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FOREVER *Bound*



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Forever Bound

by

Stacey Kennedy

A 1 Night Stand Story

~DEDICATION~

For Sara Brookes, whose muse rubbed off on mine and inspired me to write this story. Without her knowledge, none of this would have been possible. And for Rebecca Royce, who gave me a nudge to write for this line.

Chapter One

Josie Harper's nerves were rattled. She'd never expected to have to hire someone to see her fantasies met. Sometimes, though, life doesn't turn out how one expects it.

There had been plenty of boyfriends, lovers, and even friends with benefits in her life. None, though, could satisfy her. Not only in life, but sexually. Something had always been missing, something she needed to find. Those were the reasons she flew from Dallas to Las Vegas and why she stood in the elevator at the Castillo Resort and Hotel. The night may drain her savings account, one she'd added to over the twenty-five years of her life, but it didn't matter. Not anymore. Sick of feeling unhappy, tired of not experiencing fulfillment, she'd been left with no other choice.

The question needed to be answered, *Is BDSM meant for me?*

She'd looked into her options for her self-discovery experiment, and had come across all sorts of avenues. Should she join a club with others who lived the BDSM lifestyle? She'd run across personal ads in the local newspaper and even classes offering to teach novices. But Madame Eve's 1NightStand solution offered the most privacy.

Josie's interests...well, she hadn't quite figured them out yet. The idea of being dominated appealed to her. Images of being bound to a table while being spanked created heat between her thighs. But were these just fantasies or did she want to *live* the lifestyle?

Josie'd spent a good part of a day filling out a questionnaire given to her by 1NightStand detailing what she wanted, and even needed, from the experience. Had informed the woman of things she'd do and not do so the Dom would understand her limits.

Days after she'd faxed the questionnaire back, Josie received an email from Madame Eve confirming she'd made a match for her. The illusive Madame Eve found her a man to lead her into undiscovered territory?

It appeared she had. Was she ready to do this now? Push all her reservations aside and have the naughty sex which only lived in her dreams? Doubt nagged her. What else could be expected? The situation was new to her and not what anyone would call *normal*. She'd come for a reason though. She couldn't let unease make her act stupidly.

She pushed away the fear and straightened her shoulders. The email stated for her to go to the fourth floor, room 412. They'd have complete privacy since the floor would be free of guests, and the room soundproofed, but a telephone would be available in case she became uneasy and needed a safety net.

As the elevator came to a stop, she stood for so long she wondered if she'd lost her nerve. *None of that*. Stepping through the open doors, she blew out a long, deep breath to gather herself.

Each step felt like a lifetime. What type of man would Gavin be? Handsome? Powerful? Butterflies whipped through her stomach at the images playing in her mind.

Reaching the last door on the right, she stopped and drew in a sharp breath. She'd come for a reason and no matter how much hesitation she felt, she forced herself to open the door.

The scene before her was not at all what she'd expected to find. Yes, she wanted ropes, but this hadn't been what she meant—two waist-high steel poles with a rope strung between them, stretched from one side of the bare room to the other. She wondered what would take place there, with its walls painted a crimson red and candles scattered throughout on black satin covered tables.

The only other items in the room, a large rope resting on the hardwood floor, along with a smaller one, and one hanging from the ceiling with a loop clamp on it. As much as she tried to come up with a reason for all this, her thoughts just couldn't wrap around it. She'd thought of flogging, leather, chains, bondage. Never just ropes in a stark room. For the life of her, she didn't understand what she faced. Just as her mind threatened to run away with her, the door handle

jiggled behind her, and she turned as it opened. A man, smooth and confident, entered the room.

Madame Eve had picked her perfect match indeed, everything her dreams were made of and more. Tanned and shirtless, with hard lines of muscles, dressed in a pair of dark jeans, he looked delicious. His outfit not at all what she'd expected, leather pants would have been more appropriate. Not saying his attire displeased her—he looked spectacular.

Dark hair covered his forehead in a wispy way, and deep chocolate eyes spoke of the pleasure awaiting her. Her heart thumped in her chest. The hesitation she experienced earlier, fled. His poise, the subtle way he held himself, comforted her.

Tonight, he'd be her Dom and she craved to submit.

Gavin longed for the perfect submissive. A woman worthy of the gift he could give her. He went to the clubs in the Las Vegas area, assisted other Doms in learning how to handle their subs, but it hadn't gotten him anywhere close to finding his own fulfillment. When he'd heard of Madame Eve's 1NightStand, he'd jumped on it. He didn't believe she would find him his happily ever after. Curiosity made him act.

It'd been two years since he'd last had a submissive and he couldn't see that changing any time soon. Not to say the women he'd met hadn't been exquisite in their own right. The connection, the roar to own someone else but have them captivating enough for him to hold their wants over his own, didn't exist. In truth, he hadn't met anyone deserving of it. Most failed to meet his expectations. He'd been a demanding Dom and had yet to meet a woman he could push as far as he wanted.

It left him unsatisfied.

Madame Eve emailed to say she had a perfect match for him and gave him enough insight on Josie to give him an idea of how he should set up the scene. He wondered if Madame Eve had indeed filled her obligation, if Josie might be a

perfect match for him, though he doubted it. Nevertheless, he indulged in the experience.

Standing before Josie, shock made him stop. In all his time as a Dom to new people who wanted to learn about the lifestyle, none of them looked like her.

Long, dirty blonde hair surrounded a gorgeous face. Her blue eyes, wide with innocence, stared at him. He questioned if he'd entered the right room. The woman looked like a girl next door, not the typical type he encountered. With flushed cheeks as though embarrassed, her pouty mouth held a nervous smile.

Truth was Madame Eve had given him an extensive knowledge of Josie's limits. Hearing the woman wanted to be bound by ropes hadn't surprised him, yet seeing Josie, timid and trembling, did. He arched an eyebrow. "Josie?"

She nodded shyly. "You're Gavin, right?"

Excitement coursed through him at her acknowledgment. To most, it'd be her perfect-ten figure to bring forth arousal. Not for Gavin. For him, the sweet note about her, her gentleness showing the need to please is what held his interest. It wouldn't have shocked him to hear she was a straight A student in college and lived by the book in every regard. Always said the right thing, did the right thing, and behaved as the general public would want her to.

However, he witnessed the barrier she held up. The front she erected around herself to always please the ones around her. To be what others thought she should be. All of these things enthralled him. She wanted to please, but also wanted to release the untamed beast inside her.

Honor touched his soul to be granted the right to assist her. Locking the door behind him, he dropped the bag slung over his shoulder and approached her. As he drew closer, her breathing deepened and the blush on her cheeks grew.

He'd set up the scene earlier that evening, keeping in mind she'd never experienced BDSM before. The scene before them would introduce her to the lifestyle on her own terms. Yes, he would have a part in the experience, but he would seek no pleasure for himself.

Not to say he wouldn't find it pleasurable. Watching Josie would give him the satisfaction he longed for. But he'd do so from the sidelines. Enjoy watching her discover the part of her soul she was eager to find.

Chapter Two

Josie couldn't breathe. Unable to move. What would happen now? A stranger was going to do God knew what with her, and as much as she should be frightened, she had no fear. Arousal touched every part of her body.

His dark eyes held a note she'd never seen in a man before. More than confidence—he exuded arrogance.

“My rules are simple.” His voice rumbled through the room and her breathing hitched. “From here on out, you will answer me with yes or no.”

She nodded, soon realizing she'd defied him, so followed up by saying, “Yes.” To her surprise she shifted on her feet and felt wetness in her panties. Could she be aroused already? *Apparently so.*

“For tonight we will use the safeword, *Castillo*.” He went on, “At any point if you cannot handle what I give to you, use the word and I will stop.”

“Yes.”

He stepped away from her, his intense gaze on hers, and she felt his stare to the bottom of her toes. Heat rushed through her before it concentrated between her thighs.

“Undress.”

The simple word should have made her uncomfortable. However, it didn't, not with his molten gaze on her, and the power held there. She'd come there for a reason. The lifestyle made her wet whenever she thought of it. All of which had to mean something, and she needed to discover why it turned her on so much.

With force, she pushed away any and all shyness, and removed her clothing until she stood in front of him, nude, her hands trembling a little.

He approached her again, stopped mere inches away and ran his finger over each of her breasts. “Stunning.”

A little shiver rattled her and her breath whooshed out as the finger trailed over her taut nipple. His touch stayed a moment before he removed it and left her on display.

He strode over to the single rope on the floor, picked it up and came back toward her. Doubling the rope, he stepped in behind her and wrapped it around her neck so it dangled down to her legs. "This is about testing your limits. Awakening a part of yourself you never knew existed." He came to stand in front of her and tied the ends so the knot rested just above her breasts. "These bindings offer a way to free yourself. The ability to move is stolen from you, which heightens your other senses."

Josie's body burned. The heavy rope on her skin aroused her beyond measure. She hadn't known what he planned to do, but now with the nylon ties on her...nothing had ever felt so perfect.

"I'm going to push you." He made another knot resting just below her breasts. Then, he took the rope and wrapped it around her back where he tied a third knot. "You will be brought to a place where you are going to want to use your safeword, but restrain yourself. You're able to handle more than you think."

He brought the rope back to the front where he wrapped it first underneath her breasts, then above them.

She trembled. His touch so delicate and not at all what she expected from a Dom. Every deliberate wrap around her torso, and his undeniable skill, kicked her arousal up a notch.

As he wrapped it a final time under her breasts, he moved behind her again. There, he tied another knot between her shoulder blades. Bending, he took the other, smaller piece of twine and reached around to bind her wrists together.

By the time he'd finished, Josie's upper torso had been decorated by the rope. The inability to untie herself should have frightened her, considering it left her vulnerable to a man she knew nothing about. Yet, his soft touch, the tightness of the strands hugging her body, left her calm. Safe.

"Back up," he ordered.

She obeyed and he raised her hands above her head. She heard the snap of a clip, followed by the sensation of some of her weight transferred away from her

feet. Glancing above her, she saw Gavin had clipped an obvious loop he'd made on her wrists to the rope that hung from the ceiling. She could still stand, however, as the anchor above her bore most of the weight.

Gavin ran his hand down her side to her hip, and Josie shuddered. He lifted her leg so the rope tied between the two poles rested between her thighs.

Without a word, he crossed the room where he'd left his bag. He reached down and pulled out three boxes. Josie's heart skipped a beat as his intention became clear. He held three vibrators, each with a large ball on the top and a handle resting below.

"These vibrators have not been used on another." His voice calm, so measured, telling her each step he took precise and planned out.

Josie didn't doubt it for a moment. No other man she'd met held his level of control.

After removing the vibrators from their boxes, he reached back into the bag and lifted out three smaller pieces of rope. He returned to Josie. He tied each of the vibrators onto the robe, equal width apart—a good couple feet between them.

Josie attempted to remain silent, not to make any kind of move, but as he continued to tie the vibrators onto the rope with skilled hands, she couldn't help herself. Eager moans fell from her lips as the heat quadrupled in her body, but his stern warning look shut her mouth with a loud snap.

Once he'd finished tying the last knot on the rope, he stood and approached her. His eyes lit with excitement and bore a promise of seduction. "You will listen to what I instruct you to do."

"Yes," she managed. Her pussy ached for the fun ahead. No foreplay had ever brought her to the level of desire she experienced at that moment. In fact, intercourse hadn't. The silky arousal between her thighs coated her heated flesh and she hadn't touched the vibrators yet. The implication of what he planned, the images in her mind, the way Gavin posed himself, the bonds around her skin, made her ready and eager for anything he offered her.

"If you do not do as I instruct, I will deliver a punishment." He tugged on the rope holding her in place as he tested the weight. "And you will pay for your defiance because I will enjoy delivering it."

He made his way to the vibrators. Leaning down, he turned each one on and Josie noticed they were set to varying speeds. Anticipation like no other burned in her pussy. In response, she squeezed her thighs together around her pulsing clit to ease the ache there.

“Release your legs,” he growled.

Without thought, she opened her thighs and moaned in frustration as the pulse returned.

“I tell you when and how you can find your pleasure.” She whimpered. His gaze scolded before he turned away, strode to the other side of the room and leaned against the wall. “Because of your disobedience you may move onto the first vibrator, count to five, then move off.”

Josie sucked in a breath before she dared to inch forward. Two steps in, her pussy made contact with the low hum. A ping of pleasure rocketed through her and she gasped in elation. Yet, she wasn’t about to disregard his instructions. She counted to five, before stepping away.

“Count to ten and move back on it.”

Ten seconds had never felt so long. Her pussy clenched, the wetness along her skin creating a demanding need to gain relief. But she suspected it’d be a long time before she found her release. In truth, she wasn’t quite sure how she’d get it. Would he step behind her and fuck her to find his own pleasure? She knew enough about the BDSM lifestyle to understand it had nothing to do with sexual gratification, but more so the journey to push ones limits further than anyone could imagine.

After she counted to ten, she stepped forward again, positioned herself on the vibrator so it connected to her clit. Her moans were impossible to hold in. She’d used vibrators before, but this one, even at the low setting, felt far more powerful than she’d ever experienced.

Her breasts were cupped by the ropes which increased the sensation, as if supporting her upper body. Her arms bound above her, she clenched her fists as the vibration excited her clit.

Gavin’s voice lowered an octave. “Move off it.”

Josie gasped out a long, deep breath and stepped back, starved of the wonderful feeling. It took a moment to catch her breath. Her legs trembled beneath her as the pleasure grabbed her.

Gavin approached and stood in front of her, watching her with intense eyes. "Now, move on it again."

Wiggling her way forward, she reached the vibration and lost her breath. The vibrations tickled, her only response quiet gasps.

"Move to the next."

If the low vibration aroused her, she anticipated what awaited her at the next level and her heart rate kicked up a notch. She reached the next vibrator and placed her clit upon it, shouting out against the hard hum along her sensitive flesh. Her head fell forward as she groaned. She squirmed a little and slid off the vibrator.

"Back on it," Gavin warned.

Not wanting to disappoint him, she responded to his demand and pushed her hips forward so the toy connected with skin. "Oh God," she shouted, her whole body quivering. Her head moved from side to side, her legs trembling beneath her as the sensations hurt. She fought against the urge to step away and give herself a moment to breathe.

"Look at me."

Josie gasped out as she raised her head. Her vision had hazed. Gavin appeared more of a figure than an actual man. Another ping of heat erupted with the vibration and she cried out.

"Take a deep breath," he ordered, his tone controlled, yet Josie heard the emotion behind his words. Clearly, he enjoyed watching her.

She listened and breathed.

"Calm down." His deep voice soft, sweet and appreciative.

The moment he said the order, she eased. He stood, powerful, his dark eyes stared intently in hers. It gave her strength and she pushed away the madness stealing her thoughts to focus on him. Soon, her vision cleared.

She sighed deep, tears dripping from the corners of her eyes as the intensity of her pleasure soared. Yet, she still held control. He guided her. Her pleasure lay in his hands and she gave him her body.

Chapter Three

Gavin had done this same scene numerous times over. But never, in all his years, had he witnessed a sub give herself completely. In truth, all the subs before Josie had already been into the lifestyle—were already submissive to Doms.

His cock strained against his pants. Not only because she was a stunning woman, bound with the ropes he'd applied, finding intense pleasure, but for the first time ever, he'd found his submissive.

She shook as the vibrator pleased her. Any moment she'd find her climax. Although when he told her to calm, she did so in an instant. She enthralled him.

Josie held his gaze, stood as firm in her stance as possible. Her jaw clenched tight to hold strong, even as her legs shook beneath her. He needed to push her. Test her limits to see if she'd pull out her safeword.

He took the few steps he needed to reach her, knelt down. "Do not take your eyes off me." He latched onto the vibrator and pushed it against her clit.

Her eyes went wide before they rolled back into her head. Just as fast as they did, they returned to meet his.

Very good.

He rolled the vibrator around to play along her clit. To stimulate her to a point where pleasure hurt. A small moan escaped her. He would put a stop to that.

"Make a sound again and I will turn it off and make you wait."

She sucked her bottom lip and bit down. Clearly, not ready for her pleasure to end. Again, he admired her control. She had no idea how easily she fell into the role.

Any command he issued she followed. She blew his fucking mind.

Just as his mouth parted to offer another demand, she whispered, "May I come?"

Anger roared through him. He had not given her permission to speak. Although the request showed the submissive nature in her, it didn't mean he'd give her what she wanted. She had defied him. "No, you may not. Now step back."

With shaky legs, she raised her hips, shifted away from the vibrator. Her arousal coated the shiny plastic. Not good enough. He wanted to see the vibrator dripping.

Her legs wobbled, her breathing more erratic. He could have drawn the night out for hours if he wanted to. The knowledge she'd never done a scene before weighed heavy on his mind. The first experience would be intense for her, but she had already shown him the ability of perseverance. He craved to see how far he could push her.

Moving forward, he'd grant her the release she sought, only because he wanted her to go a step farther. He needed the orgasm out of the way before he did so. "Move back on it now. You are allowed to close your eyes and enjoy your climax."

Her cry escaped her, her trembling intensified as she shifted forward. She raised her hips and found the vibrator again. The second she did, she squealed, moaned, but held her body in place.

Gavin stared in complete awe. She released control, and he witnessed the pleasure rise to her face by her flushed cheeks. With her arms bound above her, she leaned forward, allowing the weight of the rope to hold her.

As he expected, her climax rose. She cried out and panted as she squirmed over top of the vibrator. Her mouth hung open as her head dropped, her body suspended, the exact reason he'd chosen to add the support of the ropes.

He allowed her to ride out her climax, enjoyed it himself. As she cried louder, her body froze, he waited by her side. Relished watching her find the release she sought.

The second her feet gave out on her, he latched onto her hips and shifted her off the vibrator. Beneath his hands her climax continued. Her body twitched and quivered in satisfaction.

A moment later, she raised her head and sighed. It amused him, though he understood. For Josie, an orgasm meant the end. He needed to teach her, show

her what she'd experienced had been a tiny part of what her body *could* experience.

"Take a few breaths," he instructed. She fought for air and the last thing he needed was her to pass out. He required her to be aware.

Her mouth hadn't closed and her eyes were filled with pleasure. He wanted to drop his pants, grab hold of her slender frame and fuck her. His wants, though, didn't matter. The journey was about her. His duty to show her what she would gain as a submissive and how it could add to her life and her happiness.

When her breathing settled, he dropped his hands. "Move onto the next one." She made a tsk of disapproval. He frowned. "I have not said you can have a break. Get on it. Now."

As she wiggled forward, she grunted in disbelief. Yet, she went, positioning herself on the vibrator with the highest speed. Pride filled him.

He held back his own groan. The second her skin connected, she screamed out and her head fell backward, before it whipped from side to side. Just delivered a climax, he knew she'd be beyond sensitive. And he also understood the sensations she felt now would not be pleasurable.

"Fuck," she cried.

He didn't begrudge her the right to yell out. His instructions were for her to answer him with yes and no responses to his questions. He recognized her need to roar against such intensity. His gaze stayed on her pussy as he witnessed the hard vibrations against her skin. She cried out again. No longer sounds of pleasure, but shrieks of pain. The speed of the vibrator shocked her system as he'd intended.

Leaving her where she stood, Gavin retreated against the wall to watch his prize. With her eyes wide open, tension filled her face as she strained against the ropes which bound her. His gaze traveled to her hands where she balled them into fists.

"Oh...God...." Her voice sounded tight through gritted teeth as she fought against the pleasure forced upon her.

Gavin reached down, adjusted his cock and stroked it twice. After the scene concluded, he planned to jerk off with the image of her submission in his mind.

He studied her, deciding what she needed. This thing she sought out, the missing part of her life proved her to be a natural submissive. And he set out to prove it to her.

He called out, "Step away."

She fumbled but did obey. The earlier quivers gave way to a full out quake, her breathing so short and deep, she needed a break to gather herself. He would not let her come down from the rising climax.

"On it," he ordered.

She placed her splendid pussy back over top of the vibrator and screamed out as her head continued to move back and forth. So close, yet she couldn't find it.

The exact acknowledgement Gavin needed. Josie was a perfect submissive—she'd never find it on her own.

Her screams poured around him, a clear sign of complete loss of control, the sound strengthening his already hard cock. The pleasure she found was of the most brutal kind. He knew once this ended, she'd yearn to return.

Pushing off the wall, he approached her. She needed guidance. Her current state had begun to overwhelm her and he needed to intervene, or she'd break in front of him. Never his intention.

He ran his hands over her breasts and noticed they were soaked with sweat. As his touch connected, her body shook more and she sobbed. Begging for an end yet still pleading for it to continue.

He tweaked a nipple between his fingers, pinching it to shift her focus and bring her mind back to the present. "Look at me."

She raised her head, her eyes wild with both pleasure and pain. Her screams echoed through the room.

"Breathe."

The deep intake of breath did nothing for her agitated state. Her pretty eyes were crazed. He reached up, grabbed her chin and held her face in his firm grip.

"Breathe."

Trying to obey, she stifled a scream. Again and again, his admiration of her solidified as he watched her gather herself. She pushed past the pain, ignored the

rough sensations tormenting her, and focused on his eyes. Acceptance was all he found.

Pure submission.

As much as it pleased him, it compelled him to push her further. She'd proven her ability to handle everything he'd made her do, especially for a newbie. He hadn't expected that. Not once had she pulled out her safeword. Telling him she could handle more.

He reached down to the vibrator, flicked the switch to increase the speed. A loud cry spilled for her lips as a deep shudder ran through her.

Yes, Josie, you are ready.

"Now, you may come," was all he said, before he stepped back to marvel.

Josie screeched out, the sound piercing. Her body convulsed, strained against the rope above her. Her skin flushed to a dark pink and Gavin had no doubt where the ropes dug into her skin, bruises would be left in their wake.

His eyes stayed trained on her. She could step away, move off the vibrator to end it, but she didn't. She stayed, fought through the meaning of her right and wrong, her definition of what pleasure meant, because he asked it of her. She didn't only impress him, she captivated his soul.

As her cries grew louder and tears fell, he expected she would stop and use her safeword. But as the minutes passed, she never did. She separated from herself. Gave into the sensations offered and rode it like a pro.

Her screams melted together. She teetered on the brink of her climax, yet unable to reach it. Gavin understood he needed to intervene to push her over the edge. He knelt down before her and knew she'd have no idea he stayed there, as lost as she was in the experience.

Reaching out, he latched onto the vibrator, his other hand came up to her hip to steady her. He pressed it against her clit. She screeched as though he'd cut off a limb. He applied pressure and circled the toy around her little nub and she convulsed harder.

The noises from her mouth were cries, nothing that would appear erotic to most, but to him she sounded lovely. He continued on and heard the hitch in her breath.

He studied her face for a moment, her muscles bunched together as her legs stuck out and her toes curled. The exact reason he had bound her arms above her.

His gaze drifted to her pussy at the first signs of her release. Small droplets of liquid fell on his hand. He tightened the grip around her hip and pushed harder against her with the vibrator.

One last roar echoed from her throat before wet warmth washed down her thighs. He moved her hips off the vibrator as she hung from the ropes binding her. Her head fell forward, her soft whimpers sliding around him like a warm bath.

She would need his aftercare, and he would offer it. For now, he stared at her as she dangled from the ropes he'd provided.

His masterpiece.

Chapter Four

Josie blinked a few times. Clarity returned. She vaguely remembered Gavin assisting her off the harness, removing the ropes he had placed upon her and the burn in her muscles easing from being stretched. As she squirmed, thick arms tightened around her. “Don’t move.”

Cradled in his arms, she released a long sigh of contentment and sank into him, waiting out the moment. Giving herself time to gain her thoughts again.

He held her tight and said nothing. As the moment passed, something swelled inside her. Something she’d never felt before.

Rightness.

Tears filled her eyes, but it seemed silly to cry in front of him so she tried to stop them with a deep sniff. Gavin forced her to look at him. “Don’t be ashamed of your emotions. I expect you to have that reaction.”

“You do?” Her voice sounded shaky, even to her.

A small smile lifted the corner of his mouth. “I would.” He rubbed her arms, easing her sore muscles.

Josie tried to gain understanding of what had happened, but her mind was void. Only completion lived within her. Instead of trying to force herself, she voiced her confusion. “Why do I feel a little lost?”

“You lost yourself in your pain and pleasure.”

Josie took a moment to remind herself of all the past events, remembering the woman who entered the hotel before Gavin. The emptiness held in her soul and the desire for something more. She’d found what she sought. More than the act of the climax, the pleasure which defined the experience as a life-altering moment, it was her role. The need to have someone else control her. The desire to kneel at Gavin’s feet and respond to his every demand, and the want to push past what she thought capable.

She belonged there. With him, in that room, under his command.

Her hunt to discover something she thought she needed, craved. It had nothing to do with her. Nothing she needed to find. She couldn't find happiness because happiness had to be given to her. Told to her. Shown to her. Controlled by another.

By Gavin.

But what did he want? He held her as if he cared for her, but normal protocol called for caring for the submissive after a scene. Did it explain why she experienced an attachment to him? The need to be his. Maybe? All she knew was she had found her happiness. In him. And she never wanted to let it go.

"Did you enjoy your experience?" His voice comforted her as it drew her away from her thoughts.

"I enjoyed it immensely." She laughed.

His eyebrow arched. "Do you have any questions?"

Did she? Her mind felt clearer now, and lots of things captured her thoughts. Only one stood out as most important to her. A question she needed answered to settle some of the emotions she felt now. "Am I good at it?"

The arch of his brow fell as a serious look crossed his face. "You belong in this role."

The confirmation she needed. In her soul, being submissive, always wanting to satisfy, to not disappoint came as a natural response for her. Before she thought it just a part of her character and why she excelled in most areas of her life. Now however, she believed it almost a shame she'd wasted it on people who didn't deserve her kindness. There was only one person she wanted to offer such gratitude to, which brought another question to her mind. "Is it always like this?"

"Like what?"

She squirmed a little in his arms, uncomfortable about the subject matter, but he held her firm in his grip. Resolved he'd answer honestly and not judge her, she continued. "I feel quite attached to you."

A little twinkle rose in his eyes. "A Dom and sub always have a strong connection. The journey together causes the intense reaction."

Her heart sank at his words. She experienced these feelings because of the event, a normal feeling to occur. Part of her had hoped they shared something

unique. Something special between them. “Oh.” Disappointment made her mutter the response.

Gavin smiled a delectable grin. “What we experienced tonight, however, what you showed me, the responses you gave...it’s deeper than anything I have ever experienced before.”

She gasped as she stared into his eyes. Such truths lay in their depths. Elation stole her sanity and touched her soul. Had he declared something more lived between them? Had he felt it, too? She wanted to believe it with every ounce of her being. She’d walked into the room earlier, a woman filled with wishes and wants. But who remained now, someone entirely different. In Gavin’s arms, comforted by his strong hold, her hopes and dreams could be built.

Duty called for aftercare of a sub. Cuddling one until they made sense out of their experience, to allow them to be comfortable leaving the scene created just for them.

Now though, he didn’t care for her out of obligation. The moment had everything to do with Josie. He yearned for a submissive he felt worthy of dominating. One who stirred him as much as he did her—someone who pushed past her limits because he demanded it. A sub who held the role not because of a choice, but because it’d been born into her.

Josie.

He brushed her hair away from sweat-drenched skin. She appeared confused, still processing everything she’d gone through. His eagerness however, made it impossible to wait. For the first time in his life, he felt out of control, as if his future depended on another.

She recognized the connection between them, and the acknowledgment sent a thrill coursing through his blood. He wouldn’t let her walk out without him. If he had to sway her, he would do whatever he had to. Yet, her soft spoken words, her little admission that she held an interest in him, declared he didn’t need to. He

wouldn't waste the moment by beating around the bush, and set out to stake his claim. "I want to keep you."

"Pardon?" she squeaked, her eyes filled with shock.

It didn't surprise him to see she had a hard time processing what he'd said. He had trouble believing it himself, but he had his chance and was going to take it, full throttle. "When we arranged tonight through Madame Eve, I must admit I doubted anything would come of it. I realize the experience had been arranged to welcome you into the lifestyle—to test it out to see if it appealed to you. But what I saw of you tonight tells me you are a special submissive. One I want to give everything I have to offer as a Dom, and more."

Tears rimmed her stunning blue eyes and he saw happiness in them. It occurred to him then she doubted what he felt toward her. She had given him something special, something he had long searched for. He wasn't going to hold back and not share his thoughts with her. "You are the first woman who has outlasted me."

Her shock returned. "I am?"

He nodded and hoped his expression showed his pride. "You didn't once use your safeword." He still had difficulty accepting that truth. Women who had been in the lifestyle for years always pulled it out because he pushed them beyond their limits. Josie never cracked. It's what fuelled his desires. "I'm not sure I can explain to you what this experience tonight meant for me."

"Try to...." Her tone sounded eager and he knew part of it was because she needed reassurance and acceptance. He wouldn't deny her.

He took a moment to ponder it all to make sure he got his words right. After a lingering moment, he gathered his thoughts enough to be sure he made sense. "The feeling you have right now, the one which says you are fulfilled and you have pleased someone else beyond measure—I have never experienced such a feeling."

Her eyes widened. "Ever?"

"No." He shook his head, finding her incredulousness endearing. "I have been a Dom to many, some for a short time, some for longer, but I've never reached my climax of feeling satisfied. You have given me that tonight."

She smiled, and it warmed him. “Well, I’m glad to know I am not the only one who experienced a mind-blowingly satisfying moment tonight.”

He chuckled.

She leaned forward, her lips coming so close to his. “Are you giving me a choice?” Her playful tone sparked an attraction to both her submissive side, and her personality as well. “Doesn’t that go against the grain, so to speak?”

He understood why she’d carry those thoughts. She was new to the lifestyle and she didn’t have a full understanding of what that lifestyle entailed. He needed to set her straight. “In scenes, we hold these roles. In life, I want you to have a voice.”

“In life?” she repeated.

Clearly, she hadn’t missed his intention. Yes, undeniably, he wanted to be her Dom. However, more lived within him. Something he never expected to find and something he suspected she felt, too. “I know this is all so sudden.” He brushed his knuckles against her cheek. “But I’d like to get to know you better, not just as your Dom, but as a man, as well.”

Her eyes filled with the same happiness in his own heart before she smiled in the most darling of ways. “I’d like that too.”

Joy filled him as he closed the distance to capture her lips. Her kisses were just as he expected, soft and submissive.

The night may have been a matchmaking provided by Madame Eve, but now much more existed here. His heart warmed at the thought of showing her more, teaching her things she couldn’t even think herself capable of, and sinking his cock into her sweet body.

He’d never dreamed of experiencing love at first sight, the possibility of a soul mate, yet he’d just been proven wrong. He’d found her.

His submissive—forever bound.

~ABOUT THE AUTHOR~

Stacey Kennedy is an avid lover of the paranormal romance, urban fantasy and erotic romance genres. If she isn't plugging away at her next novel, tending to her two little ones, she's got her nose deep in a good book. She lives in Ontario, Canada with her husband. Be sure to drop her a line at www.staceykennedy.com, she loves to hear from her readers.