

SIREN PUBLISHING *Allure*

Dakota Dawn

*The Most
Exquisite
Gift*

The Most Exquisite Gift

Being nice can sometimes get you tethered and begging.

Kneeling at a blond giant's feet was the last thing Dara would have guessed she'd be doing today. A favor for a friend was quickly turning into a heated lesson in BDSM. She knew she shouldn't stay under false pretenses, but her body wouldn't let her leave him.

The second his midnight gaze lands on her, Garner knows he should never have let his friend talk him into training her. The dark-haired beauty arouses feelings in him she shouldn't. Her expressive eyes draw out the protective and possessive Dom in him, and the sight of her luscious lips tell him his heart is in deep trouble. Oh yeah, she is a glitch in his well-ordered life. A beautiful, spirited glitch.

Some gifts are too priceless to ever give up.

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DEDICATION

To my husband and children for all their crazy support. Love you guys!

I want to thank Siren-BookStrand Publishing for believing in me.
And to all the people who love a good romance—I'm with ya!

THE MOST EXQUISITE GIFT

DAKOTA DAWN

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Chapter One

“Augh.”

Dara DeLuna pulled over to the side of the road and glanced at the map her friend Bryan had given her. Frustration was eating at her. Looking around then back at the map, she acknowledged that something was wrong. She must have missed the turn off. Now she'd have to go back, darn it. Driving around, lost in the dark, two days before Christmas, was not her idea of fun. Sitting in front of a warm fire reading a book was more her cup of tea. Why did she have to be such a loyal friend? She'd bet her last dollar the Grinch would never be in her current position.

Snow flurries started drifting down as she turned around. The cold wind choreographed the frozen flakes into an interesting dance. A dance that was sure to become dangerous if she didn't hurry up and get the present Bryan sent her after, then get her butt out of there. Focusing, she found the turn and headed toward the cabin she'd been sent to. Dara cursed as the snow started falling faster. Only for her best friend, Nora, would she make a trip into the mountains to retrieve a present.

Bryan had begged her to pick it up for him, which was rare coming from a dominant. It was a special collar he'd had made for Nora from a jeweler that lived up here somewhere. She was

personally going to his friend's place to pick it up in what was now driving snow. Bryan owed her big-time. His sexy, commanding tone was not getting him out of this one.

Pulling up to the cabin, she noticed and appreciated how ruggedly beautiful it was. Snow swirled around it and capped the roof. It was postcard perfect. Way larger than she would have guessed, the porch was as big as her living and dining rooms combined. It would be a wonderful space to sit and watch nature pass by, in the spring, of course. It was too dangd cold to sit out there now. Even a snowman would be banging on the door begging to go inside. The cold wind was wicked.

Glancing at the clock in her car, she noted the time. Bryan had told her to show up at around eight, and she noticed it was a little after that. Sweet, that meant she'd made good time. Turning off the engine and grabbing her purse, she pushed her car door open and dashed through the snow and onto the porch. If she hurried, she could make it back home by around midnight. Knocking, she looked back at her car to make sure the door had closed. It had, good. She didn't want to have to go back and close it harder. Blowing warm air into her cupped hands, she waited for Bryan's friend to open the door.

* * * *

Garner Adams growled as his eyes returned to the clock. Why had he let his friend, Bryan, talk him into training his new sub? Actually, she was being trained for Bryan and his wife, Nora, as their third. Bryan had asked him to train her as if he was training her for himself. He looked at the clock again. She was late. Fifteen minutes late already.

Minutes later her headlights flashed across his cabin as she pulled up. Seventeen minutes late. She was already off to a bad start. Punishment was due, and she hadn't even gotten in the cabin yet. New subs could be such a trial.

At her knock, he took a breath and forced himself to control his frustration. He let a couple of minutes pass before he opened the door. Her small hand was raised and fisted—he could tell she was about to knock again. That’s another strike against her, no patience. Pale green eyes locked with his. Arousal like he’d never felt before crept through his veins, heating his body. Something about her drew him to her like a magnet to a steel statue of a sex goddess. He had an insane desire to be stuck to her forever. Mentally, he reminded himself she belonged to his friend. She was not free. Her delicate form could be tasted and taught, but not kept.

Getting back on track, he looked pointedly at his watch then back down at her and barked, “You’re late.” Startled green eyes met his midnight glare. Something strange pierced his chest at the innocent look that crossed her face right before indecision made her full lips tremble for just a second. Damn, that was hot. The beast in him roared—it wanted to claim her as his mate.

The Dom in him rose steadily to the surface at the vulnerable expression that stayed on her sweet little face. A burning need to dominate and protect her settled deeply into his chest.

“I’m sorry. I—”

“Shush.” Garner didn’t want to hear it. And he didn’t want to have the feelings he was having for her. Frustration at Bryan simmered in his belly, she was way too fucking tempting, and that little bastard knew it. Taking her by the arm, he pulled her into the cabin and closed and locked the door behind her.

Dara fell silent for a moment. Shaking her head as if to clear it, she stammered, “I’m Dara DeLuna. Bryan sent me to get a gift. You are his friend, right?”

Garner held up his hand to stop her. “Because you are new, I’m going to answer you before we begin. Yes, I am Bryan’s friend, Garner Adams. I do have Nora’s present, and you will be allowed to see it when we are done with your training.” Folding down two of his fingers, he moved the other three to get her attention. “Three. You’ve

been disobedient three times already. All three are punishable. Number one: You were late. Number two: You were impatient after being late.” At her questioning look, he added, “When I opened the door, you were about to knock a second time. Number three: You didn’t come in and kneel before me. A good sub always immediately kneels at her Master’s feet.”

“Master’s feet? I don’t understand what you’re talking about. Look, I think there has been some kind of—”

“Shush. Master’s feet mean my feet. The moment you pulled onto my property, I became your Master. You are to be trained by my standards. You are no longer allowed to speak unless spoken to.” He watched her closely as his words sank in. She was shocked, but she remained quiet. The question was, for how long? “We only have two days, which means we must start tonight.” Pointing down at the floor in front of him, he commanded, “Kneel.”

Looking down at her as he stepped closer, he had to force his body under control. Fresh cut flowers, that’s what she smelled like. Some flowers were edible. She definitely fell into that category. Copper highlights glistened in her brown hair. Hair that flowed just past her shoulders, plenty of length to grab hold of and guide her head to his waiting, wanting cock.

He wanted to touch her so bad, and the way her jewel green eyes looked so uncertain brought out his protective Dom side even stronger. But she was Bryan’s, not his. She was just here to be trained, nothing more. A frown creased his brow at that thought.

Watching closely, Garner hid a smile as she dropped to her knees and placed her hands palm side up on her thighs.

Her sign of submission lit a fire in his veins. A fire he shouldn’t have, but he did, and he had two and a half days to put it out. Unless, Bryan shared her in the future, of course.

Garner circled her. Damn, she was hot, even in her thick sweater. Little round spots had made an appearance on the front of her sweater the second she’d gone down to her knees, a sure sign that his

command had turned her on. His hands itched to get her naked. To touch and taste her perky, swollen breasts. As he circled her, he watched her closely. He could almost read her mind, she was so expressive. Indecision and interest warred within her.

His heart felt like it would burst the second he knew she'd made up her mind to stay. That was a new feeling for him, because he'd never felt this strongly for a woman before. Never really cared if one wanted to be his submissive or not. If one didn't want to follow his commands, another one would. Plenty of fish in the sea.

Seeing her body start to shiver, he no longer cared about all the other fish in the sea. He only cared about the treasure in front of him.

Knowing she was cold, he ordered, "Rise, then go stand by the fire. Do you like eggnog?"

Dara rose and sent him a grateful smile. "Yes, um, Sir." Moving quickly, she headed for the fireplace.

"Dara."

"Sir?"

"While I get our drinks, I want you to strip. You will remain naked for the rest of the time you are with me." Garner's voice was husky and commanding.

"But it's winter. I can't go around na—"

"That's one punishment." Black eyes bore into hers.

"Punish—"

"That's two. Keep disobeying and I won't warm you up with a drink before we begin." Her mouth dropped open. He'd shocked her, good. She needed to learn her place quickly. "Strip now, little sub." Oh yeah, she was a fiery one. No wonder Bryan had sent her to him.

Dara scowled at him but started taking her clothes off. "Yes, Sir," she grumbled.

Garner chuckled. He loved a woman with spirit. "Good girl." Turning on his heel, he went to get their drinks. She was going to be a challenge to train. A challenge he was more than ready for.

Chapter Two

Naked in the winter was not good. Why couldn't this have happened to her in the summer? For some reason, the blond giant thought she was here to be trained. Could Nora have told him she was interested? It would be just like Nora to set up something like this. It was her who nudged Dara into striking out on her own. Now she owned her own interior design business. She was doing well for herself. Without Nora's prodding, she would still be working for her no-good ex-boss. Once again, Dara wondered if Nora had set her up, but then she remembered that Nora couldn't have done it because she was here on a secret mission for Bryan. Maybe the blond giant was expecting several subs that didn't show up. That would explain him thinking she was here on purpose to be trained. If he did this a lot, it would be easy to confuse one sub for another.

Folding her clothes and putting them in a chair with her purse, she nibbled her lip as she wondered what she should do. She'd been struck dumb and mute when he'd started commanding her around. She would have protested if her traitorous body would have allowed her to. At the first sight of him, the pulse in her clit had started to throb, and when he'd told her to kneel in that sinful voice, her conscience had started egging her on. *The devil on her shoulder had begged her to kneel.* And the next thing she knew she was on her knees. Was this what love at first sight felt like?

As the heat of the fire warmed her skin, her mind rushed to and fro. Should she leave, or should she stay? Would it be wrong to stay under false pretenses? In reality, she was just supposed to be picking up a gift. But, for some reason, he thought she was here to be trained,

and he didn't seem to mind doing it. She was curious about the BDSM lifestyle. Nora was more than happy in her submissive role. Maybe she should stay, just to learn—nothing more. *The little devil on her shoulder jumped for joy, and her sex throbbed and dripped in response.*

Looking down the length of her body, she worried her teeth over her lower lip. Would he think her boobs were too small? Her butt too big? Sighing, Dara held her hands out to the fire. Mentally, she kicked herself. It didn't matter if he liked her body or not, she was just here to see if she liked this lifestyle or not.

Strangely, her body and mind wanted to please him. Maybe it was his commanding tone, maybe it was that he was the best-looking man she'd ever met. Most likely it was both.

Looking around, she found comfort in her surroundings. Holiday decorations spruced up the richly-furnished cabin. A decorated tree stood beside the cabin's front windows, brightly lighting that section of the house. An assortment of snowmen, Santas, reindeer, and candles were placed around the room. A leafy, real-looking garland, decorated with red bows, snaked its way up the stair railing. This place screamed comfort and home.

Dara wondered briefly what kind of man Garner was. Bryan would never consider an abusive Dom as a friend. That thought calmed her considerably. Plus, the man was super-hot. The blond-haired giant possessed an aura that she was too weak to resist. A frown drew her brows closer together. Men weren't supposed to bring out such strong feelings in her. She didn't need a man to live happily ever after, right?

Biting her lip, she thought about the punishment he'd mentioned. How bad would it be? Could she handle it? Doms were big into being respected and obeyed. She'd stay, but she'd have to try harder to remember everything she had learned from her friends about BDSM. No more mistakes, no more punishment.

Catching movement from the corner of her eye, she realized he was back. Nervously, she glanced over at him, her heart was beating harder than a working reindeer's on Christmas morning. She gave him a weak smile. It took every bit of willpower she had not to cover her private parts. Watching him through her lashes, she was once again taken aback at how badly she wanted him. Moisture gathered at her womanly opening. The sweet spot between her legs cried out for him. Squirming under his knowing gaze, she tried to remind herself she'd only be here for two days. Not long enough to get attached. Not attached. Not attached.

Worrying her teeth over her lower lip, again, she wondered what she should do. Should she kneel? Damn, she wished Nora was here.

"Come sit on the couch." Garner smiled as she jumped slightly, then quickly headed for the couch.

Taking her eggnog, she felt the chill of the glass and remembered he'd said he would warm her up with a drink before they began. This was a cold drink, not a hot one. Taking a sip, she let all the flavors come alive on her tongue. Vanilla, nutmeg, whipping cream...rum, and bourbon. Ah, maybe the alcohol was the warming ingredient he was talking about.

Sparing him a glance, she complimented, "This is very good eggnog—ah, Sir."

The smile that curled his lips twisted her clit into a knot. He was so fine when he smiled. She'd do about anything to see that smile again.

"I'm glad you like it." Quicker than Santa could go down a chimney, Garner's face took on a serious look. "Now, on to business. I understand you are new to BDSM. You will give me a safe word. Your safe word is not to be used lightly. If it is, you will be punished. Your safe word is only to be used if you feel you are in danger. Do you understand?"

Dara clutched her glass and nodded her head yes.

“That’s three punishments. I’ll ask again. Do you understand what a safe word is and how to use it?”

Swallowing hard, she answered, “Yes, Sir.” His commanding tone made her nervous but horny at the same time. How could that be? If any other man talked to her that way, she’d get up and leave. But she couldn’t leave him. She was irresistibly drawn to him as strongly as Santa was to cookies and milk. Damn.

“Shall we make it four? When I ask you a question, I want a quick and complete answer.”

His voice jerked her away from her thoughts, and she quickly answered him, “No. I understand what a safe word is, Sir.”

“Good. Are you protected against pregnancy? Do you have any STDs?”

She closed her eyes for a moment. Those were personal questions. “Yes and no.”

“Excellent. I don’t have any STDs, either, and I don’t like condoms. Now I’ll tell you what a Dom’s job is. A Dom is in total control of his sub. As a sub, you must never hesitate to do as you’re told. To do so brings on punishment. My job is to teach you as if you were my own. When you disobey, you will be punished. You already have three coming. When you do as you are told without hesitation, you will be rewarded. I would much rather reward you than punish you. Your pleasure is my pleasure, and your pain is my pain. As a sub, your Master’s pleasure should be your pleasure as well, and his pain should be your pain. Your feelings should be tied to his and his to yours. Do you understand?”

Tied to him, yes, that would be good. Pain and punishment, not good. A thoughtful look crossed her delicate features. “I think so, Sir. But, I must confess I’m not into pain. I’ve heard that some Doms like to give pain. Why is that?” Dara’s stomach knotted. She hoped he wasn’t into doling out a lot of pain. If he was, her ass was out of there. Toys could take care of the lust she felt for him just fine.

“Good question. Some Doms are sadistic and receive great pleasure from inflicting pain on others. The perfect sub for them is one that enjoys pain. A number of people can only reach orgasm when in pain. I personally do not get pleasure from inflicting that much pain. When we are in the playroom, I will test you to see how much pleasure/pain you can take. A little pain makes the pleasure so much sweeter. It makes your senses come alive.” Garner paused for a moment, letting his words sink in. “Do you have any more questions? Once we get started, you will no longer be able to speak until spoken to. Do you understand?”

It all seemed crazy, but her clit was throbbing just listening to him. Geesh, she was messed up. “Yes, I understand, Sir. I don’t have any more questions.”

“Good. What is your safe word?”

“Cherry pie.”

“Cherry pie. Cherry pie is to be used only if you feel you are in danger. Now, I want you to give me a safe word that tells me you are scared or uncertain. This word is not to be used lightly. Only when you feel very scared or in need of comfort will you use this word. *Do not* use it every time I command you to do something. Overuse of your word will get you punished.” Garner paused, giving her time to think then asked, “What word have you chosen?”

“Snow.”

“Snow it is, then.” His midnight eyes bore into hers. “If you say cherry pie, it’s all over. I’ll stop what I’m doing, and your training ends that very moment. Using snow will bring me to a temporary stop. I’ll ask you why you used your safe word and respond according to your answer. My response could be comforting, or it could be punishment, whichever I feel is necessary. Do you understand the rules of your training?”

“Yes, Sir.” Damn, his voice was scary, commanding, and sexy all at the same time. A crazy part of her wanted to cuddle with the big guy. Relief washed over her as well. She was glad he’d taken the time

to explain so much to her. Now, if she could just stop messing up, she'd be doing fine.

“Good. We will begin now. No more speaking unless I give you permission. You may moan or cry out. The first thing I’m going to do is warm you up and test your response to my touch. Dip your finger in your eggnog, then swirl it on both nipples.”

Dara’s pulse kicked up a notch as she followed his directions. The cold eggnog brought her nipples to life. The look on his face was that of a predator. A shiver raced up her spine as she watched him lean forward and take one of her flavored nipples into his mouth. Heat bathed her chilled nipple. The rasp of his tongue sliding back and forth across her taut peak sent out spirals of heat to her core.

A moan escaped her lips, and she arched her back involuntarily. Now she knew how a cold drink could warm you up, and it had nothing to do with alcohol. He suckled lightly then firmly, drawing her attention away from her thoughts. Moving to her other breast, he sucked the damp nipple into his mouth and flicked his tongue back and forth across the swollen tip.

Releasing her nipple, he slowly kissed his way up to her mouth. His tongue lapped at her lips, sending sparks shooting throughout her body. Garner’s hand eased her drink out of her passion-numbed hand and put it on the end table as his lips placed light kisses all over her neck and jaw. Pure lava slowly made its way through her veins. His lips lightly stroked across hers until she parted them, letting him in. His tongue touched hers, and she moaned in delight. She squirmed beneath him, needing him to be more aggressive. Needing him to take her.

A disappointed groan escaped from her throat when he backed away from her.

Handing her the glass, he instructed, “Paint your nipples and clit with eggnog. So far, you are doing very well.”

His praise caused her body to warm up another ten degrees. Quickly doing his bidding, she dipped her finger in her drink and

flavored her now sensitive nipples then did the same to her clitoris. The cool liquid on her clit felt good, real good. But when she started adding pressure to her sensitive nubbin looking for some relief, he grabbed her wrist.

Garner's voice was harsh and demanding. "Did I tell you to play with yourself?"

Dara looked at his large hand engulfing her wrist. Guilt brought a blush to her cheeks. "No, Sir. I'm sorry I..."

Garner moved her hand away from her pussy. "If this wasn't your first day, I'd punish you for that, but it is your first day, and it's late, and you already have three punishments coming. Never do more than you are told. Do you understand?"

Whew, that was close. So much for not messing up anymore. "I understand. Thank you for not adding to my punishment, Sir." No more mistakes, no more punishment. No more mistakes, no more punishment. She had to get a grip, or this training was going to be hell. Hell a gorgeous, blond giant was going to be dispensing, but still hell.

"Finish your drink. Your discipline needs to be seen to. Maybe after that you will pay more attention to my directions. Doms expect you to do exactly what you're told to do in a quick manner. You'll do well to remember that."

Darn, her innocence of BDSM had just gotten her into more trouble. No more warming up, and she still had flavored nipples and a tasty clit that didn't get taken care of. She'd have to start learning faster and pay closer attention to what he said. She could do this. Wanting to please him, she quickly drank her drink.

Taking her empty glass, Garner helped her to her feet then set the glass down on the end table. Guiding her out of the living room, he headed upstairs. He led her so quickly she didn't get a good look at her surroundings. At the top of the stairs he led her down the hallway and into a room that held many strange and scary-looking pieces of equipment. Some she knew about from Nora, others, she didn't. Her

heartbeat kicked up a notch. She looked up nervously at Garner. Bryan would never send her to a bad guy's house. If he did unknowingly and she lived through it, she was going to turn Domme on him and kick his ass.

"We are going to get the bad stuff out of the way first, and if you handle it well, I'll reward you afterward. A Dom is always proud of a sub who handles deserved punishment with dignity and grace. You will be cuffed and paddled for talking back, questioning me, and not answering me properly and quickly."

Dara trembled as he led her to a pair of black, velvet-lined cuffs that hung from the ceiling. The wall in front of the cuffs was mirrored. There was a strange groove with two metal loops a few feet apart in the floor right under the hanging cuffs. He took one wrist, raised it and cuffed it, then did the same with her other wrist.

"Spread your legs."

Knowing to quickly obey, she spread her legs wider. She watched in the mirror as he cuffed her ankle, then locked it into the loop on the floor. To her shock, he did the same thing to her other ankle. Looking at herself in the mirror, she was surprised to see how hot she looked all cuffed and spread for his pleasure. No wonder men loved women in this position, open wide and vulnerable to their every desire. Looking at his tall, hard form in the mirror, she wanted him to take advantage of her.

Garner walked around her several times, randomly stroking her body. Touching the trimmed strip of dark hair leading to her waxed nether lips, his eyes devoured her damp folds. "This French wax job you have looks good on you, my little sub."

She moaned when he stopped and took her nipple into his mouth and sucked and licked it clean. In the mirror, she watched as he did the same thing to her other nipple. Sparks shot from her nipples every time he licked or sucked them. Her pelvic muscles tightened with need as she watched him move lower, kissing his way to her pulsating clit. He looked so hot kneeling between her spread thighs. She jerked

and moaned when his warm tongue lapped her clit clean. Tingles of fiery heat shot through her lower body.

Moving her hips forward, she tried to grind her little nubbin into his face. Biting back a protest, she watched with sad eyes as he backed away and stood in front of her. In her mind, she begged him to go back down between her legs and finish what he'd started. His tongue had felt so good raking across her clit, and he had looked so hot kneeling down between her spread legs. That mirror was turning out to be an unexpected torture device.

"A Dom can give pleasure or pain. How you act determines what you receive. Earlier, you weren't very good. I hope after this you will be good from here on out."

Pale green eyes watched in horror as he knelt at her ankle and slid her leg out. The strange groove in the floor was a movable track. As her legs widened, the pull on her arms tightened, causing discomfort. It wasn't painful, but it was uncomfortable.

Once again, he circled her, noting her discomfort. "Always do as you are told. A frustrated Dom could leave you in that position for a long time."

Knowing not to speak, she pleaded with her eyes.

A smile crossed his face. "You did well not speaking, only begging with your lovely green eyes. As a reward, I'm going to get your paddling over with."

Dara watched him move to another wall and retrieve a paddle from it. She held her breath as he moved up behind her. Shoulders aching, and her pussy still in need, she bit her lip to stop its trembling.

"You will receive two hard smacks for each offence. That's six in all. I'm going to start out lightly to get you warmed up, then the six harder ones will begin. You may cry out if needed."

The first smack to her right cheek startled her. It wasn't hard, just shocking. Spread out as she was, there wasn't a thing she could do about it. She had to trust him. Whack, whack, whack. Bottom starting to heat up, she lost track of the number of blows. The vibrations from

each hit were starting to make her pussy drip, and her womanly juices were running down her thighs.

Closing her eyes, she was caught off-guard when she felt his finger plunge deep into her pussy. Ah, his thick, rough finger explored her slick, silky passage. He swirled his finger around. Pressing and caressing her inner walls, his thumb circled her clit. She moaned and leaned into him. A loud, protesting groan flew past her lips when he withdrew his probing finger. Opening her eyes, she saw him hold up his now-slick finger and lick her juices off it. Could he get any hotter?

“I see you like erotic spankings, but unfortunately, we need to finish what we started.” So saying, he raised the paddle and came down hard on her heated buttocks. She jerked against her restraints as he hit each buttock once. The next two hits were to her inner thighs. Then he quickly hit each buttock once more with a little more force.

A tear trickled down one cheek. Her breath hitched in her throat. Ass on fire, she swallowed hard. Damn, that hurt. All the sudden she wasn't so sure she could handle this lifestyle. Cherry pie came to her mind, but she decided to wait and see what he'd do next.

Putting the paddle down, Garner walked around in front of her. His eyes shone with approval. “The gift of submission is the most precious gift a Dom can receive. Once given that gift, a good Dom will cherish it forever. You did very well, my little sub. For that, you will be rewarded. I'm very proud of you.”

Leaning down, he licked the tear from her cheek and placed a soft kiss on her lips.

Warmth spread through her at his words, but she still wasn't sure what to expect. Watching him like a wary cat, she held her breath as he moved to her ankle. Would he spread her wider or let her free?

Neither. He released the locking pin and slid her legs back into the position they had been in before he started her punishment. Relief flooded into her shoulders, arms, and legs. Her legs were still parted, but now they were much more comfortable.

“Now for your reward.” Cupping her head, he lowered his lips to hers.

He was so tender her heart melted. Nibbling gently, he ate at her full lips. Time stood still. He licked and sucked at her lips until she wanted to scream at him to take her. Fuck her. Moaning in need, she let her body lean into his. Bound as she was, she couldn’t move the way she wanted.

“Please, Sir.” Her voice was nothing more than a breathy moan.

A light smack to her clitoris had her shivering and throbbing with even more need.

“You are not in control. I will see to your needs in my own time.”

The depth of his voice told her he was just as turned on as she was. Biting back more words, she totally submitted her body to him. Allowing him control over her was a heady feeling, an addictive feeling she wasn’t sure she could easily walk away from.

Firm lips traveled down to her ear. She cried out when he released his hot breath into her ear, then nibbled on her earlobe. Closing her eyes, she felt him kiss his way to her breasts.

“I love your firm tits and hard little nipples.” As if to demonstrate how much, he sucked a tight nipple deep into his mouth and groaned in delight.

The groans coming from his throat shot hot spears of pleasure straight to her dripping cunt. Squirming against her bonds, she mewled at the delicious shards of pleasure/pain that wracked her body when he raked his teeth across her nipple, then bit down gently.

An urgency was building around them, thick and sultry. Rough hands glided over her body. Damn that felt good. His tongue lapped at her nipples as his hands stroked up her arms then leisurely traveled down her arms, across her back, and landed on her buttocks. She groaned when he suckled harder at her breast and massaged the globes of her ass.

“You are so damned hot, little sub.”

Sliding down her body, he quickly uncuffed her ankles and shucked his jeans and boxers. Her eyes widened at the sight of his thick, long cock. Giving her no time to think, he picked her up as if she weighed nothing.

“Lock your ankles around my hips, baby.”

The second she did she felt the tip of his large cock probe her entrance. Within a heartbeat, he was thrusting into her silky sheath. His cock stretched and filled her. It pulsed with a life of its own.

“You’re so fucking tight. So wonderful.”

The soft growl in his voice heated her core and drove her closer to the cusp of ecstasy. With every stroke of his cock she drew closer. Pulling at her restraints, she wished she could put her arms around him. Giving up, she snuggled her face into the junction of his shoulder and neck, then breathed in his scent. His personal smell had her pussy clenching. Biting at his neck, she had to taste him. Nipping and sucking, she grew more aroused. He tasted too damned good. And his cock was long and thick, just like she liked them. Core tightening, she gasped in ecstasy. His rod felt so good tunneling in and out of her wet pussy.

Strong hips moved at a faster, more urgent pace. He grabbed her hips tightly and with each stroke ground her clit into his pelvis. Out of control, she danced off the edge, screaming as her body shuddered in his arms. Her pussy milked his cock as her climax continued to tear through her. She was blinded to everything but the pure pleasure of her release and the feel of his hard body.

The tremors racking her body pushed him over the edge, and with a final thrust, he fell into ecstasy’s waiting arms. Groaning, he held her tightly as he fought to get his breathing under control. She could feel his heart pounding in his massive chest. Once his heartbeat slowed and he had his breath and body under control, Garner gently released her hips.

Grabbing a blanket from a nearby shelf, he wrapped it around her quivering body. One of his hands held the blanket in place while the

other reached up and uncuffed her wrists. With the lowering of her arms, blood was able to rush quickly through them. Pinprickles immediately tormented her arms and shoulders.

A moan escaped her lips as he picked her up and carried her to his bedroom. He laid her on the biggest four-poster bed she'd ever seen. To her amazement, he whispered loving, soothing words into her ear as he massaged her arms and shoulders until they were pain-free and limp as wet noodles. Now she understood the cherished part of being a sub. It felt damn good. None of her prior limited sexual experiences could hold a candle to this.

In a post-climactic haze, she felt herself being unwrapped then placed between soft bedding. He quickly turned out the lights and slid in next to her wrapping his large body around hers. His heat seeped into her muscles. It was pure bliss being held by him. Burrowing deeper into his embrace, she drifted off to sleep while he stroked her hair and whispered words of praise in her ear.

Chapter Three

Dara woke to her nipples being suckled and her legs being spread. At first she was lost in confusion, and then the day before came rushing back to her, and she knew who it was—Garner. The Garner who'd given her the best sexual experience and orgasm of her life. Noting how dark the windows were, she realized sub training was starting early today. Taking a deep breath, she inhaled his scent. His thick cock probed her opening and slid in. Being only semi-wet, he had to slowly work his way into her body.

"This time is only for me. It teaches you that your body belongs totally to your Master. You will give it freely, even if you receive nothing in return."

His words were gruff, but she gained great pleasure from his suckling mouth and thrusting cock. Groaning loudly, he quickened his pace, then buried himself deeply into her wet heat and came hard. Dropping his weight down on her, he kissed her neck as he rested, totally covering her with his hard body.

All too soon for her, he raised up on his elbows and kissed her lips lightly before pulling out of her and climbing off the bed.

"You did very well this morning, my little sub. Go into the bathroom and soak in the water I have ready for you while I cook us some breakfast." His black eyes raked over her body. "Remember, you are not to put any clothes on. I expect you to be accessible to me at all times." With one more smoldering look, he turned and headed for the closet.

Dara dragged herself out of the soft bed and went into the bathroom. Her eyes widened at the huge tub of steaming water.

Sinking into the water, she realized it was scented and that it immediately started working on her slightly sore muscles. With a sigh, she closed her eyes and settled comfortably into the tub, letting the warm water envelop her. Thinking about the things that had happened to her so far, Dara decided Garner was a delicious mystery. Harsh, dominating master of her body one moment—tender, caring lover the next. There was a chance her mind was warped, but she loved both sides of him.

Fearing she was turning into a prune, Dara opened her eyes and looked at her fingertips. Yep she was doomed to having wrinkly fingers for at least a while. Glancing around, she noted the granite countertops, the double sinks, and large, open shower. It was nicely designed. She could find no flaws in it. This was by far the best bathroom she'd ever taken a bath in. Hers was nice, but not this nice.

Smelling bacon, she grabbed the shampoo and started cleaning herself up. Doms didn't like to wait. Her extremely crazy need to make Garner happy had her hurrying.

When she was done, she stepped out of the tub and towel-dried off. Seeing a blow-dryer on the counter, she quickly dried her hair, then walked downstairs and into the kitchen. Garner was buttering toast when she walked in. Her stomach flip-flopped. He was so handsome standing there in only a pair of unbuttoned jeans. Muscles rippling with each movement he made. He was the sweetest eye candy. She wanted to lick him all over. Turning, he smiled at her, and she had to force herself not to drop to the floor and beg him to take her.

Moving to a small table for two, he pulled out her chair and motioned her over. "Come sit. You need to eat to keep your strength up." She walked over, and he slid the chair in for her. Leaning in close to her ear, he whispered, "You look lovely sitting naked at my table."

A shiver raced up her spine. And the longing to stay here grew a little larger. That longing monster within her needed to be caged. She

knew she couldn't stay, but damn it, she wanted to with every fiber of her being.

* * * *

Midnight eyes raked down her naked length and stopped at her socked feet. At breakfast he'd noticed how cold her feet were, so he'd gotten her a pair of his socks. They were way too big, but they looked cute on her.

Stroking her nipples, Garner kept his attention on her more so than the funny Christmas movie they were watching. Her laughter was music to his ears. He loved this part of her training, getting her used to sitting around doing normal things while being naked. He also loved holding her in his arms. She felt right in his embrace. A frown marred his brow. He was going to have a hard time letting her go. The way her body responded to his drove him wild. He couldn't even imagine himself with another woman now that he'd had her tight, sweet little body. Each minute that passed, she unknowingly tightened her hold on his heart.

Dara stretched then settled back into his arms. "I love that movie. It makes me laugh every time I see it. I'm glad you wanted to watch a movie."

Garner smiled and glanced up to see the credits running across the screen. He hadn't even noticed that the movie was over. "I like that movie, too. Later this evening, Mixed Martial Art fighting is going to be on. I hope you don't hate it because I love it."

"Are you kidding? I could watch MMA all day. All those big, sweaty men competing in a sport of strength and wits. Who wouldn't love that?" she responded with an excited flair.

The doorbell suddenly rang out, stopping their conversation.

Surprised and forgetting her nakedness, she said, "I didn't see a doorbell last night."

Chuckling, Garner responded, “It blends in with the cabin.” Placing a kiss on the top of her head, he said, “Sit tight, it’s only one of my friends.”

Looking down at her body, the realization that she was naked sank in. Dara tried to bolt out of his arms so she could leave the room.

He tightened his hold. “It’s only a friend of mine. He’s bringing some food for tomorrow. I want you to sit here on the couch while I talk to him.”

Struggling, she tried to get free of his hold. “No. I will not sit here naked letting a stranger ogle me.”

Loosening his hold, Garner’s voice turned commanding. “Dara. Kneel now.”

“No,” her voice was shaky, but firm.

“You leave me no choice.” Standing with her in his arms, he walked over to the fireplace and brought her down onto a plush rug, pinning her with his body. She screeched as he flipped back the corner of the rug and snatched up a collar with a small padlock.

“I want to go upstairs. Don’t you dare put that on me.”

“You are not in control. You have to learn to obey, my little wildcat.”

Screaming in frustration, she struggled beneath him.

Not fazed, he had her collared and chained to the floor in a flash.

She tried to stand up, but the chain wasn’t long enough. It forced her to sit. Breathing heavily, she stared daggers through him. “You’re...you’re mean.” Her shocked brain couldn’t form intelligent conversation, only raw emotion.

“Get off your cute little ass and kneel properly with your hands on your thighs. For now, I will allow you to kneel with your legs closed.” Releasing a sigh, he watched her do as he’d commanded. “I know it feels like I’m being mean right now, but in time, you will realize I’m only teaching you to do as you are told. If you’ll learn that lesson, you will make a fine sub. Now, I have to let my friend in. Because of your behavior, he has been kept waiting out in the cold.” Turning, Garner

headed for the door. He hated seeing her in such a state but knew he had to push his soft-hearted feelings for her into a quiet place in his heart. Needing her to flourish and bloom into a passionate, caring sub meant more to him than he ever wanted Bryan to know about. Damn Bryan for putting him in this position. You should never tempt a hungry lion. Hell, he hadn't even known he was still hungry until she'd walked into his life. After years of searching for his other half, he'd finally quit looking. And now here she was chained to his floor, and he couldn't keep her. Poaching his friend's woman was not going to happen.

Opening the door, Garner took a few bags from his friend's hands. "Come in, Pete. Thanks for bringing the food by. Sorry about the wait. I was tying up some loose ends."

Walking into the living room, Pete's eyes alighted on Dara. A smile crossed his face. "No problem. Loose ends sometimes need attention. Immediate attention." Turning his gaze back to Garner, he asked, "Party still on tomorrow night?"

"Yes. Seven o'clock," Garner answered then led Pete to the kitchen. Not wanting to damage Dara's pride any further, he kept Pete in the kitchen. They had a drink and talked for a good thirty minutes.

Needing to deal with Dara, Garner signaled that he needed to handle his sub. Being a Dom himself, Pete understood. Standing, both men walked through the living room and headed for the door.

"See you tomorrow, Pete. Thanks again for coming by," Garner said before closing the door and heading back to Dara. Back to the dark-haired wildcat that was scratching and purring her way deeper and deeper into his heart.

Standing over her, he looked down at her.

She glared up at him.

"I'm sorry to see you haven't been sitting here thinking about what you did wrong. Now I'm forced into punishing you. A good sub always does exactly what her Master tells her to do. You fought me for no reason. Did my friend hurt you?"

Dara swallowed hard and lowered her eyes.

“Answer the question. Did my friend hurt you?”

“No, Sir.” Her voice trembled.

“I would never put you in harm’s way. Pete is a good friend of mine, and he is also a damn good Dom. He is used to seeing naked women in submissive poses. You have to trust your Dom. Do you trust me?”

Guilty eyes looked up at him then quickly darted down. “Yes, Sir.”

Leaning down, Garner removed her collar. “Get up. We are going to my playroom for your punishment. If you keep this up, I’m going to have to change its name to the punishment room.”

Garner led her to the room and guided her over to a sturdy, padded table. “Get on and sit with your butt at the edge.”

Dara did as he instructed. “I’m sorry. I should have trusted you.”

“I know you are sorry, but that’s not going to stop what’s going to happen next. I want you to learn from your experience.” His voice held regret, but he was determined to teach her to be a great sub. She had it in her, and with time, she’d thrive under Bryan’s attention. Scowling, he wished she was his.

Sliding out two padded boards that were normally concealed just an inch below the top of the table, he stared deeply into her eyes. “Put your feet on the boards, close to the straps.” He nodded when she followed his orders. Leaving her legs bent, he strapped her ankles down to the cushioned boards, then strapped her thighs open. Checking his work, he made sure her restraints weren’t too tight and that her legs had good blood flow. The table was wide, and the boards were placed close to the legs of the table, leaving a strapped-down sub’s legs splayed wide. The friend of his who had made it for him said it was a lot like the table a gynecologist used except it was wider, more cushioned, and you could hide the slide out “tie-your-sub-down” boards. This was one of his favorite playroom devices. Getting back on track, he ordered, “Lie down.”

At his command, she nervously, but quickly, laid back.

“Good girl. You moved quickly. You are getting better.” Taking her arms, he strapped them to the table above her head. Noting that she could bend her elbows for comfort, he nodded his satisfaction.

Standing back, he stared at her naked beauty. Her small firm breasts jutted upward, and her shapely hips and legs were made for lovin’. Damn, she was fine. Once again, he wished she was his to keep. He needed to stop dreaming and start training. Shaking his head, he got back to the task at hand.

Climbing onto the table, he straddled her body then nuzzled her neck, taking her scent deep into his lungs. Kissing and licking her neck, he found all her sensitive spots and tortured her unmercifully, minute after grueling minute. When her body started trembling in need, he kissed his way to her pink nipples. Taking one in his mouth, he lapped and sucked lightly at it for a few minutes then moved over to the other nipple and gave it the same treatment. He loved her sweet nipples, and he knew she loved having them sucked.

“Please,” Dara breathily begged him.

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me. I need you so bad.” She squirmed beneath him, frustrated at her lack of freedom.

Garner sucked each nipple more firmly until she cried out in fervid desire. Kissing each peak, he climbed off the table. Moving between her legs, he sat on a stool and stared at her dripping cunt. Nostrils flared, he breathed in the scent of her arousal. He wanted to give her what she was pleading for, wanted to bury himself balls-deep between her soft thighs. Shaking himself mentally, he knew he couldn’t give in to her. Not until her lesson was over. Only then would he be able to extinguish the fire that raged through their bodies.

“I’m begging you, please take me.” The feel of his heated gaze on her spread pussy was driving her mad with lust, just as he’d planned.

“I don’t think so. Your punishment has already begun, but is not nearly over.” Standing, he ran his hands along her legs then bent to kiss her swollen nubbin.

She jerked and tried to grind her clit into his mouth.

Pulling back slightly, he blew a hot puff of air across her extended clit, then moved away to stare intently at her. As soon as her breathing calmed, he leaned forward and took her clit into his mouth.

“Yes, yes. Harder, please suck me harder.” Dara’s voice was thick with passion.

For the next hour he brought her close, then refused to push her over the edge into nirvana’s sweet embrace. Her curvy body trembled, hunched, and bucked under his hands and mouth. The temptation to end her punishment was great, but he refused to give in before her lesson was over.

Garner noted her startled reaction when he suddenly stood up and backed away from her spread pussy. “You must learn there are always consequences for every action. When you are good, you get rewarded. When you are disobedient, you will be punished. Doms know lots of ways to reward or punish. Trusting your Dom is vital. Trusting him builds a strong bond between you. I want you to think about that while you are being punished.”

* * * *

Dara watched in horror as he left the room, leaving her strapped down with an aching pussy. They had been having such a good time before she’d refused to do as he’d commanded.

Needing him, she yelled, “Snow!”

Desire blazing in her eyes, she watched him stroll back into the room.

“Why did you use your safe word?” he asked with a raised brow.

“I’m sorry. I promise I learned my lesson. Please make me come. I need you.” Dara didn’t like the begging tone of her voice, but damn it, she needed relief.

Moving between her legs, he stared at her. “You used your safe word to end your punishment. That was a bad thing to do. Now I have to add to your punishment.”

Dara cried out when his large hand came down with a whack to her inner thighs one after the other. The medium pressured hits jiggled her flesh, sending hot desire stabbing through her hips and straight to the sensitive pearl between her legs. She was panting in raw need by the time he stopped.

“Don’t ever misuse your safe word again.” Without another word, he turned and left the room.

As time passed by, her body stayed hot and needy. He had her so aroused that each minute that passed was almost painful. The way she was tethered, she could feel every current in the room. The table, come to find out, was conveniently placed so that a bound sub’s pussy and nipples could feel the air from the vents above. In the overly-heated state he’d left her in and the regular blasts of air to her exposed swollen, moist folds, she didn’t stand a snowball’s chance in hell of cooling down. Her mind was constantly on sex. The wild kind of sex that only Garner could give.

Closing her eyes, she thought about what he’d said. He was right. Trust was important. She could never submit to a Master she didn’t trust. She didn’t want to search for a Dom. Garner was the man she wanted. He felt right. What if he didn’t want her? What if he already had a sub? To him, she was just here to be trained. Her heart sank at that thought. Nobody had ever stirred her heart and body the way Garner did. She needed him. The womanly flesh between her legs throbbed in agreement as her heart cried out for his love and mastery.

A noise at the door caught her attention. Garner.

Her pussy started throbbing harder at the sight of him. She’d been in a steady state of arousal long before he’d even left the room. Then

she'd been left splayed wide for those damned air currents to torment her. Dara was so hot she was sure you could cook an egg on her. Now that was hot. She hoped he fucked her soon.

Trying to be a good sub, she didn't beg or complain when he walked over to her. She shuddered when he trailed his hand up her body and lightly pinched her nipple.

"I see you're ripe for the taking. Will you disobey your Master again?"

"No, Sir. I trust you now, Sir." Expressive green eyes begged for his touch.

His fingers released her nipple, and he slowly trailed his hand down her body ending at her foot. Moving between her spread legs, he shed his jeans.

Dara licked her lips at the sight of his hard cock jutting out proudly.

"I see you appreciate the view." Placing the tip of his cock at her wet entrance, he stilled until she met his eyes. "I hope you learned a lesson. Your punishment is my punishment. I've painfully waited the last two hours for this. Your pain is your Master's pain."

Dara's pale green eyes widened at his words. It hadn't occurred to her that he'd been as turned on as she had. He'd looked so damn calm while he was torturing her. Guilt stabbed at her heart, and that insane need to make him happy was back again. "I'm sorry, Master. I'm sorry I hurt you. I'll do better from now on. I'm yours to do with as you please."

His smile and approving look warmed her all the way to her soul.

"You are forgiven, my sweet little sub." Gliding his hands up her body and to the peaks of her breasts, he massaged her sensitive flesh until she started squirming. Sliding his hands back down her body, he rested one hand on her hip and the other he placed over her clit.

She sucked in a loud breath and waited to see what he'd do next. Her velvety channel pulsed with need.

Easing the tip of his hard dick a little way into her wet heat, he stopped and looked deeply into her eyes. "Your response pleases me greatly. Just as your pain is my pain, your pleasure is my pleasure." As soon as the words left his mouth, Garner buried his cock balls-deep in her dripping canal. They both groaned in ecstasy.

"Please move, Master. I need you so badly." The feel of his thick cock was heavenly, but she needed him to move, to ride her hard. Garner stayed still, buried deep within her body. "You are not in control. I am, and I want you to focus on your inner muscles and use them to squeeze my dick." She quickly did as he commanded. "Oh fuck, that feels great. That's it, keep it up, baby." Garner took a deep breath then continued. "Keep squeezing me, but at the same time, I want you to focus on your clit." He tapped her clit with the pads of his fingers, thrumming her tender flesh endlessly.

The orgasm that had been building deep within her for the last two hours swept over her like a tidal wave, strong, wet, and violent. Juices flowing down her thighs, her body convulsed in stormy release.

Gripping her hip tighter, he started thrusting hard into her and added more pressure to her clit. Her small frame thrashed beneath him as she came violently again. Letting go, he thrust deeply into her velvety haven and spilled his seed into her quivering body. The little moaning sounds he made as he came filled her with pride.

Resting his body on hers, she felt him tremble and jerk in the aftermath of the most amazing orgasm she'd ever experienced. Several minutes passed before either could get their breathing under control.

Upon his recovery, he sighed regretfully as he pulled his cock slowly out of her body. She watched with half-closed eyes as he freed her legs. When he started massaging her legs, she closed her eyes and enjoyed the feel of his tender touch. Walking around her, he trailed his hands up her body. Stopping briefly at her face, his hands cradled her cheeks, and his lips came down to caress hers in a light kiss. She let out a small whimper when he moved on to free her hands.

“Sit up, little one,” he urged as he slid in behind her.

Moaning, she thanked him as he massaged her shoulders and arms. “Thank you, Sir.” His touch felt heavenly.

“You are mine to cherish and care for. I am proud of the way you handled your punishment. You are an incredible sub.” Moving her long, dark hair aside, he kissed her neck. “Let’s get you into the tub for a soak.”

Wanting to please him, she slid off the table and let him guide her to the bathroom, where he quickly started running her bath water. To her surprise, he took her into his arms and held her close while the tub filled. The strength and warmth of his body made her feel secure and happy. Once again, she wished he was her Master.

Kissing the top of her head, he stepped back. Taking her hand, he helped her into the warm scented water. “Soak, my sweet little sub. I’ll go fix us a snack.” Taking her hand, he kissed it. “By the way, while you were being punished, I decided you need a little training in being nude around others, so I invited Pete to come over this evening and watch the MMA fights with us. Prepare yourself for a night of learning and loving.” After giving her one last kiss, he walked out of the room.

Pale green eyes sparkled with anticipation. Knowing him, he’d make good on his promise. She just needed to get over being naked in front of others. Nora was nude in a crowd of Doms and subs a lot. Being nude in front of just one other person should be easy enough. Tonight was going to be long and memorable. She just hoped they’d all be good memories.

Tomorrow was Christmas, the day she was supposed to leave. Bryan needed the present he’d sent her for. A small frown wrinkled her brow. Why hadn’t Bryan called her about the gift? Was he the reason for her training? Blowing out a frustrated breath, she pushed all thoughts of Bryan and his strange behavior out of her mind.

For now she’d focus on Garner and the small amount of time she had left with him. Without a doubt, she was falling in love with him.

His every touch drew her closer to him. Tears welled in her eyes. A broken heart was sure to come. Wiping the tears away, she forced herself to live in the moment. For now she'd take all the pleasure and feelings of being loved she could get.

Sinking deeper into the warm water, she smiled to herself as she thought about all the sinful things Garner could do to her and all the naughty things she could do to him if he'd let her.

Chapter Four

It was one o'clock when Dara walked into the kitchen wearing only the clean socks Garner had left out for her. He was putting the finishing touches on a plate of finger sandwiches, chips, and fruit. Looking at the table she saw that one glass of tea and two napkins were placed there. Turning to look at him again, she noted only the one plate. It was enough food for two, but it was still only one plate.

His dark gaze caught hers, and a smile curled up his lips. "It is time you learned how to please your Master during sensual meals. These meals could take place in private or at a Dom/sub party. Doms like me and my friends love to play. Follow me to the table."

Excitement mixed with anxiety as she trailed behind him.

He pulled out the chair and turned it sideways then sat down and motioned her forward. "Sit in my lap, little sub."

Dara straddled him face to face. Dang, he was handsome. She didn't need lunch. She would rather just eat him up. Yes, he was all the food she needed. The wide spread of her legs was starting to turn her on. Now that she knew what he was capable of, she wanted more of it. Leaning forward, she kissed him full on the mouth. Circling his neck with her arms, she pulled him in closer and continued to devour him.

He groaned then pulled her arms from around his neck and held them firmly behind her back. With a little tug, he pulled her away from him. "No topping from the bottom, little sub. This is my show. I lead, you follow. Got it?"

Damn, she'd done it again, she'd only wanted a little kiss and maybe a little more. This sub thing was hard work. It took a lot of

control. Control she didn't always have around him. "I got it. I'll try not to do it again, Master."

"Try really hard because if you try to lead again, I'll have to punish you. A sub follows, not leads. You get that lesson down and you will be a fine sub. It is time to find out more about you." Releasing her wrists, he picked up a finger sandwich. "Leave your hands locked behind you." His dark stare commanded she do as she was told.

Her slight arm movement assured him she had locked her hands together. "What do you do in your normal everyday life?" he asked.

Dara looked at the sandwich, and her stomach growled. Maybe she could use a little food.

"Play my game, and you get fed."

Wanting to please him as much as she wanted the delicious smelling food, she answered, "I'm an interior designer. Your place looks great, by the way."

Garner guided the food to her mouth and slid it in as soon as she opened for him. As she chewed, she watched him plop one of the tiny sandwiches into his mouth.

"My sister Pam helped out with the design. She'll be happy to know an interior designer approves of her work." Garner picked up another sandwich.

"Do you have any siblings?" he asked.

"One sister." Dara wanted to say more but remembered subs were not supposed to say or do more than they were asked to.

Garner fed her the sandwich. "You did very well. I could tell you wanted to say more, but you held back, only answering the question. Your control is improving. As a reward, you can tell me what you wanted to."

"I was just going to say that I was proud of Dina, that's her name, because she just passed the state test and is now an occupational therapist." It had taken Dina eight years to do it, but she had. An auto accident had crushed all the bones in her right leg and broken her

right arm in two places. That had been rough, and it had slowed her down, but hadn't stopped her. Dara was bursting with pride for her sister.

Garner ate another sandwich then fed her another one. It was strange to be fed, not bad, but it took her control away. The lightbulb came on. This was another small way he was training her. Teaching her to let go and let her Dom guide her. In silence, he fed her more little sandwiches and some chips. The plate was emptying, and her stomach was getting full. Picking up the glass, he held it to her lips and gave her a drink. A drop ran down her chin, and she reached up to remove it.

"Don't. Put your hands back behind you." As soon as she did, he leaned forward and licked the tea off her skin. His hands started to massage her thighs. That felt good.

"You should be proud of her. Without therapists, there would be a lot more people suffering in the world." The strength of his massage increased, and he edged closer to the junction of her thighs.

Dara was starting to slip away when he started talking again. "Without therapists like your sister, some people would never be able to get dressed or brush their teeth again. Her job is an important one. Don't you think so?"

What was he saying? His thumb had just started circling her clit. Pleasure was shooting through her body. He stopped, and she looked up at him through half-lidded eyes.

"I asked if you agree that your sister's job is an important one." His thumb started moving again, thank goodness.

"Dara, try to focus. Answer the question." His tone had turned commanding just like she liked it.

What was he asking her? Something about her sister's job being a good one. "Yes, yes she has a good job, please don't stop."

Garner palmed her breast and continued to circle the little nubbin between her legs. "You must learn to control your need. I'm going to ask you some questions, and I expect you to answer me. Try not to

think about what I'm doing to you, and focus on answering my questions." He rolled her nipple between his fingers and started petting her pussy. "Who introduced you to the BDSM lifestyle?"

Shaking her head, she tried to clear it. "Nor-Nora."

"Good job, little sub." Moving one hand to her thigh, he used his other hand to grab a slice of strawberry and dip in chocolate sauce. Holding it out, he offered it to her. She sucked it and his fingers into her mouth. She lapped the chocolate off his skin. He tasted as good as the fruit. Once he was clean, he moved his hand back to her nipple while she ate the fruit. He was tormenting her, and she loved it.

"Do you like it so far?"

The hand on her thigh moved to her other breast, and she moaned when he started massaging both her breasts. "Yes."

Plucking lightly at both nipples, he asked, "What do you like about it?"

Letting her head fall back, Dara moaned and tried to scoot up deeper into his lap. If she could just rub her clit against his jean-covered cock, she could come. "I like what you are doing now."

She scooted up a little more and mewled in delight as her throbbing clit pressed into his hard erection.

He scooted her back.

She scowled at him.

"That's not very submissive of you. Never scowl at your Master." Grabbing her by the hips, he raised her up then planted her on her feet in front of him. Standing, he looked down at her somewhat sadly. "Follow me, little sub. You have a lot more to learn."

Leading her to the spacious living room, he motioned for her to stand by the fireplace. "I'm going to teach you some poses I like. Spread you legs a little wider than shoulder width apart." He watched as she shifted her legs apart. "Now put your hands behind your head, elbows wide, chin up, eyes down." Walking around her, he inspected her posture. "Good."

Through lowered lashes, she watched him move to one of the end tables and pull something out. Coming back to her, he held something, but she couldn't tell what.

He leaned down and suckled a nipple. It took all her strength not to move. A tremor shot through her when he suddenly nipped at her nipple, causing it to fully extend.

Taking a step back, he held up a pair of nipple clamps. When her eyes widened, he smiled. "Have you ever worn nipple clamps before?"

Swallowing hard, she answered, "No."

"There are several different types. Some have little metal teeth." He smiled when her eyes darted to the ones he held in his hand. "Because I figured you were new to this, I picked out the softer ones with the rubber-covered tips. But make no mistake, they do pinch. You gave me a rather dirty look just a moment ago. No Dom would overlook that. As punishment, you will service me while wearing these." He shook the clamps and grinned evilly.

Damn him. Why did he have to look so cute while grinning evilly? It made her want to push him a little just to see what he'd do. She must be losing her mind. He was way better at this game than she was. There was no way she would win. But then again, she didn't want to win. She just wanted to play, *with him*.

He leaned down and sucked her nipple again. He didn't stop until it was fully extended, then she watched as he placed the clamp on both sides of her nipple then slowly moved up the little piece of metal that tightened it. She sucked in a sharp breath when he got a little over halfway up. Slowly he moved it a little further up, and she gritted her teeth.

"I could have tightened it more. Remember that the next time you try to top me." At her look of confusion, he added, "You made a face at me when I didn't let you come. You were trying to get what you wanted when you wanted it. You are not a Dom. You are a sub. You

get your pleasure from pleasuring your Dom. When you try to take the lead, you are topping from the bottom.”

Moving to her other breast, he prepared it and attached the clamp. “Take a deep breath. The sting will ease in a bit, but it won’t go away. An upset Dom can make you wear those for quite a while. Do you understand that it is in your best interest to stay in your submissive role when in the presence of your Master?”

Nipples on fire, she took a deep breath. “Yes, I understand. I’ll try harder, Master.”

He leaned down and licked her heated nipples until they cooled slightly. The problem she was having now was that as he’d cooled her nipples, he’d heated her pussy. She needed him now more than ever.

With hungry eyes, she watched him pull out his cock. Long and thick, the top was flared and beautifully shaped. It would stretch her pussy real good if she could just be patient and wait for him to give it to her.

“Move your hands behind your back.” He watched closely as she changed positions. “This is another pose most Doms like, including me. Keep your elbows back and your chest raised. You look very good standing there like that with your nipples clamped and rosy.” Stepping up close to her, he aligned his hips with hers then bent just enough to run his dick through the folds of her wet cunt. She moaned but stayed still. “Excellent. You didn’t try to hunch me that time. You are getting better.”

He stepped back then ordered, “On your knees, little sub. You can use your hands to balance yourself, but once you are in position, I want your hands back behind you.”

Dara felt her thighs getting wet. He was so hot when he went all Dom on her. Opening her mouth wide, she waited for him fuck her face. The wait was not long. He moved close to her and inserted the head of his dick into her wet mouth. Wanting to please him, she started sucking him in a gentle then firm rhythm.

“So good. Now bob up and down.” His body jerked as she did as commanded.

The feel of his hard cock sliding in and out of her mouth had her moaning in need. As he moved his hips, she envisioned him spreading her legs wide then plunging this big cock over and over into her dripping cunt. The erotic image had her pussy pulsing with desire. As both of them moved, her nipple clamps swung back and forth, giving her a pleasurable pain. Sucking harder, she groaned around his dick, and her hands itched to roll his balls.

His strong hands cupped her head. She knew he was close, the little tremors wracking his body gave him away. Flicking her tongue, she caressed the whole length of his cock as it slid in and out of her mouth.

With a loud growl, he pulled out of her and stepped back.

“What’s wrong?” Dara asked. She couldn’t believe he had pulled away. He had been so close to climaxing.

Grimacing slightly, Garner put his cock back in his pants, but he didn’t snap them closed, not with the massive hard-on he had. “Nothing. You did just what I told you to do. Now I want to go over the last pose for today. You are almost there already, all you have to do is spread your legs wide and place your hands on your thighs palm side up.”

As Dara moved into the new position, she remembered seeing Nora do it. It wasn’t hard if your body wasn’t trembling and crying out to be relieved. Knowing he had to see the way her body quivered and the wetness between her spread legs, she hoped he took pity on her soon.

“Good, now move your chin up just a little and spread your thighs a bit more.” Dark eyes watched her closely as she followed his command. “Excellent.”

Shock stole across her face when he sat down in front of her and leaned in to lick her nipples. The wetness of his tongue cooled her

heated peaks. His fingers flicked her right nipple clamp causing it to swing back and forth.

Lapping at the peak one more time, he looked up at her then slowly moved the metal tightener up a notch until she sucked in a sharp breath. Moving the metal down, he quickly released the clamp and sucked her whole nipple into his mouth. A cry echoed in the room. Pleasure and pain rocked through her nipple and shot a fiery path to her clitoris. Wanting the feeling to continue, she wrapped her arms around him and held him tightly to her. The flicking of his tongue on her tingling nipple was euphoric.

Releasing her nipple with a popping sound, he eased back. "You are not in the pose I had you in. For dropping pose, you have to lock your hands behind your back."

Once her hands were behind her and her posture straight, he moved to her other nipple and started suckling it. When she was a trembling mess, he removed the clamp and sucked the whole nipple into his mouth. Fire and water. Hot and cool. The contrast between her fiery nipple and his wet mouth was heavenly. It couldn't get better than this.

His hand slid up her thigh, and she felt a finger plunge deep into her wet, throbbing pussy. Okay, it could get better. Writhing in his arms, she moaned and cried out as his finger slid in and out of her body while his mouth continued to lave her nipple.

Firm lips released her nipple and he straightened, staring into her eyes. That wicked thumb of his started circling her clit. She wanted to hunch him so bad, but she stayed as still as she could. He smiled his approval, and her body released some more slick liquid onto his thick fingers.

"Do you like this lifestyle so far, little sub?" His voice was low and rough.

"L-like it, yes, Master." Her body shuddered when his thumb stroked across her engorged clit.

“You are doing an excellent job staying posed as I ordered. Do you think you should be rewarded?”

A stroke to her clit had her shuddering again. “Yes, Master.”

He stroked her clit again. “What would you like as a reward, little sub?”

Without hesitation, she stated, “I’d like you to ride me hard with that beautiful cock of yours.”

He chuckled. “Beautiful, is it now? I will admit you are the first sub to call it that to my face. I’d rather my manly member be called ruggedly handsome if it had to be called anything at all, but since you have done so well during this training session, I’ll forgive you, and I’ll grant you your requested reward.” He strummed her clit and watched her quiver. “Lie down on the rug, and spread your legs wide. I want to see all of you.”

Quickly she moved onto her back and splayed her thighs wide for him. A look of animalistic approval crossed his handsome face. The possessive look in his dark eyes was one she wished could always be directed her way. As he shed his jeans, all thought left her mind. Dropping to his knees, he knelt between her legs, and his hands slowly traced an invisible path up her quaking limbs. Her heartbeat pulsed in the bundle of nerves at the junction of her legs. If he didn’t hurry, she may come without him.

“Don’t do it.”

At her confused look, he raised a brow. “Take a relaxing breath. I don’t want you to peak yet.”

His hands continued to travel up her body. He had bypassed her nubbin and now skated around the sides of her breasts where they next circled her breasts in slow, even circles. “That’s it, slow down.”

Trying to cool down, she made an effort to think about work. Uh-oh. She was in trouble now. All she could think about was exotic art of couples in various positions making love. He spread her thighs wider, and she cried out when he pushed the broad head of his cock an inch into her sopping wet cunt.

“I see you need some more work in the cooling down area, but since this is a requested reward, I’m going to give you what you want.” That said, he lunged forward, filling her up to capacity.

She cried out and thrashed beneath him. Lacing his fingers through hers, he pinned her arms down and stared into her dazed eyes as he rammed into her throbbing canal. “Oh yes, yes. You feel so good. Please don’t stop, Master. Ooooh.”

“You like me pounding into that hot little pussy of yours, little sub?”

Slipping over the edge, she cried out as stars danced in front of her eyes and an explosion of pleasure ricocheted through her body one fiery blast after the next. The sound of his voice set off more blasts. “That’s it, baby. Oh, fuck, yeah. You are so hot when you come. *So good . Fuck.*”

Through the blasts, she felt him lunge forward one more time, then his whole body tightened, and tremors wracked his body as he slipped over the edge and joined her in passion’s sweet release.

Chapter Five

Dara smiled as she watched Garner plop down next to her on the couch. The muscles in his arm rippled as he aimed the remote at the TV to turn it on. Delicious, that's what he was. He sat next to her wearing nothing but a pair of low-rise jeans. A fire blazed in the fireplace keeping the living room nice and toasty, which she was thankful for since she was naked. It amazed her how quickly she was getting accustomed to being naked around him.

Looking down at her feet, she smiled at the sight of his socks on her feet. Her feet had been freezing and once he'd noticed, he had immediately run upstairs and gotten her a pair of his socks. When he had come back with the socks, he didn't just throw them at her, no, not Garner. He had turned her then knelt at her feet. To her utter shock, he had picked up a foot then massaged it until it was warm. The man had amazing hands, strong, yet gentle. Once he was done with that foot, he leaned in and kissed her instep then gently put the sock on her foot. Her other foot had happily received the same treatment. He was a keeper.

Placing his arm along the couch behind her, his fingers slowly traced small patterns on her bare shoulder as he watched the first fight begin. The camera scanned the audience. It was a large crowd, and one man had a notepad out and was writing in it. The sight of that paper had her glancing at Garner. He was very efficient. He'd even had Pete fax over his medical papers showing her he was clean, then he'd pulled out his own and had her look at them. Good ole Bryan had already informed Garner she was clean. She'd have to watch what she

told Nora from now on. As nosy as her friends were, she still loved them.

Watching Garner, she thought back on the afternoon. They had spent a lot of time in the kitchen getting ready for tonight. Food had been cooked, and Jell-O shots had been made. Pete would be staying in the spare bedroom tonight. That way they could all safely have a few drinks or shots without endangering anyone.

Snuggling in closer to Garner, she relished how good it felt to be in his arms. They had worked well together in the kitchen, cooking, sampling food, laughing, and kissing. The time they'd spent together today had been real good. She had learned some interesting things about him. He had told her he used to be the manager for a chain of restaurants, then he'd done well on the stock market, and now he just watched the market and his money. They had exchanged ages while he was giving her a breast massage. She'd told him she was thirty and had almost missed his age of thirty-three when he'd gone down and sucked her nipple into his mouth. Her life had changed dramatically since she'd met him.

She was getting the hang of, and even liked, being naked around him. Out of the blue he would lean down and suckle a nipple or kiss her lips until her knees gave way.

The ringing of the doorbell alerted them to Pete's arrival.

Garner raised a brow and looked down at her.

"Where would you like me, Sir?" There was no way in hell she was going to give him a reason to punish her again. He was extremely good at doling out punishment. A shiver shot down her spine at the remembrance of her being tied down and begging him to fuck her. He was the only man she'd ever known who could make her beg for it.

A smile turned up the corners of his lips. "I'd like you to stay right where you are, little sub."

Nervous excitement fluttered through her stomach. She could do this. That morning she hadn't looked at Pete. She'd been too upset. Legs closed, hands on her thighs, head titled down, she watched

through her lashes as Pete entered the house. He was shorter than Garner by a few inches, but still way taller than her. Dark brown hair curled around the collar of his shirt. Low riding jeans showed off his slender waist and strong legs to perfection.

Biting her lower lip, she sat still as a statue. Heat bloomed across her cheeks. Pete had already seen her naked, but she couldn't stop the warmth from coloring her cheeks. Garner took Pete's coat and hung it in the closet by the door. Both men strolled with easy gaits into the living room.

Reaching out, Garner snagged her wrist and pulled her from the couch. "Pete, this lovely new sub is Dara. Dara, this is Pete. He's a close friend of mine. I want you to kneel proudly before him with your legs spread wide."

She remembered the submissive poses they had gone over earlier in the day. Dara knew what he wanted. Now all she had to do was make herself do it in front of Pete. Stomach twisted in a tight knot, she licked her lips then turned to Pete and smoothly knelt before him.

"Spread your legs wider, little sub," Garner instructed.

Keeping her eyes on her thighs she did as he commanded. Heat shot across her cheeks. Pete could see all her charms.

Pete circled her slowly, reaching out to touch her with a gentle hand every so often. A caress on her arm, thigh, or shoulder, she never knew where or when. "She is very lovely, and she handled me touching her very well. Never even broke pose. The pink blush on her cheeks is very becoming. You are a lucky man, getting to train this little treasure."

"That I am, Pete, that I am." Garner stepped in front of her. "Rise."

Getting to her feet, she stood in front of him with her hands behind her back, feet shoulder width apart, and head tilted slightly down.

“You did very well, little sub. Let’s go to the kitchen and get some of the food and drinks we made earlier, plus one Jell-O shot apiece to start out.”

As they walked away, she heard Pete drop down onto the couch. Once in the kitchen, Garner asked, “How are you handling being touched by another man so far?”

Her heart melted a little more. “I’m fine. Pete seems nice.”

“He is. I’m glad you are okay with him, because he will be touching you a lot tonight. At times, a Master will share his sub with another Master he likes and respects. I respect Pete and want him to help in training you. Are you comfortable with that?”

“I’m nervous, but I trust you, as a friend of Bryan’s, to take care of me.”

“Good answer. Never trust people who are not in your circle of friends. Would you like to call Bryan and ask him about Pete?” Garner stroked her arm lovingly as he intently watched her.

Love stronger than ever blossomed in her core. “I don’t need to call him. I trust you.”

“Good, I won’t let anything bad happen to you. Now let’s get back to our guest.” Garner pulled a tray out of the fridge and handed it to her then pulled one out to carry himself. “We can put these on the end tables. I have plans for the coffee table.”

After putting his tray down, Garner handed them all a Jell-O shot. Raising his, he said, “To new adventures and new friends.”

Dara followed suit and sucked hers down a second after Garner and Pete. Those things were good but dangerous. It was a good thing no one was leaving Garner’s tonight.

Seeing that the men were seated on the couch, Dara turned to sit in one of the large leather chairs.

“Uh-uh, little sub.” Garner patted the small space between him and Pete.

Moving to them, she sat down. Both men spread their legs a little wider so that their thighs brushed hers. The intimate feel of both their hard bodies pressed up against hers had her nipples pebbling.

As the minutes ticked by and the men didn't pounce, Dara started to relax and watch the fight. Just as it was getting good, Garner asked, "Would you go get Pete and me a shot of beer. The shot glasses are on the counter, you can't miss them. Just open a can of beer and pour us a shot. We don't want to drink too much."

Dara had to hold back a disgruntled remark. The fight was just getting good, and he wanted her to get them a shot of beer. Who the hell ever drank a shot of beer? Reminding herself she was training to be a good sub, she pushed herself off the couch and went to get their shots of beer. Good grief.

Returning to the men, she handed them their shots then plopped down between them to watch the fight.

"Thank you, little sub." Garner patted her leg, making her feel good about getting them their stupid little shots of beer.

By the time she sat down, the fighter she'd been rooting for was getting his arm raised as the winner. The next fighters came out, and the announcer quickly gave a little background about each one. "I've seen Martinez fight before, he's good. I don't know anything about Sanza."

Garner raised a brow. "Does Martinez fight better standing or on the ground?"

Getting into it, she replied, "On the ground, I've seen him get out of some interesting positions."

Pete agreed. "Yeah, he's a good ground fighter."

The fighters circled each other for a few minutes, throwing random punches and kicks, then Martinez bulldozed Sanza to the ground and pinned him.

"I'm thirsty. Could you go get me another shot of beer?" Pete asked sweetly.

"Me, too," Garner added.

Wanting to scream, Dara controlled herself and took their shot glasses into the kitchen and filled them as quickly as possible.

She came back and quickly handed the men their glasses.

“Could you go get us some chips? I want some dip but forgot to bring the chips,” Garner said in a begging tone.

Unbelievable! How could she watch the fights with these two babies? Gritting her teeth, she went and got the chips.

Handing them to Garner, she plopped down in time to see Martinez getting his arm raised as the winner. She wanted to kill Garner. Maybe now that they were happily eating she could watch the next whole fight.

Two new fighters she’d never seen before came out next. They both looked rough and tough. The one in red trunks looked a little leaner, maybe he’d win. “I’m rooting for the one in the red trunks.”

Garner and Pete started talking about the weather. The weather of all things. Couldn’t they see that two badass men were getting down and dirty. Just when the fighting was getting intense, Garner changed the channel to the weather station.

Unable to stop herself, she whipped her head around and stared hard at him. “I thought we were watching the fights? What the hell is this?”

“We are watching the fights, but Pete and I wanted to check the weather real fast. It never hurts to know what’s going on. What if a blizzard was about to hit?”

After a couple of long, irritating moments, Dara stated, “Can you turn it back to the fights now? Obviously, there is no blizzard about to hit this cabin.”

“Sure, my little sub.” Garner pointed the remote at the TV and changed the channel back to the fight.

To her great disappointment, two totally different fighters were in the ring. Now she didn’t know if the one in the red trunks had won or not. She made a mental note to never watch the fights with these two channel-changing, shot-glass-drinking Neanderthals again.

Settling back, she tried to relax as the next fighters continued. Several kicks, punches, and throws later, she was at the edge of her seat again, this time rooting for the one in the blue trunks. Just as her man was looking like he was going to win, Pete's voice cut through the concentrated stare she had on the fighters. Feeling Garner pat her leg, she pursed her lips and looked at him through narrowed eyes.

"Pete asked for another drink. I could use one myself, little sub."

Hands clenched, she leaped to her feet. Counting to ten mentally, she bit back a harsh retort and headed for the kitchen. Taking a deep breath, she tried to tell herself subs did this kind of stuff all the time. This was a learning lesson—subs should never get absorbed in whatever was on TV unless her evil, controlling, asshole deluxe *Master* and his friends were out of the fucking country.

Returning, she handed them their shots then sat back down. She didn't even get the seat warmed back up before Garner asked, "Little sub, could you go get us all a Jell-O shot?"

That did it. Leaping to her feet, she turned on Garner and gritted out, "Snow."

"What was that, little sub? I didn't hear you. Did you say blow? I'd love you to blow me after you get back from getting my Jell-O shot." Garner looked over at Pete. "She is such a sweet little sub."

Murder, that's what ran through her mind. She'd love to murder him right now. Not wanting to go to prison, she glared at Garner. "Snow, snow, snow, and more fucking snow on top of that snow." Shifting her eyes at Pete, she noted that he was watching the fight as if nothing were happening. Looking back at Garner, she ground out, "I'd like to see you in the kitchen where you can see the *snow* real well from the window."

Turning on her heel, she didn't even look back to see if he was following her. Hot damn, she was pissed. No way in hell was that big oaf ordering her around a second longer. The sex was great, but it wasn't worth it. Her heart ached in loss. It was her own fault. She

should have guarded her heart with the intensity of a parent hiding presents from a snoopy child.

Anger was quickly turning into sorrow. With sad eyes, she watched him walk into the room.

In a ballsy move, he walked straight up to her and scooped her up in his strong arms. "I'm proud of you, little sub. You stood your ground just like I hoped you would." He set her on her feet and looked down into her shocked face.

"What are you talking about?"

"I set you up to see if you'd let me walk all over you. Being submissive does not mean you have to totally give up your personality and become the puppet of a dominant. I would have been very sad if you'd let us ruin your night. A loving, caring Dom would never kill his or her sub's joy the way we did tonight unless it was for punishment that was well deserved. Part of my sub training is to teach a sub the difference between a caring Dom and a mean Dom. A good sub is always attentive to her Dom's needs but never to the point that she becomes miserable. Remember your pleasure and your pain should be one with your Master's, if you are in pain and he doesn't care, you need to leave him immediately. Do you understand that, little sub?" Garner's thumb soothingly stroked her wrist, and his dark eyes searched hers.

The sorrow that had stabbed at her heart evaporated, and an immeasurable amount of love for him flooded her whole being. She knew when she left here tomorrow it would be without her heart. "I understand, Sir. Thank you for the lesson. It is definitely one I won't be forgetting."

Pete walked into the kitchen and looked down at her. "Am I forgiven, little one?"

"Yes, you are both forgiven as long as you don't ask me to get you two any more shots of beer. I should have known something was going on when you asked me to do that. Oh, and no more checking the weather station for blizzard updates."

Pete took her hand and kissed it. “You passed the test with flying colors. You are going to make a fine sub.” Releasing her hand, he stepped back.

Garner’s eyes bore into her. He snagged her wrist and pulled her into his embrace. “You’ve done well so far tonight. I’m proud of you. So that you don’t fight me for the rest of the night, I’ll let you know that since you passed that test, you will never get it from me again. As your Master, while you are here, I expect you do to as I tell you.” Releasing his hold on her, he took a step back and ordered, “Follow me, little sub.”

Her feet immediately went into action as her mind whirled. That voice, she loved the one he’d just used, it made her want to follow him anywhere. Love. Painful, heart wrenching, love—that’s what she felt for him. She felt a little bad about wanting to kill him now that she knew he was only watching out for her. It was a situation that fit the old saying, “Sometimes you have to be cruel to be kind.” The test had been cruel, but in the end, her blond giant was just making sure she wouldn’t allow a Dom to push her beyond her emotional or physical boundaries. Her heart was more his now than ever before. *You can’t fall in love so quickly*, her mind told her, but her heart whispered back that she already had.

Chapter Six

Garner was bursting with pride. To him, a good sub did what she could to please her Master, but that didn't mean that she should give up who she was deep inside. The last thing he or Bryan wanted was a marionette. Bryan, that lucky bastard. The fates gave him two beautiful subs. One just happened to be his other half. The moralistic voice inside him reminded him that it wasn't nice to poach a friend's sub, but the beast within him roared for him to take what he knew should be his.

Pushing both voices to the background of his mind, he stopped in front of the couch and looked at Dara. "Sit, little sub. You are about to be rewarded for passing a very important test." He watched as she fluidly sat down next to Pete.

Sitting down next to her, he told Pete to hit play.

Dara squealed then whipped her head around to look at Garner. "You're going to start the fights over so I can watch them. That's so sweet."

"Quiet, sub, you're crushing my manly balls when you say the word *sweet* while you are looking at me. For that, you don't get to speak unless you are spoken to. Now settle back and quietly enjoy the fights." He hid a grin as she silently clapped her hands, and he was pretty sure she had whispered he was sweet again, but he was going to let that one go.

After Pete pushed play, he handed them all a Jell-O shot from the tray full of them he'd recently brought from the kitchen.

While watching the fights, Garner couldn't keep his hands off her. He signaled Pete over Dara's head that it was time to turn up the heat.

Dara jumped a little when Pete's hand slowly slid up her inner thigh and stopped to caress her pussy.

Garner smiled reassuringly at her when she looked up at him with nervous but excited eyes. Yes, she would make a great sub. Her actions showed that she would be loyal to her master, but also willing and even eager to experience new levels of passion. Her eager innocence was very appealing.

Pete stroked her until she couldn't hold back the little moans that demanded to be released. Garner watched, the excitement building. Wanting to reward her, he ordered, "Dara, I want you get on the coffee table, lay back, and spread your legs wide for Pete."

Heat blasted through Garner's veins as he watched a dazed Dara climb on the leather-covered table and spread her legs. She had the prettiest pink pussy he'd ever seen.

Pete leaned in and licked from her cunt entrance to her clit. Dara whimpered. Moving to kneel on the floor next to her head, Garner whispered, "That's it, little sub. Let Pete eat your pretty little pussy. Let him play for a while. Do you like the way his tongue rakes across your clit?"

Dara moaned loudly when Pete took her sensitive nubbin into his mouth and sucked gently. She squirmed, and Pete pressed her hips down, not allowing her to move.

Garner pinched her nipple, and her back arched off the padded table. Catching on that she liked to be talked dirty to, he breathed into her ear then crooned, "Such a sweet little cunt you have. I love the way you try to squirm when Pete licks you, even though he won't let you. Do you feel the fire building?" When she didn't answer him, he moved down and nipped at her taut peak. "Do you feel the fire building, little sub?"

"Yes, Master. Ooooh."

"Good. This is only the beginning. Pete, start her cool down." Garner smiled at the frustrated look that crossed her face when Pete stopped licking her pussy and instead stroked her inner thighs.

“Times up, the commercials are over. Back to the couch, little sub.”

Dara grunted her displeasure but took the chips and dip offered her as the new fight began. Garner knew she wanted to see this fight. It was the one with Max, the fighter in the red trunks she wanted to see earlier.

At the end of the fight, Dara commented, “I had a feeling the man in the red trunks was going to win.”

“You were right, little sub. While this next fight is going on, I want you to think about what we are going to do to you during the next commercial break.” Garner and Pete both plucked at her nipples until they were rosy and rock hard.

Garner and Pete made sure to keep a hand on her at all times. They were watching the fighters, but they were also tuned in to her as well.

One of the fighters had the other one pinned to the ground with his hands behind his back and his legs spread wide so the pinned fighter couldn’t hit or kick him. After several minutes, the pinned fighter gave up, and the commercials came back on.

Garner turned to Dara then lowered his head and kissed her. Cupping her head, he raked his tongue across her lips until she parted them and let him in. Tongues tangled in a mating dance as old as time. Her small hands clutched at his shoulders, and she arched toward him.

With a groan, Garner backed away. “Pete, I want you to pin Dara the way that last fighter had his opponent pinned. I want to see if a small person can wiggle their way out of that situation.” Looking into her eyes, he added, “Go to the rug in front of the fire and lay face down. Move quickly before the fights come back on.” He swatted her ass as she got up and hurried to do his bidding.

The second she laid down on the plush rug in front of the fire, her tender nipples rubbed against the material and made her moan, just as Garner had hoped. “Lock your hands behind your back, and spread

your legs wide. When Pete pins you, I want you to try to get out from under him, but don't hurt yourself."

Pete moved to his knees between her splayed thighs and grabbed hold of her hands with one of his own. He moved his bare feet out and pinned her sock-covered feet to the floor. She wiggled, bucked, and squirmed. Pete countered all her moves, and when she tired, he placed wet kisses all the way up her spine. She squirmed, and he swatted her ass before nibbling on her ear. She mewled and rubbed her breasts into the soft rug.

Garner knelt beside her and whispered, "It looks like this hold is a good one. Would you like to come, little sub?"

Dara responded quickly, "Yes, Master. Please."

"She begs so beautifully. Let's see how much more she can take." Garner stroked her pinned arm then moved away. "Give her just a little room, Pete."

Pete eased back, never breaking his hold on her as Garner urged her to raise her hips. The second she did, he slid a large, fluffy pillow under her hips.

Garner got up and circled the couple. Pete had gone back to kissing her shoulder and ear while his free hand slid under her and played with her nipples. Moving behind the couple, he noted how much more open her sweet little pussy was now. Kneeling down, he reached out and stroked her labia. She jerked and moaned loudly. Her channel dripped in need. He stroked and caressed her pink flesh until she begged.

"Ooooh. I need more. Please give me more." Her body writhed in desperation.

Pete nipped her shoulder then licked the sting away. "You will come when we want you to, little one, not before." He pinched her nipple to remind her who was in charge, but when he did, she moaned in appreciation, and her passage released more of her sweet nectar.

They petted and stroked her to new heights. This was her first time being dominated by two men, and Garner wanted her to

remember it well. Her body was now humming with need. When she climaxed, he wanted it to be pure nirvana for her.

Garner eased two fingers into her slick, pink canal and rubbed her clit with his thumb. "Are you ready for us to fuck you?" When she only groaned and tried to grind her clitoris harder into his thumb, he removed his hand and asked again. "Are you ready for us to fuck you, little sub?"

"Yes, Masters. Please."

Sliding his fingers back into her wet channel, he gently stroked her nubbin of pleasure. She whimpered and tried to hunch his hand. "Pete and I are going to change positions. You will keep your hands locked behind your back and leave your legs spread wide. Pete is going to move so that he can fuck that little mouth of yours while I pin you down and fuck your dripping cunt." Garner rubbed her clit harder, and she bucked on his hand. Knowing it was time, he moved back and shed his pants. Pete released her and quickly removed his pants as well. Naked, the two men moved to their new positions.

Pete raised her head and slid in under her face. "Lick and suck it, little one."

The look on Pete's face was pure bliss as Dara started bobbing her head up and down his cock. Garner knelt between her legs then recaptured her hands and spread her soft thighs a little wider with his. He rubbed his throbbing dick along her wet slit. "Do you like being at our mercy, little sub?" She groaned, and her pussy released more juices.

Pete laced his hands through her hair and guided her head up and down his length. "That's it, little one. Your hot mouth feels so good eating my cock up. When I cum, I expect you to swallow every drop. If you don't, I'll make you start all over and do it again."

At Pete's commanding tone, her body had quivered, and she'd moaned so beautifully around his cock.

Needing to be inside her, Garner put the tip of his cock to her tiny entrance and slowly started working his thick rod into her hot, slick

canal. She groaned and bucked trying to make him go deeper. He slapped her ass. "I set the pace, not you, little sub."

Pete removed her from his cock and positioned her so she could lick his smooth balls. "Suck my balls." As she did his bidding, Pete caressed her head, running his fingers through her hair.

Garner eased back into her tight, hot pussy. Damn, she felt awesome. Her strong inner walls clenched his cock. Sliding his hand around her trembling body, he petted the little bud between her legs as he started thrusting a little harder into her.

Hunching, she struggled to free her hands. Garner tightened his grip, and her canal released more of her juices. "You're not getting away from us until you swallow all Pete has to offer you, and scream as I drive you into nirvana's arms. Now suck him off so you can fly, little sub."

Pete helped her by cupping her head in his hands and guiding her up and down his cock at a pace sure to get him off quickly.

Dara wiggled trying to get Garner to impale her harder. He slapped her ass, and she moaned. Pete picked up the pace, fucking her mouth deeply. He looked at Garner and nodded right before he closed his eyes and groaned as he came in Dara's sucking mouth.

Once she had sucked Pete dry, Garner flipped her over and plunged his whole length into her yielding body. She wrapped her legs around his waist and met him stroke for stroke. Stomach muscles burning, sweat dripping from his brow, Garner buried his hard cock deep into her tight pussy. She was close. He could tell by the way her inner muscles were fisting his dick and her green eyes were dazed. Pete moved in and bit down on one of her nipples. She threw her head back and screamed as her body convulsed, and her pussy pulsed, milking him.

Head thrown back, Garner pounded into her, feeling his balls tighten and tingle. He plunged one more time into her then cried out as a brutal shudder shook his body, forcing his cum to burst from his body.

Pete had moved slightly and was whispering words of praise into Dara's ear, giving Garner a chance to rest his body on hers. Stars still danced along the edge of his vision. Never before had he come so hard. Not yet wanting to separate their bodies, he held her tightly. For this moment she belonged to him, and he didn't want it to ever end.

Garner glanced over as Pete got up and slid into his jeans. He watched through half-lidded eyes as Pete walked away. Rolling their bodies, Garner held her in place on top of his body. It pleased him that she was totally limp and content to rest on top of him with their bodies still connected.

Pete came back and laid a soft towel close to Garner then spread a blanket over Dara and himself. Garner mouthed "thank you" to Pete then watched as he ambled over to the couch and continued watching the fights.

Coming to, Dara stated huskily, "That was awesome. I've never had an orgasm that powerful in my life. I actually saw stars and squiggly lines. I'm a little surprised at how much I love being pinned and dominated. But I don't know how much I would like it without you."

Garner's heart stilled. The Dom in him wanted to chain her to his bed and keep her with him forever. The moralistic bastard that lived within him reminded him it would be poaching if he tried to keep her. She was so fucking perfect. "I'm glad you let yourself embrace what some would call your dark side. I personally love to try new things and experience all the wild pleasure I can get and give. Never let anyone else's views stop you from being you." He paused and glided his hand up and down her back. "You looked like a sexy nymph as you struggled and explored a new sexual level you'd never been to before. When you shuddered and plunged into ecstasy's velvety grip, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. I wouldn't trade that memory for anything in the world."

"That's so sweet," Dara said in a soft voice.

Garner kissed her forehead then swatted her butt. “You have got to stop calling me sweet. The Dom in me wants to spank you every time you do. Now let’s get up and finish watching the fights. When they are over, I plan on loving you some more.” Dara glanced over in Pete’s direction. “No, love. Not with him. I want you all alone in my bed.” The possessive Dom in him was happy when she looked relieved. Good, if she were his, he’d only share her once in a very blue moon.

She glanced back at Pete. “It’s not that I didn’t like you sharing me with him, I did. I’m just new to this and feel more comfortable with you alone most of the time.”

Pride pierced his heart. “I understand, little one. I’m glad you are so comfortable with me.” He sighed and stroked her back one more time. “Let’s get up and join Pete.”

Garner rolled her over and cleaned her up with the towel Pete had brought over then wrapped her in the blanket. Going to the couch they sat down with Pete and ate some more snacks. They bantered back and forth and bet on who would win. Dara’s laugh made his heart sing.

If there was any way he could keep her, he would. Heart heavy and light at the same time, Garner decided to make the most of the time he had left with her.

Chapter Seven

Dara gasped when she felt the covers being jerked up over her body. Garner's body had turned from warm and placid to rigid and unyielding. A motion at the door caught her eye, and she pulled in closer to Garner's side. Bryan and Nora were standing in their bedroom doorway, looking way too smug.

"I'll say good morning again because I don't think Dara heard me the first time. She must have been exhausted for some reason." Bryan looked at his wife as he said that last sentence and smiled knowingly at her.

Nora smiled back at her husband. "I believe you are right, but I can't help but notice that Garner was out cold himself. Something or someone made him too tired to hear our entrance. Could he have found his match?"

Garner ignored their comments about him not hearing them come in and glared at Bryan. "Number one: I'm going to change my security code as soon as you leave. Number two: What the hell are you doing here at this time of day? You were supposed to show up later, much later."

"Yes, but if I'd shown up much later, I couldn't have seen how much you liked your birthday gift." Bryan's eyes shifted to Dara.

"Birthday gift?" Garner and Dara questioned at the same time.

"Yes. Birthday gift." Looking at Dara, he continued, "Today is Garner's birthday, December twenty-fifth." Bryan smiled and looked at his wife. "Always easy to remember." Bryan's eyes shifted back to Dara. "Yes, his birthday is easy to remember, but because it falls on

Christmas, his presents have to be extra special.” Bryan’s eyes flashed with approval. “You are his birthday and Christmas gift from us.”

Dara’s eyes grew impossibly round—had her friends lost their minds? “You can’t give me away as a gift.” Even as the words left her mouth, her clit started to come alive. Bryan and Nora always gave great gifts. Being considered a gift from them spoke volumes.

“I can, and I did. From your glowing eyes and skin, I can tell you are a well-cared for gift. That you are in his bed tells me you want and need him as much as he wants and needs you.” At Dara’s frown, he added, “You wanted him, otherwise you would have picked up Nora’s gift and come home as instructed.” Bryan’s eyes moved from Dara to Garner a few times. “You two are perfect for each other, just as I knew you would be.”

Dara blushed brightly at Bryan’s dead-on assessment. Maybe he wasn’t as crazy as she’d thought.

Garner’s voice rumbled from his chest, “You lied to us. You said I was training her for the two of you, and you told her she was just coming to pick up a gift.”

Dara’s breath hitched. She couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Bryan had set them both up. A part of her had wondered, but to know it for a fact sent her emotions rolling. Anger rushed to the surface then she looked over at Garner, and her heart melted. He looked so handsome still tousled from sleep. Looking back at her friends, she realized they’d done a lot of planning to get the two of them together. How could she be mad at them for giving her to Garner? For trying to make her as happy as they were. Shifting her gaze back to Garner, warmth spread from her heart to her whole body. He made her feel alive, happy, and loved.

“Yes, I did. I knew you two were right for each other.” Bryan shrugged his shoulders then gave Garner a wicked smile. “You could always thank me by giving me a morning demonstration of the progress you’ve made with her.” Wiggling his eyebrows, he added, “A sexual demonstration of your mastery over her.”

“Out,” Garner growled at Bryan.

Bryan grinned and chuckled as he led Nora out the door. “Take your time getting up. We’ll be cooking breakfast. Merry Christmas, by the way.”

Dara and Garner watched as Bryan quietly closed the door, each lost in the realization that things had just changed dramatically.

Whipping his gaze to hers, Garner drilled her with his eyes. “You weren’t here for lessons. Why didn’t you tell me?”

Dara blushed even brighter. She was too embarrassed to say how much she’d wanted him on sight. She hadn’t even been looking for a man. Her mother had taught her that she didn’t need a man to survive, and she didn’t need a man to make her happy. But she’d found one, and he definitely made her happier than she’d ever been. She loved him.

“That’s one punishment. Answer me now, or I’ll make it two and dole it out in front of Bryan and Nora.”

Harsh air was sucked loudly into her lungs. Her eyes pleaded with his. Knowing that look in his eyes, she lowered her gaze. “I didn’t leave because I was interested in what you could teach me and...”

“And what?” Garner’s tone demanded an answer.

“The second you commanded me to come in and kneel at your feet, I was drawn to you. To your strong, handsome presence. I wanted to be with you. I don’t know why. I just needed to be with you. I—I couldn’t tell you no.” Raising her chin a notch, she refused to be embarrassed about *not* being able to tell him no. “And I’m glad I couldn’t. I wouldn’t change a nanosecond of our time together.”

After a thoughtful moment, Garner stared deeply into Dara’s eyes. A smile turned up the corners of his mouth as he took in the sight of the woman he could now have, had actually been given. *His*. “You are the most exquisite gift I’ve ever been given. I’m glad you couldn’t tell me no. I feel things for you I’ve never felt for anyone else. I love you, my little sub, my most exquisite gift. Will you stay with me and be my spirited little submissive?”

Heart wrenching at the love she saw in his eyes, Dara nodded and whispered, “Yes, I loved you at first sight. I only want to kneel at your feet, Master.”

He grinned seductively then tenderly slid his body over hers. His cock found her entrance and sank deeply into her silky, wet haven. While slowly pumping in and out of her, claiming her as his, he breathed huskily into her ear. “Mine.”

Thrusting her hips up to meet his, she moaned, “Yes, yours, you can collar me up now, Master.”

Garner growled. “Quit topping from the bottom, little sub. For that, you are getting a paddling later. You will get a collar when I choose to give you one.”

“Yes Mas—Ooooooh.” His buttocks flexed, and his thick cock hit a sweet spot deep inside her. Moaning loudly, she gloried in the feel of his hard shaft repeatedly caressing that euphoria-giving spot. Grinding her hips into his, she stared up into dark eyes that shone with love. Eyes glazing over, she threw her head back, and with a shudder of pleasure, she let him dominate her.

The little devil on her shoulder did a bump and grind dance, then grinned a devilishly happy grin.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Reading romance has been a passion of mine for a long time, I usually don't have a clue what's on TV or at the movie theaters. When people are shocked that I don't know what's playing I just smile and tell them I live in a cave. ;)

A love of mine is bringing joy to others through the tales I weave of dominantly sexy men, witty women, good friends, and scorching scenes that get your juices flowing.

Characters pop into my head, I grab a pen and the journey begins. The trip through fantasyland to happily-ever-after is always a fascinating ride. Thank goodness it is a ride you can take over and over again.

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