



A NOVELLA

THREE

Days

EMORY ELLISON

Three *Days*

a novella

Emory Ellison

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1

“Do you have a home near the lake, ma’am?”

Butterflies dance in my stomach, but my smile doesn’t break. My eyes roam the scenery outside my window. Desert tans transition to green, rolling hills and scattered pines. Having been to neither Nevada nor California, I whip my head around to take in the west-coast atmosphere. I am so enchanted with crossing into California that I almost forget to answer the man in the driver’s seat.

“No, I don’t live out here.” I smooth out my most expensive skirt. When the wrinkles have been tamed, I check my silky blouse for any problems. “My friend has a home on the lake, though.”

“Ah!” The driver nods while navigating into the highway’s fast lane. “My route usually takes me from the Reno airport to the lake. I might know your friend. What’s her name?”

I nibble on my painted lip and think better of chewing off my lipstick. The urge to check my compact mirror is strong. I resist my anxious impulses. “*His* name, actually. And I’m not at liberty to say who it is.”

“Oh...” The driver flashes raised brows in the rearview mirror. His teasing smile lights up his blue eyes. I stifle a giggle and tuck my hair behind my ear. Chase Callister wouldn’t want just anyone to know the locations of his properties. And me, I definitely don’t want anyone to know

that I'm reconnecting with an ex-boyfriend who made billions over the last decade.

"It's platonic." I smack my lips together nervously while I view the California sun breaking through fluffy clouds.

"Mm-hm." The driver's crooked brow suggests he's not that gullible.

Heck, if I had convinced myself this three-day trip is a platonic encounter, I wouldn't had bought clothes outside of my budget. I definitely wouldn't had dropped money on a color and a cut yesterday. I pull my freshly manicured nails through my honey-brown hair and then tap them nervously on the phone palmed in my other hand.

"Shouldn't be too much longer, ma'am."

I nod and subtly air my sweaty pits. No, there is nothing platonic about this rendezvous, not when we used to sleep together, not when I almost became Mrs. Chase Callister. The more I dwell on memories, the more nervous I become. My eyes sweep the leather seats of the luxury sedan. Leave it to Chase to make sure I have the best of everything, even the nicest driving service.

And that's a problem.

I turn back to the window and soak up evergreens and blue sky, hoping the beauty can relax me. My phone vibrates in my palm as a text message lights up my screen.

The new editor is working out great...just FYI! And don't forget to come back with a ring on your finger!

With a soft snort, I flip the screen to my thigh. I won't respond. I clearly stated no one should contact me unless it's an emergency. My assistant wants an excuse to dig for

information. Everyone at my humble publishing company is dying to know what will happen at billionaire Chase Callister's hidden lake cabin. I find myself chewing on my lip again, wondering that myself.

True to the driver's word, we're soon traveling twisty roads through evergreens. Cabins break up the dense forest. The closer we wind toward the lake, the bigger the cabins grow. And the bigger the cabins grow, the posher they become. I restlessly take in one luxury home and then the next, searching for the one that is *his*. Gorgeous stone siding complements handsome, red-planked walls. Massive windows overlook the lake. Tall, gabled roofs peak like watchtowers. Some of these mansions might as well be called castles. But which one does Chase Callister own?

The driver slows the car and hits the turn signal. Tearing my sight from an impressive cabin on my left, I see the open gate to the estate on my right. The tall trees compete with the soaring heights of the roof, concealing much of the house from the public road.

A stone planter of pines splits the circular driveway. As the driver turns around the planter, I glimpse at the vast lake stretching to faraway mountains. When we roll to a stop, the majestic mansion steals my attention. Being dwarfed by its size strengthens my stomach's flutters. As if I wasn't already intimidated seeing Chase again, this mansion reminds me that he is a god and I am a mere mortal.

The mirrored finish of the tall windows hides secrets within. If he's watching me, I wouldn't know. I check myself over—from blow-dried waves to heeled boots—for wardrobe malfunctions. By the time I look up, the front door has

opened. Late morning light stretches into the foyer, exposing the outline of a man who, for the moment, hides in the shadows.

He can't see me through the car's tinted windows, giving me time to take a few deep breaths. The man I used to know emerges with the faintest grin and the straightest spine. With a hand tucked into his pants pocket, he descends the porch steps at a leisurely pace as if he's accustomed to the world waiting on him.

Sensing this man's importance, the driver flies out and around to my door, opening it with a humbly dipped chin. My sweaty neck dampens as I look Chase over. A sweater conceals a button-down shirt. A rebel strand of dark-blond hair drips to his brow. Ten years have refined his masculine angles and work stress has aged his eyes, but not in a bad way. In his thirties, he carries his authority and wisdom in those striking eyes. And those eyes are appreciating me like I'm fine artwork as I step out of the car. My pulse flickers to life. Beneath my skirt, my thighs clench around my throbbing clit.

"Rachel."

His visual roaming of my body is more than I can handle. My cheeks flush. Memories of being naked and entangled in his bedsheets stream through my mind's eye.

"Chase."

The driver closes the car door and pops the trunk for my luggage but I am focused on the new man before me. Chase stands taller than he used to. His muscles are tighter. The clean-shaven jaw is cut sharper than I remember. What's the secret to his reinvented attractiveness? Is it his swollen bank

account? Or did he just naturally mature into the sexiest man on the planet? He *did* hold that title last year... Oh god, I might be under the sexiest man alive, again, tonight!

The distance we have maintained from each other drops when he swoops in for a hug. The contact nearly breaks me. Feeling his muscular arms around me weakens my knees. His comforting cologne mellows my nerves. Nostalgia drives me to make things right between us once again. When we break apart (too soon, for my taste), the driver approaches with my bag.

“Where would you like this, ma’am?”

“I got it.” Chase takes the bag from him.

The driver dips his head. “Certainly, sir, I—” He narrows his eyes. “Aren’t you Chase Callister?”

Chase winks at me and then opens his arms up. “Hey, man, what’s your name?”

Their conversation fades from my hearing as Chase guides the driver back to the car. As he conducts damage control, the rippling lake draws me in. Rounding to the back of the house, I see a sleek sporting boat tied to a dock. Clouds hang in the sky and a cool breeze dries my sweaty neck. I’d be more enraptured with the scenery if I weren’t preoccupied with the steady drip soaking my panties.

Among the background noises, a car engine starts up and drives away. I gain my bearings, noting the firepit, lounging chairs, and grill setup. Does Chase entertain his associates at his lake house? Perhaps, even his dates? Not that it matters now. What’s important is that he’s single and so am I.

“It’s the best view of the lake,” Chase says, coming up to me.

“You wouldn’t accept anything less.” Caught between gazing at his beauty and the lake, I find it easier to look at the lake. The lake doesn’t make me blush. He stands beside me, inhaling the intoxicating, tranquil air. I notice his empty hands and look back at the driveway. “Did someone from your staff take my bag inside?”

He crooks his head, an easy smile on his lips. “My staff? No, not here. When I’m at the lake, I’m on my own. Sometimes, I have to get away from it all to keep my sanity. I put your bag in the entryway.”

My brows dance with the possibilities of just me and him alone. I check his body language for clues that he wants three days of uninhibited sex like I do.

His chin hangs toward his chest as he pulls his arms behind his back. “You would’ve wanted it to be just us anyway. You value privacy.”

I say nothing, though I sigh in relief. It’s nice of him to consider my needs... for once.

I soak in the scenery as we share a quiet moment, but his fidgety type-A self can’t handle stillness any longer. He may be sexier, but he’s still the same restless man on the inside.

He bounces in his shoes, ready for action. I hope this means *sexual* action. “Would you like to see the house?”

I hum an affirmative and follow him. He locks his hands behind his back as if he’s afraid to touch me again. Good. Even a friendly touch on the shoulder may weaken my resolve sooner than I’d like. As much as I’m dying to be under his naked body, I have to know what kind of man he is now. Ten years changes people; money does, too.

“So, was the trip alright?” he asks as we head to the front porch.

“Yeah, no problem.” I crane my neck, appreciating the house’s impressive height. “How many rooms does this place have?”

“Eight plus my office, two living spaces, one bar, and a theater.” His gleaming eyes check to see if I’m impressed. I let the mystery linger with a twitch of my brow. “But you don’t care about that, do you?”

I snort as we climb the porch stairs. He opens the door for me. “Ten years does a lot to people. Don’t make assumptions, Chase,” I scold him with a teasing smile and step inside.

The entryway and grand staircase may be exquisite but the wood fixtures make the cabin feel welcoming. Rustic design meets elegant minimalism in the most perfect way possible. A simple console table rests to the side with my bag parked near it.

Chase hums as he studies me from boots up to my neck. His dipping eyes touch my breasts and then dart up to my face. “Maybe you’re not the same woman I used to know. You own a publishing company now.”

Not to downplay my accomplishments but I shrug. I did well for myself but nothing like him. He gets the message that I don’t want to talk about myself.

“So,” he smacks his hands to his sides, “would you like a tour?”

“Are you kidding? With eight bedrooms, an office, two living spaces, and an indoor theater, it will take all three days just to see everything,” I tease.

He holds out a finger. "You forgot about the bar. And that's the most important feature. Follow me. You need a glass from an eighteen-thousand-dollar bottle."

His hand expertly finds the small of my back. Too friendly for what I'm after, yet the contact gives me goosebumps.

"Only eighteen thousand, Chase?"

His scoffing only makes his smile more charming. He opens up his arm past the stairway. "I'm reserving the three-hundred-thousand dollar wine for dinner."

"Hm." I fall in step with him as we pass the stairway down a hall. I barely look at the breakfast nook and kitchen as we stroll by. "You didn't even ask if I wanted such an expensive drink."

His cool, sideways look heats my face. I'd almost beg him to take me now, but I'm not making the first move today; I need more information.

"I'm used to taking control now, Rachel." He cocks a brow. "You will just have to get used to it."

Anytime in the past, those words would have started an argument. He tears his gaze away as if he remembers battling me for control. Things have changed. I'm a publisher of women's fiction. Sometimes, naughty novels land on my desk—novels of dark, forbidden desires of domination and submission. To say they have had an impact on me is an understatement. Once or twice since Chase and I started texting again, I've taken a vibrator down below, imagining the billionaire doing kinky things to me.

We head downstairs to a classy mancave replete with a stocked bar, billiards, and a poker table. I sit on a stool and rest my forearms on the bar while he slips behind it.

“So, it’s really just you and me here, huh?”

Chase nods, surveying the room. “This might be my retirement property. As it turns out, I don’t like stress and chaos as much as I thought I would.”

“Retirement?!” I laugh shortly. “You’re thinking about leaving your position? How’s your megacorp going to survive with the CEO and founder stepping aside?”

“Not a megacorp.” He ducks under the bar, pops open a gasket, and comes back up bearing an unopened wine bottle.

“Close enough, Mr. Three Commas. Are you really going to retire?”

Two glasses clink as he places them on the bar. He doesn’t answer the question right away. His eyes sweep the bar back and forth for a long time. I burst out laughing.

“Of course, you’re not retiring! What would Chase Callister do with his life? You always have to be producing, always gotta be doing something. You’ll hang on to your company until someone pries your work from your cold, dead hands.”

He stretches his palms out against the bar, contemplating my words. He finally looks up at me. The emotion in his eyes is hard to define.

“You’re right,” he says softly. “I have trouble letting things go.”

Just like that, I’m no longer interested in eighteen-thousand-dollar wine. His long, intense stare brings spasms to my clit. Could he possibly mean that he had trouble letting *me* go?!

“Rachel, I invited you over with certain intentions that I wasn’t forthcoming about.” He slowly pulls from the bar. His

stare doesn't break as he strolls around the end. He stops close to the stool, towering over me. His cologne intoxicates me harder than the strongest liquor on his shelf. "I want you back."

Bits and folds down below swell. Flushing warms my neck and jaw as my pulse pounds out of control. "Well, I didn't just fly out here to be dazzled by your expensive cabin."

I chew my lip coyly as my words sink in. His narrowed eyes target me. Without hesitation, he catches the side of my face, pulling my lips onto his. He breaks my lips apart with ravenous exploration, reacquainting himself with my taste. I press my palms against tight pecs that I can't wait to see. His fingers curl under my hair, holding me against him.

He breaks for breath and stares down at me like he's strategizing if he's going to take me in the bar or somewhere else.

"So," I catch my breath, "are you going to show me which room is your favorite for fucking?"

He snags my wrist and drags me to the stairs, because of course, he has a favorite room for fucking. He stops himself from taking two stairs at a time, allowing me to catch up. We dart to the grand staircase and climb it so fast that my legs burn. I barely look at the artwork and plants breaking up the second-story hall.

Chase smacks open a bedroom door and twirls me into the doorway. He takes my face in his hands as his appetite for my lips returns. I hardly register the details of the room as I cautiously step backward toward the foot of his bed. All I know about the bedroom is that it's bright, spacious, and has a huge king-sized bed, which I am being pushed toward.

His eager lips distract me from his hands unbuttoning my blouse. I kick my leg up to slide the heeled boot off. He breaks through the front of my blouse and palms my naked waist. Wanting more of my flesh, his lips break from mine, aiming for my neck while his fingers flick at the fasteners of my bra. Dizzy from passion, I hold onto the bed to remove and toss my other boot away. He jerks my blouse over my shoulders and tears off my bra. I impatiently tug on his sweater. He helps me pull it over his head. Before I can tackle the buttoned shirt underneath, he conquers my skirt's button and zipper.

He tastes my bare shoulder with sensuous nibbles as he tugs my skirt and panties down. I kick them away and press my palms to the sides of his face. He takes my lips again while he rips the buttons of his shirt and yanks the shirt off without breaking from me. My hands roam the contours of his torso and fall to his belt buckle. I pull the leather through, but his low, disapproving growl has me surrendering my hands.

He nods toward the bed. "Get on there."

Not one to take orders from him before, I slink backward onto the bed anyway as he dumps shoes, socks, and pants. I sit back on my elbows, entranced with a rigid rod poking from his pubic hair. Remembering how much fun I've had with that dick in me, I prime myself with a finger to my clit. He crosses to the nightstand and opens the drawer, swiping a foil packet from a box. I cock my head at the open drawer.

"What's that?"

He's momentarily distracted from tearing the foil. "What?"

I twist over and reach inside the drawer. Metal links clink as I lift the object by its end. He does a double take and

freezes. I swing the nipple clamps like a pendulum, raising my brows in question.

“Uh... that’s not supposed to be there.” He whips his head around the room. “Housekeepers must have put them there...” He laughs nervously and takes them from me. I rest my head in my palm, my eyes scintillating with teasing.

“So, who did you use the clamps with? That actress you were dating recently? How come we never had that much fun?” I ask with brows still arched.

He opens a dresser drawer and tosses the clamps in. “Because you never liked me being in charge.” He smacks the drawer shut as he locks away that mysterious part of his life.

“Did she like you being in charge?”

Conversation kills the mood. He huffs through his nostrils at the interrogation and places his hands on his hips. His member is less stiff than it was a minute ago.

“Yes she did,” he says confidently with a warning behind his message. “But we had to split. Her schedule became unmanageable.”

“Oh.” I look out the window. Past the opulent sheer curtains, the pretty lake stretches across the expanse. But I don’t care about the lake. A drip floods my nether lips. Heat rises over my pelvis. “How deep into BDSM were you?”

His lips flatten. “It’s not the actress you’re thinking of. And she and I were in it deep enough. Are you going to keep interrogating me?”

I evade his eyes and run a finger over the silky sheets. He’s definitely changed and so have I. Erotic scenes of

heroines tied up, spanked, and fucked flash in my mind. As I navigated the dating scene (and failed), those scenes would always be in the back of my mind.

His chin rises, and his eyes narrow to slits. "You actually want me to dominate you."

"I want you to dominate me," I admit with a bite of my lip.

He studies me like he can't trust my words. His arms cross his chest, condom still pinched in his hand. "You want what? Specifically?"

I shrug. "S and M. I wanna be tied up. I wanna be spanked. I wanna submit to you..." His face might not have changed, but his rod rises again, giving away his inner desires. "It's probably why I've been alone all these years. I want excitement. And I know a billionaire will give me that."

His brow peaks. "That's the opposite of what you wanted ten years ago—"

I wave my hand dismissively and roll onto my back. "Oh goddammit, Chase! I didn't come back to fight with you. Forget I said anything."

His smashed lips and wide eyes lay into me with a non-verbal tirade. "I'm sorry," he says in a way that suggests he's not sorry at all, "but I'm a little unclear about what you want from me. Why are you even here?"

I pull up to my elbows and give him my own flat lips. "I came back to see if we can make it work."

He screws his jaw rather tightly. "But?"

I don't back down from the challenge in his eyes. He wants to know the catch. I raise my chin up and stare him down. "But you need to give up your company."

His jaw plummets. “What?! No! I am not giving up my life’s work!” He throws the condom to the dresser and paces away, arms waving and slapping his sides repeatedly.

I sit up sharply. “Your *life’s work*? Funny, that’s the opposite of what you said ten years ago. You didn’t even care about the product, just the money.”

He whirls to me. “Is that a crime?”

I shove my fists into my arms. “You were just talking about retiring not five minutes ago. You made billions, Chase. When is it going to be enough?”

My words are the missile that takes down his temper. He can’t seem to move as he studies the floor for a minute. A deep breath settles my irritation. Looking at his slumped shoulders and bewildered look is tugging at my heartstrings. I didn’t come back to fix him—I wanted to see if he lost his insatiable greed.

I have my answer.

With a resolute exhale, I swing my legs over the side of the bed.

“Wait.” His terse order freezes me in place. “Give me three days. If you don’t like what I have to offer, I won’t contact you again.”

I cross my arms over my naked breasts again. “You want three days to change my mind? I won’t, Chase.”

Something about his aura changes. The thrill of the thrown gauntlet enlivens him. I should have known—this man tends to get what he wants.

“What if I can change *your* mind?”

His chin rides upward; his eyes rake over me from his pedestal above. He slinks to the bed like a jaguar tracking its prey and sits next to me. He slips his hand behind my neck, stroking it, twisting his fingers into my hair.

“And if we can’t change each others’ minds,” his voice drops to a low rumble, “I will still have three days of your submission. Three days for you to explore your darkest desires. Three days of immodest, unrestrained sex.”

I bite my lip, thinking it over. I understated my lust for kink. Being dominated is what I dream about. Delicious pain is what I masturbate to. I never had the nerve to search for a Dom. Fear... shame... the anxiety of giving someone else that much power. With a simple affirmation, I can have a taste of the lifestyle and steamy sex with someone I trust.

Maybe we won’t get back together at the end of day three. He won’t budge on giving up his company. That doesn’t mean I can’t have fun being dominated and screwed by a sexy billionaire.

“Nothing hardcore yet,” I assert with a raised chin. “Light bondage?—Yes. Denial?—Yes. Submission?—Yes. If I like it, we can move on from there.”

His fingers curl around the back of my neck as his eyes dip to my breasts. “You will need rules.” He palms my breast, thumb and finger rolling the nipple. Electrifying feelings burst through my chest, stilling my breath. “These breasts are my property.”

He drops his hand to my thighs, rudely squeezing between them. His crooked finger swipes at my clit. I clench my legs around his hand, worrying that I’m squeezing my juices onto his silky bedsheets.

“This pussy is mine, too.” His firm voice sends a shiver down my spine. It’s hard to look him in the eye. “You do not touch my property without my permission. If you touch your breasts or your clitoris, if you orgasm without my prior approval, then you will be punished. Is that understood?”

He’s laying out the terms of the contract as his finger strokes my clit. Heat envelops my face. Fierce lusting overtakes my rational mind. I see the change in his eyes. I thought I knew Chase Callister, but who is this new man? I gulp down a dry, swollen throat. “I understand.”

His finger claws deeper into my cavern, thrusting into me in and out slowly. “You address me as Sir. You do not have permission to call me Chase until we end a scene. Your safeword is red. Until I hear the safeword, you will do what I say. So, we will try this again. If you disobey me, you are getting a good, hard spanking. Is that understood?”

My hips lift and my thighs spread for his access. A whimper passes my lips as his finger penetrates my slit. “I understand, Sir.”

As if he’s simply walking from one room to the next, he fluidly steps into the role of Dom. He is experienced, comfortable, and *dangerous*. My sight falls to his lap. His cock is thick and straight, revealing how much he is turned on. If I’m a good submissive, maybe that swollen dick will plunge into me over and over.

“Put your hands behind your back,” he commands as he stands. “I don’t want you tempted to touch yourself.”

My sight wanders the plush rug around his bed. I’m still not brave enough to look him in the eye. I cross my wrists behind my back.

“Follow me.”

With nervous anticipation, I slowly drop one bare foot and then the other. This man I am now calling “Sir” is patient. For now.

He leads the way out of the bedroom, and I follow with hands behind my back. My lowly gaze watches his naked ass as we stroll down the hallway to the final door.

“I lied. *This* is my favorite room for fucking. I take all of my submissives here.”

I lift my head when the door emits soft beeps. A fingerprint lock secures the mysterious room. When Sir presses his thumb to the lock pad, the display glows green. Metal shifts and clicks from inside. He pulls the door open and turns to me instead of entering. With my dipped chin, I’m staring straight at his erection. I lick my chops, hoping that cock slides into me very, very soon.

“All the equipment in here has been sanitized. All toys that I’ve used on others have been tossed and replaced. I bought new gear, anticipating that you might want to explore your kinky side this weekend.”

I lift my eyes. “How did you know?”

His eyes glimmer, but not in a friendly way. He closes the gap between us and holds my head steady at the back of my neck. His other hand captures my ass, pressing me against his hardened cock. He twists the hair at my nape, forcing me to look into his eyes.

Pop! His hand smacks my behind. I jerk in surprise but his hold is too strong for me to slither away.

“You spoke out of turn.” His lips brush against my ear.
“That was a warning. Do not do that again.”

He palms the tingling burn on my ass. Whimpers escape my parted lips as I try to hold his gaze. My core knits into itself and my pussy drips steadily. He holds an intimidating stare, choosing not to answer my question. He fishes my arm from behind my back and takes me into the room by my wrist.

Heavy curtains block natural lighting from the tall windows. Sconces with motion sensors detect our presence. Mirrored walls reflect the light of the sconces and make the room look bigger. We stop in the doorway as I gasp in wonder. No, this is not a room. It's a dungeon.

In my head, I name the furniture as I see them. To my immediate right, a cage as long as a human sticks out from the corner. Near the cage, St. Andrew's cross leans back to a mirrored wall. A metal-framed pillory resides next to the cross. Beyond the pillory, a swing with floor-mounted poles haunts the far corner like a giant spider.

The wall to my left hides the bathroom and walk-in closet. In the nook between the closet and bathroom doors, a spanking bench lies before trifold mirrors. Tucked in the farthest corner, the biggest four-post bed I've ever seen juts out past the walk-in closet. A single fitted sheet covers the mattress. Straps for bondage dangle from cutouts in the metal posts.

Every naughty novel I've read, every dirty video I've watched, and every fantasy I've entertained late at night, is now tangible.

Chase—I mean, *Sir*—lets me take it all in. My heart pounds as I study each familiar item again. He truly was into the

lifestyle. I trust that he will introduce me to this world slowly, but fantasies of harder, spicier action tempt me to dive in headfirst. He leans down, lips to my ear.

“Time to claim you as mine.”

He slides in front of me, fingers jamming into my slit quicker than I can get away. Two fingers slip inside for no longer than a couple of seconds. He withdraws and rubs his fingertips together.

“You are wet,” he proclaims and takes my arm again. “Come.”

His strength carries me forward even when my jelly legs wobble. Past the cross on our right and the spanking bench on our left, he tows me to the bed.

“On your back.”

Jelly legs or not, his curt order has me quickly throwing myself onto the covered mattress. His strong arms pull me closer to the edge, forcing my legs to bend and spread to the sides. He snags a dangling strap from the lower part of the post and swiftly fastens my ankle. My other ankle receives the same treatment.

“You are being still for your Sir.” He bends to retrieve another strap that runs under the mattress. He fastens the strap at my wrist and tightens the slack. “Good girl.”

Sir rounds the posts to the other side, seizes my other wrist, and takes my last bit of freedom with the fourth strap. I reflexively test the bondage and panic. My breathing catches as I struggle harder, doubt and fear taking hold of me. He cradles my chin, gently pulling my face his way.

“Do you trust me?”

His tenderness arrests my struggle, and now another storm brews within me. Looking into his eyes, my heart wrenches. Not only do I want to be under his muscled body, but I also want him to be my everything once again. Like I drank a love spell, old feelings surface but prudence yields to intense desire. I remember why falling in love with him was a bad idea.

“I trust you, Sir.”

His eyes fall from mine, drifting down to my lips. With his thumb, he pulls my bottom lip down. His face hovers so close to mine that I wait for a kiss but it doesn't come.

“Not these lips.” Sir smirks as he pulls back.

I can't see anything but the ornamental ceiling above me. Seconds pass while I study the decorative panels. I jolt and arch my back when his warm tongue laps at my clit. He clamps his hands onto my hips as his merciless tongue runs along my inner lips. The tip of his tongue lashes at my clit again. His grip tightens as I thrash from the intense sensations.

“Stay still.”

I close my eyes tightly, willing myself to submit. I have trouble relaxing, but I fear what may happen if I don't obey. I will the tension from me, accepting his tongue tracing my lips and flicking the spot that makes me squirm. A moan bursts from me.

“Quiet.”

I huff at the impossible commands. I can't move. I can't make a sound. I must submit fully. I tighten my lips together to hold in my animal-like moans. His tongue sweeps my clit then flicks it for a good few seconds.

“Do not come until I give you permission.”

I can't orgasm either?! I whimper in protest. He doesn't hear me and continues the soft torture of my clit, cravingly sampling my pussy. It takes everything in me to stay still and silent. My pelvis begins to tighten of its own accord. I grit my teeth, knowing that I can't stop the inevitable.

He stops just in time.

“Good little submissive. But we are not done with your training.”

A heavy sigh deflates my chest. My throbbing clit screams for more attention. I want his touch. No, I *need* his touch! The sound of a drawer opening steals my attention. He closes the drawer from a tall dresser and returns. I can't see what is in his hand. The sudden buzzing gives me a clue.

He holds my pelvis down with a firm hand. “As I said, do not come.”

I already lost this battle.

The vibrator traces my lips, venturing closer to my sensitive node. I close my eyes, grit my teeth, and ready myself for its oscillating barrage. The tip of it draws closer and closer, until—

“Oh, my god!”

He pins down my bucking hips. The vibrator nestles against my clit with a brutal and speedy punch.

“Do not come,” he punctuates, but I am far too gone to listen. The force of my contractions sweeps me away like a tsunami. My yells drown out the buzzing. I scream as each pleasurable wave peaks.

The buzzing dies. I catch a glimpse of Sir's tightened lips. He tosses the vibrator onto the nightstand and returns to the bed, shaking his head.

"I told you not to come." He rips open the fastener at my wrist and then frees my ankle. "Now, I have to discipline you."

My slick nether lips swell all over again. He breaks the fasteners at my other wrist and ankle and then, he storms across the room just in front of the door, pointing to the floor.

"Get over here and kneel."

Rather than test him further, I scramble off the bed and scurry to the space between the spanking bench and the cross. I drop my knees to the plush carpet.

"Hands behind your back."

I throw my arms behind me as he flies into the walk-in closet. Not knowing what to expect, I make a conscious effort to recall the safeword. If the punishment is too much to handle, I can end the scene. My bottom is healed from the one slap. It didn't hurt too bad, but thirty slaps with the same power might make me cry.

The double shuttered doors of the closet clatter open and shuffling ensues. What horrid BDSM instruments does he keep in there? The fear is thrilling.

"You are delaying me from having that pussy of yours," he scolds from the closet. "I could have been buried deep inside of you, but you had to misbehave."

He comes out fast and crouches behind me. My wrists are manhandled into shackles, yet he doesn't stop with my wrists. Padded rings immobilize my ankles. I can barely flex my arms

and legs. It dawns on me that the shackles binding my wrists and ankles are locked together.

I stop struggling when he combs the hair from my face. A strip of dark material falls over my sight, erasing light altogether. My eyelashes flutter against the blindfold as he ties a knot at the back of my head.

Left in the dark, bound and helpless, my bottom lip trembles.

“You will stay there and think about how you displeased me. When I return, I am putting you over my lap and spanking you with my hand. You will obey me, little submissive one, or you will face the consequences.”

The bedroom door opens and then closes, leaving me with unmanageable silence. I whimper, just to give noise to the atmosphere. How long will he leave me like this? Can't be that long, right? He's as hard as a rock but has the patience of a saint. No, he's definitely going to make good on his threat. The spanking can't be *that* bad, right? A few taps... a warning not to cross him again. But what if it *hurts*? Oh god, what if I like that it hurts?

The swelling below intensifies the more I imagine him being so rough with me. Minutes pass, and the more I sit with these thoughts, the more I dare myself to continue. I want his brutal treatment. I want to be trained to be the best submissive I can be for him—

No! What is wrong with me?! I can't do this with Chase. I can't fall in love with this man again. He won't change. Not for me. Not for himself.

Before I can talk myself out of it, the door opens again.

“Was my naughty submissive being good in here?”

My voice squeaks like a mouse. “Yes, Sir.”

“You’re nervous. I hear it in your voice.” The whisper of his steps crosses behind me. “But you haven’t used the safeword.”

He tugs the knot of my blindfold free and it falls from my eyes. I blink, adjusting to the dim lights of the dungeon. My shackles are unlocked with a key, but not knowing what he wants, I keep my arms crossed behind me anyway. Five minutes of bondage—I can do five minutes without panicking. But as much as I want to be proud of myself, my stomach twists severely.

He lifts me to my feet by my wrist. His other hand guides my chin up. He searches my eyes for answers. “I thought you would have backed out by now. Why haven’t you used the safeword?”

Looking at this new man, I swallow my anxiety down and put myself out there. “Because I’m a bad girl who needs to be taught a lesson.”

My words light a fire in his eyes. The struggle to spank me or fuck me rages within him. I’ve never talked dirty in the past, and I love the effect it has on him now.

“You didn’t address me as Sir.”

He drags me past the spanking bench to an armless chair next to the closet. His alluring authority holds me captive; I can’t believe I’m willingly submitting to pain. Sir sits and guides me over his lap. Under my pelvis, I feel his fleshy rod, swollen and thick. I twist my fingers into the carpet fibers as if I can brace myself for what’s to come. He lays his hand where my cheek meets thigh, holding it there.

“I never thought you would ever be in this position, Rachel, but here we are.”

The sound of the pop is worse than the pain itself. A patch of heat tingles over my flesh. He lays his hand on the other cheek, allowing me time to recover.

“You took that well. We will test how much pain you can tolerate.”

I gasp and wrench my fingers harder into the carpet when the next smack lands. The lingering sting triggers a response down below. I didn’t think I would get this turned on being humiliated.

He rests his hand over the heat of the first smack. His thumb rubs the pain with tender strokes. “Very good, my submissive one. You are accepting that Sir has to discipline you.”

The next smack smarts a little harder.

“Oh!” I dig my nails deeper into the carpet but there is nothing to hold onto.

Barely giving me time to recover, he slaps me again.

“Oh!” I say a little louder.

“Does this hurt, my little submissive?”

“Yes, Sir,” I admit meekly. Being so vulnerable steals my strength. My lips below bloom regardless, aching for his rod to jam into me mercilessly.

“Do you deserve this spanking, my slave?”

When I hang my head, I can see our naked legs crossed in different directions. Imaging if I were a fly on the wall witnessing this scene turns the dripping up a notch. I fear if I admit the truth, I will want more. Worse, I’ll want *him*, a man I

cannot truly have. But sex is a powerful force and I'm finding myself submitting not just to him but to my own carnal fantasies.

"Yes, Sir, I deserve this."

"Hm. You're starting to know your place," he says and spanks me again.

"Ouch!" Stinging heat spreads across my ass. My hand has a mind of its own and blocks him from further smacks. He *tsks* at me and pins my wrist to my back.

"For someone who says she deserves her punishment, you are not being cooperative."

"It hurts, Sir."

"I know." He massages the battered flesh and rubs away the pain. "But you will learn to take your discipline. However, if you are not still, you will be placed in bondage in order to continue your spanking. Do you understand why?"

I struggle to free my wrist from his clamped hand. "No, Sir..." I say with a strained voice.

The sound of smacked flesh interrupt his words.

"Because—" *Pop!* "—if you were to block with your hand—" *Pop!* "—and I accidentally strike you—" *Pop!* "—with an implement—" *Pop!* "—that would hurt you in ways—" *Pop!* "—that are reckless." *Pop!*

I clench my cheeks, kick my legs, and nearly squirm off of his lap. Yelps mix with echoing smacks, and when it's over, I gasp loudly for air. The pain fuels my dark needs. I want more, even if it hurts. Sir sighs heavily.

"You are not being still." He sweeps his leg out from under me and kicks it over both of mine. Being further locked over

his lap has me struggling harder out of pure stubbornness. His sigh is much louder. "You are having trouble submitting. I don't think you trust—"

A muted noise cuts him off. Short, rapid buzzes fire away. I trace the sound to another room somewhere down the hall.

Sir lifts this leg off of me and releases my wrist. "Up."

Confused, I push myself up. He's quick to take my arm and lead me to the bed.

"If you can't stay still, submissive one, then I will make you stay still."

Behind the bed, the mirrored wall allows me to see Sir twisting his head toward the hall. He's distracted by what sounds like text message notifications.

"On the bed. On your knees. Face the headboard." His tone loses its edge.

On the stripped bed, I kneel as he rests my wrists on the headboard and reaches behind it for straps. He secures my wrists while peeking at the hall.

"Stay here." He flees the room before I can object.

What in the world?! The fun was just starting!

"Ugh!" My heels dig into my tender ass as I slump. I huff, staring at my naked and bound body. Not long after, I catch movement in the doorway. Sir is craned over his phone, fingers flying over the on-screen keyboard. His eyes are wide with excitement. The smallest smile lifts a corner of his lips. He finishes typing by the time he strolls to the bed and sets the phone on the nightstand. My questioning eyes catch his in the mirror. He drops the smile, entering Dom mode once more.

Get a grip, girl! Even ten years later, he still prioritizes his business over me. I had his attention for a whole half an hour! He's never going to change, not even for me. I gulp down my disappointment and close my eyes to hide frustrated tears. If I look at him, ugly words will pass my lips and kill our Dom/sub fantasy.

He climbs onto the bed, kneeling behind me. "Ass out. I am not finished disciplining you, my slave."

With the smallest puff of an exhale, I hold onto the headboard while I shuffle my knees back. I hang my head between my outstretched arms so I don't have to look him in the eyes, until—

"Look at me."

Damn him! I strip the anger from my face, though my lips are slightly pursed. I don't want to fight with him. Not now. Not when I'm about to get the best sex of my life. In the mirror, I see him lay his hand on my ass.

"You will watch me discipline you. You need to know that you can trust me. I will never hurt you without your permission."

Oh, but you already hurt me, Chase, and it wasn't from the spanking either. This man just can't give me what I crave and then leave me emotionally abandoned! His serious eyes hold mine captive, ignorant to the pain he's caused me. His arm bends back.

I should have jerked or yelped from the painful smack. But no, my eyes bore into his. He cocks his head and tests me with another solid slap.

My smoldering anger shields me from the sting. He lifts his hand again and brings it back swiftly.

I don't flinch.

He narrows his eyes and throws his hand harder against me. My ass hurts, but my pride hurts more. He rapidly slaps both sides, expecting me to make a sound, but I don't.

His hand flies out and back harder, determined to break me with a flurry of smacks. My locked stare doesn't stray from his. He drops his hand, panting.

"Blow me."

I gnash my teeth together, chewing on words that would get me into trouble. I swallow them down and manage to politely say, "Yes, Sir."

He scrambles for the ties at my wrists, impatiently tugging them free. As soon as I gain my freedom, I twist onto my belly, bowing my head to his erection. I fist the base, pulling back pubic hairs, keeping myself from strangling his member. My parted lips take him an inch at a time. Scraping my teeth against him may be tempting for all the shit he's put me through but revenge yields to a new, arising emotion.

My tongue runs around my shaft, lapping at veins, and tickling the hood of his tip. I pull back and then forward, ignoring the tension in my craned neck. I devour every inch of him and create suction as I retreat. I steadily ingest him then fall back. His gasping tells me that he is appreciating my damp mouth.

Buzzing vibrates the nightstand. I feel him twist toward the sound, but I don't surrender his cock.

"Rach—"

My head rocks vigorously, lips over my teeth, giving him a preview of what my wet pussy will feel like once he gets his

act together. His breathing pitches as his fist snakes my hair at my nape. As the buzzing continues, he loses interest in his phone. I close my eyes, focusing on stroking him to his end. The buzzing interrupts us again.

“Rachel,” he says but I ignore him, picking up speed.
“Stop!”

I pull off of him, refusing to hide my disappointment. He twists my face up, peering down at me with lusting, hooded eyes.

“I will come in your pussy instead.” He jerks his head to the side. “At the edge of the bed. Get over there.”

Did I really make him forget about work?

He bolts for the nightstand and ignores his phone. He yanks open the drawer, collecting a foil packet from another stash he keeps ready.

I can’t throw myself to the foot of the bed fast enough.

I twist onto my back and spread my legs and arms, because I suspect he’ll hold me in bondage. I am right. He cusses rolling on the condom. His desire to take me works faster than putting on protection, but his need to come doesn’t stop him from binding his slave. One wrist is restrained and then a leg. He races to the other side of the bed, securing my other leg and arm to the bedposts. My legs are opened wide; my lips bloom like the open petals of a flower. He stands between my legs, taking a second to appreciate his bound slave. His hand cups the pink patches he painted on my ass. A finger trails across my glistening pussy lips.

“I want to hear your screams. I want to know that you love your Sir’s cock buried inside of you.” He smashes his warm body against me, jamming himself in with no resistance. I am

wet, so very wet, and it's hard to ever remember a time that I gushed like this.

He wraps his hands around my knees, burying himself balls-deep into the wettest slit he's ever been in. Another buzz rips through the dungeon, but Sir closes his eyes and thrusts. Short, powerful jabs transition to long, severe strokes, leaving me gasping and then crying out from each unforgiving attack.

He rubs his thumb against my clit. His violent thrusts force his thumb to press my button repeatedly. The double-teaming of my sex is more than I can handle. Bound and unmoving, I can only submit to my intense contractions.

"You... may... come..." he says with a tight voice.

I barely hear him over my cries. His cock hits the sweet spot deep within me. I can't hear the buzzing of his phone anymore, just the slap of his body against mine and his ferocious grunts. This new man, this seductive king who seeks to dominate me, is unlike any other I've met before. I can't deny that I want to give myself completely to him—even if he chooses his money over me in the end. My tightening core yields to his raking cock. I throw my chin back and scream.

Sir slams into me a few more times before his explosion weakens him. He hangs onto my legs as sweat streams over his naked chest. My limbs tremble and my dry throat yearns for a drink. I never thought a mind-blowing orgasm was possible for me. Sex was great with Chase before, but now, it's truly incredible. The smallest smile breaks on my lips, reassuring him that a second chance is possible. I hunger to explore these new roles. I want to know everything about my new Dom. I want him to break my will and make me serve him.

He exits me and lays his naked chest on mine. His sweaty palm corrects the matted hair at my hairline. He looks at his new submissive with the same hunger to learn everything about me.

“My little one,” he whispers as he strokes my face.

His lips touch mine with gentle probing. When he’s had his taste, he retreats with a small smile lighting up his best features. He unties my legs and rubs feeling into them with a brisk massage and then tends to my wrists. He kisses each wrist and checks for bruising.

I lazily gaze at the ceiling as he pulls away. Maybe we can make this work after all. Maybe through domination and submission, we can forge a new relationship. Maybe I am enough for him now.

Clicking sounds kill my fantasies. I twist my head to the noise. Chase types a message on his phone, his smile growing. He finishes typing and beams at me.

“We’re going to close the biggest deal in our company’s history. We’re buying out our biggest competitor.”

My heart sinks but I can hardly kill his joy. I smile sadly. “That’s great.”

I instantly regret encouraging him. He types another message and heads to the bathroom. When he can no longer see me, my smile drops. What will it take to get Chase Callister’s attention? He couldn’t moderate his work in the past, and it consumed him. I left because I was neglected. I couldn’t be Mrs. Chase Callister, not in the way the media would have liked me to be. I valued my dreams and privacy. Chase wouldn’t put his ambitions aside for me. What a fool I am to think he changed!

Stark naked, he strolls back into the bedroom. His spine seems straighter than before. He is a magnet of power, consuming other businesses and consuming me.

“Come, little one.” He waves me to the head of the bed. He lies down, gesturing me to lay my head against his chest. I cuddle up to his side and rest my hand over his chest hair. “You may be here for three days, but you need to rest before we play again.” He kisses the top of my head. “I’m happy you’re here, Rachel.”

I respond by wrapping my arm around his torso, stuffing my nose into his side. I don’t bring up my wish for him to retire. It pains me that he considers my submission a victory—he thinks he can keep both me and his work. Drowsiness makes it difficult to strategize my next move. Sir calling me *little one* is awakening strong emotions. I need his tenderness as much as I need his firm direction. I need this in my life.

But one thing is for certain: he will have me or he will have his company by the end of these three days...

...assuming he doesn’t win me over first.

2

Past the tall windows of the dining room, the lake shimmers in the afternoon sun. A boat speeds in the distance. With passive interest, I watch it cut through the water. I shift my weight on the kitchen island stool. Sitting is an interesting struggle. Memories of being over his knees and bound to the bed heat my face.

I rest my flushed head in my cool palm and periodically bring a bottle of sparkling water to my lips. As much as the serene lake offers to still my thoughts, my mind travels to Chase's tender care after the rough scene. We cuddled for some time, and then I fell asleep. When we awoke from our nap, he urged me to shower and rest while he took care of some things (which I assumed meant *business* things).

I hear a voice in the foyer followed by the front door closing. Chase enters the kitchen, raising a plastic bag.

"Thai food."

"Mm." My stomach rumbles with a hunger spasm. I flick my eyes to Chase then drop them to the polished kitchen island. It has been harder to look him in the eye since he spanked, fucked, and owned me. Though he's Chase and no longer Sir, I'm disappointed the scene is over. The grumbling of my stomach, however, demands to be satisfied first before I request more playtime.

He sets the bag in front of me and dashes to the cabinets for plates. He whisks a couple from a stack and sets them

before me. He looks down at his pocket and checks his phone even though I didn't hear a buzz. He's done that once or twice since this morning. Sooner than later, I'll have to confront him, even if his choice to stay at his company leads to disappointment.

Pocketing the phone again, he unknots the bag and rips open the containers. He sets a clamshell box in front of me.

"Pad Thai for the lady."

"I don't remember telling you what I wanted."

"But I remember that's all you ever ordered."

I inhale the nutty aroma of the twisted noodles. My stomach spasms again. I dig two forks into the pile of noodles and transfer a heap to my plate. Chase sits on the stool next to me and rips open the lid of a tall container.

"What did you get?" I nod toward his plate.

"Guess," he says with a smile.

"Massaman curry." I roll my eyes and dig into my noodles. He chuckles and spoons rice from a take-out box. I guess some things don't change. Not me. Not him.

He sets his phone down next to his plate, taking another peek at it before dumping the curry onto the rice. I twirl my fork into my noodles, contemplating as I watch him. He's different from his dominant persona. Relaxed jeans and a sweater rolled at the elbows transform him into Chase Callister. Drawstring capris and a lightweight blazer over a tank top make me Rachel again. Here we are, side-by-side, looking like any other couple. I bite my lip, watching him wolf down a large bite to remedy his sexual exhaustion. Before I

can say anything, he checks his phone and then sets it down again.

I squirm on the stool. He doesn't notice my struggle to sit. That's a shame. I want him to scold me for not staying still. Before I ask for more rough play, I have to know if Chase is committed to being my dominant. I sigh and lift a forkful of noodles to my mouth. "You were saying something about a deal?"

I shove in an inappropriately large bite but I'm ravenous from our scene. If he's on board, I'll need the fuel to prove to him that I am ready to be his submissive.

Chase nods as he stabs a potato with his fork. "An acquisition. We're spending several billion but what we stand to make would—" He frowns at his plate.

"Would what?"

His voice drops to a hush. "It would make me the wealthiest man alive."

Our eyes catch and hold. For someone who should be thrilled, he seems more lost than anything. He breaks the stare and pokes at his curry instead.

"I know you don't like hearing about it," he says. "That's how I lost you the first time."

I'm not sure what I could say. Do I enable him or gently prompt him to give up everything he worked for?

I dig my fork into the noodles. "What do you want, Chase?" I ask and take a bite, letting strong feelings be tempered by comforting noodles.

He stares across the kitchen, thinking it over.

“What do I want?” he repeats as his eyes sweep the kitchen back and forth. “Everything. I want everything.”

He scoops up his curry, eating quickly to ignore his turbulent emotions. Silence holds for a while as we choose food over talking. It’s not until I devour half of my meal before I think about our situation again. Even after a ten-year break, sitting next to him feels natural, like we were meant for each other. But...

Having a taste of his dominance and explosive orgasms now leaves me cold and hungry in this vanilla exchange. I want more. I want to explore it all. I want to selfishly consume his dominant energy.

I set the fork down and look over. He shoves curry into his mouth and types a message on his phone. Goddammit, Chase! I should walk away...

Or I can experience BDSM in all of its glory and take my wisdom to another Dom.

I study the masculine angles of his face and sculpted muscles even his sweater can’t hide. I guess I want everything too. I want what I can’t have. And I want him.

God, this is a mistake.

I set my napkin on the counter and twist my body to him. My knees brush his leg but he barely moves from his phone. My hand slides across his thigh, traveling north. The forkful of curry doesn’t make it to his lips.

“What do you think you are doing?” his voice rumbles.

A mischievous grin twists my lips. Pleasurable aching flares in my abdomen and warms my neck. My hand covers his crotch. The beast responds to my touch, meeting me with

hard swelling. Chase clears his throat and sets his fork and phone down. He rests his head against his propped elbow. His pursed lips and cocked brow warn me that I am being too forward.

“I asked, what do you think you are doing, little one?”

“I want more, Sir.” My fingers wrap over the bulge running down his thigh. A yawn catches me by surprise and I cover it with my other hand.

“I don’t think so, young lady. You’re tired. You’ve had enough.”

“No...” I shake the yawn away.

“Now, you’re being a very naughty girl.” His hardness peaks. I rub it regardless if I’m breaking the rules or not.

“But I want you to push my limits.” I stroke him faster. “I want more... a little more pleasure, a little more pain, and a little more of your cock...”

His eyes harden but his breathing grows shallow. I sneak a peek at the bulge growing in his pants. He takes my wrists in his hands, capturing them together in front of my face. He reads my eyes.

“You are new to this. We have to take it slower.”

My bottom lip swells into a pout. And I got him, hook, line, and sinker.

“But...” His eyes fall to my breasts. “But you only have three days before you leave me.”

I flinch at the finality of his statement. He’s planning to let me go all along. His words might feel like a stab in the chest, but the tender lips that meet mine are caring. His lips open

me up. His tongue tangles with mine. He pulls back, studying me up and down.

“I’m not pushing you too hard tonight. You’ll need your energy for tomorrow.”

Ignoring his phone and half-eaten plate, he looks at me like I am the only thing in the world that matters to him. I ruin the moment as another yawn rips my jaws open.

He *tsks* as his knuckles caress the side of my face. “Poor, over-used submissive.”

Before I know it, he has me in his arms. I throw my hands around his neck. He looks down at me, eyes savoring me like a treat.

“You are not allowed to walk, little one. You do not have permission to use your legs until midnight.”

He carries me from the kitchen and to the staircase. My breath catches in my chest as I stare up at him. The way he looks down at me, I’d like to think he sees me as his lover and not another asset that increases his net worth.

At the dungeon, he unlocks the door with his fingerprint. He nudges the knob and kicks the door open. Blackout curtains hide the late afternoon sun but the sconces give the room a familiar, seductive glow. Eager to try everything in this room, I refamiliarize myself with key items—the spanking bench, the long cage, the pillory, the cross...

He crosses the room to the bed where he strips off my blazer and gently lays me down. His knuckles stroke my face.

“You were a good submissive today. You will be rewarded as long as you obey.”

I can't help but grin. My smile is contagious; his wicked smirk makes my heart beat faster. Sitting next to me, he untucks my tank top from my pants and pulls it over my head. His strong arms haul me up, chest-to-chest, as he slips off my bra. Laying me back down again, he pins my wrists against each other, trusting that I will keep them there without ties.

He shuffles downward, lining up his lips to my nipples. He kisses one tenderly and opens up his lips. His tongue grazes the sensitive node, sending shivers down my spine. He nips the pebbled nub, first gently and then aggressively. I tilt my head back, losing myself in lovely feelings.

He breaks away just long enough to shed my underwear and pants. He orders my knees up and spread. I open my slit to him, and his fingers brush my clit. His tongue and teeth find my nipple again, swirling the bud. He tastes my other nipple as his fingers find my puddled pussy. His teeth feast on one nipple while his fingers pinch the other. Two fingers stroke my dampened cavern steadily. The sensations overwhelm me.

"Oh, god—"

A sharp pinch to my nipple disciplines me from speaking out of turn. I gasp as my pelvis flutters, yearning for more pain.

Sir lifts his head but he continues thrusting into me. "I know what you need, little one, but I want to hear you tell me yourself."

Sweat beads at my hairline. I relieve my parched throat with a gulp. "Sir, I need nipple clamps."

The stroking stops as he considers how hard to push me. I only have three days if he doesn't entertain my conditions. I'm not letting him have complete control!

“Please, Sir, my nipples need to be punished.”

My words flush color from his face. His breathing stills as he gapes down at me. He leaps off the bed and to the wardrobe. From a drawer inside, he fists a pair of chained clamps. A spasm of pleasure rips through my pelvis as I watch him adjust the rubber-tipped vises. When he opens the clamps to his liking, his teeth find my nipple again. Hostile nibbles harden the node. Gentle licks prime it for pain. He holds me to his chest as he draws the clamp close.

“Breathe, little one.”

I gulp in a lungful of air and expel it in a shaky huff. The bite of the clamps startles me. Sir quickly gathers me against him, whispering in my ear.

“Good submissive.”

I whimper as I blink away tears. The pain is worse than I expected and refuses to settle. I draw into myself to combat the misery. Deep breaths harden my resolve. I want more. I need more. His concerned eyes read me, but before he can end the scene, I speak up.

“More, Sir. Please, more.”

His lips draw together. He studies me more intently, yet eventually, he readies the other clamp. He nibbles harder on my other nipple. Just a touch of the clamp makes me jerk back but his strong arm holds me close. I calm down, allowing the clamp’s jaws to open around the nub. Searing pain tears through my breast as it snaps shut. He pulls me against him, forcing my head into his chest. He smooths my hair as I whimper into his shirt. For minutes, he cradles me as the pain mellows.

Pulling my hair behind my ear, he warms the side of my face with his hot breath. "Do not top me from the bottom like that again."

My pulse thuds as he pulls me up from the bed. The chain at my breasts swings and punishes me with each step from the bed to the closet. The trifold mirrors in front of the spanking bench catch my attention first. In the reflection, I see a Dom handling his chained submissive.

"Put your hands on the bench."

Timidly, I set my hands on the padded leather though my pussy drips at the thought of more punishment. He opens the shuttered doors of the walk-in closet. I pull my hair from my face and sneak a peek at the mirrors. The reflective images of me bent over with tit clamps cramps my pelvis. Sir flits back into the room, a leather paddle wrenched in his grip.

"You were disobedient and demanding, little one. You've earned yourself three licks with the paddle."

Sir lays the cool paddle against my bottom. I whimper, bracing for the pain. But do I use the safeword? My aching, damp pussy tells me that I will be fine.

"Look at me in the mirror," Sir says. "Watch me as I discipline you. It will turn you on. I want you wet when I take your pussy."

Spellbound by his dominance, I twist my head toward the mirror. His hand clamps onto my back. I look him in the eyes as he aims the paddle and pulls back. As I watch the paddle swing forward, I buck my hips to avoid the hit.

The paddle finds me anyway.

"Ow!" I suck in air through my teeth.

“Back in position!” Sir barks. I quickly comply, watching him in the mirror once again. He switches the paddle to his other hand and his open palm hooks back.

“You—” *Smack!* “—will—” *Smack!* “—stay—” *Smack!* “—still—” *Smack!* “—when—” *Smack!* “—I—” *Smack!* “—discipline—” *Smack!* “—you!”

The stinging smacks catch my bottom no matter how much I wiggle. His nostrils flare as he points to the bench. “Try that again. We’re starting over.”

I angle my ass out immediately. Wide-eyed, I watch him in the mirror reposition the paddle. The smooth leather aims for one cheek.

I jerk at the fiery strike but reset my position immediately.

The paddle glides over the other cheek. He checks me through the mirror’s reflection, as if I will bolt again. He pulls his arm back.

The hot kiss of the paddle stings.

“Ouch!” The soreness has nothing on the throbbing down below. I brace myself for the last strike as he positions the paddle again. The hardness in his eyes falls. His gaze is thoughtful, as if he’s impressed by my resilience. He’s beginning to see me as the submissive he wants me to be. I break character with a reassuring smile—whatever I can do to communicate that I want this. He acknowledges my smile with a nod as he holds the paddle against me. He loses himself for a moment, thinking something over with intense scrutiny, and then his eyes find mine once more.

“Tomorrow, I will work you harder. You would like that, wouldn’t you, little one?”

A grin finds its way back on my lips again. "Yes, Sir."

He hums as he caresses my cheek with the paddle and lifts it away.

The last smack kisses me violently, but I do not move and I do not yell. I moan in ways that would make a porn star blush.

He stands very still as he stares at my backside but that doesn't last for long. He chucks the paddle and whirls to the nightstand. Condom retrieved, he's back and undoing his belt. He drops his pants and boxers and unrolls the condom on him with fierce urgency. He grips my hips and shoves himself in. Nerves tingle throughout me from a single thrust. I barely have time to register the sensations when he thrusts again.

My fingers curl over the padded leather as his next rapid thrust threatens my balance. He wraps his arm around my waist to keep me upright. His pounding strengthens. Intense spasms overtake me. My gasps become grunts, and grunts become yells. He clamps his hand over my mouth, but he doesn't scold me for screaming. The noisier I am, the harder he charges my pussy.

My bucking head makes it difficult to watch the fucking through the mirrors. I see flashes of wildly swinging nipple clamps, reddened flanks, and a hand restraining my lips. Between muted screams, I grab at his naked thighs, pulling him closer for faster, harder contact. Pressure builds like it never has before. I scream as a gush pours around his cock.

His fingers tighten around my mouth as his body jerks closer. His strength pulls me away from the bench and up against him while he grunts his release deep inside of me.

He pins me tightly against him, his naked thighs crushed against mine. My head falls back against his chest and my eyes close. I deeply inhale his expensive cologne mixed with musky sweat. When I open my eyes, the floor spins beneath me. I smack his naked thighs, warning him of what I can't verbalize. He pulls me tighter and exits me just in time to catch my slumping body.

He sighs. "We overdid it."

I make a disagreeable noise. "I want more..."

He snorts as he carries me and lays me on the bed. The call to sleep beckons, and I snuggle on my side, heeding the drowsiness. He opens the clamps for my raw nipples to air out.

"You'll have me tomorrow, little one." He kisses my temple. "I will return shortly. Rest."

I'm far too tired to think about my conflict with Sir. After I rest, I'll determine how far I want to dive into BDSM. A taste of this lifestyle forces me to want the whole meal. I only have a full day and a morning left to explore every fantasy.

The last thing I feel is Sir pulling me to him after he cleans up. His warm body spoons me, making me feel safe and protected. Before I enter the dream world, I envision life as Chase Callister's 24/7 submissive. The more I think about it, the more I want it.

And that's going to be a problem.

3

A morning shower patters against the windows and coaxes me awake. The dungeon's dim lighting keeps me drowsy as my senses slowly awaken. Chase's steady, shallow breathing gives sound to the quiet room. As I gently sit up, a throw blanket falls farther down my naked body. Chase is on his stomach, head buried into his arms, consciously far away from this place.

I have an urge to run my nails through his hair and stroke his body. The blanket covers part of his deliciously naked ass. I get an eyeful of his nicely molded back muscles. Carefully, I fold over the blanket and pad over to the window. I pull the curtain to the side, seeing a gray sky and a lake surface pummeled by a million droplets. What if I woke up to this every day for the rest of my life?

Chase is still in the deepest of slumbers. Climaxing hard, twice, takes a toll on his body. I smile down at him until a glint of silver on the nightstand catches my eye. His phone. I sigh at it as I put my hands on my hips. He just can't take a few days off. My company is worth far less, but I vowed to keep my mitts off my phone for three days. I'd do it for him, but can he do it for me? Of course, he's in the midst of a huge deal which complicates my boundaries. Am I selfish? Or are my feelings valid?

I slip across the room and quietly open the dungeon door. Naked in the hall, I sneak to the room that I was supposed to stay in and open my luggage.

No, I don't want to be that woman trying to change the man I love. But stubborn pride is a curse upon all humans of any gender. The need to prove myself as the most irresistible submissive he'd ever known taunts me. If *only* I was a better submissive, he'd give me the world. It's an irrational thought, but hope tempts me.

Toting necessary items to the attached bathroom, I turn on the shower to an enticing, hot spray. Staring at my smudged makeup in the sink mirror, I scowl at my unadorned body. I miss the nipple clamps decorating me. I twist to view the bruises on my ass left by the paddle and his hand. Seduced by greed, I will ruthlessly take as much of this lifestyle as I can get.

I step into the wide shower to ready myself for day two. A rainfall showerhead kisses me with soft, steamy drops. Another angled nozzle pelts me with the right amount of messaging power. The heat relaxes my restless rumination. All I have now are memories of yesterday teasing me, making me voracious for his cock.

I inhale the humid air and tilt my chin up to the spray. Yesterday's scenes drift in my mind. I see Sir carrying me up to the dungeon to use my body for his own pleasure. I see him paddling me as I'm bent over the bench, clamps dangling. I see him slamming into me, his hand wrapped over my lips, muting my feral screams.

My aching clit demands to be played with. I snag the handheld showerhead and drop it low. The harsh jet tickles my clit. I pant while I punish my node with a steady stream. I close my eyes, seeing Sir catching me in the act of playing with his property. In my fantasies, he rips open the shower

door and drags me out. He takes me to the jetted tub in the corner and props his leg up on the edge as he throws me over it. His palm speaks for him, smacking me swiftly and firmly until I'm squirming with pain and desire. Then, he'll bend me over and pound my pussy, claiming it as his.

I slap a hand to the shower wall, bracing myself as moans rip through my lips. If only Sir knew what his little one was doing a few bedrooms down. I'm tempted to scream out, call his attention, make him come and deal with his naughty submissive. The hot jet of water piercing my nub doesn't give me a choice. I arch my back and cry out. Contractions make me bear down on the hot stream, over and over.

Bent over, I hang onto the wall as the orgasm mellows me. So far, I haven't heard Sir charging in with a scolding for touching *his* property. I'm sad to think that he's still asleep. I put up the showerhead as I form a wicked plan. I'll have to subtly inform Sir about my infraction this morning.

The hot shower is a perfect start to a long day of racy, hot sex. I wash my hair and shave my legs, taking all the time I need to do it flawlessly. I turn the water off and peek out of the shower to search for Sir. He's still not here.

I shrug and step out into the swirling steam. I want to look good for Sir and pamper myself accordingly. As the sink mirror defogs, I stare at myself, wondering if I can be a future resident of this house. I can easily move my company remotely, but can I stand to be Mrs. Chase Callister, his constantly ignored submissive? Can I handle the press getting into our business? I was happy living humbly, but life got lonely when the dating pool thinned.

Shame on me for telling former boyfriends that I used to date Chase Callister. Things became awkward... egos inflated. Even after I stopped revealing my dating history, Chase was always in the back of my mind (or in the top story of my newsfeed). No matter how much distance I kept from him, he always found a way to stay in my life.

I get to work blow drying my hair and applying only the sluttiest makeup. If I can get Chase to actually pursue me, then I need to look like I want it. But what do I wear?

As I hang my towel, I give my naked reflection a second look. It seems that I am appropriately dressed for being his submissive.

I creep into the hall and peek my head into the dungeon. The rain has let up and sunshine breaks around the heavy curtains. He's still a lump in the bed, his breathing heavy and steady. I tiptoe to his side of the bed, gazing down at a delightfully naked man. I wish I could stroke his hairline and reassure him that I'm here and he won't ever have to be alone. If only we can have that fairy tale ending.

But maybe we can if he sees that I'm committed...

I slink backward and drop my knees to the soft carpet. I pull my arms behind my back and lower my chin. I am going to be his submissive—and he's not going to stop me.

He stirs and then pushes himself up, blinking around the dungeon. I hide my eyes with a bowed head. Sir reaches for his phone but soon drops it. In my lowly view, I see his legs dangle off the side of the bed. Restraining my mischievous smile is difficult. I'm sure he likes what he sees, but I can't confirm yet if he's hard.

He bends over and pets the side of my face. Hand cupping my chin, he lifts my face up. Bedhead hardly puts a dent in this man's attractiveness. A pleased smile lifts his lips, and yes, he's hard.

"Do you want to play, little one?"

"Please, Sir."

"So polite..."

By my chin, he lifts me until I'm standing. His lips cover mine, exploring me deeply, as his hardness prods my stomach. He wraps his arms around me, locking me into his hold. Yesterday's memories fan the flames of passion. I try to pull my head back but he presses me against him until he is finished gorging on me. When he lets me catch my breath, he scrutinizes my heavy eyeliner and cherry-red lips. With his thumb, he wipes a smudge of lipstick off of my bottom lip.

"We will play after breakfast."

Sir leads me across the room. We stop at the long cage as high as his waist. With a flick of the latch, the door swings open.

"In."

I chew on my bottom lip instead of obeying, though I trust he won't leave me locked up indefinitely. He gives me an encouraging rub on my bare shoulder, a contradiction to his strict personality yesterday. Soft kisses to my neck allay my concerns. He eases me back into this lifestyle with gentle prodding. I breathe deeply and crawl into the cage with a cushy pleather base. As soon as my feet clear, the cage door swings closed. I tightly turn and crawl back to the door as he shuts the latch and locks it with a few sinister clicks. He

squats as I take the bars up in my hands, pressing my face against them.

“The safe word is still red.” He flips the lock to show me its underside. “There’s a safety release in case of an emergency. I expect you to behave in here while I get ready for the day.”

From a dog’s point of view, I watch his legs disappear through the dungeon door. I cluck as I study my bare accommodations. There is nothing for me to do but wait. The sounds of running water down the hall keep me company in the meantime. I might as well lie down in case this man takes his time getting ready. I rest my body on all fours then get tired of that and curl up on my side. The pleather is chilly. Though the morning shower frosts the outside, the temperature is perfect inside and I soon get used to the cool leather. I hold myself patiently as my clit throbs. I could get turned on by the thought of being locked up, but the reality is, I’m bored.

His phone buzzes, and I shoot it a sour look. Can’t everyone leave Chase alone?! No, whoever you are—he’s mine today! I may only have him today and tomorrow, and you’re not taking Sir away from me!

I twist onto my back as I envision dumping his phone into the lake. What would Sir do to me if I indulged in my evil plans? Tie me to the cross and flog me? Force me to sleep in this cage tonight? Deny me permission to walk? Paddle me while bound to the bench?

Each fantasy intensifies the throbbing down below. I check the doorway but he’s still showering. Snickering, I drop a nail to my clit, touching what is forbidden. I’ve already disobeyed him earlier, so I’m already in the dog house—er, puppy cage.

Planting my feet against the sides of the cage, I stroke myself. Eyes closed, I listen for Sir as I pleasure myself without permission. I shove a finger inside, then two, imagining Sir's cock thrusting into me.

Another buzzing rips through the room.

"Seriously?" I throw my hands up and flip over. With a death grip on the bars, I glare daggers at his phone. How am I going to compete with his business? Reality slaps me in the face. I lost the battle before. Billions of dollars won against me. I'm not that special.

I think back to when we were in college, broke and in love. He gave me a cheesy promise ring from a coin-operated vendor and told me nothing would come between us. Ever. That was two weeks before a VC discovered his company. He wasn't the same since.

I cradle myself, nursing the hurt of past promises that never panned out. Our family and friends thought we would be together forever. We lived the story of college sweethearts committing way too fast...

Coming back to reality, I realize I haven't heard the shower in some time. Not even five minutes later, the smell of his soap wafts in. Barefoot and in jeans, Sir swipes something from a wall shelf and crouches at the cage. I lower my eyes respectfully as he unlocks the door with a key and then flicks his hand toward the room.

"Come on."

He scoops me up in his arms when I crawl out. His hair is a little damp but tamed. His simple, white tee feels soft against my naked chest. His arrogantly crooked brow sends my pulse rampaging.

“Good girl waiting for your master.” Sir pets the back of my head and presses me against him. He swoops in for a knee-bending kiss. I press my palms to his chest, letting his demands be satisfied. His hardness prods my stomach shamelessly, but he’s patient waiting for the right moment to take me. We have all day, and we need to pace ourselves.

His phone buzzes again but he doesn’t move for it. Ignoring the incoming messages, he takes another minute to taste me. He lifts his head back when he’s had his fill. A smug look is painted on his raised brow and hooded eyes.

“You’ll need fuel for today’s strenuous activities.”

He catches my wrist and leads my naked self downstairs to the kitchen. Outside the dining room windows, low clouds roll over the lake. A drizzle gives the thirsty earth a drink. It’s a good day for staying inside for seductive, rainy day activities. Fortunately, that’s the plan anyway. Sir leads me past the breakfast bar to a large pillow that was placed on the floor sometime last night. He seems to have today’s agenda planned out.

“Kneel.”

I sink my knees into the fluffy pillow resembling a dog bed. Expecting to hold a submissive position, I lay my wrists on top of each other behind my back. Sir whips into action in the kitchen. His first objective takes him to the coffeemaker where he tosses in a pod. Soon the aroma of java has me salivating for my coffee habit. He fixes up a mug and sets it down on the floor in front of me.

“Sugar and French vanilla creamer. You have ten minutes to drink it.”

He remembered my favorite creamer! Warm, hopeful feelings make me feel fuzzy. This is a good sign for day two. "Thank you, Sir," I purr.

His hurried stride takes him to the fridge. I lift the mug to my chin. Steam warms my face. I'll have to be kneeling to drink my coffee but I'll do it. Like every other American, I'm obsessed with caffeine. Just give me my morning cup of Joe and we're all good.

Sir flips a pan off of a rack and sets it on the stove. My brows pitch up. He's going to make breakfast?! This billionaire? I suspect he wants me to believe that he's the same old Chase making me chocolate chip pancakes every Sunday morning. When he pulls chocolate chips from the pantry, my heart sinks. Oh, he's really trying to win me over... and not by giving me what I truly want. I roll my eyes and sip at my coffee. Is he ever going to listen?

I cringe as he pulls out more ingredients. A sugary breakfast was cute when I was twenty. At thirty, carb overload isn't my cup of tea anymore. I don't dare speak out of turn. I'll choose to be grateful that Sir is cooking me breakfast. Progress... I guess.

As I drain my coffee, he manages a few pans of bacon, eggs, and a growing stack of pancakes that I doubt he will touch himself. When he splits the plates (and I notice the stack of pancakes goes directly to mine), he sets them on the breakfast bar and pours us cups of orange juice.

Ignoring me, he sits on the stool next to the pillow. Great. I hope I don't have to eat like a dog. But when he cuts into the stack of pancakes and holds a forkful to my face, I scrape the triangle stack off of the fork. Melty chocolate coats my tongue.

I chew as he picks up a rasher of bacon from his plate and takes half the strip with a single bite. His arms open up as he sweeps the countertop. I know exactly what he's looking for. He left his phone upstairs. But just as I think he's going to retrieve it from the dungeon, he sighs irritably and grabs his juice instead. Victory!

He might be missing his phone but feeding the both of us keeps him busy. Bites come down for me regularly. Often, he'll lower the glass of juice with a straw. Sometimes, he'll feed me a nibble of bacon or a bite of eggs then shove forkfuls down himself. I like to think he's loading up on calories for a long day of play. When my eagerness to accept the bites wanes, he reads my cues and lets me digest while he finishes his plate.

I savor the silent breakfast without the interruption of technology. What if every weekend morning could be like this? Damn him! Damn him for introducing me into this wonderful world of submission while he continues to be distracted by how much money he stands to make.

He clears his plate, turning on the stool as he drains his juice and coffee. He wipes his fingers on a napkin and tosses it aside, resting a hand on his hip.

"Little one," he calls abruptly. His tone puts me on high alert. "Were you a bad girl this morning?"

My pulse pounds visibly at my jaw. I can't even answer his question; my breathing is arrested with lust and fear.

"Did you touch yourself in the shower?"

How did he know?! I feel smaller by the second, yet my pussy drips like a leaking faucet.

"Answer me, little one."

His warning should not be tested. I whimper, giving myself away. I liked the thought of being busted earlier, but his tone sends chills shooting down my back. I'm in trouble, and I'm not sure I can handle it.

"Yes, Sir." I whimper louder. "I touched myself."

"Did you play with yourself in your cage?"

"Yes, Sir." My voice weakens. "I did."

He blows air through his nostrils and silently fumes at my violations. "Slut, did I say you may touch yourself?"

I recoil at the word. Flashbacks initiate my fight or flight response, and right now, it's set to fight. I grit my teeth and stare him down. "Red! Don't call me that again!"

His lips part as he mulls over his words. Eventually, he nods and hangs his chin to his chest. Like I'm a wild animal ready to bite, he carefully lowers himself to pick me up and guides my chin up to look him in the eyes.

"I am very sorry, little one. I failed to ask your permission to demean you. I'll refrain from that kind of language."

His apologetic lips take mine slowly, but I'm angry and not because I was called a slut. He is the Dom of my dreams *and* he respects my boundaries—he is almost perfect. Almost, because he may not give up his company for me. Again, damn him! My fingers curl into fists. He senses the tension in me and pulls back. The worry in his gorgeous eyes is more than I can bear.

"We can stop."

"No," I shake my head. "I'm okay. I promise."

He doesn't seem convinced and steps back. "Did someone hurt you?"

My flinch tells him a story that I can't verbalize right now. I hold my arms over my breasts and look away. There is a reason why I came back. Chase was safe. He always was. I can't say the same for every man I dated.

Sir grinds his teeth, glowering at a corner of the dining room. "If I had gotten my act together, then I wouldn't have lost you and you wouldn't have been hurt..."

Hope stirs within me, easing the pain of bad memories. I might actually have a chance if he regretted our break-up. But that far-off look means he's losing himself to guilt.

"Then, you can make it up to me, Sir, because I broke rules this morning and you're not doing anything about it."

His eyes widen and his jaw falls open. Now, he's treating me like a fragile doll. Not what I want. I crook my finger at my clit, taunting him with an innocent smile. His lips tighten together.

"Don't you do it. You know you're not allowed to touch yourself."

I raise my brow and inch my finger closer.

"If you touch yourself, you're getting a spanking immediately. You're already getting a paddling for disobeying me this morning."

I smirk, despite his threats. I'm having way too much fun now. He lands his fists on his hips, cocking his head ever so slightly.

"You'll be in serious trouble, little one."

Serious trouble? Sounds hot.

I flick my clit, giggling at his plummeting jaw. I'm not so giggly when he swiftly captures me and tows me to the dining

table. He pulls a chair out and smacks his bare foot on the seat, tossing me over his thigh. His stiffness pokes into my abdomen, and I like that he's hard and ready for action. I wrap my arms around his leg, staring out of the large windows in front of me.

His open palm rains down on my naked ass. I startle so severely that I nearly fall off of his leg. With a strong arm, he pins me at the waist, hardly missing a beat. Slaps echo in the dining room so fast that the claps blend together.

I gasp and struggle against his leg while the smacks light me up. I've woken the sadistic beast within him, and maybe this beast might sacrifice his greed and channel it into consuming me, and only me. I throw my hand back but it is wrangled and secured to my back.

"You—" *Smack!* "—will—" *Smack!* "—not—" *Smack!* "—brat—" *Smack!* "—me!"

I shudder, I squirm, and I vow that I will brat him more! So, this is how I distract Chase Callister from his work...

"You—" *Smack!* "—will—" *Smack!* "—not—" *Smack!* "—disobey—" *Smack!* "—me!"

"Ow ow...!" My yelps don't stop him. My wiggles don't stop him. *Smack smack smack* carries on until the man in charge decides that I had enough. The throbbing of my clit is unbearable, almost worse than the smoldering heat of my backside.

"You—" *Smack!* "—will—" *Smack!* "—not—" *Smack!* "—touch—" *Smack!* "—my—" *Smack!* "—property!"

I kick but that has no effect. He has me locked down in a spanking that doesn't seem to end. I hold out from using the safeword because I don't need it. I love this way too much.

“You—” *Smack!* “—will—” *Smack!* “—not—” *Smack!* “—top—”
Smack! “—from—” *Smack!* “—the—” *Smack!* “—bottom!”

I cry out as I flipped up to standing. He pulls my chin to his face; his eyes bore into me. Heat radiates from my neck and ass. Whimpers break through my lips. “Please... fuck me...”

He shoves two fingers into me roughly and pulls them out, testing my wetness.

“No. You are still topping from the bottom. You need to be punished first.”

His hand crawls up the back of my neck and knots my hair. Using my hair as a leash, he tugs me along, taking me past the kitchen and up the stairs. Knowing more punishment awaits, I can’t help but discretely smile. I’m finally getting the attention I’ve been craving from him all along.

He blows through the dungeon door. Lights flicker to life as he trucks me over to the spanking bench. He yanks my head back; his hot breath warms the side of my face.

“Bend over the bench, my naughty submissive.”

I grapple the A-frame, hoisting myself over the padded top. He tears open the curtains to let the morning light in and then passes the bed (and his phone) as he rips open the closet doors. He storms back out of the closet with a coiled cord hanging from his shoulder. His white-knuckled grip wrangles a small, wooden paddle which he deposits onto the chair. He snakes the cord around my ankles, lashing my spread legs to the frame. I rest my chin on the padded beam that splits my breasts down the middle. Through the trifold mirrors, I watch him knot the cord around my wrists.

Sir finishes the last knot with a tug and retrieves the paddle. He paces behind me, lips drawn together and a fire

illuminating his eyes. I stare at the powerful reflection of a submissive in bondage and a dominant ready to train her into servitude. The only thing that is missing from this steamy scene is a collar around my neck. What if I wanted to be owned by this man? What if he wants to collar me? Would I stay? Even if he wants to keep both me and his company?

“You wanted to be punished on purpose,” he states with a simmering calm. “Why?”

I should be careful about what I say while I’m bound and he’s wielding a paddle. But this power-tripping brat needs his attention.

“I like this, Sir.”

He hums and pulls in behind me, paddle raised.

A furious burn erupts over my left cheek. I gasp as pain and lust mix in the most pleasurable way. He’s not punishing me. No, he’s fueling my new obsession. My dripping slit yearns for his skewering rod.

“So, you like this lifestyle. You like being owned, controlled, and used. You like serving me and submitting to my discipline. You want to be my slave.”

His words are an incantation, offering to take me to a place where time and space don’t matter—only serving him matters. I won’t yield to its call. Not yet. If I submit, then there is no going back. I won’t be able to force his hand.

“I want to serve you, Sir.”

He smacks the paddle against the other cheek. I suck in my breath as the delicious sting prickles against my tender flesh.

He paces off toward the middle of the room, swinging his arms around. "For how long? How long do you intend to serve me for?"

He returns to the bench, his intense stare penetrating me. I let the question hang in the air, at first.

"I intend to serve you forever, Sir. Til death do us part."

Sir's mouth falls open. And of course, a familiar and annoying buzzing pierces the silent room. I sigh and close my eyes for a long second. He twists his head, eyes narrowed at his phone. After some time, he decides to ignore it and holds my gaze through the mirror.

"But you said I need to give up my company. Is that still true?"

I harden my stare, reaching deeply into his eyes, asserting myself with the strongest statement I can give him. "Yes, Sir."

Not a word passes his lips. He lifts the paddle away again, and the smack glances off my ass. I flinch, but my icy, determined stare lays into him. He raises the paddle again.

"And if don't resign, will you leave tomorrow?"

My eyes don't break from his. "Yes, Sir."

His emotionless gaze plays chicken with me. Without dropping his eyes, he swings the paddle into me again. I grimace from the sear of wood against my flesh, but I look him in the eye again. He brings the paddle back faster.

"I don't think you are truly sorry for touching yourself," he says. "You think this is a game."

The paddle comes back for me again.

"Ow!" I breathe and take in a lungful of air. "It's not a game, Sir. I'm serious."

“You haven’t even served me for a day. Do you not realize what you’re committing to?”

“I do, Sir.” But now I don’t want a ring on my finger. I want a collar around my neck.

He paddles me again.

My teeth gnash together. The pain is unreal... desirable... and calling me into the throes of subspace, but I disregard its summons. I can’t go there. Not until *he* submits to *my* demands. I open my eyes and squirm my hips. I need his domination, and I need his cock. But I can resist, for now.

“If I give up my company, how will I know you will stay with me forever? What insurance do I have?”

The crooked paddle waits for my reply. I blurt it out before I can stop myself.

“I love you, Sir. I always have.”

The hardness in his face softens. We stare each other down until he’s uncomfortable. He looks down at the paddle, twists it around, and then chucks it to the chair. He frees one limb after another, but if I think he’s going to scoop me into his arms and make love to me, I’m wrong.

He takes me to St. Andrew’s cross and twirls me against it. My heated, sore ass makes contact with the chilly steel. He cuffs my wrists against the frame and shackles my ankles.

Sir hustles to the nightstand and swipes his phone into his pocket without checking the screen. From the nightstand drawer, he collects a blindfold and nipple clamps and returns with the stride of a man on a mission. He tightens the blindfold around my eyes, putting my other senses on high alert. Aggressive pinches roll my right nipple impatiently. A

sharp pain explodes through my areola. My knees bend as groans roll through my throat. He pinches my other nipple hard, sending shockwaves through my core. As soon as my nipple hardens, the clamp bites me. I cry out, arching my back against the crossed frame.

His fingers claw into my flooded hole. Sir moans but pulls his hand away.

“I will return soon, little one.”

And just like that, he’s gone.

There he goes again, but this time, I do not worry. He’ll be back with more tests, and I will have a few of my own.

How do you get a powerful man’s attention? You defy him, and he’ll show you his true colors. And now I’m going to find out for sure just who Chase Callister really is.

4

I stretch my bound limbs the best that I can. I don't know how long Sir has left me here. Maybe minutes. My eyelashes flutter against the blindfold that keeps me in complete darkness. Whenever I flex my body, the chain on my clamps swings and tugs on my nipples. I stretch my wrists against the soft shackles, bringing feeling to my tingling hands.

Did he sneak away to work? His company is in the middle of an acquisition, but apparently, they don't need him to be physically there. Wouldn't they need the CEO present for a deal of this magnitude? When the scene ends, I'll dig for answers. That might give him the wrong impression, however, especially when I wanted nothing to do with his work before.

I curl my toes against the carpet and stretch my neck from side to side. This could be a long—

“You're being a good girl.”

Sir's voice startles me. He snorts when my jolt makes the cross clatter. The scent of his cologne strays my way, and soon, he pulls the blindfold from my eyes. I blink, settling my gaze on him. His eyes are wrenched to my breasts, enjoying my naked body on display for him. A smirk touches the corner of his lips.

“You need to be rewarded.”

My cheeks bloom pink. Sir removes me from my restraints and takes me to the metal pillory nearby. He breaks open the circles where my head and arms fit through.

“Get in.”

I don't know what fantasies are in his head but they have an effect on his cock. His erection strains against his pants. I hope it takes a deep dive into my pooling vag really soon.

I plant my hips on a support bar which bends me at my hips, giving him access to my bottom half. My neck and arms hover in the half-moon cutouts. He brushes my hair from my face, then with a snap, he locks the pillory in place. I rest my arms through the holes but find that I can't rest my throat against the hard metal plate. Sir returns to the closet. From this view, I get a peek at the closet's interior. Organized containers line wall shelves. I wonder when I can sneak into the closet for a closer look.

He gathers the items into his arms and strolls across the room. My eyes widen when I see what's in his hand. He pinches the base of the plug in his upturned hand so I can get a good look at its girth.

“It's the smallest one I have. As long as you behave, you'll enjoy this.”

Though I'm eager to try something new, I gulp long and hard at the butt plug. Anal is a mystery I've never bothered to explore before. He steps out of sight and places other items on a nearby shelf. My heightened senses pick up on a cap being flipped open followed by a spurt of gel.

“Stay still, little one. I won't force it inside of you. Trust me.”

“I do, Sir.”

“Good. Has anyone played with you like this before?”

“No, Sir.”

He sighs. "My poor submissive..." The rubbery tip of the plug spreads the warmed lube over my puckered hole. "All of these years, she's been condemned to vanilla sex..." He clucks and rests the tip between my ass cheeks and keeps it there. "She clearly has darker needs. Relax, little one."

I tense and then let my muscles go limp. The plug pushes in slowly until the tip is inserted. He rocks the tip in and out, each shove opening me up a little more. More lube is generously applied before he pushes the plug close to its widest point. I focus on the sensations of the stretch and the invasion. I don't balk at it; I welcome the new feelings.

Seeing that I'm taking the insertion well, Sir works the plug in and out one last time then firmly shoves it in. The plug rests in place, and now I want the double-teaming of his cock and plug filling me completely. Sir tests the base with a tug. The plug doesn't move much but the sensation sends chills through my body.

"You're doing well, little one. How does that feel?"

"Good, Sir."

He hums and shuffles through items on the shelf behind me. A package opens and other unidentifiable sounds reach my ears. I think I hear a cord being plugged into a wall socket. Soon after, a loud buzzing rips through the dungeon. I startle though the noisy instrument hasn't touched me yet. He kills the power and chuckles.

"Calm down. It's only an electric massager. Works beautifully when applied to a submissive one's clitoris. I enjoy watching their screaming orgasms."

My body shudders. The promises of a screaming orgasm have me throbbing in anticipation. He places a hand on the

small of my back.

“I don’t have time to properly train you to come on demand. You will warn me in advance. You do not have permission to orgasm on your own. The scene would end too early. It should go without saying, that if you come, I will apply punishment to these lovely, pink cheeks again.” He sighs. “But I’m afraid, you would like that, too.”

I bite my lip. I think I most definitely would.

A single finger strokes my slick nether lips and then taps my clit. “There it is. There’s the button that makes you squirm. I’m going to put this—” he presses the head of the massager against my clit, “—here. And then I will turn it on.”

I hear a click and the buzzing fills the silence, shortly followed by my screams.

“Oh, my god!” An intense pulse licks at my clit, more ferociously than any other vibrator I’ve used before. “Oh, my god, Sir!”

Sir laughs, obviously entertained by my helplessness. He swipes the vibrator just south of my clit, back up, and then applies the punchy oscillation directly to the *button that makes me squirm*. I scream again. He holds the massager steady, electrifying my pelvic floor with severe vibrations. Just as I think I’m going to lose to an orgasm, he strokes the massager up and down my folds. Each pass over my clit teases me. He holds the electric toy away and jams his fingers inside of me. He fingerfucks my gushing pussy for no more than a few seconds.

“Good girl. You didn’t come yet.”

I hang my head, panting and silently begging for a release. Squeezing my pelvic muscles strengthens the full feeling in

my bottom. The stimulation of my pinched tits, full ass, and attacked clit overwhelm me. Sir is cruelly baiting me into an orgasm—I steel myself against the barrage.

The massager returns to my node of pleasure, and my boisterous yells grow louder. I should tell him that my will to obey him is weakening, but I really need to come! He swipes the massager up and down, and as it nestles against my clit once again, an orgasm surges through me.

I yell out as severe contractions overtake my pelvis. Muscles tighten around the plug, intensifying the climax. Even though I disobeyed him, Sir presses the massager to me as I ride waves of ecstasy. When I go limp, he shuts off the toy and unplugs it from the wall. I groan when I realize I can't rest my fuzzy head, but that's not my main problem now.

"Please, don't paddle me, Sir..."

Sir inhales deeply through his nostrils. He ignores me as he strides to the closet where he removes an object hanging on the wall.

"I will not paddle you, little one."

But I don't trust his tone. He exits the closet, standing just outside of the doors, and slaps a strap against his palm. Uh oh.

Even after a tiring orgasm, my kinky needs rekindle a flame that refuses to go out. Who knew I could orgasm multiple times? Not that I ever had a lover invested in making that happen. Chase didn't before, but now...

I lower my eyes. I'm falling more in love with the new man he has become. What if this Dom/sub relationship turns out to be an illusion if I stay? What if he doesn't want to be my

master all of the time? What if I play second fiddle to his work all over again?

Like the universe is playing a cruel joke on me, his phone buzzes in his pocket as he's walking over. He doesn't reach for the phone but flicks the strap into his palm over and over. Can I trust that he is changing?

I don't have time to think right now because an angry Dom is wielding a strap and, I broke a rule. I tense up as he moves behind me, waiting for the kiss of leather. But first, he paints my cheeks with the strap, up and down, side to side, getting me acquainted with the unfamiliar implement. He caresses my folds with the crop, dips into my well of cum, and spreads the juices over my lips.

"I told you not to come, little one. Now, you will be disciplined."

"Oh!" I jerk from the smarting sting. Arousal builds again as my bottom tightens around the plug.

"Do you like the strap, little one?"

I suck in air as if my lungs desperately need it. "Yes, Sir. I like you taking control and teaching me to behave."

"Good answer."

He smacks the strap into me again.

"Ouch!"

"I thought you said that this is your first experience with BDSM. You're taking my domination well. You handle pain better than any other slave I've had, and you are very eager. Are you pushing your limits to impress me?"

The question throws me off. He's digging for something. He waits for my answer until his impatience gets the best of

him, and he whips me with the strap again. "I said, are you pushing your limits to impress me?"

Rather than test him, I give him an answer. "Yes, Sir, I am."

He exhales and cups my ass with his palm. "You're making a power play. For someone who doesn't want to be a billionaire's wife, you sure act the part." We let the silence build as we strategize our next moves in this game of chess. He folds first.

"Will you stay with me, little one?"

"Will you give up your company, Sir?" I fire back.

He doesn't answer and continues palming my ass. About a minute of silence passes, but I don't break. The ball is in his court.

"My little one doesn't ask for much, does she?"

Another cryptic message, but I'm not discouraged. I can hold out. We're not at day three yet.

"I like my feisty brat. She has spunk." He lays the strap on the shelf. I hear the rustling of fabric behind me and the zipping of his jeans. He comes around to the front of the pillory, stark naked. He rubs his shaft as he gazes at me. Arrogance twinkles his eyes. He's not ready to surrender yet, and neither am I.

"Training her would take longer than three days. It's what she needs. And only I can handle her. She's putty to one of the world's richest, most powerful men."

I say nothing. He's trying to win me over, but there's only one thing he needs to do and he's avoiding it. Nice try, Sir.

“Maybe she needs my cock in her. She needs to remember what she’s about to lose.”

He strokes himself as I stare on. So, he thinks amazing sex is going to keep me around, huh? Well, if I’m such a brat, then I’ll act like one. I turn my nose up at his antics. I can feel his offended vibe swirling around him like a tornado.

“That’s it, little one. I’m pounding your pussy into submission.”

Only when he moves out of sight do I smile. Sir unlocks the pillory and with a grip on my arm, leads me to the sex swing taking up the adjacent corner. He bends me over the swing to take me from behind. I grasp a horizontal support bar as Sir secures a condom and bolts back to me. He pulls me back by my thighs, lining me up with his horizontal rod. My dripping wet pussy glides over him to his base. His smooth thrusts free up frictional resistance.

My senses drift until all I can feel is his hardness devouring me. He holds himself inside of me until I figure out what to do. I pull myself forward with the bar, nearly coming off of him until he yanks me back onto his cock. I pull myself again, and he corrects me with a harsh tug backward. The double penetration of my plugged ass crowds his cock. His jamming vibrates the plug, throwing me into a whirlwind of heightened sensations.

I swing forward and he jerks me back until his primitive need to fuck me overpowers his free will. He controls the thrusts, faster and then harder. My nipple clamps swing violently, threatening to pinch off my nipples. The mix of pain and pleasure is too much to handle.

He gains speed. My unladylike grunts turn into cries of passion, and then screams. Feral, masculine grunts mix with mine, and the yells fill the room. He slams into me with a fierceness that says I'm a means to his end, and that my pleasure is second to his.

My pussy dribbles more with each severe hit. Thoughts slip away as I shift into another level of consciousness. I shriek when the violent storm in my core unleashes a torrent. He yells and pulls me quickly against him, twitching his cum deep into me.

His sweaty hands lose their grip on my thighs. He catches my hips instead as his lungs struggle for air. My head hangs between my shaky arms as the world spins around me. Gently, he pulls his cock from me and with soft commands, has me push the plug out while he carefully removes it. Both holes leave a space to be filled but he's quick to remedy the neglectful feelings. He lifts me up, and the back of my head falls to his chest. He holds me upright in his arms as a kiss touches the top of my head.

"Come here, little one."

With his arm holding me up, I stumble to the bed and flip onto my back, arms and legs spread like a starfish. As I drowsily stare up at the ceiling, he removes the clamps and then disappears into the bathroom. In my weary state, I half-listen to the sink faucet running as he cleans up the toys and himself. I don't know how he has the energy to clean, but when he staggers back in with hooded eyes and a soft expression, I know that he's been satisfied to the extreme. He collapses next to me, sighing deeply.

“Lay on me,” he commands. I cuddle up at his armpit, resting a leg over him. I lie there as his fingertips stroke my spine mindlessly. When a few minutes pass, I lift my head to look at him. His eyes sweep the ceiling, deep in thought. I’m making him think. Contrary to what he said, maybe he needs my pussy to remember what he stands to lose.

I steal his lips, taking the initiative whether I’m allowed to or not. The way he kisses back, he doesn’t seem to mind. I aggressively part his lips as my tongue tangos with his. When I’ve told him nonverbally how much I care for him, I settle back to his side as darkness sweeps me away for a nap.

5

I tuck my bare legs underneath me and toss my damp hair over my shoulder. I adjust my weight so my sore bottom doesn't have direct contact with the leather recliner. I'm seated mid-row in a line of five other recliners in Chase's private theater. Chase insisted on putting lunch together himself, leaving me wrapped in the plushiest robe ever. Now that the scene is over, I have my freedom back. After showering, I snatched my phone from my room. I'm not a hypocrite. I will still refrain from checking my inbox and replying to text messages even though an associate texted me with a "frantic" problem. I ignored it, patiently letting them work the problem out themselves. While I wait, I scroll through the news about Chase's deal.

He's been hiding things from me.

I check the doorway and then bury my nose in my phone, reading the article before he returns. Chase's absence had become a problem. The company Chase is buying worries that he isn't taking the acquisition seriously. They won't do business without the security that Chase is committed to his role.

The news has spurred other headlines: **Where on Earth is Chase Callister?**

I look at the doorway again. I know where this man is. He's hiding in Lake Tahoe, splitting his focus between me and his work.

I turn off my phone, giving my bottom lip a good gnawing. Is it unfair of me to demand his time at a critical moment? I shake away those thoughts. No, I deserve my boundaries, too. I compromised once, and we both lost. I flick my nails against my phone, losing myself deep in thought. As he ran soap over my body under the waterfall shower head, gently cleaning his *little one*, I avoided the nagging truth that all of this will end tomorrow.

I don't have time to plan my next move. Chase comes in through the doorway, arms filled with plates. I toss my phone to the recliner next to me.

"Little one," he says with a kind smile, "there are folding trays on the sides of the recliners. Put them up, please."

I hide my smile away from him as I position the tray's flexible arms. Dressed salad, cut fruit, and sandwiches piled high with deli meat grace our trays. Not the most elegant meal one would expect in a billionaire's home but he made lunch himself. The effort is appreciated.

"Sorry, it took me so long. I had to clean up breakfast, too."

He sets down drippy bottles of sparkling water and then kisses my damp head. "You have permission to eat on your own. Eat while I'll start the movie, love."

Love? Chase recovers from his faux pas by taking a sudden interest in his tablet. Out of the corner of my eye, I see him scrolling through his movie library. I turn my interest into the spread before me. Hungry from this morning's scene, I skewer my salad, making sure I get cranberries, walnuts, and chopped chicken breast into one bite. I'm going to need the sugar and protein for energy.

I peek back at his tablet, noting that he's selected a popular romance with BDSM elements. He catches my gaze. "We need ideas for tonight. You tell me when something piques your interest."

I swallow my bite, lowering my flushing head. "That might be too embarrassing, Sir."

"Then, I'll tell by the way you squirm what ideas you find enchanting."

Under his pointed look, I squirm on cue. He chuckles and dims the lights but allows enough for us to see our food—and so he can tell when I'm writhing with desire. As the opening credits start, I dig into my salad a little faster as he wraps his jaws around the sandwich with the same voracious energy.

The beginning of the movie plays on while we eat. We eventually set our plates elsewhere and lower the trays. I'm not invested in the movie. My eyes stare at the screen yet my focus is on the past. Our last argument plays in my head, recalling hurtful words we flung at each other. This is the most cooperative we've ever been. Maybe kink is what we needed all along, but I know I shouldn't be that ignorant.

Light catches my eye. Chase thumbs his phone. So much for the hope that he will put his company to rest. For as stressful as this acquisition is, he's been acting like it doesn't bother him but I see the worry on his face now... the knotting of his brows... the tightening of his lips. He flips the phone against his stomach, a glare distorting his handsome face.

"Fuck them..." he says so low that he thinks I can't hear him.

His phone buzzes wildly on his lap. He swipes it up, answering the call as he bolts from his seat.

“I can fly out tomorrow morning, but no sooner than that!” Chase storms from the room.

I sigh and hold my forehead in my palm, shaking my head at the screen. He doesn’t stray far from the room. I hear him admonishing whomever the caller is over the movie’s audio.

But...

...tomorrow?

Does that mean he isn’t going to abandon me tonight? Should I take this as a sign?

I sip my water, letting its coolness calm my inflamed emotions. Chase hustles back in, plops down in his seat, and throws a stiff arm around me.

“I’m sorry, little one,” he says with a tight voice and a hardened gaze toward the screen. His tense hand strokes my shoulder. “The board is in full-on panic mode. They’re not happy with me.”

“I’m sorry they are giving you grief.”

He rubs my shoulder less aggressively. “Thank you.”

I return my partial attention to the movie’s best sex scene, and I can’t care less. Even the movie’s steamy parts can’t save the mood, but I didn’t come here so both of us can stew.

I rub his thigh, slowly traveling to his groin. He tracks my hand as it narrows in on its target.

“What are you doing, little one?” The innocent question carries underlying tones of a scolding.

Finally, a beast rises from his slumber with a hard poke into my palm. “May I taste your cock, Sir?”

“You may.”

As I drop to my knees, he fidgets with his button and zipper then pulls his shaft out. My tongue traces his cock from base to tip where I cover him with gentle sucking. Ignoring the movie playing in the background, I fist him at the base and lick the exposed flesh up and down. I swirl around the tip while I pump him slowly.

Still stroking him, I untie my robe with my free hand. The robe falls open to reveal his naked submissive. His half-closed eyes naturally target my breasts. Lips wrapped around him, my moans create pleasurable vibrations. Slick with my spit, I glide over his meaty rod, taking him down to my throat. I look up at him as I rock my head. Sir grapples for the tablet, fumbling to pause the movie, and then tosses it aside. He throws his arms over the tops of the recliners and rests his titled head back.

The intense vacuum creates a popping sound when I pull off of him. "May I touch myself, Sir?"

"Yes," he answers breathlessly.

Squatting gives me access to my blooming lips and glistening node. I lick his shaft up and down as my nail flicks at my wet clit. Through his droopy lids, he watches as I explore the depths of my cave with one finger, then two. I pull them out sharply, making sure the sopping noise reaches his ears.

The way his lips frame an "o" and the way his body turns to putty motivates me to tap the syrup. I moan as I run my lips over him, faster and faster, hammering my slit in synchronization. I peek at him as he's lifting his phone to his face. I don't slow down. Determined, I rock my head faster.

"Stop."

My head falls back. I exhale so loudly that I'm surprised he doesn't notice. I remove my fingers and smack them irritably against my thigh. Sir doesn't even care that I'm throwing a fit. He squints at his phone and then pops out of the chair, swinging a leg over me.

"Wait for me in the dungeon. On the bed. Naked."

Without a look back at me, he hustles from the room.

"Fuck them," I whisper. The paused screen catches my eye. A submissive and her Dom are in the passionate midst of BDSM, where it is only him and her and nothing else matters. I guess that's why this movie is a fairy tale and real life is so much messier.

I pick myself up regardless and leave the theater for the stairs. I hear the front door close followed by other noises in the entryway. My heart isn't into snooping. The scolding I give myself ascending to the dungeon keeps me grounded. These three days were for fun, not commitment.

The dungeon door is cracked open. When I step inside, the sconces light a room I wish I had more time for. My flight leaves in the early afternoon, and I will have to be on it. But no matter how much someone may rationalize their feelings, reasoning has a poor track record of changing the heart. And right now, my heart weighs heavy with disappointment.

I toss my robe over the dresser and tussle my hair back. I lie on the bed with my knees pulled up. I want him to see my pussy when he enters. I want him to know what he'll be missing by tomorrow night.

The bottom of the dungeon door slides over the carpet. His chaotic vibe drifts into the room, adding more tension between us, but his steps are slow and cautious.

“Forgive me, little one.” He leans against the bedpost, arms crossed and face held softly. He’s masking his anxiety about the merger, but I can’t be fooled. “When I had you on the cross, I bought you a present. I just received the notification that it was delivered.”

I pull my head up curiously. That arrogant smile of his holds a sexy secret. And just like that, he’s reeling me back in.

“You will get it later. But first, my little one was trying to please me, and I got called away. I need to make it up to her.” He sits on the bed next to me. “I’m sorry I let my business get between us during your visit.”

Sweet words ring like an angel’s melody in my ear, but is he telling me what I want to hear? I strip my face of emotion, but that doesn’t stop the blush from breaking over my face. His crooked finger falls from my eyelashes down to my chin. He captures my lips with his. The gentle kiss teaches me about his tender side, since I already know about his domineering one. Both sides appeal to me, recklessly binding me to him. I close my eyes, trembling as he pulls back to look down at me.

His fingers fall over my hairline, tucking locks behind my ear. “Stay there, little one.”

He collects a blindfold from the dresser drawer. His tender yet confident smile is the last thing I see as he ties the soft blindfold around me. His fingertips find my jawline and then my lips where he softly pulls them apart with his thumb. He abandons my lips, tracing back over my chin and down to my throat. He slides to my pulse, feeling its raging thumping under his fingertips.

“I know what you need, little one.”

His fingers fall farther down my throat. I gulp in response to the chilling danger of his strong hand latching onto my throat, but that is not how this man elicits control over me. His sensual methods command my consent, and I willingly submit. His fingers brush over my sternum to a bare breast.

“You need to be controlled, disciplined, and enslaved.” He traces the outline of my breast, spiraling the areola to my nipple. “You are finally listening to your subconscious and responding to your sexual needs. I’m here now, and I will make those desires a reality.”

My back arches under his firm pinch to my nipple. Choppy breaths pass through my lips. He stills my ragged breathing with a deep kiss. As his lips rip mine open, his fingers trail from my breast, running lightly between my rib cage to my stomach and then to my belly button. His naughty hand ventures to the edge of my trimmed pubic hair. He digs into the curls, pinching them between his fingertips, then dashes to the side. He follows the triangle down my inner thigh. A chill bends my back more. His teeth capture my bottom lip in a gentle hold, not letting me squirm away.

His light touch crosses the terrain of my labia. My folds open as I draw my knees up. His finger edges the hole and paints my lips with my overflowing fluids. He draws from the well often, stroking my juices up to my clit and back down. He pulls the wetness further south in a tease toward my puckered hole before dashing back up.

I ignore the primitive need to bear down and capture his finger with my nether lips. His merciless teasing tests me, but even he can’t resist the temptation of a damp pussy. His

middle finger slides into me, and then his pointer finger joins. Two fingers stroke me until I'm moaning.

"I can give you what you need, little one." His hot breath blankets my ear and cheek. He sucks flesh below my jaw, nibbling the spot vigorously. "And I will commit to giving you what you need for as long as we both shall live."

I hear the symbolism of his words, but I am far too lost to respond. His fingers rake my insides faster. Tingling flows from my core to my fingers and toes. But as those good feelings build, he slows the pumping to a stop and then removes his fingers. After a quiet moment, his thumb brushes my cheek.

"Don't leave tomorrow," he says quietly. "That's an order."

I don't know what to say to that, but before I can respond he abandons the bed.

"Kneel, little one."

I pull myself up and spread my knees, laying my hands on my naked thighs. He removes the blindfold. I blink away the dark world and see his flushed, blissful face first. My breath catches in my chest when I notice what he cradles between his hands. The black ring of leather is unadorned—simple and unpretentious, just like me.

"I ordered this collar when I realized you needed my domination and guidance. And that's the moment I realized I can't let you go. Not again." His eyes fall to the collar. "I need you back, little one. You center me. You complete me. You're the only one who understands me." He holds the collar up and lifts his eyes to mine. "I always thought I would present a ring to you. You left before I could propose, so accept this

collar to enforce a relationship that is natural to us—my domination, your submission.”

My bottom lip trembles. I hold in the one question I am dying to ask. He reads that question on my face.

“I will resign from my company—”

My heart skips a beat. But...

“—after the acquisition.”

Good feelings plummet, barreling down so hard that I feel it crash in the pit of my stomach. I close my eyes as the sinking sensation tries to pull me under. If I compromise my boundaries once, I will have to compromise them again. This is how billionaires compete in the world, and I refuse to be conquered in that way.

“Red.” I open my eyes. Our gaze meets briefly, and then he turns his head away. His hands fall to his lap. The collar tumbles from his palms. “I can’t do that, Chase, and you know that. Shame on you for manipulating me.”

I fly from the bed and snatch the robe from the dresser. His pursed lips point in the other direction.

“I love you, Rachel,” he says with a frustrated edge to his voice.

“Then, prove it!” I tug on the robe. “Prove to me that I am not just an accessory to your wealthy lifestyle. I hated your ambitions, Chase, because it was never enough for you. I was always second to every deal that made you richer and richer. You didn’t care to protect my privacy when the press wanted to know who Chase Callister’s girlfriend was. You shrugged and said it was part of our lives now. I hated the thought of being a billionaire’s wife. I still do!”

I roughly tie my robe around me and cross my arms over my chest.

“You never pursued me, Chase, not like you did money. And that’s why you’ll always be alone. A real dominant takes care of his submissive. You are good at acting the part, but now, I know it’s all a lie!”

Chase stares off to the side with tightened lips and a set jaw. Eventually, his eyes close and the hardness eases. “You made your boundaries clear. Come back to the bed, little one. Let’s talk.”

I scoff. “No. And you’re not going to do a damn thing about it. My conditions are not up for negotiation.”

He sighs heavily. “Rachel—”

My anger spikes as I storm toward the door. “I’m leaving tomorrow, Chase. Thank you for the best sex I ever had, but I have to return to the life I made without you.” I yank open the door.

His resolve breaks as his shoulders dip further. “Please, come back.”

I hang onto the door handle and turn with tight lips and a lifted chin. “I’m sorry. I can’t serve a man who only serves himself.”

I slam the dungeon door behind me and stalk to my room, intending on leaving that bastard for good.

6

It's a shame because this truly is a gorgeous dress.

I smooth out the skirt of a summer dress that hits above the knees. The top reveals collarbone and teasing cleavage. The cream color and slim cut scream elegance and seduction. But I won't get to wear it for Sir as planned.

I cringe at my mistake. No, not *Sir*. Chase. Chase Callister. The billionaire who will die alone.

Staring at the floor-length mirror, I give the sad woman in the reflection an encouraging smile. This morning is sunnier than the last, promising me new adventures now that I can forget Chase for good. I hadn't seen him since I called the safeword yesterday afternoon. I hid in my room, not even emerging for dinner. I woke up ravenous and nabbed a muffin from the empty kitchen. He wasn't there. He wasn't anywhere.

I twist and lift my dress. Bruises stretch past the edge of my panties. Until those marks fade, I'll carry the reminder of Sir with me, as if sitting uncomfortably on the plane won't jog my memory.

I check the window overlooking the driveway and then toss the last of my makeup into my bag. The driver isn't here yet. I could fiddle around on my phone but my closest confidants will undoubtedly barrage me with texts wanting to know if I'm coming back with a ring on my finger. Right now, I don't have it in me to admit defeat.

A black car finally enters the driveway. Rather than have Chase answer the door, I snag my bag and hurry into the hallway. I check both ways for him but only see closed doors. The dungeon is locked, symbolically closing the door on a part of my life that I will miss.

My kitten-heeled sandals briskly carry me down the stairs. I want to be gone before Chase tries to compromise with me again. At the bottom of the stairs, I pull up my bag's handle and wheel it across the tiled entryway. I check the rooms flanking the foyer. He's not there either.

I open the door just as the same driver who brought me here exits the vehicle.

"Ma'am!" The driver greets me with an enthusiastic smile.

"Hello, again!" My smile masks my wounds and hides the glossy tears in my eyes. I pull my case down the steps which whips the driver into a jog.

"I can get that, ma'am!"

"Thank you." I lift the bag up but it is promptly pulled back down by a seemingly invisible force. I catch the driver's wide eyes and humbled chin.

"Good morning, sir."

I look down at Chase's white-knuckled grip on the bag's handle.

"She's not going anywhere."

His red-tinged eyes might be swollen from tossing and turning but they are narrowed at me with a warning: my master is here and I better obey. Tingling nerves strike my core, rendering me speechless.

"She has seemed to have forgotten something important."

Knowing his cue, the driver falls back to the car. Chase catches the side of my face. The wild look in his eyes dares me to speak out of turn. My heart pounds in my chest as I stare at the provoked man with unshaven stubble on his chin. Shaving isn't a priority; getting his submissive back in line *is*.

"She has forgotten that she is mine and I ordered her not to leave."

His harsh whisper has an effect on my throbbing clit. Slick juices drip into my underwear. I stare at him stubbornly, though on the inside, he's starting to break me.

"Get back inside, little one."

I stare him down. His eyes sparkle with the frustration of a rich man who can't get what he wants. Heat reddens my cheeks. Tears threaten my tired eyes. He pulls his head closer, forehead pressed against mine.

"I said get back inside, little one."

A tear rolls down my cheek. No words leave my parted lips. I am frozen by his touch. His body shifts closer to mine. His cock grazes my pelvis, hard and always ready to take me as his.

I search his eyes, remembering who Chase Callister is. He is the man who was repulsed by those who hurt me before. He may have tried to negotiate my condition for staying, but he has always respected the safeword. No, this isn't a man who is steamrolling my boundaries. This is a man who is finally free. Another tear falls from my eyes as I realize what he's not telling me. He wipes the tear away with his thumb.

He wouldn't be commanding me to return to him, unless...

"Get back inside, little one."

It takes me several tries to get the courage to respond.
“Yes, Sir.”

He doesn't give away his emotions... not yet. His chin is turned up and his lusting eyes wander my body. He's conquered me, and he knows it.

“Wait for me in the entryway.”

He releases me from his grasp. Missing the heat of his close body, my throbbing sex warms me from my core. Hot flashes prickle my skin and suck the moisture from my throat. I scoop up my bag and navigate the porch steps with wobbly legs. He smooths over the “miscommunication” with the driver, paying him a handsome tip for the inconvenience.

I leave the front door open as I step into the lavish lake house. I drop my bag inside the door and fall gently to my knees in the middle of the foyer. My skirt pools around my legs; the hard tile tests my knees. I straighten my spine and lay wrist upon wrist behind me.

The door closes roughly. The only thing I hear is his steady breathing.

“Ten years ago, I thought I knew what you needed.” He paces to the front of me, arms crossed over his chest. “I thought you needed the security of wealth. I thought you needed me to be an alpha provider. You said you didn't need all the money in the world, and I didn't believe you. After my first big break, we were well-off, but it wasn't enough for me. I wanted more. You told me to stop, and I couldn't.”

My eyes follow intricate swirls of the foyer tile. Kneeling is uncomfortable, and it takes all of my willpower to remain perfectly still. But I am listening to every word.

“I thought you needed a powerful man to protect you. Then, you left, and I couldn’t stop another man from hurting you. I failed.”

Tears pool in my eyes. I chew on my bottom lip to stop them from falling. It doesn’t work.

“I invited you here because I wanted to prove to you that being rich and powerful would solve our problems. I made everything worse because I wasn’t hearing you. Ironically, little one, you do need a powerful man. You need a dominant that is committed to meeting your needs for as long you live.”

I wait for the negotiation, the pleading, and the bribes. The walls I put up around me harden for the attack. I will not falter, but—

“You will have that commitment from me. My work will no longer interfere with our lives. I resigned this morning.”

My head shoots up. The serene look on his face enlivens my pulse. He doesn’t look angry. He doesn’t look resentful. He looks...

...relieved.

A smile twitches to life at the corner of his lips. “The money will always be around, but you won’t be. I don’t need to dominate the world, little one—just you.”

Through the blurry filter of tears, I watch him step to the entryway console table and open a drawer. He returns with the collar he bought me attached to a short, black leash. Kneeling in front of me, he stares into my eyes for a long, intimate moment. His thumb swipes at my eyelids.

“Don’t cry, little one. Save your tears for when I punish you for running away from me again.”

My thighs tighten together. A creeping blush across my cheeks exposes my arousal. Sir lays the leash on the tile and unbuckles the collar. He looks down on it for some time, making peace with his decision of choosing me over greed. He slips the collar around my neck, blindly buckling it under my hair.

“I may have resigned from the company for you but that does not mean you are obligated to stay. I will not hold it against you if you walk away.”

Sir frees hairs trapped under the collar’s constricting hold. I swallow deeply, testing the feeling of losing my freedom. It feels terrifying. And it also feels right.

“With this collar around your neck, you are mine and I am your Sir. You are mine to use and to command, and I am yours to worship and to serve. And right now, I want nothing more than to have your body, but you broke a rule. You need to be punished.”

Sir, the man I would serve for the rest of my life, stands and crosses his wrists in front of himself.

“Stand.”

Slowly, I rise in front of my master and respectfully await more commands.

“I like the dress. You wanted to wear that for me, didn’t you? You are gorgeous, little one, but you are dressed inappropriately for the occasion. How am I supposed to use you if your pussy and breasts are hidden from me?”

The skin beneath my collar feels clammy. Natural lubrications drip to my panties. He closes in on me, taking my wrist. His fingers flick the clasp of my bracelet. He catches it in his palm and then moves to my earlobes. His gentle touch

releases my earrings, one by one. He takes off my pinky ring and studies my body for more contraband adornments. Finding no more, he dumps the jewelry on the console table.

Sir kneels to release my sandal straps and pulls my legs back one at a time to remove each sandal. He wraps his arms around me, zipping down my dress. The silky material puddles to the ground.

He releases my bra from my chest and then rolls my panties down my legs. He holds my hand to have me step out of the pile of clothes. With careful consideration, he folds my garments and lays them over the console table. I am naked like he wants me, free to be played with as he desires. Hands behind his back and keen eye analyzing me, he circles around his humbled submissive.

“Very nice, little one. I will teach you how to present yourself properly for future scenes. Your hair must be in a tail.” He fists my locks at the back of my head. “I want to hold it like a leash as I brutally take your pussy. And this—” he runs a finger along my trimmed patch of public hair, “—must be waxed. I’d like to kiss that mound and eat my little one’s delectable clit.” He comes around to my front, cocking his head. “You will need a proper wardrobe and an imitation collar for public view. Like hell, I would ever let the media know about what we do behind closed doors. My first duty is to protect your privacy.”

Sir swipes the leash off of the floor and clips it to the metal ring at my throat. With the end wrapped around his hand, he tugs softly on the leash. I follow him to the bottom of the stairs where he stops.

“Crawl. You are restricted from walking.”

I lower my knees to the first carpeted step. With a second tug, he commands me to crawl up the stairs behind him. He patiently matches his pace to mine as we slowly make it to the second story.

“Come, little one. To our dungeon.”

Not his dungeon, but *ours*.

Down the hallway, I crawl like a dog while Sir leads me to the last room. He unlocks the door with his fingerprint and leads me inside. The sconces brighten, revealing my favorite room in this lakeside mansion. Sir doesn't have to think about what to do to me—he already knows. A flick of my leash orders me to the cross.

“I admire your hunger for submission.”

Pulling me to my feet, he twists me around so my naked backside presses against the cool, domineering cross.

“I see you want more. You want to test your limits.”

He secures one wrist to a shackle and then the other. I inspect the strength of the bondage with a few tugs. I cannot escape.

“You want to know how much freedom you can stand losing.”

He spreads my legs out and binds my ankles, leaving me completely restricted. Sir brushes my hair from my face. His fingers trail from my temple to my jaw where he holds my face lightly.

“You want to know how much pain you can take before you scream for mercy.”

He unclips the leash from my collar and coils it in his hand.

“You want to enter subspace. You will today, little one. I will fulfill your desires. I cannot fail you again.”

He deposits the leash on the wall shelf. I watch him as he darts to the closet, collecting exactly what he needs to send me to subspace. I steal a glimpse of a blindfold pinched in his hand among other items that make my pulse race.

“You no longer have permission to see.” The blindfold covers my eyes. A tight knot at the back of my head ensures that no light leaks around the edges. “I want you to feel the thrill of not knowing what will happen next. I want you to know what it feels like to lose complete control. ”

His crooked finger falls over my bottom lip.

“You are beautiful when you are blindfolded, little one.”

My furious blush returns. He fingers my reddening cheeks.

“But,” his voice fades as he moves around the room, “I am restricting your freedom in a way that will be frightening. I know you trust me, and I know you want this.”

Silicone touches my lips. Instinctively, I turn my face away. He probes my lips with the strange item again.

“Open your lips as if you are biting into an apple.”

When I open my mouth, a ball slips between my jaws. I shudder but then relax when I realize I can still breathe. He buckles the gag at the back of my head and tests the snug strap with a few tugs.

“I don’t want you to speak. You will listen and learn, but I need to know when you have to stop. To get my attention, you will flash the peace sign and grunt three times. Demonstrate to me that you understood what I said.” I hold up two fingers, vocalizing three short tones. “Excellent.”

He pets the side of my head. His fingers forge a path from my neck to a nipple. As he fingers the nub, I hear nipple clamps softly clinking. My body shrinks as I remember their fierce nip. Heat rises from my pelvis and spreads across my heaving chest. He tightens his hold on my nipple despite my wriggling, preparing me for the pinch of rubber-tipped metal.

“Behave, little one,” his voice rumbles.

I prepare myself with a deep breath. His stubble and soft lips brush over my areola. Sharp teeth mold my nipple into a pebbled morsel. The clamp swiftly chomps down. My whimpering breaks through the gag. Turbulent emotions peak and send my muscles trembling. He captures the side of my face as his lips work my collarbone like clay until I’m calm again.

“Good girl for being so brave.”

He lifts my other breast and feasts on it as if it were the sweetest dessert. His tongue rolls over my nipple as the pain from the clamp settles. He nibbles on me, hardening my nipple into a severe point, then opens the clamp around it.

My back arches against the cross when the second clamp nips me. I grow more conscious of losing my independence. Fear grips me suddenly. As quickly as I’m aware that I am not free, my breathing comes short and quick. The heat of his body covers my naked front.

“Shh, little one.” His hot whispers warm my ear. “You are safe.”

My limbs tremble despite his words. One by one, I feel my wrists and ankles released from the cross. My freedom is short-lived as he pulls me into his arms, warming my quivering body with his. Raw nipples sting from the clamps

rubbing his shirt. My tongue obsessively licks the irritating ball gag. My eyelashes flicker against the blindfold. But when he presses my body against him, his strength transfers to me until my shivering dies. He presses my head to his chest, letting me relax in his body heat.

“You are making it difficult to punish you. I’d rather take your pussy instead.” He sighs resolutely. “But there are rules, and when I enforce those rules, you become a better submissive. I’d be a terrible dominant if I let my little one do whatever she wants.”

He snags both of my wrists with one large, strong hand.

“I should have you over my lap, so you can feel close to me. That would be the proper way to discipline you if you are this emotional. But running away is a serious offense, and you need to be bound over the bench. Until I understand your limits, I will give you a choice. Do you need me to spank you over my knee with my hand?”

The easier, intimate option spikes my arousal like nothing else, but I know what I’ve done and what I truly deserve. I shake my head.

“Then, do you agree to be bound to the spanking bench? You know that you are not getting off easy.”

I swallow down my anxiety. My thighs slide against each other, now slick from my dripping slit. I nod.

“If that’s what you think you deserve, then that’s what you’ll receive. Come, little one. It’s time for your discipline.”

By my bound wrists, he escorts me across the room and sets my hands against the bench in front of the mirrors. I bend myself over the top beam. Unlike how he had me laid across its padded top before, I’m bent, ass in the air, clamped tits

hanging low on the other side. Rope hitches my legs and arms to the frame. There is no escaping my punishment unless the safeword is called.

“I’ll be watching for the peace sign in the mirror.” He lays his palm over an ass cheek. “Your job is to experience each sensation to its fullest. You need to feel my disappointment.”

My gasp is muted when the smack lands. The firm slap wasn’t as bad as it could have been, but it didn’t feel nice against the bruises I’ve acquired these past few days. Still, my dampening pussy exposes me as a masochist. I’m warming up to the identity.

His hand covers the other cheek. “I told you to stay, and you tried to leave me again.”

In my dark world where I can neither move nor speak, I rely on my trust in him. That trust calms my anxiety. I ready myself for the next slap.

“It is your right to leave me. However, my submissive cost me billions. I could have been the richest man in the world, but my little one had to have demands.”

He throws his hands against me hard.

“Who am I to deny her what she wants? She’s shown me that I have everything I can ever want. It’s time to make good on promises I made to her long ago. She desires privacy—”

Smack!

“—my unconditional devotion—”

Smack!

“—and a firm hand to keep her in line.”

The gag suppresses my indecent moans, but he hears me just fine. He presses his hips against my ass. His clothed

stiffness nocks into my slit. The slightest thrust rubs against my pussy. He lays himself over my back, his lips at my ear.

“Now that I have your submission, these are *my* demands.”

His growl chills me to my core. As he pulls himself up, the chill intensifies without his hot body warming me. My lips below bloom wider for his access, needing his cock taking me with reckless abandon. Sir has other plans. His tingling palm finds a spanked patch of ass and covers it, insulating the warmth.

“I’m a man who gets what he wants. And now, I want you.”

Smack!

“And I will have you—”

Smack!

“—to savor—”

Smack!

“—to use—”

Smack!

“—to exploit—”

Smack!

“—for eternity.”

An aura of prickling heat covers my behind. My clit is more demanding than ever, and so is my yearning heart. As he slips two fingers into me, he feels my desires for himself.

“There is one more test—the most painful discipline of all. Prove your devotion to your Sir. Submit as I work your body over and make you perfect.”

I quietly accept my fate without complaint. Sir frees me from the spanking bench and stands me up. Pain ripples at

my clamped breasts and sore ass, yet I want more. His hand slips between my thighs, penetrating me with teasing strokes. I wither under his touch, knees dipping deeper the harder he plunges into me. My raw, clamped nipples rub against his shirt.

“Naughty, naughty girl...” He scolds me as his lips dive for my neck, sucking a patch. His nibbling teeth leave a lasting mark. “Do you want to please your Sir?”

I nod vigorously. His thumb swipes my clit, sending gratifying waves ripping through my core. The steady thrumming of his fingers produces wet noises. His thick staff prods my belly, growing even harder from the juicy sounds.

“Then, submit to your punishment as a good submissive should.” He kisses my cheeks under the straps of the gag. “Your body needs marks. I need to paint reds and purples onto your skin.” He squeezes my ass, shoving me tighter against himself. “I need to flog my little one into perfect submission.”

My gasp breaks through the ball gag. His large fingers shove inside of me until he’s satisfied with my squirming. He grasps my wrist with the hand that fingerfucked me. My slickness is wet against my wrist. The scent of my arousal hit my nose. He pulls at my fingers, lifting up one, then two into a peace sign, but I stubbornly pull them back down. No—I’m going through with this. I am collared, and I am committed.

He flicks at my fingers again. I fist my hand. I’m not afraid. I am willing, and I will prove it.

“You are stubborn, little one, but will you still be mine after a brutal flogging?”

His rhetorical question lingers in the air. He leaves but returns quickly and holds my arms out in front of me. Cold metal snaps around my wrists.

Sir tugs my handcuffed wrists forward. I shuffle along in my blind world until we stop a few paces later. He stretches my arms upward and clips the cuffs up high. I pat around for answers. The tall, metal bedpost feels cold under my clammy palms. The noises I hear behind me are subtle. I don't know what he's doing until he wraps his arms around me from behind. His pants are still on, yet the rippled muscles of his naked torso press against my spine. His cock mashes into my back with a hardness like steel. He squeezes my spanked ass cheeks as the heat of his breath warms my face.

"I have dark needs," he rumbles into my ear. "Needs that few women understand. I need my women bound and helpless as I take their pussies for my pleasure." His palm runs up the bumps of my spine. "I need to see them squirming from the pain I inflict on them. I need them obedient. I need them to understand their desires are second to mine."

My head falls back against his shoulder. My moans speak of my need to complement his domination. His hand finds a firm grip at the nape of my neck. Goosebumps break out over my arms and legs.

"And I have found my perfect slave."

Impolite nips to my neck threaten to tear my flesh. He greedily inhales my scent as if it intoxicates him with more power over me. He pulls my hair into a crude bun with a hair tie he had ready to use.

"This is why I demand your hair up."

Long, leather tails caress my breasts. They trail over my shoulder and drape down my spine. He drags them across my ass, allowing me to be aware of their weight and thickness.

“You’re still willing...” he purrs and holds the tails at my ass. “Good.”

The lashes fall away and come back. A hundred hot kisses sting my ass cheeks. My “oh!” is clear enough. I tug at my shackles but don’t try to escape. I will myself still for more lashes.

“You love this pain, don’t you, my little masochist?”

The tails strike me again.

“OH!” My back snaps forward. I correct my stance immediately and fist my hands. I don’t want to betray myself by accidentally flashing the peace sign. He notices my fists and tests my fingers with gentle tugs. I tighten my fingers together.

“Such a stubborn one. It will take a long time to break you.”

Pain rages in hot lines across my ass. I surrender to taking my punishment without resistance, no matter how much it hurts. The flogger tails run over the back of my thigh, warning me where he will strike next. The bites fan out across my thigh and to my calf. He strikes the back of my other thigh with another solid hit.

Air flares my nostrils in jerky puffs. Beneath my blindfold, tears wet my lashes, but I hardly notice these nuisances. My focus is on being his good submissive. There is nothing more I care about in this world than being completely his.

Leather tails lash at my calf and then pelt the other. I arch my back and dance under the stinging licks. The flogger sears lines across my ass, and then again. My body quakes as I tug at the shackles. The gag scrambles my cries, but he doesn't stop.

The flogger brands my ass over and over until the final lash burns my flesh with the hottest heat, and it falls to the ground with a thump. His fingertips explore the marks on my ass. He gasps in wonder as he traces the artwork he created on his submissive. I press my forehead against the whipping post, recovering with heavy breaths. Zipping breaks the silence and soon after, Sir's naked body holds me against him. His hard tip drives into my back.

"Do you feel my cock?"

I answer him with a nod. He positions this staff lower between my ass cheeks.

"You make me hard, little one. Your eagerness to please me makes me want to fuck you." His cock finds my puddled slit. I pop my hips out for his entry. He swirls my wet folds, painting my labia with my moisture. "My gorgeous submissive is now ready to be used. Do not come. Not until I tell you to."

He tugs the tie from my hair and unfurls my locks with a coarse finger-combing. I hear a snap as the clip holding me to the post is undone. Sir guides my arms down and picks me up easily, laying my whipped backside onto the bed. I inhale sharply through my nose when my body makes contact with the firm mattress. A growl of pleasure surges from his throat. He bends my legs out and back, opening up my bits for display. Under-the-mattress straps secure each ankle.

Sir rips open the nightstand drawer and tears a foil packet in a hurry. He swiftly returns, leaning over my body. He aims his tip and takes me in one stroke, burying me as deeply as he can. Shockwaves curl my back and arch my hips up to him. His body falls over mine as his thrusts probe me gently. His fingers pick at the ball gag. The wet, silicone ball rolls over my bottom lip. Before I smack my lips together, his lips take mine, stretching them, relieving the ache of holding the ball for so long.

His rolling hips slide his cock into me slowly and deeply. Every stroke makes my body throb. His fingers wander down my neck, blindly finding my soft breast. I moan into his mouth as he fondles the underside and trails up to my nipple. Relief hits me suddenly when he removes the clamp.

His warm, sweaty palm cups my sensitive nipple. He breaks from my lips, taking the flesh of my collarbone with sensuous kisses. His fingers find the second clamp and release my other nipple from its bondage. Tender rubs with his thumb send feeling back into the raw node.

Steady, powerful thrusts teach me a lesson in sensual sex. Never knowing that someone could take me this slowly and passionately wrenches my chest. Every hit to the sensitive spot deep inside of me takes me further away from reality and into a world where nothing matters except his control and my surrender.

He tears the blindfold from my eyes and holds the side of my face. Sweat glistens at his cheekbones. His determined gaze holds mine. I snake his neck with my locked wrists, pulling him tighter into me until his forehead hovers just at my brow. He reaches back and frees my ankles. I throw my heels

around his back, needing Sir's body close to mine as we become a single unit of flesh. My head falls back, my cries unrestrained and growing louder. His pounding quickens. My legs respond by pulling him closer.

"Come for me, little one," he pants. "Come for me, now."

I yell as intense flutters overtake my insides, and I contract around his cock. Wave after wave takes me for a back-bending ride, and I scream as each one crests. Sir tenses and cries out as if he's in pain. The sudden slam of his hips fills me deeply. Smaller shoves empty himself of every last drop.

He bows his head low, breathing heavily as my panting weakens. His prickly stubble and tender kisses roam my collarbone. My arms fall behind my head, and my legs collapse. My spent, used body trembles from the aftermath of the most intense orgasm I ever had.

"Stay there, my Rachel, my little one. I will return."

As promised, he does not take long to clean himself up and find the key to unlock my handcuffs. Tossing the cuffs over his shoulder, he sits naked against the headboard and urges me onto his lap. His arms encircle my shoulders and bent knees. I rest my head against his naked chest.

"Now, I have everything." He tilts his head to the headboard and closes his eyes. "Thank you for staying. I will get you a flight back when you're ready."

"Or you can come with me, Sir." I smile up at him, snuggling my body closer. "My apartment is good for rough play, too."

A laughing snort breaks through his nostrils. "But what would we do without this dungeon?"

“I never suggested we give up this dungeon. This is our vacation home. You’ll be living with me now, Sir.”

He sighs. “If I weren’t so tired, I’d discipline you for trying to take control, but—” he sighs again deeper, “. I’ll pack and move into your place immediately. But no more taking control, little one.” He gulps wearily. “I’m in control...”

He doesn’t sound that confident. For three days, I submitted to him, yet the truth is, he surrendered more than I have. Too tired to question who is truly in command, I close my eyes. There will be plenty of time now to answer that question. As I drowsily slip away from consciousness, I’ll accept that one thing is for certain:

I will submit to Chase Callister, retired billionaire...

...for as long as we both shall live.

Emory Ellison is a romance author with a love for storylines that contain contracts and safe, sane, and consensual endeavors. As a busy writer of several genres, Emory lives to entertain with emotional plots and dynamic characters. Born and raised in the U.S., Emory also enjoys hiking and camping in the West Coast's beautiful and diverse countryside.