

GENERATIONAL SINS

by *Samantha Blair*



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Please read with caution. This book contains very adult situations and is not suitable reading for those under the age of eighteen.

Chapter 1

"Has he fucked you yet, Katlyn?" My father-in-law's hands were hot. One burned into my hip, the other ran up the outside of my thigh, pushing the hem of my skirt up to the top of my stockings. His thumb brushed across the very top of my thigh where the bruising began. I could tell that he was tracing the black and blue handprints with his eyes. My skin crawled.

I tried to steady my voice enough to answer him, but my throat was closed with fear and disgust. I knew that I would be punished if I couldn't manage to answer, but it just wouldn't happen. My voice wouldn't work. I swallowed thickly.

He chuckled. His foul breath fell across my exposed shoulder. "My son still has a ways to go with your training, I see. While I do appreciate a woman who can keep her mouth shut, when I ask a direct question, I expect an answer."

"Father?" David. Thank God.

"I don't think you are moving fast enough with your training process, son," Richard said removing his hands from my body, but not stepping away. "She still seems a bit... willful."

"I assure you, she is improving."

"Mmm." Richard stepped back and lifted his whiskey from the table. "Perhaps you could demonstrate her obedience for me." It was not a suggestion. David and I both understood the command in his voice.

"Of course, father."

David smiled. It's all an act. He's pretending. David loves you. You can do this.

"Come, Katlyn," David commanded. My feet obediently moved to comply. "Kneel." I dropped to my knees and squeezed my eyes shut. I could do this. I could do this for him.

I relaxed as David threaded his hands in my hair. His touch was so soothing. He would protect me. I tilted my head into his touch automatically.

"Pleasure me, Katlyn." His voice was cold and commanding, but I heard the reassurance in it. We had practiced this. I knew what was coming. I could get through this.

I would just focus on David and forget about all of the terrible things around me.

Unbuckling his belt, I removed it and set it gently beside me on the floor. David unbuttoned and opened his pants himself. I took his cock into my hands. He was only semi-erect. I knew that this disgusted him as much as it did me, but we had to keep up the charade. He would find a way to be hard for me, and I would make it as easy for him as possible. I smiled up at him attempting to reassure him that I was okay.

David's hands returned to my hair, and I committed myself to my task. I ran my tongue around the head of his cock, gently licking the slit as he had taught me. He sighed in pleasure, not loud enough for Richard to hear him, but enough to give me confidence.

I licked down his length, lifting his cock, as he got harder under the ministrations of my hands and mouth. I moved closer, between his legs and gently sucked his balls. His hands tightened in my hair, and he rocked his hips forward slightly encouraging me.

Richard cleared his throat, and I almost jumped. I had mostly managed to convince myself that he was not

here—that he was not watching his son like some perverse circus act.

"Suck me," David commanded. His voice rougher than it had been before.

Please, David. Keep me focused. Don't let me get scared.

I dropped my hands and linked my fingers together behind my back. David took his now fully erect cock in one hand and pulled my hair back sharply with the other. He pushed his hips forward and slid the head of his cock into my mouth.

Relax, Kat. Breathe in through your nose. I heard David's voice in my memory reminding me of my training. He had prepared me for this. I could do this.

Trying to relax, I opened my mouth to him as he pushed further forward.

"Fuck," he whispered under his breath for my benefit. He was trying to let me know that I was doing well. I so loved it when he praised me.

He pulled back and then thrust his hips forward again, gently fucking my mouth. I closed my lips around him and sucked as hard as I could.

"Yes, Katlyn," he said. He looked down at me, watching his cock, as he pumped in and out of my mouth. "You love sucking my cock, don't you, you dirty little slut?" This was for Richard's benefit, but I was ashamed to admit how hot it made me. I loved it when David talked to me: dirty, praising, or otherwise. Hell, he could read the phone book aloud, and it would turn me on. It was like there was a secret language, just between us, that was his way of expressing how much he wanted me, how much he enjoyed what I could do to him.

"Ellen!" Richard called.

I heard David's mother, Ellen, cross the kitchen and come to stand in the doorway of the dining room. I didn't look at her; I couldn't. I closed my eyes and my cheeks burned. I was so ashamed. How would I survive this?

"How may I please you, Richard?" she asked.

"Come," he commanded, much like David had called me earlier, but I knew that there was a difference. His command and David's were nothing alike. David loved me.

He is not his father, I reminded myself.

"Your son seems to have trouble understanding how to fuck a woman's mouth," Richard said coldly, half mocking David, but mostly forcing Ellen to turn her attention to her son as he tugged at my hair and forced himself deeper into my throat.

"Show him."

"Katlyn," David said above me, "look at me." I lifted my eyes to his as he asked. "Fuck yes," he said, never breaking his steady pace.

His eyes were angry, but I knew that the anger was not directed at me. I would help him. Together, we could do this. I moaned around him and began to use my tongue on the sensitive underside of his cock.

I tried to ignore the couple beside us, but it was nearly impossible. Ellen matched my position the floor a few feet away from us. Richard was fucking her mouth roughly. Her head was tilted back as a result of his hand pulling hard at her hair. She was whimpering slightly.

"That's right, whore," Richard said. "Watch your son. Does it remind you of your own training? Fuck, you were hard to break. You insisted on fighting me at every

turn, but we solved that problem didn't we?" He laughed. It was cold and cruel.

"You see, son?" He turned to David smiling. "They are just like horses. They need a firm crop to teach them their place. Wild fillies may be beautiful, but they do not reach their perfection until they learn proper submission and obedience. Your mother will never deny me again. I can do anything to her that I wish, and she will only beg for more."

I wanted to find his wild horse analogy humorous, but there wasn't anything funny about this moment. That poor, broken woman...

David tapped his fingers twice at the base of my neck. He was signaling that he was close to coming. He couldn't give me a verbal warning in front of his father, but he wanted to prepare me. He turned his beautiful blue eyes to me. They were pleading with me to forgive him for allowing this. I would forgive him. I always forgave him.

"Suck me harder, slut," he commanded. I complied as best I could even though my jaw was aching. It was almost over.

"Fuck!" David swore one last time as he emptied himself in my mouth. I swallowed quickly and cleaned him with my lips and tongue.

Richard grunted next to us as he also found his release. I swallowed back my disgust.

"Stand," David commanded me. "Go and finish dinner."

I fled the room, grateful for the reprise. I had only to make it through dinner, and then David would take me home. Only one more hour.

Chapter 2

Six Years Earlier

Anatomy 101 Lab | T, Th | 10:30am-12:30pm | TA

I looked down at my schedule for the hundredth time since arriving on the Harvard campus. I had it memorized; I don't know why I continued to look. Truthfully, I was more nervous than I wanted to admit.

I was pre-med, following in my father's footsteps. These 101 courses would be filled to the gills. The lectures would have over one hundred and fifty students. The labs would be closer to fifty. By midterms those numbers would be reduced by half. Only the strong survived in this environment. Many would change majors or drop out all together in the first few weeks. I would not be among them. I was here to work hard.

I reviewed the reading that I had completed last night in my head. I'd read every textbook on my list twice before arriving at school. I reread the appropriate chapters before each class began. I would live up to my father's expectations.

Entering the lab, I looked around. It was a little more than half-full already. It was likely that whomever I sat next to would become my lab partner for the entire semester. I wanted to choose wisely. I scanned the faces. No. No. No. Too flirty. Too much of a jock. A blond girl with her tits literally falling out of her low-cut shirt looked up and winked at me. Definitely not. Finally, I decided to let fate choose for me. I slid into one of the chairs at the last remaining empty lab table. The odds suggested that someone would sit next to me. I hoped that it would be someone who wanted to work as hard as I did, but I doubted that I would find anyone quite like that.

I reread chapter three as the class filled in around me. After another minute or so, I heard the chair beside me scrape on the floor. I looked up. Oh God no. She had beautiful brown doe-eyes and soft brown hair that cascaded down over her shoulders. She was dressed modestly in grey slacks and a black v-neck shirt. She smelled like heaven and was the last thing I needed.

"Hi," she said softly.

I glowered at her, willing her to go away. She seemed a little surprised by my hostility, but she did not shy

away. Instead she lowered her eyes to the floor, sat down, and opened her text. Her book had suffered almost as much abuse as mine. The spine was cracked, the pages worn. She probably bought it used.

Thankfully, the teacher's assistant walked in a moment later and began the lab. I focused on my work, and so did she. She did not attempt any further conversation, and I was fine with that. When she was called on for an answer, her response was correct. She wasn't stupid. Maybe it would be okay after all.

When the lab was finished I nearly ran for the door. I could not allow my mind to remain focused on her. She was intelligent. She would be an acceptable lab partner, but it would end there. I would speak to her on Thursday, I decided. I would be civil, and then I would move on.

When Thursday came I found myself facing a huge amount of anxiety. This was not an uncommon feeling for me. I had always found myself in positions where people expected much of me. I usually managed to meet and exceed those expectations, but I often did so with a large amount of hidden stress. Today I had placed the expectations upon myself. I would interact with my stunning lab partner, and I

would not allow myself to recognize that she was female. She was simply an a-sexual being that sat with me in Anatomy.

She was already seated when I entered.

"Hi," I said, sitting down next to her. She jumped slightly, as if I had startled her.

"I'm David Paulson," I said extending my hand to her.

"Kat Lake," she said briefly placing her delicate hand in mine.

"What's your major?" I asked politely. I didn't really care, but some measure of common curtsy was necessary for a working relationship.

"Biology. Pre-med," she answered. "Yours?"

"The same," I said flatly. It was a large school, but even so, if she stuck with the program, we were likely to have other classes together in future semesters.

The class began, and this time we were forced to work together. She never missed an answer. She was very intelligent. Of course, I hadn't missed any either. We were surprisingly well matched. I left immediately at the bell

once again and pushed her out of my head until the following Tuesday. So far so good, I could handle this.

That weekend I allowed myself the pleasure of a night out. Saturday I went for pizza with some of the guys on my floor. I had one roommate who thankfully wasn't around much. He had a girlfriend who lived off campus, and he spent most of his time there, which was fine with me. I wasn't here to socialize, but I realized that too much dedication was often counterproductive. The mind needed a break every five to seven days to function properly.

About halfway through my night out a group of older college girls, who were clearly looking to get laid, stumbled into the pizza place. They were already pretty drunk and were truthfully unappealing, but one girl with hair like Kat's caught my attention, and I was instantly hard. I fucked her roughly in her apartment less than an hour later.

She screamed as I pulled her hair and slammed into her from behind. Her ass was a lovely shade of red from the spanking that I had given her, and it was enjoyable to watch my cock sink into her pink folds over and over.

After her second orgasm, I began to realize that she would never be able to get me off like this. She was just too coarse and disgusting. She was too easy. I closed my eyes and pictured instead my beautiful lab partner. I snapped my hips forward sharply, plowing into the wet cunt before me wondering how it would feel to have Kat like this. I wanted to hear her sweet voice calling out my name. I wanted to make her beg for it. I wanted to look into her wide brown eyes as she fell apart beneath me.

I thrust forward one last time and spilled into the condom. Thank God for STD protection. Who knew what kind of shit these girls might have.

I left her apartment less than ten minutes later with her number programmed into my phone. I deleted it on the walk back to my dorm. I hadn't wanted it in the first place.

Things went on like that for a while. I would work platonically with Kat in class, and then fantasize about her as I fucked a different skank every weekend. I would have simply jacked off to thoughts of Kat and skipped the whores altogether, but my father would be sure to ask about the

women that I was screwing, and I hated to lie to him. He was a man of great expectations, and I would not disappoint him.

The problems started when we finally got an anatomy project that we weren't able to finish during class time. Kat and I were going to have to see each other outside of the lab.

Chapter 3

After my father finished with her, my mother left to join my wife in the kitchen. I wondered how Kat was holding up. I knew that this would be degrading for her, despite my efforts to prepare her. Kat was a strong woman, too strong for her own good sometimes. If we could make it through the next hour without incident, I thought that we would be all right.

"You made a good choice, son," Richard said. "That girl is hotter than sin."

"Thank you, father," I said. I tried to make it sound enthusiastic. I reached deep for my most animalistic nature.

"Do you think you'll keep her?" he asked. What he meant was, "are you going to marry her?" but his need to objectify women required that he refer to her as property, not as a person who could perform an action. The truth was, I had already married her. He simply didn't know that. My mother didn't know either, and there were no immediate plans to tell her. My mother was not terribly good with secrets.

I wondered if Kat was speaking to my mother now, in the kitchen. What would they say to each other after such an event?

"Yes," I replied. "She has performed well for me. She has a ways to go in her training, but I will enjoy breaking her in. If she is acceptable to you, I will ask mother to plan a wedding for next spring."

A wicked smile crossed his face, and I choked back the urge to vomit. "Congratulations, my boy! I'm sure your mother will be delighted."

The women returned, carrying several plates of food. Kat appeared calm and collected. Good girl.

My father and I sat down, he at the head of the table with me to his right. After they had finished serving us, my mother sat on his left and Kat sat to my right. I put my hand on her knee under the table. It was both a gesture of reassurance for Kat and a display of possession for my father.

Kat kept quiet throughout the meal and barely picked at her food. My mother did the same. My father and I discussed his position at the hospital and the potential

residencies that would be available following my graduation. I was expected to follow in his line of work: heart surgery.

No further mention was made of our pre-dinner activities, but it was all that consumed my mind. Kat's heart rate and breathing were steady and normal beside me. It seemed like she was stable, but I was itching to leave this place regardless.

As soon as it was polite to do so, I made my excuses and kissed my mother goodbye. My father shook my hand and slapped my back on our way out. He hugged Kat in a manner that was less than fatherly, and I bit my tongue to keep from rebuking him. It nearly killed me to watch him put his filthy hands on my beautiful wife. She took it well though and said a polite goodbye to my mother.

The beginning of the car ride home was tense and suffocating. I needed to put as much distance between that house and our car as possible. I floored the gas pedal in my M5 and merged onto the highway that would take us back to Cambridge.

"Kat?" I questioned when I finally felt far enough away to breathe again. She turned sideways in her seat to

look at me, drawing her sculpted legs up under her. "Do you want to go straight home or did you want to get something to eat on the way?"

I was avoiding the elephant in the car, and we both knew it.

"I want to go home. I can get something there if I feel more like eating."

I nodded my head. I was glad. I wanted to be at home where I could take her in my arms. I knew better than most people how important it was to decompress after a traumatic experience before jumping back into real life.

We made the forty-five minute trip in just over half an hour. When we had securely shut and locked the door behind us, Kat finally broke down. I cradled her on my lap on our bed as she sobbed into my shirt.

"Shhh," I soothed softly, rocking her back and forth in my arms. "It's okay. It's over. You were fantastic."

Her hands tightened in my shirt, and I slipped the shoes off of her feet. "I am so proud of you, baby," I whispered into her hair. Her only response was to cry, and it broke my heart. I couldn't fix this. I would never forgive myself for allowing this to happen to her. I would never forgive

my father for forcing me to be this way. Some day he will pay for what he's done to my mother and me.

A while later, she sunk her hands into my hair and tugged. She was still crying, but she had moved from tears of fear and frustration to tears of aggression. She was angry, and she wanted to express it. I was more than willing to be her punching bag. I wanted to feel her rage in every way. I wanted her to make me bleed, to punish me in some way for not protecting her like I should have.

Her kiss was aggressive. She might have drawn blood from my bottom lip. I lost myself in it. I turned her in my lap so that she was straddling me, my hands trailed up from her knees under the hem of her dress. The heat from her sex was maddeningly hot against my erection.

She rocked her hips back and forth grinding into me while we kissed. I pulled her closer, my fingers spread wide across her ass. She panted and moaned into my mouth.

"Please, please, please," she whispered over and over as I sunk my teeth into the delicate skin of her neck. I lifted the dress that she wore over her head.

"So beautiful," I murmured, but beautiful didn't begin to describe her. She wore a black corset that laced up the back. I had laced it myself as I dressed her for dinner, but now I cursed its presence. I wanted to feel her skin. I unclasped her stockings from the corset and pushed her away from me.

"Stand," I said. She obeyed.

I moved behind her and asked her to hold her long beautiful hair out of the way. I tugged at the laces for her corset watching it open inch-by-inch getting me closer to her exquisite back. I kissed each revealed inch of her spine as I worked and praised her aloud.

When the infuriating garment finally fell away, I pulled her back against me. I ran my hands over the smooth skin of her stomach, over her rib cage, and under the swell of her breasts. She relaxed against me, and I rejoiced internally. She was submitting her body to me. That was a very good sign. She wouldn't be angry much longer.

I cupped her breasts in my hands and gently pinched her nipples between my thumbs and index fingers. She leaned her head back against my chest and let out a soft cry. I increased the pressure.

"Please, David," she begged. "I need you."

Fuck that made me so hard. I could deny her nothing.

"On the bed," I said. I unbuttoned my shirt and tossed it over the chair in the corner. Kat watched me with hot eyes as I stripped. She was naked except for her black thigh-high stockings, and she was a sight to behold. She spread her legs for me on the bed and showed me her perfect pussy. She was wet and ready.

"Fuck, baby, tell me what you want. I need to hear you say it."

"I want you to fuck me," she said.

"Again," I commanded, stretching my body over hers. I pinned both of her hands to the bed above her head with one of mine.

"Please fuck me. Please, Master. I need to have you inside of me." I hooked her leg over my hip and settled between her nylon-clad legs.

"Good girl." I thrust into her tight, wet heat.

I set a furious pace, driving into her as she bucked under me. I smothered her cries with my mouth and listened to her body instead. Her hips rose to meet me with

every stroke. She fought to get her hands free. She unleashed her anger and aggression against me. She fought hard, but I kept her lithe, little body pinned to the mattress as I fucked her.

Slowly her hips took on more of a rocking motion as she sought more friction. Her cries turned to moans, and she relaxed her arms. I lowered my mouth to her neck. I loved the salt of her sweat, and the way her blood throbbed below her skin at her pulse point. Her heart was beating so fast. She felt so alive beneath me.

"Mine," I breathed.

"Yours," she concurred.

I released her hands, but she left them in place above her head anyway, fisting them into the comforter. She was so obedient, so submissive, so perfect. I hiked her leg up higher on my shoulder. I repositioned her so that I could rub her clit with my fingers as I fucked her.

"That's it, baby," I encouraged. "Let go for me. Let me love you."

She tightened around me. So close. So good. I pinched her sweet spot gently and thrust into her hard.

She bathed my cock with wet heat as she fell apart around me. She whispered my name like a prayer over and over and over.

I continued to pump into her as she came down. My beautiful beautiful Kat.

When I could hold out no longer, I gave myself over to the pleasures of her body and erupted inside of her. She was perfection. The light in my dark. My incredible wife. My forever.

Chapter 4

When the TA gave the assignment that day in our lab I nearly jumped for joy. Finally, I would have an excuse to see David outside of class! I had been looking for a reason to spend time with him for weeks, but he didn't need tutoring (he was just as smart as I was), he never went to any of the school sporting events, he worked in his dorm instead of the library, and he only drank coffee in the mornings and never lingered at the coffee shop. It was impossible to break into his regimented schedule.

I didn't have the guts to simply ask him out. I knew that he would turn me down if I tried the direct approach anyway. From what I'd heard, if David Paulson wanted you, he simply walked up, grabbed you by the hair, and took you. I had yet to find a girl who would have said no. He was brilliant, dedicated, rich, and it seemed like he walked off of the cover of GQ every morning to come to class. He'd had plenty of opportunity to grab me in any way that he wanted, and he'd never taken it, so I assumed that I wasn't his type. I wasn't surprised. The women he dated—well, fucked was

probably more accurate—were always beautiful. Apparently he didn't care about their minds; if the legend was true, he never spoke to them again anyway.

I wasn't one to pine for unattainable men, and I'm sure that I would have forgotten about him if it weren't for that stupid lab. Twice a week I sat beside him and together we fell into a comfortable companionship. He had a fabulous sense of humor when he wasn't totally absorbed in whatever we were doing, and he had a crooked smile that would make any warm-blooded woman turn into a pile of goo. He was so passionate about everything that he did. Nothing was ever half-assed with him. In all my life, I had never seen anyone so driven.

A million days I sat in that class and watched his beautiful hands skillfully fulfill their purpose. A million times I wished that he would touch me. A million days I watched his forehead wrinkle in concentration. A million days I wished that I could read his mind. I wanted to know what made him tick. Where did that fierce determination come from? How did he transform from the hard-working, good-natured classmate that I saw, to the womanizer that everyone said he was?

Were those rumors even true? Part of me wanted to believe that they were lies started by the vicious women whom he'd rejected. It was certainly possible, but part of me knew better. If I was really honest with myself, I knew in my gut that it was no myth. David was driven, incredibly driven, and he would let nothing, including women, come between him and his studies. That was why he cast them aside when he was done with them.

As for what he did when he was with them... well that thought kept me awake at night, writhing in my sheets. If he was half as devoted in the bedroom, as he was in the classroom, then no woman would stand a chance.

They said he was aggressive, dominant, and powerful. I had no doubt that they were correct. The man exuded confidence and strength in his every action. He was only nineteen years old, but he had the presence of a much older man. I wondered if he came from a military family. No one would question his orders, least of all me. The thought of him commanding me, dominating me with his voice, would soak my panties every time.

We decided to work on our project at the local coffee shop. If it was too noisy or too crowded, our backup plan

was the library. We both lived in the dorms, which were not known for good, collaborative study spaces. I wondered how David managed to study there at all.

I arrived early and bought myself a cafe mocha. I picked out a table in the corner where I hoped we would not be disturbed. David was right on time, as I knew that he would be. He scanned the small space for me. It was not crowded, but there was another student ahead of him in the line. When his eyes came to rest on me, he smiled, and my heart stopped. I had to remind myself repeatedly that he was only here because he didn't want to ruin his perfect GPA.

He bought a hot drink, but I wasn't close enough to hear what he had ordered. He pulled out the chair across from me and set his mug on the table. Spiced cider. It smelled fantastic.

"Good evening, Kat," he said politely.

"How are you?" I asked.

"I'm well, thank you. Yourself?"

I'm wonderful now that you're here. "I'm good."

He blew a gentle stream of air across the top of his cider to cool it, and I suddenly realized my mistake. There

was no possible way that I could get through a study session if he continued to draw attention to his sweet mouth like that. Heat flared between my legs. I imagined his cool breath on my heated skin.

"So we left off with the shoulder muscles, right?"

I shook myself out of my trance. "I'm sorry, what?"
For fucks sake, Kat! Pull yourself together!

"Are you all right?" he asked. "You look a little flushed."

"I'm fine," I answered. "I think it's the coffee. I'm just going to get a glass of water."

"I'll get it," he said. I got a fantastic view of his ass when he stood and walked to the counter.

Not now, Kat. Focus on the damn anatomy.

I managed to mostly compose myself before he returned with my water. I took a long drink through the straw and instantly felt better.

"Right," I said "the three Scalene muscles."

The rest of the night went well. I managed to keep my filthy thoughts to myself, and we made progress on our project. There were a couple of times where I could feel David's eyes on me as I studied our text. It was not

uncomfortable, but I couldn't keep my body from reacting to him, and I was sure that he knew it.

We fell into a comfortable rhythm of work and witty banter. He was an excellent conversationalist, and I had a really incredible time trying to keep up. After about two hours we decided to pack it in, noting that we could finish the remaining items in class.

David insisted on walking me back to my dorm, as it was almost ten o'clock at night. The walk was awkward for me. Apparently, David was able to ignore the stares and the giggling girls who passed, but I was not. I was quite sure that every person who walked by was wondering what this glorious creature was doing walking beside me. I felt like I should have a sign around my neck that said "I'm just his lab partner."

I reached for the door when we arrived, but David placed his hand under my arm to stop me. "Kat, I just wanted to say thank you for a very enjoyable evening."

"Of course, David," Breathe Kat. "I feel like we accomplished a lot."

He hesitated for a moment and then spoke. "Do you think I could walk you to class tomorrow morning?" he

asked. My jaw fell open of its own accord. "I mean, I would like to go over everything that we did tonight on the way. I like to review my class materials before every class." Was he rambling? David Paulson? What just happened to the self-assured man that I knew?

"Sure. I usually leave about ten and stop for coffee on the way. I'll meet you here?"

"Perfect."

He smiled and in an insane moment of stupidity, I almost kissed him. I caught myself halfway when the look of shock on his face registered with my brain. I jerked abruptly away from him and ran into the building.

Before the door closed I heard his melodic laugh. "Goodnight Kat," he called.

Chapter 5

When we were finished, we collapsed in a sweaty pile on the bed, our limbs intertwined. After a while we decided to shower together. David washed my hair and gently soaped my body. I loved the feel of his hands on me and would never tire of his touch.

He hesitated when his hands traveled across the bruises on my ass and thighs.

"I am so sorry..." he started, but I turned as quickly as I could and pushed my finger to his lips.

"No, David," I said. "This is not your fault. You've done nothing wrong. I love you. I consented, and you know that."

He pressed his lips to the top of my head and let the hot water cascade down around us, washing away the fear and the pain.

"I love you so much," he sighed.

"I know."

His eyes told me that he didn't quite believe me. I could forgive him, but it would be much harder for him to forgive himself.

He rubbed me dry with a towel and then pulled me close to his chest. We held each other like that for a long time with the water from my hair dripping onto the floor and the air growing cold around us. Eventually, we fell into bed and drifted to sleep.

I woke once in the night. Shaken by a terrible dream. Richard. David held me tight and kissed away my fears. I needed him again, and he gave me what I needed. We lay spooned together on our sides as he rocked into me. His fingertips traced lazy circles on my thighs and abdomen. I lost myself in his touch when he started to rub my clit in time with his thrusts.

He told me that I was beautiful. He told me that I was everything to him. I believed him. I believed every word that fell from his sensual lips.

When we were spent, I fell asleep in the same position, listening to his gentle breathing.

Morning came too soon. Today was the first day of classes for David, in the fall semester of his final year of med

school, almost six years from the day that I first met him. He would finish up and then begin his career as a doctor. He had stayed the course from beginning to end.

I had taken a different path. Two years into my undergraduate degree my father passed away. He was the only family that I had left. My grades had slipped, despite David's efforts to help me. I lost my scholarship. I could not afford to stay without that money. My dad had left me a life insurance policy, but it wasn't much: just enough to pay off his debts and afford a funeral. I owned the house as well now, but I didn't want to live in it. I didn't want to go home to Montana.

David became my rock, my foundation. Without his discipline, I would never have made it through. He encouraged me. He corrected me. He refused to let me waste away as I wanted to do. He was my everything.

I transferred to a cheaper state college with a less demanding scholarship and finished with a degree in Science Education. I got a job teaching eighth graders. My first year had been incredible, and I was looking forward to my second.

David and I had married last spring break. I had no more family, and he had refused to invite his family. We took Cody and his submissive with us to Hawaii. David's father paid the bill for all four of us. David told him that it was just a spring break get away. Those two and the resort Chaplin were the only people in the world who knew that we were married.

I had met his parents for the first time last night, an awkward first dinner if there ever had been. David had sheltered me from them for as long as he could, but I had always known that I would have to face them eventually. He had told me over and over what it would be like, so I was prepared for Richard. What I hadn't been prepared for was the pity in Ellen's eyes. She seemed so afraid, not for herself but for me. She thought I was inheriting the sins of the father. I wished that I could tell her that her son was not her husband, but David said not to tell. She couldn't keep a secret, so I couldn't give her hope.

I had asked a million times why David didn't just leave, break off from the family. He had investments that were apart from his father's. It wasn't a ton of money, but it

would get him through school and into a job. He was smart; I was smart. I worked. We would get by.

"My mother," he had always answered. "He would take it out on my mother. He would blame my mother for raising a rebellious son. She is innocent in this, and I cannot leave her."

"She should have left him years ago," I had argued, but now that I had met her, I understood. Richard had used David for years to keep Ellen by his side, and now Richard was using Ellen to keep David by his side. She was almost hollow, a shell of what she had once been. That evil man had manipulated his family with fear to the point where neither of them could see clearly.

I bided my time. David would finish school in a year. He would do his residency. We would hang on until he was finished, and then we would take his mother and disappear into the night, making a new life for ourselves, a life that broke the abusive cycle.

We were going to be fine. David would be strong, and I would submit myself to his leadership.

Chapter 6

When I went home for Christmas freshman year, my father asked for a number. I told him twelve. I had fucked the leggy blond twice. She was the only repeat, and I had abstained for midterms and finals.

He wanted details, and I gave them willingly and graphically. In return he gave me a fake ID and added \$10,000 to my trust fund. I probably didn't need the ID, but it was a good thing to have. The line of women at the pizza place was getting old. Maybe it was time to upgrade locations.

He told me that he was proud of me. He told me that I was on my way to becoming a real man. I thought about Kat and wondered if he was right. What would she think of our father/son bonding? I did not mention her. Somehow it felt like blasphemy to discuss her in my father's house. She was my darkest secret and my greatest light.

After our first study session we began to see each other more frequently. I would walk her to class on Tuesdays and Thursdays. She would join me for lunch every

couple of weeks. I never touched her, but I was infatuated with her anyway. I respected her enough to leave her alone. There were times when I could tell that she wanted me, but I knew just how bad that would be for her. Because she was perfection and I was filth, I could not allow myself to become physical with her.

When it came time to register for classes, I called in a favor. Number Eight, a dirty-blond with perky tits named Jamie, worked in the registration office for her work/study. She gave me a copy of Kat's spring schedule. I added myself to three of her four classes. I was taking five, I added a minor in music theory to appease my mother's need for a well-rounded education.

The first day of class I sat next to Kat in Advanced Calculus. Her face lit up when she saw me, and I had to war against my own body as she hugged me. I had missed her so much.

"What a coincidence," she said. "We have so many classes together."

"Yeah," I agreed. "What a coincidence."

Our friendship grew, as did my infatuation with her, but I remained in control of myself and never crossed

that line. I might have managed it, kept up the friendly façade, if it wasn't for that stupid fake ID.

I began to spend my Saturday nights out in the clubs, finding that the drinking helped to numb the senselessness of it all. The loud music and scantily clad women were enough to get me hard, and I was able to use them as my Kat fantasy dolls. I found myself with more and more brunettes.

Two weeks before midterms, I made my way into the club that I had been frequenting. It was around 11:00, and the place was packed. It reeked of cigarettes and cheap beer. It made me feel high.

I would dance for a while, have sex, and go home, as was my usual routine, but I wanted a drink to start the process. I got a shot of Jack and a beer to chase it. I scanned the room for my next conquest. After a few minutes I found what I was looking for. She had long brown hair, just like Kat's, and she was built the same way—petite but curvy enough. She wore tight leather pants that fit her like a second skin, and her ass looked positively fuckable in them.

Kat would never dress like that, and she didn't curl the ends of her hair in the way that this girl did, but if I took

her from behind, I might not even have to close my eyes. She was a pretty close match, definitely the closest so far.

The girl was dancing with two other females, another brunette, who was a little rounder, and a stunning blond. I watched for a few minutes as the girls turned away man after man. They apparently were more selective than most. The blond in particular looked like she needed a stick to fight them all off. I always did enjoy a challenge. The brunette kept her back to me, and I watched her swing her hips back and forth in time with the music.

I had been standing here long enough; it was time.

I made my way across the dance floor confidently. Blondie's eyes widened slightly when she saw me approach. My target was still moving with her back to me. Her ass looked even better up close.

"You look..." I put my hands on her hips.

No. No. No. As soon as I touched her, I knew. Only one person in this world gave off that kind of electricity. This was no Kat look-alike. This was Kat Lake, the woman of my fantasies, my intellectual equal, my best friend, in a nightclub in tight leather pants.

Oh God no.

I dropped my hands as if she had burned me. I would have run, but she spun around to face me and lost her balance. Instinctively, I reached out and caught her. I could smell her floral shampoo and almost state her skin, slick with sweat. Her body was soft and pliable against me. I groaned out loud.

A moment later she righted herself on her ridiculous shoes and stepped out of my arms. "David?" she said surprised. "You startled me."

I took a deep breath. Calm the fuck down.

"Sorry," I choked, "I just wanted to say 'hello'."

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I could ask them same of you," I replied.

She laughed and the air cleared a little. "It's Molly's birthday," she said indicating the blonde. "We're celebrating."

She introduced me to her friends. Apparently these two had dressed her up and dragged her out. The pants were not hers, neither were the shoes. I had to get off of this dance floor. I would not be responsible for my actions if she started to move again.

"Let me buy you lovely ladies a round of drinks," I offered. They followed me to the bar.

We found an empty table off to the side and sat down. We talked for a while but the thumping music made it nearly impossible to hold a conversation. As I was finishing my second beer, number Fourteen walked in. I couldn't remember her name. She brought a friend this time, how convenient. The two of them made their way over to me. Normally, I would have shrugged her off, but I couldn't sit there with Kat any longer. I couldn't have her, and I couldn't stay away from her. So I did the unthinkable: I left her at the table with her friends and went to dance with Fourteen and soon-to-be-Seventeen.

She should have been angry watching me grind against those girls. It should have pissed her off that I left her for some slutty bitch, but when I looked into her eyes, all I saw was hurt—I had hurt her—and it felt like I had been stabbed in the guts.

I tried not to look at her.

I tried to ignore her when she got up from the table and walked out into the night.

I pretended that I didn't see the tears in her eyes.

I tried not to think about her as I undressed Seventeen.

I tried to forget her as another woman wrapped her lips around my cock.

I was impotent for the first time in my life.

No matter what I tried, my dick went soft. I left Seventeen's apartment, both of us unsatisfied, and walked back to campus in the rain.

I wasn't meeting my expectations. My father would be ashamed of me. Kat would be disappointed in me. They amounted to the same thing: failure.

I sat on the ground with my back against the brick wall of her dormitory slowly getting soaked by the cold rain. The scenes played out in my head like a bad Turner Classic rerun.

I was seven. My mother had another doctor's wife over to the house, and she had brought her daughter who was about my age. When they left, the little girl accidentally left one of her dolls in our living room. It was a pretty little thing, with a delicate blue flowered dress and golden silk hair. I found it and played with it for the rest of the afternoon.

When my father came home he yelled at my mother for letting me play with dolls. He said that it would make me soft, that it would turn me into a faggot. I didn't understand what those things meant, but I understood his screaming, and I understood his hand on the side of my face as he took the doll away and told me that I would never touch another one. Eventually my mother tried to stop him. She knew that he was hurting me. But he only turned his anger on her instead.

That was the first time that I realized how much my father was a man to be feared.

I was ten when I walked in on them having sex. I heard strange noises and went to investigate. "Mom?" I called as I opened the bedroom door.

He had her bent over the side of the bed, her head pulled back by her hair. I could see black and blue marks all along her legs and ass. I was confused. I thought he was hurting her. Of course, he probably was hurting her, but in a far more complicated way than I had ever imagined.

I told him to stop it.

He laughed and then he brought his hand down hard on her backside. She winced, but she did not cry out.

He told me that she liked it. He made her tell me that she was enjoying it.

I didn't understand, but I learned.

I was seventeen when I gave my first spanking. God I felt powerful that day. I had met the girl at a party. We were both pretty wasted, and she was in the backseat of my car up on her hands and knees. Her firm ass was right in front of me, her legs spread, and I simply couldn't help myself. I struck her lightly the first time and then slid my cock into her wet pussy. The harder I fucked her, the more I wanted to hit her. I did both at the same time while she screamed under me.

I never saw her again.

I lifted my face to the cold rain and tried to gain control of my emotions. Kat was just a woman. I should just fuck her like all the rest and get her out of my system. Why did I feel the need to protect her, when I felt the need to hurt so many others?

Chapter 7

I took her out for a late breakfast. We were both starving after the barely-eaten dinner at my parents' house the night before, and all of the intense physical activity.

She was the most understanding person that I had ever known. She accepted things about me that no one else in the world could have. How we had survived the last twenty-four hours together was beyond me, but I was glad. If we could survive my father, we could survive anything.

After we'd stuffed ourselves on waffles and fresh fruit, I pulled into our driveway and walked around the car to open her door for her. We were renting a tiny three-bedroom house for the time being. It wasn't great, but we made do. The commute wasn't too far for either one of us, and it was fairly secluded. Kat and I valued our privacy.

The heaviness that had been here last night had not followed to the morning. Instead I felt a sense of hope and accomplishment. I knew that Kat felt it too, and it put me in a playful mood.

Kat got out of the car, but I pushed her back against the door, putting one knee between her legs, my hands on her hips. "Not so fast," I said. "I need to make sure that you aren't bringing any contraband into the house. You'll have to be searched before you can enter."

"Is that so?" she said smiling. I loved that she was always willing to play along. We needed this opportunity to have fun together.

"I'm afraid it is," I said. I slid my hands around from her hips to her firm little ass, pulling her against me.

"No one informed me of a mandatory search."

"It's nothing to worry about." I lowered my lips to her neck. "Unless of course you're hiding something." I ran my hands over her delicious curves, performing my "search." Her breathing accelerated but she remained still. I ran the back of my hand lightly over her breast.

"What is this?" I asked her.

I turned my palm to her chest and squeezed gently. "This is definitely not permitted." Her nipples grew hard as I teased them through her shirt.

"I'm sorry, officer," she said.

Fuck yes. I lowered my voice, knowing what it would do to her, and spoke firmly in her ear. "Go inside and wait for me in the playroom." She obeyed immediately.

I watched her dart into the house and then went into the bedroom to change.

Our playroom was really just a guest bedroom that we never used for guests. It served two purposes. The first was to simply provide a convenient space where I could leave restraints and furniture without having to set them up every time. That could be a time consuming process, and I preferred to be able to use my toys at a moment's notice. The second was that it gave us a place to play that was not our bedroom.

Kat and I had worked for months to find a comfortable line between our emotional relationship and our sexual relationship. I wanted to Dominate her, she wanted to submit to me, but we both needed to feel secure in our bed and in our marriage. That meant that we drew hard lines between playtime and real life. Those lines kept us safe. I saw her as my equal, my everything, and no matter which room we were in, I loved her with all of my being, but we both behaved differently depending on the setting.

I debated for a minute about what I wanted this session to be. Nothing heavy. Kat might be ready for a more serious session, but I was not. I needed to reassure myself that I was in control of my own mind and body. Being with my father had reminded me of every terrible thing that I had ever done to a woman, and I would need time to recover from that. Kat had needs too though, and I knew that she wanted me to Dominate her. It was her way of feeling secure. She put her trust in me and every time I honored her trust, and didn't abuse it, our relationship strengthened.

Pulling on a pair of black leather pants, I crossed the hall to the playroom. I stood in the doorway for a moment enjoying the view. Kat was naked and kneeling on the floor, facing away from me. Her hands were behind her back and her head was down. She was so fucking beautiful.

I walked across the room and pulled a silk blindfold from the dresser drawer. Kat did not move as I fastened it around her eyes.

"Stand, Katlyn."

She stood a little unsteadily without her sight. I circled around her slowly, my bare feet whispering on the carpet, brushing my fingertips over her skin, drinking her in

with my eyes. The bruises on her backside were fading. They would be gone in a few more days, but I would not spank or flog her until they were completely healed. I hated seeing her bruised. I prided myself in knowing where the line was between pleasurable pain and actual damage. I had bruised her on purpose, before going to see my father, and she had consented, but that didn't make it right.

"Come," I said. I put my hands on the graceful swell of her hips and lead her to the bed. She lay down on her back and allowed me to position her. I pulled a single restraint from the headboard and tied both of her wrists together above her head. I preferred tying them together because it allowed me to turn her over without having to move her bonds. I wanted her to have some wiggle room, but not enough to touch me.

"You are not permitted to speak," I instructed, "but you may vocalize. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master," she said.

"Good girl. Spread those beautiful legs for me."

She opened her legs and the scent of her arousal strengthened. I fucking loved how she was always ready for me.

Getting up from the bed, I went back to the dresser. Deliberately making noise, I opened more drawers than were really necessary. I knew where everything was, but so did Kat, and I wanted to keep her in suspense. I knew that she would be listening. I pulled two things from the drawers, our smallest vibrator and single white feather. Putting the vibrator aside, I curled up on the bed beside her. I was close enough that she could feel my body heat, but I did not touch her.

I started at her cheek, lightly brushing the tip of the feather across her smooth skin. I ran a pattern down the side of her neck and over her collarbones. She instinctively arched into sensation offering me her breasts. I traced the feather over her sternum, between her breasts and down over her stomach. She bit her bottom lip in an effort to keep from laughing as I let the feather tickle her right side.

I blew a cool stream of air across her nipples as I moved it along the underside of her perfect tits. Her breathing was speeding up, her nipples hardening. I worked her slowly, slower than I had in years, rebuilding my control and pushing hers.

Eventually I laid the feather aside and traced the same path with my fingertips. I watched her carefully as she lifted her hips or arched her back seeking more pressure, more friction. I moved from her side making a place for myself between her legs. I put my hands under her knees and encouraged her to bend them until her feet were flat on the bed about a foot from her ass. Beautiful.

I ran the back of my hand lightly over the back of her thigh coming within inches of her pink pussy. She raised her hips to meet me, but I drew back, denying her the contact she wanted. I traced identical lines along the juncture of her legs and her core with my thumbs, just barely brushing along the outside of her pussy, opening her sweet lips gently. She whimpered slightly.

"I love your pretty little pussy," I murmured in amazement. "You are so wet for me."

I withdrew my hands and leaned further forward putting my weight on my arms, beside her chest. I lowered my lips to hers gently and then traced the outline of her mouth with the tip of my tongue. She arched up, silently asking for more. I kissed her again, with more pressure,

gently exploring her mouth. My body was aligned with hers, but I was just barely touching her skin.

I shifted my hips forward pressing my erection more firmly against her wet heat. She squirmed and pushed back against the soft leather between us. I teased her with my tongue and rubbed against her until she was panting, and I was aching with need.

"Please," she begged. I pinched her right nipple hard as a quick punishment for her infraction. She knew better than to speak when I had instructed her against it. She was asking for punishment, and it made my cock twitch.

"Katlyn, you know that you are not permitted to speak. You know that I will punish you." She writhed on the bed. "But that's what you want isn't it? You want me to pinch your hard little nipples don't you?" I alternated between her breasts, tugging at her nipples as she cried out in a combination of pleasure and pain.

"Answer me," I commanded.

"Yes, Master. I want you to punish me."

I reached for the small vibrator that I had laid aside earlier.

"Do not move."

I slid the vibrator into her wet pussy coating it with her natural lubrication. She held still. I lowered my mouth to her breasts gently licking and suckling her. I turned the vibrator on low and ran it lightly across her clit then down the length of her pussy and back up again. She bucked her hips, and I bit down on her nipple. She cried out, but held her hips still.

I pumped the vibrator in and out of her wet folds a few times and then ran it slowly along the crack of her ass. She moaned in anticipation. She knew what I wanted.

"Relax for me, little one," I said as I gently worked the vibrator into her tight hole. She groaned softly as it slid home, still vibrating gently.

"Good girl," I praised. "You look so very fuckable tied here with your legs spread and your ass filled with that toy."

Needing her desperately, I pulled away from her and unbuttoned my pants, freeing my aching erection. I teased her with the head of my cock, enjoying the sensation created by the vibrations.

I pushed into her one slow inch at a time. It was a delicious torture for me. She was so fucking hot. I returned

my hands to her breasts, pinching and pulling at her nipples as I pumped into her slowly, but forcefully.

"Fuck yes! That toy makes you so tight." She tightened her internal muscles around me. I hissed in pleasure and rewarded her by driving my hips faster. I lowered my hands to her ass, spreading her wider and sinking deeper into her cunt. I worked her nipples with my teeth and relished in her cries as she took every attention I gave her. So good.

I could feel her legs shaking under me, her hands tugging against her restraints. She was close but I was not ready to release her. I withdrew from her, pulling my cock out of her wet heat, and she cried out in protest. I tugged on her hip, rolling her over and pulling her up to her knees with her breasts pressed firmly into the mattress. I ran my hand over the back of her thigh and over the full curve of her ass.

"Fuck, I love seeing your sweet little ass in the air." In one fluid motion I sunk my cock into her again. I pulled back on her hips, riding her hard. "You will not come until I permit you. Your pleasure belongs to me." She met my every thrust, taking me as deep as she could. I raised the speed on

the vibrator and gently pumped it in and out of her ass in time with my cock.

Again and again I thrust into her at a hard steady pace. The pressure in my balls grew until it was excruciating, and I delighted in it, holding out as long as I could. I pinched her delicate bundle of nerves between my fingers and felt her tighten around me one last time.

"Come for me," I commanded, and we both fell over the edge.

A moment later I withdrew from her overheated body and removed her blindfold. She smiled at me as I untied her and drew her into my arms.

"I love you so much," I said.

Chapter 8

David's blatant rejection stung like a whip. I knew that he wasn't interested in me physically, but when he approached me in that club and put his hands on my hips, I allowed myself, for one brief moment, to fantasize that he might want me. That made it hurt all the worse.

I couldn't watch him while he ground against that blond slut. Knowing that he was doing it was one thing; witnessing it was another. He was the embodiment of sex in his perfectly fit jeans and his t-shirt that was tight enough to display every muscle. He moved so gracefully. Watching him dance brought to life every forgotten fantasy that I had ever harbored.

Molly and Jessica both knew that I had a fascination with David, although this was the first time that they had met him. I felt bad about cutting the night short, but they understood. I gathered up my stuff and headed out into the night, grateful just to have escaped without totally embarrassing myself. The walk back to campus wasn't far, and

the trip was well lit and fairly safe. I was not concerned about making it by myself.

I passed by a bookstore/coffee shop on my way back that was open twenty-four hours. It looked dry and comforting inside, so I decided to stop in for a while. Nothing could get me over heartache like a good dose of suspense fiction. I snorted at the thought.

Two hours and three cups of coffee later, I set down the novel and continued my journey home. I didn't want Jessica and Molly to worry if they beat me back to the dorms and found my bed empty.

Coming up along the side of the brick building I saw a familiar mop of black hair, drenched from the rain. He was sitting with his back to the wall, his head in his hands. He looked thoroughly defeated. I hesitated. As his friend, I felt like I should at least offer a shoulder to cry on, but I was still hurt from his earlier rejection, and I wasn't sure I could handle two of them in one night.

I sighed and made my way over. "David?" I asked.

He looked up at me with weary bloodshot eyes. He looked like hell.

"Are you okay?"

He didn't answer.

"I'll leave you alone if you want. I was just heading in for the night, and I... well... I mean... if you would like someone to talk to..."

He just stared at me. "Kat?" He croaked weakly.

Is he high on something?

"David, you're scaring me. Are you okay?"

"I don't deserve you," he muttered.

"What?" I asked. Surely I'd misheard. I sat down in the wet grass beside him.

"You think that I don't want you, Kat. You're wrong. It's not that I don't want you; it's that I don't deserve you."

I was stunned. Exactly how was I supposed to respond to a confession like that? "David, how much did you have to drink?"

He laughed bitterly. "I'm not drunk, Kat."

"Well you're something."

"I'm dangerous."

"I don't believe that."

"I'll ruin you."

"David, we can't sit here in the rain. You are soaked and freezing. Come upstairs with me. I'll get you a dry towel."

"No." He ran his long fingers through his hair, disheveling it even more. "I can't talk to you in there. Come with me?"

"Where?"

"We'll go for a drive. I know a place that's quiet. Pack an overnight bag. I'll bring you back tomorrow afternoon."

"You want me to go somewhere overnight with you?"

"Yes, Kat. Please? I'll be a gentleman, I promise. I just want to talk to you, need to talk to you, and I can't do it here in your dorm."

He turned his beautiful blue eyes to me, and I knew that I could not deny him.

"Please, Kat. Please come with me."

I didn't really want him driving off in his current state alone. He didn't seem completely stable to me, and I couldn't just abandon him like this. I nodded and then stood to my feet.

"Just let me get my stuff. I'll meet you here in fifteen minutes?"

He stood as well. "Yeah, I'll just run back to my dorm and be right back."

He lifted his hand to my cheek, his face inches from mine. "Thank you," he said softly, "for not hating me." His thumb traced the line of my jaw.

With every last ounce of strength that I had, I turned away from him and went into the building. My head was spinning. I was high on caffeine and adrenalin. It was late, but I felt incredibly alert. I wondered where David wanted to take me, I wondered what he wanted to talk to me about, I wondered why he was sitting outside my dorm in the pouring rain in the first place, but most of all I wondered what in the hell he meant when he said that it wasn't that he didn't want me. Did that mean that he did want me? There had been times where I thought that might have been true, but then why didn't he just ask me? It was clear from the club that he was not shy. He had no problem approaching women. Was it just me?

I left a note for Jessica telling her that something came up, and I wouldn't be back until tomorrow. She would

probably freak out over it, but I wasn't about to go into detail on a post-it note.

I threw some clothes and my basic necessities into my backpack. I pulled my damp hair up into a ponytail and took a quick glance in the mirror. Molly and Jessica had insisted that I wear makeup and now, thanks to the rain, it was a runny mess. I walked down the hall to the bathroom and washed my face. Thankfully I wasn't too drenched. My clothes were still mostly dry, and I had only been wearing them for about three hours so I opted against changing. My friends had worked really hard to give me this look, and I was going to take full advantage of it. If David had seen something that he liked tonight, I was going to stick with it. I would wear leather pants every day of my life if it got him to notice me.

I picked up my umbrella and headed back down the stairs. A moment later a black BMW pulled up to the dorm and David stepped out. He looked better, more composed than he had been. I thought he was going to be okay. He took my bag and put it in the trunk. "Is this all?"

"Is what all?" I asked.

"Your stuff?" He looked confused. "This is all you want to bring?"

"We're just going one night right?" Had I misunderstood? "We're coming back tomorrow so I only need one change of clothes?"

"Yeah." He still looked bewildered.

"So, what else would I need?"

"I don't know," he said, but then a broad smile crossed his lips. "It's just that every other girl I've ever seen would have packed at least three times this much stuff for an overnight trip. You are an anomaly, Miss Katlyn."

I shrugged. He opened my door and took the umbrella from my hand. A moment later he climbed into the driver's side.

"So where are we going?" I asked.

"It's a surprise," he said.

"I hate surprises."

"All of them?"

"Yes. All of them."

"I'm still not telling you." He smirked at me. Smug bastard.

He took a few back roads and then pulled onto the interstate. He wasn't kidding when he said there would be a drive.

"When I was little," he started, "my mom used to tell me that I would someday meet a girl who would get stuck in my head and wouldn't get out. She told me that this girl's voice would become the voice of my conscience."

I looked at him, not quite understanding.

"You are the voice inside my head, Kat, and I can't deny that any longer." He waited for a response.

"I'm not really sure what you want me to say, David. First you approach me in that club, then you run off with some blond bimbo, then I find you outside my dorm looking like someone ran over your dog, and now you're telling me that you hear voices, specifically my voice, in your head. I'm a bit confused."

He ran his hand through his drying hair. "I know, and I'm sorry. I will try to explain."

He thought for a minute and then began again. "We're friends. Right?" I nodded at him.

"I really enjoy your company, Kat. I love spending time with you. I think we work well together..."

"David, I get that you're not into me physically," I interrupted. I had to cut him off. I couldn't bear to hear the lets be friends speech from him. "I mean you have so many beautiful women to choose from, I..."

"No. Kat, please don't interrupt me. I need to say this. I told you before that you were wrong to think that. I do want you. I want you physically and mentally and in every way that a man can want a woman."

Uh oh, here comes the but... "But..." ...told you so.

"I am not good for you."

"How about you let me decide what's best for me?"

"You don't want a physical relationship with me, Kat."

"Don't tell me what I do and do not want."

"You wouldn't like my brand of sex."

"And what brand exactly is that, David? I am not some naive little schoolgirl. I am capable of making my own decisions regarding sexual activity, and what I find acceptable."

"Damn it, Kat. I don't want to have sex with you. I want to fuck the shit out of you. I want to tie you to my bed and make you beg for it. I want to spank your beautiful ass

and make you suck my cock. Fuck! I want to do so many dirty things to you—things that would make you run from me if you had any idea. But you deserve so much better than that."

Oh God. In my wildest fantasies, I never dreamed that I would hear those words falling from his perfect lips. If he said one more sentence, I was going to orgasm right here on his heated leather seats.

"Kat?" He looked at me. "Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. I promise I will control myself I just, fuck..." He slammed his palm against the steering wheel.

"David?" I tried to bring my breathing under control. "I'm not afraid of you."

"You're a terrible liar, Kat. Your heart rate is increased, along with your breathing. Your pupils are dilated. Your cheeks are flushed. You are scared shitless."

"You are seeing the right physical signs, David, and coming to the wrong conclusion. You know very well that those can be indicators of more than one emotion."

He looked at me, then back at the road. "What are you saying?"

I waited for him to put the pieces together.

"No. No. You can't tell me that you want those things. That is not excitement. You have no idea what you are saying."

"Ask me what kind of sex I like, David."

"No, Kat. You are better than that."

"Better than what? Better than submitting myself to you physically? Why do you think it's so wrong for me? I am not ashamed to admit that the thought of being tied to your bed has me soaking my panties. Lots of people like rough sex, David. There is nothing wrong with that."

When he didn't respond I continued. "Just give me a safeword and we'll go from there. We can figure out the hard limits together."

He looked at me like I was insane. "What's a safeword?"

It was my turn to be surprised. David was a natural Dominant; I was a natural submissive. I knew that going in. What I didn't know was that David had no formal training. Apparently he had picked up his habits from his father, which was disturbing, but he'd never read a book on BDSM, never seen it practiced, never been with an experienced partner. He had no idea what it meant to be in a healthy D/s

relationship. He didn't use safewords or even understand them. He would for me though; I wouldn't be with him without one.

We drove for two more hours and talked through all of it. I have never in all of my life had such an eye opening conversation. He expressed deep fears about hurting me. He told me about women he had hurt in the past physically and emotionally. I told him about Cody, my previous Dom, and about my sexual experiences. He laid everything out for me and trusted me to keep his secrets. I laid everything out for him and offered myself up for his pleasure.

By the time we turned onto the long gravel driveway, I was sure that he knew more about me than any other man had ever known. He knew my fantasies. He knew my fears. He knew my history, and what I wanted for my future. All I could do now was wait for him to make a decision. He would have to decide if he was willing to try with me.

This would be new to him, a new way of combining his physical desires with an emotional relationship. He had a lot of physical experience, but this would be completely new ground for him in many ways.

It was new for me too. My previous Dom, Cody, had recognized my submissive nature and had taken the lead with me. It was clear from the beginning with him though that our relationship would be purely physical. Cody had trained my body, but I had not allowed my emotions to be a part of that process. This would be different. I wanted David in many ways, not just physically.

"We're here," he said, bringing the car to a stop.

Chapter 9

It was Friday, and also my second day back to teaching school. I'm not sure whose brilliant idea it was to start on a Thursday, but I was glad that the weekend was quickly approaching. My first two days back had been difficult, but the new crop of kids was great. There were always a couple that would push their boundaries the first few days, to see how tough you were, but I could handle them. Being with a strong Dom, like David, had actually taught me quite a few tricks in regards to classroom management. Most of the time it was only a matter of using the right tone of voice with them. The kids were good at heart. They just needed to know where the lines were and how to work within them.

The parents, however, were not quite as likeable. I had three mothers and one father already pestering me about how wonderful their children would be and trying to explain to me why I should never discipline them. They had no idea how spoiled their children were. These kids were going to be incapable of doing anything on their own, and it was completely the parent's fault.

Of course I would have kids on the other end of the scale as well. At least these parents put forth an effort. Some parents I would never see, regardless of how many phone calls I made, or events I held with an open classroom.

David and I had made the decision not to have children. We both liked kids, but in many ways we feared parenting. It was not an easy thing to do well, and neither of us had very good examples modeled for us. David's father was a psychotic deviant, and his mother was the world's biggest doormat. My own mother was a drug addict who had abandoned me early in life and then later died of an accidental drug overdose. The one good parent among them was my dad, whom I had loved very deeply, but by no fault of his own, he'd left me as well.

My dad had done his best with me, but it had not been easy growing up without a mother. I spent a lot of time down at the police station being babysat by the newest rookie on the force. I didn't mind - it was like having a whole array of older brothers - but I didn't get much female companionship. Every now and then a female officer would join the force, but they would often resent hanging out with me because they thought it was too stereotypical for the women to

get stuck with the kids. It was an unfortunate case of feminism gone awry.

As a result, David and I both decided that we could teach and mentor and help other people's kids without having our own. We had too much baggage between us to risk burdening a child.

I shut my briefcase and turned out the lights in my classroom. I hoped David's day at school had been productive. I knew he was itching to be done with his degree. This year would bring a lot of changes for us.

I crossed the parking lot to the spot where I had left my truck in the shade of a tree. I slowed my stride and squinted my eyes. Was there something on my truck? A white piece of paper was flapping in the breeze under the windshield wiper. As I neared, I could make out David's elegant script on the outside. Oh God, David wants to play.

The outside of the note simply said Katlyn. The inside was also to the point. Check your glove box.

I opened the door to my truck and laid my briefcase on the passenger seat. I reached over and opened the glove box. A small, red box tumbled out. David must have put it there last night. I hadn't looked in here all day.

I opened the lid and found another note, this one longer.

My Dearest Katlyn,

I hope that your first week back to school was enjoyable. To celebrate the start of your new year, I would like to take you to dinner. Please proceed to the restaurant mentioned below immediately. I am very much looking forward to our evening together.

The Runway Restaurant

12 Airport Drive

With deepest love and affection,

Your Master

P.S. Prior to your arrival, I will expect you to have removed your panties and replaced them with the enclosed gift.

I pushed the tissue paper in the box aside and looked at the other contents. It was a butterfly vibrator. It was supposed to be worn in a manner similar to underwear, but the crotch was open and the front section contained a small vibrator, designed to rest directly on a woman's clitoris. In essence, vibrating, crotchless panties that usually

came with a remote. The remote was not in my box, which probably meant that David had it. Fuck me now.

Luckily, I had worn a skirt for both of my first two days, as David knew I would, and so slipping my panties off and putting the butterfly on was not incredibly difficult in the relative privacy of my truck.

I had never been to the restaurant, but I knew where it was. It got its name from its proximity to the local airport. It had once been an airplane hanger, but had been remodeled into an upscale restaurant. The airport was very small and serviced mostly chartered flights and pleasure craft, but the restaurant provided some measure of entertainment in providing a view of the runway. Supposedly the food was pretty good, and after a long day back to work, I could use a glass of wine. David had anticipated my needs accurately and made plans to accommodate them. It was no wonder I loved this man; he was the very picture of thoughtfulness and preparation.

I pulled into the restaurant half an hour later and parked beside David's M5. I was surprised to see that he was still in the car. It was a little too early for dinner, and the

place was pretty empty, but I would have expected him to get a table anyway.

He got out of the car and walked around to greet me. "Good evening, Katlyn," he said formally.

His use of my full name was indicating that he was in his Dominate persona, and I should respond appropriately as his submissive. "Good evening, Master," I replied.

He brushed his lips across my cheek and then whispered in my ear. "I trust that you've followed my instructions?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good girl. Come with me."

We walked into the renovated hanger, and I looked around. From what I could see, it appeared to be two floors. The top floor held the restaurant, and the bottom floor held the charter office where you would register for private flights. To my surprise, David did not go upstairs, but instead held open the office door and motioned for me to enter. I knew better than to ask questions. David had made his role as my Dominant for the night quite clear, but my curiosity was certainly peaked.

"David Paulson. I have a reservation for 4:30," David said to the woman behind the desk.

"Of course," she replied, "right through this door."

We followed her out the door and onto a paved parking area where there were several small planes waiting for charters. The woman walked up to a middle-aged man with a good-natured smile and developing potbelly. He was introduced to David and me as our pilot for this evening. Where on earth was David taking me?

We walked as a group to a small white plane that could seat up to four people, plus the pilots, comfortably. It was a beautiful little single-engine aircraft. The pilot opened the door, and David helped me to climb into the backseat. I did not miss the brush of his hand against my bare leg as he assisted me.

I had become more accustomed to David's surprises over time. I did not, as a general rule, like to have people surprise me or spend money on me, but as a submissive it was easier to accept. I was not about to tell my Dom that he wasn't permitted to hire a plane for the night, but I probably would have argued with my husband over it.

He stepped up a moment later and seated himself beside me. The pilot took his seat in front of me and turned to explain the safety rules: wear your seat belt, and don't touch anything mechanical without permission. I thought I could manage that. I had been on a lot of commercial planes, but never one this small. I was trying not to show it, but my inner adventurer was really excited about this. The plane ride was liable to be more entertaining than the destination.

David put his hand on my thigh just below the hemline of my skirt. The pilot started the engine, and we taxied out onto the runway. David reached into his pocket with the hand that was not currently on my leg, and smirked at me. It was then that I remembered what I was wearing, and the remote that he most likely had in his pocket. The propeller in the front of the plane made a lot of noise, and the plane itself made a lot of vibrations. The pilot would never know what David was doing to me, unless of course I lost control and cried out.

The plane started down the runway, gaining speed, and just as the wheels left the ground I felt the first wave of vibrations over my clit. I bit my lip to keep from making a

sound. Being in a small plane was nothing like my previous flights. This was much more exciting, and my body was tingling from the adrenalin rush. David's hand on my leg was suddenly burning hot. I wanted him to touch me very badly.

As we leveled off at our flying altitude, David backed off the vibrations, and I relaxed beside him.

"I thought we'd take a short flight and enjoy the fall color," he said.

"It's beautiful," I agreed looking down at the trees, which were just reaching the peak of their fall beauty. "Thank you for the lovely surprise."

"You're welcome."

The pilot pointed out various places of interest as we flew. We stayed low to the ground, which made for excellent sight seeing. David intermittently rubbed circles on my thigh with his fingertips and teased me with the vibrator. My body was thrumming with excitement, but I was in control of myself – so far.

After about a 45-minute flight we began to descend. We landed at a runway very similar to the one from which we had taken off, but this one was on the Atlantic

Ocean. Leading away from the airport was a dock that went out over the rocky coastline. At the end of the dock appeared to be a restaurant.

"Welcome to Maine," David said into my ear.

The pilot opened the door, and we exited. The food was fabulous and so was the view. We had a long and leisurely dinner, splitting a bottle of red wine and enjoying the incredible seafood.

I had all but forgotten about the vibrator attached to my clitoris, when David chose to make me hyper-aware. We had ordered dessert, a massive chocolate mouse cake that we intended to share. The waiter set it down on the table and then asked if we needed anything else. David stated that we were fine, and I felt the butterfly come to life.

I resisted the urge to squirm in my seat. David scooped up a bite of the chocolate cake with his fork and held it out for me. His eyes locked on mine as I leaned forward. I closed my lips around his fork and took the offered treat. I lifted my own fork in order to reciprocate. I watched as David's tongue darted out to meet my fork. He had the most erotic mouth. I was assaulted with mental images of all the ways he had used it to pleasure me. He increased the

speed on the vibrator, and I curled my fingers into my napkin.

"Behave yourself, Katlyn," he warned.

"Yes, Master," I breathed. That was easier said than done. My breathing was accelerating of its own free will in response to the growing sensations between my legs. I fought my reactions back. Think of something else. Anything. I thought of the obnoxious parents that I had to deal with today and was able to calm down considerably. After a moment David paused the vibrations. I let out a loud sigh of relief.

David scowled at me across the table. Oops.

"I'm sorry, Master," I apologized.

"You will be," he said sternly. I flushed with heat. I couldn't wait to get back to the playroom.

The waiter returned with our check, and David paid him. When we were finished, he escorted me back to the plane. The sun was setting, and the runway was filled with a warm red glow. It was absolutely breathtaking.

"Thank you again, Master," I said, "for a very lovely evening."

David slid into the seat beside me. "Your evening is far from over."

Chapter 10

"We're here," I said bringing the car to a stop.

"Where is here?" Kat asked.

"My parents' ski chalet. They aren't here, so it will be quiet enough for us to talk."

I got out of the car and opened her door for her. It wasn't raining here, as it had been at school, and there was a lovely breeze flowing through the trees. I opened the front door and flipped on a few lights in the house.

"Would you like something to drink?" I asked, "A glass of wine maybe?"

"Wine would be lovely," she said.

I left her in the kitchen and brought up a bottle of red from the cellar. I removed the cork and let it sit on the counter for a moment to breathe.

"This is a beautiful house."

"I've always liked it."

I knew that I wasn't making very good conversation, but to be honest I couldn't even think straight. She had told me things in the car that I couldn't even comprehend.

She had been a submissive? What did that even mean? She said there was more to it than just rough sex, but I was confused and quite frankly intimidated. What did she expect of me now? What if I disappointed her?

No. I couldn't do this to her. It was too much like my father and mother. I could not stand to see her broken, like my mother, empty. I would never do that to her.

I handed her a glass of wine. "It's a nice night, would you like to sit out on the patio?"

She nodded, and I led her out the French doors to the patio, which overlooked a stunning ridge in the White Mountains. It was really beautiful out here. The mountains were so quiet, so peaceful. I sat down on one of the patio chairs and Kat surprised me by sitting on the slate patio at my feet. She rested her head against my knee and looked out at the night.

"What are you doing, Kat?"

"I'm waiting for instructions, Sir."

"Instructions? I am not going to give you instructions. I already told you that you are better than this. You don't belong at my feet like some kind of fucking dog."

"I want to be at your feet, Sir."

"Stop calling me Sir!"

Fuck that was infuriating. What the hell was she doing? There was no way that she wanted what she thought she did. No woman could ever want that kind of treatment. I could see enjoying a spanking in the heat of the moment or something, but the things that she was talking about were a whole different world.

"What should I call you then?" she asked, looking up at me with wide brown eyes.

I got out of the chair and walked across the patio. "How the hell should I know?" Even I heard the brokenness in my voice. Weak. I was fucking weak.

"David?" She stood and walked up behind me. I did not turn. "Do you know the difference between an abusive relationship and a successful Dominant/submissive relationship?"

I didn't answer her. Truthfully, I had no idea. In the world in which I grew up there were no successful relationships. I had only known abuse. I didn't know that there was another way.

"It's only two things, David, and neither of them have anything to do with physical actions."

I still didn't respond. Either she would tell me, or she would walk away. I wasn't sure which I was praying for.

"Consent and control," she said, "I am consenting, and you will not lose control with me."

Is that what she expected of me? She expected me to control myself?

I took a long swig of my wine.

"Give me a safeword, David." It was a command, plain as day.

I couldn't speak. I couldn't do it.

"I think it would be best for us, to use a two word system," she continued more gently. "Yellow if I'm uncomfortable with something and need for you to change tactics..." she paused, like a teacher in a classroom "... or red if I want to get dressed. I can also say green if you just want to check or need reassurance that I'm okay."

I could see her behind me out of the corner of my eye. She stood very still and waited for me to respond, but I didn't know what to say. I was so torn. I wanted what she was offering me so badly, but I couldn't trust myself. What if I didn't have enough self-control? What if I hurt her? I would never be able to forgive myself, and it would ruin me.

After a moment, she pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it on the patio. I could see the gentle swell of her breasts, the smooth skin of her flat stomach. She was so beautiful.

She unclasped her bra and let it fall with her forgotten shirt.

"Stop, Kat," I choked out. I couldn't watch her do this.

She dropped to her knees on the patio in the isolated night.

"Please, Sir," she whispered desperately.

I tugged at my hair. Could I really handle this? Could I go over there and give her what she was asking me for?

With those two little words she had so much power over me. She knew that I could not deny her. She knew that I would be everything that she wanted me to be, and I hated her for it.

I hated her for trying to fix me, or worse, for making it seem like I wasn't even broken in the first place.

I hated her for being so fucking beautiful and so willing.

I hated her for making me realize that every time I fucked those girls, I was my father.

I hated her for wanting me, when she knew that I was not good for her.

I hated her, most of all, because I knew that she was right.

She was offering me a relationship with her - a real relationship. She wouldn't judge me, and she wouldn't let me hurt her. She was giving me an outlet for every perverse desire in a way that was safe and consensual. How was it even possible for such a woman to exist?

It was everything that I had ever wanted, and it scared the fuck out of me.

I squeezed my hands into fists to stop them from shaking. I swallowed the rest of the wine and sat the empty glass down on the table.

She crawled across the patio to me like a graceful jungle cat. Her beautiful breasts swayed slightly. Her body, illuminated in the moonlight, was the most erotic thing that I had ever seen. I was completely powerless to stop the reaction in my body, and worse my heart.

She knelt at my feet, her hands behind her back, her head bowed, and waited. I put one hand in her beautiful long hair, as I had wanted to do from the very first time I met her, and tugged her head back, forcing her to look up at me.

Her eyes pleaded with me. Want me. Accept me.

I did want her. I wanted her with all of my heart.

I closed my eyes and let the memories play out in my mind: meetings in the coffee shop, playful banter on the way to class, the way she chewed on her bottom lip, the time she almost got hit with the football as we walked across the lawn, her sweet smile, her fierce determination, her blinding intelligence.

I fought back my tears. I willed authority into my voice.

"I want you naked and bent over the couch in the living room in five minutes."

Chapter 11

Good God. I could smell her as I helped her back into the plane. Apparently the teasing over dessert had made her very, very wet.

I knew that she was stressed out by the beginning of the school year, and I really wanted to give her an enjoyable evening. So far, it couldn't be going better. The pilot had been instructed to take a longer flight on the way out so we could see the scenery, but now that it was dark, the return flight would take only twenty minutes. By the end of those twenty minutes, I would have her begging.

She had unconsciously crossed her legs when she sat down so I tapped her knee twice with my fingertips indicating that she should spread them for me. She obeyed, but did not spread them wide.

Kat had always been shy about physical pleasure in public places. She typically dressed very modestly, and she played the part of an innocent very well. I, however, knew her better than that. I pushed her limits from time to time because I knew the anxiety heightened the experience for

her. Truthfully though, I was a very jealous man, and I would never allow us to be in a position where another man, or woman for that matter, would be able to see any private part of her. She was for my eyes only, and it turned me on immensely to know that she reserved her incredible body for me alone.

It was dark in the plane now that the sun had set and with the high seat separating us, it would be very difficult for the pilot to discern anything that might happen behind him. I rested my hand on the inside of Kat's thigh and waited for takeoff. As the plane sped down the runway, I leaned in and placed a slow open-mouthed kiss right below her jaw line. She tilted her head exposing her graceful neck to my lips.

As we lifted from the ground I shifted our position, putting my left arm around her waist and pulling her closer to me. I hooked the fingers of my right hand under her right knee and lifted her leg over mine. She was half sitting in my lap, the back of her right shoulder now pressing into the front of my left. My mouth was right beside her ear, and her legs were spread with her skirt rising up of its own accord. Perfect.

I inched my hand higher up her thigh, under the hem of her skirt.

"Katlyn?" I said softly. Only she could hear me.

"Yes, Master?" she whispered in return.

"Do you know what I am going to do to you when I get you home?"

She swallowed hard. "No, Sir."

"I am going to punish you for your indiscretion at dinner." I ran my fingertips along the juncture where her thigh met her sex. "I'm going to strap you to the sawhorse in the corner and strike you with the flogger we bought last month." I slipped my fingers gently into her wet sex. Fuck she was practically dripping. "I think about ten strokes should remind you of your place. Don't you?"

"If that is what you feel is acceptable, Sir."

I smirked against her cheek and then sucked at the delicate flesh of her neck once more. She behaved beautifully the rest of the ride home while I finger fucked her just out of sight of the pilot. Her self-control amazed me sometimes. We had built up her tolerance over years together, and now her body was like a fine instrument to me. I could literally keep her on edge for hours, as I had tonight, or

command her to come after only a few minutes, and she would obey me either way. She was perfection.

When we reached the parking lot we got into our separate vehicles, and I followed her home. She maintained the speed limit precisely on the way home as she always did. Being the child of a cop had left its mark in at least one way on her life.

Neither of us spoke as I opened the door for her. She walked immediately to our playroom with me on her heels. Once inside, I put my hands on her hips and guided her to the padded sawhorse that we kept in the far corner of the room. I lifted her shirt over her head and let it fall to the floor.

"Bend over," I commanded. She could keep her skirt and lacy bra on, they would not be in the way, and honestly her schoolteacher clothes made me hard as a rock. I loved seeing her the way that the world saw her, pure and sweet, and then listening to her as she screamed and begged for me to defile her.

I pushed her skirt up over her hips as she bent over the bench. Her stomach ran up the length of the sawhorse, the padded center splitting her breasts. Her legs straddled

the A-frame keeping her nicely spread for me. I bound her ankles to the base. She was still in her high heels. So fucking beautiful.

I walked around her slowly, binding each limb as I went, restraining her and teasing at the same time. When she was immobile and helpless before me, I crossed the room and pulled the flogger I had promised her from the wall.

I dragged the long tails over her shoulder and across her back as I moved behind her. Her skirt was bunched around her waist, and she still wore the butterfly vibrator, but her ass cheeks and thighs were bare. I stepped back from her and widened my stance.

"Count, Katlyn," I commanded as I brought the whip down hard on the perfect curve of her ass.

She counted breathlessly as I strategically stuck her, covering her ass and thighs evenly with the blows. Ten strokes was not a lot for her, and I did not use full force on all of them, but I was hesitant to give her more. This was the first time that I had flogged her since the night before we visited my parents. I was rebuilding the trust that I had compromised by allowing her to be in that situation. I'm

sure those ten strokes were a lot harder for me than they were for her.

I placed the last one right at the top of her legs where it would come closest to her wet cunt. Her count of ten was more of a moan than an actual number, and I knew that she had been close to coming under my flogger. If I had given her one more stroke between her legs, she probably would have. She was breathing heavily and struggling futilely against her restraints. So incredible.

I moved behind her, out of her line of sight, and stripped off my clothes. My cock was hard and ready for her. I bent down and pulled the remote control from my pocket. I was quiet sure that Kat had forgotten all about the butterfly, and I intended to use that to my advantage. I set the remote down quietly on a table within reaching distance.

"Very good," I praised, running my hands over her reddened ass, soothing and caressing the burning flesh. "You have pleased me, Katlyn. You may come as you wish."

I put my hands firmly on her hips and thrust into her hard and without warning. The cry that she made as I filled her shot heat straight to my groin. She convulsed around me, her orgasm strong and sudden.

"Fuck," I swore as she took every inch of my cock. I dug my fingers harder into her hips and thrust into her again and again. "Fuck yes. Take my cock you sweet little slut."

She was so wonderfully helpless beneath me. I relaxed and enjoyed the feel of her. Each time I drove forward, the head of my cock slamming against her cervix, she would cry out. I knew that the friction from the sawhorse between her legs would be enough to get her off while I fucked her, but I wanted to push her harder. I needed to feel her coming around me again and again.

I lifted the remote from the table and turned it on high. She had very little play room in these restraints, but she bucked wildly against them anyway and convulsed around me.

"That's right, sweetheart. Keep coming for me."

I kept a steady rhythm with my hips, and forced myself to count the tiny imperfections in the wall in front of us. I knew that I would lose it if I focused, even for a second, on the exquisite feel of her pussy.

Her clit had to be very sensitive, and the vibrator was probably bordering on painful for her at this point, but

I selfishly wanted her to give me one more orgasm. I needed to feel her squeeze my cock as I filled her.

I leaned further forward over her, changing the angle, but continuing to drive into her. I fisted one hand in her hair and pinched her nipple through her bra with the other. She was sounding more and more hoarse as she screamed.

"Fuck, Katlyn," I said. I knew that my voice was a huge turn on for her, and I threw the full weight of it at her. "Such a sweet cunt you have. You like it when I fuck you hard. Don't you? I want you to come again for me. Give me one more, and I'll spill inside you."

I could feel her trying to force her hypersensitive body to relax and give into me.

"That's right, submit to me. Let me work your sweet little body."

She let out a whimper and relaxed further allowing me to push her closer to the edge. I bit down on her shoulder and pinched her nipples hard. She exploded around me one last time, and I followed her into oblivion.

The feeling was incredible, all of my stress melted away as I gave into the sensation. I rested my head on her back and breathed in the organic smell of her sweat.

I stopped the vibrator and reluctantly pulled out of her. I was pleasantly tired, but I knew that she was exhausted. Releasing her, I rubbed her skin gently, stimulating her circulation as I untied each limb. She slid off of the sawhorse, and I carried her bridal style to our bedroom. I tucked her under the covers and then slid in beside her.

"Good night, my love."

Chapter 12

I knelt topless on the stone patio, letting the pain in my knees keep me grounded.

"Stop, Kat," he choked out. Why did he continue to deny himself? I hated pushing him like this, but I couldn't bear to see him in this kind of pain. I wanted to ease his pain, give him everything that he desired. Why couldn't he see that?

"Please, Sir." I pleaded. Please accept what you are. Please accept me for what I am. Please accept my submission and my consent.

He looked so broken.

Didn't he realize that he was everything I had dreamed of? He'd had my heart and my head for months. Now, it was time for him to stake his claim over my body. It had always been rightfully his.

He said that he was afraid of hurting me, but he simply didn't realize that the only thing hurting me was his rejection. I wanted to be his only, his everything, his outlet

for every need, but for that to happen he needed to accept my submission. I couldn't help him if he wouldn't let me in. He needed to accept me. He needed to accept his role in this new relationship.

He sat his empty glass down on the table.

I crawled to him and waited for his judgment. He tilted my head and looked into my eyes. I held my breath.

"I want you naked and bent over the couch in the living room in five minutes."

Oh thank God. He wanted me.

He had said it in so many ways over the course of the night, but there was a strong possibility that he would allow his fear to keep him from what he wanted. He didn't know how to have a relationship, so he was trusting me to teach him. The faith that he had just displayed was enormous to me. I would not disappoint him.

This was going to be an interesting night. At this point, I had no idea what to expect. The uncertainty and anticipation had my body humming with electricity. I wanted whatever he wanted. I wanted to please him, but that was easier said than done, as I didn't have any knowledge of his preferences outside of the schoolroom gossip I'd heard.

I knew there were some risks involved from my side. An inexperienced Dom could cause some real physical damage if he got carried away. The safewords were one way to help prevent that, but I didn't want to use them. I wanted to build his confidence, not confuse him, so I hoped that it wouldn't come to that. He hadn't argued with me about the safewords, but he hadn't exactly agreed with me either. I was giving him more trust than I should by simply assuming that he understood. I had taken a fair amount of physical pain the past, so I wasn't too worried about anything he could do with his own body, but if he happened to have any of the more hardcore toys lying around, I would have to speak up. If he did actually hurt me, it would destroy every step of progress that we had made.

I stood and went into the house as he'd instructed. I would simply do what I did best: take one order at a time. It was his job to determine the order of the evening, and I would not get ahead of myself. For now, I was going to find the living room couch and do as I had been told.

Passing a bathroom on the way, I stopped to use it. You never knew how long a session with a Dom could be, and holding your bladder was not fun. I took a look in the

mirror and attempted to smooth my hair. I stripped off the rest of my clothes and folded them. I placed them in a pile next to my purse on the kitchen counter.

The living room was adjoining the kitchen. There was a cream colored loveseat in front of me, and the matching couch was to my left. The back of the couch was very high, too high for this purpose, so I went with the arm instead. I spread my feet shoulder width apart and leaned forward over the arm of the couch. I rested my head on the cushions and tucked my arms in under me. Now, I would wait.

I didn't wait long. I heard him breathing hard as he walked into the room. He stood behind me for a long time, not moving. I couldn't see him, but I could feel his presence. I was sure that he was looking at me.

After what felt like an eternity, he crossed the room. He stood directly behind me and ran his hand over the curve of my ass. I tried not to jump at his touch, but he effortlessly brought every nerve ending in my body to life. It was impossible to stay still.

When he finally spoke, his voice was shaky and unsure. "My God," he breathed. "You are so fucking beautiful."

He explored my body gently touching me with only his fingertips. His skilled hands ran over my back, down my hips and over my thighs before circling back up. It was absolutely maddening.

His hand came out of nowhere, suddenly striking me hard on the right ass cheek. I yelped in surprise. I prepared myself for another, but it didn't come. Instead he smoothed the flesh with his fingertips again like he was apologizing. I didn't know what to do, but it was like he was waiting for instruction or approval. I thought if I encouraged him to continue spanking me, maybe he would relax. It was obvious that we were going to need to learn to communicate with each other.

"Please, Sir," I whispered quietly.

He jumped back a bit like a startled colt. It was almost like he'd forgotten that I was there.

"Please what, Kat? What do you want from me?"

"I want to please you, Sir."

He laughed bitterly. "You want to please me?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, "But I don't know what you want. Would you like to spank me?"

He took a step closer to me and pressed his jean-clad hips against mine. I could feel his erection against my pussy. His breathing was labored, and I could tell that he was waging some kind of an internal war.

"Yes, Kat," he finally answered. "I want to spank you, and then I want to fuck you."

He pushed two of his long fingers into my wet pussy, and I moaned out loud.

"You are so wet. Does that turn you on, Kat? Do you want me to spank you?"

"Yes, please. Please spank me, Sir."

He removed his fingers and used his wet hand to strike my ass on the opposite side. I bit down on the cushion to keep from crying out.

"No. I want to hear you. Scream for me."

He hit me again, on the right, alternating, and I did as he asked, venting all of my fears and frustrations in my screams. It had been too long. His hands felt incredible. I opened myself up to him and let him give me the release that I needed. Everything that I had been stressing about faded into the background, and I focused solely on the physical feelings that he was giving me. He did not hold back his

blows, and soon I had tears streaming down my face. I did not count how many times he brought his hand down on my backside, but when he was done my ass was on fire, and I felt boneless.

He ran his hand gently over my burning flesh as I calmed.

"Thank you, Sir," I sobbed into the couch.

"Turn over," he said. "I want to fuck you now."

He didn't need to ask me twice. I lifted myself from the couch and faced him. He brushed my hair from my face gently and kissed away my tears. I noticed that his hands were shaking, and it was then that I realized how hard this had been for him. I was so confused. I thought that he was with women in this way all the time. Why was this so different for him?

I wanted to ask him if he was all right, but it wasn't my place. He would work out his own issues. For now, I would comfort him in the only way that I knew how.

"May I undress you, Sir?"

He nodded, and I brought my hands to the hem of his shirt. He lifted his arms and allowed me to remove it.

"You're so fucking hot," he murmured. "You look so good with my hand prints all over your ass. God you're incredible."

I smiled at his praise. I was on top of the world knowing how he wanted me.

I dusted my fingertips down over his shoulders, across his incredible abdominal muscles, barely touching him as he had done with me. I unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down over his hips. He wore black silk boxers, which were hugely tented from his erection. I looked to him for confirmation before pulling them down as well and freeing his hard length. I knelt in front of him and helped him to step out of his pants and shorts. He had removed his shoes some time before he came into the room. They were not in sight.

When he was naked he sunk his hand into my hair encouraged me to stand. He stepped into me, pushing me back against the arm of the couch. His cock was hard and insistent against my belly. I wished that I could see more of him. His body was everything that I had ever imagined it to be.

He tilted my face towards his and cupped my chin gently in his hand. My breath caught in my throat when I realized what he was about to do. He was going to kiss me. Really kiss me. I was terrified. My previous Dom, Cody, had never kissed me. It was far too intimate for the type of relationship that we had. This was much more personal, much harder for me, than anything that we had done so far.

He leaned into me slowly, closing the distance, giving me opportunity to deny him, but I could not deny him anything. Every part of me belonged to him now, and I would be whatever he needed. I wanted to taste him. I wanted to feel his lips against mine. I wanted to know what it was to be loved by this man.

His lips were soft and gentle, just brushing mine lightly. I forced myself to breathe. I had almost forgotten how. He turned his head to the side and gave me more, pushing more firmly, moving his lips. I opened my mouth to him, and he traced the outline of my lips with the tip of his tongue. His breath was warm and sweet, and he tasted like the wine that we had been drinking earlier. I wanted more, to be consumed by that sweet mouth.

He anticipated my need and gave me what I wanted. He moved his hand from the side of my face down over my collarbone and gently cupped my breast. The hand in my hair tightened, pulling me into him as he kissed me deeper and harder. I relaxed into his embrace and let him bring me pleasure.

After a while he stepped back from me, and I nearly cried out in protest. He picked up his pants and pulled a condom out of his pocket. I was finally able to rake my eyes over his incredible body. He was like a work of art. Absolute perfection. I wanted to ask him to turn around slowly for me so that I could ogle him, but I wanted him to come back to me even more.

He slid the condom over his erection and closed his fist around it, pumping his cock a few times. Fuck it would be hot to watch him jack off. There were so many things I wanted to experience with him.

He returned his lips to mine, and I rejoiced at the return of his body heat. He lowered both of his hands to my own which were resting at my sides. Without ceasing his kiss, he put my arms around his neck, forcing me onto my toes. I eagerly followed his lead and pulled him closer, one

hand in his hair and the other around his neck. I pressed my breasts into his cool chest and felt my nipples grow impossibly harder.

He lowered his hands down my arms, down my sides, and he cupped my ass with both hands. When he squeezed, the fire that was there from his spanking fanned to life. I moaned loudly into his mouth. His cock twitched between us. He moved his hands a bit lower and lifted me by the backs of my legs, forcing me to wrap my legs around him as he lifted me onto the arm of the couch.

He ground his cock against my pussy. His forehead pressed against mine.

"Tell me you want it, Kat. Tell me you want my cock."

"I want your cock," I repeated. It came out as more of a moan. "Please, fuck me, Sir."

"So fucking hot," he murmured, just loud enough for me to hear, before he positioned his cock and thrust into me hard.

I threw my head back and gave in to my body's natural responses. I didn't even recognize my own voice as I cried out for him. He bit and sucked at my neck and breasts

as he pounded into me. He never broke his steady rhythm, only varying the force behind his thrusts to suit his needs.

His cock was long and thick inside of me, and he moved his hips in a way that made me feel as if he was exploring every inch of my pussy with it. He reached my cervix with every third or fourth thrust, and I tightened my fist in his hair each time, fearful that I would completely fall apart around him.

I could feel my orgasm building, and I fought it back. I wanted to stay here on this cliff forever. My whole body was alive and responding to every move that he made. It was incredible.

His hands made their way over my body until they reached my ass, which was rubbing deliciously against the couch, reminding me of every blow that he had given me earlier. I tightened my legs around him, and he cupped my ass firmly with both hands pulling me harder onto his cock. I cried out at the intense sensation of pleasure and pain and gave into him. I came hard, squeezing his cock and shuddering in his arms. He thrust into me four or five more times and then came inside of me with a grunt.

I dropped my head to his shoulder and simply went limp. I felt both drained and elated at the same time. He pulled out and went into the kitchen to dispose of the condom. I fell back onto the couch in a structure less mass. He joined me a few minutes later and scooped me up into his arms. He walked with me upstairs and deposited me under the covers of a queen size bed.

"Is this a guest room?" I asked. It was tastefully decorated in a series of blues, but there was nothing really personal on the walls or shelves. I assumed that he wanted to sleep apart from me, which made sense. If the rumor mill had provided accurate information, he never spent the night. We were already breaking all of his rules.

"No," he answered. "It's my room, when I'm here. I don't really sleep here much."

He slid into the bed beside me and pulled me to his chest. I was surprised but thrilled. It appeared that he was spending the night with me after all.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"I'm wonderful."

"Really? I didn't hurt you?"

"Hurt me? No, David, you didn't hurt me. That was incredible. You are incredible."

"You cried. I thought that I had hurt you. I've never spanked anyone quite like that before – you know? It's always been more of a heat of the moment kind of thing. I kind of got carried away, and I was sure for a minute that you were going to hate me."

"If I thought it was too much, I would have used a safeword," I reminded him.

"Yeah, I was a little surprised that you didn't."

"I'm tougher than I look," I teased. "Actually, I really needed that. A good cry is an awesome way to relieve stress, and I feel a million times better now. Thank you."

He gave me an odd look, considering me for a moment and then snuggled me closer. "Get some sleep, Kat."

Once again I obeyed him. I was asleep within minutes.

Chapter 13

The next day I asked Kat what she wanted to do, and I was pleasantly surprised by the answer. She wanted to drive out to my parents' mountain house to enjoy the fall leaves and lingering summer warmth.

We had spent a lot of time there over the last few years, using it as a refuge from school and life. When we lived in the dorms, we spent nearly every weekend there together. My parents hardly ever used it, and it provided privacy that was essential to our relationship. We had cried and laughed and grown there together.

I wished that I could buy it from my father, but I had long ago accepted the fact that I would never inherit anything of my father's. I was going to take his wife and disappear from existence. That would hardly work if I continued to use his vacation home. Maybe some day I could buy a place like it where Kat and I could form new memories.

Kat packed up our things, and we got in the car, opting for breakfast out along the way. There was a diner that we had stopped at for breakfast several times before.

The food was cheap and greasy but it held a certain appeal anyway. Kat was fond of their homemade hash browns, and I was fond of a happy Kat.

She talked joyfully around her breakfast and filled me in on all the latest school news. She was already picking the year's troublemakers out of her class. She was an incredible teacher, and her students loved her almost as much as I did.

I filled her in on my last set of classes and professors. She teased me mercilessly about a female professor that she knew had a crush on me. I'd had to take this particular professor twice and both times she had explained in no uncertain terms an easier way that I could earn my grade. Fortunately for me, I could manage just by studying. She was absolutely nasty, and I already belonged to Kat anyway. It had become a bit of an inside joke, when I told Kat that I would leave her for Dr. Spelic.

We had an incredibly enjoyable time, just the two of us, as husband and wife, eating breakfast and driving through the foothills. We rode with the windows down, and I frequently looked over just to watch her hair blow around in the wind. When we got to the house, Kat got a book and

sat on the patio absorbing the last of the sun's rays before it would hide for the winter.

I wanted to go for a jog, so I left her with her book and headed off on one of the many hiking trails. I was working up a good sweat by the time I reached my turnaround point. It felt good to work my muscles like this.

Letting my mind drift, I filtered through thoughts of Kat and our wedding. It had been a perfect, quiet island wedding. Kat wore a thin white sundress that made both my heart and my cock ache. She looked absolutely radiant.

I was planning to ask my mother to plan a new wedding for us, just as I had told my father. She would want the experience, and I felt badly that I had to exclude her from it the first time. I would be done with school by then, so maybe we could give my mother a big wedding before we disappeared from my father's sight. I didn't have a concrete plan for all of this yet, but I was going to need one soon. The time was drawing near.

I pushed my feet harder as I got closer to the house. I wanted to get back and spend some time with Kat. It might be a good night for a bonfire tonight.

As I rounded the corner that brought the house in sight, I heard Kat's voice. Who on earth was she talking to out here? The closest neighbors weren't really that close and most of these houses were only occupied during the ski season anyway. Maybe some late golfers or hikers?

I skidded to a stop when I realized the truth. My father. She was talking to my father. His low voice was unmistakable. I hadn't called them to see if they had weekend plans. I always checked before we came out here to make sure that they wouldn't be here, but this was a last minute decision, and I had forgotten. How could I have forgotten something so important?

My heart caught in my throat. Oh God, I was completely unprepared for this. I had to get to her.

"Dad!" I said as warmly as I could, stepping up onto the stone patio. "What a pleasant surprise."

"You too, son," he replied. "I had no idea that you would bring Kat here. You can imagine my shock when I saw her sunning on the patio."

"Yes, I'm very sorry. I should have called to say that we were coming."

I wondered what they had talked about. Did he ask her if she had been here before? How would she have responded? We were pretending, the other night at dinner, that we had only known each other for a short while, when in reality we'd been together nearly six years. This could get complicated very quickly.

Kat saved me with her quick thinking.

"I was just telling your father how lovely I thought the house was. I'm glad you finally decided to bring me here. It's even prettier than you described."

Thank you Kat! She had told him this was her first time here. That was good.

I looked at my father. He was frowning at Kat. He had a "speak only when spoken to" type of attitude about women, and he thought her addition to the conversation was inappropriate.

"I thought Kat should become better acquainted with our properties," I said directly to my father, ignoring my wife completely. I was telling him in so many words that I had brought Kat here as part of her initiation into our family. I was showing her what would be hers when she became my wife. This was a concept that my father understood. He

thought that impressing women with money would bind them more strongly to me. He never did understand relationships.

"Of course," he replied. "I am looking forward to spending more time with you both. Your mother is in the kitchen. Go and say hello to her while I finish my discussion with Kat."

My feet were frozen to the stones below them. I couldn't leave her alone with him. We had to get out of here.

"Why don't we all go together? I'm sure Mother would like to say hello to Kat as well."

My father gave me a stern look that clearly told me that I was not to question his judgment, but I was once again saved, this time by my mother.

"David, darling," she said, stepping out onto the patio. "I thought I heard you come up. Kat said you'd gone for a run."

"Yes. I had a lovely jog up to the overlook."

"Would anyone like some iced tea? I've just made a pitcher."

Kat responded, "I'd love some. I'll come in with you."

She stood and grabbed her jacket from where it was draped over the patio wall. She hid herself from my father's gaze with it and then joined Ellen in the kitchen.

When they were safely out of earshot my father turned back to me. "She has lovely skin," he said. "I'll bet she bruises easily."

She was wearing a light dress, one I had always liked. When it had pulled up behind her as she stood, he'd been able to see the backs of her thighs. He was telling me that he had noticed her lack of bruising. When I had flogged Kat last night I hadn't hit her hard enough to leave marks. He expected her to bear my marks at all times. I didn't have a good answer for him. I needed to think quickly if I was going to get out of this.

"She had to have a physical yesterday," I lied. "The start of the school year they drug test and do a basic health screening on all of the teachers. It would have been unwise to attract attention."

He seemed to buy that excuse. "I hate it when those types of things are necessary. It's no one else's business what you do in your own home. I'm sure you'll be eager

to rectify that situation today. Did you bring her here for the added privacy?"

My father thought that I lived in campus housing. He paid for a dorm-style living arrangement for me that I never used. I kept a few things there for when they would visit me at school, just in case they ever checked, which they never did. He did not know that Kat lived with me off campus. He thought that I had neighbors. He thought that I brought her here so that no one would hear her scream. What a sick fuck. Only he would think of that.

"I brought her here for a variety of reasons," I said noncommittally. "Even without my mark, she is well aware to whom she belongs. Some signs are not outward."

A cocky smile spread across my father's face. "Very true, my boy. Very true."

He clapped me on the back, and we walked into the house together. This was going to be a hell of a day, and I wasn't sure that we would survive it.

I needed to find a way to get Kat alone so we could discuss a few things. I knew that my father would not let her out of his sight willingly, but I had to make it happen. The

towel that Kat has used to wipe off the patio chair was now lying on the counter, and it gave me an idea.

"I am all sweaty from my run," I announced. "I am just going to shower up real quick." I put my arm suggestively around Kat's waist from behind and pulled her to me. "You will join me, won't you?" I asked her.

"Of course," she said breathlessly. I could feel the tension in her body evaporate. She thought I would leave her alone with him.

My father gave me a knowing smirk. My mother looked sad. I stepped back and swatted Kat on the ass. "Go upstairs and wait for me in the blue bathroom at the end of the hall."

Kat headed upstairs and my father and I both watched her hips sway until she was out of sight. I fucking hated the way that he looked at her.

"Excuse us," I said to my father. "We'll be down shortly."

I grabbed our bag of clothes and towels and followed Kat upstairs. I found her sitting on the edge of the tub with her head cradled in her hands. I sat down beside her and pulled her into my arms.

"I am so sorry, baby. I forgot to call them. I had no idea that they would come here today."

"I know, David. It's okay." She buried her face in my neck. "Let's get in the shower, and I'll tell you everything that happened."

We ran the shower and stood under the warm water together. She told me that they had only shown up a couple of minutes before I came back from my run. She hadn't spoken for very long with my father, which was a very good thing. I told her that I had lied to him about her having a physical to explain the lack of bruising.

We tried to come up with a quick game plan. It would be safest if I simply acted as her Dom, and she my sub, but my father was under the impression that I was still training her, which meant that she needed to make some mistakes. It also meant that safewords were more important than ever. We had established a sort of code before the last time we saw my parents so that she should express her feelings to me. We reviewed it and made sure that we were both still clear on how it all worked.

I told her that my father probably expected me to beat her here in his presence. I wasn't sure that I could do it.

It had nearly broken me the last time I had hit her hard enough to leave bruises and with the added stress of him being here, I thought it would be impossible. We needed another plan to keep him appeased.

I could probably manage a spanking, and if she cried, he might believe that I was really being rougher with her than I was. He wouldn't expect to see bruises until the day after anyway. It was a little risky. My father would not be easy to fool, but if I could make it seem like an actual punishment for some mistake on Kat's part we might get away with it.

I hated myself for even thinking like this. I wanted to put Kat in my car and just drive away, but I knew I couldn't do that. We had to play along for a little while longer.

We decided to play it by ear. I would try to get her through the day without having to do anything, but if we needed to escalate things, she would drop a glass on purpose and break it. I would punish her for it. It wasn't a great plan, but it was a plan. I hoped we could make it look spontaneous enough.

I needed to be strong for her. She was trusting me to get her through this, and I could not let her down.

I kissed the top of her head and pulled her close to me. "I love you with everything that I am, Kat. Please remember that."

"I love you too, and I won't forget."

Chapter 14

I got up about an hour after Kat fell asleep in my bed. My mind was very restless. I felt like I had a ton of information to process. I quietly closed the bedroom door and crept downstairs. I got a glass of water and sat on the couch staring at the arm where I had fucked her not two hours before.

Had I done the right thing? Would this be insanely awkward in the morning? I had never woken up with a woman before; I had no idea what to expect. I had learned a lot in the last eight hours. Kat was not as breakable as I had once thought that she was. I had this impression of her as an innocent and that impression was inaccurate. She wanted my aggressive nature. She wanted me to treat her roughly. The thought boggled my mind.

Every woman that I had spanked in the past would flinch when I struck her. They all shied away from it. Most of them would not speak up or ask me to stop, but I knew they didn't enjoy it. It was for my pleasure, not theirs. They wanted the experience of having been with me, but I knew

that many of them would choose not to repeat the experience after they'd been through it.

When I spanked Kat last night she had reacted differently, she spread herself wider for me, offered me more of herself. I'd never seen anything like it. Even as the tears streamed down her face her body begged for it. I became totally consumed by it, and I wanted more of it, but I still didn't understand it. There was a whole psychology here to which I was ignorant.

Truth was, I was in over my head, and I knew it. If I was going to live up to Kat's expectations I had a lot more to learn, and I wasn't sure that I could get all of the information that I needed from books.

My natural reaction was to go to my father, but I had a feeling that was a very bad idea. First of all, he wouldn't adapt well to Kat's ideas about safewords and playrooms. It gave her far too much power, and he would find that totally unacceptable. Secondly, I was afraid that he would ask to meet her, and I wasn't ready for that.

I was going to need some kind of a mentor though, someone who understood these ideas that she was talking about. Her purse was lying on the kitchen counter. Her cell

phone was likely to be in there. I wondered if she had her previous sexual partner's number in it. She told me his name: Cody. She had said that he was her Dom. Whatever that meant.

I crossed the room and looked at her purse. I wasn't usually one for snooping through other people's things, but there was no way that I was going to ask Kat for his number. Admittedly, I wasn't very good about asking for help. I didn't usually need it. I could do most things on my own, but I had a lot of questions, and I wasn't sure that I could ask them of Kat herself. I felt like I was floating in uncharted waters.

I unzipped her purse. Her phone was right on top. I flipped it open and scrolled through her contacts. There it was. She only had one Cody. His last name was not listed. I scribbled down the number and put her phone back in her purse. I would call him when I got back to school.

I went back upstairs and lay down beside Kat. She was sleeping peacefully, and I wondered, not for the first time, how she could be so calm about all of this. She was sleeping in a strange bed after some very rough treatment with a man that she knew pretty well, but had never before

had a physical relationship with, and she was sleeping like a baby. If I had been in her position, I wouldn't have fallen asleep at all. I would have been up freaking out about when he might pull me out of bed to start abusing me again or something.

She said that my spanking gave her stress relief. I didn't understand that at all. Her faith in me was amazing, and I was sure that it was completely unfounded.

I drifted into a restless sleep sometime later, but then woke at the crack of dawn. Kat was still sleeping peacefully beside me, amazingly enough. I brushed her hair back from her face and pressed my lips to her temple. The sight of her in my bed made my heart ache. I wanted this more than anything I had ever wanted, and I was positive that I was going to screw it up.

She stirred and opened her eyes. "Good morning," she said softly.

"Morning, beautiful," I replied. "Are you hungry?"

"Mmm, I'm not awake enough to be hungry, but I will be soon."

I needed to kiss her again. I needed to hold her and feel her in my arms. It was such a foreign feeling to me, and I wasn't quite sure what to do with it.

I rolled on top of her, pushing the blankets out of my way so that I could touch her naked skin. She spread her legs and let me settle between them.

"I like waking up with you," I said. I kissed her gently.

"Me too." She arched up from the bed, stretching her sleepy muscles and giving me an incredible view in the process. My cock was instantly hard against her soft thigh.

I lowered my mouth to her breast, licking and sucking her gently. Her hands found my hair, and she raked her nails against my scalp. God that felt good.

I explored her gently feeling her curves with my hands, rocking against her with my hips. I took great pleasure in watching her come to life beneath me. The sleepy movements faded into sensual writhing as I touched her. It was like I could watch her physical reaction to my every action.

I wanted more control. I wanted to know that I alone was responsible for her pleasure.

I pulled her hands from my hair and pinned them to the bed above her head. "Don't touch me," I growled into her neck. She curled her fingers around the bars on my headboard, and I suddenly wanted to see her tied that way. I wanted her to be completely helpless under me.

"Don't let go," I said, removing my hands from hers and tracing the toned muscles in her arms. She giggled and squirmed when I ran my fingertips over her armpits, but she held tight to the headboard.

I squeezed both of her breasts in my hands and bucked my hips against her at the same time. She let out a sexy little moan and pressed her tits further into my hands.

"You have perfect tits," I confessed as I nuzzled the tip of her nipple with my nose. She patiently let me explore her with my hands and mouth. I had never seen so much of a woman before. Usually my experiences involved women who were still half dressed. I didn't really want to see them, I simply wanted to use them, but this was different. I wanted to know every part of Kat intimately.

I mentally noted each physical response that she made. Her breathing increased when I nipped at her skin. She moaned softly when I put pressure against her wet

pussy. I was absolutely fascinated by her. Sometimes the reactions were very subtle, but I didn't want to miss them. I wanted to know why she reacted the way that she did, because I wanted to be able to make her do it again.

I slid two fingers into her wet pussy, and she bucked against my hand. I used my other hand to hold down her hips. It was distracting to me when she made too many movements at once. I wanted to isolate her reactions so that I could witness them fully. I was really going to have to find a better way to restrain her.

I rubbed her clit with my thumb, and she bucked harder. The walls of her pussy tightened around my fingers. I pumped my fingers in and out, working her clit at the same time. She moaned louder and rocked against me as much as she could.

"Please," she begged me softly between moans.

"Please what?"

"Please, Sir."

That wasn't what I meant. I wasn't quite used to this Sir stuff yet. I wanted to know what she was asking for.

"What do you want, Kat?" I asked gently.

"I want to come, Sir, if it would please you."

It suddenly clicked in my head. She was withholding her orgasm. She was waiting for me to tell her that she could let go. She was giving me power over her most primal action. Fucking Hell, I had no idea she could do that.

She was panting beneath me, struggling. Why hadn't I seen that before? She wanted my permission. No, she wanted my command. She wanted me to order her to orgasm.

"Come for me, Kat," I said with as much authority as I could manage.

Her response was instantaneous, and it was the most incredible thing that I had ever experienced. She literally exploded around my fingers, her pussy convulsing, her head thrown back, her back arched.

I did that. I made her act like that, on my command.

I was hooked. I wanted to experience the powerful feeling that I had right now, over and over and over. I wanted to watch her do that again. I wanted to deny her orgasms and listen to her beg for them. I wanted to see how many times I could make her come in one day. There would never be enough time to experience every combination of

my new fantasies. She had just opened my eyes to a world that I had no idea existed. My God, this was amazing.

"Fuck, Kat," I finally said, "You are... that was... wow."

She laughed, "Are you always this articulate in the morning?"

I swatted at her playfully. "It's not my fault that your pussy renders me practically incapable of speech."

She smiled the warmest, most wonderful smile.

"Let's get you some breakfast," I said.

Chapter 15

I literally felt sick to my stomach.

I wasn't worried about the situation in the same way that David was. I could handle some physical pain and bruising. Even Richard wasn't dumb enough to hurt me to a point where I would need medical care outside of what David could give me.

I was worried about David. His emotional state since the last visit with his father had been shaky at best. He had been far too gentle with me in the last week or so and I knew that he was having trouble regaining his authority over me. He felt like he had betrayed my trust, and he was working slowly to regain it. Truthfully I trusted him more than ever after that day, but he needed more time to recover. We had made some progress last night, but I was sure that this episode would mess up the footing we had regained.

I didn't know what else I could do to show David that I was willing to consent to this. I trusted my husband with every ounce of my being, and I would do whatever was

necessary to keep our secrets. He needed to protect his mother. I needed to protect him. We needed to hold on until the end of the semester. If I needed to take a spanking in front of his father then so be it. It wouldn't be pleasant, but it would be a lot easier for me than for David.

We had gone over the possible options hundreds of times over the years:

We could leave now and abandon Ellen, but David couldn't live with that, and now that I had met her, neither could I.

We could leave now with Ellen but struggle to survive. Feeding three of us on my non-tenured teacher's salary, while trying to pay for the rest of David's Ivy League college education would not be easy. Especially because we would have to move, meaning that I would not even have a job and most of his college credits would not transfer. He could forget college all together and get a job, but he really wanted to be a doctor, and it seemed like such a waste, when he was less than a year from finishing. I would have considered this a good option anyway, but I was also concerned that Richard would find us. I didn't think he would give up Ellen without a fight, and his resources would be so

much more extensive than ours. It was hard to disappear without money.

David could attempt to stand up to his father, and possibly involve higher authorities, but Richard was an up-standing figure in the community. It was quite possible that no one would believe us. He would undoubtedly have better lawyers as well. In some cases money was above justice.

Or, we could wait it out. In less than a year David would be capable of providing for us, and we would be able to leave this all behind. The way I saw it, this was the best choice. There was a plan and an end in sight. We could survive anything for a couple of months and then we would be free to spend the rest of our lives however we wanted.

David dried me with a towel and whispered sweet words of endearment to me as we dressed. I put my sundress back on, and David pulled on shorts and a t-shirt. We braced ourselves to go back downstairs.

I looked him in the eye. "David, I am okay. I know you are worried about me, but I will be fine. You do what you need to do to get us through this, and I will safeword if I really feel like I am in danger. You know that I am not fragile. Trust me to know my own limits."

He nodded his head but didn't speak. He led me by the hand back down the steps. We rejoined his mother and father in the kitchen where Ellen was just serving lunch. She was plating some kind of grilled sandwiches and what looked like homemade vegetable soup.

"Lunch smells wonderful, Mother," David complimented. She gave him a small smile before setting a plate in front of him.

Lunch was surprisingly uneventful. David and his father discussed a range of topics from sports to medicine while Ellen and I picked at our lunches. I didn't have much of an appetite.

I stood to help Ellen clear the table when lunch was finished, but Richard reached out and put his hand on my knee, keeping me in my chair.

"Ellen can do that, Kat," he said. He had not removed his hand. David's jaw was tight with stress. I gave him half a smile to show that I was okay.

"I don't mind," I said.

"I do," Richard replied.

"Of course, Sir." I hated calling him Sir, but I thought it was appropriate. I did not respect him, but he

needed to think that I did. It shouldn't be too hard with his already overinflated ego.

His hand crept higher on my leg, and I fought the urge to cringe.

"Tell me, Kat. How has my son been treating you?"

What a loaded question. If I said he was treating me well, his father would think he was too soft on me. If I said he was too harsh, he would think that I was complaining which would be completely unacceptable.

"He is teaching me quite a lot, Sir," I answered diplomatically.

"What is he teaching you?"

I made the mistake of looking to David for help. It was a natural reaction. Richard was quick as a snake. He grabbed my chin and turned my face back to him.

"You will look at me when I am speaking to you."

"I'm sorry, Sir," I said.

He kept on hand on my thigh, the other on my face, facing me fully in his chair. "Answer me."

I forced myself to breathe. I could do this.

"He's been teaching me to please him, Sir." I was going to be as vague as I thought I could get away with. "My

lessons have included appropriate behavior training for social situations as well as physical training for sexual situations."

"You never answered me the last time I asked. Is he fucking you?"

"Yes, Sir." I swallowed hard. David and I had discussed this answer after the last time. It would be too difficult for us to pretend that we had never been sexually intimate. We had to admit that we were having intercourse.

Richard looked at David. "You didn't save her?"

"I didn't see the need. Now or later, either way I was going to have her."

Richard grunted something about impatience. I didn't quite catch it.

Ellen was awkwardly adding the dishes to the dishwasher well within hearing range. Her body was tense. So was David's, although he was doing a better job of hiding it.

Richard released his grip on my jaw but did not remove his hand from my leg.

"How do you discipline her, David?"

David took a swig of his iced tea. I didn't think he was too keen on answering that one. He rose from his chair

and stepped closer to me. He pulled my chair out, with me still in it, and lifted me up bridal style. He sat back down in my chair with me in his lap.

He had accomplished a couple of things with this action. One, he'd forced Richard to let go of my leg. Two, he'd put me in a position where he could comfort me with his body. Three, he'd put me in a position where he could demonstrate for Richard.

"Mostly I spank her," he finally replied. "She responds the best to that, but we've also tried isolation. I locked her in my closet for 48 hours one weekend. You didn't like that. Did you, Katlyn?"

"No, Sir," I replied. I would have hated that, but fortunately it had never happened.

"Sometimes I deprive her of other things. Food mostly, especially if she seems to be forgetting her diet."

He put his hand in my hair and pulled my head back exposing my throat. He bit me gently, right at my pulse point.

"She has become much more malleable. She was incredibly willful the first few weeks, but when she saw that I intended to keep her, she began to bend under my whip."

He pushed my legs apart with his hand and ran his palm up the inside of my thigh under my skirt. "Now she is ready for me any time I want her. She still screws up, but she is improving."

I willed myself to relax. This was David. I could do this. Richard grunted noncommittally and watched David stroke my leg.

"Come, David," he said abruptly. "I want to discuss something with you outside." He stood from the table and walked to the backdoor.

David followed him, leaving me standing at the kitchen table. I took a deep breath. That went surprisingly well. With the exception of Richard touching me, which I knew would upset David, that had been pretty easy.

I gathered the empty glasses from the table and joined Ellen at the sink. Her posture had not relaxed, and she did not look up at me.

"Kat," she said very softly. "Kat, I want you to listen to me."

"I'm listening, Ellen," I confirmed.

"You need to leave now, Kat. This family is not good for you. I cannot watch you suffer the same fate as me.

When David takes you back, you should get on a bus and go somewhere else. It's not too late for you."

This was treacherous ground. I could not tell her the whole truth, but I would not leave her in fear either. She needed to know that I would not betray her to Richard.

"Ellen, I appreciate what you are telling me, but you need to know that your son is not his father. I can't tell you more than that, but I will not reveal this conversation to your husband either. You can trust me, Ellen."

Chapter 16

I sat on my bed in my dorm room and stared at the scrap of paper between my fingers. Cody. To call or not to call? I had questions. I needed answers.

I pinched the bridge of my nose. What would I say? "Hi, Cody, you don't know me, but I'm fucking your ex, and I want to know how hard I can hit her before she'll say a safeword. Oh and while I'm at it, what's the best way to tie her up?"

Yeah, that will go over well.

Don't be such a fucking pussy. Just call him.

I dialed the number and hit send before I could change my mind again.

"Hello?"

He sounded like a perfectly normal person. I don't know why I had been expecting something else.

"Hi," I said, "May I speak to Cody, please?"

"Speakin'. Who's this?"

"Uh, my name is David. I'm a friend of Kat Lake's."

"Katlyn? Is she hurt?"

"No," I assured him, "She's fine. I just... I had some questions for you."

"What kinda' questions?"

"Well, Kat told me that you um... dated."

"I highly doubt she said that."

"Well, okay maybe dated was the wrong word. Look, I know that you had a relationship of sorts with her, and now I am having a similar relationship with her, and I need some advice."

He chuckled. "You're Katlyn's new Dom, and you called me to ask for advice?"

"Yes?" God, I felt like a moron.

"Does she know that you're callin' me?"

"No, and I would appreciate it if you didn't tell her." Maybe this was a bad idea. "I just, I thought maybe you could give me an insider idea of what the hell is going on in her head."

"Listen... David, did you say?"

"Yeah."

"I care about that girl a lot, so I am gonna to try to answer your questions, but I have to say that I am really surprised that she sought out an inexperienced Dom. She's

one hell of a submissive, but you're gonna have your hands full with her if you don't know what you are doing."

"Yeah, I am kind of figuring that out..."

"And I'm gonna warn you right now. If you hurt her, I'll hunt you down and kick your ass. Do you understand me?"

What the hell? I didn't call to have him lecture me. I tried to reign in my temper.

"I wouldn't have called you if I had any fucking plans to hurt her. I'm calling you because I am trying to figure out how the hell not to hurt her."

He laughed again. I had no idea what was so fucking funny.

"There we go!" he said. "I've been waitin' for you to display a Dominant trait. I knew there was some aggression in there somewhere."

"I'm glad I amuse you," I said sarcastically.

"Don't take offense, man. We all start somewhere. How long have you known Katlyn?"

"Why do you keep calling her Katlyn?"

"Why not?"

"She prefers Kat," I answered.

"It doesn't matter what she prefers. The sooner you figure that out the better off you'll be. She wants what you want. It's your preference that counts."

"Oh," I said stupidly. "Um, I've known her for about a year, but we just started this... uh, we started seeing each other this weekend."

"How'd it go?"

"How did what go?"

"Dave, I can't help you if you don't tell me anything. How did your first session go? I am assumin' you had a session, unless she admitted to you that she was a sub, and you completely didn't respond. In which case you've got some back tracking to do."

"Right. No, we did have a session, I guess. I mean I spanked her, and uh had sex with her."

"Thank you. That's useful information. Did you give her a safeword?"

"Well, not exactly, she kind of told me what the safewords were going to be."

"Did you tell her that you understood and were accepting them?"

"Um, no. Not really."

"I should spank her myself for that. She knows better than to put herself in a situation where safewords were not clearly discussed ahead of time. You will fix that immediately."

"Okay," I agreed. I bristled a bit at the thought of him spanking her. I had to remind myself that he was in her past. I was her present and her future.

"You can pick new words, or you can keep hers, it don't matter, but before you touch her again you will explain what the words are and how she's to use 'em. If you ever, ever hear one of those words out of her mouth you are to stop immediately. If you don't, you will lose her trust, and you will earn a serious ass kicking from me and everyone else who cares about her. Do you understand?"

"There is no need to threaten me. I understand." I was really biting my tongue. No one talked to me this way. If I didn't need his help so badly I would never have stood for this.

"Good. Did you use your bare hands?"

"Yes. Should I have used something different?"

"No, that's as good a place to start as any. You can work your way up to other things. How many did you give her?"

"I don't know."

"Whadaya' mean you don't know?"

"I mean I don't know. I hit her until her ass was red, and I was ready to fuck her. How the hell should I know?"

"You shoulda' counted. You always count. Better yet, make her count, out loud. It'll keep her focused. Get a set number in your head before you start and stop when you get there. Your job is to maintain your control. If you don't count, then twenty can turn into thirty and next thing ya know, she's seriously hurt. You need to count, David."

"Right, I'll count or make her count. How many is reasonable?"

"For Katlyn specifically or in general?"

"For her." I wanted to know if I was going overboard or being too soft.

"It depends on how hard they are, but anywhere between five and twenty-five could be okay with your bare hands. Never above the tailbone and don't strike the same

place twice in a row. Use the tops of her thighs too and you can even land a few right on her pussy when you are more comfortable with the amount of pressure it takes. Rub her down with lotion when you're done to help with the ache. You should check her the following day. Using your open hand shouldn't leave bruises. If you bruised her, you hit her too hard. Got it?"

"Got it." I was such a dork. I was actually scribbling down notes.

"Did you talk about it after?"

"Yeah, a little. She said that it was good stress relief."

He laughed again. "I'll bet she did. She checks in with me now and then, and if I'm right, she hasn't had a Dom since me, which means she was long over due. She was probably ruttin' like a mare in heat."

"Yeah, about that..." I said. I wasn't quite sure how to phrase this, and I was a little afraid that his cowboy terminology was going to go over my head. "How does that work exactly? I mean I know that I enjoyed it, but she was in tears. I have a hard time believing that it was enjoyable for her."

He paused for a minute, and I hoped that I didn't say something really wrong.

"I'm gonna recommend some websites that'll help you with this, but I'll give ya the basic idea now. Have you heard the saying 'If you don't stop crying, I'll give you something to cry about'?"

"Sure," I said. "It's a common thing that bad parents say to their kids."

"Well it's a crappy thing for parenting maybe, but that's what women like Katlyn need."

I didn't get it. "I'm sorry. You've lost me."

"Katlyn is strong. Very strong. She is fiercely independent and very intelligent. She doesn't allow herself to behave irrationally. She won't throw a temper tantrum. Her self-discipline is incredible, but she can only maintain that kind of life for so long. Everyone needs an outlet. She is too strong to cry over nothin'. As her Dom, you need to give her somethin' to cry about."

I thought about that for a moment. "You're saying that she bottles everything up and doesn't ever cry. So I am supposed to physically make her cry because it has emotional benefits?"

"That's the general idea."

"Wow."

"Gives you something to think about, don't it?"

"Yeah. That helps a lot."

"That's only one reason, though. Women liked to be spanked in a variety of ways for a variety of reasons. Eventually you'll experience them all. Katlyn is an excellent partner, and she'll be a good teacher. For now though, I am going to give you some instructions, and I want you to follow them and then call me again to tell me how it went. Okay?"

"I appreciate that," I said, and I meant it. It was good to have an ally in this, even if he had an obnoxious cowboy twang.

"I want you to go over the safewords first. Do it outside the bedroom in a normal conversation where she is not intimidated. Then, I want you to give her a task. Make it something non-sexual like making her memorize the answers for a quiz or somethin'. Tell her ahead of time what the reward will be if she succeeds. Also tell her what the punishment will be if she fails. Be specific about both. She needs to know what your expectations are and what the

consequences will be. She can't play the game if you don't tell her the rules. Understand?"

"Yes. I understand."

"And Dave? Be prepared for the possibility that she might fail on purpose."

"Oh," I thought about that for a minute. "Oh!"

He laughed again. "Now you're getting it."

"Yeah, thanks."

"Sure. What's your email? I'm going to send you some links."

I gave him my email and thanked him again. That was a very helpful conversation. I couldn't wait to get started.

Later that night as I lay in bed I thought about Kat and everything that Cody had said. He was right. She was incredibly strong and that was why I had so much trouble accepting this.

I had grown up thinking that women were the weaker gender, but when I met Kat, I saw a woman for the first time as my equal. Fucking those club girls was a whole different ball game because I didn't see them the same way I saw Kat. They were airheads. Kat was brilliant, witty, sweet,

and beautiful. She was worthy. It was her strength that attracted me, and it scared me because I didn't want to squash her. I was afraid that I would beat it out of her as my father had done to my mother.

I always knew that my parent's relationship was not normal. When other kids talked about their moms and dads I knew that my home life was atypical. I just thought that my father was stronger than most, and I thought that my mother was better behaved than most. I thought we were elite, like some kind of royalty that played by a different set of rules.

When I got older and knew more about abusive relationships, I simply thought my father was strict. If my mother didn't screw up, he wouldn't hit her. I thought it was her fault. He always told me it was.

When I was old enough to understand sex, I thought they were just rougher than most couples. My father took me to an upscale whorehouse for my sixteenth birthday. I had been messing around with girls for about a year, but I was still technically a virgin. We fucked two girls doggie style side-by-side on the floor together. He told me what to do, and I did it. I had no idea that was not normal father/

son behavior. I just thought my dad was cooler than most other guy's. I wasn't one to kiss and tell and truthfully, I didn't have many close friends anyway. I had never let people get close to me.

He taught me that sex was about getting off. He taught me that it was okay to lose my temper with a woman. He showed me that women wanted to be used like play things, and until Kat, no one had really shown me otherwise.

But, I wouldn't squash Kat in the way that my father had done to my mother. I wasn't going to abuse her. I was going to meet her needs. She needed structure and discipline. She fed from my strength and trusted me to know what was best for her.

I needed the affirmation that came from properly caring for those who were my responsibility. I needed that kind of control. I knew now that I could give her stress relief, I could give and deny pleasure, I could define consequences and rewards for her behaviors.

What Cody had told me about her need to cry actually made a lot of sense. We all dealt with stress differently. Typically, I took mine out on the closest leggy blond. Kat

just wanted someone to help her with it. She wanted someone to take the responsibility and decision making for a while. She spent most of her life being a responsible, self-disciplined adult, and she wanted some time where she didn't have to be in charge. I could do that for her. Hell, I would love to do that for her. Especially if it meant I got to use her body for my own release.

I would see Kat in class tomorrow. I would ask her to walk back with me so that I could talk to her. I had a task all picked out, just like Cody had suggested, and I was eager to begin.

Chapter 17

I followed my father out to the porch. I was ready to strangle him for the way that he touched my wife, but all things considered, it could have been worse. I needed to stay in control of my temper.

"David," my father said sitting down in one of the patio chairs. "I am concerned about Kat's commitment to you."

"Why would you say that?" I asked. I had no idea where he was going with this. I knew quite well that my wife was as committed to me as I was to her.

"Was she a virgin when you took her?"

Oh. Now that was a touchy subject. I knew that my father would prefer if she had been, but he knew as well as I did that a twenty-four year old virgin was rare. He also knew that I was sleeping with her, and he probably would have expected me to wait if I was taking her virginity. In this case, honesty was probably the best policy.

"No," I said, "although she did not have a lot of partners before me."

He gave me a disproving glare. "And you still think she's worthy?"

"Yes. I do." I was not about to argue the finer points of my wife's worth with my father. I needed to change the subject.

"In fact, I was going to tell mother of my plans to marry Kat this afternoon. I would like to propose over Thanksgiving break. Possibly have an engagement party over Christmas, and then a wedding in the spring. What do you think?"

"If you're sure that she will be properly dedicated to you, then I think your timeline is acceptable. I would use the time between now and Thanksgiving wisely. Make it clear to her that Paulson men are protective of their property."

"I'm sure," I replied. "She fears me far too much to consider leaving me, but I will certainly remember your recommendation and take it to heart."

My father smiled. "Then all is as it should be. I'm glad she's learning her place."

He paused for another moment. "I wanted to discuss something else with you as well."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Kat's occupation."

"She's a teacher."

"I know she's a teacher. I am questioning the fact that you are allowing her to work. I can understand how you've allowed it until now, but surely when she becomes your wife you will put an end to that."

I didn't respond. Kat was not about to give up her career and there was no way I could ask that of her. Of course we planned to move after the "wedding" anyway so it was a moot point. She would continue to teach, but not at the same school, and he would no longer have a say in the matter.

"After the wedding I'm sure that Kat will give up her teaching..."

"Surely you didn't mean that," my father interrupted harshly. "Becoming your wife is not a sacrifice. She is not giving up anything."

"Of course, Father," I backpedaled. Shit. "I simply meant that she would cease working after the wedding. It will be the end of the school year anyway, and we will want

to take an extended honeymoon. When we come back she'll settle into her position as my wife."

He was clearly displeased with the way I was handling this situation. I should never have allowed myself to be drawn into this conversation unprepared.

"Perhaps it would be better if she were to give notice now, so that she would have adequate time to prepare for the wedding. There is no need for her to work. Surely you can provide for her with the more than generous trust fund that I have given you access to. I will arrange for off campus housing for the two of you."

"I assure you that's not necessary..."

"Nonsense. She needs to understand her dependence upon you. I assure you this is in your best interest."

This was not good. There was no way that I could ask Kat to quit teaching simply because my father told me to. And while my father was correct in saying that I could provide for her from my trust fund, his name was still the primary name on that account. I could access that money, but he ultimately had control over it. If he decided to cut me off, without Kat's income, we would have nothing. It didn't

just make Kat dependent on me. It made both of us dependent on my father. I couldn't allow for that.

Not to mention that we were already living together and this would require us both to move, and a whole host of other complications. It was essential that I talk him out of this.

"In the best interest of my studies, I think we should leave things as they are. Kat can be a bit of a distraction, if you know what I mean." I gestured through the kitchen window where Kat was silhouetted at the kitchen sink with my mother. She tossed her long dark hair over her shoulder at just the right moment, proving my point with her beauty. "I am not willing to sacrifice my years of excellent grades because of a woman. I'll have her at my disposal for the rest of my life. There is no need to rush."

He looked at me, considering. "I want you to be focused on your studies, but as you're almost finished, I think you will be able to manage both your studies and your home."

"It isn't worth the risk," I countered. "It's only a few more months, and I assure you, Kat is quite clear on her role as my wife." I thought for a moment longer. "Although,

it is nice to have privacy, not afforded to me by Kat's current apartment. I think we will make use of this house on certain weekends if it's acceptable to you?"

He nodded his head agreeing with me at least temporarily. I had a feeling that this discussion was not really over. My father always got his way, eventually.

"I think your mother and I will be leaving now."

I breathed a silent sigh of relief. We had survived one more day.

My father and I went back into the house. Kat's posture visibly relaxed when my father announced that they were leaving. They said their goodbyes and got in the car. As soon as they were out of sight Kat buried her face in my chest. I wrapped my arms around her, trying to bring her comfort.

"You okay?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said. "I was prepared for a lot worse."

Her strength never ceased to amaze me. "Yeah," I agreed.

"How are you? What did he want to talk about?"

I filled Kat in on the conversation, and like me, she was relieved that the matter was settled for now, but we

were both sure that the upcoming months would prove more difficult. I would shield her as best I could, but it would not be easy.

We left shortly thereafter. The mountain house had lost its appeal for the day, and we were both suddenly homesick. The ride back was pretty quiet. Both of us seemed to be lost in our own worlds. I wondered when it would finally become too much for her. I knew that she loved me, but even true love had limits. I was asking an incredible amount from her, and she was responding to me in the most beautiful, selfless way, but even Kat would eventually crack under this kind of pressure. It was my responsibility to protect her from this, and so far I was doing a pretty shitty job.

Was I even doing the right thing? There were times when I wanted to leave her. I knew I was not good for her. I loved her with every fiber of my being, but I would always be a danger to her. Sometimes I felt like I couldn't live with that. When I would think about leaving though, it felt like suicide. I could not live without her, and my very being rejected the notion.

We pulled into the drive and wordlessly gathered our things from the car to take into the house.

"I think I'll watch a movie," Kat finally spoke.

"Want to join me?"

"Sure," I said, "I am going to have a beer. Want one?"

I got the beer while she picked the movie. I was a comedy that I had seen before but didn't really remember. I could care less what it was. I just wanted to hold her in my arms for a while.

She sighed contentedly as she snuggled into my arms. I nuzzled her hair and breathed her in. Her scent drove me wild.

Kat watched the movie. I watched Kat. I wished that the movie had been funnier. I wanted to see her laugh again. She looked over her shoulder and caught me staring more than once. A concerned wrinkle creased her forehead.

"You gonna be okay?" she asked, pulling me tighter.

"Yeah," I said, "I just can't take my eyes off of you. Kat, if anything ever happened to you, I don't know..."

She silenced me with her lips. She was sweet and gentle. I could feel the curve of her breast pressing against my chest through her thin cotton dress.

"Don't finish that thought," she whispered. "I'm right here. I'm okay."

I kissed her back and tried to pour every emotion that I was feeling into that kiss. I know I failed, but she responded to me anyway. We shifted on the couch so that I was sitting up straighter, and she was straddling me, facing me. Her dress rode up her thighs, and my hands sought out the smooth expanse of skin.

She rocked against me and kissed me harder. I let her lead, enjoying her attentions. We dry humped on the couch like a pair of horny teenagers. I could feel how wet she was through her panties. She moaned into my mouth and used her hips to find the friction that she wanted.

I broke our fevered kissing long enough to lift her dress over her head. She stood and dropped her panties to the floor as well. She was so fucking beautiful standing before me with her wild hair and flushed skin. Her breathing was labored and the hunger in her eyes was unmistakable.

I lowered my hands to my belt and pushed my shorts and underwear off over my hips. She practically pounced on me, laughing and smiling and she claimed my mouth and connected her body with mine.

She rode me hard, with her perky tits bouncing in my face. It was fucking heaven. I touched and kissed every inch of her that I could reach. Her pace and her cries gradually increased as she impaled herself over and over on my hard cock. It was like an out of body experience watching her use my body that way.

I thrust up into her, meeting her motions half way. She threw her head back in ecstasy and gave me the most amazing view of her body. My balls tightened and my cock ached.

I used my thumb to rub gentle circles on her clit giving her the extra friction she needed, and she contracted around me. I watched her beautiful face as she came, her eyes closed, her lips swollen from my kiss. I grabbed her hips in my hands and pulled her down hard on my cock. I could feel every contraction of her sweet pussy as I exploded inside her.

She sat in my lap a few minutes later, with her head resting on my sweaty chest and our sticky legs twisted together. I held her and rocked her in my arms and told her how much she meant to me. She was everything good and

perfect in this world. I would give anything to be able to hold her like this for the rest of my life.

Chapter 18

I sat in class next to David and attempted to focus on my notes. We hadn't spoken since he returned me to my dorm on Sunday afternoon, and already, I was craving his attention. We had a lot of things that we still needed to discuss. I was unsure in many ways of where we stood. It was clear that he was willing to act as my Dom, at least for now, but he hadn't promised me exclusivity, and he'd made no declarations regarding the length or structure of our new relationship.

I wasn't sure that I could handle knowing that he would continue to fuck other women. It was also possible that he would simply go back to being my lab partner, now that he'd gotten what he wanted from me. I hoped that was not the case, but I was in a very unsure position, and it was making me extremely anxious.

I tried to focus on the professor's words, but it was mostly going in one ear and out the other. We had some kind of an oral presentation coming up. I would have to

stand in front of the class, be the center of attention. I hated that.

I was relieved when we were finally dismissed, and David put his hand on my arm.

"Can I buy you lunch?" he asked. "There are a few things that I would like to discuss with you."

"Sure," I said. I didn't have any intention of letting him pay, but I was glad that he wanted to talk.

We decided on the little cafe three blocks from campus. They had a really good soup and salad special on weekdays. When we were settled in a private corner booth, David asked me how I was. I knew it wasn't your average "How are you?" He really wanted to know what I thought of everything now that the weekend was over.

"I'm great," I started. "I had a really incredible time with you this weekend, but I'm glad that you wanted to talk to me. I think that there are some things we need to discuss. Did you want me to start, or did you want to go first?"

"Well," he said, "let me get through a couple of things and then we'll see if I missed anything." I nodded and waited for him to continue. "First off, if I am going to act as your Dom we need to establish some rules."

I agreed wholeheartedly with that.

"Like the safewords, I agree with you that a two word system is good for us: yellow for slowing down or changing tactics, and red for stopping all together. I accept those words, and I will work within that system. Any time that I hear one of those colors from you during a session I will act accordingly. Is that clear?"

I breathed a sigh of relief. Perfect. "Yes, it's clear."

"Good. Secondly, you have a right to know what I want from you, and what I am expecting. You know that I am, in some ways, new to this, so I will do my best to communicate as much as possible to you ahead of time. If you are unclear about something, I would like for you to ask. I may not answer you, but I need to know if I've been unclear."

He looked to me for confirmation. I nodded my agreement.

"If you are to be my submissive, I will expect you to belong to me only. I am a very jealous man, Kat, and I will not share you."

I was glad he said it out loud, but I already belonged to him. I had since the day I met him. He had to know that by now.

"I want for no other," I replied.

He paused for a moment considering me. "You have ruined me for other women, Kat. I want only you. From this day forward we will be exclusive."

My heart jumped for joy at the thought. He was promising me his exclusivity. Mine. He was mine.

He frowned down at his napkin for a moment. "Kat," he said in a softer tone. "There are some things I think you should know..."

I waited for him to continue.

"I want to be both your Dominant and your... boyfriend, for lack of a better word. I want to have a relationship with you, and if I'm not mistaken, you want that as well."

I nodded my agreement. I didn't want to interrupt him.

"And I also need to be your lab partner, and I need to not be distracted from my studies. I am hoping that because we have worked well in the past together, on a

professional level, that we will still be able to do so." He looked to me again for confirmation, and I agreed.

"Kat, this is going to get complicated. I want to have a relationship with you on many levels, but I can't tell my family about you. Not now, maybe not ever. I want to announce to the world that you belong to me, but outside of this school, our immediate circle of contacts here, I cannot speak of this. I know that sounds odd, and you have to believe me when I say it's not by my choice."

He looked me in the eye, asking me to believe him, to listen to him.

"My father is a dangerous man and associating with me could be incredibly dangerous for you. To keep you safe, I need to keep this secret."

I didn't understand, not really. He told me that he learned his sexual habits from his father, but I didn't see how that could prove dangerous to me. This wasn't going to be easy for either of us, but I had a feeling that I was going to need to know more.

"I think you're going to need to tell me more about him, David."

"I will," he replied, "but not here, not right now. For now, I need you to trust me and to know that if I lie to someone about our relationship, it may not be what it appears. I will do what I need to do to protect you. I am proud of our relationship, and I want this with you, but I may not always be able to act like it. Can you understand that?"

I took a deep breath. There was just so much I didn't know.

"I understand, and I am willing to trust you, but I am going to need for you to explain this further sometime soon."

"This weekend I want to go back out to my parent's place. I want to leave Friday after your last class and I'll bring you back Sunday evening. We can spend some time on Saturday studying, but I would like to spend most of the weekend without our books, if you can manage to take the time off. I will explain things further to you then. I want you to be able to make an intelligent decision about what kind of a relationship you want with me."

"Yes," I agreed. "I will try to finish up as much work as possible during the week. I would love to spend the weekend with you."

"Good," he said, closing the subject. "Now I need for you to tell me about Cody."

I blinked in surprise. That had come out of left field.

"What would you like to know?" I asked.

"How did you meet?"

"I worked in a tack and feed store my last two years of high school. It was just a part-time thing to help keep gas in my truck and give me some extra college money. After graduation, I continued to work there for the summer. One day, it was only about a week after graduation, I was joking around with Mike and Jamie. Mike's parent's owned the store and Jamie was his girlfriend," I explained.

"We somehow got on the subject of sex, oral sex actually, and the two of them basically called me a prude. Well in an effort to prove how un-prudish I was, I made a rather blatant sexual comment. I was not a virgin, but I'd only had one previous boyfriend, Jake. Jake was a sweet kid, but that was a lot of the problem, he was too sweet. I needed someone far more dominant than Jake. I just didn't know it."

I looked at David, making sure he was still following me. He motioned for me to continue.

"The comment I made was something along the lines of 'I wish he would have just fucked my mouth instead of making me do all the work.' It shocked the hell out of Jamie and she went from calling me a prude to calling me a pervert. Her comments stung; I was still uncomfortable with my sexuality in a lot of ways, and I thought I was some kind of a freak because a small minded, small town girl told me that I was."

David took my hand across the table and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

"Cody," I continued, "was a regular customer at the store. He's a rancher with a horse farm that borders the town. I had seen him around a lot, because he was always picking up new things for the ranch. I had always been attracted to him, but I was too shy to have ever approached him. He happened to be one aisle away in the store, and he heard the whole conversation. He waited until Mike and Jamie left and then he approached me at the counter to check out. He saw the tears in my eyes and knew

immediately what I was feeling. He recognized me for what I was before I even knew such a thing existed."

I took a deep breath and looked up at David.

"He looked right at me and told me very clearly that I was not a freak. He told me that I was beautiful and sexy, and he said that he wanted to prove it to me. He was eight years older than me so I was a little intimidated, but something in his voice made me want to understand what he was talking about. He invited me to a campfire party that they were having out at the ranch that night, and I went. The rest is kinda' history. He was my Dom until I left for school, and then we called it quits. He collared another sub and now I have you."

David looked at me for a minute processing everything I had told him.

"Was he only your Dom or did you have an emotional relationship with him as well?"

"It was purely physical. He made it very clear to me from the start, that our relationship would be one of teacher and student. He showed me what my body needed, and I gave him physical pleasure. We never kissed and we very rarely talked unless we were discussing a session."

"You say he collared another sub. Did he collar you?"

"No, we realized that our arrangement had a time limit. He trained me, but I did not belong to him in the way that I wish to belong to you."

David's lips curved up into a smile. "Thank you for explaining that to me, Kat."

"You're welcome." I glanced at my watch. I needed to get going, I had another class soon and I needed to get back to my dorm to get my books.

"One more thing before you go," he said.

"Yes?"

"I have an assignment for you." A playful smile crossed his lips, and I knew that I was in trouble.

"Am I to understand that you are giving me this assignment as my Dom?" I asked.

"Yes, Katlyn."

He called me Katlyn. I was instantly aroused. Cody's voice echoed in my head, different from David's but using my full name in the same context. My body understood the connection. Fuck. me. now.

I swallowed hard and lowered my eyes to the table.

"How may I please you, Sir?"

"You recall the oral assignment we reviewed today in class, yes?" I nodded. "The presentations are due Friday, before we leave for the weekend."

He was correct. That was the Monday, Wednesday, Friday morning class that we shared. I hated oral presentations. He knew that. This could be difficult.

"The minimum required length of the presentation is five minutes. If I know you as well as I think I do, your presentation will be as close to five minutes as you can possibly manage."

He was right. I would say as little as I could and sit my ass back down.

"I want you to speak for seven minutes. The maximum length is eight, and I do not want you to go over, but I want you to use a full seven minutes. We both know that you have plenty to say, you simply choose not to remain in the spotlight any longer than you have to. You will endure the discomfort of public speaking for me."

I looked at the table. He made it sound so damn simple, but I really freaking hated being in front of a class.

"If you succeed," he continued. He leaned closer to me across the table and lowered his voice. "It will please me, and I will lick your pretty little cunt until you come all over my face."

I could feel the increase in my heart rate. God, the things he could do to me with just his voice.

"If you fail, you will scrub my mother's kitchen floor, naked, on your hands and knees."

He looked at me, his eyes stating a challenge. I thought about how it might feel to have his tongue on me. Was it worth an extra two minutes in front of a crowd to know what it was like? I was sure it was.

His punishment was creative. I had to give him that. To be honest though, it wasn't much of a punishment. That kitchen floor was incredibly clean anyway, so it was really a question of being naked and soapy on the floor under David's gaze. It was really quite erotic, and could be quite pleasurable if he wanted it to be.

I knew what he was trying to accomplish. I never scored as well on my verbal work as I did on my written work because my professors thought I should be able to do better, longer presentations. I took the lower grades without

complaint because I still did fairly well, and I really didn't like verbal work.

David wanted to improve my score. This also meant that he probably wanted to lick my pussy, and he probably wanted to watch me wash the floor naked. This would work out well for him no matter what. I tried to keep my expression neutral, but I was sure I failed. I wanted to grin from ear to ear.

He was going to make an excellent Dom.

Chapter 19

We spent the rest of the weekend and the whole next week tiptoeing around each other. No one wanted to be the first to mention the elephant in the room. Its name was Richard, and it was one hell of an elephant.

David was adorably sweet to me, cooking meals, making my favorites, touching me gently, kissing me, and speaking words of affirmation and endearment in hushed tones. It was great, but it was painfully obvious that it was a result of our encounter with David's parents. He suddenly believed that I was made of glass, and he was handling me with extreme care.

I let it go for a week because I knew that he was not yet on stable ground. We didn't usually play in the middle of the week anyway because we were busy with work and school. Friday and Saturday, our usual days to vet our D/s relationship, came and went, but David never approached me as my Dom. When Sunday evening rolled around, I couldn't take it any more. I would not let that terrible man

ruin my marriage, or my sex life. I wanted my husband back, and I wanted my Dom to come with him.

With the exception of the ten wimpy strokes he had given me last Friday, David hadn't spanked me in weeks. I was going positively mad. He was a fucking fabulous Dominant and he was allowing himself to atrophy because he was afraid of becoming his father. He was denying so many good things about himself because of his fear. Talk about throwing the baby out with the bath water.

I was going to have to do something. I just wasn't sure what.

I needed something that would flare his temper. Not enough to really piss him off, but something that was blatantly obvious. There were only a handful of things I could think of that really bugged him. He didn't like it when I interfered with his homework. He positively hated it when he thought I was being too flirtatious with another man. He couldn't stand to be called Dave. None of those things really seemed like good ideas right now though.

I paced around the house and considered my options. I stopped abruptly at the front door when I saw my answer lying on the welcome mat. I had a terrible habit of

leaving my shoes all over the house, and it bugged the crap out of him. He was constantly complaining about tripping over them. I had gotten better about it because I knew it irritated him, but it was just what I needed right now.

He was in the living room watching the tail end of the Patriots game. There were a couple of minutes left - just enough time. I ran into the bedroom and pulled as many pairs of shoes out of the closet as I could find.

I really didn't have very many, at least not compared to some women, but it was enough for what I needed. I started by the door to the playroom and placed a shoe every four or five feet down the hallway. David was facing away from me, watching the game, so I crept as stealthily along behind him as I could. Knowing my clumsiness, I was sure to knock something over and ruin all of my efforts. I ended the shoe trail right beside the couch. There was no way he could miss this hint.

I made my way back up my shoe path to the bedrooms. I dropped my clothes in our room and pulled my hair up quickly into a messy ponytail. I put on a pair of fishnet thigh-high stockings and stepped into the only pair of shoes that I had not placed on the floor. They were my

highest heels, a strappy pair that I had worn for New Years Eve last year. They drove David positively wild, or at least they had in the past.

I made my way into the playroom just as the game was ending. I put my hands above my head on the silver bar that we had mounted on one wall and waited. David would sometimes strap me to this bar to flog me standing up. He could do it this way or make me move. Either way, I couldn't send a clearer picture of what I wanted. I wanted him to punish me. Hard.

A moment later the tv shut off and the house was quiet. A moment after that, David swore. I felt a little guilty. I hadn't actually meant for him to hurt himself on my shoes. I hoped whichever one he tripped over was not a sharp heel.

"Kat?" I heard from down the hall. He had clearly found my breadcrumbs.

The house was quiet for a moment and then his beautiful laugh rang out. I didn't turn to look, but I knew he was standing in the doorway to the playroom laughing. I hadn't heard him laugh quiet so hard in a long time and it was absolutely infectious. I gave in and laughed with him as I turned to face him.

His laughter wasn't exactly the reaction that I had hoped for, but at least it was a reaction. He had to acknowledge now that we were missing something from our relationship. When his laughter finally subsided he looked up at me gasping and brushing the tears from his eyes.

"Oh God, Kat," he said, still clutching his stomach from his fit. His eyes raked over my body, naked except for the shoes and stockings. "Fuck, sweetheart. You couldn't have just asked me to spank you?"

I blushed and shrugged my shoulders. I hadn't really thought of that.

"Come here." I crossed the room to him. He pulled me out into the hall and kissed me gently on the lips.

"Oh, Kat, what am I to do with you?" he teased.

Tears stung my eyes. I felt a combination of embarrassment, fear, and relief. I didn't quite know how to process it all.

"I miss you," I said. "I need my husband and my Dominant. Please don't let him do this to us. Don't reject me." I clung to his soft cotton shirt and hid my face in his neck. I was so afraid that I was losing him, losing everything we'd built together.

"I know, baby," he whispered into my hair. "I'm here. I'll always be here. No one is going to take you away from me. I wasn't rejecting you. I just wanted to give you time before I placed unnecessary expectations on you. I can see how that was a mistake. You need a hard session don't you?"

I nodded my head and clung to him. His words brought such relief to me mentally, but physically I was a ball of nerves. I didn't know what to do, how to behave. I was horny and frustrated, and I was depending on him to lead me.

He held me for a moment longer and then nodded his head. He took another deep breath before he straightened his posture, physically putting on the form of my Dom. His muscles flexed around me, both his body and his demeanor hardening.

He stepped back from me.

"Go into the playroom," he commanded. "I want you in your pose on the floor when I come back." He lowered his eyes to my body and smirked. "Keep the stockings and the shoes."

He went into our bedroom and shut the door, leaving me slouching against the wall for support. I stood on wobbly legs and went into the playroom.

I knelt on the floor, my hands behind my back, my head bowed. After what seemed like an eternity, David came into the playroom. I couldn't see him, but he moved around the room rearranging things, opening drawers, and dragging furniture. I had caught him off guard with all of this, so he was probably still deciding what to do.

I'd had a few minutes to think, and now I was ashamed for my behavior. It really was childish of me to throw shoes all over the place when I should have just been open with him. He was my Dom. He had met my needs hundreds of times without my breathing a single word. How much more then would he be able to meet my needs if I did ask? I was wrong. I should have trusted him to do what was best for me instead of trying to trick him into behaving in the way I wanted. He might punish me for the shoes, but it was really my lack of faith that deserved punishing.

My legs were beginning to ache from my position on the floor, but I didn't dare move. Eventually his bare feet

came into view on the patch of floor before me. He pulled my hair sharply forcing my head back.

"Wrists," he said.

I held my wrists out for him, and he bound them together. He had changed into a pair of black leather pants that fit him like a second skin, and a black t-shirt. His erection was clearly defined and the sight of it made me instantly wet. So fucking hot.

"See something you like, Katlyn?" he asked. It was not a rhetorical question.

"Yes, Sir," I answered.

He let go of my bound hands, and they fell limp in front of me.

He unbuttoned his pants and took his cock in his fist. It was directly at my eye level.

"Is this what you want, slut?" He smacked my cheek with his cock.

"Yes, Sir," I answered again.

"Open," he ordered.

I opened my mouth, and he filled it with his hard length. I moaned around him as he pulled on my ponytail and began to fuck me. I sucked and licked as much as I

could while he used me. I wanted to pleasure him. I wanted to say that I was sorry with my mouth, but not with words.

I tried to relax and breathe through my nose. I could taste him as he drew closer to completion. He held me steady and thrust his hips forward again and again.

"Swallow," he said. His voice was rough with arousal.

He filled my mouth with his hot seed, and I swallowed around him as best I could. I licked the rest from his cock as he softened in my mouth. When he was done, he put his soft penis back in his pants and ordered me to stand. I did so awkwardly on high heels without my hands.

He hooked my hands to a rope that he had suspended from the ceiling. Because we were renting, we couldn't put in an elaborate suspension system, but our current setup was strong enough to hold my body weight.

"Spread," he said tapping my ankle with his toe. I spread my legs. He pulled the rope tight, stretching me until I wobbled on my heels and then relaxed it just a tiny bit. I had very little range of motion with my legs spread. Putting them together would give me a couple of extra inches.

He pulled a spreader bar from the box under the bed and hooked each ankle into it, forcing me to keep my legs apart.

He picked up a wooden paddle and circled me, stalking me like a large cat after its prey. From experience, I knew that this was going to hurt. I would be lucky if I could sit down tomorrow. I suddenly forgot why I had wanted this so badly.

"Katlyn, you know better than to leave your shoes in the middle of the floor. Even more than that, you know of better ways to attract my attention. You will not make a mess like that again. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How many shoes were there?"

"I am not sure, Sir." He struck me twice in a row, quickly on the ass.

"Well I am sure, Katlyn, because I picked them all up and returned them to the closet where they belong. There were twelve. Six pairs."

My breathing increased involuntarily. Twelve. I could handle twelve.

"So you," he continued, "will receive fifteen strokes. One for each shoe, and three because you weren't mature about asking for what you really needed from me."

I swallowed hard and resigned myself to my fate. Fifteen. That was fair.

"You will count them aloud." He circled around me again. My nerves were alight with anticipation. The waiting was always the hardest part.

The first one stung. I counted. The fifth one stung a lot more. I kept counting. He wasn't holding back. By ten I thought I would die. I couldn't remember so much pain. I stopped counting at thirteen and simply hung from my arms and sobbed.

He paused when I didn't count.

"Your color, Kat," he said gently. He thought he hurt me. He was asking if I wanted to safeword out. He called me Kat.

I choked back my tears and tried to gain my composure. I wanted him to finish. I needed him to finish. He would make this right.

"Green, Sir." I managed. It took all the remaining strength that I had.

He gave me the final two swiftly and dropped the paddle on the dresser. He lowered the rope that held me up, and I sagged into his arms. My legs felt like Jello. My backside burned in a way I didn't think possible.

I cried as I let all of my fears and frustrations be absorbed by his strong arms. He held me and soothed me. His hands were gentle on my face as they brushed my tear stained hair out of the way.

He laid me gently on my stomach on the bed and disappeared into the bathroom. A moment later he returned with a bottle of lotion. I gave myself over to his ministrations and cried myself to sleep.

Chapter 20

The weekend couldn't come soon enough. I was positively desperate to hear Kat's speech. I wondered what she would do. Would she suck it up and talk for seven minutes? Would she squeak by with her more typical five? What would it mean if she split the difference and spoke for six?

I was so concerned about the possible implications of her presentation that I barely managed to study for my own. I volunteered to give my speech on Wednesday instead of Friday because I wanted to be able to relax and focus on Kat on Friday. I spoke for seven minutes and twenty-five seconds, deliberately setting an example. I got an A and a few positive comments from the professor. I hoped that Kat would do as well. I really wanted to see her succeed in this. She was shy, but her papers and talks were always interesting to me and to the rest of the class. She was a wonderful public speaker despite the fact that she hated it. She just needed a little extra incentive. I hoped to provide that.

I called my mother on Wednesday evening and discretely asked their plans for the weekend. I wanted to make sure that they would not be at the mountain house. They thankfully had other plans. I called the housekeeper and made special arrangements to have the house stocked with food and wine. I didn't want to have to deal with groceries for the weekend.

I would be finished after our morning class on Friday, but Kat also had an afternoon class. That would occupy her while I packed the car for the weekend and made all of the other arrangements.

Finally Friday morning rolled around, and I walked with Kat to class.

"Nervous?" I asked.

"About which?" she replied.

Which, not what. I smirked.

"The latter," I said, "I already know that you are nervous about the speech."

"No," she answered with a smile. "I am looking forward to that."

I held the door open for her, and we settled into our usual seats. I tried not to fall asleep through the

presentations of our peers. Sometimes it was difficult. Kat went third. She brushed her hair behind her ears and focused on her note cards.

She looked up, waiting for the teacher to tell her that she could begin. I caught her eye, and she blushed. She was so fucking adorable.

When she started out I could tell her nerves were in full force. She was doing fine though, her information was well thought out, and her pacing was good. She had clearly worked very hard on this. I glanced down at my watch, three minutes. I mentally cheered her on.

She was using slides with various images and bullet points. It was a nice presentation. Five minutes. Keep it up, baby. She started discussing what I assumed was her final point. Almost six minutes. It would be an awfully long conclusion if she tried to stretch it the full minute. I was proud of her anyway though; she had done very well so far.

That's when she surprised the hell out of me. Instead of concluding, as I thought she would, she brought up a diagram and started discussing it freely without her notes. Wow. I was going to have to give her bonus points for that.

I glanced at the professor. I could tell that he was proud of her too.

She wrapped it up nicely, said thank you, and sat down. Seven minutes and thirteen seconds. Good. Girl.

I was positively beaming. My girl is fucking awesome when she overcomes her fears for me. I scribbled a note on my notebook as the next student took their turn.

That was amazing, Katlyn. I had to remind myself to use her full name. I had made the decision to call her Katlyn when I wanted her to call me Sir. There was something to this name concept. It might take some adjusting, but something told me that it was important.

7:13. I am very proud of you. I pushed the notebook over to her side of the desk. She pulled a pen from her pack and wrote back below my note.

Thank you. She hesitated for a moment. Sir.

I smiled at her letting her know that was the correct way to respond. I couldn't freaking wait for this class to be over. Forty-five minutes later my wish was granted and we were dismissed. As soon as we were out of the building I pulled her into my arms and kissed her gently.

"You were amazing," I said.

She blushed.

"I have to get back to my dorm," she said, clearly not comfortable with discussing it. "I need to pack and then get to my next class. Is there anything special that I should bring?"

"No," I answered. "I have everything we need for the weekend. Just bring you and whatever clothes you want." I leaned closer and whispered the last part in her ear. "Not that you really need your clothes anyway. I have every intention of keeping you naked most of the weekend."

She shuddered but did not respond. "I'll pick you up at 5:00. Will that give you enough time?"

She nodded and then headed in the direction of her dorm. I watched her for a minute before going on my own way. This was going to be fucking awesome.

I packed up everything that we would need for the weekend, which really wasn't much, and waited. I finished up some homework and tried to get everything out of the way so that I could focus solely on Kat. My mind kept drifting back to her body, her smell, the incredible noises that she would make. Fuck. My erection refused to lie down. I had half a mind to drag her beautiful ass out of class and

leave early. If the clock didn't move faster, I was going to go absolutely caveman on her.

I got in the car at 4:45 and drove in circles around campus until it was time to pick her up. She was standing outside of her dorm with an overnight bag in her hand at 4:55. She was just as anxious as I was. I smiled at the thought.

I relaxed when we got on the highway. She was mine for the weekend. Just us. With no interruptions.

"Did you want to stop to eat on the way?" I asked.

"It's up to you," she answered. "I'm not really hungry."

"Neither am I so we'll just wait if that's okay?"

She nodded.

"I really am proud of you," I said.

Well that just totally slipped out of its own accord. I didn't regret it though. It was true.

She suddenly became interested in her fingernails. A blush was creeping across her cheeks. She was going to learn to accept words of encouragement and compliments without being embarrassed. We would work on that.

I put my hand on her leg just above the knee. "In fact," I said, "I was so impressed when you looked away from your notes, that I think you deserve an extra reward." I slid my hand higher up her leg. She had worn a brown knee-length skirt to give her presentation, and she still had it on. Her legs were bare beneath it, and her skin was soft and smooth under my hand.

I shifted in my seat uncomfortably. I had a hard time keeping my eyes on the road. I pushed the speedometer a little faster, needing to get there as soon as possible.

"May I ask a question?" she asked.

"You can always ask me anything, Kat."

"Kat or Katlyn?" she asked for clarification. "I can ask you anything as David or I can ask you anything as my Dom?"

Smart girl.

"I meant what I said. However, for now, both apply. I reserve the right to change my mind as your Dom."

"I like that."

"What?"

"That you refer to me by two different names. It helps."

"It helps me too. Maybe we could trade questions."

"I'm sorry?"

"I have questions for you as well, so for the rest of the car ride how about we alternate?"

"Oh, okay."

"Can I go first?" I asked.

"Is that your question?" she teased.

"Yes, and that was yours." I turned and smiled at her. "Why did you obey me? We both know the punishment was not severe."

"Wow, you get right to the heart of matters don't you?" I looked at her, waiting for an answer. "I obeyed you because the real punishment would have been your disapproval. I couldn't bear the thought that you might be disappointed in me." She looked at her nails again. "Where did you get the idea to call me by my full name?"

I wasn't about to tell her that I had called Cody. I didn't hesitate with the lie. I was a very natural liar. "You call me Sir, I needed an alternate for you to match. Your full name is more formal. It seemed appropriate. Describe one of your previous punishments for me."

"That's not a question."

I shot her a warning look. "What was your least favorite punishment?"

She thought for a moment. "Cody made me suck him off at a party once."

I raised an eyebrow at her. She didn't like giving oral sex?

"I have no problem with giving head," she clarified. "I have a problem with doing it with an audience."

Ah, that made sense. We were back to her dislike of being the center of attention. Sex in a public place would be very difficult for her. It was her turn.

"How old were you when you lost your virginity?"

"Sixteen. How old were you?"

"Seventeen." I was not surprised. She said she'd had a boyfriend before Cody. "What was your wildest sexual experience?"

Shit. I didn't want to answer that. "Define wild."

"You know what I'm asking."

"I don't know," I said, trying to buy more thinking time. "Before school started I was with twins. That was pretty wild."

She laughed. "That wasn't exactly what I meant, but it'll do. Your turn."

"What is your favorite currently unfulfilled fantasy?"

She thought for a few minutes on that one. "I've never had sex in the rain. I would like to, in a meadow or field, someplace secluded with little chance of being interrupted. In the summer."

Wow. I didn't see that one coming.

"What was your most memorable sexual experience?" she asked. Pulling me out of my wet, naked Kat daydream.

"Honestly?" I asked. She nodded. "Last weekend with you. Waking up with you." That was far too honest. I needed to break the silence that suddenly filled the car. "Of course, I have every intention of making a new one tonight."

Chapter 21

Kat fell asleep while I was still working on her aftercare. I was almost positive that she would bruise, although not badly. The lotion that I used came from the hospital. It was specifically designed to reduce swelling and bruising. It also took some of the sting out.

When I was done, I pulled her into my arms and held her as she slept. The physical exertion of crying had exhausted her. When she woke, she was likely to be horny as hell. That was her usual pattern. I would stay here in the playroom with her and let her rest for a while. When she woke I would finish the session.

I tried to relax. I knew I hadn't really hurt her. She had asked for this. I smiled when I thought about the shoes. She really was brilliant. With one single action she spoke volumes. She told me that I wasn't upholding my end of the bargain.

Kat had needs, and I had taken on the responsibility to meet them when I became her Dom. Sometimes that meant more than just fucking her. Sometimes that meant

punishing her so that she could atone for whatever sin she thought she had committed. Kat lived with a lot of guilt. She felt responsible for things that were beyond her control. She felt guilty over the death of her father. She felt guilty about lying to my mother. She felt like she wasn't good enough for me. It was all ridiculous, of course, but she felt the need to pay for those things anyway, and if paddling her backside was the cure, then so be it. I would provide her cure even if it destroyed me.

She was peaceful in her sleep. I hugged her tighter and prayed to whatever God might be out there that he would protect her if I ever couldn't. I was worried. My father was becoming far too hands-on in our relationship. I knew it was bound to get darker before the light at the end of this tunnel.

I ran my hand down Kat's spine and over her hips. I brushed her thigh with my fingertips, tracing the lace at the top of her stockings. I remembered my father's hands on her soft skin. I should have punched him. I should have knocked that stupid, evil grin right off of his fucking face. No one touched her but me, least of all that hateful, abusive man.

I willed myself to calm down. It was over, and rehashing it now would only drive a further wedge between Kat and me. I stroked her hair gently and thought over my plan in my head. I would graduate, have a fake wedding with Kat, and then disappear with her and my mother and as much of my father's money as possible. He owed us all at least that much.

Kat stirred in my arms. She blinked her eyes and looked up at me. "Good morning, Katlyn."

She blushed sheepishly, "I guess I fell asleep?"

I nodded. "How do you feel?" I smoothed my hand over her ass. The redness was mostly gone.

"Better, thank you," she said. She rubbed her legs together and shifted her position.

"Are you ready to thank me properly?" I asked, lowering my voice to a more arousing level.

"Yes, Sir," she answered. "How may I please you?"

I would never tire of hearing that. I pulled my shirt off and dropped it on the floor. My pants soon followed. Typically I didn't undress when I was acting as Kat's Dom, but I wanted to feel her silky stockings and fuck me heels.

Thank God for whoever invented thigh-highs. Hottest fucking thing ever.

I propped myself up against some pillows as she sat patiently and waited for my instructions.

"Come," I commanded. "I want you to ride me."

She scrambled to comply, putting her knees on either side of my hips.

"Kiss me."

She leaned into me and pressed her lips to mine. Her nipples hardened against my chest. I put my hands on her hips and held her away from my cock. I wasn't ready for that yet.

I held her still and teased her with my tongue and lips. She tugged on my hair and tried to pull me closer. I growled at her, which only seemed to make her hotter. She rubbed her tits against my chest and rocked her hips on my thighs. I moved my hands from her hips to her breasts. I pinched gently on her nipples and tugged at them. She moaned into my mouth and swiped her tongue across my bottom lip. Fuck she tasted so good. Part of me just wanted to keep her here, kissing her and teasing her for hours, but my cock disagreed.

I lowered my hands to her sweet ass and gently cupped her sore flesh. She took my lead and lifted herself onto my waiting erection. We both groaned as she took me in. The velvet walls of her sweet cunt were like heaven, and I told her so as she ground herself on me. I licked and sucked at her nipples while she bounced up and down on my length.

I needed more. I wanted to drive into her and feel her struggle under the weight of my body as I pinned her to the mattress. Without losing contact, I sat forward and rolled over her so that her head was close to the foot of the bed. I increased the pace and the pressure, fucking her hard. I held her down with one hand on her hip and the other on the opposite shoulder keeping her stationary and forcing her to take every inch of me.

She wrapped those sexy legs around me, and I thought I would lose it when her heels dug into my ass. I fucking loved those shoes. I removed my hand from her hip long enough to tuck it under her knee and lift her leg over my shoulder. She squealed as her ass came in contact with my thighs, but I only drove her harder. I licked her graceful

anklebone and then nuzzled her calf. Her legs were definitely one of my favorite parts.

I let the power and eroticism of the moment take me over. I relished in her sexy cries as she bucked and writhed beneath me. Her pussy was so fucking perfect. So good. I leaned forward putting more of my weight on her and changing the angle of my hips. I gave into the frenzy and let go of my self-control fucking her with wild abandon.

I fucked her closer and closer to the edge of the bed until her head was hanging off the end, and she was fisting her hands in the comforter to hold on. She was begging now. Pleading with me to grant her orgasm. I ignored her and used her body for my own pleasure. I bit down hard on the spot where her neck met her shoulder, and she cried out. The desperation in her cry was too much for me, and I barely choked out an order for her to come before I allowed myself the release that I so desperately craved, falling over the edge in ecstasy.

She contracted and shook around me as I softened inside her. I pulled away from her slowly and collapsed in a sweaty pile beside her. She was right. I had been too easy on

her recently. I had forgotten how fulfilling a good hard fuck was.

After a few minutes, when I had caught my breath, I lifted her from the bed and carried her into the bathroom. I cleaned us both up with a warm wet towel and then took her to our bedroom. As I cradled her in my arms and drifted to sleep, I wondered how I could have been so blessed as to find her.

Chapter 22

I almost wished that the car ride had been longer. I would never grow tired of talking with David. He asked the most insightful questions in the subtlest of ways, and he had such a playful air about him as he answered my questions.

I was so glad that he wanted to try to have a dating relationship and a D/s relationship because I knew that I was falling hard for him. There was no way that I could keep my emotions out of this for long.

When we arrived, David again checked to see if I was hungry, but I wasn't. I was far too excited to be concerned with something so trivial as food. So instead, he led me upstairs to the bedroom where we had spent the night the previous weekend.

"Shower with me?" he asked. It was not a command, but it didn't need to be. I could think of nothing better than a naked, wet David Paulson. He grabbed a couple of fluffy towels from the linen closet and turned on the water.

"Don't move," he said gently. I held still as requested.

The bathroom filled with steam as he undressed me. It took a painstakingly long time. His fingers brushed along my skin leaving trails of fire everywhere. When I was finally naked, he stripped himself in front of me. I studied his body carefully as he revealed it to me. How many times had I dreamed of this? He caught me working over his body with my hungry eyes and smirked at me.

"See something you like?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Get in." He held the shower curtain back for me. I stepped under the warm stream of water. Perfect temperature.

He followed after me and brought his hands to my hips, pulling me in close and wetting his body. He handed me a bar of soap and a washcloth and told me to wash him. I did as commanded starting with his chiseled chest.

I ran my hands over his strong arms, and well defined shoulders. I resisted the urge to run my tongue along the muscle lines in his abs. Fuck he was perfect. He had a sexy little happy trail of hair that led the way to his thick manhood. I ignored his erection momentarily and knelt down to wash his feet.

He lifted each leg so that I could wash his feet and up his calves. He had strong, muscled legs. I wondered if he ran. He obviously did something to stay in shape. His body was beautifully muscled without being overly bulky. He had graceful lines, like a ballerina, but firm, well defined, and unmistakably masculine.

When I had washed up his thighs, he put his hands in my hair. His beautiful cock was inches from my lips, and I yearned to suck him, pleasure him. I could imagine how his hard length would feel between my lips. My tongue darted out involuntarily to wet them.

"Do you want to suck me, Katlyn?"

"Yes, Sir." My voice sounded weak to my own ears. I was already lost in his spell.

He kept one hand in my hair and used the other to press the head of his cock against my lips. A drop of precum appeared there, and I darted out my tongue to catch it. He hissed in pleasure and tightened his grip on my tresses.

"Lick me," he ordered. I did as he asked. Laving every inch of his cock with my tongue.

I began to stroke his legs with my hands, but he stopped me. "Hands behind your back."

I laced my fingers together behind me and offered him my body to be used in anyway he wished. He pushed the head of his cock into my waiting mouth, and I closed my lips around him, sucking him greedily.

"Good," he said. He rocked his hips, slowly fucking my mouth while I hummed around him and used my tongue to stimulate the sensitive underside. His hard length felt wonderful in my mouth and grew more and more exited with each noise that he made. I loved the reactions that I got from him and basked in his praise. He steadily increased his pace.

I knew that he was close when he pushed even deeper into my throat and grunted. I redoubled my efforts trying to bring him the pleasure that he sought.

"Fuck, sweetheart. Such a good little slut. Swallow for me." I took one last breath through my nose, and he filled my mouth with his hot cum. I sucked him dry and then released him from my mouth.

He stepped back and rested his head against the shower wall. "Fuck girl," he said with his eyes closed. "You've got one hell of a talented mouth."

His words were like warm sunshine pouring through the window of my soul.

"Stand."

I stood up and he picked up the washcloth that I'd long forgotten about. He washed me quickly, but thoroughly, in a manner that wasn't really sensual but left my body humming with pleasure anyway. He could do no wrong with those hands. He rinsed both of us efficiently and turned off the flow. He dried me slowly and wrapped a towel around my long, dripping hair. When I was taken care of, he wrapped his own towel around his waist.

He spread another towel on the long granite counter top and then patted it with his hand. "Up on the counter," he said.

I was a little confused. When I didn't comply he gave me a stern look.

"Sit on the towel, Katlyn."

Oh. Why?

I didn't have time to figure it out. I lifted myself onto the ledge and scooted back on the towel. He repositioned me, so that I was half-facing the sink. He spread my legs and gently fingered my pussy.

"I prefer," he said reaching for something in the vanity, "to have you bare. I don't care what you do on the week days, but on the weekends that we plan to come here, I will expect you to shave or wax."

I swallowed hard. Was he going to shave me? I tried to control my breathing. I was mostly shaved anyway, but I kept a light landing strip of hair, feeling too exposed when completely smooth. I was terrified and aroused at the same time. I trusted him, but still the thought of a sharp razor in someone else's hands was unnerving.

He produced a can of shaving cream and straight razor.

"Keep your legs spread wide and don't move." He pulled the towel, and I came forward with it to the edge of the counter. He positioned me so that he had full access to my pussy.

He talked to me as he lathered me up telling me how beautiful I was and how he was proud of my behavior. I relaxed and focused on the feel of his gentle hands and the sound of his voice.

"You may close your eyes if you prefer," he said.

I did prefer. It was too intimidating to watch.

"Thank you, Sir."

I closed my eyes and focused on holding still. He started at the top gently removing the hair one stroke at a time. He handled the razor with such calculated precision. It was obvious that he must shave himself this way as well. I controlled my breathing and listened to the soft scraping of the razor as he lifted it and then rinsed the shaving cream down the sink. His fingers parted my folds as he worked his way lower. The keen edge of his blade worked from the outside in.

I grew more and more aroused as he probed me softly with his fingers. He had an absolute mastery of both the razor and my emotions. He pushed two fingers slowly into my sex and pumped them in and out. I resisted the urge to lift my hips. He set the razor down with the other hand and I opened my eyes.

"Good girl," he said. He used a warm washcloth to wipe away the excess shaving cream, and he returned the razor to the cabinet.

He stepped in between my legs and pressed his body against mine. He kissed my lips softly before pulling back. I wanted more. I always wanted more.

"Are you ready for your reward?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Go lay down on my bed."

I slid off the counter and walked to the bedroom. I lay down in the middle of the bed and waited for him to come out of the bathroom. He did so a minute later with a couple of black straps in his hands. I couldn't see it well from my position, but it appeared to be a restraint system.

Waiting patiently, I watched as he made adjustments to the straps and then attached them to the headboard. He bound my wrists together above my head with a short strap. He then took two identical longer loops and pulled them down. He put my foot through the loop and secured it around the bend in my knee effectively forcing me to keep my leg up and bent. He did the same on the other side.

"This is called frog tying," he explained, "because you're legs resemble a frogs when they are up and bent like this. You should have some range of motion, but you should not be able to lower or close your legs. Can you?"

I tried. I could not. "No, Sir."

"Good. Is anything pinching or cutting off circulation?"

"No, Sir," I replied. I appreciated his checking. It was clear that he had never used this system before, and he wanted to make sure that I was safe.

He crawled between my legs and put his hands on the mattress on either side of my waist. The tops of his thighs pressed against my core, and his cock lay against my belly. He lowered himself, holding the bulk of his weight on his arms, and kissed me. His sweet tongue slipped into my mouth, and I sucked on it lightly.

He slowly worked his way down my body using his hands and mouth to set me aflame with desire. He tugged at my nipples with his teeth and blew cool air across my stomach. By the time he reached my pussy I was ready to explode. My nipples ached, and I was straining against my bonds needing to feel more of him.

"You may come as you wish," he instructed before licking the whole length of my slit from my ass all the way up to my clit. I moaned in delight. It felt like his rough tongue was everywhere giving me pleasure like I'd never experienced. He fucked me with his tongue and licked me

thoroughly before slipping two fingers into my aching core. I tightened my muscles around his fingers and tried to get him to pump me harder.

He lapped at my clit with his tongue and curled his fingers inside of me. He drove me higher and higher with every stroke. He sucked my clit into his mouth, and I fought uselessly to free myself. The restraints bit into my flesh, and I held onto the pain, using it to spike the pleasure.

He added a third finger and fucked me more roughly. Sucking hard on my clit and reaching deep with those long talented fingers.

When his teeth grazed my clit I could hold on no longer. I screamed my release and exploded around his fingers. He lapped at my juices until I stopped shuddering. He released my legs, and they fell uselessly to the bed. When he kissed me sweetly, I licked my own essence from his lips.

"I am very proud of you, Katlyn. Your speech was excellent, and you have exceeded my expectations."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Will you come downstairs and have dinner with me now? There are things we need to discuss." I nodded my agreement, and he released me from the straps.

"Are you more comfortable dressing for dinner?" he asked.

"What ever you prefer, Sir."

"No, I'm asking you as David, not your Dom. I want you to be comfortable for this discussion."

"Oh," I replied, I spotted his button down shirt in a pile on the floor by the bathroom. "Can I wear your shirt?" I smiled at him.

"Sure," he said. He retrieved it and held it up for me to put my arms in. He buttoned a few of the buttons keeping it closed, but I knew that it was hiding little. It smelled just like him, wonderful.

He pulled his jeans back on with no underwear, and we made our way downstairs. I was famished. We'd worked up quite an apatite after all.

Chapter 23

Fuck my ass was sore. I rolled over onto my stomach avoiding rubbing my tender backside on the bed. The space beside me was empty. I could hear David moving around in the kitchen. I smacked the alarm clock and got up. Work wouldn't wait.

I felt better after a shower and some fresh clothes. I was sore, but it wasn't unbearable. Thank God teachers stood for most of the day anyway.

David kissed me good morning and handed me a cup of coffee. I was incredibly grateful.

I drove to work and had a pretty productive day with the kids. I assigned homework, which meant I would have papers to grade this week, but it was a necessary part of the job.

I had a prep period in the afternoons. I usually spent the time going over the next day's plans or grading previous homework. Today, however, my principal, showed up at my classroom door. Dr. Ross and I had always gotten along fairly well, but we had a rather formal relationship as

boss and employee. He was a big help in dealing with unruly students or parents, but we spoke little outside of that and staff meetings. He was a fatherly type and about the same age as my own father would have been, if he were still alive.

"Ms. Lake, may I speak to you for a moment?"

"Of course Dr. Ross, how can I help you?"

"Is it true that you plan to leave us?"

Plan to leave? Why would he think that?

"Um, no, it isn't true, Sir. I'm afraid that I don't know to what you are referring."

"I received a phone call this morning from a Mr. David Paulson. He claimed to be your fiancé, and he was inquiring about the state of your financial affairs, as you would be leaving us in the middle of the school year to plan a wedding. He wanted to make arrangements for your benefits."

"What?" I asked. My mind was going a million miles a minute. It couldn't have been David. It had to have been Richard, trying to stir up trouble. David would never do that without consulting me first.

"Are you engaged to be married, Ms. Lake?"

Fuck. My marriage status was none of his business.

"Um, no Sir, and even if I was, I would not leave my job to plan a wedding. I can assure you that I will be here through the end of the school year. I am very committed to my students and my position."

"I'm sure you are, which is why I came to you right away. You know that this news was quite a shock to me. Do you know this Mr. Paulson?"

"Yes, Sir. I do. I'll have a discussion with him regarding his calling my workplace, but I would appreciate it if you would refuse any future calls from him. My financial affairs and employment are no one's business but my own. Could you just tell him that the school has a privacy policy or something? Should he happen to call back?"

"Of course. The school does have a policy. I couldn't give him information without your permission anyway. Are you in some kind of trouble, Kat?"

"No. I'm not in any trouble. It must have been a misunderstanding. I'll see that it gets resolved."

He looked at me, considering.

"You know if you ever need anything you can come to me. I know I'm your boss, but you've done an excellent

job with your teaching in the short time that you've been here, and I am on your side. I want to keep you here, Kat."

"Thank you. I appreciate that, but everything is fine. I'll let you know if I need further assistance. Thank you for telling me about all of this."

"Of course. Have a good day."

He called down the hallway as an after thought. "If Tom gives you any more trouble send him back down to me. I get the feeling that one detention was not enough for him."

I smiled. Ah yes, Tom.

"I'll do that. Thanks."

What the hell was that? I sat down at my desk and put my head in my hands. He was looking into my benefits? Why would he do that? I hadn't been teaching long enough to have any kind of large retirement account or anything.

I needed to call David. I still had twenty minutes left in my prep. I pulled my cell from my purse and called him. He would be between classes. His Monday course load was pretty light. He had a lot of Tuesday/Thursday classes this semester.

"Kat?" he answered. "Are you okay? Why are you calling me in the middle of the day?"

"David, did you call my school this morning?"

"No. Why?"

"I think your father did."

I relayed the story to him and was met with nothing but silence from the other end.

"Fuck," he finally said. "Fucking Bastard. I'm going to kill him."

"I smoothed it over with my boss. It's okay. We just have to keep him from interfering further."

"Yeah. We'll come up with a plan tonight. I know you need to get back to class."

"Yeah, I just thought you should know."

"I'm glad you called. I love you. I'll see you at home."

"Love you too."

I turned my phone off as my students filled into the classroom for seventh period. I needed to focus on teaching. David and I would work it out later.

Chapter 24

I put Kat on one of the tall chairs at the kitchen counter and then set about making dinner. The housekeeper had done a good job. Everything was here that I had requested. I poured us each a glass of red wine and set some water to boil.

"Pasta okay?" I asked.

"Wonderful," she answered.

She was so beautiful sitting there with her knees drawn up to her chest. The sleeves of my shirt came down long past her hands, and she pushed them away only to have them fall back down again and again. I had never seen a woman dressed in my clothes before. I didn't usually stick around long enough for that to happen. It made me feel extremely possessive. She was in my shirt. She was mine.

Maybe not. What if she refuses to see you again after you tell her about your father?

I pushed that thought to the back of my mind. I was nervous, but I had to tell her. She deserved to know what she was getting into with me.

"Kat, I want to talk to you about my father."

I pulled a bunch of stem tomatoes out of the fridge and a knife out of the rack. I kept my eyes focused on the cutting board so that I wouldn't have to look at her.

"I told you before that I had learned many of my sexual habits from him. He is aggressive, like me, sexually, but he and my mother do not have the kind of relationship that you and I have started. They don't use things like safewords."

I snuck a peek at her out of the corner of my eye. She was toying with the stem of her wine glass, rolling it back and forth between her fingers.

"My father has certain... ideas... about women. He doesn't exactly see them as equals the way that I see you. They um... I don't quite know how to say what I mean..."

"Are you trying to tell me that your father is sexually abusing your mother?"

God she was blunt. I looked up at her. Her wide brown eyes were wondering but not accusing. I returned my attention to the tomatoes.

"No, of course not," I said.

Liar. That's exactly what you're trying to say.

"He just thinks about sex differently than most men. He has certain expectations for my mother and me in terms of appropriate behavior."

He's a fucking abusive asshole and you're defending him because you're too fucking scared to admit the truth to the one person who might understand.

"For example," I continued, "he thinks that while I'm in college I should gain a fair amount of experience... with different women. He just wants me to know what's out there so that I can make a wise decision when I choose to settle down more permanently."

I dumped the tomatoes into a pot and began to peel some fresh cloves of garlic. I was grateful for the distraction.

"Your father told you to sleep around?" Her voice was timid, confused.

"In a way."

She would never understand.

"See, he expects me to take life by the horns. I was raised to think that I should go after the things that I wanted. My father has sort of a 'don't take no for an answer'

approach to life, and he wants the same of me. He wants me take the women that I want."

"But I thought that you wanted to be exclusive with me?" She sounded close to tears. Fuck. It was not my goal to upset her.

I put down the knife, wiped my hands, and went to her. "I do, Kat. I'm not explaining this very well."

I put my hands on the back of her chair and stood between her legs. I pressed my forehead to hers. I just wanted to be close to her for a moment.

"I want you and you only. I want what we've defined. I want safewords and protection and guidelines. I want your body, your trust, your mind, and your heart. And, I want you to sit in my kitchen in my shirts more often, because you look fucking hot like this. Okay?"

She nodded and lifted her face to kiss me. Her beautiful lips curved into a soft smile.

"Then I don't understand, David. What's the problem?"

I pulled away and went back to my cooking.

"The problem, Kat, is that my father will find that unacceptable."

She went back to playing with the wine glass. "He thinks I will make you settle down too early?"

"It's not anything to do with you specifically. He just assumes that I will fuck a lot of women. It's kind of like a life long trait with him."

"He's sleeping with women who aren't your mother?"

Shit. I am going about this all wrong.

"It's not like that. The women that he fucks don't mean anything to him."

"And that makes it okay?"

"No, that doesn't make it okay, but it's not like my mom doesn't know. No one questions my father. He's not the sort of man that you can talk back to. If he wants to have casual sex no one is going to tell him that he can't, least of all my mother. The women don't matter so we just pretend that they don't exist."

"They don't matter. Just like they've never mattered to you? Before me?"

"Right. Yeah. I mean I only slept with most of those girls because it's what my father expects of me."

"Well he wants you to be happy right? So if you tell him that you want to be with me, he'll understand. Won't he?"

I looked up at her again. "No, Kat. He won't understand. He wants me to follow in his footsteps. My happiness is sort of irrelevant in all of this."

She was quiet for a moment. She took a long drink from her glass. "Does it matter?" she finally asked. "Does it matter what he thinks?"

I sighed and scraped the garlic in with the tomatoes. "Yes. It matters what he thinks."

"Why? I mean it's your life. Why does he even care who you sleep with?"

She was clearly not getting this. I pinched the bridge of my nose between my fingers, fighting back the looming headache. Had I really expected her to understand? This was crazy.

"He cares who I fuck, because he has high expectations for me. He will think that I am less of a man if I allow one woman to trap me. He sees monogamy as a weakness. He thinks that men who are faithful to their wives are pussy-whipped."

God, it sounds so bad when you say it like that.

"Well you don't agree with him do you?" she paused. "You do realize that's insane? ...right?" She was looking at me like I'd grown a second head.

How dare she judge him like that? How dare she judge me like that? I wanted to slap her, drag her across the floor by her hair, something, anything! I'd show her that you didn't question the judgment of the Paulson men. My father was not fucking insane!

Yes, he is fucking insane, and you know it.

I swallowed down the anger because I knew that it was just a reflex. She was right after all. You had to be completely batshit to see a healthy, productive, loving marriage as a weakness, but I was fighting against decades of training. I had believed him for so long.

My natural reaction was to shut her up, not agree with her. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.

"It doesn't matter if he's right or wrong, Kat. There are reasons why I can't disobey him. I can't tell him about you because he won't approve. I won't fuck anyone else, but I'm going to lie to him and tell him that I fucked Eighteen

this weekend and Nineteen the next. It's what he expects of me, and I can't be a disappointment to him."

"Eighteen and Nineteen? You count them?" Her voice was almost a whisper. "You count them like some sort of livestock? Jesus, David, how can you say that it doesn't matter if he's right or wrong? He fucking taught you to think of women as numbers!"

"They are livestock," I replied, allowing an edge to creep into my voice. She had no fucking clue what it was like to live in my world. I would not accept her fucking condemnation. "Those women wanted me to treat them like the fucking cows that they are."

Fuck. It was a mistake to ever think that she would understand this. This was so far beyond a normal person's comprehension. She was going to fucking hate me. I fucking hated myself.

My head filled with his voice. They are just women, David. They want you to fuck them hard. They won't respect you if you don't lay down the law with them. It's better if you don't fuck them more than once, son. You can't let them get attached. It only makes a mess.

I refused to look at her as she climbed down from her chair. Her bare feet padded softly across the kitchen.

Maybe he was right. I'd let her get too close and now it was messy. I couldn't live without her.

I'd long ago finished chopping, but the knife was still curled in my fist. My knuckles were white around it. She gently wrapped her hand around mine and pried my fingers away from it. I gave in, and she set it down on the counter. She pressed her cheek to my naked back and circled me with her arms.

Her tears were wet on my back. When had she started crying? I was such a fucking asshole. The one woman in the world that I gave a shit about and I hurt her. I made her cry. I would hurt her over and over and over. It would be better if she left me now. She deserved better than my screwed up family and my father's fucked up ideas about women.

"No more, David," Kat whispered softly. "You are not your father. You are better than that."

Never were more freeing words spoken. She believed in me. After everything that I'd just said to her, she

still believed that I was good. I was a fucking monster, and she loved me anyway.

Never had I felt so undeserving.

I couldn't keep the tears from falling.

I hadn't cried in years. The last time I had, my father had beaten me. I could still feel the sting of his hands. Paulson men don't cry.

You're fucking weak, you sissy. No son of mine will cry into his mother's apron. Fucking take it like a man.

I faced her and fucking sobbed into her hair.

I slid down the counter to the floor and brought her with me. I sat with my back to the cabinet and Kat in my lap as the water boiled over and the sauce splattered everywhere. I sobbed and sobbed, and she held me and rocked me back and forth like a child.

I remembered one day that my mother rocked me like this, after he'd hit her. She was the one he abused, and still she felt the need to comfort me in the aftermath. He'd been upset because dinner had been cold. He was an hour late coming home from work. It was as if she should have known that he'd be home late. He'd expected her to have some sort of fucking psychic connection.

I tried to stop crying. I was weak, a fucking baby. The weight of my own disappointment in myself only made the tears come harder.

Kat told me that it would be okay. She told me that we would figure out what to do together. She told me that I didn't have to live like him, that I could make up my own mind. She told me that I was strong, that I was an incredible lover, that I would always be a man, and that I didn't have to abuse women or think of them as numbers to prove it.

I cried. I listened. I wanted so badly to believe her. As I hugged her to my chest and behaved like a child, I wanted nothing more than to be what she said I was. I wanted to be deserving of her. I wanted to be the man that she thought I could be. I wanted her approval even more than I wanted my father's. And, I wanted her love.

My sobs finally resided a long while later, and I felt absolutely drained. Kat was still holding me. Her face was buried in my neck.

"God, Kat," I finally said, "I'm so sorry. What you must think of me, crying like a fucking baby. How embarrassing. I can't believe I just did that."

She pressed her finger to my lips effectively silencing me.

"No, David. You will not apologize for that. You are dealing with some complex issues right now, and it is perfectly reasonable for you to be emotional. Your father may not approve, but I am not your father. You can be yourself with me. You are not weak. I may not understand everything yet, but I understand enough to know that you are a wonderful man with a difficult upbringing. There is no shame in learning to reject the things that your father taught you. You don't have to agree with him, and disagreeing with him does not make you any less of a man."

I couldn't even respond. I didn't know what to say.

"Let's finish dinner, huh?" she said, smiling at me and wiping the rest of the tears from my cheeks.

I knew right then, as I looked into her patient, understanding eyes that I would never love another.

Chapter 25

Kat hung up the phone, and I instantly brought my fingers to the bridge of my nose. Fuck. What was I supposed to do about this? If I just let it go, it would only get worse. Once my father got his head around an idea there was no stopping him. I had to call him. I had to tell him that he'd upset Kat and ruined my plans to propose.

Kat would be done with school in another hour and a half. I was already done for the day. I decided to meet her at the school.

I sat in my car in the teacher's parking lot at Kat's school and waited. I needed to call my mother and tell her that I planned to propose to Kat. I had wanted to tell her in person but my father was making this exceptionally difficult. I called the house line.

"Paulson residence."

"Hi, Mom."

"David! What a pleasant surprise. How are you, dear?"

"I'm doing well, I'm calling with good news." I tried to sound enthusiastic.

"What's that, dear?"

"I'm going to ask Kat to marry me."

"Oh, honey," her voice betrayed her sorrow, "that's wonderful."

"Mom?"

"Yes, David?"

"I love her, and I'm sorry that I couldn't tell you in person. Dad called Kat's work today and sort of ruined the surprise. So I haven't officially proposed, but she knows that I intend to."

"I'm sure your father didn't mean to ruin your proposal, dear."

"Of course not, but I think I'll make it official this weekend. Will you help us plan an engagement party?"

"I'd be delighted, but Kat does have to say 'yes' first remember? Not that anyone would say 'no' to my handsome son."

"Mom?" I paused for a moment unsure of how to continue. "Kat returns my love."

"Of course she does, dear." It was quite clear that she didn't believe me. She thought her own son was a terrible monster unworthy of love. How had I let it get this bad?

"After I propose, I'll ask Kat to call you to set up arrangements for the party."

"Wonderful, David."

"Good bye, Mom. I love you."

The line went dead. I closed my eyes and pressed my head back into the headrest. What a mess.

Kat would be done with school in about ten minutes. She would be ready to leave in about twenty-five. She didn't have any after-school activities today. I considered calling my dad. I probably had enough time. If I did it now, I would have some answers for Kat when she came out of the building. What would I say to him? Hey dad, you fucked up my proposal! What were you thinking? That would not go well. Better to get it over with though. I flipped my phone open again and dialed my father's cell.

"David?" he answered.

"Good afternoon, father."

"To what do I owe the unexpected call."

"Kat called me a few minutes ago asking if I had called her work place. I, of course, had not, and I told her so. I was incredibly surprised when she informed me that someone had called the school and claimed to be her fiancé. You wouldn't know anything about that would you?"

There was silence on the other end of the line for a moment.

"I had informed her principal that he was not to tell her of the call," he finally answered. "He clearly disobeyed me." I could hear the anger in his voice.

How was I supposed to respond to that? No sense of remorse, only anger that he'd been disobeyed. How typical.

"Yes, clearly he did, and now Kat knows of my plans to propose. I called Mother. I wanted to tell her the good news in person, but in light of all this, I felt that sooner was better."

"Well you were planning to propose soon anyway, surely Kat was aware of your intentions. Her principal, who clearly cannot be trusted, is now aware as well. That should make her resignation go smoother."

Thank God Kat and I had already married anyway. This truly would have been a mess if any of it were real.

"Kat is not resigning, father. I want her to work, for now, so that she will not be a distraction to me while I finish my studies. I will determine the appropriate time for her to leave."

"She will not be a distraction, son. Your mother is at home every day, and I somehow manage to go on with my life. Kat should not be working."

"What my wife does with her time is my concern, not yours." Fuck! I called her my wife. I wonder if he heard that?

"She is not your wife yet, and you are allowing her too much control."

"I will deal with her. I don't need for you to make any more calls on my behalf."

"Don't you take that tone of voice with me, David. You may be old enough to wed, but you are still my son, and you will respect my wishes. You will propose this weekend, and then you will tell her to resign. She will spend the extra hours helping your mother with the planning. You wouldn't

want to put all of that extra strain on your mother would you?"

We both knew that planning a wedding would not be a strain for my mother, with or without Kat's help. His words were a threat against her - mess with me and I'll mess up your mother.

His voice was hard and cold. It brought back memories of every time he'd ever overpowered one of my decisions either by threats or by physical action. My life would never be my own as long as he was near me. I had no choice. I had to obey him.

"Of course not, father," I said softly. "Forgive me. I'll let you know as soon as Kat accepts my proposal."

I hung up. How was I ever going to explain this to Kat? She would be so disappointed in me.

The students were now leaving the school and flooding into the other parking lots. Kat would be out soon. I looked up at my rear view mirror. There was a Dairy Queen across the street from the school. I made a split second decision to get her one of those new Girl Scout Cookie Blizzards they were advertising. She had mentioned

wanting to try one the other day. Bad news was always easier to take with ice cream. Right?

I was walking back across the street, a blizzard in each hand, when she came out of the building. Just the sight of her made my heart ache. She was so beautiful. She spotted my car and looked around for me. Her face lit up when she saw me and the ice cream in my hands.

We sat on the tailgate of her truck, in the parking lot and ate our Blizzards. I told her about both conversations with my parents.

She listened quietly until I was finished and then she spoke up.

"Well, do you think we can lie to him?" she asked. "I could keep working, but we could tell him I resigned."

"I doubt that would work. You know how thorough my father is, he's likely to call again to check."

"Yeah." I watched her pink tongue dart out to lick her spoon while she thought. "Well, I am probably going to be leaving at the end of the year anyway, maybe I should just resign early."

"That makes us solely dependent upon him for an income, Kat."

"I know, but maybe I could tutor on the side or something for a little extra money."

"Yeah, but it wouldn't cover the rent, and my father would know that we were hiding things from him if I started paying the rent for our house out of my account."

"Well he'll expect you to pay for my housing anyway won't he?"

"He expects you to live with me."

"Gosh this is complicated." She rubbed absently at her temple.

A man in a blue suit was exiting the building.

"Want to meet my boss?" she asked.

"Yeah, I guess."

"Dr. Ross?" She hopped down off the tailgate. "I'd like you to meet my boyfriend David Paulson."

He crossed the lot to us, and I held out my hand.

"It's a pleasure to meet you. Kat speaks very highly of you."

He shook my outstretched hand. "You as well, thank you."

"I also wanted to apologize for the phone call that you received earlier today. My younger brother thought it would be an amusing prank to stir up trouble in Kat's life.

I've informed him that we did not find it funny." The lie rolled right off my tongue. It was a plausible enough explanation for now.

"I see," he said. "Thank you for the explanation. It gave me quite a scare to think we might lose our talented Ms. Lake."

Kat blushed beside me.

"Have a good night, Kat," he said as he walked away to his car.

Kat gave me a relieved look and went back to her ice cream. What a day.

Chapter 26

I helped David clean up the mess all over the stove, and we somehow managed to salvage dinner. He hadn't added the pasta yet, so thankfully it wasn't a part of the over-boiled mess.

I finished my glass of wine and David poured me another. We were probably going to need more than one bottle to get through this night.

His father had seriously messed him up. If I ever met the man, I was likely to castrate him. David was denying that his father was sexually abusing his mother, but I was sure that was the case. I was also wondering if he had sexually abused David himself. David hadn't mentioned it, but he wasn't likely to. No young man cares to admit that his father raped him, but that didn't mean that it didn't happen.

He needed to see a therapist. I didn't think it was my place to make such a recommendation at this time, but I would definitely recommend it at some point in the future. He was clearly terrified of his father, and he was going to

need to learn to let go of that fear. If he didn't, it would haunt him for the rest of his life. There was no way that he could overcome this without help.

We discussed lighter topics for a while – our upcoming assignments, our friends – but the air remained heavy around us. We ate in near silence knowing that food was serving as a temporary reprieve.

After the dishes were settled in the dishwasher, and the second bottle of wine had been uncorked, we sat together on the living room couch. This couch already had so many memories. I was quite fond of this house, and I wondered briefly if David would inherit it some day.

"Ready for round two?" I asked, breaking the awkward silence.

"No," he answered, "but I suppose I haven't any choice."

"There is always a choice, David. If it's too much for you right now, I will wait."

"No, I want it all out in the open," he said surely. He set his wine down and pulled me into his arms. I wasn't sure if he was trying to comfort me or use me for his own comfort, but I didn't really care either way.

"Kat, I've known for a while now that something wasn't right about my father's perspective of things, but he has a large amount of influence in my life. He pays for my education, my housing, everything. He also has a tremendous amount of influence over my mother, whom I care very deeply about. In my family, Kat, it is best to not make waves. Can you understand that?"

"Of course, David, but not making waves and outright lying to your father are not exactly the same thing."

"I know, and I don't like it any more than you do, but I can't tell him about you. I just can't. Maybe somewhere further down the line, if we stay together, but not now. The only way that I can handle this right now is to lie to him. That's the safest for everyone involved."

"What happens when you go home for the summer, David? Are you going home for the summer? Will he expect you to bring girls home on the weekends?"

"I don't know what to do for the summer. I had planned to go home, but now I would rather stay here. Are you going home to Montana?"

He'd clearly avoided half of my questions. "Yes, I'm going home for the summer to Montana."

"Well, maybe I could find a reason to come out west so that we could be together."

I thought about that for a moment. I would like to be able to spend the summer with David, but that made it seem like we were really getting ahead of ourselves. Our relationship was still new, and even though I was quite sure that I loved him already, I wasn't so sure that we should rush things.

"I'm not sure we're ready for that. I mean, I would love to have you near me for the summer, but that means that you would probably have to meet my dad, and I don't know what you would do out there. Montana is really boring."

"Let's not worry about it yet. I'll look into some options, and we'll see how it goes. Even if I don't go out there, my father will not expect me to bring women home. He'll expect me to rent a hotel room or something anyway. It's sort of an unspoken rule that you don't bring women home unless you intend to keep them around a while."

"Okay."

"Don't worry, Kat, I've promised you that I'm done sleeping around, and I mean it. I only want to be with you."

"Okay." I tried to make my voice sound confident. It wasn't that I didn't trust him. I just didn't trust his father to not get him into an unavoidable bad situation.

He tilted my face up to his and gently kissed my lips. "Thank you for trusting me, Kat."

I just nodded. I wasn't sure I could control my voice if I spoke.

"I know that I'm asking a lot of you," he continued, "but I just need time. My life is complicated, in some ways, and I can't even explain some of it to you, but I really do appreciate your patience with me."

"I'll be here as long as you need me."

"So you want to stay with me? Despite everything that I just told you? You want to be my submissive, and my girlfriend?"

"For as long as you'll have me, in any way that you want me. You're a good man, David, and you're learning to be an incredible Dom. I would be proud to belong to you."

"So you would accept my collar? If I gave you one?"

"Without a moment's hesitation."

I had wondered about that. This was the second time he had mentioned collaring me. I'd never before

experienced a literal collar and I was curious to know what David would choose. It didn't seem likely to me that he would be into thick leathers or traditional collars, but he wanted to mark me in some way, display to the world that I belonged to him. I was all for that idea. I had already submitted myself to him, but it would be nice to make it official in some way.

His hands drifted to the inside of my thighs. He was touching me gently, slowly, but with increasing pressure. It seemed as if our conversation was over for the night.

"Do you want to go back upstairs?" I asked.

"No, Kat, I want to try something." There was a nervousness in his voice that I'd not heard before. This was completely unlike the self-assured Dom I'd been with hours ago. This was the voice of an insecure child asking for comfort.

"What's that?"

"Will you, I mean, not as my submissive... I've never..."

He seemed so vulnerable in that moment, but by the tone of his voice and the insistence in his hands I knew

what he wanted. He wanted to make love to me, not as my Dom, not as the womanizer he once was, but as my lover.

We were moving into uncharted emotional waters, but I understood what he wanted, and I wanted it too. I silenced him with a kiss to let him know that I understood.

We made love on the couch, the same couch where we'd begun our D/s relationship. He stripped off his pants, and I rode him, still dressed in his shirt. His hands pushed the starched material up over my hips as he steadied me. It was an odd transfer of power, me dressed while he was naked, but dressed only in his shirt. It was oddly symbolic of the multi-faceted relationship we pursued. It was like a visible layering of things unspoken between us.

After a while, he laid me down on my back on the cushions and rocked his hips into me gently. It was slow and sweet, but driving towards a goal nonetheless. We whispered words of love and adoration to each other as we let our bodies connect. We shared long deep kisses and sighed into each other's mouths and necks.

It was as if my very soul was altered in those extended moments. Our bodies communicated in ways that we never could. He climbed into my heart, as he delighted

body, and as I climaxed around him, I confessed to him how deeply I loved him.

When we were finished, we both knew that nothing would ever be the same between us again.

Chapter 27

I just wanted to go home and spend a quiet evening with David. I didn't want to think about the possible implications of Richard's behavior on my job. I didn't want to think about the effect that he was having on my marriage. I didn't want to think about the stress he was causing David. But of course, it was all I could think about.

David followed me home after school, and we made dinner together. Neither one of us mentioned his father or the phone call to my work, but it was like a looming presence that just wouldn't go away. Our playful discussion about the uselessness green pepper seeds wasn't fixing anything, and we both knew it.

Finally, when the fajitas were done and we were sitting next to each other at the tiny kitchen table, I couldn't take it any more.

"We can't do this, David."

"I know."

"I won't let him ruin our marriage. I love you with everything that I am, and I will not let him come between us."

"He won't. We're almost out of this. Less than a year, baby. We can make it one more year." He looked at me with those wide blue eyes, begging me to agree with him.

"What am I going to do about work?"

"Nothing, yet. I can put him off for a while."

I took a bite of my dinner so that I wouldn't have to speak. I was such a coward. We let the conversation drop and an uncomfortable silence filled the kitchen once again.

"Let's watch a movie tonight or something." David spoke first. I was glad it didn't have to be me. "I don't want to talk about it any more. I just want to spend time with you."

I agreed.

We settled into the living room, David sitting on the couch, with me on the floor between his legs. He gently ran his fingers through my hair while the television filled the silence. I rested my cheek on his thigh and wrapped my arms around his calves. I loved sitting like this. It was a very secure position for me. I thought back to early in our

relationship. It took a long time for David to be comfortable with my sitting at his feet. He either wanted me under him or beside him, but for some reason seeing me at his feet always freaked him out. I was glad that he'd gotten over that. It was one of my favorite things that Cody had done, and it always stuck with me.

"Kat?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you want to go away this weekend?"

"To where?"

"I don't know. I was thinking that it would make sense to take you somewhere nice to fake propose to you, and truthfully I think we could use some quality time. I know you just started back to school though. Do you need to work?"

I thought it over. I wasn't really worried about work, and I never said no to a weekend away if I could help it. "No, if you'll help me finish grading those pre-algebra tests on Friday we can go away." I looked up at him, and I could practically see the wheels in his head turning. I knew him well enough to know that he was planning something.

"Kat, what would you think about going to Montana?"

"Montana? Why would we do that?"

"My dad doesn't know about your father's house out there."

Well that came out of left field. He was right though, unless Richard had really dug into my history, he probably didn't know about the house. I hadn't mentioned it to him.

"Well, it's in my name, so if he really wanted to find it, it wouldn't be hard."

"I know. That's why I was thinking we should go to Montana."

"I don't understand."

"I think we should do two things. Change the name on the deed so that my father can't find it, and then prepare the house to be a temporary getaway for us."

"Can we even do that? Whose name would it go in?"

"I'm not sure. I haven't figured it all out yet. Maybe we could tell my dad that I'm making you sell the house. He'll like that, and it might get him off my back for a while

about your job. In reality, we'll just transfer the name so that it looks like we sold the house. It'll be a safe place for us to start over."

I thought it over in my mind. It did make sense, in a way.

"Can I think about it?"

"Of course, it was just a suggestion. We haven't been out there in a while anyway, it wouldn't hurt to check up on the place."

I nodded and then turned my head back towards the tv. I wasn't sure what to think. I wasn't ready to give up that house. I had grown up there, and it held a lot of memories. I hadn't sold it because I just couldn't let it go. I wasn't sure that I really wanted to live there again either though. Again, it held a lot of memories. I had a caretaker who went over there every week or so to make sure that it wasn't broken into or anything, but I hadn't been there myself in more than a year. Maybe we should go back. It wasn't a possibility that I had really considered before. Did I want to move back to Montana?

I decided to sleep on it. Maybe it would be different in the light of the morning. David and I went to bed without

much further conversation, but we both lay awake, pretending that we were sleeping, also pretending that we didn't know we were both awake.

David got sick of it before I did, but instead of speaking like I thought he would, he pulled me into his arms and cupped my breast in his large palm. I gave into his distraction of choice and rubbed my still-sore ass against his growing erection.

"Fucking minx," he growled in my ear. It was so fucking hot when his voice got rough like that. It didn't take long for every other thought to be driven from my mind. When I was with him, there was only David.

He pinched and tugged at my nipples until they were hard and peaked. He whispered filthy words in my ear and sucked on my neck until my pussy was wet and aching.

He turned the bedside lamp on low, and then positioned me on my hands and knees and slid into me from behind. He pulled my hair to the side, forcing me to turn my head, and look where he was looking. Opposite the bed was our vanity, which had a large mirror. The convenient positioning of it was not an accident. We had watched ourselves in that mirror countless times, but it never grew tiresome.

His body was as sculpted and beautiful as it was when we were undergrads together. He ran those long graceful fingers down my back and sides, playing me like his piano. His toned biceps took on definition when he pulled back on my hips. His abdominal muscles flexed each time he thrust into me. Absolute perfection.

His long cock pounded a steady rhythm in and out as he watched me watching him. I knew how much it turned him on to see the desire I had for him. When he grew close to his orgasm he reached around my hip to stroke my clit. Years of practiced repetition had taught him exactly the right movements to make me bend to his will. I arched back into him, taking him as deep as I could and cried out my release. He followed immediately after me, silently claiming me and loving me all at the same time.

I watched as he calmed himself before pulling away. His forehead rested against my spine. His breathing was labored, but his face was at peace, and I was glad I had given him a moment of rest, no matter how temporary.

Chapter 28

The days and weeks went by and Kat and I experienced more and more together. I spoke with Cody on average once a week, and he mentored me from a distance. I would never admit it out loud but I was incredibly grateful for his guidance. He kept me from making a lot of rookie mistakes. His research recommendations were good too, and I found myself totally enamored with a lifestyle that I hadn't truly understood before.

I collared Kat the weekend after my breakdown at the winter house. She accepted my collar with great enthusiasm and I swelled with pride every time I noticed it on her. She was mine. Mine.

She began to call me Master during our playtimes, and I was amazed by how hot it made me.

We worked together during the week, played with each other on the weekends, and fell more in love every day. We avoided discussions about my father as much as possible at first, but slowly Kat began to understand what I hadn't fully been able to express to her right away. She

respected my decisions and let me deal with my own family in my own way.

When the summer rolled around we chose to spend it apart. She went home to Montana, and I went home to my parent's house on the shore of the Nahant Harbor, outside of Boston. I busied myself with volunteer work that summer, anything to keep my mind off of her. I lied to my father a lot, but I never broke my promise to the woman that I loved.

At the beginning of August, I couldn't stand the distance any more and I booked a flight to Billings. Kat made excuses to her father and spent the weekend with me in a secluded cabin in the woods, not far from her hometown. We barely made it out of bed that weekend. I had missed her so much that it physically hurt.

I fucked her, spanked her, made love to her, talked with her, touched her, and simply worshiped her that weekend. I laid claim to her mind and body in every way that I knew how. From Friday to Sunday she was my whole world, and I was hers.

When we got up on Sunday, both sore from the physical exertions of the weekend, I tried to determine the

best course of action. I wanted to meet Cody. It was one of my reasons for coming. I knew that he didn't live far from where we were staying, and I thought it would probably be possible to have lunch with him before my flight left that evening. I was nervous in more ways than one though. First of all, Kat still didn't know that I had ever communicated with him. Secondly, I wasn't sure that I was comfortable taking Kat with me to meet him. What if he touched her? I didn't think I could handle that.

I looked at the delicate chain around her neck. It bore my initials. Mine. He couldn't take her away from me now. She belonged to me.

"David?" Kat's voice drew me out of my thoughts.

"Are you okay? You look like you're thinking really hard about something."

"Yeah, Kat, I'm fine. I um... I had something that I maybe wanted to ask you about."

"What is it?" She walked across the room and settled herself in my lap. I tightened my arms around her waist possessively and forced myself to be calm. This was not a big deal.

"I probably should have brought this up to you earlier, but please trust my judgment when I say that I had my reasons for not telling you until now." She waited patiently for me to continue. A thin worry line creased her brow. "The first weekend we were together, when you told me about your previous Dom, Cody, I took his number from your phone. I was unsure of how to proceed in becoming your Master, and I wanted some advice."

"You called Cody?"

"Yes, I did, and I asked him not to tell you."

"Oh, well that explains why he's been checking up on me."

"He has?"

"Yeah, he called me about three days after I became your sub. He said he was just checking to see how I was. He asked if I was in a relationship, and I told him about you. He calls every couple of weeks just to say hello."

Interesting. I wasn't sure how I felt about that. On one hand, it was very responsible of him. He had reason to be concerned about our relationship, and he wanted to make sure that she was okay. On the other hand, he didn't

trust me enough to simply take my word for it. I guess I can't blame him for that.

"Anyway," I continued, "Cody has given me some guidance concerning our relationship, and I was hoping to meet him today, before I go home. How do you feel about that?"

She thought for a moment. "I don't mind. Would you like for me to introduce you?"

I pulled her closer to me and kissed her neck right where her collar rested. "I'm not sure how I feel about seeing you with him," I answered honestly.

"It was never like that between us, David. He never meant anything to me."

"I know. But, he's been with you physically, and he's held power over you. While I've accepted that he is your past, you belong to me now, and I'm not sure I will be able to keep my temper at bay, should he try to remind you of your history with him."

"I'll leave it up to you," she answered, "if you want me there, I will go. I belong wholly to you, and you know that. You have no reason to fear Cody. I harbor a fondness

for him. He taught me a lot, but he is what you say – my past. I want only you."

I nodded my head. There was no sense in being a coward. He was just a man like any other.

"I'll call him and see if he can meet us for lunch."

Cody agreed to meet us at a small diner that he and Kat both knew well. I resisted the urge to growl at him when he suggested that it would be nice to see Kat again. I knew I was being completely irrational, but this was not easy for me.

We arrived two hours later to find Cody already seated in a booth near the back. For some reason he was not what I expected. He was... well... different from me. He had dirty blond hair that was pulled back into a ponytail. He wore a black t-shirt that was tight across his chest and dirty jeans. A black cowboy hat rested on the table in front of him. I could see why Kat had been attracted to him. He had a powerful air about him, definitely alpha male material, but I hadn't expected him to be quite so nomadic and rugged looking.

Seated next to him was a petite blond. She had a black leather choker around her neck, her collar, I assumed.

She was dressed in a low-cut, tight black shirt and I couldn't see under the table well enough to know what else.

I kept my arm firmly around Kat's waist as we approached the table. I was not letting go of her. Cody stood and stepped out of the booth, the woman did not move.

"David," he said, "it's great to finally meet you."

"You as well," I replied. He had a strong, firm handshake. I wasn't surprised.

Courteously, he sat back down, and I allowed Kat to slide into the booth ahead of me. I was relieved that he hadn't tried to touch her in any way. I was about two seconds away from throwing her over my shoulder and hauling her out of there.

"Kat, lovely to see you again." He called her Kat deliberately. I knew that she had heard it as well. He was giving up his prior claim on her. Good man. "I'd like you both to meet Lara," he gestured to the woman next to him. She looked up and smiled, but did not offer her hand. Cody put his arm around her, and she laid her head against his chest.

"Cody, how's your summer been?" Kat asked.

The chatted for a while about people that I didn't know, and I began to relax. This wasn't so bad. We ordered

lunch, and I watched the two of them interact. It wasn't any different than watching her interact with another classmate really. I kept my hand firmly attached to her thigh though, just in case.

Finally Cody turned his attention back to me. "So how are things with you?"

"Great," I answered honestly.

"She behavin' for you?" He looked only at me when he said this, ignoring her completely.

"Yes," I said, moving my hand a little higher up Kat's leg. "She responds quite well."

"Mmm, Lara and I have been trying out a new binding technique that you might be interested in..."

I tried not to choke on my Dr. Pepper. He wanted to discuss this here? Granted no one was listening to our conversation, but still...

"When's your flight out? Would you like to see it before you leave?"

Oh God. He was offering to show it to me live. He wanted to bind this woman and probably fuck her in front of me. I was half appalled and half aroused. There is no way in hell that I would let him see Kat like that with me, but at

the same time, if he and his sub were okay with it, it was actually something I would like to see. I'd never seen a Dom work before, except for my father who didn't really count, and pictures in books. Was I ready for that? Was Kat?

I avoided answering. "Do you live close by?"

"Yeah, I'm only about fifteen minutes out. Kat knows where it is. I set up ahead of time in case you agreed to a demonstration. Lara here is a bit of an exhibitionist." He turned back to her, pulling her closer. "You want them to watch you? Don't you?"

"Yes, Master," was her soft reply.

I tried to think quickly. Kat hadn't moved beside me. I had no indication of her preference at all. I knew that she didn't like to be watched, but we'd never discussed watching other couples. I'd never even thought of it. I was reminded again about how much I had yet to learn. I needed to ask. I knew she would go along with whatever my decision was, but this was totally unfamiliar territory, and I wasn't about to push her into it.

I lowered my mouth to her ear, whispering to her softly. "Do you want to watch him fuck her? Would it soak your little panties for you to sit on my lap while he takes

her?" The more I thought about it the harder my cock grew. I was unprepared for this, but I couldn't deny the fact that it was arousing.

Kat turned sideways to speak in my ear. "Yes, Master. If it would please you, I would like to watch."

Interesting. "We'd love to come for a demonstration," I answered turning my attention back to Cody. "I don't have to be at the airport until 6:00 tonight."

"Great, we'll just get the check then, and you can follow us there."

I paid the bill, which seemed amazingly cheap after the downtown Boston prices I'd been paying lately, and Kat and I got into my rental car. I was glad for the drive time which allowed me to talk to Kat alone and lay down some ground rules.

We would watch together. We would both ask questions if we had them. She would stay firmly in her role as my submissive, and she would do nothing without my direct instruction. She requested that I not touch Lara and I almost laughed at her kitten-like ferocity when it came to being jealous of me. I assured her that I had no desire to touch his sub. He had been respectful of my territory, and I

would do the same for him. I had no interest in her anyway, outside of seeing how another submissive might behave.

I reminded Kat of her safewords just to be sure, and promised her that I wouldn't push for too much as this was an unexpected encounter.

Cody lived in small log house not unlike the one that Kat and I had stayed in this weekend. It was owned by the rancher, Kat explained, who owned the whole ranch, but it served as living quarters for the head ranch hand that currently filled the position. It was a fairly common arrangement out west apparently.

Cody explained their situation as he gave us a quick tour of the house. Lara did not live with him, so his bedroom doubled as a playroom for them. Cody invited us in and requested that we sit on a plush chair that had been placed in a corner of the bedroom facing the bed. I sat down and Kat went to sit at my feet, but I pulled her into my lap instead. I wanted her in my arms where I had full access to her body.

Lara was still in the hallway, not having entered the bedroom with the rest of us.

"Strip," Cody commanded. She began to shed her clothing in the hallway.

Cody lowered two ropes that had been strung through the open wooden beams in the ceiling. It wasn't a bad setup. He adjusted a couple of ropes and tied a few knots. I wasn't sure exactly what he was doing, but I would ask later, after I understood the whole idea.

"Come," Cody called out into the hallway. Lara crawled to him, naked, on her hands and knees, just as Kat had done on my parent's patio months ago. My cock was instantly hard.

Cody lowered the ropes further and began to build a rope harness around her. He looked up at me and began his instruction. "I'm gonna to suspend her so that her body is parallel to the ground, with her arms behind her back and her legs hangin' down. It will be just like having her bent over something, only suspended. The advantage is that she experiences the weightless sensation of it, and you can move her however you like. The range'a motion that you can achieve is incredible."

I nodded to show him that I understood. "I usually do 'er hands first, but to make it easier for you to

understand I'm gonna do them last this time. The key to the whole thing is distributing her weight evenly. If you put too much weight on any one loop it could pinch or cut off her circulation. You need a minimum of four loops spread evenly across the torso."

He demonstrated, forming a series of loops around her breasts, stomach, and hips that all joined in a line down her back. It looked like a rope ribcage to me.

"When ya start out, you should have her lay flat on the ground and then lift her. The more advanced version is to tie her and then move her from standing to suspended. There is an extreme amount of trust required for the standing position because she'll essentially be thrown into the air with only your assurance that she will not hit the ground."

"Ready?" he asked her.

"Yes, Master."

Cody raised the ropes, effectively lifting her up off the ground. It was a lot easier to understand once I saw her suspended. The harness looped around her mid section and then connected to the ceiling in a triangle. At this point her arms and legs were free, but it would be easy to bind them in any number of ways.

It was really quite beautiful. The loops rested in such a way that her breasts were exposed and unhindered, as were her thighs and ass. He had full accessibility to her.

"Understand?" Cody asked me.

"Yes, I do," I replied.

"You can do any number of variations from here, with her hands and feet. Just make sure that you don't shift her weight in the process." He bound her hands behind her back, which extended her shoulders slightly and made her breasts even more prominently displayed.

"Questions?"

"What do you do to keep her neck from getting sore?" I asked. In this position, she had to hold her head up pretty much on her own. That had to hurt after a while.

Cody laughed. "Usually, I just hold it up for her while I fuck her mouth...I'm kidding... sorta. You bring up a good point, it's not safe to leave her like this for too long as a result, but she's usually okay for twenty minutes or so. You can always put something under her head if you want to give her support, or just remember to take the weight off for her now and then with yer hands."

Cody wrapped her hair around his fist and pulled her head back sharply. "Tell our guests what you want me to do to you, Lara."

"Please, Master, I want you to fuck me," she whimpered. Kat squirmed on my lap. I could tell she was aroused at the sight before her.

I lowered my lips to her neck and gently sucked just below her ear. "Do you want me to do that to you? Do you want to be suspended and helpless while I use your body for my own pleasure?"

"Yes, Master."

Cody unbuttoned his pants and removed his cock. He fucked her mouth first, but did not orgasm. I got the impression that he wanted to show us the full range of what could be done in this position. They were far from finished.

He talked to me about different things that could be achieved by adjusting her height. All the while he pushed her into a frenzy. He raised her up so that he could pinch and slap her tits. Lara moaned and begged while he did this, and Kat squirmed in my lap. I pulled her back against my chest and cupped her breast in my hand through her shirt.

"See something you like?" I asked, enjoying the way she was rubbing her ass on my erection.

She moaned in response, and I pinched her nipple gently.

Cody looked over at us and smirked when he saw me squeezing Kat's tits as she dry humped me. He was quite clearly proud of his accomplishment, as he should be. Kat had learned from a good Dom, and I was glad that we had decided to come here. He wasn't as threatening, now that I'd met him.

"Don't get too excited over there. I haven't even shown you the best part of this set up yet." He positioned himself behind Lara and thrust hard into her waiting pussy. She cried out, and the sound went straight to my balls. Bloody. Fucking. Hell. That's hot.

He put his hands on her hips to control her, but as he fucked her, the whole thing acted like a giant swing. He could push her far enough away to completely remove his cock before slamming into her hard. He turned her occasionally as he fucked her, giving us different vantage points.

Kat's eyes were fixed on the erotic picture. Her breathing was labored, and her body was strung tight as a

bowstring. I teased her nipples through her clothes and nipped at her neck.

I concentrated on memorizing the pattern of the ropes so that I wouldn't come embarrassingly in my pants. I wanted nothing more than to pull Kat's pants down and fuck her right here, but I had promised her that I would not make her uncomfortable. I would wait until I had her alone. I was lucky that we'd spent most of this weekend fucking. I would never have been able to endure this otherwise.

Cody sometimes touched Lara, and sometimes held on to the ropes instead, achieving a variety of angles. Each got a different response from the submissive. Occasionally he would speak to her in a hushed voice that I couldn't decipher.

My cock began to ache as Kat's rocking increased in pace. Fuck I wanted her so bad.

Lara's cries grew steadily louder, and I could tell that she was close to orgasm, even from the other side of the room. Finally Cody gave one final squeeze to her tits and commanded her come. She did as he asked, and we watched her convulse and writhe in the harness as the force of it overtook her. Absolutely fucking beautiful.

I desperately fought the urge to come myself.

Cody thrust into her a few more times and then pulled out of her, his cock finally limp. He tucked himself back into his pants and then lowered Lara to the floor. We watched his aftercare as he checked her limbs for numbness and her torso for rope burns. She assured him that she was okay, and he excused her to get her clothes. He shot me a knowing look before following her out into the hallway, intentionally leaving us alone.

The second that he closed the door, I threw Kat to the floor and invaded her mouth with my tongue. My cock was absolutely aching, and I could smell her even through her jeans. I needed her now.

I pulled her pants off, not bothering with her shirt, and lowered my own. I thrust into her hard and fast. Her legs squeezed around my waist and bucked wildly beneath me.

"Fuck, you are so wet. That turned you on, didn't it, slut? You liked watching him fuck her while she was bound." God she was dripping all over my balls. "Are you ready to come for me already?"

"Yes, please, Master. Please let me come." She was squirming hard under me, taking every inch of my cock willingly. I was ready too. God, what a show.

"Come for me, Katlyn."

I closed my eyes and came hard as she convulsed around me. Fuck that was incredible.

We got dressed a moment later and met a fully dressed Lara and Cody in the living room. I asked a few more questions about the suspension system and about their relationship in general and then Kat and I took our leave promising to come back and see them soon.

Kat came with me to the airport later that evening, and I tried to ignore the tears in her eyes as we said goodbye. I would see her in another month, back at school, but it would be the longest month of my life. I kissed her gently and told her that I loved her. I did not allow myself to look back at her as I walked through the security line, headed for the other side of the country.

Chapter 29

Kat and I did not go away that weekend. She wanted more time to decide what to do with her father's house, and I didn't blame her. She too had a past that was sometimes difficult for her to cope with and this was one issue that I didn't want to push her on.

Instead, I told my mother and father that I had driven up to one of the many beautiful lakes in this part of New England and proposed over a picnic. Truthfully, we stayed home, and I spent the weekend acting as her Dominant.

We were gaining our natural rhythm in the playroom again, and it felt good. Kat spent most of Saturday lashed to various pieces of furniture while I used her repeatedly for my own pleasure. She didn't say it out loud, but I knew that she was feeling better about everything after several hours under my control. When she was my submissive she didn't need to worry about anything except obeying my commands.

Unfortunately, I couldn't say the same. I tried to relax and focus on meeting her needs, but my mind continued to return to my father. Kat was right. We could not afford to let my father's behavior affect our relationship, but I couldn't seem to shake it off. The pressure only seemed to increase with every decision I made. Every possible future looked bleak.

My father began calling twice a week and asking personal questions about our schedules, sleeping arrangements, financial matters, and a whole host of other uncomfortable topics. I did my best to avoid the questions and lied only when absolutely necessary. The problem with lying was that too many lies could easily tangle you. I was having trouble remembering everything that I'd said, and I wasn't even sure what was true any more in some cases.

I'd managed to put off Kat's resignation telling my father that we had plenty of time to plan a wedding and explaining how I wanted to at least finish the fall semester before moving in together. The "I'm busy with school" excuse would hold until the New Year, but there was no way that he would buy that for the spring semester as well. We had less

than two months to come up with a plan or Kat was going to have to quit her job.

My mother had also started making regular calls, but they were to Kat instead of to me. She told my father that they were discussing wedding plans, but she always called between 4:00 and 5:00 during the hour between the end of Kat's workday and the end of my father's. It wouldn't do for him to hear those conversations.

I choked back the heartache when Kat told me what they really discussed. My own mother tried repeatedly to convince Kat to run from me. Kat had even broken down on a few occasions and tried to convince my mom that I was not like my dad, but she simply wouldn't believe it. I was a monster in her eyes, and I was becoming more and more sure that I would never be able to convince her otherwise. Even if we could escape my father's iron fist, the damage was already done. I began to doubt if she could ever trust another man, let alone me.

The weeks passed by quickly and soon it was Thanksgiving. Having no family of her own, Kat was, of course, expected to spend the holiday with my family and me. I knew that this would be another tense time, but I

hoped to avoid as much conflict as possible by staying in my father's house as briefly as possible. I couldn't say I was looking forward to this day, but at least I would get to spend the holiday with Kat. For the last few years that we had been together, my parents had been unaware of our relationship, so we'd been forced to spend most of those important days in different locations.

Kat packed up the beautiful pumpkin pie that she had made, and we started the drive across town. My parents lived about forty-five minutes from us on the coast—just far enough to keep them from dropping in unexpectedly on a regular basis.

Just as we had done the last time, Kat and I reviewed rules, safewords, and codes frequently that week. I knew that my father was unpredictable, but I wanted to be as well prepared as possible.

Kat had never really become comfortable behaving in a sexual manner in front of anyone but me. We'd watched several other couples over the years (usually Cody and his current submissive of choice), and had visited a few clubs, but we did not, as a general rule, participate. I was far too possessive to tolerate another man looking at her.

Occasionally, I would request that she dress in a manor that was more provocative than her usual style. I couldn't help it. She had a fantastic body, and I loved to look at her, but I had been in numerous fights over the years as a result. I did not respond well to men who coveted what was mine.

I had little doubt that my father would ask for another demonstration of Kat's submission today. My stomach was aching at the thought. It wouldn't be the first time that I had fucked a woman in front of him, but those women weren't Kat. She had done quite well with focusing on me the last time, but if she was going to keep it together, I would need to be on point. She responded best when I gave her no other choice. I couldn't allow her room to question my judgment. I would make it very clear to her what I was commanding, and she would obey me. That would keep us both safe.

I hope.

My mother greeted us at the door. A plastic smile was plastered on her face as she hugged me, and I tried hard to pretend that it didn't hurt me to see it. My father joined us a few minutes later. I forced myself to look at the ground so that I wouldn't see the way his hands moved over my

wife's ass as he hugged her. I hoped that my own plastic smile was more convincing than my mother's.

Dinner was already prepared; so we sat down to eat immediately. I dictated to Kat what she could eat by filling her plate for her. My father approved. She only picked at it anyway. I'd take her out later for something to eat if her apatite returned.

I had almost convinced myself that we were going to be able to escape after a normal family dinner when it happened. Kat reached for a basket of rolls at my father's request and accidentally brushed her wine glass with the side of her hand. I had my head turned away from her, and I was not fast enough to catch it. The glass tipped over spilling red wine on my mother's white lace tablecloth. It wasn't even enough to break the glass, but the damage had been done.

My father was out of his chair in a flash, and before I could even react, he had pulled Kat from her chair. He had her pinned against the table, her beautiful long hair wrapped in his fist. He was screaming, but I couldn't understand the words. I was in shock.

It wasn't until he smacked her across the face that I was shaken from my stupor. I had to do something. Now!

"Father!" I jumped up from my seat. "No need to do that. I'll punish her."

Get your fucking hands off of my wife! I choked on the words that wanted to come screaming out of my lips. Putting my body between them, I pulled her from his grasp. Her body was ridged with fear, her eyes dry and shocked. It had happened so quickly that she hadn't yet processed it.

My father's face broke out in a wicked grin. "Will you?"

I closed my eyes and dug deep for control. "Of course," I answered. "She is to be my wife. I can handle her insolence."

"I think I'd like to see that," he said, returning to his chair. "Now." There was no mistaking the command. My worst nightmare was about to unfold.

I took a deep breath. I needed to keep myself calm. I could not protect Kat if I was hysterical. This would be humiliating for her, but we would get through it together. It was only a spanking. I'd done a hell of a lot more to her over the years. If she closed her eyes, she could probably manage to make herself believe that we were alone in our playroom doing this for far more pleasurable reasons.

"Lift your skirt, Katlyn."

She complied, lifting the hem of the modest brown skirt up to her hips. At my insistence, she wore stockings and skimpy lace panties, but I could not take the time to admire them now. I swallowed thickly. I refused to look at my father. I kept eye contact with her. "Drop your panties."

She did not hesitate to do what I asked. I shielded her from my father's view as best I could without looking suspicious. I pushed my mother from my thoughts all together. If I looked at the pain in her eyes, across the table, I would lose it for sure. How much more could I possibly damage my mother's opinion of me?

I pulled my chair back from the table and changed the angle. I laid Kat across my lap, pinning her hands behind her with one of my own. Her delicate little fist curled around my index finger and she squeezed quickly three times. Three for green, two for yellow, one long hard squeeze for red. She was okay.

I almost told her to count. It was a habit that I'd become accustomed to, but I had never heard my mother count, so I chose to keep the number in my head instead. I gave her no warning. I simply delivered her punishment.

How many strokes constituted an appropriate punishment for spilled wine? I had no idea. The whole thing was insane. It wasn't like they couldn't afford another tablecloth. It was a fucking accident. It would have to be pretty severe. This had nothing to do with the wine anyway. This was my father's way of testing my manhood. He was telling me that he would not hesitate to punish my wife if I was unfit to do it myself. I hated him. In that moment I hated him more than anything. I squeezed my hands into fists and fought with every ounce of control to keep myself from beating him to death right there.

Biting my tongue, I used that hatred to fuel my spanking. I brought my hand down on the soft curve of Kat's ass while she screamed and squirmed in my lap. I settled on twenty and delivered them swiftly. It would hurt, especially because her skin was still faintly bruised from a rougher-than-usual session two days ago, but it would not be unbearable. The humiliation would be far worse for her than the physical pain.

When I was done I righted her in her own chair, completely ignoring her tears. I could tell that she was trying to rein them in. She would have control of herself soon.

She gave me three more quick squeezes under the table. I pulled my own chair back to the table and retrieved my fork to finish my dinner as if nothing had happened. I swallowed a cold lump of mashed potatoes before raising my eyes to my father.

Pretend it didn't happen.

"So, mother said that you were thinking about traveling to Italy," I said, grasping for the first conversation starter I could think up. My father gave me a calculating glare before filling me in on his travel plans. My mother silently brought coffee and pie to the table. Kat's sniffles settled down beside me. I wanted to hold her, reassure her, love her, but instead, I protected her. I ignored her.

I dragged the conversation out as long as I could to avoid any further incidents and then Kat, and I decided to take our leave. My father whispered something in Kat's ear as he said goodnight, and she managed to hide her reaction to it. I was proud of her. I was proud of us. We had survived another day, no matter how difficult.

When the porch light finally disappeared from the rear view mirror Kat finally spoke. "Would you like to know what he said to me as we were leaving?"

I looked at her. I wasn't sure that I wanted to know, but I knew that she needed to tell me, to get it out.

"He said that my ass looked very fuckable when it was pink."

I tightened my hands on the steering wheel until my knuckles were white. She put her gentle hand on my leg and turned her face to me. "I'm okay, David. We did okay." I tried to ignore the slight swelling on the side of her face where that asshole had struck her.

"I love you, David. No matter what."

I would never in a million years deserve to hear that.

Chapter 30

I returned to school in the fall, eager to see David and anxious to get to my classes. David picked me up at the airport and went to work on me right away. He commanded me to masturbate in the car on the way back from the airport, and I complied. Just having him near me again had me coming almost instantly. God, how I had missed him.

We spent that first week adapting to our classes and returning to the routine of the previous year. I roomed in my same dorm again but David switched dorms to have a private room.

David and I continued to use the beach house on the weekends and our trust grew along with experience. It was one of those weekends when the terrible call came. I was asleep in David's bed with him spooned behind me when my phone woke me. It was in my bag, across the room where I had ditched it when we arrived. Who would call me at 3:00 in the morning? The only people who ever called were Cody and my dad. Why would they call this late?

By the third ring I had stumbled out of bed and accidentally woken David. He sat up and watched me curiously as I dug for it. The caller ID didn't display a name, but it was a Montana area code. Either my father had forgotten about the difference in times zones, which was highly unlikely, or this was an emergency.

"Hello?" I asked, my voice thick with sleep and confusion.

"Kat?"

"Who is this?"

"Kat, it's Scott Crowler, I work with your dad..."

I couldn't respond. That meant something was wrong. Very wrong.

"Kat, there's been an accident. Your father was checking out a noise complaint out by the mill and he somehow got caught up in some logs that came loose from a truck bed. He was killed, Kat. I'm so sorry."

I held the phone out, stunned as the world came crashing down around me. I couldn't breathe; I couldn't think. My dad was young and healthy. This couldn't happen.

"Kat?" David's voice came from across the room.

"Kat! What's wrong?"

He picked up the phone as it fell from my hand. I briefly heard him speaking into it. He scribbled a number on a piece of paper and hung up. A moment later his strong arms were around me and he was rocking me back and forth like a child as I cried.

I spent the next week in a total daze. David made all of the arrangements and flew home with me to Montana. The other guys on the force pitched in and we gave my dad a nice sending off. After that initial call, I didn't cry much. I just became more and more numb to it all. Everyone kept asking about where I would live and what I would do, but I didn't have any answers. My dad was the only family that I had, and now I had no one.

When the funeral was over, David helped me to pack up the house. I wasn't ready to deal with it yet, so he helped me to find a caretaker that could look in on it while I was at school. He was incredible. I would never have made it through without him there to help me.

When we got back to school he gave me space and let me grieve, but one week turned into two, which turned into a month and then six weeks. I stopped going to class. I didn't want to leave my dorm. I lost weight that I couldn't

afford to lose. David tried talking to me about it several times, but I was largely unresponsive. Truthfully I don't remember much of those weeks, but I know that it was a very bad time for me. I remember a deep feeling of hopelessness. I remember thinking about how unfair life was. I wished desperately that David had gotten a chance to meet my dad before he died. I remember trying to lift my arms, and having them feel like dead weights at my side. I couldn't function at all, and I was sure the grief would swallow me whole.

Sometimes David would physically force me to go to class. He even did my homework for me for a while, but he was risking his own grades in trying to help me, and he couldn't keep that up forever. With Christmas break quickly approaching, I was failing all of my classes, and he was becoming both concerned and irritated with my listlessness. He had given me plenty of time, and he was becoming convinced that I wouldn't be able to shake that awful darkness without help. Looking back, I'm sure that he was right. I wouldn't have survived at all if he hadn't broken through to me. I couldn't even get out of bed without him.

"Kat?" he said. I barely heard him.

"Kat, we're going out to my parents' chalet. Now."
The command in his voice partially registered.

"I don't want to go."

"I don't care. Enough is enough, Katlyn. I know that you miss your father, but he would not want you to waste away like this. It's nuts."

I didn't respond. He grew tired of waiting and he carried me to his car. He spent the whole car ride shooting me worried glances that only managed to further irritate me.

When we finally arrived, he carried our bags into the house and then came back for me. He sat me on the couch and knelt at my feet.

"I'm sorry to have to do this to you, Kat," he finally said, "but I promised to take care of you, and I'm failing. I need for you to snap out of this, and I will do whatever it takes to get you through this. Do you understand?"

"I'm fine, David." My standard response. It was easier than arguing.

"No, you're not. Do you remember your safewords?"

Yes, I remembered, but I didn't want to play. I just wanted the grief to consume me. My dad had raised me by himself; I had never known any other family. He taught me to ride a bike, to shoot a gun, to microwave baked potatoes and make mac and cheese. He called every week that I was at school just to make sure that I was still carrying my pepper spray. How would I manage without him?

I heard David mumble something along the lines of "God forgive me" and then he turned me over on the couch. I was far too weak from refusing to eat, and I didn't put up much of a fight. David took me over his knee and began to spank me with his bare hand. I was wearing the holey sweats that I had been wearing for the last three days and he didn't even bother to remove them, simply pushing them down to my knees instead. He spanked me through my underwear, but they didn't provide much barrier.

I was irritated by the first ten. I wanted to go back to my dorm and go to bed.

It started to hurt around fifteen, but he wasn't hitting very hard.

He took a break at twenty and ran his hand gently over my warm skin, which only succeeded in annoying me further.

"Damn it, David. I want to go home."

He struck me again, this time harder, and I yelped in surprise. He did it again. I felt this set. I tried to fight back, but I was no match for his strength. He held me across his lap with one arm and spanked me hard with the other. The tears finally came about fifteen strokes into the second set. He did not relent.

He went in sets of ten after the first forty, and I lost count. After a while all I could think about was the fire on my backside. I couldn't think about my dad. I couldn't see the pity in the other police officer's eyes. Couldn't hear their heart-felt condolences.

At some point I began to scream. I could hear it, but I couldn't make it stop. My whole body was racked with sobs and all I knew were David's hands. They had brought that terrible burning pain and now they were holding me, safe and secure, as I sobbed and screamed into his shirt.

I don't know how long he held me that night but at some point I exhausted myself with tears, and he carried me

upstairs. I woke twice from terrible nightmares that I could not remember, and David held me again as I cried.

When the morning light finally filtered into his bedroom I felt as if I had been purged of a terrible demon. I was still sad and my heart ached every time I thought of my dad, but for the first time in weeks I was hungry. David listened to me as he sliced fruit and flipped pancakes. I told him story after story about my childhood. I told him about the threats my dad had made to every boy who came within ten feet of our porch. I told him fishing stories, exaggerating them the way that my dad always did.

David smiled and filled my plate over and over until I ran out of stories to tell him. I used an entire box of Kleenex as I talked, but David just moved the garbage can closer to me so that I wouldn't have to get up to throw them away. I alternated laughing and crying at my own memories. David laughed with me when I told him about the time that I knocked my dad off of a horse.

When I was finally full of breakfast and empty of grief, David joined me at the counter. "He sounds like an incredible man, Kat and I know he would have been proud you."

I nodded my head and tried for a weak smile.

David and I spent the rest of that weekend recovering. It was too cold to do much outside, but we curled up by the fire and played cards. I felt human again.

On Sunday we drove back to school, and I was faced with the reality that my grades were probably not recoverable. I took the rest of that semester off and tried to determine a new course of action. David stayed by my side every step of the way.

Chapter 31

David and I got home an hour or so after we left the most horrifying Thanksgiving dinner of all time. He was doing a good job of trying to hide it, but I could tell that he was a mess. His father had really fucked him up this time, and I had no idea what to do about it.

I needed David to know that I was safe. I was mortified by his punishment at the dinner table, but I knew that it was much harder for him than for me. It didn't really hurt physically, but it would take its toll on our marriage. It was David who really needed the aftercare this time, and I was unsure how to provide it.

David sat on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands. Silent tears were steaming down his cheeks. I had never seen him look so lost. I wormed my way into his lap, and he cried on my shoulder. "God Kat, I am so sorry. I've failed you so badly."

"Shhhh, you haven't failed, David. It's okay. I'm still here, baby."

"Why haven't you left me, Kat? I'm not good for you. This is too dangerous."

"I love you, David, and I'm staying."

I gently kissed his tears away and slowly undressed him. He did not protest, but he wasn't actively participating either. Typically, I was not comfortable in the more aggressive role, but I didn't see any other way to comfort him. Pressing my lips to his, I tangled my fingers in his hair, pulling him to me.

Silently asked him to open his mouth to me, running my tongue over his bottom lip. He complied, and I invaded his sweet mouth. I lost track of time as we kissed, deeply, intimately.

After what felt like an eternity I pulled away from his soft lips and went to run a bath. I knew that a little hot water would not cure the kind of ache that he was suffering, but it would probably make me feel better, and it was something to do. While the tub filled, I added bubbles and undressed.

David looked empty and exhausted by the time I retrieved him. I led him to the bath and he followed like an abused dog. It tore at my heart to see him so defeated.

Granted, this was far from a pleasant evening, but we would survive. I was strong. I just needed to prove it to him. I straddled him in the tub and laid my head on his shoulder with my arms around his neck.

"David, I know this evening was impossibly hard on you, but you need to know that I'm okay. We're going to make it. It's less than a year."

"He'll never stop, Kat. We'll never escape him."

"Don't say that, David. It's not true. You'll finish your degree, and then we'll take your mother and leave."

"She hates me."

"Who?"

"My mother. My own mother thinks I'm a fucking monster Kat, and it's true. I am a monster. I promised to protect you, and I can't."

"Yes you can, and you do. And, your mother doesn't hate you, she just doesn't understand."

"It was just a glass of wine, Kat. I thought he was going to kill you."

"But he didn't, David. You saved me. I'm fine. Don't let him get to you like this. Don't you dare let him win."

He moved his wet hands to my hair and held me close in the warm water. "I love you, Kat with everything that I am. I need you to be honest with me – do you think we should leave now instead of waiting? I know it won't be easy, but I can't stand to see him touch you again."

"No, David. I think we should stick to the plan. It's only three more times that we have to see him – Christmas, our engagement party, and the wedding. He can't do much at the parties so really it's just Christmas that we have to worry about. We survived Thanksgiving. We can survive Christmas too." A cold silence filled the room, and I could tell that David doubted our ability to make it through another holiday.

"I just won't spill any more wine," I teased.

I felt him smile against my shoulder. "Only you could joke about this," he said. "You're incredible."

I brought my lips to his neck and tasted the sweet patch of skin there. "You know... you did give me a nice warm-up spanking, but it wasn't very gentlemanly of you to leave me unfulfilled. You should finish what you start."

"Are you calling me a quitter, Mrs. Paulson?"

"Mmmm, I might be."

"We'll see about that." He connected his lips to mine, and then curled his long fingers around my thighs, lifting me to the edge of the tub. He spread me wide, and I clung to the cold porcelain as he penetrated me with his fingers. His lips closed around my clit, and I was coming in a matter of minutes.

We made love four times that night, as if working our bodies harder might somehow exorcize the demons from our minds. It worked for me, but David was not so easily cured. He tried to hide his pain from me, but despite his flawless acting, I knew that he was walking a very thin line. I was beginning to doubt his ability to make it through the Christmas holiday without a serious mental breakdown.

His father began calling more frequently in December. They had long talks behind closed doors, and David stopped telling me what they were discussing. I think he was trying to shield me, but it only added the burden to his shoulders and increased the distance between us.

My cell phone rang at 4:00 on a Tuesday in the second week of December. I recognized the call as the Paulson household.

"Hi, Ellen," I answered.

"Hi, Kat. How are you?"

We chatted for a while about flowers for the wedding, and I did my best to keep up my end of the charade we were all playing. Like always, however, I knew that Ellen didn't want to tell me about the florist. Every statement she made was laced with regret over her own wedding and the marriage that had held her captive for so long.

She was mid sentence when I heard a door slam. What was that?

"Oh God." Ellen's voice was barely a whisper. "He's home early."

An angry growl came through the phone followed by a sharp crack and Ellen's scream. "You stupid bitch..." was all I heard before the line went dead.

"Ellen? Ellen!" It was no use. The connection had been broken. What was happening? She needed help.

I dialed David as quickly as I could. He was still in class, but he would be done in twenty minutes or so. Should I call the police? Someone needed to be there for her. I had to get him out of class. We had to go down there.

Grabbing my keys, I ran to my car. I knew which building David's class was in but not which room. Hopefully I would find him.

I jogged down the halls of the old stately University building, ignoring the odd looks of the people I passed. Most of the classrooms were empty, but I could hear a lecture at the end of the hall. It sounded like a medical class. I hoped it was the right one.

I swung around into the doorway and scanned the faces for David. The professor stopped mid-sentence. "Can I help you miss?"

David was already out of his seat, pulling his bag over his shoulder.

"Kat?" he said coming to me. "I'm sorry, sir," he said to the professor, "it must be an emergency."

The professor waved a hand at him as we left and returned to his lecture.

"It's your mother, David," I said, pulling him to the car as quickly as possible. I recounted the phone call as David drove like a bat out of hell. I had no idea what we were going to do once we got there, but I knew that we needed to be there as soon as possible.

Chapter 32

Time passed, after my father's death, and I began to feel normal again. David went back to his typical school routine, and I looked into my options. I no longer had the privilege of my scholarship, so I busied myself with determining how I might pay for school and what I would do. My dorm was paid up until the new year, so I stayed where I was and applied for new grant money at less demanding schools.

I hated to leave Harvard and its excellent education, but it seemed very impractical now, and I didn't think that I would have the focus and determination to complete an Ivy League education without my dad. I enrolled in Plymouth State University instead, and found enough funding to cover my education, food, and housing. The life insurance that my dad left would provide adequate gas and spending money.

I had been pre-med at Harvard, but I'd lost my desire to practice medicine with my dad's death. The thought of delivering bad news to my patients' families became

unfathomable for me. It was David who first encouraged me to become a teacher. He returned to my speech from that first semester again and again as an example of how I could be really wonderful in front of a room full of people, when I stopped being afraid. I wasn't sure that my friends were right, but the thought of encouraging young minds and mentoring today's youth towards science and mathematical professions was appealing to me. Most of my credits were in Biology so I decided to change my major to Science Education.

I was eligible to live in off-campus housing, so I chose to live between my school and David's. I had a tiny efficiency apartment, but I didn't have to share it. David and I began to alternate weekends, going to the mountain house, staying at my place, or staying at his dorm.

My phone rang as I was walking back to my apartment after my last class of the week. The caller ID said it was David. He probably wanted to tell me what the plans for the weekend were.

"Hi, David," I answered.

"Hey, beautiful. How was class?"

"Good. How was yours?"

"It's been a hard week to be honest. How would you feel about blowing off some steam tonight?"

"Sure. What did you have in mind?"

"I want to take you dancing."

"What?" I spoke a little too loud into the phone and a couple of people on the street turned their heads to look at me. I lowered my voice and walked a little faster.

"You can't really mean that, David. You know I can't dance."

"I'm sure you'll do fine, Katlyn."

Katlyn. Oh. Hell. No.

"David," I whined, "really, it's a bad idea."

"Are you really saying 'no' to me?" His voice was cold. He was giving me an order, and I was disobeying. If I really didn't want to go, I would have to safeword. That would be the only way out of this, and I wasn't willing to go that far. After all, the last time I went dancing was the night I finally got David to notice me. Maybe this wouldn't be too terrible.

"No, Sir. What time would you like me to be there?"

"Actually, Jessica and Molly are coming over to your place now. It will be the six of us, and they thought you might want help getting ready."

I groaned internally. We didn't spend a whole lot of time going out with other couples, but I still had some friends from my old dorm, and David was sending them to torture me. This was going to be a long night.

Three hours of hair pulling, nail painting, and other torturous female rituals later we were ready to go. The plan was to meet the boys at the club.

The place was smoky and the music was loud, but after the second beer it didn't seem so bad. My friends had dressed me in a short black skirt and a strappy tank top. I felt naked. The shoes were even worse. It would be a miracle if I didn't trip and kill myself. David stood by the bar with me for a while and let me loosen up, but eventually the two other couples made their way to the dance floor, and he pulled me in that direction as well. He stepped into me, pressing his warm body against mine, and I relaxed into his arms. He always felt so perfect.

"Breathe, Kat," he said in my ear, "just relax and let me lead you."

I wrapped my arms around his neck, resting my head on his chest, and we began to move. David was an incredible dancer. His self-confidence really came out in his sure, steady movements. He put one leg between both of mine and rocked his hips back and forth. I lost myself in the graceful fluidity of his body, and soon I forgot that other people sounded us.

He put his hands all over me, just on the decent side of provocative. It felt like heated foreplay, and I loved it. He turned me periodically, alternating between curling his strong body around me from behind and grinding his thigh between my legs. David focused on me like I was the only woman in the room. We could have been dancing in my apartment for all we knew.

The spell was broken when Michael tapped David on the shoulder. They were taking a break to get some drinks. We followed them off the floor. A shot and beer later, I thought my bladder was likely to explode, so I excused myself to use the lady's room. There was a line, so I crossed my legs and waited. I was so glad that David had forced me to come. This was actually really fun. Finally, a stall opened up, and I went as quickly as I could. I looked

for David as I came out, but it seemed as if they had left the table. I assumed he had probably returned to the dance floor, so I paused for a minute to scan the crowd for our group.

"Hi there, sexy." A pair of sweaty arms circled my waist from behind. His breath was hot and foul on my neck. Definitely not David.

I stepped forward out of his grip, but he pulled me back. He was a bit wobbly on his feet, and his speech was slurred. Very drunk.

"Don't be like that. Dance with me."

"No thank you," I said stepping forward again and trying to turn around. He circled one of my wrists in his hands, and turned me to face him. He knocked me off balance in the high heels, and I stumbled into him.

"That's better," he said, running one hand down my hip and pulling me closer.

"Get the fuck away from me."

"Oh come on, baby, you know you want it."

"Fuck off." I tried to push him off, but he easily had a hundred pounds on me. There was little I could do

physically. I raised my voice, but it did no good with the blaring music and noise of the crowd. He came closer.

"Get your filthy fucking hands off of me!" I screamed as loud as I could. I made an effort to knee him in the groin, but even in his drunken state, he must have been expecting it because he only squeezed my arm tighter as he forced me up against the wall.

Next thing I knew, I saw David's beautiful blue eyes over his shoulder, and then he was gone, and David was beating the shit out of him. Blood flew from his nose, as David's fist made impact. The man tried to throw up his hands in protection, but David was much faster, and he hit the ground before he even had a chance to swing back.

A large open circle had opened in the crowd, giving them room.

"You will never fucking touch my girl again," David said, as he kicked him one more time, hard in the stomach. Michael made his way over and pulled a still-fighting David off of the man.

"Let's go man," Michael said, trying to haul David out before the cops got involved. "That's enough. He won't get up. We gotta get out of here."

The six of us slipped out the side door and into the night. Once David regained his senses, he came to me, immediately pulling me into his arms.

"God, baby, are you okay? Did that asshole hurt you?"

"I'm fine, David. I'm glad you came though; he was really freaking me out."

"No one, will ever hurt you while I'm around, Kat," he promised. "No one is ever going to fucking touch you like that again." His voice was dripping with venom and there was an evil hatred in his eyes that scared the shit out of me. I was glad Michael was big enough to pull David off of that guy. I didn't want to know what might have happened if he hadn't been stopped. He looked ready to commit murder.

When we started walking again I could see David's hands, still clenched into fists. The knuckles on his right hand were covered in blood.

"We need to get your hands cleaned up. Where do you want to go?" I asked.

He thought for a minute. "Let's go to your apartment."

We said goodnight to the group and David drove at a reckless speed back to my apartment. As soon as we arrived he pulled me out of the car and practically ran into my place. He took one step inside my door before pinning me against it and turning the deadbolt over my shoulder.

"You belong to me," he said, before crushing my lips with his in a bruising kiss. "Mine."

"Yours," I agreed, trying to undress him as he pulled my skirt up around my waist and pushed my panties down. He managed to unzip his pants and lift me up. My legs went around his waist, and he thrust into me in one hard, fluid motion, slamming me into the wooden door with a loud thump.

I cried out at the assault and dug my nails into his shoulders. He thrust his tongue into my mouth, and I sucked it greedily, trying to find something to hang onto as he slammed into my pussy over and over.

My ass made a solid thumping sound as he fucked me hard against the door, but I couldn't bring myself to care who was listening. All I could focus on was the feel of his cock, driving me higher with every thrust.

His voice was gravely in my ear, his body unrelenting. "You are mine. Say it!"

"I'm yours, David."

"No one else can touch you. You belong to me. Fucking mine."

"Yes, I belong to you," I whispered. I could barely breathe. I was so close to the edge. He never slackened his pace. His fingers dug into my thighs as he held me up. Pounding.

"Louder, Katlyn. Say it louder."

"I belong to you."

"Again."

"I belong to you," I moaned. So fucking close.

"Fuck yes. Come for me."

He thrust up into me one more time and held me there with his cock buried deep inside me. I couldn't hang on any longer, letting my orgasm over take me in waves of unparalleled bliss.

Chapter 33

The drive to my parent's house took far too long, and my stomach was a pit of knots by the time we pulled up to the house. The manor was set on more than sixty acres, and nearly all of it was wooded. The long driveway curled through the woods, avoiding the shear drops and rocky terrain that made the landscape so beautiful. It was impossible to see the house from the road, but as we moved through the trees I could see that the house was dark.

Had he taken my mother to the hospital? He would only do that if she were really seriously injured. I skidded to a stop in front of the house and jogged up the front steps telling Kat to stay in the car and lock the doors.

The front door was locked and no one answered when I rang the bell. I jogged around to the garage where there was a keypad entrance. I typed in the code, and the garage door lifted.

I moved swiftly through the house, turning on lights as I went. Were they here? There had been cars in the garage, but I hadn't counted how many. My father changed

cars frequently so that wasn't necessarily a good indicator. Maybe they had taken an ambulance.

"Mom?" I called.

"Mom are you here?"

A soft groan came from the direction of the kitchen. I dogged the coffee table and ran. I flipped on the kitchen light and found my mother in a heap on the tile floor. She was curled in the fetal position, clutching her stomach as if she had been kicked.

"Mom? Mom, can you hear me?"

"David?" she whispered. "Why are you here? You shouldn't be here."

"Don't worry about that. How badly are you hurt?"

I let my medical training take over as I checked her bones for breaks. The right side of her face was swollen, but the pain seemed to be mostly in her stomach. There was very little blood.

"I'm okay," she said, "just an accident."

"Accident my ass," I mumbled. "That fucking bastard. Tell me what happened. Did he kick you in the stomach?"

I pressed my fingertips gently into her abdomen, trying to determine the source of the ache. Being punched in the stomach could have easily knocked the wind out of her and caused a good deal of pain, but hopefully he hadn't caused any internal damage.

"Do you remember if you blacked out?" I looked at her eyes, checking for signs of a concussion.

"Yes, I think I hit my head pretty hard on the counter," she finally admitted. "I don't remember anything after that."

"Is he still here?"

"I don't know. I only just woke up when I heard you calling."

"It seems like he left. The whole house was dark. Do you think you can get up? I don't think there's any permanent damage. Do you want to go to the hospital?"

"No, that will only anger him. You shouldn't be here, David. You'll only make it worse."

"You're not staying here. You're coming home with Kat and me."

"We both know that's not possible, David."

I helped her up from the floor and sat her in one of the kitchen chairs.

"I don't care any more. We're leaving. We'll go to Kat's place in Montana or something. I'll find a job. We'll change our names. He's gone too far this time. We're not staying."

My mother looked up at me, a tear running down her cheek. "She was right?" she asked.

"Who was right about what?" I crossed the room to the freezer and made an icepack for her swollen cheek.

"Kat. She told me that you weren't like your father, and I didn't believe her."

"I'm a very good actor, Mother. I've had to be," I said, kneeling down beside her and pressing the ice to her cheek. "I'm sorry that I couldn't tell you, but I couldn't risk him finding out."

"So Thanksgiving, you did that to Kat for what?"

"It's complicated, Mom. I can't explain everything right now, but just believe me when I say it's consensual. Kat's been in on it the whole time. We have a plan to get you out of here, but we've been waiting for my graduation. It was a bad idea to wait. We should have left by now. You stay

here and hold this ice on your cheek. I'm going to go pack your bags."

"He'll find us, David. You know he won't let us go without a fight."

"I know, Mom. We'll just have to figure it out as we go. Kat can find a teaching job anywhere, and we have a little money set aside. We'll figure it out. Just rest a minute. Is there anything that you can't live without? I'll make sure I pack it."

"No, just get some of my clothes. Nothing here is important to me."

I jogged up the stairs to my parents' bedroom, planning to pull as much as I could from my mother's closet, and then leave. Hopefully we could get out before my father came home. Haphazardly I started throwing my mother's elegant designer clothes into their biggest suitcase. She wouldn't be able to afford clothes like this for a while, but I didn't think she'd mind. We would all adjust. We'd have to.

I was just closing the latch on the suitcase when I heard a thump and then Kat's blood-curdling scream. My heart stopped. Kat. My sweet Kat. Oh God, how could I have left her alone?

Chapter 34

She was so beautiful. Just the sight of her made it hard to breathe. She had a knee length white sundress on, and someone--Cody's submissive, most likely--had wound a couple of delicate white orchids into her hair. I could hardly believe that she was walking down the aisle to me.

The air was warm and fragrant. A simple string quartet played softly off to my right. It was perfect. It was everything I could have ever asked for in a wedding. I glanced at the single row of folding chairs that had been placed in the sand in front of the gazebo for our witnesses.

I had only one regret. I wish my mother was here.

When Kat reached me at the top of the gazebo steps, she took my hand and honored me with the most beautiful smile that I had ever seen. I couldn't wait to spend the rest of my life with this woman. She completed me.

The ceremony was simple and heartfelt.

"To love and to cherish," I repeated, "To honor and protect... as long as we both shall live."

The Minster gave me permission to kiss her, and my heart soared. I took her in my arms, cupped the side of her cheek delicately in my palm and pressed my lips to hers. Cody whistled loudly. A single tear ran down my beautiful bride's cheek, and I brushed it away with my thumb.

I never thought that I would find this kind of happiness.

Cody and his submissive took advantage of the open bar that followed in the hotel lounge, but I fully intended to enjoy my bride tonight and getting trashed would not be conducive to the long night I was hoping for.

After a while the girls wanted to go to the pool and I never said no to seeing Kat in a bathing suit. She came back down from the room, having swapped her wedding dress for a black bikini. I'd bought it for her before we left, knowing that her choice would be more conservative than mine. I wanted to be able to ogle her incredible body, and I was certainly getting an eye full now. I couldn't look away for a second.

She ran across the concrete pool deck and flung herself into my arms. She was laughing with her head thrown back, and her long hair fell freely down around her

shoulders. I swung her around until I had my arms under her, cradling her like a baby. Before she could react, I walked over to the pool and tossed her ass-first into the deep end. She screamed as soon as she realized what I was doing, but the sound was muffled as she went under. She came up sputtering and looking for revenge.

We chased each other around like children and both wound up soaked. It was the happiest I could ever remember feeling. In those moments I had no obligations, no future fears, no overbearing father. It was just Kat and me, in love, and I wished that it could last forever.

A while later, I decided that I couldn't keep my hands off of her any more, and we retired to our honeymoon suite. The hotel staff had prepared the room with candles and rose petals. It was romantic and sappy, and we loved every minute of it.

We showered together, washing off the pool and gently caressing each other. I couldn't keep my lips away from her. Her mouth was sweet and pliable under my assault. If I lived a million years I would never want to stop kissing her.

When we were clean, we dried each other with fluffy white towels and fell laughing and tickling onto the huge bed.

"I want you so badly, my wife," I sighed against the soft curve of her belly.

"I want you too, my husband," she answered, raking her nails across my scalp. Fuck that felt good.

"Missionary style seems the most appropriate for a blushing bride, don't you think?" I teased.

"Mmmmm, I don't care how you do it. I just want you to be inside of me."

I ran the tips of my fingers over her smooth skin. So beautiful. So incredible. I wanted her more than anything I'd ever wanted. My wife. My beautiful wife.

I kissed her deeply again and shifted her on the bed under me. I looked into her eyes as I parted her wet pussy lips and slid home inside of her. She cried out softly as I rocked into her. I knew I was being too gentle for her liking, but I couldn't bring myself to rush. I wanted this feeling to last forever.

She was hot and wet around me. I put my hands under her head and looked into her eyes as I made love to

her. I completely lost control when she began to beg. "Please, harder, David," she whispered against my lips. Her voice was so arousing. I moved more forcefully against my own will. She called me husband. I claimed her as my wife.

I didn't have the strength to refuse her. I gave in to her wishes and fucked her harder. Her legs tightened around me, and I lost myself in the soft warmth of her feminine body.

She fell apart around me, and I watched her orgasm with new eyes. My wife. She came twice more before I allowed myself a release, and when I did, it was the most remarkable emotional experience I'd ever had.

I promised myself that day that I would spend the rest of my life making this woman happy. I meant those vows with everything that I was. I would love her and protect her as long as I had breath in my body.

Chapter 35

I stayed in the car obediently like David had told me to. Now was hardly the time to be disobeying orders, but he was taking so long. I watched as the lights turned on from one window to the next across the house. If no one was home, he would have come back by now. Right?

What had he found? Oh God, what if he was hurt? Maybe he tried to stop Richard, and they got in a fight. I thought if it really came down to it, David could probably take Richard in a physical altercation. They were both around the same height and weight, and they were both in excellent physical shape, but David was thirty years younger. If Richard took him by surprise though... who knew?

I studied the garage door. David had left it open after entering. Should I go in? Maybe if Richard didn't know I was there, I could be of some help to David. Stealth was never my strong suit, but neither was sitting idly by in a car while my husband could be in danger. Fuck it. I have to go.

I closed the car door as quietly as I could and went in through the garage. I slipped off my shoes, which were

making a terrible clicking sound on Ellen's beautiful hardwood floors. I hadn't changed after work, and I unfortunately was still in work clothes and heels. A skirt would not have been my first choice for this kind of mission.

I kept my back to the wall as I walked. My police officer dad had taught me some basic self-defense when I was young and while I'd forgotten most of it, I did know that it was better to not be taken by surprise. "Please, Dad," I prayed silently "if you're up there, help me now."

The house appeared to be in perfect order. There were no physical signs of a struggle. I crossed through the living room and listened. I thought I heard a faint shuffling in the kitchen. I chanced a quick peek around the corner and saw Ellen sitting in the kitchen alone. She had an ice pack pressed to her cheek, and she was crying softly.

I went to her, and when she saw me she jumped a foot in the air. "I'm so sorry, Ellen. I didn't mean to frighten you. I came to see what was taking so long."

"David is packing my things."

"Oh." I looked at her swollen cheek. "Are you okay?"

"I've had worse," she answered. "I didn't mean to frighten you on the phone. You must have been so worried."

"I was. I thought..." My head snapped back suddenly, and my airway closed. Richard had his left arm around my neck choking me. I cursed myself for forgetting to watch my back. He came out of nowhere. I couldn't get enough air to scream. I panicked.

He struck Ellen on side of her already swollen face, hard with his right hand, and she slumped forward in her chair, unconscious.

I made an effort to kick him behind me but he threw me into the counter with enough force to knock the wind out of me. I couldn't catch my breath. I slumped uselessly to the floor. My body wouldn't work. My mind was screaming to run, make a noise, anything, but I just couldn't make it happen. My body would not obey me.

He picked me up from the floor by my hair and bent me forward over the counter, pulling my head back sharply. He grabbed a sharp kitchen knife from the rack on the counter and pressed it against my throat.

"Don't make a fucking sound, or I'll slit your fucking throat. I've had enough of your interfering in my son's

life. You fucking think he loves you, don't you? You are nothing but a toy to him. He is obedient to me, not you. You're nothing but a little whore. You're only good as a wet hole for him to fuck."

He pressed my hips into the counter with his legs. I could feel his erection through the thin material of my skirt. Oh God. I tried to breathe. I couldn't think. One hand held the knife at my throat and the other roughly squeezed my breast through my blouse.

"No please," I begged. "Don't."

"I told you to shut the fuck up." He pressed the knife harder to my skin, and I felt a trickle of blood running down my collarbone. Oh God. I was going to die like this.

He pushed my skirt up over my hips and clawed at my panties, ripping them forcefully from my body. I started sobbing, unable to control it.

"My son has been far too easy on you. I won't be as gentle."

"No, no, no," I whispered over and over. I wanted to scream. I needed David, but I was so afraid.

I could hear him unzipping his pants. My neck ached from the terrible angle, and my hips were digging painfully into the counter. Where was David? Oh God.

It came without warning. He thrust up into me with one rough movement, and I could not contain the scream that left my lips. It hurt so bad. I was completely dry and terrified.

"Kat?" David's sweet voice. "Mom?" I heard him on the stairs running towards me. Richard didn't stop. I screamed and screamed as he pulled my hair and raped me over the counter. I knew nothing but pain.

Everything after that happened so fast. There was a splintering of wood, and I was confused as to why Richard had stopped. It took me a moment to realize that David had hit him with a kitchen chair. He fell to the ground, and David hit him again. The wood made a terrible cracking noise as it made contact with his skull.

I was screaming. David was screaming. Richard was making a terrible groaning noise.

"You will never fucking touch her!" David screamed. His eyes were filled with a murderous rage. I

slunk to the floor, choking, unable to support my own weight.

David had thrown the chair across the room and was now on top of an unresponsive Richard, repeatedly bashing his head into the tile floor. Oh God, he was going to kill him. Blood was pouring out of his skull at a rapid rate.

"Stop, David." He wasn't listening. We needed an ambulance. "David, stop it," I screamed. "No, you're going to kill him. No."

David's fist made contact with his cheek. His head lolled uselessly on his neck.

I crawled over and hugged David from behind, trying to pull him off. "No, David, no," I sobbed. He did not relent. There was so much blood.

"Red," I whispered gently. "Red, David. Stop."

David turned and looked at me his eyes wide and full of fear. "Oh God, Kat. He, he..."

"Shhhh," I pulled his to my chest, both of us crying. "We need to call an ambulance, David."

David looked at his father, lying limp on the floor. He pressed two fingers to his father's pulse point and paled

considerably. "Oh God, I killed him. He's dead, Kat. I had to! He was... he... I couldn't let him..."

"We need to call the police. We'll say it was self-defense. It was self-defense. It'll be okay," I said, not really believing my own words.

"Oh God, I killed him," David whispered. I reached for the kitchen phone.

"No," Ellen's soft voice came from across the kitchen. She was leaning forward in her chair, once again conscious. "Don't call them."

David and I both looked at her blankly. She was the only one not crying. She looked exhausted, but she seemed to have her wits about her.

"My son will not go to jail for the sins of his father. That man was a tyrant, and he deserved this brutal end. We're not calling the police."

Chapter 36

I was shocked. What did Ellen mean? Finally, she realized that what I'd been trying to tell her about David was true, and I was glad about that, but my head was spinning. I couldn't think clearly.

"We have to call the police, Mom," David finally said. "We have to report this."

"No we don't," Ellen said. "We'll make it look like an accident."

"Yeah. He accidentally beat himself to death with a fucking chair. Are you insane?" David was on a razor thin edge, his voice hard and sarcastic. It looked like he would completely snap at any minute.

"A car accident, son. We'll put him in his Mercedes and drive it over a cliff. This could have been caused by a car crash. It's dark and raining outside. Maybe he swerved to miss a deer and ran off the road. Who's to say? He certainly had a habit of driving up the lane fast enough. It should have happened a long time ago."

I looked back and forth between mother and son. They were staring at each other, communicating silently. "How long have you been planning this?" David asked.

I was lost. Planning what?

"I've thought about it a few times over the years," Ellen admitted, "I even went as far as learning how to cut the brake lines in a car. I don't think I could have done it though. What if he didn't die, and I only succeeded in angering him?"

She was planning to kill him? Holy shit.

"Where?" David again.

"The sharp bend right before the house comes into view. He nicked a deer there a few years ago, if you remember. It left a tiny dent in the front bumper. He beat the shit out of me over it and then traded the car in for a new one."

"Is it steep enough?"

Wait. David was considering this? We were going to try to cover this up with a car accident? Had everyone gone nuts?

"It's a forty foot drop. It should be sufficient."

"Wait, wait, wait," I interjected. "We can't seriously be thinking about this. We need to call the police. They will

understand that it was self-defense. David will be cleared of the charges."

"No, Kat," Ellen said softly. "I know your father was a cop, and I'm sure that you think the best of them, but why do you think I stayed silent all this time? Why wouldn't I have gone to the police before?"

I thought about what she was implying. She thought the cops were crooked. Why would she think that?

"He paid them, Kat," she continued. "He made huge donations to the local police every year. They thought he was the greatest thing to walk to face of the earth. They won't let his death go unavenged. They won't believe us. He has a team of lawyers that will attack us in the event of his death. He was paranoid and well prepared. He has every possible scenario covered in his will. Even from the grave he can ruin my son. We can't fight the plan that he had in place. This needs to be an accidental death. I need to be a grieving widow and you, David, need to be his son."

I could do nothing but stare at her with my mouth open like the village idiot. I knew that she hated him, but the extent of her forethought was astounding. Maybe we should be listening to her.

"Where are his keys?" David asked. "I'll pull his car up to the kitchen door."

And just like that we were covering up the not-so-accidental death of his father. The law-abiding part of me was screaming to put a stop to this nonsense, but Ellen knew him best, and if she thought that calling the cops would mean danger for David then I was willing to go along. I would give my life to protect him.

We got Richard's body situated in the driver's seat and David and I pushed the car down the driveway to the spot that they had picked. I had never noticed before how far the ground sloped away from the drive. You'd have to crane your neck out the window to see it properly. It was a pretty shear drop. We turned the car around so that would look as if the accident had happened on Richard's way home.

David put the car in park and taped a brick to the accelerator with packing tape. He was planning to hike down to the bottom of the hill and remove the brick once the car was wrecked.

I held my breath.

David looked to his mom for confirmation and she nodded. David turned the car on, and it immediately sprang to life, the engine revving hard. He shifted it into drive and the car shot off, over the cliff.

We watched in silence, as it seemed to take flight and then tumbled downward. There was a sickening crunch and then it was quiet again. The car lay upside down, wedged between two trees. It appeared unlikely that anyone would have survived that crash – if there had been anyone alive in the car to begin with.

Ellen and I returned to the house to clean the blood from the kitchen floor while David made the trip down the hill to remove the brick and arrange the scene of the accident.

While we waited for David to return, Ellen and I discussed the next part of the plan. David and I would leave. We shouldn't be so far from campus during the school year. After we left, Ellen would call the police and report the accident. She would then call us and ask us to come. We will show up a couple of hours later and pretend to be shocked. That shouldn't be too hard. I was in shock.

I refused to think. If I let my brain get carried away, I would lose my composure completely. I was a little bit amazed that none of us were hysterical. My father in law had just raped me, my husband had murdered his own father, and his mother was telling us all how to cover it up with eerie precision after admitting that she'd been planning to kill him for years. Where was the screaming and crying? Nothing felt real.

Ellen was a woman of many hidden talents. Not only did she know how to cover up a murder, she knew how to get blood out of nearly every surface. I didn't want to think about the number of things that she could have possibly bled on over the years. It was too horrifying. I mostly stood and watched as she cleaned. When she finished, her kitchen was spotless as always.

A spotless kitchen floor, now there was something to focus on. I smiled in spite of myself. I wondered what Ellen would think of me if she knew what her son and I had done on her floors together. It wasn't in this house of course, but the mountain house. I had never forgotten about the first punishment that David had prepared for me. He told me I would have to scrub his mother's kitchen floor

naked. We hadn't used it that weekend, but I had requested to keep it on the list of things to do. We didn't use it as a punishment but as a reward. It was a really fun reward.

"Do I want to know why you're suddenly a million miles away and smiling?" Ellen asked from across the room.

I blushed furiously.

"It's my son? He makes you feel that way?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

"Good. There's been enough misery in this family. The love is a pleasant change." She gave me a half smile and I hoped it was a foreshadowing of more smiles to come. Happier times. They couldn't get much bleaker.

David came in a moment later, shutting the kitchen door with a bang.

"I'm finished," he said.

We needed to get moving.

David and I both washed up and changed our clothes. They found me a pair of Ellen's workout pants and one of David's t-shirts. It would look like we had gotten out of bed and driven straight here. We put our soiled clothes in a garbage bag and put them in the trunk of David's car. There wasn't time for a real shower, but I would take one at

the first opportunity that I got. I felt violated and dirty. I was uncomfortable in my own skin.

Neither of us spoke as we passed the significant bend in the road. I don't think I even breathed until we left the long drive and turned onto the main road. We had some time to kill. David drove out of town. We were going to need gas. I dug into my purse and pulled out the twenty dollars in cash that I had. We didn't want to use a credit card because we knew that it would be possible to trace the transaction later. For the next hour or two it would be cash only.

We got gas. We waited some more. We drove around. We sat in the car in Wal-Mart's parking lot.

Twenty minutes into the wait, Ellen called. David pretended to be woken up by the tragic call.

Ellen cried and said that the police had taken the body out of the car and to the morgue. They were now attempting to get the Mercedes out of the woods. We told her that we would be there in an hour.

The timing was plausible.

Neither of us was hungry. Neither of us knew what to say.

Time ticked by slowly.

Eventually, we moved to the backseat of the parked car, deciding that we would try to rest. We both knew that there would be no rest.

Finally, I couldn't stand it any more. We had to talk about it.

"David?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm scared."

"Me too."

"What do you think will happen?"

"I wish I knew."

"Yeah."

"Yeah."

It was quiet again.

"David, I need to talk about this."

David's hand tightened in my hair, and he pulled me to his chest.

"What's there to talk about, Kat? He fucking raped you. I fucking let him rape you."

Finally the tears that I had been expecting came. David broke down, and I curled into him as tightly as I could.

"I couldn't let him touch you," David whispered brokenly into my hair. "I promised you Kat that no one would ever touch you like that."

"I'm going to be okay, David. I've had worse pain."

"Damn it, Kat, we both know this has nothing to do with physical pain."

"I know, David. But we'll survive the mental part too. We have each other. We'll get through this. I still love you."

"I love you too, baby, so much."

I kissed him gently and clung to him with everything that I had.

Chapter 37

Every time I closed my eyes I saw his face. His eyes were wide with shock. His own son. He would never have believed it. I still didn't believe it.

I knew that he was a sadistic son of a bitch, but I never thought he'd go that far. I thought he respected me enough not to touch what was mine. I guess I wanted to give him the benefit of the doubt. How wrong I was.

I pulled Kat closer to me. The backseat of the car was growing cold as we waited. What would I ever do without her?

The tears poured down my cheeks as I replayed in my head the horrors of the evening. How could he betray me like that? How could I kill him? It had happened so fast. I just wanted to make him stop. I wanted him to stop hurting my wife.

What kind of a monster kills his own father? I didn't even feel human.

Kat pressed gentle kisses to the side of my neck. She murmured soothing words trying to assure me that she

was okay, but she wasn't okay. How could she be? Her father-in-law had raped her. She would never be okay again. How had I let this happen? I swore to protect her, and I failed.

I failed my mother too. All these years I failed her. Why did we wait? We should have left years ago. I had let the fear make me immobile, and now it was too late.

Kat's body was warm against me as she tried to comfort me. How ridiculous that I should need comforting. I was supposed to be the strong one, the dominant one. What a joke. She had always been stronger than me. Much stronger.

"David, please," she whispered softly. I noticed for the first time that she had tangled her limbs with mine. She was trying to get close to me. How could I touch her? How could she stand the feel of my hands on her skin – a murderer who had left her alone to be raped and abused? How could she stand to look at me?

"No, Kat," I choked out, tormented. "I can't."

"Please, David," she begged again, pressing her perfect body against me. I could feel the weight of each breast against my chest. Her breath was warm and gentle

against my neck. She was trying to comfort me with her body. I didn't deserve that. I couldn't take that from her.

"I can't. I can't," I sobbed into her hair. I didn't deserve to touch her. She should leave. I could never be good enough for her. I had failed her in the worst possible way.

I pushed her away gently, my hands on her shoulders.

Her tears were warm and wet as she began to cry, clinging to my chest. Her words came out in one long rushed sentence. "I'm sorry that I disobeyed you. I should have stayed in the car. It's my fault that you had to rescue me. I deserved what he did to me. I'm so sorry. I know I'm unworthy of you now. Please just punish me. I'll do whatever you want to make it up to you. Please don't send me away. I'll be good. I promise I'll do better."

What? She thought I was rejecting her? She thought I was blaming her for what happened. Oh God. How much more could go wrong?

"No, baby," I said, pulling her back to me again.

Would this fucked up insanity never end?

"None of this is your fault. I'm not rejecting you, sweetheart. I love you. I love you so much. I'm so sorry that I failed you."

"Then why won't you touch me? Do I disgust you now?"

"You could never disgust me, Kat." I held her close and rocked her in my arms. "I just don't understand how you could want to be touched after everything that happened. For fucks sake, Kat, he violated you. How can you possibly want to feel my hands on your skin after that? You don't have to do this for me."

"It's not for you, David. I need to feel you. I need to replace the feel of his hands with the feel of yours. My skin is crawling with the knowledge that he was the last one to touch me. I need to know that you still want me."

What a pair we were. I thought she had been trying to comfort me with her body, but now I understood. She was asking for comfort. She was insecure. She thought I would reject her like some kind of tainted goods. Sometimes I was just in awe of how her mind worked.

I could give her that. If it would help her to know that I still wanted her physically, I would do this for her. I could never deny her anything.

I put my hands in her glorious hair and tipped her head back. I pressed my lips to hers and then lost myself in her sweet taste. If my hands could wipe away his actions, I would touch her more thoroughly than I ever had before. I wanted her to know how much I desired her. I would always desire her.

I was grateful for the tint on the back windows of my car. It was dark in this corner of the parking lot, but still I had no desire to be interrupted by a curious security guard or passing shopper. I didn't want to undress her here. We would make due.

She was tugging painfully at the short hairs on the back of my neck while she returned my heated kisses. I pried her fingers away from me and instead wrapped her hands around the 'oh shit' handle above my head. "Don't let go," I said, half command, half plea.

She was straddling me, her legs on either side of mine. My back was to the window. With her hands raised above us both, her body was displayed perfectly for me. I

used both hands, each mirroring the other as I moved along her body. I tracked my fingers down her wrists and over her forearms, tracing the contours of her elbows.

I increased the pressure as I reached her shoulders, curling my hands under her shoulder blades, through her t-shirt. She arched her back, presenting her incredible tits to me and I pressed my face between them. I lowered my hands to the hem of her shirt and lifted it, exposing her stomach and lower back to my touch. She sighed when my skin finally came in contact with hers, and she relaxed visibly under my ministrations. I pressed into her, holding her close and touching every inch of her smooth skin that I could reach under her t-shirt.

I lifted her shirt over her breasts and gently nuzzled her with my nose and cheek. I placed deep open mouthed kisses to her breast bone, then all along the top of her bra, finally taking one of her clothed nipples into my mouth, and pinching the other gently. She moaned softly and swung back and forth supporting her weight on her arms.

I caressed her sides as I moved my hands lower on her body. Her shirt fell back into place, and my lips found

hers once again. The yoga pants that my mother had lent her sat low on her hips and even in the dark I could see the outlines of his fingers. There were bruises forming on her hipbones from where he had held her as he raped her. I choked back a sob and pressed my fingers to the marks.

"Let go," I said softly, moving forward and laying her down on the seat under me. I pressed my lips to the delicate skin at her side, kissing a line from the bottom of her ribcage to the bruising at her hips. She squirmed beneath me.

"Please, more," she whispered. Her voice was barely audible over the pounding in my chest. I physically ached as I kissed her battered skin. Her skin grew wet from tears that I didn't even know were falling from my eyes.

I poured out my heart to her, telling her how beautiful she was, begging for her forgiveness. She squirmed under me until she could capture my mouth with hers, and then she kissed me with more passion than I had ever felt. She somehow squirmed out of her pants and underwear and wrapped her bare legs around me. The way that she clung to me was both erotic and desperate. I was powerless to stop.

I shoved my pants down to my knees and then slid my arms under her shirt gripping her shoulders from behind as I pushed into her. She cried out as I entered her and for a moment I thought that I had hurt her, but then she bucked her hips against me and begged me in a rough voice to fuck her.

I swallowed her cries with my mouth and did as she asked. I tried to make love to her as slowly as I could, not wanting to hurt her, but she used her hips to increase the pace. I gave into her desires, dominating her body the way she craved. I lowered my lips to her neck and told her how incredible she felt wrapped around me.

"Yes, fuck me... harder David, please... make me forget..."

I did my best to do just that. I shifted her legs so that I could reach even deeper inside her. I wanted her to feel every inch of me. I reclaimed her thoroughly.

When I knew that she was close I pinched her clit. "Come for me," I commanded.

The combination of my fingers and voice sent her over the edge and her walls contracted around me. I

continued to pound into her ignoring the painful sensation building in my balls.

I bit her neck gently, and changed the angle, driving into her even harder.

"So fucking good, Kat. I want you to come again for me. Let go sweetheart."

I kept up the steady rhythm, holding out for her, desperate to feel her falling apart around me again. She relaxed and submitted her body to me. Like putty in my hands, I shaped her into the ultimate object of my desire, using her body for my own pleasure and granting her pleasure in return.

"You belong to me," I panted, never ceasing my thrusts.

"Only you," she agreed and then she fell over the edge again, this time taking me with her.

Chapter 38

I lay sweating and sated under David in the backseat of his car. He had given me what I needed. He was what I needed. He always has been.

Physically I still felt terrible. I was jittery and exhausted. I wanted a shower now more than ever, but in some grotesque way, the stickiness between my legs was oddly comforting. It was a reminder that David still wanted me, that he would protect me, that he would kill for me.

My lady parts were aching. Richard had hurt me worse than I had originally realized, and when David slid into me, the pain was fairly intense. I had been surprised by it, but quickly hid my discomfort. I knew that David was in no shape to punish me, but a part of me truly wanted to be punished. I had disobeyed a direct order from David by leaving the car, and I deserved the pain that came as a result. Every stroke he gave me brought me closer to atonement, and for that I was grateful.

We awkwardly redressed ourselves and checked the time. It had been long enough. We needed to get to Ellen's now.

We silently made our way from the back of the car to the more typical driving arrangement, and David flipped on the heater. It was chilly now that the sun had gone down and the rainy atmosphere made me shiver.

I caught his eye before he shifted into drive. "Thank you, for everything," I said.

"I love you," he replied.

We started the short journey back to his parent's house. Despite the fear in the pit of my stomach, I had a feeling that everything was going to be all right. The worst was behind us.

The cop cars lining the drive were lit up like demented Christmas lights even an hour and a half after the supposed accident. It seemed like every officer in a fifty-mile radius had been called in. It appeared that Ellen was correct. The police had a vested interest in Richard's well being. David navigated slowly through them, coming to a stop in front of the house. His eyes were still swollen and

red from crying, and I was glad. Hopefully they would not question his grieving.

David got out of the car and then walked around and held my door open. I took his hand as we walked through the crowd of police, lawyers, and press looking for Ellen. David identified himself to several police officers and then was lead to his mother.

The two came together in a teary embrace. To the outside world it would have appeared to be mother and son grieving together over a tragic accident, but I saw it for what it was, the reunion of two souls who thought that they would never be reunited. Ellen had thought her son was gone forever. David lived in constant fear for his mother. The expressions on their faces looked like sadness, but I knew those were truly tears of relief.

A short while later a detective, who looked oddly familiar to me, introduced himself to us and explained the current situation. It appeared that they believed our planted crime scene. The rainy, cold weather worked to our advantage. They thought he'd taken the bend too fast and lost control.

Ellen had supposedly called them after hearing a crash and then going to investigate. Richard was found dead inside the car. The cause of death was head trauma. Ellen had denied the request for an autopsy stating that it was unnecessary. She preferred that his body sustain as little abuse as possible before the funeral. They were planning to comply with Ellen's wishes unless David contradicted her.

The car was pulled out of the woods, but left on the side of the driveway at Ellen's request. She stated that she would have the insurance company come to the house before disposing of it. I thought she probably just wanted to make sure that it was fully destroyed. It wasn't wise to leave it in the city impound for any length of time. It would be better to have a private company crush it as soon as possible.

After the car was settled, many of the police officers went back to work. Ellen, David, the remaining detective, Richard's lawyer, and I went into the house. I was shocked to find Ellen's kitchen a mess. When we had left, the room was spotless. Now, her stovetop was covered with splattered spaghetti sauce. A portion of noodles lay limp

and soggy in pot of cold water. Burned garlic bread lay forgotten on the counter, wrapped in foil.

The table was set for two. Two plates, two sets of silverware, two empty glasses, and two chairs. There were four in the bed and the little one said... The perverse nursery rhyme filled my mind. She was smart. So very smart. I had always thought that David had inherited his incredible intelligence from his father. Not so. His mother was as sharp as a tack. Three chairs would have looked odd. Two looked intimate. Find the missing object in this picture.

"I'm so sorry for the mess," Ellen said to the detective while wiping her tear-filled eyes. "I was in the middle of dinner. We were eating late because he was coming home late..." She trailed off into a Kleenex.

"Of course, Mrs. Paulson," the detective replied.

I moved across the room to help Ellen clean up. We worked together keeping our hands busy with dishes. David went to Richard's study and returned with a stack of official papers. The lawyer, detective, and David all sat at the more formal dining room table to review the will. They were within hearing range so Ellen and I worked quietly and listened.

David had power of attorney in the case of accidental death. The detective noted that this was unusual as his spouse was still living, but David simply stated that Richard would not have wanted to trouble Ellen with the burden of making arrangements. The lawyer agreed.

He was to be buried. The funeral home had been pre-selected as had most of the funeral details. The man was nothing if not detail oriented.

I looked at Ellen in the bright light of the kitchen and finally saw what a mess she really was. The side of her face was still swollen, but she had expertly covered it with makeup. Years of practice had again been to her advantage. I shook my head at the thought. Her eyes were puffy and red and her eye makeup had run down her face. She looked like a woman who had experienced tragedy. She was the perfect victim.

When the dishes were done, she set the teakettle to boil, and we sat down at the kitchen table together. My eyes continually drifted to the spot on the floor that just hours before had been soaked with Richard's blood. There was no trace of it now, except in my mind.

The detective remarked several times about what an unusual will Richard had, but the lawyer, luckily, waved away his accusations saying that Richard had always done things in his own way. I got the impression that this lawyer was like-minded with Richard. It made perfect sense to him that a woman would not be granted any decision-making power. The detective had also known Richard, but didn't seem to be privy to the kinds of personal information that the lawyer had.

Richard had left nearly everything to David. His son inherited it all. There was a provision that David was expected to provide for his mother, but essentially Richard had left his wife of almost thirty years with nothing. If Ellen was surprised by this, it didn't show.

The men talked in the dinning room for a while longer and then the detective and lawyer finally excused themselves, once again relaying their condolences to Ellen. An eerie silence fell over the house in their wake. I stepped into David's arms looking for comfort and he held me close.

Finally Ellen spoke. "We should all get some sleep, and I would think a couple of hot showers might be in order as well."

I couldn't agree more. We all made our way upstairs, Ellen returning to her room and David and I settling into his childhood bedroom. I showered first, grateful to be able to wash the day down the drain. I made note of the bruises on my hips. I would be careful to avoid low-rise jeans for a few days.

I was sore and tired and now that I was clean I wanted only to sleep, safe in David's arms. David joined me after his own shower a few minutes later. We didn't speak as we curled up together, we simply held each other and waited for the darkness to overtake us.

Chapter 39

I heard screaming. I bolted upright, disoriented.

"Kat? Kat. Calm down, love. It was just a dream."

My hysterical wife threw herself into my arms, sobbing. I stroked her hair and took a couple of deep breaths hoping that she would unconsciously match my breathing pattern.

"Shhhhh, just a nightmare. You okay?"

She nodded her head against my chest and snaked her legs around mine. I laid back and pulled her closer.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

She shook her head no, but didn't respond verbally. I rocked her in my arms, and she cried herself back to sleep. I lay awake still hearing her scream in my head. Would she ever heal from this? I knew that nightmares were to be expected after the series of events that we had been through, but I didn't know how long they would last. Had I damaged her permanently by bringing her into my life? I would never forgive myself for allowing this to happen.

I breathed her in and let the silent tears flow down my cheeks. I had so much to atone for.

I never did go back to sleep. I was afraid that letting my guard down might somehow allow Kat's nightmares to creep back into her subconscious. I would keep a constant vigil over her if it would ease her mind.

Some time later I heard my mother in the kitchen. I was reluctant to leave Kat, but she showed no more signs of waking so I slid out from under her and quietly moved down the hall.

"Good morning, David," my mother said. She had a pot of coffee made and was cracking eggs into a bowl.

"Morning, Mom. How'd you sleep?"

"It was odd, being alone in bed."

"Did you have nightmares?"

"No. Did you?"

"No, but Kat did."

"I guess that's to be expected. I've lived with horror and violence for a long time. I think my subconscious processes it differently."

I was taken aback. The mother that I was used to was not typically so blunt. I just nodded, not really knowing what to say.

I pulled a mug from the cabinet and went to pour myself some coffee.

"I'll get that for you, dear," she said, reaching for the cup.

"No, I can get it. You're busy with breakfast."

She studied me for a moment and then turned back to the eggs.

"You know? I made your father breakfast every morning for the last thirty years, with the exception of the days that he was away on business. Not once did he get his own fucking coffee."

I spit the coffee that I was sipping all over the floor. Did my mother just say fuck?

She turned to me and smiled. "Didn't think I knew that word did you?"

I just shook my head. Apparently there was a lot that I didn't know about my mother. I wiped the coffee off the floor with a paper towel and then took a seat on one of

the stools by the counter. I didn't think that I would be able to sit at that table ever again.

"I think, Mom, that we have some catching up to do. It seems to me that we've missed a lot in each other's lives."

She poured the eggs into a pan. "You go first," she said.

"Okay, um Kat and I have known each other a lot longer than I've let on." I wanted to break it to her as gently as I could. There was no easy way to tell your mother that everything she thought she knew about you was a lie.

"How long?"

"We met my first day at Harvard."

"Wow. Have you been romantic all that time?"

"No, but we were lab partners and then friends. We started seeing each other, as a couple, during sophomore year."

She turned away from the stove and faced me fully. "You hid a serious relationship from us for five years?"

I ran my hands through my hair. "I didn't want to, Mom, but I had to. You saw how Dad was. Imagine if he'd

known about her for years! Our relationship would never have survived."

"So all those things that you told your father about the women you were seeing..."

"Lies, Mom." I looked at my coffee, embarrassed. "Only my freshman year was true. When I met Kat, my whole life changed."

"I'm afraid it will take me a while to wrap my head around that."

An uncomfortable silence filled the room.

"Mom?" I finally said.

"Yes?"

"I'm so sorry that I let him do that to you all of these years."

She flipped the omelet over in the pan. "It wasn't your fault. You were just a child."

"But when I met Kat, when I first realized, I should have..."

"No, David. It's over now, and I don't want you to spend one more minute of your life worrying about what you should or shouldn't have done with that man."

It got quiet again. I had so much to say and no idea where to start.

"You know I'm going to give you the money, right? He should have left it all to you in the first place."

"I don't want his money. I don't want this house. I don't want any of it. I just want to get past the funeral, and then get on with my life." She pulled two plates down from the cupboard as she talked. "I would like to get to know you and Kat, though. I hope you'll consent to having me as a part of your life."

"Of course, Mom, and we'll sell the house, if you want, and you can go somewhere new. He left a ton of money. We won't need to worry about anything."

"That's the only good thing that I can say about your father. He was financially stable."

She set two omelets on the counter, leaving a third portion for Kat on the stove and then moved towards the pantry for napkins, as I had seen her do a hundred times. She paused part way there and turned around. She looked at me for a moment, and then grabbed two paper towels from the roll by the stove instead.

"I can't tell you how long I've wanted to serve breakfast without formal fucking napkins."

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Who are you and what have you done with my mother?"

She burst into tears, and I got up to comfort her. Her hugs still felt the same as they had when I was a small child. She just seemed a little shorter now.

"God, David," she said against my shoulder, "I feel like I can finally breathe. It's terrifying. I spent the whole night awake trying to figure out what I wanted to do now. I haven't had my own opinion in so long; I don't even remember what kind of ice cream I like best."

I couldn't help it. I laughed. "After the funeral, we'll go get some. You can try every flavor." I thought hard. When I was little I always thought that she liked mint chocolate chip, same as my dad. I guess that's all he'd let her have. How fucked up do you have to be to not let your wife pick her own damn ice cream flavor? Kat would have kicked my ass if I had tried that outside of role-play. Even then, I would have known what to pick for her according to her preference. Unless it was really something bad that had become habitual, I would never dictate to Kat what to eat.

"Come on, breakfast will get cold," she said, giving me a last squeeze and wiping her eyes.

A moment later a sleepy-headed Kat padded softly into the kitchen. Out of instinct my mom got up to fix her a plate, but Kat waved her away and did it herself. I could see that my mom had to physically restrain herself to stay in her chair while someone else worked in her kitchen. She was going to have some adapting to do.

"So," my mother began after Kat was seated, "David was just telling me that you've been together a lot longer than I thought."

Kat blushed beside me.

"Actually, Mom," I said, "I um... I wanted to tell you this with Kat present. So I guess now is as good of a time as any..." I looked to Kat for confirmation, and she smiled up at me affirming. "Kat is my wife. We were married over last spring break."

My mother's jaw dropped open and tears filled her eyes.

"Married?" she whispered. "I knew you were in love, but... married?"

"I'm sorry that you couldn't be there," Kat said.

"We felt, at the time, that it was better..."

"I understand, dear. It seems that staying with Richard meant that I had to miss a lot of important developments in my son's life, but I understand why you did it. I hope I can see the pictures at least?"

"We video taped it for you, and we were planning to have a big wedding here for you and dad, but it would have been just for show. We'll still do it, for you, if you want." I picked at my eggs. I wasn't really hungry anymore.

"We have plenty of time to figure that out later."

I nodded. "Not to change the subject too abruptly, but we should probably be discussing funeral plans."

Kat called all of our friends and acquaintances and told them the publicly accepted story of my father's death. I went to the funeral home to go over the arrangements with the funeral director. I asked my mom if she wanted to come along, but she said she'd rather stay home with Kat. I guess she wasn't too concerned that he would get the wrong color of casket.

We were expecting quiet a few people. Everyone in the community knew him. It was going to be an exhausting couple of days.

I made the arrangements, and then drove back to my mother's house. I noticed as I pulled up the drive that the Mercedes was gone. The wrecking company must have come to get it already. My mother was just full of surprises.

We had the first viewing that night. As I stood in line shaking hand after hand of my father's colleagues and neighbors, I began to wonder how a man could live such a two-sided life. They told me wonderful stories of selfless, generous, and compassionate things that he had done. If I wrote them down, it would be like the biography of a saint.

I was so conflicted. I wanted to be proud of the man that these people knew as my father, and I wanted to hate the man who sexually abused my mother for years. How could they even be the same person?

The next two days followed in the same way, more strangers telling me what a wonderful man he was, more patients whose lives he'd saved, more causes he'd donated to, more emotions that I didn't know how to process.

The detective who had worked my father's case came to the viewing the second day. He did not speak to me, but simply stood in the corner and observed for a while. He looked at Kat repeatedly. I wondered what he was looking for. I hoped that he would not find it. If he'd suspected anything, I would have expected him to speak by now.

I was relieved when my father's body was finally laid to rest. I buried a lot with that coffin, and most of it, I never wanted to dig up again.

I offered to bring my mom home with us for a while, but she insisted that she wanted some time alone. We were only a week away from Christmas break as it was, so Kat and I went home, promising to call every day and come back as soon as school let out.

It felt like the closing of one chapter and the opening of the next.

Chapter 40

The nightmares didn't stop. I woke up nearly every night covered in sweat and choking on my own screams. I wished that I could control it. I knew that it was upsetting David, but there didn't seem to be anything that I could do about it.

David and I had been home for a few days, and I was back to work. I hoped that the return to normalcy would eventually work its way into my subconscious, removing the night terrors, but so far, it hadn't been very effective.

David scheduled meetings with Richard's lawyers and accountants. There was still a lot of business to take care of with regards to his father's estate. Everything was transferred into his name, but he chose to leave most of the investments alone.

We discussed at length what to do about Ellen. We both agreed that everything Richard had left behind should rightfully go to her. She had paid her dues with that man,

and now she deserved whatever part of his legacy she wanted to keep. However, she didn't want to have anything to do with his estate, despite David's efforts to involve her.

It wasn't wise to just leave a couple million dollars in a checking account earning little or no interest, but if Ellen would not be involved in the investments than she would need a simple cash account. David didn't want to monitor her accounts. She had been watched and controlled enough for one lifetime, and David refused to give her a budget or a supervised spending account.

Finally, he settled on setting up an account for her, in her name only, that was essentially bottomless. The money was fed into the account from a range of Richard's investments. If the liquid amount of cash in the account ever dropped below \$250,000 money would be taken from another investment to replenish it. It was the most bizarre money management system that I'd ever seen, but it made sense in a way.

He also set up an account for me, although it was not so complicated and used less funds. We'd both become a bit paranoid over the last few days about a worst-case scenario. David wanted to make sure that our wills were up to

date, and that we had backup plans for everything. He had inherited some of his late father's obsessive-compulsive nature along with his fortune.

Ellen wanted to sell the house, so David made arrangements for her with a Realtor. She planned to sell as much as she could and donate the rest. It became clear quickly that she loathed everything in the house. It was as if she needed to rid herself of every physical reminder of her old life.

David and I were considering moving as well. Our living arrangements had always been controlled by what we could and couldn't tell his father, and now we had the freedom of both parental permission and finances. David wanted to hire an architect and build a house. I wasn't sure what to think.

David and I spent very little time together that week. He was extremely busy between his schoolwork and managing his father's affairs. I was looking forward to the Christmas break, which would allow us a little more time to reconnect.

The bruises had faded from my hips, and I had tried to let my memories fade as well, but I knew deep down

that I was not recovering. I kept telling myself that it had only been a few days. I couldn't be expected to heal within the week. I wasn't very convincing.

David had not touched me physically since that night in the car. We slept in the same bed, of course, but even then he seemed reluctant to hold me. I told myself that he was just tired. He probably was tired, but that didn't keep my hurt feelings at bay. Didn't he know how much I needed him?

I went to a cafe that was two blocks from work for dinner that Thursday. I didn't feel up to cooking for myself, and David was at school. It was a little over a week since the incident. I was grading papers and sipping a cup of tea, when a familiar shape slid into my booth, across from me. I looked up into the eyes of detective Reed, the detective assigned to Richard's case. My stomach turned to ice.

He considered me across the table for a moment. He was probably in his mid fifties, dark hair and eyes, excellent physical shape. He was the picture of calm. In so many ways, he reminded me of my own father.

"Hello, Kat," he said.

"Detective," I replied, as calmly as I could. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything. I wanted to speak to you, off the record, so to speak."

I felt like I couldn't breathe. Why was he here? This was out of his jurisdiction. He knew something. He had to.

I nodded my head. I couldn't speak.

His voice was low and soft. He was speaking so that only I could hear him. "My mother," he started, "was thirty-six years old when my father kicked her down the stairs for the last time. I was nine. I watched her bleed to death."

He paused as if expecting me to respond. What was he trying to tell me? Was he lying to me in the hopes that I would confess to something?

"I'm sorry," I said, "for your loss."

He laughed bitterly. "I bet you heard that phrase a lot this week."

"Yeah, I did."

"Was it a loss?"

I looked up, startled. "He was my fiancé's father..."

"Did he hit you too, or just Ellen?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes you do. It takes one to know one, Kat. I spotted Ellen's bruises from more than ten feet away. Either your husband hit her, or his father did. You weren't exactly stable on your feet that night either. Do you want to tell me what really happened?"

Oh God.

"David and I aren't..."

"I have your marriage license. The lack of a wedding ring doesn't make you any less married."

I toyed nervously with my pen. This was it. He knew. There was nothing that I could do about it.

"Who hides their marriage from their parents? Was it your idea or David's?"

"I was pregnant," I lied. "We didn't want to tell them, but then I miscarried."

"Bullshit."

"What are you accusing me of?"

He considered me for a moment. He saw everything.

When he spoke again, his voice was less harsh. "Ellen looks good. I think she's going to move on with her life. I

saw a for sale sign in the yard already. She must really hate that house, huh?"

I didn't respond, so he continued. "David gave her back a lot of Richard's money. I guess I'm not the only one who thought that his will was fucked up..."

I was angry and scared. Why was he toying with me this way? I tried to be strong.

"I was not aware that providing for David's mother was a crime," I said coldly. "If you are charging me with something, I would like to call my husband..."

"I knew your father," he interrupted. I stopped stunned. I knew that he looked familiar to me. Had he been at my own father's funeral?

"We went through the academy together before you were born. I came to his funeral, but I doubt that you remember. You didn't seem to recognize me. There were a lot of people there. He was a wonderful man, your dad."

"Yes, he was."

"What would he think of David?"

"I think he would have loved David," I answered honestly.

"Kat, I'm only going to say this one time. I want you to listen to me. A mean temper is usually hereditary. I don't know what happened last Tuesday night, and I'm not sure that I want to know. Everyone else is content to let this case close, but I'm here for one reason and one reason only. I want to know if David is abusing you."

I started to interrupt him, but he silenced me and continued. "If he hits you, you need to tell me now, or you will wind up just like Ellen. Do you understand that? These men do not stop."

"David would never hit me," I said softly.

"Look me in the eyes and tell me that."

I looked up. His dark eyes searched mine for an answer.

"Detective," I swallowed thickly. "I love my husband. He would never hurt me." I took a shallow breath; it was the best I could manage. "He is not his father. He is more like mine."

He stared into my eyes a moment longer and then stood to leave. "Thank you, Kat. That is all I needed to know." He dropped his business card on the table. "If you ever need anything, you call me."

"I will, sir."

And with that he left.

David was waiting for me when I came home.

"Kat, you're really late getting home, are you okay?"

"Yeah, um, I want to talk to you about something," I answered.

We sat down on the couch together, and I relayed the strange meeting. David masked his emotions well. I don't know what he thought. In the end he just kind of nodded his head. We both realized that there was nothing to be done about any of it.

"David?"

"Yeah?"

"You know that I love you. Right?"

He gave me a sad smile. "Come here, baby," he said, holding his arms out for me.

I crawled into his lap and enjoyed the warm, safe feel of him around me. I was scared and confused, but for the first time in a week, I felt like we just might make it through this.

Chapter 41

She crawled into my lap, and I held her. It sounded like the detective was going to leave us the hell alone. Maybe he was doing it as a favor to her father, even if he had been gone for almost five years. I was still terrified, but it looked like we might get away with this after all. Dare I hope that someday this might be behind us?

I admired my mother. She seemed to be moving on quite well. I wished many times during that week that I had her strength.

I hadn't really touched Kat since the night of my father's death. I knew that she was anxious to get back to our physical relationship. She wanted to get back into the playroom in particular, but after so much violence, I wasn't sure that I could do it. Every time I even thought about getting rough with her, or even having normal sex with her, my head filled with visions of him thrusting up into her as she screamed. When I closed my eyes I still saw that knife pressed to her throat. I knew that she needed for me to be strong. I knew that she needed her Dom, but how could I

even think of giving her pain after what she had experienced?

I couldn't cope, so I made excuses. I was working extra hours at school and spending a lot of time trying to get my father's affairs in order. These things needed to be dealt with, but the truth was, it was comforting to throw myself into a project that didn't require emotions. I needed time to recover, and I wasn't sure that I would get it.

Kat shifted in my arms and yawned. She'd been doing that a lot this week. The nightmares were disrupting her sleep schedule. I would give her a few more days to recover naturally, and if the nightmares didn't stop I would start drugging her nighttime tea with a mild sedative. She didn't function well without sleep, and I would do what was necessary to see that she remained healthy. I may not be ready to go back to the playroom, but I would still see that her needs were met. One way or another, I would be sure that she recovered and remained healthy.

"Time for bed, love," I said.

"David?"

"What, Kat?"

"Could we um... I mean..."

I sighed. She was being mature about it this time. She wasn't using shoes, but it was the same question. She wanted a session. I couldn't give her what she wanted. Not tonight.

"Not now, Kat," I answered. "You're tired. I'm tired. Later."

She didn't answer, but she nodded weakly against my shoulder. I lifted her off of the couch and carried her back to the bedroom. I undressed her and tucked her under the covers. I went back through the house turning off the lights and then crawled in beside her.

I stayed awake until her breathing evened out, and I knew that she was asleep. I woke less than forty-five minutes later when she started screaming. I held her to my chest and tried to ease her fear. She was shaking and sweating but there were no tears.

She twisted her body around mine and clung to me like a life preserver. My heart broke. I couldn't save her. I couldn't even save myself.

"Please, Sir," she said softly. I almost didn't hear it. Almost.

I tugged at my own hair. Could I really handle this? Could I give her what she needed?

I remembered the first time that she had pleaded with me in the same way. I remembered how she looked that night, topless on my parents' patio, her skin pale in the moonlight. God, she was so beautiful. With those two little words she had so much power over me. She knew that I could not deny her then, and I could not deny her now. I loved her. I loved her enough to sacrifice my own sanity for her.

"Go to the playroom, Katlyn," I said softly. "Pull the whipping bench out of the closet and drape yourself over it."

She didn't move.

"Now," I commanded.

She got up immediately and left the room. I closed my eyes and tried to force myself to follow her. My legs felt like stone. Surely I could manage a simple spanking. I needed to get her to cry so that she could find some relief, and then we would go back to bed. I could do this.

I forced myself up and walked across the hall. I looked though the doorframe at the scene in front of me and almost vomited on the floor.

I turned back into the hallway and sunk to the carpet with my head in my hands. Oh God. She was bent over the bench, her ass facing me, and all I could see was the ghost of my father behind my beautiful wife. I had made a mistake, telling her to bend over the bench like that. That position was far too familiar.

I saw his hands on her hips. I saw her head thrown back as she fought. I saw the snarl on his face, the knife in his hand, and the pain in her eyes.

The silent tears fell down my cheeks.

I couldn't do this. I would never be able to do this.

I don't know how long I sat there in the hallway, with her still leaning on that bench waiting for me, before I found my voice. I wiped the tears from my cheeks and made sure that my voice was strong.

"Change of plans," I called, "put the bench away. I want you in your pose on the floor. Face the door."

I heard movement in the room as she followed my commands.

I took a couple of deep breaths and forced myself to stand.

I looked into the playroom for the second time. This was better. This held memories of better times.

I walked to her and knelt down. I put my hands in her hair and gently lifted her chin.

"I'm so sorry, Kat," I admitted. "I can't. I'm not ready." I pulled her into my arms. Her naked body felt incredible against me. I breathed her in and kissed her hair. "I can't hit you, not after what he did to you. What if I hurt you?"

She didn't answer me, but I knew that she was disappointed. I could feel the tension in her body. She kissed me, which I didn't expect. She would never, under ordinary circumstances, make such an aggressive move in the playroom. It became clear that regardless of the location, she was not my sub at the moment and I was not her Dom. She straddled me and pushed me back onto my heels, never breaking our kiss.

Her kiss was desperate, begging. I concentrated on the feel of her warm skin against my own. I blocked out

everything but the way that she felt in my arms. I pushed every thought from my mind and let her lead me.

I could feel my erection growing hard against her soft belly. I shifted to be more comfortable, pulling her on top of me. She wrapped her tiny hand around my shaft and began to stroke me. I let her have her way with me as I kissed her and moaned helplessly into her mouth.

Yes, beautiful. Use me. Take what you need.

When I was hard and ready for her, she sunk down on me, taking me into her tight wet heat. She tugged hard on my hair as she rode me and added her soft moans to mine. I touched her like a porcelain doll, reverently. She threw herself at me, demanding more. I eventually found the nerve to pinch her nipples as they bounced delectably in front of my eyes. Apparently, it was enough. She threw her head back and screamed her release. I watched her come and then followed her.

A moment later she crawled off of me, her body still shaking from the force of her orgasm.

"Go back to bed," I said. "I'll be in soon."

She nodded and returned to the bedroom.

I went out to the kitchen and pulled a beer from the fridge. I chugged half of it in one go and then pulled my cell phone from the charger. We had gone to bed early. It was not yet 11:00 in Montana.

I took another long pull from the bottle while the call connected. It rang twice before he answered.

"Cody," I said. "I need you. Can I book you a flight?"

Chapter 42

I woke later than I should have on Friday morning and hurried out the door to school. This was my last day of teaching before the holidays. Christmas fell on a Wednesday this year, so we had Monday and Tuesday off as well as the typical break before New Years. It was going to be a nice long week off, and I was really looking forward to it.

The day dragged on. The kids were far too exited about the coming break and there was nothing I could do to get them to focus. I finally gave in after second period and did math and science puzzles with them instead of my planned lessons. At least it was still mostly educational, I knew that some of the other teachers were simply playing a DVD instead of even trying to accomplish something.

I was thrilled when the final bell rang. It took me a little while to pack up everything for the holiday. I did have some papers to grade and materials to prepare, but I could afford to take a few days off. I was looking forward to my time with David.

When I pulled into the driveway I was very surprised to find two cars already parked there. David's M5 was there, which was typical for a Friday after work, but the other was a grey sedan. It had a green Enterprise Rent-A-Car sticker on the plate. Who was here that would be driving a rental? I was not expecting guests.

I knocked timidly on the door of my own house before slowly pushing it open. If David had company, I didn't want to surprise them. Of course David would be expecting me to come home around this time anyway.

Nothing could have prepared me for the scene in the living room. David had his back to me, sitting on the loveseat. Cody was on the couch across from him, facing me. His black hat sat on the coffee table like an ominous omen. It looked so out of place in our living room. On the floor beside the table were various coils of rope, and two partially open gym bags that contained, God knows what.

"Come in, Kat," David said. I dropped my school bag on the kitchen floor and walked into the room.

"Katlyn, nice to see you," Cody said.

I swallowed thickly. He called me Katlyn. What did that mean? How was I supposed to respond? I looked at

David, silently asking for help. David nodded at me but didn't speak. I needed to respond.

"It's nice to see you too. To what do we owe the pleasure of your visit?" I didn't want to call him Sir without David's permission, and calling him Cody seemed too informal. Better to not use a title at all, if I could avoid it.

David answered for him. "I asked him to come, Kat. Sit with me."

I did as David asked, and he faced me to speak to me.

"After everything that's happened lately, I'm not really ready to take you back into the playroom yet. I think that was pretty clear to you last night. However, it is my job to see that your needs are met. You need to go through a healing process just like I do, and I will see to it that you get what you need."

I started to protest, but he cut me off.

"Cody is here, at my request, to help us get through this rough patch. He has agreed to work with me for a couple of days until I am ready to do this on my own again. I need for him to be here, Kat, and I would prefer that you not fight me on this."

I took a deep breath and looked nervously between the two men. Was David giving me up? He couldn't bear to touch me so he called my old Dom to come and take me off of his hands?

No. David loved me. He wouldn't do that. He was trying to meet my needs, and he didn't think that he could do it alone.

I was confused. David had always been incredibly possessive of me. I found it hard to believe that he would be okay with Cody "helping" me. I replayed what he had just told me. His words were that Cody would work with him. He didn't say that Cody would work with me. Cody was here to help David. David himself would help me. Right?

Could I accept that? I knew that he was trying to do what he thought was best for me. David always had my best interest at the forefront of his mind.

"What, um exactly is the plan?" I asked timidly.

Cody spoke up. "I will be giving David some guidance, helping him to regain some confidence. He didn't tell me everything, but I know enough to understand why he needs my help. He will still be your primary Dom. You follow his orders above mine. You belong to him. I am going to

keep my physical contact with you to a minimum, although I doubt that we will be able to avoid it all together."

I returned my gaze to David. It was clear that they had discussed this at length.

"I want you to listen to him, Katlyn," David said. "I am giving you permission to follow his orders. You know that I love you. I want what is best for you, and I think that right now, Cody will be better equipped to help you than I am. He is not going to have sex with you, but he may need to touch you and you may need to touch him. I want you to do what you need to do in order to recover, and I do not want you to be panicked about me. I am ordering you, right now, to obey him. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. I am going to go pick up dinner. Cody can answer any further questions that you have. I'll be back in half an hour." He leaned forward and gently kissed my lips. "I love you. This is going to be okay."

I nodded dumbly, and he got up to leave. When the kitchen door closed, I returned my attention to Cody. "You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, it just kinda' took me by surprise."

He nodded. "Your safewords are still red, yellow, and green. I will check with you more frequently than usual, but I want to know immediately if you become uncomfortable. Is that clear?"

"Yes... Sir," I answered.

"Kat?"

I lifted my eyes to his.

"He's gonna be okay. I'm gonna help you get your Dom back. He's scared, and he needs some backup for a little while. Your needs and your safety are the most important things. He did the right thing by calling me. It takes maturity as a Dom to know where your limits are. David has temporarily reached his limit. I'm just here to help him regain his stride and to make sure that you stay safe through the process. Okay?"

"Kay," I answered weakly.

"Are you fully recovered physically? Do you have any pain anywhere?"

"No, I'm fine physically."

"David said that you had sex, but he has not spanked, punished, or restrained you since the incident. Is that accurate?"

"Yes."

"He says that you have nightmares."

I nodded.

"Have you cried at all, after that night?"

I shook my head no.

"Answer me verbally," he commanded. My body responded to the authority in his voice against my will.

"No, Sir. I have not cried since last Tuesday."

"Are you afraid, right now, of being spanked or restrained for any reason?"

"No, Sir."

"Good. Strip."

I took in a sharp breath. Right now? He wanted me to strip right now, without David?

"Your clothes, Katlyn. Now."

I guess so. I stood on shaky legs and began to undress. I removed my blazer and unbuttoned my shirt, folding them and placing them on the couch. I unzipped my skirt and lowered it. I removed my shoes and then my stockings. Cody remained seated on the couch, just watching me.

I gently fingered my collar before continuing. This was okay. David wanted this.

I unhooked my bra and fought the urge to cover my breasts with my arms. After a moment I removed my panties as well and added them to the pile of clothes. I kept my eyes firmly on the floor.

"Very good, Katlyn. Now take your position, and wait for your Master to return."

I dropped to my knees and put my hands behind my back in the familiar pose. Cody stood and went into the kitchen. I heard him moving about the house, bringing things into the living room, running water in the bathroom. I did not look up. I took comfort in the simple act of obedience. All I had to do was stay here and not move. I could do that.

A few minutes later David returned, the smell of Chinese take-out accompanying him. He came quietly into the living room, and I could feel his eyes on my naked form.

Cody returned a moment later, his footsteps slightly heavier than David's. The two of them moved around, arranging food and generally ignoring my presence. I was thankful. It gave me a moment to catch my breath.

"Bind her hands," Cody said to David. His voice was authoritative as usual, but it was not a command in the

same way that he would have commanded me. I wondered if David could tell the difference.

A moment later, David's warm hands were circling my wrists behind my back.

"Hello, Katlyn," he said in my ear, before pressing his lips to my neck.

"Good evening, Master," I replied.

He knelt behind me and looped a length of nylon rope around my wrists, tying them securely, but not too tightly.

"Wiggle your fingers," he commanded. It came out more like a question. His voice divulged his nervousness.

I moved my hands to show that I still had proper circulation.

"You may look up," he said.

He sat down beside me and rearranged my legs so that I was partially draped over his lap with my ass on the ground. Cody sat on the floor on the other side of the coffee table. There were a variety of take-out containers spread across the surface.

David fed me slowly with chopsticks, pausing now and then to wipe sauce from my lips with the pad of his

thumb. His motions were largely platonic, but my desire for him grew with every action anyway. It was oddly intimate to fed by him, naked while he was clothed, in the presence of another man. If it had been anyone but Cody, I wouldn't have been able to stand it.

The two of them talked about daily life, but I didn't really follow the conversation. I was too distracted by the way David's hands brushed my thigh or my hip as he reach across the table for something, and the way he cupped my cheek encouraging me to open my mouth.

After dinner, David carried the leftovers into the kitchen and put them in the refrigerator. He cleaned up the trash and wiped down the coffee table.

"Do you need to use the bathroom?" he asked me.

"Yes, please," I replied. My body felt alive with sensation.

He helped me stand and then quickly untied the knot binding my hands. Another Dom might have left me tied, but David was never one for participating in my normal bodily functions. He grew up in a very sanitary household and things like that kind of squicked him out. I smiled

at the thought. I peed and washed my hands before returning to the living room.

When I came back, the two men were standing side by side with lengths of rope in their hands. Clearly restraint was on the agenda for tonight.

"On your knees. Bend over the table," Cody said.

I did as he asked, positioning my hips at the edge of the table and laying my breasts flat against the surface. I put my arms flat on the table, palms down. I was facing them, but my cheek was pressed to the table and I could not see them very well.

"Color, Katlyn?" Cody asked.

"Green, Sir."

"David?"

"Green."

"Katlyn, do not move. David, I want you to walk the whole way around her. Look at her."

I remained still as he circled me. The tension radiating from him was palpable. His walk was stiff. I knew that it was very difficult for him to see me bent over this way. At least I wasn't standing as I had been over the bench last night. This was actually quite different from being bent over

a kitchen counter. Cody was trying to gradually step him in to this.

"Think you can bind her?"

David didn't respond, but a moment later, I felt him kneel down at my side. He brushed my hair back from my face and placed a soft kiss on my cheek. He lifted my hands and repositioned my body. I relaxed and let him manipulate me.

"Talk to her, David."

David hesitated for a moment and then spoke. "Very good, Katlyn. You are submitting very nicely."

He bound my hands behind my back, as they had been earlier.

"Fingers?"

I wiggled them.

He took a longer length of rope and ran it under the table before looping it over my back. It crossed in the middle of my arm between shoulder and elbow. I would be able to lift my head, but not my shoulders. He looped it again, lower on back, between elbow and wrist. He tied the rope off and stood.

"Anything pinching?" he asked me.

"No, Master."

"Color?"

"Green, Master."

Cody spoke. "Can you do her legs?"

I could hear David swallow. To bind my legs, he would need to be behind me. That would be much harder.

He must have answered in the negative, because Cody responded by saying that he would help.

"Katlyn, I want you to talk to David. Tell 'em that you're okay. All right?"

"I'm okay, Master." I smiled against the cool wood of the table. "Actually, I am better than okay. I feel great."

Cody laughed. David didn't make a peep.

"I'll bet you do," Cody said, with humor in his voice. "Are you wet?"

"Very, Sir."

"Tell David what you want him to do to you."

"I want you to finish binding me to the table, and then I want you to spank my ass until it's nice and warm."

"Keep going, Katlyn."

"And then I want you to fuck me hard and make me come all over your hard cock."

Cody chuckled again. "If that doesn't make you hard, man, nothing will."

"Oh, I'm plenty hard," my Master responded, but then he spoke again, and his voice was not so sure. "You won't let me hurt her, right?"

"I've got your back. You take this side, and I'll start with the other side. Okay? I'll be right here with you."

A moment later I felt them both kneeling, one on either side of me. David gently ran his hand along my arms, down over my sides to my hips. He slowly inched around behind me until he had a three-quarter view of my hips and ass.

"Mirror me," Cody said.

Cody started at the base of the table, by my knees and looped a coil of rope around my thigh, lashing me to the table. David did the same, but I could feel the rope shaking in his hands.

"Good," Cody continued. "One more higher up."

Cody tapped the inside of my thigh with the back of his hand. "Spread wider."

I shifted uncomfortably in an effort to comply. They made one more set of loops that ran along the crease

between my leg and my pussy and then connected on my lower back right above my ass where they tied them off. The ropes gave me no friction, nothing to rub against, but their proximity to my aching core was nearly unbearable.

"Color, Katlyn?"

"Green, Sir."

"David?"

"I need a minute," he responded.

I closed my eyes. I hoped that I was not asking too much of him. What if he really wasn't ready? I hadn't exactly asked for this, although he knew that I need it. I couldn't help but feel that maybe I was pushing too hard.

I took a deep breath and tried to settle into my sub-space. It wasn't my responsibility. Cody was here to help David. I was just supposed to do my part, which did not involve over thinking things.

I heard them shuffling in one of the bags. "Okay, man," Cody said, "When you're ready, I want you to take her picture. I want you to take at least fifty shots, the whole way around her. Get every angle."

Well that was new. David and I had been in a habit of never recording anything. We did not want to leave

anything around for Richard to find, so videos and pictures were decidedly not a part of our routine.

Knowing Cody though, this probably didn't have anything to do with the images. Cody was forcing him to look at me. He was giving him the camera as a barrier, making it easier, but still getting him to be comfortable with seeing me bent over and tied to a table. It didn't even matter if there was a memory card in the camera. It was the action that mattered.

I closed my eyes and tried to enjoy vulnerability of my position. I could take no action and therefore had no responsibility. I allowed the stress to seep out of my body and into the unforgiving wood of the table below me.

A moment later I heard a shutter click. Then another. He started on my left side and worked his way around to the front. He produced a steady pattern of clicks, the noise way rhythmic and soothing.

Click. Breathe. Click. Breathe.

I basked in the glow of his attention like a cat on a windowsill.

Click. Breathe. Click. Breathe.

"You're doing fine," Cody encouraged. "Keep it nice n' steady."

The meter of the clicks slowed slightly as he rounded my other side, but he did not stop. He completed his circle and then breathed an audible sigh of relief.

"Good," Cody said, "How do you feel?"

"I'm okay. Better."

"Katlyn? How do you feel?"

"I'm horny as hell," I answered with a smile.

I had a feeling that I would pay for that answer later.

Chapter 43

I pulled the CF card out of the camera and put it in my pocket. I handed the camera back to Cody. I would dispose of the pictures, unless Kat wanted to see them. This exercise was not about making pornographic images. It was about me getting comfortable with Kat again. Having something to do with my hands did make it easier. I couldn't let my imagination get quite so carried away when I had a task to perform. Kat was right. There was freedom in following orders.

"Good," Cody said looking at me. "How do you feel?"

"I'm okay. Better," I said. It was true. I was still nervous as hell, but I was able to take a detailed look at my wife's naked ass and not freak out. It was an improvement, but I knew that this was still going to take time.

"Katlyn? How do you feel?"

"I'm horny as hell," she answered cheekily.

Fuck.

I knew that she had said it just to be deliberately forward. She was pushing, and she knew it. She was very unsubtly asking for punishment. Tying her up was one thing, and it had been hard enough. I knew I couldn't spank her. If she screamed, it would kill me. I was at an impasse. I knew what she needed, and I knew that I didn't have the strength to give it to her.

"Are you going to let her talk like that to you, David?" Cody asked. His gaze was calculating. He was trying to determine how far he could push me. He was a very experienced Dom, and knowing how far to push came with experience. I was pretty sure that he knew I was at my limit.

I can't do it. Tears burned in my eyes.

"I'm going to give you some choices," Cody said, his voice was gentler than it had been. He knew that this would not be an easy decision for me.

"We both know what she needs—what she's practically begging for. I'm going to recommend about fifteen strokes with a leather strap or about twenty with one of the floggers, but she may wind up needing more than that."

I nodded at him. That sounded about right to me too.

"We have three options the way I see it," he continued. "You can do it, and I'll supervise. Personally, I don't think that's the best option. I don't think you can handle it right now, and I don't want you to accidentally hurt her or yourself because you decide mid-throw that you can't follow through."

I swallowed hard. I didn't like that option either. I wasn't ready.

"Option two, is you can take a walk to the end of the road and back. I'll only need ten minutes."

"You're asking me to leave her?" I asked, horrified. No. That was unacceptable.

"I'm asking you to get some fresh air. You need to cool off, and she needs for this to happen. When you come back you can do her aftercare."

I trusted him. She trusted him. I knew that he wouldn't hurt her, but I still couldn't bear to walk out on her. There had to be another way. "What's the third option?"

"You go sit on the floor by her head and watch me do it."

That would be very hard for me, but I thought it was the best choice. It would be the best for her.

"Yeah, let's do that," I said.

"Okay, but I'm givin' you some rules, for your own safety and hers, and if you even think about breakin' one of these rules, I will lock you out of your own goddamn house until I finish the set. Do you hear me?"

"Yeah. What are the rules?"

"Don't touch her anywhere below the neck. If you try to put your hand between my whip and her backside, it'll break your fucking fingers."

I nodded. That made sense. I needed to accept the fact that she wanted this. I couldn't protect her from it, and I would only succeed in injuring myself if I tried.

"Number two: keep your mouth shut. If you want to talk to her, you can talk dirty. Tell her your fantasies. Tell her how sexy she is. I don't care 'cause that'll probably make her hotter, but do not try to comfort her. Telling her that it's almost over or that it's going to be okay will only humiliate her. She should not feel guilty for enjoying this, and your making it seem like a horrific experience will not help. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good, last rule: remember that I am doing this for her benefit. If you come at me because you suddenly decide that I'm hurting her, I will not bat an eye before beating the shit out of you."

I didn't doubt him. He could probably take me. I wasn't in bad shape, but I didn't spend all day roping steers.

"I understand," I said.

"Repeat the rules back to me."

"What is this? Fucking kindergarten? I said I understand."

"You would make a terrible fucking submissive. You're disobedient as shit."

I laughed bitterly. It was true. "Fine. Don't touch her below the neck. Don't touch you at all. And, don't try to comfort her."

"Right. Go sit with her."

I sat down cross-legged on the floor beside the table. She smiled at me and then blushed. She was so fucking adorable.

"You okay?" I asked.

She nodded. Cody moved around the room, making sure that he had enough space and that he was properly equipped.

"Katlyn?" Cody asked.

"Yes, Sir?" she responded.

"Focus on me right now."

"Yes, Sir."

"I'm going to give you ten. Count."

I cringed at the sound of the leather strap. I knew from experience that the noise was worse than the actual blow, but that didn't help me. I closed my eyes. I couldn't watch.

"One," she said. Her voice was calm and steady.

He hit her again and this time she shifted slightly, the ropes holding her secure. I chanced a peek at her face and kept telling myself that this was worse for me than it was for her. She smiled softly at me.

"Two," she said. It was breathier this time, more arousal.

He found a rhythm after that, and she began to writhe on the table. Her counting turned into these sexy little moans that shot straight to my cock. I watched her,

unable to tear my eyes away. She was so fucking hot, her face showed pure fucking bliss. I had never seen this before, having always been on the giving end of her whip, and it was mesmerizing. I always knew from the sound of her voice that she enjoyed it, but this was something else.

After three, I started talking to her. I told her every thought in my head. I told her how hard I was for her, how much I wanted to fuck her. I told her how amazing she looked.

By six, I was sure that she was going to orgasm right there on the table. I also thought that I might come in my pants.

By eight, I could tell that she was starting to feel it. She bit her bottom lip, and tears started to form in her eyes.

He stopped at ten, but I could tell that she wasn't ready to stop. Her face held an expression somewhere between pain and ecstasy.

"Katlyn, where are we?" Cody asked.

"Green, Sir," she replied.

"David?"

"Give her five more."

"Do you want five more, Katlyn?"

"Yes, please."

"Ask for it."

He was making her speak. By the sound of her voice he could better judge if she was really ready to continue or not. I was a little upset that he wouldn't take my word for it, but if the situation had been reversed, I wouldn't have taken his word for it either. His job right now was to protect her, and that meant that he had to be sure, for himself, that she was okay. He was looking out for her, and I would be eternally in his debt for that. He was a really great mentor. Kat and I were lucky to have him.

"Please, Sir, if it would please you, let me have five more."

"Count."

It stung more now because we'd taken a slight break. Two strokes into the second set she started to cry in earnest. He dragged the last three out, giving her a chance to really feel each one. She was sobbing at the end, but her body posture was relaxed.

"Untie her and take her off of the table," Cody directed.

I did as he told me, starting with her legs and then working my way up. I untied her hands last, and she put her arms around my neck, allowing me to pull her into my lap. I checked her hands and feet. Everything was nice and warm. I rocked her and held her as she got her tears under control.

This is what we needed. It was what I needed, at least. I needed to feel like I could be a comfort to her. She felt so small and vulnerable in my arms. Normally she was so fiercely independent that I never got to be her knight in shining armor, but I wanted to feel useful. I wanted to know that her life was better because of me.

Cody gave us a moment before standing. "Take her to bed," he said. "I'll be back in the morning, 'bout nine."

I nodded. "You know how to get to the hotel?"

"Yeah. You have my cell. Call if you need me."

"Thank you. I really appreciate what you're doing for us."

He let himself out. I had offered to let him stay here with us, but he said that he thought a hotel would be better. He thought that we would need some alone time for this to be effective. He was probably right. So I had set him up in a nice hotel that wasn't too far from us. The least I

could do for him was pay all of his expenses. I had tried to compensate him for any lost wages as well, but he said that he was salaried and using the vacation time was not a problem. I hoped to be able to repay him someday.

Kat was quieting in my arms. I pressed a kiss to the top of her head, and she tilted her tear stained face up to meet my lips. I kissed her gently.

"You okay, love?"

"Better than okay." She smiled at me. "Thank you, for everything—for bringing Cody, and for staying here with me."

"I would do anything for you, Kat. We'll get through this, I promise. Just don't give up on me."

"I would never give up on you." She kissed the sweet spot under my ear on the side of my neck, and I groaned involuntarily.

"You'll be the death of me, woman."

"What a way to die," she responded mischievously.

I stood up and tossed her over my shoulder hauling her off to the bedroom like a sack of potatoes. She giggled and squealed the whole way.

Chapter 44

David threw me over his shoulder playfully and carried me to our bedroom. I felt fantastic. I knew that we weren't out of the woods yet, but I felt like we were moving in the right direction.

Eventually, David would be able to punish me, and then everything would be all right between us again. My disobedience had lead to my rape, and eventually to Richard's death. If David could punish me for my disobedience, then he could forgive me. I needed his forgiveness.

Having David beside me, telling me how he wanted to fuck me, while Cody had spanked me was one of the most erotic experiences of my life. If either one of them had touched me while I was tied to that table, I would have simply exploded. I was still wet and throbbing between my legs, and I hoped that David was about to ravish me.

He tossed me on the bed and smiled that beautiful crooked smile that I loved so much. He stripped slowly, letting me watch him, as he revealed his sculpted body to me.

"Scoot to the edge of the bed," he said.

I did as he asked, lying on my back, putting my ass right on the edge of the bed with my knees drawn up. He was going to stand beside the bed and fuck me. I loved this position. It was harder for him to reach his peak while standing so I got to enjoy his cock for a long time.

"Are you ready to be fucked, Katlyn?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good," he said before he thrust into me hard. I groaned and curled my fingers around the edge of the mattress.

He drove into me at a frenzied pace, and I could do nothing but hold on. "I want you to come as many times as you can," he panted between thrusts. Fuck yes. I liked those orders.

"Play with your clit," he ordered. I did as he asked, reaching down between us as he pounded into me hard. It took me less than a minute to achieve my first orgasm. He held his cock deep inside of me while I shuddered around him.

He pushed me back, into the middle of the bed and climbed up after me, his cock never leaving my throbbing

sex. He lifted one of my legs over his shoulder and resumed his rhythmic onslaught.

His cock was thick and hard inside of me, reaching my cervix with every thrust, bringing a small amount of pain, like a reassuring check at the end of each stroke. I felt completely helpless under him, unable to move with his full weight on me and my legs forced wide apart. He added to the feeling by pinning my hands above my head with one of his own. Fucking heaven.

I relaxed and submitted myself completely to him. He drove my body to unbelievable heights. When I orgasmed the second time, he didn't even slow his pace, simply growling in my ear, which made me come even harder.

He shifted my legs and hips periodically, changing the angle and finding new sweet spots within me. After what seemed like an eternity of constant bliss, he finally let himself go, coming hard with his cock buried deep inside me.

We lay gasping for air, tangled up in each other for a long time before he finally found the strength to curl up beside me. I fell asleep almost instantly and did not dream.

David woke early and went for a jog. I showered, and got ready for the day. David had set out a dress for me to wear. Well... it was sort of a dress. It was cobalt blue, made of lace and silk. The thin straps led to a plunging V-neck neckline. It was gathered right under my breasts and then flared gently over my hips. It only reached to mid-thigh. He would never let me out of the house in a dress like this, but he loved it when I dressed in this way for his eyes only. He also left thigh-high stockings out. They were a personal favorite of his.

I noticed that he very deliberately did not leave me any undergarments, and I took that to mean that I was not to wear any. I pulled my hair up into a loose bun. Usually, he preferred that I keep my hair up when we were planning to play. Long hair could be dangerous if it got caught in ropes or somehow tangled in something else.

I started a big breakfast for him and Cody. I mixed batter for waffles, cut up fruit, and started some omelets. David came home about 8:45 and went immediately to the shower. He was just finishing up when Cody knocked on the door.

When I let him in, Cody raked his eyes over my form, obviously pleased by my appearance. David joined us in the kitchen a moment later, and we sat down to eat. Cody got to business right away, asking how David and I had fared the night before. I blushed all the way to my roots and said that it had been a good night. Luckily, he didn't push for details.

Today we would continue the process of building David's self-confidence back up. We were going to try to use the playroom instead of the living room. The goal was to have David be able to spank me over the whipping bench by the end of the weekend. I couldn't wait for that. I was anxious to get started.

I stayed in the kitchen and did the breakfast dishes while the boys went back to set up the playroom. The anticipation was killing me. I was already on edge, and it was just barely ten in the morning.

When I had finished the dishes, I went to the bathroom and then sat quietly in the living room, waiting for further instructions. A few minutes later, David called me back. I stood at the playroom door and waited to be invited in.

"Kneel," David said.

I dropped to my knees with my head bowed.

"Come."

I crawled into the room, rolling my shoulders seductively because I knew they were watching. I loved performing for David and having Cody here just made it better.

"Look at me." I looked up into David's stunning blue eyes. He had regained some of his usual commanding posture. When David was in full Dom mode, he was a force to be reckoned with; no one would question his authority. This David wasn't as intimidating, but it was a lot closer than the man who had crawled to me two days ago in this room, sobbing and shaking.

He put his hands in my hair and gently petted me. When he cherished me like this, his presence felt like physical warmth. I felt like the most important thing in his life. I never wanted to feel any other way.

He had taken his shirt off and was standing over me in only a pair of black jeans. The shape of his erection was clear through the material.

"I want you to suck my cock," he said gently. I was happy to comply.

"No, David," Cody spoke up, "Make it a command. You're askin' her. You need to be tellin' her."

David took a deep breath. It concerned me that he hadn't gotten angry. David wasn't fond of having other people tell him what to do. The fact that he wasn't arguing with Cody displayed his discomfort. He was more nervous than he looked.

He tugged on my hair, forcing my head back slightly. He tried again and managed to put more force behind it this time. "I'm going to fuck your mouth. Unzip me."

I did as he asked, taking his hard length from his jeans.

"Lick me," he said. His voice was rough with desire, but still commanding. I leaned forward and took a long lick from the base of his cock all the way up to the tip. David grunted and his hips pushed forward. I started a pattern of licking and kissing each ridge of his cock. I wanted him fully in my mouth. I wanted to look up into his eyes as he used me. I wanted to please him.

He tugged on my hair again and then pressed the head of his cock to my lips. "Open."

I took him into my mouth and sucked hard. He shifted his hips forward, fucking my mouth with slow strokes. I hummed around him and worked him with my tongue.

"Good girl," he praised. "I love fucking your sweet little mouth."

He increased his pace and pushed himself deeper into my mouth. I relaxed and tried to breathe through my nose, letting him use me. I could tell that he was close. I chanced a peek at him from under my lashes. His eyes were closed, head thrown back. Fucking glorious.

"Fuck," he grunted as he tightened his hold on my hair and released into my mouth. I swallowed as quickly as I could, licking the remainder of his seed from his softening shaft.

"Well done, Katlyn," Cody said. "Now come here."

I saw anger flash in David's eyes. It was only there for a moment, but I knew that I had seen it. He was jealous. That was good. That was more like my Dom.

I crawled to Cody as I had been commanded, David zipping his pants behind us.

"Stand up and take that pretty little dress off."

I stood and pulled the dress over my head. David took in a sharp breath behind me. I assumed he was looking at the faint red lines that were left from the strokes that I had taken yesterday. They would fade in another day, but I knew that it was a big deal to him. He had never liked seeing me marked, but it was sort of an unavoidable hazard. It bothered him much more than it bothered me.

"Give me your wrists," Cody said, ignoring David's obvious discomfort. I held my wrists out. He attached a leather cuff to each wrist and then tied them together with a length of nylon rope. Cody had always been big on rope play. I think it appealed to the cowboy in him.

"David," he said holding my bound wrists out to him, "string her up."

Chapter 45

Yeah, David. String her up.

Fuck me.

I knew that Cody was here for my benefit. I asked him to come here. I needed him. And yesterday I had felt incredibly dependent on him, but my self-confidence was growing (which was the goal) and it was becoming harder and harder for me to accept his presence.

That was probably a good sign. On a normal day, I would never accept having another Dom, male or female, in my playroom with my Kat. I was an only child; I didn't share.

However, I needed to get a hold of myself, because decking him when he was helping me probably wasn't wise. I was going to have to gain some self-discipline with my self-confidence.

Circling Kat's wrists with my hands, I forced myself to play along. Cody and I had already discussed the order for this session. I had already approved and agreed to every action. I could do this.

I lead her to the middle of the room, where we had lowered a rope. The last time I'd used the suspension system was the night that Kat had left her shoes all over the house. I shook my head slightly at the thought. What a night that was.

I had placed a square shower mat under the rope. She was still wearing her stockings, and I didn't want her feet to slip. Being suspended by the arms always ran a risk of dislocated shoulders. Safety first, especially with my clumsy little Kat. She stood on the mat while I tied her wrist cuffs to the rope and then checked to make sure everything was knotted correctly. Cody had moved over to the wall where the other side of the rope came down. If he pulled down, it would raise her arms. I nodded at him, and he lifted her slowly. He stopped on my say so: when her arms were just shy of being fully extended above her head.

"Color?"

"Green, Master."

"Good girl."

I thought through my mental checklist. What was next? Blindfold. Cody could have blindfolded her while I tied her, but I thought that he was intentionally giving me

time and making me do as much as possible on my own. I felt a little guilty for my earlier feelings. He really was doing everything he could to be helpful.

I pulled a black blindfold from the drawer and tied it around her eyes. I gave her breasts a gentle squeeze as a reward for her obedient behavior. She sighed under my touch. We had discussed gagging her, as I was honestly afraid to hear her scream. I was sure that her scream would haunt me for years to come. But, it was my usual preference to hear her, so she wasn't particularly well adapted to being gagged, and I wanted this to be as normal as possible for both of us.

I had also considered a spreader for her legs, but it would be more work for her if she had to keep them spread on her own. Plus, I didn't want to risk putting a runner in her sexy-as-fuck stockings.

I walked back over to Cody who was waiting patiently with a long flogger in his hand. The plan was for him to give her five strokes, and then I was going to stimulate her sexually without letting her come. He would give her five more, and it would continue until we thought she'd had enough. We planned for fifteen or twenty.

We hoped to accomplish a couple of things with this. One, I was going to be actively involved in her session in a way that I thought I could handle. Two, without her sight, she would have no way of knowing who was doing what. We hoped that it would make the experience better for her. Three, I was going to try to watch. Last night, when he used the strap on her, I had been concentrating on Kat's face. I never looked at her ass. I was going to have to get over that, if I was ever going to be able to punish her again.

This pattern also allowed for me to take over for Cody, if I thought I could handle it. Sets of five were easy. We could alternate, if I was up for it.

We had considered several different toys before settling on a flogger. It was good toy in many ways, but the primary reason that I had wanted it was that it allowed the Dom and submissive to be several feet apart. I wanted Cody to keep his touching to a minimum, and if I felt up to giving her a few myself, I would be able to do it at a bit of a distance. It wasn't as personal as some of the other options.

When she was all set up I motioned for Cody to join me. He wanted me to do as much of the talking as possible. Yesterday he had given her the number and told her to

count. I was to do it today. In theory, she wouldn't be able to tell that he was even in the room. I would be acting as her Dom in every way except delivering the actual blows.

"Katlyn?"

"Yes, Master?"

"I'm going to give you five. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Sir. Please give me five."

"Count."

Cody looked at me one more time for confirmation, and I nodded. He took a step forward, relaxed his arm, drew back, and swatted her. I watched the suede tails crisscross on the curve of her ass. I think I flinched more than she did. Apparently Cody thought so too because he looked at me, deciding if I could handle this, before he lined up his next throw. Her voice was clear as a bell as she counted.

He gave her the second one, and I still flinched, but it wasn't as bad. By the time he reached five I was hardly reacting at all. Her ass was turning a lovely shade of pink, and my body reacted to it mindlessly. I had been her Dom for six years, and even before that, I had always been excited by a nice spanking-induced flush. I was afraid to bring Kat pain, but my cock was apparently less of a coward.

It was my turn. I opened one of the dresser drawers and pulled out the vibrator that I had selected earlier. There was nothing worse than going to use one and finding out that it doesn't have fresh batteries.

I knelt down in front of Kat and blew a cool stream of air up the inside of her thigh. She shivered. "Did that make you wet, Katlyn?"

"Yes, Master."

I ran the palms of my hands up her ankles, under her knees, and up to the lacy tops of her stockings. I used the pad of my thumbs to gently pull apart her pussy lips, not really touching her, but opening her up for me. I leaned forward and blew a gentle stream of air across her clitoris. She bucked her hips towards me and favored me with a sexy little moan.

I darted my tongue out and took a quick swipe at her clit. She shifted her feet slightly, closing her legs. I backed off. "You are not to move your feet. Do it again, and I'll make you hold a plug in your sweet little ass."

She whimpered slightly, and I fought the urge to laugh. When I wasn't freaking out, this could be really fun. "Widen your stance."

She complied spreading her legs just a little more than shoulder width apart. I turned the vibrator on and let her hear it buzzing. She took her bottom lip between her teeth. I held her soft pink lips apart with the fingers of my left hand and pushed the softly vibrating toy into her with my right.

She moaned as she took it inch by inch. I pushed it the whole way in and then drew it back slowly. I repeated the process at a tortuously slow pace. On the third pass, I leaned forward and sucked lightly on her clit. She threw her head back and her hips forward.

If I sucked her too much longer, she would orgasm, but the goal was to leave her as close to the edge as possible for as long as possible. I pulled back and slid the slick toy out of her pussy. She cried out at the loss.

"Not yet, Katlyn. I want to give you five more."

"Yes, Master," she sighed.

I walked around behind her and took my place next to Cody. He looked at me, silently asking me if I wanted to take the flogger. I shook my head. Maybe the next set. He moved into position and then nodded his head.

"Count," I commanded.

He made this set harder. She was struggling to keep her feet still on the mat. Her hips bucked wildly. The flogger was leaving a pattern of red lines on her ass and thighs. It would take a day or two to fade.

She let out her first true scream before she counted the forth stroke, and I panicked. I should have known it was coming. His blows were increasing in strength, and her volume had been steadily increasing, but it was too close to the terrified scream that she had let out in the kitchen that night, and I freaked.

I pulled the flogger out of Cody's hand before he even had a chance to realize what had happened, but he recovered quickly and threw his full body weight into me, pushing me out into the hall. In my distraught state, he easily overpowered me. He took the flogger from me, and then shut the playroom door in my face and locked it. I pounded uselessly on it before slumping to the floor in a fit of tears.

"Yellow," I heard Kat call.

"It's okay, Katlyn," Cody reassured her. "David didn't react well to your vocalization. He's in the hall cooling down. I'm going to bring you down. We're going to talk about it."

"Okay."

A moment later the door opened again and Cody walked out. Kat was a few steps behind him. I'd gotten myself mostly under control. Two steps forward, one step back.

Kat had pulled the dress back on and she had her arms wrapped tightly around her torso. She looked like she needed aftercare. Even though we hadn't finished, she had been in subspace for a while, and she was vulnerable. She was probably scared on top of it. I was an idiot.

"Let's go in the living room," Cody said. I stood from the floor and made my way to the couch. Cody sat across from me. Kat stood to the side, unsure of what to do.

"Come here, baby," I said, holding my arms open for her. She practically ran to me. She threw her arms around me and buried her face in my neck. I turned her into a comfortable position in my lap and held her securely. She was shaking in my arms. Fuck. I had fucked up bad.

"Shhh," I soothed, "It's okay, sweetheart. I just got scared. I didn't mean to frighten you."

"David, tell me what happened," Cody said. "You should talk through it."

I took a deep breath. "I, um, I just had an auditory flashback, I think. It just... it sounded so much like she was in pain, and I know that wasn't rational, but I just reacted to it."

"You knew there was a possibility this could happen."

"Yes," I agreed. "I've had trouble getting the sound of her scream out of my head. I was afraid to know what would happen when she screamed again."

"Kat?"

"Yes?" she said, not removing her face from my neck.

"How do you feel?"

"I'm scared."

I tightened my grip on her.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Cody continued, "your Master and I are going to take care of you. Okay?"

She nodded her head slightly.

"We're going to take a little break, and then when we're ready, we're going to try some auditory exercises. Okay?"

I tensed a little at the thought. Basically, that meant that he was going to make me listen to her scream until I didn't react to it any more. I knew it was necessary, but it wasn't going to be pleasant.

We had been at it for about half an hour. It was too early to eat again, but we needed to take a break so we decided on a lighthearted movie before lunch. I wrapped Kat in a blanket and held her close to me as the movie played. Her body relaxed little by little until she was asleep in my arms. I spoke softly so as not to wake her.

"Cody?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry about my behavior. I can't tell you how glad I am that you were here to protect her."

"You would never hurt her, man. Anyone could see from a mile away how much you love her. You just need to prove it to yourself. You'll get there."

"I hope so."

Chapter 46

The next two days passed quickly for me. David, Cody, and I worked tirelessly on building David's comfort level. I was feeling better than I had in a long time. David's father had added a ton of stress to our marriage and without him we were flourishing. Sure, we were having some trouble in the playroom, but I felt that our marriage as a whole had never been stronger.

We were now financially independent. We had no outside family stressors. We had an active sex life. We had no children or other major personal responsibilities. We were communicating better than any other couple I had ever seen. My job was great. David was almost done with school. All in all, this was as good as it got. We just needed to get past this little hiccup, and we would be fine.

We'd spent most of the day, on Saturday, working on getting David to be comfortable with my vocal responses. The whole thing made me sad because I knew that David had always been aroused by my auditory response to him. Even when we had first started our relationship, it would be

common for him to ask me to scream for him. He always wanted to hear me, and I had trained myself to be purposefully vocal in order to please him. Knowing that my screaming was painful for him now was disquieting. I just wanted things to go back to the way they were before all of this happened.

We'd started out by working in the living room. We'd put the blindfold on David this time so that he would have to focus on his ears. I would scream, and David would react. Cody would make sure that he didn't hurt himself, or any one else, with his reactions. Most of the time, David just cringed. Occasionally, he reached out for me.

When he was comfortable, we added additional sounds. Cody would strike the table or the floor with a strap, paddle, or whip, and I would scream. To be honest, it felt a little ridiculous, screaming for no reason, but I adapted. Green tea and honey kept me from getting hoarse. I tried to think of it like rehearsing for a play.

The next step was to try it again with actual hitting. We moved back into the playroom and Cody picked up the flogger that he had used before. We used the rope suspension again, but I was not blindfolded this time, nor was

David. We did it a couple of times with just the sounds - Cody hitting the ground instead of my ass. When David thought he was ready, we combined everything for the full effect.

David did great. He was still flinching on occasion, when something caught him off guard, but we were all seeing visible progress.

After Cody left on Saturday night, I couldn't help myself. I'd gone through a pretty long session in the afternoon and hadn't been allowed to climax all day. I was fucking dying. I literally jumped on David the first chance I got. He apparently had been expecting it, because he had me pinned to the living room carpet before I could even blink. He drilled me hard while I writhed and moaned beneath him. Instead of encouraging me to orgasm, which I definitely didn't need, he growled a simple "Fuck, yes. Let me hear you," in my ear, and I exploded. I can't remember ever having come so hard in my life. Now that was progress!

Sunday was the day that David was supposed to work on actually striking me. Cody had plans to leave Monday morning, unless we really thought that we needed him longer. The moment of truth had come.

We started in the living room. I was standing unbound, and David was using our softest flogger. His first throw missed me altogether; it fell a good foot short. Cody made him step forward until he was in a range where he could actually hit me. I think the first set was nearly impossible for him, but it got easier as we went.

We changed rooms, positions, and toys in sets of five or ten. I didn't actually feel anything the whole first half of the day, but Cody kept pushing, and eventually, David started to put some force behind his actions. I think he must have felt guilty because he let me orgasm no less than six times throughout the day. He had never been so generous in the past. It felt more like practice than an actual session, but it was a big step closer, and it was certainly enjoyable for me.

At the end of the day, David had been able to spank me with his bare hands, as I was bent over the whipping bench. That had been the goal from the very beginning, and I felt a sense of pride for my Dom when he reached it. At the end of the last set, we all breathed a sigh of relief. We were going to make it, and we knew it.

Cody stayed for dinner that night and we talked for a long time. I would miss him when he left, but I was anxious to move on as well. We promised to visit more frequently, and I thought it was a promise that we would keep. I hoped that he would go home and collar another sub. His girls were always fortunate. He was a wonderful Dom and an incredible mentor.

David and I spent the day together on Monday, just hanging out. It had snowed Sunday night so we layered up and threw snowballs at each other for a while in the afternoon. We curled up on the floor in the evening, and David read sections of "A Christmas Carol" aloud to me while we drank hot chocolate.

He convinced me to talk for a while about building a house, and I finally came around his way of thinking. David's selling point to me, was that we would be able to design our own playroom anyway we wanted. Playfully, I suggested that we call an architect immediately after that.

We left mid-morning on Tuesday, Christmas Eve, and made the familiar drive to Ellen's house. It was odd for me, planning to stay there for a few days, after always planning so hard to avoid staying over night. I was reminded

again and again of how much we had altered our lives because of the madness of one man. His influence had seemingly left nothing untouched, and the whole world seemed different without him.

We spent the first evening watching our wedding video with Ellen. She cried. I cried. It was a terrible estrogen-fest. We decided that we probably would have an additional reception sometime in the future, so that the rest of the extended family could join in the wedding celebration. There was no hurry, but it was something to think about.

It turns out that Ellen had a wonderful, strong personality. I fell in love with her hour by hour. What a difference from the timid woman that I thought I knew. This woman was going to be an incredible mother-in-law, and I really looked forward to seeing her come into her own.

I went to bed early that night, before I was even tired. I was giving David and his mother some time alone. I thought that they needed it. Thankfully, David took the hint. He didn't come to bed until after 2:00 in the morning. To this day, I don't know what they talked about, but whatever it was, it made all the difference. There was a peace in the

house the next morning that only comes from one thing—forgiveness. Whatever their transgressions, they had been aired, and the pardons had been made.

The struggle of the night had passed, and joy had come with the morning. A fresh snow had fallen, and the world was crisp, clean, and new. The bond forged between mother and son was strong and tangible. I watched the two of them interact over the next few days. I had never seen my husband spend so much time smiling. It was a privilege just to bear witness to it.

Ellen sold the house less than a month later and moved into a smaller place that was closer to us. It was really great having her near. She started a small business, selling antiques, to keep herself busy, and she was brilliant at it. I couldn't wait to finish our house and see what works of art she would come up with to furnish it.

David finished school in the spring and got a job in small hospital not far from where we were planning to build the new house. I kept teaching. He loved his work, and I loved mine, but we loved the time that we spent together even more. We frequented the ski chalet year round when we needed a break.

It wasn't always perfect, as life never is, but we took each day as it came and made the most of it.

The End

About Samantha Blair

Ms. Blair lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania with her loving husband and two cats. Her writing slows every fall with the start of the Steelers season before making an amazing rebound shortly after the Super Bowl. She has a full time career as a marketing director and website designer, but in her spare time she can frequently be found writing for the sheer joy of it.

She and her husband enjoy traveling, camping, down-hill snow skiing, and reading post-apocalyptic fiction together. Taking hikes and wilderness survival classes are among their typical bonding activities.

An avid reader, Samantha devours about 250 books a year from all genres and time periods. Her favorite authors include Stephen King, Fannie Flagg, Stephanie Meyer, and Henry David Thoreau.

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