and without you.”

“But if you feel I’m a problem, you’ll...”

“Never will I tell you to leave. You have our wedding to plan. This shit with your husband’s death will be taken care of. I’m meeting with a Captain Aaron Nelson...”

“Aaron?”

“You know him?”

“If it hadn’t been for him, I would never have survived Greg’s death. He’s a good man.”

“So I’ve been told. He’s got a great reputation throughout the military.”

He stroked her hair, feeling her tension ease.

“Jaspar, I don’t want you hurt.”

“I don’t plan on it. Now, I think we need to go shopping.”

“What?” she exclaimed in disbelief.

“My wife-to-be swore she’d collar me. You need to go to the jewelers, plus I want to show you off.”

“Can my master, whose dominance I need—sometimes, in order to survive—be happy as a submissive?”

He pulled her up to kiss him.

“Do you remember the night of the gala?”

“Yes.”

“Do it to me, Mistress.”

Belle stood, pulling him up from the chair. Together, they walked to the sunlit alcove. Jaspar took his place between the posts, giving himself up to her whims.

First, she removed the silk boxers he wore, releasing his cock. While at his feet, she shackled them to the posts. She stood up, walking behind him in order to place the manacles on his wrists, his arms out to his side and out of her way. She put the leather collar around his neck the same way he had done to her. As she put the chains on the D-rings, her breasts brushed over his torso.

She heard his intake of breath and smiled.

“Do I need to punish you, slave?”

“Mistress, whatever you desire. Show me no mercy. Bind me, do anything to me. I am your slave.”

“Anything?”

“Anything, Mistress.”

Belle took a thin strip of leather and carefully bound his cock, followed by his balls, his cock begging for her. She took a flogger to his ass, his muscles tightening with each hit.

“Please, Mistress, harder. I want the pain.”

She chose another flogger, one to inflict more pain but before she started again, she slipped a bit gag in his mouth.

“Your mistress is unsure of what she may inflict upon your body. If you need something...”

“Yes, Mistress,” he got out right before she secured it. She used the suede tails several times on his back, his skin red while small welts became evident. Kissing the scars from Leticia’s whip set his body trembling, his hands clenching. She flogged his tight ass, then his hips, Jaspar holding back his reactions.

She stood in front of him, trailing the suede tails along his neck and down his body to where his cock begged for release.

*Snap.*

One hip stung, after that, the other. She looked up, seeing tears threatening to trickle from his beautiful blue eyes. Another snap to his shoulder, then the other sent Jaspar reeling. Belle saw the torment and knew what he needed.

On her knees, she took his cock deep in her mouth and sucked him. He fought to thrust into her sweetness, only Belle had learned from the master. Jasper was immobile as he truly wanted to be.

“Come, slave, fill me with your hot juices.” Her hands squeezed his tight ass as she went down on his shaft as hard as she could. She moaned when she took him, needing to feed from his strength. Despite the gag, she knew how he felt and wanted to give him more of what he craved.

Pressing the switch, she lowered Jasper to his knees, making sure the collar had not tightened. She repositioned his hands over his head and stepped back.

“Nod your answer, slave. Are you all right?”

He nodded, Belle pleased.

“As soon as I remove the bit, you will suck my pussy. Your hands will torture my breasts. I want to come so bad, my body aches.”

He nodded. Belle removed the gag, stepped closer to him, her feet on either side of his knees. Leaning on the posts for support, she bent over him, her body positioned where he could do what she wanted.

The moment his tongue laved her wet pussy, she melted more. He grabbed her breasts, squeezing them as he tortured her senses. Jasper drove his tongue inside her, drowning in her essence, the sweet honey he craved. She pressed his head closer as she put her foot on his leg, parting her nether lips to give him more access.

Jasper ran his tongue over her clit, her body shaking out of control. As he'd take her to the edge, he'd squeeze her, his thumbs brushing over her aroused nipples.

“Master, may I come?”

“My God, woman, yes.”

\* \* \* \*

“We cannot go shopping,” she stated as she walked out of the bathroom.

“Why?”

“I have no clothes. You don't want me parading around naked, do you?”



“Interesting, but no. Check the closet.”

Her gasp told him everything he needed to know.

“Jaspar, how...”

“I did a little recon the night I first came to you. It’s one of the reasons for the alarm being set. I got your sizes and filled this for you for when you leave the property.”

She threw herself into his arms, thanking him with a myriad of kisses.

“You were that sure about me?”

“Yes, Belle.”

She went back to the closet and chose a little black dress. The skirt short, it accentuated her beautiful legs while the extremely low-cut neckline showed off her voluptuous breasts and her collar. Jaspar tied the shoulders together, extremely pleased. She slipped into stiletto-heeled sandals and ran a brush through her hair.

“Ready, Master.”

“Good,” he said. He wore his usual—black jacket over black silk shirt and black pants.

“Thank God, I can lay claim to you, slave,” she commented.

Jaspar smiled, telling her the same.

“I thought we’d go up to Nashville.”

“But it’s over three hours away.”

“Quiet, my love. It’s what Lear jets are for.”

“Why am I not surprised?”

“I thought we’d fly up and Jerry could meet up with us later this evening for a leisurely drive back.”

Belle laughed as they left the bedroom and went downstairs to the main entry hall of the house. He ushered her outside to the waiting stretch limousine, helping her get settled. Jerry made sure they were all right, closed the door and then ran to the front of the car. He slipped behind the wheel and drove off, heading to the private airfield Jaspar’s fleet flew out of.

Within the hour, they made their way from the airport in Nashville for a super shopping spree. First they went to a jeweler where Belle chose a thick chain for her slave.

“I won’t have you looking...”

“Anything you choose I’ll wear because I love you.”

They left the store and walked along a street where she looked at several different designer gowns. She chose several, which Jasper bought and had shipped to the mansion. They passed another jeweler’s, entering the shop and walking out with her diamond engagement ring.

He escorted her into *Mario’s*, a restaurant specializing in Northern Italian cuisine. She gasped at the elegance of the décor, the fine antiques and the many beautiful oil paintings adorning the walls. The maitre’d led them to a booth in the rear of one of the more private rooms, telling them their waiter would be right with them.

Jasper asked him if they could have a bottle of champagne brought to the table and gave him their order.

“*Grazie, Signore*,” he said, leaving them alone. A few minutes later, their waiter popped the cork on a bottle of one of their finest champagnes, poured two flutes and left them alone.

“To you, Mistress.”

“To you, Master,” she said, sipping her *bubbly*.

He put his glass down, gazing at her.

“Is my slave wearing her skimpiest thong?”

“Yes, Master.”

“I want you to pull the hem of your skirt up so your sweet ass touches the fine leather you’re sitting on.”

Belle did, the leather feeling erotically wonderful against her skin.

“Perfect, slave,” he complimented as he pulled out the ring box and slid the diamond solitaire on her finger. “Will you do me the honor of being my wife and my Dominant?” he asked.

“Yes, Master, I will.”

They kissed, two lovers enjoying everything life had to offer. Hidden by the tablecloth, Jasper slid his hand under her skirt and between her legs. While he kissed her, his fingers played in her crème, torturing her to near climax.

“Jaspar, I...”

“Quiet, my love.”

“Jaspar, I...” she started again.

“I know. I feel the same way.”

A noise brought them back to reality when their waiter served their salads.

“What did you order?”

“For me, I chose the *Muscovy Duck Breast* and for you, the *Risotto di Mare*.”

“Sounds delicious.”

Several hours later, they left the restaurant, walking arm-in-arm. They found a unique store and went in. Jaspar enjoyed watching Belle look around the store catering to bondage/submission and other unique sex favorites.

“You look like a child in a toy shop.”

“I feel like one.”

“Master J, how are you?”

“Fine. I’d like you to meet my fiancée, slave Belle.”

“It’s a pleasure,” the proprietor said.

“Belle, this is Master Alan. He’s a very good friend.”

“Master Alan,” she said, realizing her position in front of the other Dom.

“She’s good, very good,” Master Alan commented.

“Yes, she is,” Jaspar said, pulling her close to him, relieving her tension as he traced her neck with his fingertips. “Did the order come in?”

“It will be shipped to you next week.”

“Good.”

“Is there anything else?”

“I’ll let my slave decide.”

Belle took his cue and went looking around the store, leaving Jaspar to talk with Master Alan. She found several things, bringing them back to Jaspar. He took the items, then handed one back to Belle.

“I want you to try this on.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, looking for a fitting room.

“You can do it here, I won’t mind,” Master Alan said.

“But I do,” Jaspar stated firmly.

“There’s a small dressing room in the back.”

“Thank you,” Belle said, quickly retreating to the back. She heard their conversation, relieved.

“She’s a fine one. I’d like...”

“I do not share. Not when she’s agreed to be my wife. I love and respect her too much.”

“A man can fantasize.”

“But I live with mine.”

Belle came forward wearing only the corset he picked out and her thong. Black satin with rings, she looked like a temptress. *All she needs is a whip...* Jasper went to her and tightened the lacing in the back, approving of the way it pushed her breasts up.

“Wear it like this or tighter and your tits will beg for my permission for freedom,” he whispered.

“Then tighten it.”

“At home. Pick out a red one, too.”

She went back to change and picked out a red corset, close in style but a little different. She met him up front, where he was signing the AMEX slip. Jasper took their bags and they left, walking to a nearby bar after he put the bags in his limo. He appreciated Jerry knowing exactly where to find them.

Once inside the bar, he led her downstairs to a private room. He closed the door behind them, locking it. Belle watched him as he removed his jacket, then stood in front of her. He took off her dress leaving her in nothing but her thong and heels.

The diamonds in her collar glistened in the flickering candlelight. He groaned, Belle radiating in numerous ways. He took her to the rear wall of the room, shackling her to it. He teased her nipples, her body reacting.

“I’ve wanted to ravage your sexy body all night, slave.”

“I’ve wanted you, too, Master. How may I please you?”

“Stand there and enjoy what I’m about to do.”

He pulled a silk scarf from his pocket, gagging her.

“If we were home, I wouldn’t but...”

Her lashes brushing her cheek as she acknowledged his concern drove him to take her in his arms, roughly kissing her

nipple as he ripped her thong from her. Belle moaned when he brushed his rough skin over her sensitive nipples, then along her body. She spread her legs, giving him access to her core, his fingers easily sliding inside her. As he finger fucked her, he bent to suckle her nipple while holding her tight against him.

His fingers drilled her, the orgasm washing over her, though she refused to react, holding it all in until Jaspar gave his permission. She pressed her pussy to his hand, unable to tell him what she wanted. Jaspar continued, his tongue laving over her nipples.

Belle moaned, the sound filling the small room.

“Misbehave, slave. Come without permission.”

She cried out again, biting the scarf. She tried calling his name but the more she did, the harder and faster his fingers took her to new levels. Belle fought the manacles, needing to touch him but the restraints would not give.

Somehow, he dropped his pants and boxers. As the height of her climax took her, he withdrew his fingers, replacing them with his cock. He thrust into her core, pulling her tight to him, her pussy soaking his balls as it kissed him. Her body clenched around his, Belle crying out.

He looped his arms up her back, holding her in place while making sure they would not lose contact. He saw her tears, the need in them telling him what she needed from him. He removed the gag, covering her mouth with his own and fucked her, raw natural fierce passion pushing him.

Her moans filled him as his cock exploded into her body. His tongue danced with hers, Jaspar easing his siege on her body. He drew back, looking at her and brushing her hair out of her face.

“Jaspar, I love you.”

“I love you, too. I am so damned terrified of losing you.”

“I am your submissive, slave to your every whim. I will never leave you, Jaspar Constantine, unless you order me to go. Promise me you won’t do anything to endanger your life. I need you too much to willingly let you go.”

“Belle, my sweet Belle, shall we head home?”

“Yes, my master, but can we go back to Master Alan’s first?”

“Why?”

“Something I forgot to get.”

\* \* \* \*

A short time later, Jerry pulled onto the interstate and headed back to Memphis from Music City. He put the privacy shield up leaving Jaspar and Belle to their own devices.

“May I do something I wanted to do back at the club?”

“Go ahead.” Jaspar allowed, his curiosity piqued. Belle slid to her knees in front of him, unzipping his trousers to release his cock.

“Master, will you put the sleeve on me?”

He reached into one of the bags pulling out the leather sleeve she picked out at Master Alan’s. He helped her into it, her arms bound behind her in a leather glove. He tightened the lacings, untied the shoulders of her dress and helped her out of it. Moving his shirt out of the way, he shoved his pants and boxers down and out of her way.

On her knees, her arms bound behind her, Belle caught his swollen cock with her lips, taking him deep. She sucked him, her pace hard and determined.

“You give the best head, slave.”

“Thank you, Master,” she said. He finished removing his clothes, then positioned her between his legs.

“I want to feel your tits brushing my legs.”

She moaned, obeying him, the feeling erotic.

His hand pressed her head closer to his balls before he started moving with her. She took his release, wanting every drop.

“Oh, Belle,” he groaned as his body shuddered.

The feel of her sensitive nipples against his skin ignited a fire within her, driving her faster. Inside the sleeve, her arms fought for freedom, needing to touch him as he pressed her face even closer. He felt his cock throbbing to release.

“I need your sweet cunt in my face *now*, slave.”

Without losing a beat, she moved to obey him after he slid down the center of the extra long limousine. Pressing her head to

his cock, his free hand teased her clit before he suckled her pussy. His hips bucked as his release crashed over him. The more he exploded, the more she took and the harder she pressed her pussy to his lips. She tried to cradle his head with her ankles but her heels got in the way. She felt his grin when she groaned in frustration.

“Belle, you are perfection.”

“Jaspar, please... Don’t make me hold back any longer,” she begged.

His laugh against her aching pussy drove her crazy, his fingers tangled in her hair even more so. Belle obeyed his silent command going down on Jaspar’s cock, this time intent on his permission to come.

“That’s it, slave, harder,” he ordered.

Belle obeyed, feeling what he did, knowing the release would wrack them both.

“Oh...” he yelled. “Belle, drown me.”

Belle cried out, catching his cum while pressing her aching pussy closer to him. The orgasms rocked them as she knew they would, but she never expected what happened next. While she languished in the feeling of the earth threatening to gobble them up, he flipped her on her back, moved to force his knees between her legs and thrust into her core without mercy.

“Jaspar, please...I need to touch you.”

“No, Belle, I want you like this. Binding your arms makes your luscious tits even more desirable as they beg me to tease them.”

“Master...” she screamed, her pussy clenching around him tightly.

“I will not lose you—ever. I possess you completely. You’ve stolen my heart and my merciless soul. Your luscious tits, your hot sexy pussy, your life—it’s all mine. Do you understand me? Do you still want me knowing this about me?”

“Yes, Jaspar, I do in every way. If you are merciless, then I’ll take you any way I can get you. You are my life. When we’re apart, I am lost and physically ill. I’ll give up singing if it pleases you. Please, Master... I need you...”

Jaspar came, his release so violent, he toppled onto her. Belle cried out from the unexpected pain. The sound of Belle crying brought him back to reality. He felt the pain she did and instantly regretted it.

“Jaspar?”

“I’m sorry, I...”

“It’s all right. Jaspar, please talk to me.”

“I thought...”

“Jaspar, I command you to tell me what’s wrong,” she ordered, remembering Leticia’s warning.

“I have this need to punish or be punished. I thought it went away when we got together. I swore I would never hurt you and I did. I showed you a side of me I thought had been buried a long time ago.”

“Jaspar, I love you when you’re primal and unrestrained. I need you as you are. I want to be able to channel your pain through me because it’s the best sex I’ve ever had. Please, don’t end us because of this. I’d die if I lost you, Jaspar.”

His hand went to her neck, holding her as he did the night he first met with her at her home. He gazed into her bright blue eyes, finding her strength.

“I take you to be my wife, for better or for worse, to love, honor, and obey till death us do part.”

“I take you to be my husband and master to love, honor and obey no matter what. Please, Jaspar, I love you.”

Jaspar wept, finally realizing he’d become whole, Belle the only person to see his vulnerability, his violent streak, his passion—in other words, his entire life—and not run away from him.

“I love you, Belle,” he said, kissing her.

“Free my arms so I can put your collar on you, slave. You will not drive me away because your true beast came out.”

“Anything, Mistress,” he said, freeing her. While he found the jeweler’s box, she pulled herself up on the seat, the leather sending chills through her. He handed her the box, waiting.

“Slave, kneel before me and look at me.”



“Yes, Mistress.”

“I, Mistress to Jaspar Constantine, collar you to be my willing slave, always my submissive while being my master in all aspects of my life. I will always put you first. If need be, I will give up my career in order to make you happy and secure in who you are.”

She clasped the gold chain around his neck and sat back admiring the look of it against his gorgeous body.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“I should make you sit back and be punished for doubting my loving devotion.”

“Please, Mistress, I deserve it.”

“No, my sweet slave, you don’t.”

“But...”

“Jaspar, I want you to suck my pussy while you squeeze my tits and then you will fuck me until the roles reverse and I beg for permission to come for you.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, watching her spread her legs for him. She held out her arms to him, kissing him before she gently pushed his face to her waiting entry. The moment his tongue touched her, she wanted to come for him. She grabbed his hands, placing them on her breasts, Jaspar obediently squeezing her. She wanted to push closer to him but he pinned her by obeying her commands.

Jaspar teased her, wanting to drag it out so he could truly satisfy his mistress. Her hand pressing his head to her drove him, his desires fighting between seducing and obeying her.

“Slave, fuck your mistress.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, immediately driving his swollen cock into her hot, wet, desirable pussy. His lips went to her nipple, slowly and laboriously teasing it while tugging on the other nipple piercing. Even though he pinned her, her body violently bucked beneath him. He knew what she fought, languishing in her reactions as he continued his siege on her pussy.

“Master, please, I need to come.”

“Not yet, my gorgeous slave,” he said, taking control back. Her frustrated groan pleased him, Jaspar continuing his slow torture. His thrusts deliberate, Jaspar saw her in the throes of a

mind-blowing orgasm and cherished watching Belle as it coursed through her. *This was dominance and submission, this is our life and I am the luckiest man anywhere.*

He drove into her, holding her tightly. He kissed her neck, nibbling on her earlobe. Her body shook against his, desperately seeking relief.

“Now, Belle.”

\* \* \* \*

“I want to know where she is. What the hell am I paying you for?”

“Look, she hasn’t been home since last Friday. Her car remains where she parked it at her house. *Club Onyx* has closed for repairs—indefinitely.”

“*Club Onyx*? Where am I supposed to go when I get out in a few days?”

“A few days, boss?”

“Yes, a few days. And once I’m home, your sorry ass is fired.”

He slammed the phone down. *How dare She-body drop out of sight like this?* Seven long years he’d waited to bed her and now she was gone.

“God damn it, I didn’t kill Chamberlain and the others for this.”

He heard a noise behind him, holding his breath. He looked around, seeing one of the other team members.

“Problem, sir?”

“Nothing I can’t handle,” he replied. “I’m fine. Just found out my girl at home went AWOL.”

“Sorry, sir. I’ll leave you alone.”

“Thanks,” he said, cursing under his breath. He would have to make sure if the junior officer heard anything, he’d never tell anyone. Another SEAL Alpha team member would *meet the stone* but She-body would be definitely worth it.

## Chapter 7

Jaspar hung up, turning to his closet to dress.

“Who was that?”

“Captain Aaron Nelson. He’s on his way over. He says he has some new information, plus he wants to see the laptop.”

“It’s at the house, I think.”

“Give me your keys and I’ll send him to retrieve it.”

“Ever the military commander.”

“Some habits don’t die,” he said, pulling on his shirt. He watched her cross the room to join him, her naked body soaking up the sunlight streaming into their room. She put her arms around him, her head against his chest.

“I’ll come downstairs with you.”

“No, I’d rather he didn’t know about us. I trust Troutman’s assessment and your opinion of Nelson but I don’t have a clue about anyone he might be working with. For your safety, Belle, please...”

“Is that a command, Master?” she asked, half serious, half devilish.

“No, but you know me. I cannot allow you to be in any danger and if I have to, I’ll cuff you to the bed or in the alcove. The asshole we’re after is dangerous and he wants you.” He put his hand to her neck, hers holding his. “I can’t lose you, Belle. I just can’t.”

Belle kissed him, her naked body brushing over him. She smiled when she felt his cock straining for release.

“I love you, Jaspar. Christmas won’t come soon enough.”

\* \* \* \*

“As you can see, we have several suspects,” Captain Aaron Nelson stated.

“Talk to me.”

“Lieutenant Jay Donato—reportedly the last one to speak to Chamberlain before the pre-mission briefing.”

“Reason he’s a suspect?”

“None really, at this point. He’s got a good record, promoted to lieutenant commander three years ago. We’ve heard he’s engaged but can’t confirm.”

“Next?”

“Lieutenant Ross Tanner didn’t get along with Chamberlain due to disciplinary action Chamberlain laid down.”

“For?”

“Insubordination, though the facts are hazy about what happened. There were never any charges filed, so it more than likely stopped with that.”

“His specialty?”

“Decoding.”

“And Donato’s?”

“Weather.”

“Next?”

“Lieutenant Commander Richard Owens, good record without any blemishes on it anywhere I’ve looked. He excelled in jumping, especially HALOs. From what I hear, he had very little contact with Chamberlain since he had been newly assigned to the team.”

“Next?”

“The last one is Commander Douglass Wayne, Chamberlain’s exec, but only by assignment, not by the captain’s choice. He’s an overachiever, extremely aggressive, and believes the navy should have promoted him quicker. Fair record, no real specialties I can see...”

“Then how did he wrangle an assignment to this unit, much less remain on it without a specialty?”

“Good question.”

"Dig deeper. I bet he's got computer training."

"You got it. Who do you think it might be?"

"I'm not sure," Jaspas said.

"Donato still has a bit to go on his hitch. He's career."

"What about the other three?"

"Owens is too new. He wasn't a SEAL seven years ago because he was serving carrier duty in San Diego."

"So that leaves Wayne and Tanner."

"Wayne is due out any day now and Tanner has another month. Both come back to this area, too."

"Damn it!"

"What do you want to do, sir?"

"Try to keep an eye on both of them without spooking them. I also want more info on both, especially Wayne since he'll be out first and the impending threat at this point."

"Aye, sir. Anything else?"

"Here are the keys to her house. She says the laptop is there. Go and get it so your man can take a look."

"What are you thinking?"

"Our perp has Chamberlain's and this one is a dummy. I think he figured she was too naïve to check it."

"Where is Mrs. Chamberlain?"

"She's my guest."

"Good. If you'd like, I can send some SPs over."

"No, I'm pretty secure here."

"Right. I'll contact NCIS. We can use all the help we can get on this."

"You'll understand my hesitation? Whoever is doing this has to have someone furnishing him intel."

Nelson's cell phone rang. A few minutes later, he hung up.

"What?" Jaspas asked.

"Scratch Donato off the list."

"I thought we had."

"We did but somebody decided to clear him permanently. They found his body yesterday near where the SEAL team is based. Somebody executed him."

“Shit! Aaron, get this guy before I do.”

“Aye, sir.”

\* \* \* \*

“Is the houseboat set up?”

“Yes, sir. It’s docked where you want it and you can sail immediately.”

“Have the improvements been made?”

“In the process and should be done this afternoon.”

“Excellent.”

“Am I to meet you at the airport?”

“No, I’m coming into another airport, then driving down.”

“Yes, sir, anything else?”

“Any sign of her yet?”

“No, sir.”

“Where the hell did she disappear to?”

As usual, he slammed the phone down, angry. *Where the hell was She-body?* He took out his PDA and looked at his list of what needed to be done before he finally took her.

*Houseboat. Check.*

*Truck. Check.*

*Provisions.*

*Fuck She-body.*

He crossed off the first two. His man said the houseboat was docked at a small marina on the outskirts of Memphis. He’d left instructions for one room to be made over to hold a captive, his directions extremely precise. From the base he’d been stationed at, he ordered a Dodge Durango with heavy tinted windows and the largest engine the manufacturer made. It would be waiting for him—bought and paid for—in the remote parking lot at the airport in Louisville, Kentucky.

Provisions would have to wait until the last minute, though he had to pick up some specialty items he didn’t trust his man with. After those three, the last item on the list made his dick swell. The thought of fucking Belle Chamberlain after seven long years made him hard. He’d dreamed about her, fantasizing about his She-body until she became an obsession. He’d killed for this woman and he

would kill at least two more—his dismal excuse of an employee and whoever she was shacking up with. Then, after he had his fill of her and lost interest, he'd kill her too.

No loose ends.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar saw Nelson out, then walked back into the den where they had laid out all the information Nelson had collected. So far, after taking the Donato file out of the mix, he had three remaining.

He called his corporate investigator, instructing him to get everything on both men while concentrating on Douglass Wayne.

"I want financials and any expenses over the last month," he ordered.

Now came the worst part of any operation—waiting.

Jaspar had his work cut out for him. He'd dealt with SEALs before but always on the same side, never against, however this would prove different and the stakes would be ultimately higher. Belle would not be harmed in any way if he had anything to say about things.

He pulled the file on Douglass Wayne to center front on his desk, opening it to make sure he familiarized himself with the enemy. His gut told him he'd be meeting Wayne because Tanner had kept his record clean since the run-in with Chamberlain seven and a half years earlier. Reading further in Wayne's file, he found a list of the man's training. He had computers at the top of the list. He could very well have taken the captain's laptop, replaced it with a decoy and hacked into the first one. More than likely, he had the missing nude photo of Belle and the other items he'd stolen.

The desk phone rang, Jaspar putting it on speaker.

"Constantine."

"Nelson, here, sir. I've got news."

"What?"

"Wayne may be on his way to the states as we speak, thinking he's a civie."

"I hear a *but*."



“But, he didn’t sign two documents necessary for him to join civilian life. I’ve gone to SecNav’s office with the entire story and he agrees with me. If anyone prosecutes, it should be the navy.”

“So, what exactly are you telling me?”

“He’s still in the navy until this matter is settled.”

“Remember this, Captain.”

“General?”

“You’d better get him before I do.”

“Aye, sir.”

\* \* \* \*

Belle decided to practice some of her selections, hoping it would get her mind off the threat looming over them. She slipped into a satin robe and went across the hall to the room she’d first been taken to the afternoon of the gala.

She sat down at the piano and began with some warm-ups. Then she sang one of the Backstreet Boys hits and continued into *Come Fly With Me*. She loved the cover Michael Bublé did on his first album, a phenomenal piece of work.

...down to Acapulco Bay...

“Sounds like a nice place for a honeymoon.”

Belle stopped singing, got up from the piano bench and ran across the room, throwing herself into Jaspar’s arms. He held her tight against his body while they kissed, their tongues dancing.

“What’s this all about?”

“I know we’ve been in the same house but I missed you. I told you I become physically ill when we’re apart.”

Jaspar groaned, then carried her back to the master suite and straight to the alcove. Standing her between the posts, he slid the robe from her shoulders, throwing it off to the side.

“My slave is gorgeous.”

She dropped to her knees, her hands behind her, her eyes to the floor.

“Thank you, Master. How may I please you?”

Jaspar’s breath catching pleased her. She smiled to herself at the sound of him unzipping his khakis before taking them off. She listened a little more, hearing an unfamiliar sound.

“Slave, suck my cock.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, looking up, her mouth open in awe of her master standing in front of her wearing the chaps she’d picked out at Master Alan’s Nashville shop. The chaps hugged his muscular legs, his cock standing at attention. Her hands still behind her, her lips caught him, taking his cock deep in her throat. His hand on her head sent heat through her, driving her to force his release.

“Your tits excite me, slave,” he told her. Her moan sent fire through him. From the very first time he saw her, her breasts had always pushed his body’s reactions over the edge. Perfectly round and desirable, they seemed even more radiant with the diamond nipple piercings.

“Come, slave, let it go so I can bind you and torture your body before I fuck you senseless as you always desire.” He pressed her closer as he pumped his cock in her mouth while watching her climax bathe her, her body shuddering.

“Belle,” he called out.

She nodded, pulling back enough to gasp for air. Jaspar knelt in front of her, parted her knees a little more and slid his hand between them. His fingers slipped inside her, then started pushing her as he finger fucked her. He drew her into a kiss, taking her cries as she drenched his hand. She slid her arms around him, needing his rock-solid support.

His original plans shot to hell, Jaspar took her in the hot sunlight-filled alcove after removing the chaps.

“I love you, Belle.”

“I...love...you...too, Master. Oh... Oh... Jaspaaaaarrrr...”

*Please, God, let me have what it takes to keep her safe.*

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar picked out an outfit for Belle to wear when they went out to dinner at *Folk’s Folly Prime Steak House*. He wanted their evening to be low-key instead of formal, the restaurant perfect. He chose an elegant white shirt to show off her subtle curves while not showing anything else. With it, she would wear a black leather miniskirt, which had a slit up the left side and showed off her beautiful legs. Next, he pulled out a pair of black stiletto-heeled

boots and from her drawer, a pair of black fishnet stockings. He handed her a garter belt and saw her waiting for his commands.

“My slave will wear nothing but what I have given you.”

“Yes, Master,” she said as she put everything neatly on the bed. She held out her hand to him, her silent request obvious. He went to her, then took her into the bathroom where he refused to allow her to do anything.

She stood against the wall while he shaved her, waiting for her bath water to cool to the right temperature. Once it had, he helped her into the tub and bathed her. While washing her hair, he noticed something different about Belle but couldn’t tell what it was. Her contented moan caught his attention.

“My slave is content, aren’t you?”

“Definitely, Master. I have everything I want and need. This feels so good.”

“I’m glad I please you, Mistress.”

“Always,” she said, luxuriating in the magnolia-scented bath.

After he helped her out of the antique bathtub, he towed her body dry, followed by her hair, breathing in the mixed scents of magnolia and his Belle.

She stood in front of him, her back to him. He put the towel down, then moved her hair out of the way so he could lave her neck. He took in a deep breath, Belle’s unique scent filling him more. She leaned back against his body as his cock fought to be buried inside her luscious body. His hands cupped her breasts, holding her.

“My love, we have to get ready.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Remember, you are not allowed to wear anything other than what I gave you.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, her devotion to Jaspar Constantine total.

Jaspar chose a white shirt and black jeans to compliment her, adding a plum colored Armani jacket. He slipped a couple things into his pocket while waiting for her to finish dressing, then turned to see her in front of the full-length mirror, his breath catching.

“My God, I am a lucky man. You are absolutely gorgeous.”

“Thank you, Master, but are you sure you want others seeing me like this?”

“I do, and if they say or do anything, they’ll have me to deal with.”

Her smile made his cock swell, pleading to be where it belonged. He went to her pulling her close. He gazed at her, then kissed her, careful not to mess up her makeup. *There’s time for that later.*

“I love you, Jaspar.”

“I love you, too, Belle. I can’t live without you.”

“Good, because I don’t want to live alone without you either.”

A few moments later, they left the mansion, heading into Memphis. Once inside the limo, Jaspar sat back on the seat across from her.

“Lift your skirt up over your hips. I want to gaze at your lovely pussy.”

Doing as he wished, she slipped the skirt up to her waist and spread her legs to give him a better view. He groaned, Belle happy she knew exactly how to please him.

“Unbutton your blouse and play with your tits and your hot nipples.”

“Yes, Master.”

Belle seductively unbuttoned the shirt, then used her full breasts to hold it open. She held them, teasing her nipples as she gently kneaded the soft, subtle roundness he loved so much.

“That’s it, Belle, enjoy your gorgeous body but remember, you may only do it for me and no one else, not even yourself.”

“Yes... Master...” she gasped as she bordered near the edge.

“Go ahead and slide one of your long fingers into your cunt. I want you to find yourself and enjoy the release.”

“But what about you?”

“I’m fine, Mistress.”

“Jaspar, I need you. Please...”

“On your knees, slave, and continue with your pussy while I love your tits.”

“Yes, thank you, Master.”

His lips covered her nipple, suckling it as hard as he could while his other hand massaged the other. Belle writhed as she finger fucked herself, driving Jaspar crazy while wanting her more.

“Two fingers, Belle.”

“Yes, Master,” she cried as she obeyed him, the climax overtaking her.

“Good, Belle. Perfection, slave.”

“Thank you, Master.”

Jaspar laid her back and took a small towelette, cleaning her pussy, Belle meticulous about her body.

“Master?”

“Yes.”

“Only you could do this and make it as sensual as you do.”

“Only for you.”

\* \* \* \*

After a steak and shrimp dinner where Jaspar had Belle on edge with her skirt up and her bare ass on the leather seat while Ben Wa balls drove her insane, he had Jerry drive them to the opposite end of the city.

“I see you like the Ben Was.”

“Yes, but...”

“Not yet. You must wait until we get to the club.”

“What club, Master?”

“You’ll see,” he told her.

Belle usually didn’t like surprises, though Jaspar had shown her that not all were bad after she’d requested it on her questionnaire. She sat next to him, his arm around her. His thumb brushed the valley between her breasts, causing her to push up and set the Ben Was into their little arousing dance.

Jaspar reached over and unbuttoned two more buttons on her shirt, wanting to expose more of her to his gaze. *Why can’t I get enough of her?* He slid his hand to her legs, brushing it along her thighs knowing she wanted to come desperately but instead, he tortured her by denying her permission.

He helped her from the limo when they arrived and escorted her inside the building. Nondescript on the outside, it held wonderful surprises on the inside.

"Master Jaspar, welcome. Your room is waiting for you."

"Excellent. Is Mistress Leticia in tonight?"

"Right here, Master. Slave Belle, welcome and how are you?"

"Fine, Mistress," she answered, lowering her eyes and feeling Jaspar's approval as he gently squeezed her hand.

"This way, Master."

They followed Leticia to a very private playroom located on one of the upper floors of *Shackles*.

"I hope this is to your liking, Master."

"Outstanding, Leticia. Did you get what I asked for?"

"Hanging in the closet."

"Perfect. As always, you've outdone yourself."

"Thank you, Master. Call if you need anything."

Leticia left them, making sure the door locked behind her. Jaspar led Belle to the other side of the *dungeon*, letting her look at everything. Her trembling led him to believe she had some devious thoughts about what they could do. He decided to start the evening by cuffing her to the X-frame, her arms over her head, her feet spread apart.

She watched him take a knife and split the seam opposite the slit on her skirt, her legs appreciating the freedom and looking sexy as hell to him. She wiggled a little trying to move the Ben Was but it only served to make her repeat her plea.

"Not yet, slave," he said, her groan amusing him. "I'm hoping we can improve your already amazing stamina."

"Master, punish me because I don't know how much longer I can go on like this."

"You will, Belle. I want you to."

He finished unbuttoning her blouse, slicing it from her body with the stiletto he slid into his pocket. Her breasts swollen and very aroused, he massaged them. He bent to kiss one, then the other, sending stinging jolts of energy through her. Her erratic

breathing told him he couldn't push her too much more before she misbehaved, but then she took well to flogging—they both did.

Jaspar knelt in front of her, taking in her aroused scent and wondering how long he could hold out. He wanted her desperately, needing to taste her. Taking her scent into his lungs, he took the knife and carefully cut each boot from her, leaving her in the skirt and fishnet stockings.

"My slave is being extremely good," he complimented.

"I'm trying, Master."

"What's next—the skirt or the stockings?"

"Skirt, Master, my body needs to be free of it."

"Very well," he said, slicing it from her. "Very nice, slave," he said as he watched her react to what he did to her. Jaspar grabbed her ass and squeezed, taking her by surprise. As her pussy clenched around the Ben Was, her hands clenched while her body warred with itself. He laved her smooth mons, then her nether lips, tasting a few drops of the nectar he forced her to hold inside her.

"You did an excellent job of finger fucking yourself earlier. My cock has competition?"

"Never, Master, never!" she screamed, fighting the frame.

The touch of his tongue on her clit caused her to cry out. He nipped at it and teased it until neither one could take any more of his divine torture.

"Feed me, woman."

"Jaspaaarrrr...."

Her body convulsed from the massive orgasm overtaking her. While it bathed her and he drank from her, the Ben Was aroused her more.

"Please, Master, take them out," she begged.

"You may, slave," he said, releasing her hands. Quickly, she took out the Ben Was, putting them in a bowl Jaspar held out for her. Then, kissing each hand, he recuffed her to the frame. Jaspar kissed her, teasing her nipples as Belle quivered. He turned away from her, removing his clothes. He came back to her, put his arm around her waist and, as the height had been carefully measured and set, he impaled her on his cock.

Thrusting in and out of her, Jaspar drove her to the edge. He teased her, torturing her overly-sensitive body, pushing her past all her limits.

Through her haze, Belle saw him in a mirror behind him, watching the lines of his body as he fucked her. His beautiful body—the one filling her—should be declared a drug because she knew her addiction to him only grew.

“Come, my angel,” he whispered, as together, the orgasm overtook them. She broke their kiss, screaming his name. Her body shook as Jaspar’s release filled her, his cock drowning inside her enveloping folds, her pussy clenched around him tight and refusing to release him. As he thrust into her, he released her hands, her arms pulling him to her as she held him tight.

“Master, thank you,” she said as the last waves overtook them.

“I love you, Belle.”

“I love you, too, Jaspar. Please, slave, hold me.”

“Anything, Mistress.”

\* \* \* \*

Unknown to Jaspar and Belle, someone saw them at the steak house and followed them to the private, after-hours club they went to.

He took down the address of the building and drove off. As soon as he could, he called a friend of his at the phone company, asking about the address. Then he called his so-called boss, hoping to get back in his good graces.

“I have some information for you.”

“It better be good.”

“Your lady is into bondage.”

“What?”

“I saw her going into a club called *Shackles*. That’s who it caters to.”

“Was she alone?”

“No, some rich guy.”

“Who?”

“Jaspar Constantine.”

“*The* Jaspar Constantine?”



“Yes.”

“Good work.”

He hung up, pleased with himself.

“So, he was the guy I saw her with that night.”

\* \* \* \*

“Damn you, She-body. Why couldn’t you wait?”

He threw his cell phone on a nearby table, angered by her betrayal, even though he saw financial windfalls on the horizon. If she did enjoy the kinkier side of sex with a billionaire industrialist who could be ruined if the seamier side of his life came out...

She-body and blackmail—a lethal combination.

He started planning the first things he intended to do once he returned to Memphis in a few days. First, he’d get rid of the little weasel he paid to watch She-body—he didn’t need the guy ratting on him to cut a deal for a lighter sentence when he got caught. The new information would turn out to be a bonus for him. If She-body and Constantine were a couple...

“I wonder if he knows about the picture I have of...”

## Chapter 8

While Jaspar took care of *Constantine International* business, Belle started planning their wedding. She planned to invite Phil and the musicians who backed her, plus Brad, her manager, but as to others, it stumped her. Going from being happily married to a widow, then throwing herself into her singing didn't leave her time for friends.

Her parents had died several years back after Greg's death. Her mother died six months after her father. He'd died of cancer; she died of a broken heart. An only child, she had no one close to her to call or invite. The only woman she knew was Leticia. *Would she...*

"Master, do you think Leticia would be my maid of honor?"

"You could ask her. What's up?"

"I don't have anyone to ask. I sank my life into marriage and singing."

"Then ask Leticia."

She made some notes and stretched. Since Jaspar's training began, she normally walked around the master suite nude. He'd taught her to enjoy her body and she did. It pleased him to see her beauty and it made her happy to give him pleasure. Their love grew every moment, their sex life phenomenal. *What more could any couple ask for?*

He finished up on several negotiations, then signed off the Net. He went to her, kissing her forehead, loving her more each second. She gazed up at him, her bright blue eyes sparkling.

"Master has a gorgeous body. The show I got last night..."

"Last night?" he asked puzzled.

“The wall behind you—mirrored. I got to see every gorgeous muscle clench with each thrust.”

“Then I shall have to make sure my *dungeon* has at least one mirrored wall.”

“Your dungeon?”

“I meant it as an engagement/wedding gift. I planned to turn one of the guest rooms in this wing into our private little world.”

“I can’t wait, Master.”

“Now that you know, you’ll have to tell me your desires for it, besides the mirrored wall.”

“I’ll let you know.”

He smiled, his cock swelling.

“Slave, come to me so I can ease your body’s desires.”

“Outstanding, Mistress,” he said as he stood at the side of the bed. Belle took his cock deep in her throat, teasing him. She started slowly, meaning to torture him as she lapped at his slit before going back to taking him. She succeeded. The feel of his hand on the back of her head tangling in her hair drove her as he pumped his cock into her mouth. Her hands went behind her but he stopped her.

“Your tits need attention,” he said as her hands went to her firm nipples. While she played with herself, he slid his free hand down her back to her ass, and finally, to her clit.

“Yes, slave, you are doing perfectly. Take me and come. Now, slave.”

Jaspar pumped his cock harder, her lips swelling from his velvety shaft, moving in and out. She moaned when he ordered her to pinch her nipples while he did the same to her clit. Her body jolted, though Jaspar held her firmly in place.

Together, they succumbed to raw passion, both falling to the bed. She gasped for air as Jaspar took several deep breaths.

“Perfection.”

\* \* \* \*

Douglass Wayne’s plane landed at the Louisville Airport. He went through security, then out to where his brand new Dodge Durango waited for him. As soon as he started the engine, he grinned—the motor purring like a kitten.

“God, it’s great to be back in the good old U. S. of A.”

Pulling out of the lot, he paid the parking fee and headed to the interstate and Memphis. He drove for a while before he pulled off the highway in Bowling Green where he found a hotel. After checking in and changing, he went out to find a bar and quickly celebrate his homecoming.

He found a table in a corner and told the waitress to keep the *Heineken* coming. He watched her in her low-cut shirt and short skirt and wondered how She-body would look in the same outfit.

*Great, obviously, you idiot.*

He saw something on the television and asked the bartender to turn it up.

*Jaspar Constantine’s annual masked gala has been a bigger success than first anticipated. The gala event raised over a million dollars to benefit local charities. When asked why he thought this year’s was such a huge success, Constantine gave the credit to Belle Chamberlain, the evening’s entertainment.*

*“She sang, they gave,” he said.*

Wayne took a closer look when he saw the quick shot of the evening’s entertainment. She-body looked gorgeous, though he felt she was overdressed.

“Well, here’s to you, She-body. You and your billionaire—the late Jaspar Constantine.”

Several hours later, he left the bar and went back to the hotel—one hundred sixteen miles closer to She-body.

On the way, he stopped and picked up more beer, then holed up in his room, drinking into the hours near dawn. Dozing off, he saw her in his dreams, in his arms while he watched Constantine die. No man would ever give her what he could—no one.

\* \* \* \*

“Constantine.”

“Nelson. How are you, General?”

“Good. What do you have?”

“Wayne landed at the airport in Louisville where he picked up a brand new black Dodge Durango. He purchased it through the navy and had it waiting for him. He drove from there to Bowling

Green where he took a room and got drunk. As of noon, he's still there."

"How are you tracking him?"

"I have two on him on light tails."

"Good. What's his address of record?"

"This is where it gets odd. He used a vacant lot when he enlisted. We know he purchased a houseboat but we've been unable to find where he's docked it."

"When you're looking for it, try in my name, Belle's and her late husband's. Sounds like he also has a sick sense of humor."

"Aye, sir, anything else?"

"Yeah, I'll take you up on the offer of the Shore Patrols."

"I'll get right on it. I can't put a vessel on the water but I'll contact the Coast Guard."

"Thanks," Jaspar said and hung up. He answered the next call.

"Constantine."

"Sir, I have the financial reports you asked me to look into."

"I know about the Dodge Durango and the houseboat, so what can you tell me?"

"The houseboat was taken to a slip upriver. I checked all the marinas but it's not there."

"Go south of the city and check registrations in my name, Mrs. Belle Chamberlain and her late husband's name—Gregory Chamberlain."

"Yes, sir, I'll be in touch."

"Thank you."

Hanging up, he sat back deep in thought.

"Something's got to break and soon."

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar took Belle out to the wooded area where they had taken each other under the stars. Only this time, he planned a champagne lunch.

"Slave will let me do everything."

"May I come, Master?"

"When I tell you."

Her grin sent heat rushing through him. He slid the dusty rose drape from her, the sun bathing her beautiful body in its warmth. She basked in it, the sunshine sparkling on her hair and her collar. He pulled a pair of handcuffs out, cuffing her wrists behind her back.

“Your tits are exactly how I like them—up and ready for my attention.”

“Anything for you, Master.”

He stretched a blanket out and told her to kneel in the center of it, her knees apart. Obediently, she did, watching him strip down to his gorgeous nudity. He heard her breath catch and decided to tease his slave by doing some stretches, flexing his muscles for her. He kept an eye on her, her physical reaction telling him how far he was pushing her.

“I see my slave is wet for her master.”

“Yes, Master. I want you flexing certain muscles inside me.”

“In time, slave.”

She groaned, Jaspar smiling as he continued. When he turned to face her, he could see how much he affected her in every way, amazed because he’d never thought about himself from someone else’s eyes. She constantly showed him what Jaspar Constantine was all about.

Gazing at her wet pussy, her firm breasts with hard nipples, her desire to take him in her sweet mouth—all of it overwhelmed him. This lady wanted him for exactly who he was without reservations, as he desperately wanted her.

He went to the basket, pulling out the bottle of champagne chilled to the correct temperature. He helped her stand, led her into the thick grass, then poured it over her. She shivered from the chill but languished in the sensations scorching through her when she felt Jaspar’s tongue licking the moisture from her body.

“I have always wanted to drink fine champagne from the right glass. You and it are both delicious.”

“Thank you...Master...” she croaked when he nipped her as he worked his way down her body. His hot breath on her newly shaved mons sent her rocketing out of control.

“Not yet, slave.”

“Please, Master, drink from me. I... Master...” she cried out, his tongue whipping over her clit. Birds flew off, startled by her outburst. He helped her keep her balance as he lifted her leg over his shoulder and repeated what he did before his tongue entered her pussy. He pulled her hips to him so she could not move, then moved his hands toward hers. He grasped them, squeezing hard as she came.

Jaspar eased his body back, lying on the ground while lavaging her pussy. Somehow, she moved her legs to each side of his head and eased her body down so Jaspar could savor her. He pulled her ass to his upper chest, craving her essence.

Jaspar’s hands went to her breasts, holding her while she went wild. Her hands fought the cuffs, needing to hold him while unable to do so.

“Please, Master, free my hands so I can...”

“No, slave, turn around. I want your sweet lips taking me while I feed from your sweet pussy.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, skillfully moving her body to please her master—and herself. Hungrily, she latched onto his cock, taking him deep. While she decided her pace, Jaspar met it with his. She jolted a little when she felt him slide his finger into her anus. Her pace quickened to match the one her erogenous spots set.

As she neared the edge, his free hand found her nipple, tugging at the piercing. She came, sating his hunger for her. He filled her with his heat, Belle taking everything he gave her and wanting more.

He pulled back at the same time her mouth released his cock, both gasping for air.

“Master, I’m sorry. I didn’t have permission...”

“You couldn’t ask when my cock filled your mouth. I fucked you as you desired and you fed me as I wanted while I did. I love you.”

“I love you, too, Jaspar.”

He eased her to her side, then kissed his way up the length of her body, feasting on her until their lips met.

“Why is it all my plans for you go out the window?”

“I don’t know,” she answered innocently.

“I had plans to...”

“No, don’t tell me. Surprise me later.”

“Sounds like a plan, Mistress.”

Jaspar pulled her close, then released her hands. She curled into him, her body tight against his. He lay on his back, his arms around her. His cock lay at rest, his entire body at peace with his life. Belle had done this, making him a better man in all aspects.

“I can’t lose you.”

\* \* \* \*

Douglass Wayne did some investigating on his own. He went to the library in Bowling Green before he continued on his way to Memphis. He used the library’s computer to research Jaspar Constantine.

“My God, what haven’t you done?” he muttered.

He read the last fiscal report on *Constantine International*. Went over society releases about his famous masked galas, then pulled up the man’s biography. He scanned the lengthy piece and stopped when he got to Constantine’s military record.

*Shit, She-body, from captain to major general, Ranger and Special Ops—you went for the elite.*

He printed everything he could find on his *enemy*, paid the fee at the front desk, then left. Sitting in his Durango, he reread the info on his military records.

“Well, General Constantine, this Navy SEAL is going to kick your Ranger ass.”

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar listened to Belle sing the songs she planned to perform the next evening when *Club Onyx* reopened. He had seen her frustration because of not doing what her talent dictated. Belle needed to sing, along with a crowd’s approval.

Seeing this, he told Brad, the club’s manager, to schedule the reopening for the next night. Jaspar could have been happier



because Douglass Wayne had dropped out of sight. It worried him knowing an ex-SEAL stalked her.

He walked to the side of the piano and listened to his private concert. Her voice filled the room with a soft but sultry sound.

“As always, Memphis Belle, your singing is wonderful.”

“Do you know how I got the name *Memphis Belle*?”

“You haven’t told me.”

“My uncle was a member of the ground crew for the *Memphis Belle*. My father fell in love with her at a young age. He enlisted in the air corps and took flight training. He retired several years back, another general.”

“So you’re telling me you’re named after a plane?”

“Yep, a B-17 bomber.”

“Interesting.”

“He took me to where she’s on display just before he died. So he got to see his two favorite Belles at the same place and time.”

Jaspar heard the doorbell and went to answer it after giving Belle a kiss.

“I’ll be right back.”

A few minutes later, he returned carrying a large box.

“What is it?” she asked.

“Something for our dungeon. It’s the order Master Alan told me would ship this week.”

“What is it?” she asked again.

“A surprise.”

Belle fell quiet, pouting.

“Slave, cheer up. You’ll love it. I promise.”

Her lashes brushing her cheek in submission to what he said stirred him, his cock straining for freedom because he wanted to be trapped inside her body.

“Have you chosen your dress for tomorrow?”

“I’m thinking of the strapless purple one.”

“My slave wants to show off how sexy she is?”

“But now that I know who the mysterious Jaspar Constantine and my elusive master are, I’ll be singing to you and dressing to please only you.”

“Belle, when you’re singing, do it for yourself.”

“But, Master, whatever I do to please you is for me.”

“Words of a true submissive.”

## Chapter 9

“So, we’ve got the Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, two Silver Stars, two Purple Hearts...82nd Airborne, Rangers and Special Ops Command—who were you trying to be? John Wayne?”

Douglass Wayne reread the service record for Major General, Retired, Jaspar Constantine. He couldn’t believe everything he had been into while in the service—Bosnia, Iraq, and the list just went on.

“It’ll be worth taking you out, General,” he mused as he put the military file to the side and picked up his civilian biography. He learned his enemy had made his first million before he finished boot camp and never looked back. He admired how the man did it and that he remained true to the uniform instead of resting on daddy’s financial laurels. Yes, Constantine made a formidable adversary.

“Thank you, She-body. Nothing like going out on top.”

He heard *Club Onyx* had set to reopen the next day by accident. He drove back to Memphis.

Tomorrow, he would have her.

\* \* \* \*

“What would you say if I made an offer to Brad for *Club Onyx*?”

“It’s an interesting idea, but why?”

“I want you to have it. Ownership would be totally yours.”

“Jaspar, you’re scaring me. Have I...”

“No, sweet Belle, I know how you value your professional independence. This would be yours to do with as you want. If you’d sing while keeping management and staff as is, or if you want to manage and sing or...”

“I’d like to keep Brad on as manager.”

"Then I will make an offer."

"An overly generous one as always?"

"Of course."

"You are an amazing man."

"Only because my slave is my mistress and an amazing woman."

"What did I do to deserve you?"

"You saved my soul."

\* \* \* \*

Hours later, Jaspar escorted Belle to her dressing room where dozens of red roses waited for her. He kissed her.

"Every night you perform, you'll be greeted by roses," he whispered, his hand squeezing her shoulder.

"Jaspar, I..."

"I'll see you in a bit. I'm going to talk to Brad."

"Okay," she said, pulling him closer. "I love you."

"I love you, too. Go knock them off their seats."

She watched him leave, then changed into the gown she'd chosen. Slipping it on, she pulled up the side zipper of the half magenta, half royal purple strapless gown. The way the bodice had been designed, it looked like a large knot held it together in the front. It fell gracefully from the top, which accentuated her voluptuous bust. To go with the color, she wore gold stiletto sandals. Her hair tumbling down her back gave her a relaxed look, even though her stomach battled a huge fit of nerves.

*Jaspar...*

\* \* \* \*

"Brad?"

"Mister Constantine, how are you?"

"Fine. How's the reopening going?"

"So far, all right."

"What's wrong?"

"Distributor problems with the liquor. If she sells the club out tonight, we'll be cutting it close."

"What happened?"

“Being closed put us at the bottom of the list. We’ll be lucky if we get a late delivery, which at this point, I doubt will happen.”

Jaspar took out his cell phone and a few moments later, Brad wrote down a confirmation number and gave his order. The assurance he’d receive immediate delivery awed him.

“Sir, how can I thank you?”

“I have a business proposition.”

“Sir?”

“I want to buy the club for Belle. She likes the idea but she wants you to stay on as manager. She’ll remain as she is with her musicians and no staff changes unless you hire more. Basically, everything remains the same but you won’t have to put up with the major headaches like this one we just took care of.”

“What are we talking about price wise?”

“Looking at the receipts the other day and the popularity of the club—how’s a buyout of a half million and a raise in your salary?”

“Works for me. You’ve got a deal,” Brad told him as they shook on it.

“Good. I’ll have my attorney stop by in a day or two with the papers and a check.”

The two men shook hands again, Brad thanking Jaspar profusely.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar took his drink back to his table where a note waited.

*I’ll be out after the first set, Master. I love you.*

She had told him once that touching his handwriting sent warmth through her. Running his fingertips over her note had the same effect on him. Heat rose from her words, burning a fiery path to his heart.

He refolded the page and slipped it into his inside jacket pocket. Sitting back, he took a sip from his drink, a happy man in every way.

\* \* \* \*

A man entered the club taking a table on the opposite side of the room from where Jaspar waited for his mistress to sing her first set. The man took note of the person in the corner and smiled.

*Both birds in range...*

He ordered a *Heineken* and told the waitress to keep them coming, then ordered a hot roast beef sandwich. *Good to be a shadow...*

Cautiously, he watched Constantine and decided a quick stab wound in the back would be perfect to slow him down. While Jaspar Constantine sat in his dark corner, the victim of a random attack, Wayne would be taking She-body out the back and they would be on their way. If Constantine was anywhere near what his record stated, the chase would be a good one. *Oh, the fun we will have...*

The waitress served his beer and went to another table. A few minutes later, she served him his sandwich and went back to the bar.

“And now, we welcome y’all back to *Club Onyx* and it is my great pleasure to introduce to you our own Memphis Belle. Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Belle Chamberlain.”

Thunderous applause filled the room as Belle made her way to the mike. She thanked the crowd and started her first set.

The man sat at the table entranced by her singing. His hand in his pocket, he fingered the switchblade he’d use on her lover. He felt his dick stiffen as he went back to his main interest—She-body.

\* \* \* \*

After her set, Belle made her way through the crowd, accepting her fans’ good wishes—even signing autographs. Finally, she got to Jaspar. The feel of his arms around her settled her nerves. They kissed, hugging each other before he held her chair and she sat down, Jaspar between her and the crowd.

A man stood with his back to them keeping their privacy intact.

“Jaspar, why is he...”

“I wanted my time with you. I know they pay to see you but...”

“Jaspar, do you know what I want you to do right now?”

“No, but I know what I want to do.”

Belle laughed, the sound sending heat through him.

“Did he agree to sell?”

“Yes, and he’ll be your manager. I think he realized he’s in over his head. The liquor distributor put him at the bottom of the list after he didn’t order for a week. He would have been on the verge of running out had I not called mine.”

“That’s good. I always thought he dealt with the wrong people—it’s not the first time he’s had problems with the liquor.”

“We’ll go over things after you become owner and see what we’ve got to deal with.”

“Good.”

He pulled her close, nuzzling her neck, taking in the scent of her perfume. She giggled, both of them acting like high school lovers on a first date.

“I like the dress. It’s perfect for my favorite tits,” he whispered.

“Miss Belle, five minutes.”

“Thank you,” she acknowledged. She turned to Jaspar, her lips near his ear. “I want you to fuck your slave.”

“When we get home, Mistress.”

He kissed her once more, then watched her head back to the stage. His waitress brought him another drink and he settled back to listen to her second set.

“Ladies and gentlemen...”

\* \* \* \*

Douglass Wayne stood up and headed to the men’s room. When he came out, he silently made his way to a spot opposite Constantine’s table and in the shadows. It irked him how it seemed like Constantine held court, then the disgusting display with Shebody... *Calm...*

He pulled the switchblade from his pocket, quietly opened it and held it in a striking position. When the crowd stood for a standing ovation, so did Constantine. Shoving the knife into his

target's back, he eased him back to his seat, withdrew the knife and slipped back to his table.

Wayne listened to several songs before he slipped back to her dressing room to wait for her return.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar stood up to applaud his Belle's entrance, proud of her. He wanted to take her in his arms but it had been agreed she needed to sing to a crowd, not just at home.

The applause thundered through the club, Jaspar pleased. *Club Onyx* would make a very good addition to their empire, even under Belle's name.

At the height of the applause, he felt a sharp pain in his back, realizing too late what had happened. He'd felt the same pain once before when an Iraqi shoved a knife into him when his team tried to complete their mission while meeting major opposition. Someone had stabbed him, uncaring how they removed the knife.

Eased back to his seat, he sat frozen, shock overtaking him while his assailant escaped. He had an idea who attacked him, the assault strategically done in order to keep him from protecting Belle, leaving him alive to suffer the loss. Unable to warn her, his eyes looked to Belle, singing one of her favorites.

"Help... me..." he whispered, no one hearing him.

"Belle..."

*Forgive me, Mistress...*

\* \* \* \*

Belle left the stage, running back to her dressing room. She felt strange and needed a glass of water or some tea to ease her stomach and a few minutes to collect herself.

She entered the room and froze. A man holding a gun waited for her.

"Who are you?"

"Think, Belle."

"No," she cried, moving toward the door.

"Don't, Belle, or I'll make sure your pimp dies."

"What?"

"Should I call him your sugar daddy?"



“Get out!”

“You’re coming with me—now.”

“No, I want you to leave.”

“If you want Constantine to live...”

Feeling weak, Belle sat at her dressing table praying Jasper would walk through the door and put an end to this nightmare.

“Take off that god-awful necklace and let’s go.”

Her hand went to her collar, Belle hesitant to remove it.

“Now, Belle,” he ordered, “or I’ll kill you right now.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Because I want you, She-body. I’ve wanted you for seven long years.”

“You murdered Greg,” she accused. She went to attack him but he countered her move, spinning her around, her back against him, the gun to her neck.

“Take it off *now*!”

“No, please...”

He slid the gun barrel under the necklace and broke the clasp, her collar falling to the floor. Belle gasped, the hurt within her overwhelming. She cried out trying to grab it.

“Shut up, She-body. I won’t let you take this away from me.”

“Please, I don’t know who you are or what you want...”

“All you need to know is this—you’re going to walk out of here with me quietly. We’re going to get into my SUV and drive away.”

“Please, don’t...”

“It’s either that or I finish off what’s left of lover boy.”

“What have you done to him?”

“Let’s just say, I’ve cut him down to size.”

\* \* \* \*

He led her out to the Durango, meeting no one. He’d parked in the darkest corner of the lot, the shadows hiding what he planned to do next. He opened the rear hatch, then lifted her up and inside.

“Now, we have a distance to go and I need you quiet and behaved.”

Wayne grabbed her wrists, binding them behind her with wire ties, then did the same to her ankles. She watched him pull out a strange thing she couldn't remember seeing before. It had a leather patch with a kind of bit attached to it and straps. She groaned when she recognized it.

"Don't use the gag. I'll be quiet."

"No chance. I don't trust you, She-body."

"Why do you call me that?"

"Because you are my She-body." She began to say something but he pressed the gag to her lips while making sure he kept her jaws open. He shoved the gag in, then quickly strapped the rig securely to her head.

"Lay down."

Belle couldn't but Wayne didn't care.

"Damn it, for somebody into bondage and submission, you don't behave at all. I said lay down!" he yelled, slapping Belle and knocking her over. He rolled her over to face the back of the rear seat and hit her with the grip of the gun, knocking her unconscious.

Quickly, he closed the hatch, then got in and drove off. He had about half an hour until they met *The Memphis Belle*, the houseboat he intended to live on.

He drove cautiously, not needing or desiring some cop stopping him. Since 9-11, police procedures had changed, though some of the departments did all-out vehicle searches. He refused to let a cop search his car and find his captive.

Once he got on the main highway, he sped up some. It would be clear sailing once they left Memphis, heading south to the family home in Natchez. By the time they got there, he'd have the authorities so frustrated, the kidnapping of Belle Chamberlain would become a cold case.

Wayne had cleaned up several loose ends while in Memphis. Before he went to *Club Onyx*, he visited his scrawny little employee. Shooter lived up to his name until he was strapped for cash and couldn't afford to shoot up. Wayne went to see him, telling him he had his check. Shooter opened the door, happy to see his boss and his financial windfall.

When Wayne left a few minutes later, Shooter lay in a pool of blood, one shot to the back of the head—execution style. Wayne went from there to the club, put Constantine *out of service*, then captured She-body—a good night’s work.

As soon as he arrived at the houseboat, aptly named *The Memphis Belle*, he quickly moved her from the Durango to the room he had Shooter set up for him. In it, he had a cot for him to enjoy She-body on and several other things he hoped she’d appreciate.

Because she remained unconscious, he put her in a chair he’d bought at a local office supply store. Comfortable, it had what he wanted. He bound her hands to the arms of the chair then, using a long strip of cloth, he tied her upper body to the chair back and left her feet as he bound them before he left the club with her. He made sure the gag had remained in place, then set the chair in the center of the room, taking care to lock the wheels so she couldn’t move.

Quickly, he looked around the cabin and liked what he saw. Darkened windows, nothing she could use to help her situation near at hand and the chair locked in its place—Wayne was happy his plan had come together like a dream. He left her, locking the cabin door behind him. A few minutes later, *The Memphis Belle* sailed for Natchez, Mississippi.

\* \* \* \*

Belle’s third set should have started at ten but she couldn’t be found. Brad opened her dressing room door after knocking but found an empty room. He went to see Jaspar Constantine, figuring she had gone to see him.

“Mister Constantine, have you...” Brad began, touching Jaspar’s shoulder. Jaspar fell forward, his head hitting the table. Brad quickly got one of the waitresses to call 9-1-1. He saw the bloody wound and tried to stop the bleeding. He had a pitcher of water and napkins brought over so he could clean the wound as best he could being as careful as possible. He applied direct pressure and held it until the medics responded.

“Belle?” Jaspar whispered, his breathing faint.

Brad leaned closer.

"Belle," he repeated.

"She's not here. I thought she came back here because she didn't get ready for the third show."

"Call Captain Nelson, NCIS."

"Captain Nelson, NCIS," he repeated.

"He'll know what to do. I..."

Jaspar passed out. The medics entered the club, relieving Brad so they could treat their patient. Brad spoke with police officers and asked the senior officer if he had any idea how to contact NCIS.

"Badge five-three-five to dispatch."

"Go ahead."

"Call NCIS and have Captain Nelson respond to this location."

"Affirmative, stand by."

The officer turned to Brad, his curiosity piqued.

"Why NCIS?"

"Mister Constantine's request."

"The Jaspar Constantine? Where is he?"

"He's the patient."

The officer, Lieutenant Rice, ordered extra security precautions on the response due to the high profile of the case.

"What happened?" he asked Brad.

"I don't know. He always takes this table—he has a standing reservation to see Mrs. Chamberlain."

"And where is she?"

"We couldn't find her for the ten o'clock show. I came to see if she had come out to see him and found him bleeding from a knife wound."

"You said she's missing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dispatch, respond Captain Farrell to this location."

"Affirmative."

"Do you have any idea when she went missing?"

"No, I checked her dressing room around ten and she wasn't there. I came out here to ask Mister Constantine and found him near..."

"Did you notice any signs of a struggle?"

"No, sir. I knocked, poked my head in and looked around, didn't see her and closed the door."

"Sir, Captain Nelson, NCIS."

"Let him in."

"Where's General Constantine?" he immediately demanded once he entered the club.

"Over there."

Aaron Nelson went straight to Jaspar. The medics had done their best to stabilize his wounds and placed him on a stretcher.

"Where are you taking him?"

"We're flying to Memphis Medical Center."

"I need a guard on him," he told the lieutenant.

"Dispatch?"

"Go ahead."

"I need a detail to guard a witness."

"Call by land line, five-three-five."

Lieutenant Rice called headquarters requesting a security detail to meet Captain Nelson at Memphis Medical Center's emergency room. He left instructions for them to stay with Constantine and not let anyone into see him but himself, Captain Farrell and Captain Nelson of NCIS. He ended the call and advised Nelson.

"Good and thanks."

"What the hell do we have here?"

"A Navy SEAL running wild. He's killed four already, maybe more over the last seven years in order to get to the widow of another SEAL we're sure he murdered seven and a half years ago."

"Why now?"

"He just got out and more than likely, he has her."

"So this is navy's jurisdiction?"

"I'd like it to be. SecNav wants him court-martialed."

"This is on civilian..."

"Look, you're already here. We can work together on this. So far, the navy wants him for four naval murders and possible treason. We've got priority but I won't turn away anything you can give me."

“Okay, how do we proceed?”

“I want her dressing room secured until after I speak with General Constantine.”

“General?”

“Major, actually—this is a joint investigation.”

“It’s yours. I’m not fighting all of you.”

“Good, but I still need your help.”

“Anything.”

“Secure the dressing room and have your officers look for a brand new Dodge Durango, black with very low mileage. It may be at a marina or riverside because we know our guy bought a houseboat in the last several weeks.”

“Name on boat?”

“*The Memphis Belle*,” Nelson answered.

“You’re kidding me.”

Nelson’s blank “do I look like I’m kidding?” look answered his question.

“I’ll be with the general. I need to talk with him ASAP. Remember, no one goes into her dressing room.”

“Yes, sir.”

Nelson left with Jaspar when the medics took him out to the waiting medical helicopter. A few minutes later, they touched down at the hospital’s helipad where a trauma team waited to rush their patient inside. Nelson followed close behind, his badge and credentials ready if asked for.

A nurse stopped him from entering the trauma room, though he watched from outside. A doctor came out to talk with him.

“Captain Nelson, I’m Doctor Ross.”

“How is he?”

“He’s extremely lucky. Whoever did it wanted him to bleed from a strategically placed wound.”

“Your prognosis?”

“He’ll survive. A lot of pain. We can’t tell about any damage at this point due to the swelling around the wound.”

"Can I see him? It's important. As you said, our perp did it on purpose while not wanting to kill him just yet. While he went into shock, this guy went and kidnapped his fiancée."

"Damn! Military?"

"Late of the SEALs."

"I'll take you to see him, but I can't guarantee he'll be lucid."

"I need to try if we're going to find her."

"Five minutes."

"Thanks, Doc."

\* \* \* \*

Nelson entered Jasper's room. Jasper lay on his side, his hands clenched. Nelson went to him, unnerved by everything they had Jasper attached to. He figured he was asleep, thinking it might be better to back off and leave him alone for a short while.

Jasper moved, his eyes half open.

"Nelson?"

"Yes, sir. I came to the club as soon as I could, then came with you to the hospital."

"What about Belle?"

"She's gone," he said, seeing Jasper wince. "We figured he attacked you, then met her in her dressing room, knowing he didn't have you to deal with. No one saw her after she left the stage."

"The houseboat?"

"It's gone. We finally got a hit on it but by the time we got to it, they'd already sailed."

"Where?"

"We aren't sure. I've got choppers in the air up and down the river looking for it. You'll never believe what he named it."

"What?" Jasper asked.

"*The Memphis Belle.*"

"Damn him!"

"Ironic, isn't it?"

"Sick is what it is. Check to see if this guy has any psych reports in his files."

“Yes, sir. We’ve got a problem though because of the time factor. If he’s traveling now, he’s running without lights. The Coast Guard might be able to spot him but from the air, we can’t see him if he pulls into any of the coves or off on one of the tributaries.”

“We have to find out more. What about his family history?”

“We didn’t go into his background because of the immediacy of his actions. We only concentrated on his military service.”

“Go into it.”

“Yes, sir.”

“What did you find in the dressing room?”

“Knowing you’d want to see it firsthand, I had it secured with a guard on it. We know who did this, so I saw no reason to disturb anything until you were there.”

“Against procedure?”

“Yes, sir. The locals are running other leads, like the SUV Wayne ditched several miles away from where he docked *The Memphis Belle*...”

“He ditched a brand new forty thousand dollar SUV?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What kind of money is he into? Brand new ‘disposable’ SUV, new boat... He’s got to have financing. The navy pays well but not that good.”

“What do you mean?”

“He paid cash for everything.”

“How did...”

“My corporate investigator can dig a little further than you guys can. I had him look into Wayne’s recent purchases and his expenses. He made those two buys, then add flying into Kentucky and driving down to Memphis to throw off anybody looking for him. Let’s face it, anyone who separates from the military usually goes straight home or to a lover. Douglass Wayne did not.”

Nelson stood at Jaspar’s bedside in awe of what he’d heard. Jaspar Constantine had not been out of surgery too long but he went on about everything as lucidly as they discussed it at his



home. SEALs had the rep for being *bad ass* but this guy bettered them.

“If you’ll excuse me, I’ll go make some phone calls. I have police in the hallway in case he comes back.”

“He won’t. He’s got Belle.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

“Captain, I order you to get me out of here ASAP. I don’t care what it takes. We’re wasting valuable time.”

“But the stab wound? The doctor’s...”

“I don’t care. It all means nothing without her.”

## Chapter 10

Belle woke, stiff from being bound to the chair for God only knew how long. She tried moving, the only part of her responding being her fingers. Her head hurt from where she'd been hit, the pain radiating down her neck and into her shoulders.

Blind in the darkness of the cabin, she felt she'd been lost in a dark cavern. Nausea rose in her stomach, normal considering she'd never been a good sailor. Ironical, considering Greg's chosen profession. She hoped she could hold the queasiness at bay, the gag a problem.

The constant hum of the boat's motor helped to calm her, though she knew every second took her farther away from Jaspar.

*Jaspar, please forgive my betrayal. I should never have let him remove my collar. Please, forgive me...*

She noticed the motor slowing, dreading the prospect of her captor's return. She tried to free herself from the chair, but the wire ties cut into her skin instead. She whimpered from the stinging pain. Belle forced herself to concentrate on Jaspar, knowing it would be the only way to survive.

A bright light spotlighted her. Closing her eyes due to the sudden pain, she tried to accustom them to the blinding glare.

"She-body, the star of my show. You are what this is all about."

She heard his footsteps, her captor remaining in the shadows. When he walked behind her and out of her limited sight, she trembled. *What is he up to?* All she knew about him was how he murdered Greg and left Jaspar dying in order to get to her. She knew nothing else, this realization terrifying her.

His touch as he removed the gag sent chills through her. She gasped for air trying to keep down the recurring nausea. Her head spun between the smells coming into the cabin from the river coupled with her physical distress. She wanted to pass out, needing some sort of escape.

"Don't faint on me, She-body! I've waited seven and a half years."

"Why me?" she asked.

"Why you? Every time I think about this..."

Another light came on spotlighting the last picture she expected to see. She closed her eyes, hating him for taking something private between a husband and wife and turning it into something dirty. The feeling of violation made her sicker.

"You bastard!"

He grabbed her hair, yanking her head back.

"Any woman who sends something like this over the Net deserves what she gets. You've been begging me to come fuck you for a long time."

"I don't even know who you are."

"But you will—in every way."

"I don't want to..."

"You have no choice. I've killed five and left your latest lover bleeding to death to be with you."

"And I hope you hang for it. What did Greg ever do to you?"

"He had you, She-body. He had rank, prestige—everything I wanted. Basically, I wanted his life—now, I have it."

"No, you don't. Constantine will come after me. He'll..."

"Save it. He's in the hospital for a while. The amount of blood loss, coupled with the stab wound should keep him..."

"You don't know him at all then."

"I ate Rangers like him for breakfast."

He stood in front of her, loving the power and control he held over her. He touched the side of her face, Belle pulling away. He pulled her back, forcing her to look at him.

"Don't ever pull away from me again."

"Don't touch me. You make my skin crawl."

He grabbed her by the throat, his fingers pressing against two pressure points. While he held her in place, he slipped his free hand to the edge of her dress, his fingers sliding under the fabric.

Frozen, she shivered as he touched her. Never had she felt hatred for anyone like she did for her captor.

"I understand you are into bondage. I have ways to..."

"Don't," she tried to say, his grip on her throat tighter. She passed out, making him angry.

"She-body, you're turning into a huge disappointment."

\* \* \* \*

At the helm of *The Memphis Belle*, Douglass Wayne fumed. He had not taken into account how she would react. He hated her for not playing by the rules—his rules.

He piloted the houseboat along the riverside, hoping he wouldn't be discovered. He heard helicopters overhead, a factor already considered. The ones to keep an eye out for were the Coast Guard patrols. He knew running without lights was illegal but it wound up being the only way he could see of getting to Natchez quickly.

He turned on the radio, hoping to hear news about Constantine. Switching stations, he fumed more not hearing any reports about the billionaire.

"Damn it!" he cursed, seeing the beginning of his fantasy's destruction. *Seven and a half years...*

\* \* \* \*

Near dawn, a nurse entered Jasper Constantine's room. She took his vitals and noted his chart.

"Sir, in a moment, two corpsmen are bringing in a gurney. They will help you onto it, then cover you as if you are on your way to the morgue. Allow them to do everything because Colonel Lambert doesn't want to make your injuries any worse."

"Thank you," he said, reaching for her hand.

"You're welcome, sir. It's the least I can do, considering what you did for my dad."

"Your father?"

“He was drowning and you dove into the water and pulled him out. He’s alive because of you and my family thanks you.”

“What’s your name?”

“Lieutenant Barbara Parker, sir.”

“Thank you, Lieutenant. I owe you.”

“We’re square, sir,” she said before she left the room.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar waited for the corpsmen. He knew what he wanted was foolhardy at best. He risked everything with his desire to leave the medical center but Belle was out there somewhere with a madman. He didn’t care what it took, he would get her back.

Moments later, two *orderlies* entered his room with a gurney. They helped Jaspar onto it, placing his IV bag above his shoulder. One took his chart, placing it at his feet while the other put his clothes and other personal belongings in a backpack. Both made sure no evidence of Jaspar Constantine’s presence in the hospital existed.

“I’m sorry, sir, but I have to cover your face.”

“Go ahead, Chief.”

They left the room and quietly headed for the elevator. A short time later, they slid him onto a stretcher, placed it into a private ambulance and left the hospital, heading to the mansion where Colonel Ethan Lambert waited.

Lambert had retired from active duty, going straight to Walter Reed in Washington for several years. He’d been promoted to his present rank and an administrative position allowing him to do several jobs—active practice with patients, traveling to regional army medical centers in order to recommend improvements or cuts and special requests for retired generals on covert operations. When it came to Jaspar Constantine, he dropped everything to help his old friend.

As soon as Jaspar walked in his front door, Lambert met him.

“Jaspar, you know you’re crazy?”

“I need to get Belle back.”

“Your teams can do it. You are way too personally involved,” Lambert reminded him.

"You don't understand. Belle is my wife in everything but name and that will happen at Christmastime. I think she may be pregnant, though she may not even realize it yet. I swore I would never let anyone harm her, now this maniac has her..."

"And you feel you've failed her?"

"I did fail her—in many ways."

"Jaspar, if you hurt yourself more because you haven't healed or regained your strength, what good will that do to either one of you?"

"Ethan, the guy stabbed me so I would do exactly as I did. He did this to me to give himself time to escape with her. He's a SEAL—he knows how to use a knife in different ways. With me, he didn't knick anything vital enough to kill me. He only slowed me down."

While they talked, Lambert went through Jaspar's chart. He noted the improvements in Jaspar's vitals, what had been done in surgery and the fact Jaspar seemed extremely coherent, considering what he'd been through.

"General, I swear if I didn't already know you..."

"Which is why you're here."

"Promise me one thing."

"What?"

"You'll be careful. I don't want to see you coming back to me all broken up."

"And that is the exact reason you're coming with. I want you close in case Belle needs you."

"I definitely need to meet this woman."

\* \* \* \*

Belle came to several hours later. When she could see, her eyes followed a chain from the wall to her wrist. She could evidently move around but her *leash* made sure she wouldn't go far.

She discovered she no longer wore the designer gown or the sandals but an oversized man's shirt. The feeling of violation sickened her. *What else has this man done to me? Has he left me to wonder, aware of how not knowing will drive me insane?* Greg had told

her about the *forest of mirrors*, a ploy used to make someone constantly look over their shoulder or worry someone might be coming after them. Her captor had put her in one, Belle paranoid of someone else controlling her without her consent, making her wonder what he would do to her or make her do next.

Nausea came and went, though she knew the real reason why she felt so sick to her stomach. Separation from her master intensified any feeling of loss she'd ever experienced. She said silent prayers for Jaspar's safety and, even though she prayed for him to come after her, a small part of her wanted him to stay away and be safe. She would never be able to handle his death knowing she'd been her captor's reason for murdering the man she loved.

Curling up on the cot, she tried to cover her body as much as she could. Satisfied, she laid her head on the pillow and tried to relax in hopes of easing her nausea. Between separation and not sailing well, she wanted to die.

A noise startled her.

"We'll be docking in an hour."

She trembled, hating what he had planned for her. The only good thing—she might finally be on solid ground. Maybe if he wouldn't restrain her, she might be able to make a run for it, but she doubted he'd be that lax. She dealt with a Navy SEAL and they rarely made mistakes.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar sat at his desk, the firm back of his leather desk chair helping to ease the pain around his wound. Lambert had done extensive follow-up after he returned home, easing the pain considerably.

"How are you feeling, sir?"

"Better, but could you do me a favor?"

"What, sir?"

"Call me Jaspar. I'm no longer in, Ethan, and we've known each other for years. It's all right, my friend."

"I appreciate it."

"Good. Now, what's next?"

“Depending on your plans, I want you to rest as much as possible. I thought of making you wear something to keep a low amount of pressure on it but I figured you might consider it an impediment.”

“So, what...”

“I had Bragg send a lightweight vest to me. It’s experimental when it comes to body armor, but it should do the trick. Wayne knows if he opens the wound again, it can be fatal. This vest is supposed to stop that and bullets.”

“You said experimental?”

“Yeah, you’re the guinea pig for R&D.”

“Wonderful.”

“Well, I see nothing keeps you down, General,” Aaron Nelson said as he entered Jaspar’s study.

“What can I say?” Jaspar asked innocently.

Ethan went to leave but Aaron stopped him.

“Aaron, what’s up?” Jaspar quietly asked as Nelson held up a piece of official looking paper.

“Major General Jaspar Constantine, you are hereby reactivated to active duty with all the benefits and powers of your rank for the duration of this special joint operation between army and navy at the request of the Secretary of the Navy, John Sheffield.”

“What?”

“Sheffield went to Secretary of the Army Cabot or whoever your top brass is and requested your return to active duty in order to nail Douglass Wayne.”

“But...”

“No, buts, General. You’re in charge and from what this says—our perp is wanted dead or alive. The brass wants him stopped.”

Jaspar sat back, deep in thought. Nelson slid his orders across the desk, then he and Lambert left Jaspar alone. He stared at the papers, totally disbelieving the latest twist in a purely personal endeavor. He picked them up, reading his orders again. A note attached to one of the sheets caught his eye.

*If you have any questions, call me at...*



Jaspar saw the phone number for Secretary of the Navy Sheffield, picked up the phone and called him. He had no idea the phone number he called went straight to SecNav's desk.

"Yes?"

"Major General Constantine for..."

"General, how are you?"

"Good, sir. I..."

"I figured you might need some clarification on what we want to accomplish on this case."

"Among other things. My first question is why me and not Nelson?"

"You have more resources in and out of the military, ones he and NCIS do not. You are familiar with Special Operations and because of your record for command, I want the best leading the task force to get this sadist. I want him for trial but if he doesn't survive arrest, so be it. I want the best on this and I feel I have it with you in command."

"I appreciate your confidence, sir, but my motives are purely personal."

"I understand that, but in order to get your fiancée back, Wayne needs to be stopped. You would be taking care of it anyway, so why not have the backing to do the job and do it right? The locals have agreed to the navy having jurisdiction on the case, so the ball is in your court."

"Yes, sir."

"On a personal note, I am very sorry about what has happened to her."

"Thank you, sir."

"Good hunting, General."

"Thank you, sir."

Jaspar hung up, amazed by their conversation. He gazed at the awards he'd received over the years. His mother lovingly framed and hung each and every one before her death several years before. She had his medals displayed, laying them on blue or red velvet before hanging the frames on the wall or placing them in strategic

places around the room. As he looked at each one, he remembered the time, place and event for each.

*Can my military record save Belle's life?*

\* \* \* \*

Nelson joined him, ranks becoming evident.

"Sir?"

"Aaron, for now, it's Jaspar. When we get the bastard or it's called for, then protocol. Right now, I don't need it."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry, I..."

Jaspar raised his hand to calm him.

"What do we have?"

"We just learned Wayne's parents left him a huge mansion on the Mississippi in Natchez. We figure he's on his way there."

"What's the story on the house?"

"I'm getting info on that now. The house is on the register, which is where the flag went up."

"Why?"

"Parents left it to him when they died. He's been overseas and let it fall into disrepair, against the requirements for being on the register. The city wanted to do something with it because of its historic value. Evidently, the South used it as a hospital or some reason before and after the Yankee occupation."

"So, we can get the original floor plans?"

"I've got a crude drawing one of my staff found on an oddball search. There are two tunnels—one to the river and the other to the outer edge of the property. We're hoping they are still viable options of getting into the house."

"Does the local government realize we might damage or destroy the place?"

"Yes, sir. The brass has already advised them."

"Good. Send word from me reiterating our position in writing. I'll sign it when it's ready."

"Yes, sir."

"Aaron?"

"Yes, sir?"

"I've been told to choose my staff. I want you for my exec."

“Thank you, I’ll do my...”

“I know. You’ve done one hell of a job already.”

Nelson nodded, unsure what to say. A servant brought Jasper’s mail in. He went through it seeing nothing of immediate importance. A package piqued his curiosity. From *Devilish Dot’s* in California, it looked like Belle may have ordered something fun. He prayed she’d get the chance to open it.

“Sir, aerial recon has picked up *The Memphis Belle*. Thank God for GPS. He must have put it on in the last hour or so when he started the navigation systems.”

“Where?”

“North of Natchez.”

“Get the teams together and a helo.”

“Team’s already standing by and the helo’s on its way.”

“Did you get the skydivers out of...”

“The 82nd? Yes, sir.”

“Good man.”

## Chapter 11

Douglass Wayne returned to the cabin he held Belle Chamberlain in. He yanked her from the cot she laid on, removed the chain at her wrist, then cuffed her hands in front of her. He added another chain to them, noticing the look of hatred in her eyes.

Next, he pulled out the gag he used on her earlier, replacing it in her mouth. He laughed and pulled her out of the cabin onto the deck of *The Memphis Belle*.

She hesitated before he forced her off the boat.

“Walk or I’ll drag you, She-body, and you won’t like that. I mined the lawn, meaning one wrong step, and you’ll be blown sky high,” he stated, brandishing a gun at her. She trembled, tears in her eyes.

In order to keep up with him, she had to run, careful where she stepped. Once on shore, he led her up the expansive lawn to an old Georgian style mansion. The rough terrain hurt her bare feet and, at one point, she tripped, falling to the ground, terrified.

Wayne didn’t care, yanking her up before dragging her up to the main house. She tripped on the steps, Wayne impatient.

“Come on, She-body, no stalling.”

She groaned, a smile hinting on his face.

He led her inside the huge mansion, then into a darkened room. He forced her to her knees, easing the tension he kept on her *leash* while he made sure she could not escape.

“Your new home, She-body. No one will find you here. Remember what I said about the lawn, the house is rigged, too.”

*Jaspar, please you have to...*

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar waited for Nelson's return. He called from his car stating he had the information they needed on the house. The phone rang again, this time, he spoke with his corporate investigator.

"Sir, whatever Wayne's planning, it's culminating tonight."

"Why?"

"He bought an airline ticket to Toronto for tomorrow morning—zero six hundred."

"Damn it!"

"We have another problem. An ordinance surplus facility was broken into several weeks ago. A small amount of C-4 and other explosives turned up missing. The significant link here is the time of the theft coincided with Wayne's last extended leave."

"How much are we talking?"

"He could level the mansion."

"What are we talking about?"

"Several anti-personnel mines..."

"Damn!"

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry I couldn't be giving you better news."

"At least now we've got a timeframe to work with. Let me know if you get anything more. You can contact Captain Aaron Nelson or Colonel Ethan Lambert if I'm not available. It seems I've been reactivated to military service for this operation."

"Interesting, sir. I didn't know they could do that."

"They can, though I never thought it would happen to me."

They discussed a problem at *Jaspar, Limited*—a subsidiary of *Constantine International*—before Jaspar hung up. He sat back, his back aching, though he ignored the pain.

Nelson entered the room, blueprints under his arm.

"What's this?" Jaspar asked.

"The plans for *Riverside Manor*. From what I could learn, the house has not been altered at all from the original structure."

Jaspar studied them, making note of the two tunnels.

"I want two teams, one on each exit in case Wayne gets away from us. The guys from the 82nd will take the roof, while the rest of us hit at ground level."

"I'll get them in place. When?"

"We hit after ten. We have to get to her before midnight. I have it on good authority he's skipping to Canada on a six o'clock flight."

"I'll advise them. When do you want to..."

"The three of us will fly out around eighteen hundred. We should get down there, do a quick size-up and get her out of there, hopefully, without a problem, though knowing he's got explosives somewhere..."

"I'll remind them about that also," Aaron stated, making additional notes. "I'll also remind them about the anti-personnel devices."

"Good."

"Jaspar?"

"What?"

"How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"You're so damned calm."

"It's all masking. Inside, my gut is torn apart. My nerves are shot to hell and the rage wants to boil over at any moment."

"I couldn't do it. I'd be up and pacing a hole in the rug."

"I learned in Special Ops how to keep personal feelings in the back part of myself. If I didn't, it could have been fatal. The same goes for now. If I lose my edge, Belle or I could die, or one of the guys in this operation could be killed. My losing the edge is not an acceptable risk."

"I hope I..."

"Don't worry. You'll be fine. I've read your service record. It's impressive."

Nelson looked at him surprised.

"When did you..."

"When your name first came up, Belle and Troutman both vouched for you. I had to find out."

“You definitely are everything I’ve heard about you.”

“Maybe, maybe not. We’ll see tonight, then you tell me what you think.”

\* \* \* \*

When the lights came on, Belle found herself in a parlor of sorts. She looked around her, seeing the nude shot, plus what looked like a shrine. *Where and when did he get these?*

A key inserted in the lock drew her attention to the door. Wayne entered the room, going directly to her.

“Get away from me. You’re sick...”

Wayne lashed out at her.

“Don’t say that again.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“I love you, She-body.”

“I don’t want that. It’s not love, it’s obsession.”

“Call it what you will but I will fuck you and you will love it.”

“You’re disgusting.”

“How can they stand a bitch like you?” he screamed. He turned to leave, then stopped. “You can walk in any of the rooms on the first floor but do not touch anything. I have the place rigged to go off at any time.”

Belle stared at him in disbelief.

As soon as she heard him leave the house, she decided to see if he’d left her any way to contact Jaspar. It surprised her to find the door unlocked. She dreaded the fact he could be setting her up, but she had to do something. She refused to let this monster control her the way he had been trying to.

Cautiously, she crossed the entry, the polished floor cool to her bare feet. She peered into the living room before checking each of the other rooms on the first floor. She went to the stairs, freezing. For some reason, she looked down, seeing a thin piece of wiring—no, fishing line—across the steps. She went no further once she found the grenade the line ran to. Forgetting the upstairs, she went to the last room off to the left of where she began her uneasy tour.

Opening the door and making sure there were no surprises waiting, she entered the study. Had it been anywhere else, it might have been impressive, but she had one thing on her mind. She went to the desk and sighed—no phone.

Looking at the computer, she had an idea.

Bellflower: *Bishoplost, if you get this, I'm in Natchez. The entire property is boo...*

A noise caused her to send the unfinished e-mail and leave the desk for the other side of the room. When her captor found her, she was looking at a first edition of a nineteenth century author.

"What the hell are you doing in here?"

"Reading."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing."

"Liar!" he screamed.

Belle dropped the book and ran, trying to escape him. He caught her, yanked her back to the parlor, then dragged her to the far side of the room and into a smaller, more private sitting room. There he bound her to an X-frame, her face hitting the hard wood.

When he'd finished, Belle could not move an inch. He'd placed her hands in firm metal restraints, each finger secured. Her ankles felt hard leather holding them to the lower part of the frame. Next, he strapped her upper legs to it, making sure she couldn't escape his wrath. He leaned in close to her.

"I'm going to brand you, then shove my dick up your ass and take you like no other. After that, I'll fuck your cunt until I lose interest and kill you."

"Please, don't do this."

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar and his team met for a last minute briefing before they departed for Natchez. Each team member advised Jaspar on what their current statuses were. Aaron's turn stopped when Jaspar paled.

"What is it, sir?"



“Gentlemen, take extreme caution when approaching the house and once inside. According to Belle, the place is booby-trapped.”

“Belle?”

“She got to a computer and sent me what she could.”

Nelson immediately took out his cell phone, calling to warn the others already in place of the impending danger. Ethan took charge of the meeting.

“If there are no questions, dismissed.”

They stood, saluted, then filed out of the room and to their staging areas. Ethan followed, closing the door.

Jaspar stood at the window, staring out at nothing. As soon as he heard the door close, he wept as myriads of emotions overwhelmed him. He could not believe the loyalty the men and women assigned to this mission gave him. A *joint op*, the navy’s elite didn’t know him from Adam but he knew he could ask them to go to hell and back and they would. Especially considering if Wayne had done what he thought, *Riverside Manor* would make *Dante’s Inferno* look like a matchstick.

Fear drove him crazy. He feared losing men and women under his command while going after a homicidal maniac who had the country’s best training at his disposal. *Mediocre at best* according to his military record, Wayne still knew how to play the game—his kind was the worst to deal with. This kind of operation made Jaspar regret enlisting because the knowledge he had could be dangerous in the wrong hands—ones like Douglass Wayne’s.

He feared failure. *What if Wayne succeeded? What if he got away?* Jaspar’s biggest fear ate at him. *What if I fail and Belle dies?*

“Belle...”

Belle Chamberlain, an amazing woman.

Not only did he love her deeply, but he admired her. He didn’t know how she had been able to accomplish it, but her brief, cut-off e-mail told him more than any aerial recon ever could.

He looked at her framed photo, tears in his eyes.

“I will get you back.”

\* \* \* \*

Belle shivered, the only movement allowed by the frame. Unable to see what her captor did behind her scared her more. She heard things being moved closer to her, her trepidation mounting.

“So you’re into bondage—how do you feel?” he taunted her.

“Go to hell.”

“Shut up, She-body!”

“So, I hit a nerve?”

She heard a buzz, her mind racing. She sensed his presence behind her, dreading what he would do to her. She started when his breath touched her shoulders.

“When your general gets you back—if he does—you’ll be branded and fucked by the navy.”

“Greg already beat you to it.”

“I don’t think he’s going to want to look at a Navy SEAL tattoo every time he fucks you.”

“Don’t do it,” she begged.

“Why, if he can pierce your body... Oh, by the way, Chamberlain had good taste in jewelry.”

“What?”

“The earrings and body jewelry he bought in Milan.”

“Why do you know about it?”

“I have it in a safe place, She-body.”

“You bastard,” she moaned.

“Now, where should I put my mark? Your lovely shoulder? Your hip? Your ass cheek, or how about your clit?”

Belle froze, her captor laughing.

“I’ll give you a few minutes to consider, then I’ll be back.”

Belle sobbed once she knew he’d left her alone.

*Jaspar, help me...*

\* \* \* \*

At eighteen hundred hours, Jaspar and his teams left his estate heading downriver to Natchez, Mississippi. They landed on the opposite side of the historic city, got into several waiting SUVs and drove toward *Riverside Manor*, the Wayne family home.

Nelson reissued his warning about explosives and traps before Jaspar gave them the go ahead to start the rescue mission.

“SecNav wants him alive but...”

“Yes, sir,” they chorused.

Jaspar checked his weapons—his .357 Magnum and his 10 mm Glock. He counted his extra clips and ammo, then checked for his knife, comfortably sheathed above his ankle.

“Jaspar, are you sure you want to do this?” Ethan asked.

“I have to get Belle back. I swore I’d protect her and because of my failure, we’re having this conversation when Belle and I should be planning our wedding.”

“But the knife...”

“I’m fine. The vest is—so far—working as you hoped it would. Now, is your team assembled?”

“Yes, sir. As soon as you give the word, we fly in and take...”

“Good,” Jaspar said, stopping Ethan before he could say any more. “Ethan, if anything happens to me, get Belle to safety and make sure the asshole’s dead.”

“What about SecNav’s wishes?”

“To hell with that. I want this guy out of her life. I want no chances of Wayne getting free and coming after her again.”

“Yes, sir, but what do I tell him if he asks?”

“I don’t know but I’m sure you can come up with something.”

\* \* \* \*

“Sir?” Nelson interrupted, trying not to startle Jaspar, who sat deep in thought.

“Yes?”

“Everyone’s in position.”

“Good, tell them to advance and secure the target. Wayne is not to leave the building, except in a body bag.”

“And us?”

“Us? Why, we’re going through the front door.”

“Are you nuts?”

“No, but we’ll have the element of surprise. When was the last time someone brazenly walked in the front door without sneaking in the back?”

\* \* \* \*

The operation went off without a hitch. Both tunnels had been secured at the exterior entrances, the teams having orders not to go inside them. Helicopters using whisper-mode hovered over the house, Rangers descending from them to the roof before the choppers flew out of danger.

A team cautiously made its way up the lawn after making sure *The Memphis Belle* could not move if Wayne decided to sail away. So far, they had marked half a dozen anti-personnel devices planted in the lawn and found several claymores near the house.

Jaspar and Aaron waited at the end of the driveway, then approached the house. They checked the steps finding the third one wired. Jaspar cursed, then found another way. Nelson followed him as he climbed up a trellis off to the side, landing quietly on the wooden porch floor.

Jaspar signaled Aaron to cross to the opposite side of the door. He bent down, checking it. Catching Nelson's attention, he pointed to a small piece of metal about a foot from the floor. Nelson nodded.

"What do we do?" he asked silently.

"Try the windows and look for another way in. He's got to have some way out," Jaspar whispered.

Nelson nodded. They cautiously followed the porch as far as they could, then found the access they needed. Slipping into a small anteroom leading to the kitchen, Jaspar figured the servants once used it as a breakroom when *Riverside Manor* ruled this part of the city's social scene. Taking a few deep breaths, they took a few minutes to check the small floor plan they'd brought with them.

"Where?" Aaron asked.

"I..." Jaspar started, but stopped at the sound of an agonized scream.

Jaspar didn't wait, bolting through the door and into the kitchen. He stopped at the door and listened while checking for more tripwires.

"Noooooooo..."

\* \* \* \*

Douglass Wayne hated Belle Chamberlain because his She-body refused to play by his rules. He decided to carry out his threat, then catch his flight to Canada where he'd disappear into their justice system.

He stripped out of his clothes, his dick waiting to be sunk into She-body's hot cunt, but first things first. He stood in front of her, She-body pulling away, her eyes closed.

"Damn you, bitch!" he yelled. He took another leather strap and put it across her neck, determined not to lose control. He walked behind her to where his tools waited, then looked at her shaking and grinned—nothing like pure terror to get a hard-on.

"Don't do this," she begged.

"Shut up, She-body," he ordered. He grabbed the hem of the shirt she wore, cut it and tore it up the back exposing her naked ass to his gaze. He ran his hands up her back, Belle trembling more.

"I've decided to brand you in one of two places—your lower back, or your cunt—which will it be, She-body?"

"Get away from me."

"Here?" he asked, pressing the tip of his knife near the base of her spine.

"Nooooo..." she screamed, knowing his next move.

Wayne took the sides of the shirt and shoved them in her mouth and laughed.

"I'm doing your back while I fuck your cunt. Then..."

She moaned, her protests muffled.

"How about I mark it after I fuck you?"

"How about I blow your brains out?"

## Chapter 12

Belle's body shook out of control. The monster's threats fast became fact. She tried to plead with him but everything she said or did angered him more. She sobbed, biting hard onto the shirt he'd shoved into her mouth.

When he told her what he planned to do, she prayed he'd miss her and tattoo his dick. At least, she'd get some satisfaction. She moaned her protests muffled.

"How about I mark it after I fuck you?" he taunted.

"How about I blow your brains out?"

*Jaspar...*

Belle shook more, trying to warn him off but couldn't, unable to see what went on behind her. She closed her eyes, praying.

\* \* \* \*

Douglass Wayne froze, startled by the feel of cold steel at his neck.

"So, Ranger, what do you intend to do?"

"I told you, SEAL."

"I've eaten your type for breakfast, then spit you out."

"I doubt it. You're still alive. Now, drop the tool and back off. That's an order."

"I don't take orders from the likes of you. I'm out."

"That's General Constantine to you, Captain Wayne."

"I see you don't keep up with the navy. I'm out—free and clear."

"No, you're not. Seems you have some incomplete paperwork. You're still in, Captain. Now, drop the tool."

Wayne flicked the tool to a faster speed, spun and lunged at Jaspar. They scuffled, knocking over the tray and other things in

their way. They rolled, Wayne losing the tool in the fight. He went for Jaspar's gun, trying to reclaim it at Jaspar, only Jaspar's grip remained strong.

Wayne pulled back, punching Jaspar's jaw. Momentarily stunned by the attack, Jaspar hesitated—a costly mistake. Wayne wrenched the gun from his hand, aiming it at Jaspar. Quickly recovering, Jaspar suddenly knocked it to the side, though a moment too late.

A shot rang out, the bullet lodging in Jaspar's shoulder. On an adrenaline rush, Jaspar dislodged Wayne's position, throwing the SEAL over his head. Wayne recovered, running toward the entry hall and the front door.

Determined to stop him, Jaspar gave chase, catching Wayne before he made it to the front door. He threw him against the wall, rage overtaking good sense.

"You son of a bitch!" he screamed. More punches flew before Jaspar hit Wayne hard enough to send him off balance. Wayne fell against the staircase, the last thing he would ever do as he put pressure on the tripwire, pulling out the grenade pin. Wayne's life ended after the grenade exploded, though Jaspar didn't wait around to check to see if he'd somehow survived.

Jaspar ran back into the anteroom to Belle. Quickly, he started releasing the restraints holding her to the frame. He started at the floor working his way up her body to the strap holding her neck tight against the wooden frame.

After he freed her hands, she fell back into his arms. Finally, he pulled the shirt from her mouth, Belle gasping for air.

"Jaspar..."

"Shh...don't talk," he said, taking off his jacket and putting it around her. "Can you stand?"

She nodded. Jaspar helped her to stand, then led her toward the door. In the main parlor, they went to a settee, Jaspar wanting her to rest. He took the opportunity to get her a coverlet from an afghan rack in the corner. Wrapping her in it, he gazed into her eyes.

"Are you all right, Mistress?"

“Now, I am. I heard a gunshot.”

“I know,” he said, wincing. “The bastard shot me in the shoulder.”

“Jaspar, are you all right?”

“No,” he said, passing out, his head on her lap.

“Jaspar, noooooo...” she screamed.

\* \* \* \*

Once inside the mansion, Jaspar went for Belle while Aaron went to deactivate one of the tripwires in order for their teams to move in and take care of the remaining booby traps. Once completed, a meticulous search of the house turned up several things.

Aaron found Greg Chamberlain’s laptop, the jewelry Belle said had been missing from her husband’s personal effects, plus some other very interesting items. Besides taking something from each victim, Wayne had a file of confidential and classified documents. Some of it, if sold to the wrong people, would make the seller a very rich man while hurting American interests overseas. If he had been court-martialed, he would have received hard labor at Leavenworth, if not a death sentence.

Reading a bit farther into one file, he found the names of several contacts. With this discovery, the government could round up this group and stop the leak of damaging information to the nation’s enemies.

“Jackpot!” Nelson exclaimed. He ordered everything in the study, including all the furnishings, be removed and taken to Washington. His teams carefully packed up the room while Nelson made some phone calls. When positive he did not have to remain, he went to find Constantine. He gasped when he heard Belle’s scream, paling when he saw Lambert at Constantine’s side.

“What the hell happened?” Aaron demanded.

“He took one in the shoulder. The injury coupled with the knife wound sent him into shock.”

“Will he be all right?”

“You should see the other guy,” Ethan said, grinning.

Aaron went to Belle, putting his arm around her.



“He’ll be fine, Belle,” he said. “Belle?”

Ethan looked up from his patient to see Belle staring, the only sign of emotion—a single tear slowly trickling down her cheek. He nonchalantly reached over and felt her pulse, finding it rapid and erratic.

“Make sure she stays warm. She’s in shock.”

Aaron did as Ethan instructed, holding Belle close. She continued to stare at Jaspar, unconscious on the floor.

A commotion in the entry signaled the arrival of Lambert’s medical team. Under his strict supervision, the medics easily lifted Jaspar’s body onto a stretcher. He noticed Belle’s eyes following every move they made.

Ethan motioned to the second team, then helped Aaron place Belle on a stretcher and strap her down for her safety.

“Where are they being taken?” Nelson asked.

“Natchez Community Hospital. They have an excellent trauma center and they cater to us military types. I know several of the doctors on staff.”

Nelson nodded, then hopped into the ambulance with Belle while Ethan went with Jaspar. A short time later, both rigs turned off Jefferson Davis Boulevard into the hospital’s emergency entrance. Two trauma teams waited for them, Ethan giving them the information they needed.

“General Constantine suffered a gunshot wound to the shoulder and is shocky due to it and a previous knife wound which is only a day or two old and still healing. Mrs. Chamberlain is in shock from her ordeal.”

“Yes, Doctor Lambert.”

“Check her for pregnancy,” he whispered.

“Yes, Doctor.”

Ethan watched the teams work like a well-oiled machine, his patients—no, friends—in good hands.

\* \* \* \*

Belle stared at the ceiling. Ethan checked on her first, concerned.

“Belle, I’m going to close your eyes so the overhead lighting doesn’t bother you any more,” he advised her as he gently slid his hand over her eyes. “That should make it easier for you. You are in the hospital in good hands. Jasper is in the next room being treated. The bullet will be removed and you’ll be able to see him later. If you understand me, squeeze my hand.”

Ethan smiled, feeling a light pressure on his hand from Belle’s.

“Good girl. Jasper will be happy to know you’re all right.”

Belle squeezed his hand again, a bit stronger than before.

“I’m going to go see how Jasper’s doing. I’ll be back in a little while.”

Belle felt his reassurance, her mind easing. She knew Jasper surrounded himself with good people. She appreciated what he told her, her body reacting to the knowledge Jasper would be happy with her. She needed her master and his approval more than ever.

Belle relaxed and let the staff care for her—anything to get her well enough to be with him again.

\* \* \* \*

*It’s over, Belle.*

*Greg?*

*Yes, my love. I can rest in peace now. You can go on with your life.*

*But...*

*He’s a good man. He’s good for you and, I have to admit, he’s everything I wanted to be.*

*I don’t know what to say.*

*Promise me you’ll be happy.*

*I will.*

The dream faded.

\* \* \* \*

Jasper came to in the ambulance just before they reached the trauma center at Natchez Community Hospital. He had been secured to a stretcher, an oxygen mask over his nose and mouth.

“Belle,” he tried to say.

“Jasper?”

“Belle, how is she?”

“In shock. I think everything hit her all at once.”

"The baby?"

"I don't know. I'll order the tests."

"Do me a favor."

"What?"

"Tell Aaron to go through her dressing room. An expensive diamond necklace is missing and she never takes it off. Have him try to find it and bring it to me as soon as possible."

"What about the guard on the room?"

"Release him."

"Yes, sir. I'll tell him once we get you both into the emergency room."

Jaspar nodded, then closed his eyes. He did not want Belle feeling like she had betrayed him over her collar. He knew her mindset and this would wind up becoming an important issue between them. While he went through the procedure of the bullet being removed, he thought about how he hoped their reunion would go.

He winced when the doctor pulled the bullet out, having refused anesthesia, but he knew he'd be one step closer to his true lifeline—his mistress.

"Let's get him into recovery," the doctor said after he made sure he'd gotten the entire bullet and dressed the wound.

Jaspar dozed, relieved.

\* \* \* \*

"How are they?" Aaron Nelson asked Ethan Lambert the minute he came from seeing Jaspar.

"Both are fine. She's coming back slowly. Shock is holding onto her emotions while physically, she's fine. The bullet's been removed from his shoulder and he's in recovery."

"When can I see him?"

"After you've gone to Memphis."

"Memphis? Why?"

"He wants you to go to her dressing room, search it and bring back a necklace. He said it's very expensive..."

"And she never goes anywhere without wearing it," Nelson finished.

“Exactly. Oh, and you are to release the guard.”

“What about...”

“You’ve got time. I ordered sedation for both of them.”

“Okay, keep me posted.”

“Yes, sir.”

He watched the other man leave, Ethan impressed at how loyal Jaspar’s men were to him, military divisions notwithstanding. To have navy obey army commands without complaint was a privilege too few men had the honor of enjoying.

He went to the desk to update the charts, then began the wait for his patients’ recovery.

\* \* \* \*

Aaron Nelson, Jaspar Constantine’s exec, commandeered one of the helicopters the general’s teams flew down to Natchez in. He had the pilot fly him back to Memphis and land in the parking lot to *Club Onyx*.

Entering the club, he went to the rear and into Belle’s dressing room. Once he showed his ID, the policeman guarding the door let him inside. He closed the door, then sized up what lay in front of him.

He saw evidence of little or no struggle, meaning Wayne had to have threatened Jaspar’s life and that he had Belle Chamberlain from the moment she walked in the door. He carefully walked further into the room, hoping to locate the necklace Jaspar had sent him to find. Pulling out a pocket flashlight, he looked everywhere.

A sparkle in a corner on the opposite side of the room caught his eye. He breathed a sigh of relief when he picked up the necklace Belle had worn since Jaspar Constantine gave it to her several weeks before. Reaching over to her dressing table, he pulled a scarf down, then wrapped the necklace in it before he put it into his pocket.

He found her jeans and blouse where she’d left them when she changed for her shows. He grabbed a few other things, packing it all in her duffel bag. He felt better taking her wallet, rather than leaving it behind until Belle returned.

“Tell your commanding officer we thank him. General Constantine no longer feels the need for the police guards. If he has any questions, he can contact me at any time,” Aaron advised after he left the room and stood in the hall.

“Yes, sir,” the officer said.

Aaron went up front, meeting Brad.

“How are they, sir?”

“They’ll make it. I’ve cancelled the guard on her dressing room.”

“Is it over for her?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Thank God. They’re both good people.”

Aaron agreed with him, then left. The pilot lifted off, Aaron flying back to Natchez with good news. He would not like going back to Jaspar Constantine without the necklace. He knew how much it meant to them.

\* \* \* \*

The vigil went on for several hours. Ethan paced, waiting for Belle to wake up. Her vitals looked good and he figured she needed the rest. As long as her vitals became stronger, he’d stay with the course of treatment he’d prescribed. He looked at the new page added since he’d last checked her chart and smiled. Jaspar had been correct, Belle’s pregnancy test was positive.

He signed his notes, then went to recovery where Doctor O’Grady waited for him.

“How is he?”

“Considering—he’s in extremely good condition. I checked the other wound and it looks like no harm done.”

“Good, is he still out of it?”

“Yeah, but the sedative’s wearing off. He’s starting to get restless.”

“Then let’s get him into a room.”

“Are you certain...”

“Very. As soon as he sees her and they hear what I have to tell them, they’ll be on the road to recovery.” Ethan handed O’Grady Belle’s chart, the other doctor smiling.

"I love a decent ending."

\* \* \* \*

Belle opened her eyes, seeing her surroundings. Sun lit the room, though not as blinding as before. She vaguely remembered someone closing her eyes against the light.

She felt nauseous, a feeling she'd had constantly since the monster abducted her. She saw *The Memphis Belle*, the shrine at the mansion and she remembered what he planned to do to her. She moaned, her head spinning.

"Mrs. Chamberlain," a soft voice said.

"Jaspar...I need Jaspar."

"You'll see him in a short while. He's still in recovery."

"Is he..."

"He's fine. You both are," the nurse tried to reassure her patient.

Belle relaxed some.

"I feel so sick to my stomach," Belle murmured.

"That's understandable. Here," she said, handing Belle some ice chips. "How's that?"

"Better."

"Crackers?"

Belle took them, eating slowly. She felt a little better, but not much. She knew what would make her feel better.

*Jaspar, I need you...*

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar woke, wincing from the stinging pain of the gunshot wound. It felt good to feel definite pain because it told him he'd been the survivor. He hoped Ethan gave Aaron his message. Getting Belle's collar back was important. He knew she would never willingly give it up and he had to make sure she was aware he would never blame her.

He tried to sit up, wanting to find her, but the last remnants of the sedative he'd been given forced him back down. Having adverse reactions to these types of drugs was the reason he refused them if he could. Obviously, the sedative had been given to him on the sly. *Damn it!*

Closing his eyes, he concentrated on the love of his life. He could not wait to be with her. Until Belle, he'd never needed anyone like he did her and he prayed he'd never have to live his life without her. *And, if she was expecting...*

Warmth flooded his soul. The thought of a family overwhelmed him. He'd always been a loner—a lost soul in some respects. Yes, he had friends, but he'd never allowed them close enough to get hurt. Female companionship never materialized because he'd found his preferences, quietly indulging in them. Jasper placed the future of the Constantine *dynasty* on the back burner, his attorney's nightmare.

"Mister Constantine, we need to make arrangements. What if..."

Jasper remembered their conversations and how he always changed the subject. Now he had their answer.

His thoughts centered on Belle—his mistress. He felt his reaction begin, raising his leg to hide his swelling cock. He didn't need prying eyes.

"Jasper, how are you feeling?"

"Good, Aaron. I need to sit up though."

Aaron found the remote for the bed, Jasper raising his back up.

"Thanks. Did you get to the club?" Jasper asked.

"Yes, I have the necklace and I brought her clothes and her purse."

"Good. Thanks," Jasper said as Aaron handed him the scarf he used to wrap around the spectacular gold and diamond necklace. Seeing Jasper's face light up told him his suspicions had been right. He watched Jasper unwrap it and give it a quick once-over. He found the clasp broken, wincing at the thought of how it must have been taken from her.

"Sir?"

"Can you find a jeweler to fix this ASAP? I can't see her without it."

"But..."

“Trust me on this, Aaron. It’s extremely personal, but suffice it to say, this is vitally important.”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

“I don’t care how you do it or how much it costs. I need it fixed.”

“Yes, sir.”

Aaron took the necklace, putting the scarf around it.

“Aaron?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What did you find out?”

“First off, Wayne died in one of his own booby-traps. When I searched his study, I found the laptop and jewelry Belle reported missing. I also found confidential and classified files. Because of their nature, I had NCIS come in and remove the entire room so it could be gone over with a fine-tooth comb.”

“What did you find in the files?”

“Names, dates, distributors... Besides murder, the feds could have gotten him for treason—several major counts.”

“And the names?”

“Contacts, associates and others, who’ll be rounded up as soon as the ink on the warrants is dry.”

“Damn!”

“Your phone call to Troutman got the ball rolling and it’ll be a huge hit to the terrorist networks.”

“Interesting.”

“SecNav wants to see you when you’ve recovered.”

“So, I guess I’m still active with this.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Amazing,” Jaspar commented. He looked at Aaron. “Go tend to the necklace and we’ll talk some more when you come back.”

\* \* \* \*

Aaron left, amazed by Constantine’s outlook on the situation. Putting his fiancée first and before the dead traitor seemed strange, considering his rank, but logical in view of the man. Aaron knew Jaspar realized he couldn’t do anything more for the military since



the case would go to a higher authority, but he could and would take care of the woman he loved.

Aaron Nelson admired Jaspar Constantine, proud to have been his exec. He also envied the man's taste in women, wishing he could have been as lucky. Divorced for a couple years, he hadn't found time to date, instead immersing himself in his navy career.

He asked one of the doctors he ran into in the hall about jewelers and ended up going to one on a backstreet near the hospital.

An elderly man shuffled to the counter from a workbench in the rear. He wore a pair of glasses with several loupes of varying strengths, reminding Aaron of his great uncle.

"What can I do for you, Captain?"

"I have a clasp needing to be repaired."

"Leave it and I'll get back to you."

"You don't understand. This is an emergency. The man who wants this repaired is in the hospital and needs to have this fixed for his lady."

"Let me see it," the old man said, taking the scarf holding Belle's collar. "Expensive taste, I see."

"General Constantine doesn't care about the money."

"I can see... Wait a minute..."

"Sir?"

"You're not talking about Jaspar Constantine, are you?"

"Yes, sir. Why?"

"I designed a necklace for his mother. Her brother commissioned it."

The man looked at it again and grinned before he shuffled back to his workbench. A few minutes later, he came back up front to the counter and showed Aaron the repair.

"Tell Jaspar it's my gift."

Aaron thanked him and hurried back to the hospital. Once he gave the piece of jewelry to Jaspar and they discussed the case a bit more, Aaron left him hoping for their happiness.

*They have got to make it through this.*

## Chapter 13

Jaspar wanted Belle. He wanted them home. He wanted to cuff her to their bed or restrain her in the alcove at sunrise. He wanted to sink his cock into her body. He...

"Damn it!" he cursed.

One thing Jaspar Constantine hated with a passion was the inability to do what he wanted. He especially hated hospitals, more so now because of their separation.

He held his arm to ease the pain in his upper body. Well aware his stubborn refusal to take painkillers made him feel worse, he concentrated on ignoring the sensations wracking his body. There would be time later.

Ethan Lambert walked in, checking Jaspar's chart.

"When can I see her?" Jaspar asked impatiently.

"Soon. I've got an OB/GYN checking her over right now."

"The baby?"

"Is fine—I want to make sure she's all right."

"He didn't do..."

"We know he pistol-whipped her and he may have given her a sedative. I'm sure he didn't do anything else but I want to be sure."

"I don't know how to thank you."

"No need, Jaspar. We've been friends for too damned long."

\* \* \* \*

Belle saw the OB/GYN, puzzled.

"Your doctor wants to make sure everything is all right."

"I feel fine."

"Are you still nauseous?"

"Yes, but I know why."

"And the reason you..."

"I need to see Jaspar."

"You believe that's why?"

"I get physically sick when we're apart."

"I realize you're close but are you positive there's not another reason?"

"Yes, I'm positive. Why are you asking me all these questions? I want to..."

"Mrs. Chamberlain, you're pregnant."

"I'm what?" Belle asked, shocked.

"You're about three, maybe four, weeks along. Congratulations."

Belle's hand went to her stomach. She could not have imagined this being the reason why she'd been feeling sick. She smiled, having a piece of Jaspar growing within her.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, ma'am. I read the report. Doctor Lambert wants to make sure nothing has been overlooked."

"I don't remember what happened. I passed out several times."

"As far as we can determine, you're fine. The welt on the back of your head has gone down considerably and he didn't open any wounds. We're sure he didn't penetrate, so..."

"Thank God. I couldn't remember... He..."

"Shh...it's over. All you should be concerned with are you, your baby and that gorgeous man of yours."

"I know. I do. I'm so very lucky."

"You both are."

Belle went back to her room still trying to get used to the fact she carried Jaspar's child. A nurse had left a clean gown and robe for her. She took the opportunity to take a shower, the heat on her body soothing. She rued not having her shampoo and body spray but she knew Jaspar would understand why she wouldn't smell of his favorite scent.

Her hand went to her neck to where her collar should be. She prayed Jaspar would forgive her for losing it. She closed her eyes, a tear trickling down her cheek.

She came from the bathroom, feeling nauseous once more, only this time, she felt different. She felt whole, a feeling she thought she'd found. Yes, Jaspar gave her everything and she'd given him her life, but a child on the way filled her with everything she'd ever wanted. If Greg had returned home to her, they'd planned on having a family, but thanks to the monster, she didn't even have a piece of her first husband. With Jaspar, their time together meant everything to her.

He controlled every aspect of her life away from her professional one and she languished in it. She needed him more than she ever needed anyone and feared losing him. Now, she carried his child and had everything she desired.

"Mrs. Chamberlain, would you come with me?"

"No more tests. I want to see Jaspar..."

"This way, ma'am," the nurse said without any further explanation. Hesitantly, Belle followed her, curious to find out what they would put her through next, while realizing the quicker she endured the tests, the sooner she'd be with her master.

The thought of seeing Jaspar caused her nipples to harden into firm peaks. She felt her pussy clench, her body aching for his hard cock thrusting inside her. She wanted to come for him but she held her desires.

"Ma'am," the nurse said, opening the door to a private room. Obviously for a VIP, Belle wondered, *Why here?* She went inside, the nurse closing the door behind her.

"Lock the door, slave."

\* \* \* \*

Ethan saw no reason to keep them apart any longer. In fact, he had signed their discharge papers knowing Jaspar Constantine's and her hatred of hospitals. He called Jaspar's pilot, asking him to fly down to Natchez and wait for Jaspar and his lady.

He grinned, happy for Jaspar. He'd been alone for so long. Finding Belle Chamberlain, settling down and having a family had done wonders for his friend.

"Sir, a phone call for you," the nurse at the desk said.

"Thank you," he said, taking the phone. "Ethan Lambert."

"How are our mutual friends?"

"Discharge at any time, though I hope they wait until tomorrow. She'll be with him soon."

"Good news. Can you tell him we're making an arrest this afternoon?"

"He'll be glad to hear it. He's been asking for you."

"Give him my regards and tell him I'll be in touch as soon as possible."

"No problem."

"Thanks."

"Aaron, it's been good working with you."

"It has been. If it ever happens again, I'll be proud to serve with you."

"Same here."

Ethan hung up and went into see Jaspar. He'd gotten good reports on both Jaspar and Belle and wanted to tell Jaspar the good news. Nelson's information would add icing to the cake. He walked in, happy to see Jaspar in a better frame of mind.

"You look good."

"I'll be better when I see Belle. Where is she?"

"In her room, taking a shower. She'll be here within the hour and then you two can leave tomorrow. Your helicopter is waiting for you at the airport."

"Perfect."

"I have news. Aaron received a call earlier and left the hospital. He's in Birmingham where NCIS and the Justice Department are making the first arrest stemming from the files he found at the house."

"Outstanding."

"He said he'd be in touch as soon as possible but the dominoes are starting to fall."

Jaspar grinned as they shook hands.

"Good job. Now can I get out of this bed?"

"Sure."

Jaspar got out of bed, feeling better to be back on his feet. He went to the window, basking in the warmth of the late afternoon sunlight.

“Do you need anything?”

“No, Ethan, thanks.”

Ethan left him alone. *It's just a matter of time.*

\* \* \* \*

As soon as he could get out of bed, Jaspar went to the window, needing to see if the outside world still existed. He waited until Ethan left him alone, then took a shower, careful of the dressings on his shoulder and back. Feeling cleaner after washing off the touch of a traitor, he put on a set of scrubs.

He pulled the chair toward the window and sat looking at the beautiful, cloudless sky while anticipating the sight of his Belle—possessor of his soul and slave to his heart. The mere thought of her drove his cock to attention. *Please, Belle, hurry...*

Behind him, the door opened. He heard cautious footsteps, knowing who took them.

“Lock the door, slave,” he quietly commanded. His heart skipped a beat when he heard the lock engage.

“Come to me, slave.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, the sound of her hurried footsteps telling him everything he needed to know. She stood in front of him, her hands behind her, her eyes to the floor and waiting for his next command.

“I want to see you, slave. It's been too long. I must see for myself that the bastard didn't harm you.”

Quickly, she stripped out of the robe, followed by the hospital gown. She went back to her previous stance, her feet parted.

“My slave is radiant. Is there a reason?” he asked, praying she would confirm his suspicions from a few days before.

“Yes, Master, I carry your child.”

“Outstanding news,” he cried, holding his desire to grab her and crush her luscious body against his.

“Then it pleases you?” she asked hesitantly. He caught this, knowing how he might be feeling considering they had barely discussed marriage, let alone a family.

“Only if my mistress is pleased.”

“I am, more than you can imagine.”

“Belle, you are perfection. Come here.”

As soon as she moved, he sat up a little. The sight of her silhouetted in the sunlight, her breasts wanting his attention, her pussy begging for the touch of his swelled cock, needing her—all of it drove him. He reached up, his hand resting on her stomach.

“I am proud you’ll be my children’s mother.”

“Thank you, Master.”

His hand moved to her breast pricking her nipple between his fingertips. Her gasp sent heat through him. Gently tugging, he had her kneel at his feet.

“Take my cock with your sweet lips, slave. Make me fill your hot mouth, but one thing first.”

“Master?”

“Remove my clothes with your teeth.”

“Yes, Master,” she eagerly said as she took first one side, then the other of his robe, moving them out of her way, her breasts brushing his legs. She pulled on the drawstrings, loosening the scrub pants before she pulled the material away from his cock. Belle took his cock deep in her mouth, her emotions spiraling with the knowledge Jasper wanted her.

“Your tits in my lap are driving me crazy, slave.”

“Please use them, Master,” she begged before taking his cock deeper than ever before.

“My God, Belle,” he cried, his hands squeezing her breasts as he neared the edge. His palms brushing her sensitive buds drove her faster. She whimpered, her body begging for release.

“Does my slave desire release?”

She nodded while she went down on his cock, unable to get enough. “Take one of your gorgeous fingers and play with your clit.”

Jaspar watched, her hand sliding along her ass, then between her legs and out of sight. He could feel her arm against his hand and the movement of her arm muscles as she obeyed his command. He caught his breath, filling her mouth with his essence.

“Are you finger fucking yourself, Belle?”

“Yes,” she cried. “I’m disobeying you. I’m sorry.”

“Belle, come for me,” he said, holding her up to face him. He watched her breasts bounce as she shook from the orgasm overtaking her.

“Master, I...”

“Your tits drive me crazy,” he said, his tongue teasing her hard nipple before he latched onto her, suckling her breast. His hand found its way to her and together, Jaspar and Belle finger fucked her pussy, Belle soaring. Never had she experienced an orgasm like the one they created. His finger next to hers inside her body sent her over the edge, shocks coursing through her.

“Master...”

“Belle...”

“Jaspar, I love you.”

“I love you, Belle—more than my life.”

Jaspar’s mouth covered hers in a deep passionate kiss. She moaned from the last tremors surging through her body. She clung to him, needing him while wanting him more than she’d ever wanted anything or anyone in her life.

“I feel like we’re almost whole,” she said.

“Almost?”

“My master’s collar is gone and we have no handcuffs.”

“I can remedy the situation.”

“Master?”

He pulled the diamond collar from his pocket, placing it around her neck.

“I collar you, my slave. You wear my mark of possession. I control you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master, I gladly accept it and your complete control over my life.”



Once she wore her collar again, a new light came to Belle's eyes.

"Belle?"

"Master, he forced me to take off the necklace. I refused, not wanting to betray you. He slid a gun barrel between it and me, then broke the clasp. I felt sick when he threw it across the room. I'm sorry, Master. I would never take it off willingly unless you commanded me to."

"I know, slave. I've always known."

Her hand went to his face, her light touch causing him to want her again.

"If Master would remove his clothes, then his slave can sit on his cock."

"And then what will happen?"

"My master would fuck his slave."

"What else?"

"Suck my nipples, anything Master wants to do to me."

Jaspar groaned. He slipped out of the pants and removed his robe. He reached for her, Belle taking his hand. Straddling his lap, she lowered her pussy to his waiting cock. Eagerly, he entered her, her hot body enveloping him.

"You are a devilish minx."

"I am your slave and as your mistress, I have only one desire."

"And that is?"

"Fuck me, Jaspar."

"Anything, Belle."

\* \* \* \*

As Ethan knew they would, Jaspar and Belle flew back to Memphis and his estate. Once home, he gave the staff time off. While he waited for them to be left alone in the huge mansion, Jaspar went through his mail, finding the package for Belle.

"Belle," he called.

"Yes?"

"This came for you the other day."

Her face brightened when she saw it was her order from *Devilish Dot* in California.

"Slave, what are you so happy about?"

"A surprise for you, Master."

"I'm not sure I'm up for any more surprises right now."

"You'll like this one," she assured him.

Jaspar pulled her close, her naked body hot against his.

"You feel good to me."

"So do you," she agreed, pressing kisses to his chest. She started to trace a path down his body. On her knees, she caressed his balls, driving him crazy.

"Mistress, tell me how to please you."

"Fuck my mouth like you would my pussy."

"Yes, Mistress." He groaned the moment her lips brushed over his cock. The minute she set a pace, he matched it, his hips bucking. The more she went down on his engorged shaft, the harder he pounded it into her mouth. His hand pressed her head closer, his body on overdrive. His free hand went to hers where she gripped his ass for support.

Jaspar's release filled her, Belle whimpering from the sensation. He could tell she wanted to come but, at the moment, he knew he was in no position to give commands.

"Belle," he screamed, the last remnants of his release exploding into her. She nodded slightly, his cock filling her mouth totally. She pulled back, laving his shaft while catching her breath.

"Master, use me."

"Oh, Belle," he whispered, helping her to stand. He kissed her deeply as he carried her to the sunroom. Sitting on a couch, he gazed at her. "Ride me, woman, and make sure you scream loud and clear as you come."

Belle took his first thrust and gasped at his raw power.

"While you ride me, play with your tits while I tease your luscious cunt."

"Yes, Jaspar, only for you, Master."

Belle's body moved on his, seducing him. He'd never seen exotic and erotic in one woman and at the same time. Nearing the edge, he pulled her down to him, taking her nipple between his teeth, his tongue teasing it while his hand teased the other.

Mindless of everything but Jaspar, Belle rode his cock, needing to feel the heat of his explosion within her body.

With each thrust, he teased her most erogenous spot, driving her more.

“That’s it, Belle,” he told her. “Make me fuck you the way you want.”

“Jaspaaar...”

## Chapter 14

Over the next few months, Jaspar tied up his business affairs intending to take Belle on a cruise for their honeymoon. He made sure all things needing his personal attention had been wrapped up.

He spoke with the company's solicitors, filling them with happiness that he was making future plans.

"Gentlemen, I wish to name my heirs."

"Are you kidding us, Mister Constantine?"

"No, I'm not. I wish to leave my entire estate, minus a few exceptions, to Belle Chamberlain, the future Mrs. Jaspar Constantine. If she is unable to inherit, it will pass to my children."

Leaving their offices, he snickered when he heard their reactions.

\* \* \* \*

Belle busied herself with several projects, although she dropped everything once Jaspar wanted to please her or he desired her to pleasure him. The thought of her body in close proximity to him caused her pussy to clench and weep.

She trusted Brad to run *Club Onyx* for her. Every night, the house was packed. The bar receipts had risen and the change in the menu had been a popular one with their patrons. This gave her time to do her second favorite thing—sing.

With Christmas a few months away, she concentrated on the wedding plans. She looked at gowns from several designers, unsure of which she wanted. Jaspar made it easy for her by having them come to the mansion so she could make her selection in the privacy of their home.

Jaspar opened the ballroom for her, giving her the space she needed to put each possible choice up without any of them

overshadowing another. She appreciated his help and decided to throw caution to the wind.

“Jaspar, which one do you like?”

“You could always wear the sheer white one Leticia dressed you in your first night here.”

“Nice idea, but no.”

“I agree, though an erotic bride...”

“Only for you.”

“...gives me ideas...”

“After you choose a dress.”

“Isn’t it bad luck?” he asked.

“I think the bad luck is behind us,” she said, smiling.

Once the last designer and her entourage left, Jaspar locked the door to the ballroom. Automatically, Belle stripped out of her clothes—naked and beautiful.

Jaspar looked at her, then at each gown, obviously picturing her in each.

“Master?”

“I think this one,” he said after a few minutes. From the six hanging along the wall, he chose an elegant but sexy design by *Rani* with a classic lace veil. She gazed at him in awe.

“How did you do that?”

“Do what?”

“I’ve been looking at gowns for God knows how long to get the choices down to six. You take twenty minutes and select a spectacular ensemble.”

“I am dressing you, my slave. Corsets and cleavage—perfection. Besides, the plunging neckline will compliment your collar.”

She studied the gown. White satin, the bodice looked like a corset, solid satin on the side with white satin brocade down the center. The low-cut scoop neckline showed off her breasts, accentuating her cleavage. The sleeves of lace over satin went to her elbows, where a wide lacing flared out making the dress look like a Southern Belle’s. The design of the bodice continued down

the center of the skirt, an extremely full one creating a dress exuding sexy elegance.

“Now, slave, if you don’t want the veil...”

“I’m thinking yes and no.”

“I’ll leave it up to you. Remember, my brother will be *crowning* us, so...”

“Good point,” she agreed. She put the dress to the side, keeping the veil in case she chose to use it. She gathered the other gowns and hung them on a coatrack near the entry.

“Slave?”

“Yes, Master,” she answered, turning toward him.

Jaspar’s body took her breath away. She gasped when she saw his begging cock. She went to him, Jaspar picking her up and holding her tight. He backed her against the wall, supporting her while he kissed her and teased her breasts.

“My cock needs inside your hot pussy now,” he said, thrusting into her. She moaned at the feel of him swelling within her.

“Master...”

“Yes...”

“I want to be tied up. I want you to use me...”

“As you desire...”

\* \* \* \*

While Belle busied herself with the wedding, Jaspar worked on a surprise for her. He’d created a larger dungeon in one of the unused rooms, making sure everything would be perfect for his slave’s pleasure. He placed new frames and a table at various corners of the room, while duplicating the alcove in the exact center of it.

The surprise he’d ordered from Nashville hung off to one side. He could not wait to shackle his slave in the swing and tease her body right before he fucked her pussy, her ass, or her mouth. Jaspar smiled as he touched it, seeing the various alterations he’d made to the basic piece of sexual fun.

He set up cabinets with every toy imaginable, intending to give Belle a crystal cock on their wedding night when he brought

her here. The thought of her in this room drove him to finish it, all while his cock begged for her attention.

His problem now—when to give it to her? Christmas, wedding or because he couldn't wait to ravish her body? *Patience...*

\* \* \* \*

With the choice of her gown made, Belle let the wedding planner take over. Mrs. Brisco handled everything with meticulous care. She showed Belle everything from florists and floral designs to caterers and menus to the ceremony—all this for starters. She took care of ordering the invitations and addressing them to be mailed in November.

With all the plans set, Belle had time to devote her energy to the next project—the nursery. She chose furniture in dark woods and did the color scheme in yellows, greens and blues. She had what she thought she would need, pleased with her efforts.

“Very nice, slave.”

“Thank you, Master. I think we have everything.”

“Not yet.”

“What did I miss?”

“This,” he said, handing her a baby monitor. “We can have one in every room if you want.”

“Even...”

“Yes, my love, even there.”

She set the monitor down on the bureau, then put her arms around his neck.

“I love you, Jaspar.”

“I love you, too, Belle.”

“Take me to the alcove.”

“With pleasure,” he said, lifting her up before carrying her upstairs. He took her straight to the alcove, shackling her the way she loved.

“Flog me, Master.”

“Why? Have you misbehaved?”

“No, Master. You make me feel like I’m on fire. I want to come for you.”

“Then I shall do my best to make my mistress happy.”

Jaspar went to his cabinet and chose a soft suede flogger from the shelf. From another cabinet, he chose several other toys. He set them down on a nearby table and went to a closet, pulling several lengths of satin cording out. He could feel her eyes on him, the heat of her gaze coursing through him.

Skillfully, Jaspar bound her breasts, heightening her sensitivity. He chose another length and a strange looking toy. Lubing her anus before inserting part of it in her, he slid the other half into her drenched pussy. He pressed it against her and instructed her not to move.

Knotting the satin, he placed the knot against her swollen clit. One end of the satin held the toy in place, while the other made sure the knot tortured her. He wrapped the cording around her, binding the lower half of her body.

"*Shibari* is an ancient form of sexual torture, or stimulation, depending on its use. How do you feel?"

"I want to come. I want you to take me. I can't believe how horny I am for you. Please, Jaspar."

Jaspar switched the toy on, Belle gasping. She moaned, the dual sensations sending desire throughout her body. He bent to kiss her breasts, her nipples begging for attention. Brushing his fingertips across them caused Belle to moan. He pinched each bud, her breath catching. He took each one in his mouth, his tongue playing with her sensitive buds before he suckled them. She moaned as the sensations he sent through her took over. He took in the scent of her arousal, his cock swelling.

"Now, slave, are you ready?"

"Yes, Master."

*Snap.*

The first stinging sensation went through her while the toy pulsed within her. Jaspar massaged her before repeating the flogging on her other side, followed by her ass. Jaspar walked around to face her.

*Snap.*

She gasped from the combination of the *Shibari* mixed with the flogging. He repeated his task on one breast, then the other, both



at a higher level of feeling, her entire body aroused more. Jaspar repeated the flogging across her entire body until her skin was a rosy shade.

“Tell me what you feel.”

“Jaspar, I need to come. I need to...oh, my...”

Jaspar’s mouth covered hers, his tongue delving deep. She shook while her orgasm wracked her body. Jaspar played with her nipple, more sensitive now than ever before between his ministrations and her pregnancy.

“Your tits are made for this,” he complimented.

“Jaspar, my...” she groaned, her climax washing over her. “Fuck me, Jaspar. I need you inside me.”

Jaspar removed the toy, tightening the satin. Freeing her feet, he lifted her up, driving his cock into her soaked pussy, thrusting with powerful and deliberate strokes. She cried out, her hands clenching. He took her nipple, suckling it while she held him tight with her legs. Her pussy enveloped his cock, refusing to let him withdraw.

“Come, Belle.”

She screamed his name, her body languishing in the aftermath. Jaspar held her, kissing her mouth as hard as his cock penetrated her core.

“You are beautiful, Belle.”

“I love you, Jaspar.”

He moved to release her but she stopped him.

“Please leave my body bound and cuff my hands. I need total submission.”

“Why?” he asked, needing to know her desires.

“I am your committed slave, Master. Every once in a while, I need to do this to prove my devotion.”

“Belle, you have nothing to prove.”

“Please, Jaspar,” she begged.

“I can’t refuse you and you know it.”

\* \* \* \*

When Belle woke later, she no longer wore the cuffs, or the cording. Jaspar freed her body from the satin while she slept, spent from what he had done to her senses.

“Jaspar?”

“Here, my love,” he said, kissing her. His hand rested on her stomach, their child very active. She curled into him, needing full contact with his body. She felt his cock nestled between her ass cheeks, feeling the heat of his love for her.

“I feel so safe with you.”

Jaspar kissed her, burying his face in her lush, soft hair. Before she knew his plans, he had her on her knees. She grabbed the headboard expecting his powerful drive and groaned when his cock teased her pussy, setting her on fire.

“I know I say this all the time but I love watching your voluptuous tits hanging free, especially when I drive my cock into your hot, wet cunt.”

“I love you, Master.”

“I want to pound your pussy until you cry out and beg me for more.”

“Please, Master, fuck your slave. I need you to...fuck...me...” she gasped between thrusts.

“I am your master. I have complete control over you—your mind, your body. I possess you, my wife,” he said as he thrust into her pussy with a definitive drive. “I need to have you, slave—my mistress.”

“I am your slave and at your command and mercy. I need you in my life as I need to be your complete submissive. As your mistress, I order you to use me as you will. Oh...” she said, groaning with each thrust as he laid siege on her senses while conquering her body.

He squeezed her breasts as he filled her, pulling her close.

“I love you, Belle,” he yelled as she screamed his name.

Sweat beaded between them, their bodies on fire. She languished in the last remnants of heaven, feeling him pulsate within her.

“May I surprise my master?” she asked.

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar wondered what Belle had planned. He watched her from where he stood shackled in their alcove, the heat of the intense sunlight adding to his already overheated body.

She’d shackled his hands out from his sides, collaring his neck as he loved to do to her. His feet held a spreader bar between them, Jaspar unable to move.

“Does my slave believe he won’t move, or does he want me to add more restraint?”

“Do what you feel you have to, Mistress.”

“All right,” she said, taking a smaller spreader bar and placing it above his knees. She stepped back.

“Tell me how you feel.”

“I want to fuck you, Mistress.”

“Good, now tell me what you see.”

“I see my gorgeous mistress with voluptuous tits, enhanced with diamonds. Her belly is slightly rounded, thanks to our baby, and I see her pussy begging to be taken by either my tongue or my cock.”

“Excellent,” she said. She went to the cabinet and pulled out a black silk scarf, blindfolding him while feathering kisses over his rock solid back as she did.

“I want this to be an utterly sensual experience.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, his hands grabbing the chains on his shackles. Belle made sure he heard her movements while she went to pick out his favorite flogger.

“You will behave while I finish my surprise.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good.”

\* \* \* \*

Jaspar’s senses had always been keen but he could not begin to figure out Belle’s surprise. Though blindfolded, he knew exactly where she was in the room. When her tongue laved his cock, he felt like he had died and gone to heaven.

“Do you want to come?” she asked quietly.

“Yes, Mistress. Anything to please you.”

“You may not come until I tell you.”

“Yes, Mistress, as you desire.”

He felt her fingertips brushing his balls, exciting him so his cock would swell more. He gasped when he felt metal surrounding his shaft, Belle perfect at gauging the correct amount of pressure. He felt her doing something with the cock ring, then the brush of a thin wire running across his hip.

*Crack.*

He felt the suede of his favorite flogger, holding his reaction while momentarily forgetting the cock ring. She flicked it several more times, his beautiful body rosy where she had used it.

*Crack.*

The sensations coursed through him, only this time, he felt the cock ring vibrate.

“Mistress, my good sweet Belle, I...”

She increased the pulsations on the small bullets attached to the ring. Jasper trembled, fighting to be free to pull her close. He cried out when she flicked the suede over his thigh.

“Mistress, I am very close. May I...”

“Not yet.”

Jasper groaned when Belle used the flogger on him several more times, before increasing the pulsing from the bullets. He listened but heard no movement in the room. He wanted to say something but held his desire, knowing his mistress would care for him.

The scarf slipped from his face.

“Do not open your eyes until I allow it.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, feeling the silkiness trail over his body. He trembled from what she did to him.

“Now, slave, open your eyes and tell me what you see.”

Jasper did, seeing Belle sitting on a chair in front of him, her legs spread apart. Tiny crystals glistened in the sunlight, his breath catching at the sight of the dangling clit clips.

“Well, slave?”

“I see a seductive vixen, bejeweled at her neck, her tits, her belly and her clit. I see the woman I want to fuck every second of every day for the rest of my life.”

She slid to her knees, crawling to him.

“What else?”

“A wet pussy begging to be impaled on my cock, sweet lips I want orally fucking me so I’ll explode into your hot mouth. My God, Belle, the...”

She increased the pulsations on the bullets, then took his cock in her mouth. His release imminent, she nodded when he begged her for release. Jasper exploded into her mouth, fighting to pump his cock more, the restraints secure. He gasped when she pulled back, aiming his slit at her chest.

“Belle,” he yelled, the power in his voice rattling the windows while it filled the room. He groaned, seeing her. “Release me, slave,” he commanded.

“Yes, Master.”

## Epilogue

Belle fidgeted with the last minute adjustments to her wedding gown. In the past few weeks, the baby had grown, becoming more obvious and necessitating letting out the bodice a little but not much. She liked the feeling of restraint the corset provided. In a way, it reminded her of Jaspar binding her breasts.

In the days before the wedding, Belle went into Memphis to do some Christmas shopping. She gave everyone at *Club Onyx* AMEX gift cards, while she sent Leticia a necklace. Finding the right gift for a billionaire who had everything became difficult at best. She considered his love for shooting and other sports, but she knew nothing about guns and he liked oddball sports like auto racing and rodeo, instead of the major leagues. He liked cycling but he hadn't found the time to enjoy it. By the end of her trip, she'd bought two bikes and a baby trailer so they could enjoy it as a family.

When she returned home, he met her in the entry of the huge mansion.

"I missed you," he said.

"I missed you, too."

"Did you get everything?"

"Yes, and I even found something for the man who has everything, plus all the money in the world."

"Oh?"

"Not till Christmas, Master."

"My mistress is torturing her slave."

"Good," she said, grinning. Between the bikes and the bracelet she'd bought him, she hoped Jaspar would be pleased. A tear ran down her cheek.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, pulling her close, hating to see her upset.

“I haven’t enjoyed Christmas for a very long time. Before, I had nothing to be happy about, except my singing. Now, I have you and the baby, plus our life together. Thank you, Jaspar, for one of the most wonderful gifts ever.”

\* \* \* \*

Christmas morning, Jaspar carried his pregnant slave downstairs to the solarium where they’d put up their Christmas tree. He sat her in her favorite chair—a fan chair like the one used in *The Addams Family*. She wore a velvet robe, the blue highlighting her eyes. He loved the sparkle in them when she looked at the lights on the tree.

He gave her the first gift—another pair of diamond earrings to match her collar. She gasped at their beauty.

“Jaspar, they’re...”

“No, Belle, they pale compared to you.”

She quickly put them in, feeling like his queen. She handed him a small box. Jaspar opened it and grinned. The thick chain bracelet matched his collar, both having the same idea with their gifts. He asked her to put it on his wrist, Belle enjoying the task.

He wanted her to open another gift, but she shook her head.

“Please go over to the anteroom,” she said, watching his every move as he crossed the room.

“Belle, I love them. How did you know?”

“You are way too interested in cycling, plus I know you’ve talked to Lance Armstrong before his races.”

“I admire him for a lot of the things he’s been able to accomplish. I see you thought ahead,” he said, pointing at the baby trailer. Belle grinned.

“We can take the baby with us, or we can use it to put our things in when we decide to romp in the nude.”

“Or we can use them with this,” he suggested as he handed her a box. She looked at him, then opened it to find a key. She held it up, questions in her eyes. He held out his hand—Belle taking it—then led her to the windows overlooking the river.

“Jaspar?”

“You are looking at the *Jaspar Belle*. She is yours, my pet.”

“Jaspar, my God, it’s a yacht,” she exclaimed.

“Yes, and I intend for us to sail on it for our honeymoon and once we get into warmer waters, I want my slave tanning naked in the beautiful sunlight.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Go get dressed and we’ll go on board. I’ll introduce you to the crew.”

“She’s mine?” she asked, wanting to make sure she wasn’t dreaming.

“All yours. About the name…”

“I love it,” she assured him, Jaspar breathing a sigh of relief.

Half an hour later, they boarded the *Jaspar Belle*. He introduced her to Captain Hall and the ship’s crew, all meticulously hand-picked and interviewed by Jaspar.

“Pleased to meet you, ma’am.”

“Thank you,” she said, awed by the size of the ship.

“Ma’am, the crew and I have orders to be out of sight in order to safeguard your privacy. Should you need anything, feel free to call on me.” He left them to tour the ship, Belle overwhelmed. Jaspar showed her the main salon and dining area, then the eat-in galley. On the lower deck, he showed her the master salon and various guest cabins.

On the upper deck, she saw the Jacuzzi and above them, a small helipad where one of *Constantine International’s* helicopters sat.

“Well, what do you think?”

“I love it,” she said, throwing her arms around his neck. They kissed, their tongues dancing. “Let’s go below.”

“Anything, Belle. Oh,” he said.

“What?”

“Merry Christmas, Belle.”

“Merry Christmas, Jaspar, I love you.”



\* \* \* \*

The next day, Belle and Leticia headed for Saint Luke's Greek Orthodox Church. An usher led them to where Belle would dress for her wedding to Jaspar Constantine.

Before their rehearsal dinner several days before Christmas, Jaspar's brother—the Bishop Constantine—went over the ceremony. Father James took Belle's hands, holding them tightly.

"Welcome to the family. I can tell you've been good for him and I'm happy to finally meet you."

"He's been good for me, Father..."

"Please, call me Jim."

"Thank you, Jim."

They talked at dinner, Belle truly feeling a part of Jaspar's family. Now, she returned to the church to marry the man she loved.

Leticia helped her dress, making sure the dress fit right.

"I want it a little tighter," Belle told her.

"Not with the little one. You don't want to put too much pressure on the womb. You look perfect."

"Thank you," Belle said. "Leticia?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you for being my maid of honor."

"It's my pleasure," she assured Belle.

Belle's nerves took their toll on her. Between Leticia and Aaron Nelson, who would give the bride away, they managed to calm her. She relaxed, knowing Jaspar wouldn't like her upset on the happiest day of her life.

A short while later, Bishop Constantine read the blessing while two assistants held the Greek wedding crowns over their heads. After another reading and a final prayer, the traditional Greek Orthodox ceremony concluded with the crowns placed on their heads.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I now have the privilege of introducing Jaspar and Belle Constantine—congratulations."

Jaspar pulled Belle into a kiss, both oblivious to the church full of cheering friends and family.

“Your tits are driving me crazy, Mistress,” he whispered by her ear.

“I want your cock, Master,” she whispered back.

After they endured the receiving line, the guests headed back to the Constantine estate. Belle and Jaspar went into Jim’s office to sign one or two more documents and take a breather before returning for the huge reception.

“Welcome, sister.”

“Thank you, brother.”

\* \* \* \*

Several hours later, the newlyweds slipped up the back staircase to go to their room. At the top of the stairs, he steered her to his wedding gift to her—their *dungeon*.

“Jaspar, what...”

“Shh, slave. Go to our room and strip out of your gown, then return to me naked.”

“Yes, Master.”

She left him for a few moments before returning to him, nude save her collar and the body jewelry.

“You should always wear diamonds.”

“As you desire.”

He led her to the swing, seeing Belle’s puzzlement.

“This will arouse you, sweet slave. I have so many plans for you.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He helped her settle back into a contraption of straps. Once she sat back, Jaspar went to work. He kissed each hand before he shackled them above her head. Then he kissed each ankle as he restrained her feet above her, Belle’s body in a human ‘V.’ He slipped a spreader bar between the manacles, stretching her legs further apart and holding them where he wanted them.

“I love your body, Belle—your bejeweled tits, hungry pussy—all of you.”

“Master, I love you, my husband.”

He pulled her closer, slipping his body between her legs. His cock throbbed against her pussy, begging for her to envelop him.

“Now, wife, I have you exactly where I want you.”

“Thank you.” She gulped as Jaspar thrust into her. “My God,” she cried out, arching her body, though Jaspar impaled her on his cock.

“I want to fuck your drenched cunt, woman.”

“Please, my husband... Oh, God!” she screamed, Jaspar pounding his cock into her pussy with raw power. The harder he did, the more she wanted him.

“Master, may I come?”

“Yes, Belle.”

Belle’s screams echoed in their dungeon. She trembled while her body held his cock tight within her.

“I love you, Belle,” he whispered. His hip muscles flexed as he forced the last drops of his release into her body. He leaned over to her, kissing her deeply. “I have one more gift for you.”

“What? You’ve given me enough.”

“You’ll like this one,” he said as he laid a crystal cock between her breasts. Pressing them together, he warmed it before he slid it into her wet pussy. Remnants of his release oozed out as the crystal sank into her. He moved it back and forth while he took her breasts, suckling them. Once she neared the edge, he told her to throw her head back, then he moved from between her legs to standing at her head.

“While I fuck your cunt with crystal, suck my cock, slave.”

Eagerly, she took him, sucking his cock with feverish passion. He leaned over her, reaching to thrust the crystal dildo in and out of her wet pussy. She groaned when he exploded in her mouth, then took everything he gave her while her pussy drowned his hand and the crystal. She wept, her hands clenching as she fought the restraints to hold him.

“Please, Master...”

Pushing the crystal in deep, he laved her pussy, sending her over the edge again.

“My God, Jaspar, I love you so much. I can’t exist without you.”

“Good, because I won’t let you.”

\* \* \* \*

When they returned to their guests, Jaspar had changed into Prada—black on black—from the extremely formal white tie and tails. He knew from the compliments he'd received over the years and what he read in society bits how good he looked in formal wear but he felt more comfortable wearing a classic suit and silk shirt. Then again, being naked or wearing chaps for Belle ranked up there with his favorites.

Jaspar felt as if he walked on air. He'd married the love of his life, their child would be born in several months, his empire ran itself—what more could he want? *Right now, Belle on his cock...*

As he gazed over the crowd of guests enjoying their reception, he grinned, remembering back to a few moments after they returned home. Before their grand entrance, Belle and Jaspar had gone to the solarium to freshen up before greeting their guests.

He'd caught her by the windows, pulling her close.

"You are the most beautiful bride I've ever laid eyes on."

"Thank you, my extremely handsome husband."

"I want you so much right now."

"Then do it."

"Do what, Mistress."

"I dare you to try and find me under all these yards of satin and lace."

He grinned.

"I'm definitely up for the challenge," he said as he took her bridal bouquet, placing it to the side. He knelt in front of her, kissing her hands as he lifted her skirt up. Yards of satin and lace fought him until finally, he got to where he intended to be.

She leaned against the windowsill for support as he made his way to her waiting pussy.

"Jaspar, I..."

"You minx," he said when he found her wearing a skimpy lace thong.

"Jaspar," she cried when he ripped it from her, putting it in his pocket. He kissed the insides of her thighs, teasing her while prolonging his trek to her core.

“Hold your skirt.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, unable to control her desires.

Jaspar parted her legs a bit more, then his fingers parted her nether lips. She wore the clit clamps from *Devilish Dot's*.

“I like the enhancement.”

“Something blue, Master,” she gasped.

“Very nice. I think after the baby's born, we'll find you a matching diamond after I pierce you there.”

The word *pierce* made her pussy convulse and weep.

“Anything, Master,” she murmured.

His tongue flicked over her clit, Belle jolting. He continued to tease her until her hand moved to his head.

“Please, Jaspar, I can't take it any longer.”

“As you wish,” he said, his tongue entering her. Jaspar Constantine tongue fucked his new bride knowing their guests waited. “If anyone comes through the door, you will drop your skirt and handle them while I fuck you more.”

“Yes, Master,” she cried. She jolted when he nipped her, her pussy weeping more. “Jaspar,” she cried out as he thrust his tongue into her pussy. She felt her climax nearing, her hands pressing him closer. She shook, begging his permission to come.

“Not yet, Belle. Patience...”

“Patience? Hell, Master, I need...”

A knock on the door stopped her in midsentence. Obediently, she dropped the skirt, yards of soft white material hiding the man underneath. Jaspar's tongue went to her clit while he inserted two fingers into her heated core.

“Yes?” she asked before the door opened.

“Belle, have you seen Jaspar? A bunch of his fellow Rangers would like to see him.”

“No, Ethan. He asked me to meet him here while he checked on the yacht before we made our *grand entrance*.”

“Oh well, tell him they're looking for him.”

“Yes, I will,” she croaked when Jaspar's pace increased.

“Are you all right?” Ethan asked.

“The baby's getting involved. I'm fine.”

"If you need anything..."

"Thanks, Ethan," she said, smiling while one hand, hidden by her skirt, gripped the windowsill for support. "Oh, Ethan?"

"Yes?"

"Lock the door behind you. I need a few moments alone."

"You got it," he said. He left the room, the door locked behind him.

She spread her legs more, giving Jaspar more access to her hungry pussy.

"Very good, slave."

Please, Master, may I come?" she pleaded.

"When I tell you." He stood up, his fingers still pounding her pussy. He withdrew them, then added a third one to his assault on her. He gazed down at her confined breasts, pressing kisses to each one.

"Kiss me and taste your essence while you come, slave."

"My God, yes, Master!"

Jaspar took her cries within him as he finger fucked his wife. He drove his tongue into her mouth as she drowned his hand, the orgasm exhausting her. She fell into his arms.

\* \* \* \*

"Mister Constantine, where is your new bride?" a voice called up to him, bringing him back to reality.

"She's changing. We'll be down in a few minutes." He smiled. If he knew his wife, she'd taken a shower before changing. He caught her movement from the corner of his eye, his heart skipping a beat. She wore a low-cut white gown which hugged her curves before flaring out to a gracefully soft full skirt. What sent him reeling was the slit following her right leg up to her thigh. She stood next to him.

"My God, you're beautiful," he said, kissing her. "Trust me, I will not let you stray."

"I'm counting on it. I take it you like the dress?"

"Definitely. I like how easy it will be for me to sink into your pussy when I trap you against a secluded wall later."

"I look forward to it, Master."

They joined the reception, spending a few hours with their guests before they left for the *Jaspar Belle*. Leticia assured them she would make sure everything was handled and their home restored to normal by their return. Belle handed her the bridal bouquet and hugged her.

“Thank you for everything,” Belle said.

“It’s my pleasure. You make him happy and I’ll forever love you for it.”

Leticia kissed Jaspar, then the newlyweds left, boarding their yacht for a cruise in the Gulf, followed by the Caribbean.

\* \* \* \*

In April, Belle and Jaspar returned from spending a week on the yacht. Ethan advised her to stay at home, the baby due any time. She chose to spend the last weeks in the master suite where she could enjoy them naked and unconfined by clothes.

At night, after the servants retired or left for the evening, Jaspar would take her down to the indoor pool. Until Belle’s arrival in his life, he rarely used it, while his staff enjoyed it on their days off.

They’d swim nude, loving each other as only they could.

One morning, Belle slid off the satin-sheeted bed, joining her husband at his desk. Before he did anything in the morning, he checked the markets in Tokyo, Amsterdam and London, getting business out of the way early.

“If only your associates knew you did all this naked.”

“It might do them some good to try it.”

“Well, don’t tell them our secret.”

“What secret?” he asked innocently.

“This,” she said, kneeling at his feet. His cock at attention, she took it deep into her throat. Jaspar groaned from the feel of his wife’s mouth on his engorged shaft. The faster she went down on him, the more he worked to keep pace with her. To make it easier on her, he stood. Belle grabbed his ass as his hips bucked and he took over fucking her mouth. His hand pressed her head closer while she took his release.

“Oh,” she groaned suddenly, pulling back.

“Belle?”

“The contractions are starting.”

Jaspar called Ethan to advise him, then helped her back to bed. Several hours later, Belle progressed to active labor. Jaspar had her flown into Memphis Medical Center where she delivered a healthy baby boy.

A nurse cleaned him up, weighed and measured him, before giving him back to his mother.

“What will you name him?” she asked.

“Mikhail Jason Constantine.”

“Wow, a long name for a little one.”

Jaspar grinned.

“We figured as much, so we’ll call him Kai.”

“Congratulations, Kai,” she said. “I hope you have a wonderful life.” The nurse left them alone.

Jaspar kissed Belle.

“You are perfection, my beautiful slave.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“God, I want to get you both home.”

“I picture chaps, Master.”

“I picture a crystal cock in your pussy while I...”

“Jaspar, not in front of...”

“Fortunately, he’s still too young.”

“True, now—you were saying?”

Jaspar groaned.



## **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.

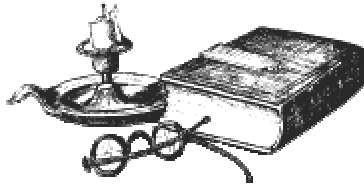
She has judged for the Rose City Romance Writers (Portland, Oregon chapter) Golden Rose Author's contest since 2002.

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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