

*Happily Ever After... *

*By Any Means Necessary*

*Dana Littlejohn*



*Seven Year Switch*



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## **Dedication**

I thank God for the

imagination and the gift and love of writing that he put into me.

This book is dedicated to my husband who pushed me to write down the “other people’s conversations” I heard in my head instead of committing me to an asylum. I love you.

And...

All the married couples who do what we have to do be happy in our marriages because “until death do you part” is a long time to be unhappy.



**Happily Ever  
After...**

**By Any Means  
Necessary**

By Dana Littlejohn

Marriage is about compromise. All marriages are not the same. What works for

one won't necessarily work for another.

Sometimes changes have to be made for that happily ever after.

Follow these 3 couples and see how they keep their happily ever after going!

Book I: Seven Year Switch- Kyle and Sonya Winters

Book II: The Right  
Choice- Christian and  
Andrea Cooper

Book III: Seducing Mr.  
Jefferson- Daniel and  
Kamiah Jefferson

**Happily Ever After:  
By Any Means  
Necessary**

Book I

**The Seven Year  
Switch**

Sonja Winters  
enjoyed the good life

with a great job and being married to Kyle, the man of her dreams. As she prepared to celebrate their seven year anniversary she came across a secret her husband had kept from her. When the secret is revealed would it alter the course of their marriage forever, yes! But would it end it?

Or open a brand new chapter?

# Chapter One

Sonja exited the building with her books clutched to her chest. Today was the day. She

was going to take a chance and just say 'hi'. Rounding the corner, she saw the construction site ahead and slowed her pace to scan the area. The workers had been on campus since the end of the official school year to get the project completed before the start of the next semester. The rumor floating around said they were not allowed to fraternize with the few students who remained at school for summer classes. Her heart rate raced at the possibility of blatantly breaking a rule.

She had never been excited about having to take a summer class, but that changed the day she spotted the construction of the new building on campus. There were several laborers on the job, but one stood out from them all to her. The first time she saw him took her breath away. His smudged white tank stuck to the muscular curves of his back. The dusty jeans he wore clung sexily to his tight derriere. Brown hair hung from beneath his ball cap clinging to the golden brown skin on the

nape of his neck. Thinking of running her fingers through the damp strands distracted her from her studies and haunted her day and night dreams. On several occasions she tried to catch his eye as she walked by to no avail.

As she walked down the path, Sonja slowed her pace to watch the men at work. They went about doing different tasks, some carrying supplies to another location, others could be seen running back and forth from behind a hanging tarp and a few stood on the scaffolding

working on the second floor. The one she sought was not among them. With a sigh she turned on her heel to leave and collided with something hard. Her books flew into the air and her feet left the ground. An uncontrolled yelp escaped her as she fell backwards, but she never landed. Someone caught her. A strong hand reached out to grip her waist and pull her back to her feet.

The obvious body of a man held her close. Sonja gasped when she realized who had her. For the last two months she

had seen her mystery man in work clothes, but today that wasn't the case.

His clean shaven face had a golden brown hue from his daily work in the sun. The light brown hair that usually stuck out the bottom of his hat was uncovered, neatly cut and combed. The solid biceps she used to regain her balance were half covered and looked even darker against the white polo he wore. The shirt fell loosely over his torso accentuating his broad shoulders.

Sonja opened her mouth to thank him, but looking up into the enchanting sky blue eyes had left her mute.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

“I- I- Umm, yeah. I’m fine. Thank you,” she stammered after a few more moments. She backed away from his grasp and looked around her feet.

“Sorry about that. I guess I just wasn’t paying attention to where I was going.”

“No, please, it was my fault. Let me get those for you.”

He picked up her scattered books and returned them to her.

“Thanks.”

She sent a look to the men who seemed enthralled by their conversation.

“You’re one of the workers, aren’t you?” she asked with a nod toward them.

“Well, yes and no. I have been working with them, but the company is mine. I was just filling in for a guy so we wouldn’t be short-handed and could finish the project on

time.”

“Wow, you’re a good boss.”

He shrugged off the complement. “Well, I’ve hired a new guy finally so I don’t have to help anymore,” he said with a grin.

They fell silent staring at one another for what seemed like an eternity. Sonja fidgeted on the balls of her feet gripping the edge of her books.

*That’s it. He’s not interested. Get away while you can,* her brain screamed, entering panic mode.

“Well, it was nice meeting you—”

“Kyle, Kyle Winters.” He thrust his hand at her.

She shook his hand and smiled. “Sonja Houston.”

He shook her hand for an extra-long time.

“Umm...”

He chuckled, but didn't let go. “I'm sorry. I just feel like if I let you go, I may not get to see you again.”

“Do you *want* to see me again?” she asked slowly.

“Yes. I would, very much.”

“Oh. Well, I think that can be arranged.”

She smiled and his grin broadened.

\* \* \* \*

Sonja giggled at the memory as she accelerated through the light. She tapped the wheel and bobbed her head to a song playing on the radio. Thinking of how she met her husband always made her smile. Kyle understood her ambition and encouraged her

goals. While she worked he took care of their home and never complained.

Sonja still felt pangs of guilt about not spending time with her husband. The bag of groceries shifted on the seat beside her when she paused at another light. She reached out to stop the contents from falling onto the floor. Cooking wasn't her specialty, but she did know how to make his favorite dish to near perfection.

Pulling into her driveway Sonja smiled. Juggling bags and her briefcase, Sonja

hurried into the house. She entered the kitchen and dumped everything on the counter. A quick glance at the clock on the wall made her curse. She went to their bedroom and discarded her clothes then continued to the bathroom. Just as the shower reached her desired temperature she heard a noise from the other room.

“Kyle?” she called out, stepping under the water.

“Hey honey.”

Sonja snatched the

curtain back and smiled. “Hi sweetie. Happy anniversary.”

Kyle caressed her wet face and kissed her soundly.

“Happy anniversary to you. Do you want me to start putting things away while you finish your shower? I’ll just take mine when you’re done.”

“Thank you, baby. That would be great. Leave the meat in the sink and the veggies on the counter.”

“Okay. I’ll start cutting them up.”

“No Kyle. I’m going to cook

for you tonight.”

His eyes widened. “You? Cook? Honey, I—”

“Oh don’t give me that look,” she said squirting shower gel onto her loofa.

Kyle took the shower puff from her. “It’s just that I usually do the cooking. We established long ago that it’s not your thing,” he mentioned as he soaped her back.

“Yes, yes. I know I’m not Betty Crocker, but I do have a few things I make very well.”

“Yes, you do and I love

both of them,” he said on a laugh.

Sonja laughed with him.

“Wasn’t it you that said bleach and lavender means love?”

Sonja giggled and looked over her shoulder at him. “You remember that?”

“Of course! You said that on our third date. You confessed you weren’t a good cook, but said my clothes would always be clean, folded and smelling good. You also said you thought your feet were

funny looking and you wouldn't dye your hair when it started to turn grey so if I couldn't live with that it was best we parted ways as friends.”

Sonja roared with laughter. “Wow. Your memory is impressive.”

“I try to remember everything about you, sweetheart.”

She turned and wrapped her wet arms around his neck.

“Aww, you really are the sweetest man in the world. I love you.”

“You are the perfect woman. How can I not do all I can for you?”

Sonja leaned in to kiss him. Kyle pressed forward lifting his foot to step over the tub.

“Kyle, don’t you dare get in this shower dressed,” she screamed pushing back.

“Come on, let me in. We can get dirty and clean at the same time,” he said with the boyish grin she loved.

Sonja laughed beating his shoulders playfully stopping

him from getting into the tub.

“Uh-uh, out.”

“Okay, okay. I will go start dinner.”

“But—”

Kyle held a hand up stopping her words. “Cooking is what I do, honey. You do the laundry,” he said pointing at her. “Thank you for the thought, but let’s just stick to what we do best.”

“Fine. Next year we’ll just go out to dinner,” she said with a sigh.

“That’s great idea. That way this year and next we don’t have to worry about food poisoning.”

Sonja’s jaw dropped as she looked into his laughing grin. She tossed her shower puff at him, but the door closed leaving his happy laughter behind. She grabbed a cloth from the rack over the toilet then slipped back under the cascading water to continue washing.

After a while she dried and slipped into the silky pajama set Kyle liked. Before Sonja left the bedroom, she snatched her

work clothes from the bed and went to the laundry room. Walking through the door, promptly tripping over Kyle's gym bag as she entered. She yelped loudly as she hit the floor tossing the clothes into the air.

“Really? He couldn't put the bag somewhere other than the middle of the floor so I wouldn't kill myself tripping over it?” Sonja gathered her belongings and dumped them on top of the bag. “Dang, he didn't even unload it this time,” she grunted pulling the bag

closer to the machines.

She put her stuff in the designated hampers to be cleaned then unzipped Kyle's bag. Resting on her knees, Sonja unzipped the bag.

“Towel, shorts, tee shirt, sweat band, sweaty drawers...” she called out as she sorted the items. “Eww, what the...” She pulled the damp shirt up with her thumb and forefinger and tossed it into the machine.

“That is definitely not the good sweat smell. Sock, sock, sock, tee shirt. Geesh, how many weeks does he have in here?”

she mumbled shaking her head. She reached into the bag again and frowned.

*Hard...wide...smooth, no wait... rough? A buckle? What the—*

Slowly Sonja withdrew her hand to let her eyes confirm the picture building in her mind. Her head tilted as she looked it over.

“It’s too big for a dog, even a big dog...”

Confusion wrinkled her brow as she flipped the collar over. A startled gasp left her as

she read the word printed on the front. Sonja jumped to her feet and stomped her way to the kitchen. Kyle stood at the center island on the other side of the dining table chopping peppers. After a few moments, he smiled.

“Mmm, I love that scent on you. I used the guest shower to clean up so I could get dinner started.”

Sonja stood in the doorway heaving, not knowing whether to scream or just throw the collar at him. Heat from her boiling blood rose on

her skin. If she were not brown, she was sure she'd be glowing bright red.

Kyle abruptly turned in her direction. The knife fell from his fingers and he held the edges of the counter top.

“What is it?”

Sonja's hands shook and her heart pounded. Several emotions surfaced to ride along with the adrenaline pumping through her veins like a raging river. It was difficult to tap into one to guide her speech.

“Sonja, what's happened?”

What's wrong, baby?"

Concern laced his words, but she still could not find her voice.

Kyle shifted from one foot to the other and his bottom lip trembled as he waited. Finally Sonja held out the object in her hand to answer his question. His eyes widened and his jaw dropped. A soft gasp escaped him and his face turned bright red. As fast as the brilliant color appeared it drained from his face leaving him pale. He held onto the counter as his chest visibly expanded and deflated.

Sonja scoffed. “Don’t you dare pass out on me, Kyle!” she yelled pointing at him. “What you better do is tell me what the hell is going on,” she added, moving past the dining table toward him.

“Sonja, I-I—”

His stammering accelerated her anger.

“Spit it out, Kyle! Is this yours?” She accentuated the last words, shaking the offending choker at him.

Fear glistened in his bright blue eyes. His jaw bobbed for a

time, but his voice failed to come forth as he attempted to answer her. After a while he finally nodded. Tears slid down his cheeks with his admission and his knees seemed wobbly.

“You’re somebody’s *servant?*”

The question burst from her as an astonished whisper. He exhaled loudly then continued to nod with his confession.

Sonja scoffed. *What the hell am I supposed to say to this? Kyle is someone’s...what? Servant? Slave? Whose? When?*

*Where? Why?*

She held her head. So many questions rushed through her mind. Her gaze shifted back to Kyle. He looked like he would slide to the floor if she extracted any more information from him too soon. Sonja dropped the collar and stumbled backward. Holding onto one of the chairs she squeezed her eyes shut. Her breathing quickened as if she were running. Suddenly, exhaustion overtook her and she dropped into the seat.

“Sweetheart, please, let

me explain.”

Kyle’s plea slipped through the madness. She chuckled disbelievingly.

“You can explain this?” she asked looking up at him. “Really, Kyle? We have been together for *ten years*. Today is our *seventh* wedding anniversary. You can explain how come I don’t know anything about you having a collar with *servant* written on it?” Sonja picked up the collar and showed it to him. “You’ve got an explanation that will put all this into perspective?” She

tossed the choker back to the table.

“I’m so sorry, honey. I swear I didn’t want you to find out like this. I- I just—”

“Is it another woman? Are you having an affair?”

He turned desperate eyes to her. “An affair? Oh my God. No, Sonja, never. I swear.”

“Okay. So are you on the down low?”

Kyle’s eyes expanded. “Huh? What? No!”

“Well then what, Kyle?”

What else could it possibly be?” she screamed.

He turned away to stare at the counter again. “I—I’ve been seeing this woman. I—I wear the collar when I’m with her.”

The room started to spin again as his words sunk in. The pain in her chest made her stomach lurch.

“What?” she said in hushed amazement.

“She teaches me to be a better husband,” he confessed in a low voice staring at the floor.

The pain in her chest became unbearable as she listened to him. “Another woman? You— You lied to me?”

“No! I would never lie—”

“I just asked you if—”

“No, Sonja, it’s not like that,” he rushed around the island to her side. “I’m not having an affair with her. There’s no sex involved.”

Sonja lifted a hand to her chest to actively help the air move in and out. Kyle knelt before her, but she pushed him away and stood.

“You need to go, Kyle,” she murmured turning her back on him.

“No, please, Sonja, please. I don’t want to leave. I love you. Please don’t—”

She turned an icy glare on him. “*You love me? You love me?*” she repeated louder. “I find that hard to believe, Kyle, in the light of our current conversation.”

Kyle reached forward to take her hands. “Sweetheart, I do love you, with all my heart. It’s just—”

She jerked her hands free and stepped back. “Don’t touch me, Kyle. I can’t think with you in my face. I need a moment to process this whole situation. Just get your stuff and leave.”

“Where would I go? My place is with you, Sonja. I have no other place,” he said in an anguished whisper.

The tears in his eyes broke her heart. She turned away from him to hide her own.

“I don’t care where you go, Kyle. Just go,” she told him and left the room.

## Chapter Two

Sonja's eyes popped open at the sound of the rhythmic ring tone of her cell phone. She released Kyle's pillow and rolled across the bed to her night stand.

“What?” she snapped.

“What kind of way is that to answer the phone? You're supposed to be all happy and bubbly. It's your anniversary weekend and everything is

ready.”

The familiar voice did not comfort her, but brought memories of the night before.

“I’m not going, Charlene.”

“What do you mean you’re not going? I’m already in route to get you. The room is ready. The reservations are made— Wait. What happened? Did you guys fight?”

Sonja rolled onto her back and instant tears slid from her eyes. “Charlene, everything is all messed up,” she cried. “I don’t know what happened.

One minute I was bringing dinner home and the next I was telling him to leave.”

“What? Okay, calm down. I will be there in two minutes. Let me in.”

Sonja nodded and let the phone fall against the pillow above her head. Minutes later, the doorbell rang. She wiped her face on her sleeve and climbed out of bed.

“Oh my God, girl. You look like hell,” Charlene said when Sonja opened the door.

Sonja rolled her eyes and

walked to the living room, leaving the door open. She plopped down on the couch, sniffed loudly and heaved a big sigh. Charlene followed and sat in the chair opposite the sofa, crossing her legs.

“Tell me what happened, Sonja. When I spoke to you yesterday, you were all geeked up about your weekend. You were going to stop and get some food to make his special dinner and everything.”

Sonja dropped her head back and stared at the ceiling. “I don’t even know where to

start. It's all so unreal.”

“What could have happened in that short amount of time that's so bad?”

Sonja shifted into the corner. “Kyle is having an affair,” she said pushing the disheveled hair from her face.

Charlene's crossed leg dropped to the floor. Her shoe made a dull thud against the waxed wood. She leaned forward waving her arms back and forth.

“No! No way! I refuse to believe that.” She pointed an

accusing finger at her friend.  
“That man loves you like no man I have ever seen. He would only see you in a room full of Janet Jacksons, Marylyn Monroes and Beyonces. Uh-uh, somebody lied to you.”

Sonja's eyes filled again as she nodded. “I know, I thought so, too,” she sniffed. “But he said so. He told me himself he was seeing another woman.”

Charlene sat back and shook her head stubbornly. “Uh-uh, you must have misunderstood him.”

“No, Charlene, I didn’t. I found a collar in his gym bag and confronted him with it.”

Her friend’s brows furrowed. “A collar? What does a collar—”

“He says he wears it when he’s with *her*. She teaches him how to be a good husband,” she explained doing quotation marks in the air.

Charlene’s bewilderment continued. She leaned forward over her knees. “Huh?”

Sonja shrugged. “I don’t know, but that’s what he said.”

Charlene rubbed her temple and stood. “Okay, obviously I’m missing some pieces to this puzzle. Why don’t I make us some coffee and we can take it from the top, okay? You look like you need something to help perk you up.”

The heaviness in Sonja’s chest compressed even more, creating a knot at the base of her throat as she watched her friend walk into the kitchen.

“Sonja, have you been in here today?” Charlene called out.

“No.”

“Who made the coffee?”

“Kyle usually sets the machine on automatic so I have coffee before I leave for work in the morning.”

“You put him out and he makes sure to start the coffee maker before he leaves?” her friend called out to her.

Sonja shrugged at her friend’s statement.

“Just an observation, but that doesn’t sound like the action of a man who’s cheating to me,” Charlene mentioned

coming back into the room.

Sonja twisted her lips accepting the cup from her. Charlene returned to her seat and held up an envelope.

“This was on the counter for you.”

Sonja saw her name the envelope she held out and sputtered. “So.”

Charlene didn't bother to mask her annoyed grunt. “Don't you think you should read this to see what the man has to say?” she asked, brandishing the letter. “This could all be

some kind of crazy misunderstanding, like I said.”

Sonja sipped loudly. “You read it. I don’t care what he has to say.”

Charlene rolled her eyes. “Now you’re just being stubborn.” She tore open the envelope and glanced over it. “Umm, I think you should read this,” she said after a short while and offered her the letter again.

Charlene’s tone changed from concerned and chastising to extremely serious. Though

reluctance riddled through her, now Sonja almost feared not taking the pages. She put her cup on the coffee table and cautiously extended her hand as if the papers would burn her. She lowered her eyes to read the words and her breath caught half way down the page. As she read on, her heart raced. She gnawed on her bottom lip, eyes widening and jaw dropping as she shuffled to the next page. Suddenly her hands clenched, crumpling the edge of the letter.

Sonja pressed her lips

together into a thin line. Every so often she tore her attention away to see if Charlene watched her. Respectfully, her friend sat quietly staring into space drinking her coffee, seemingly oblivious to Sonja's changing state of mind. Sonja took a deep breath and turned her attention back to the letter. It was informative answering many of the questions that plagued her through the night as she cried herself to sleep. Kyle ended it with "I love you" and a phone number that wasn't his. Silently she let the

pages sail to the table before her and raised her cup to her mouth again.

“Well?” Charlene asked.

“Well what?” she answered her voice echoing inside the cup.

Charlene scoffed. “Don’t *‘well what’* me, Sonja. What are you going to do?”

“About what?”

Charlene groaned and threw her hands up in frustration. “Oh my God. You can be so stubborn. Talking to you is like pulling teeth

sometimes. I swear!”

“Don’t be mad at me, Charlene. I need you right now,” she said sadly, returning the mug to the table.

“Look, I didn’t read the whole thing, okay? I stopped when he started going into how he had to feed his need, or something like that.” She held her hand up. “When I got there, I thought it was getting a little too deep for someone other than his wife to be reading.”

“Mmm hmm,” Sonja said into her cup.

“I saw the collar, too. It’s still in the kitchen. I really don’t know what to say about that thing.” She shook her head before taking a sip of her drink. “Whatever works for you and all that, but now that you have read how he feels what are you going to do about it?”

Sonja crossed her arms around her chest. “Nothing.”

Charlene leaned forward staring at her. “Nothing?”

Sonja nodded to confirm.

Her friend fell back against the sofa cushion. “So that’s it?”

It's over between you and Kyle?"

Charlene's words hit her like a slap in the face. Sonja blinked away the instant tears and averted her eyes. Charlene pressed on.

"You're just going to let some other woman feed *your man's* needs when clearly it should be you since you're his *wife*?"

Sonja's pulse raced and her breathing sped up.

Charlene scooted to the edge of the couch and pointed

at her. “You’re an intelligent, educated and sexy black woman capable of doing whatever it takes to make her man happy, mentally *and* physically. Are you seriously going to let another female come along and *take* your man from you?”

Sonja pressed her lips together in defiance and turned away. Charlene leaned to the right, almost falling over to catch her eye.

“So you’re saying you’re okay with that?”

Sonja's head snapped around. "No, I'm not okay with that, but what am I supposed to do, Charlene?" she yelled. She leaned forward and snatched the papers from the table. "This letter says my husband wants to be my slave!" she shrieked hysterically waving the sheets in the air.

"He wants to serve me and worship me on his hands and knees like...like...a *slave*! He says he needs to be punished for hurting me last night and this...this woman—" She paused to scan the letter before

continuing. “This Mistress Bianca is going to do that!”

“Sonja, I—”

“Who the hell is *that*? And *punished*? What the hell does that mean? He’s just going to let some bitch beat him?” she shouted continuing to shake the pages at her friend.

Charlene fidgeted in her seat seemingly at a loss for words. “Umm, well, maybe he doesn’t mean it literally.”

Sonja’s mouth dropped open. She shoved the letter toward her friend. Charlene

gasped and pressed her back into the cushions.

“Right there, girl!” Sonja shouted shoving the paper in her direction. “It says right there in black and white he is willing to accept whatever beating or punishment the mistress deems appropriate for hurting me and making me cry!” She slammed the note to the couch. “What the hell!”

“Well, he could be speaking in third person,” Charlene suggested softly.

Sonja narrowed her eyes

at Charlene before rolling them.

“Okay, okay, I’m sorry. I don’t know what to say, Sonja. I’m just trying to think outside the box to figure out what’s going on. This isn’t exactly your typical situation.”

She sighed and slumped into the corner of the sofa. “What the hell am I supposed to say to this, Charlene? We’ve been together all this time and he’s never mentioned anything like this. It’s all coming out of left field.”

“I don’t know, honey. Only

Kyle can answer that.”

“Uh, no, apparently he’s just as clueless.” She reached for the papers beside her. “This says he can’t explain why he feels the way he does. He just knows he has a deep need is to serve, and even though he loves me he had to find a way to fulfill that need,” she said, reading from the sheet again.

Charlene spoke calmly. “Okay, let’s look at this thing from his point of view.”

Sonja made an angry grunting sound. She tossed the

paper to the couch again.

“His *point of view*? Clearly he doesn’t have one if he wants to be a damn slave,” she said cynically, crossing her arms on her chest.

“Don’t be like that. This man is your husband, and you love him,” Charlene reminded her.

“Yes, he is my husband, but evidently I didn’t even know him. We’ve been together for ten years. I thought we knew each other inside out,” she confided shifting position on

the sofa to put her feet up.

“Obviously I was wrong.”

“People change, Sonja. People grow. This may be just a phase he is going through.”

Sonja sputtered.

“Whatever.”

“What else does the letter say? Does he explain what triggered all of this? I mean, like you said, you guys have been together for at least ten years, right?”

Sonja nodded.

“Okay, so why is it just now coming up?”

Sonja blew out a frustrated breath and reluctantly grabbed the pages again to scan it.

“No, he doesn’t explain any of that. He just says to call this woman, this Mistress Bianca, and she can explain everything to me.”

“All right, let’s call her then.” Charlene reached for her purse and retrieved her phone.

Sonja glared at her. “Are you crazy? I’m not calling that woman.”

“What? Why not?”

“Charlene, this woman is having some kind of affair with my husband. Why the hell would I want to talk to her?”

Charlene sighed and joined Sonja on the sofa, taking the other end and leaning back.

“Sweetie, has Kyle ever lied to you?”

Sonja’s brows shot up.  
“What? That’s irrelevant.”

“Just answer the question.”

“Omission of the truth is just as bad as lying,” she pointed out.

“Don’t go all lawyer on me, Sonja. The man has never lied directly to you in the ten years you guys have been together, right?”

Sonja rolled her neck to stare at the ceiling. “Correct. He has not blatantly lied to me, but what does that—”

“Look, all I’m saying is if Kyle has no history of lying to you, then maybe you shouldn’t discredit what he’s said so fast. If he says he’s not having an affair with this woman and she can explain everything, then don’t you think you should at

least talk to her to see what's going on for yourself?"

Sonja wrapped her arms around her chest again and fell back against the arm of the sofa with a huff.

"Why put yourself through undue stress when it's not necessary?" Charlene sank deeper into the corner and closed her eyes. "I'm trying to live a stress-free life, girl. It's too early for this kind of drama."

Sonja scoffed and tossed a couch pillow into her lap. "Your

life is far from stress free, Charlene. It's chaos on a good day," Sonja said accusingly.

Charlene rose onto her elbows. "Hey, I said I'm trying, okay. It's a work in progress. Besides I'm not married. You and Kyle are husband and wife. You guys have ten good years under your belt. If you love him, find out what the hell is really going on."

Sonja groaned and wrapped her arms around her chest. "I don't know, Charlene."

"Stop thinking with your

hurt heart, Sonja. What's that lawyer brain of yours telling you? Would you plead a case in court without having all the facts, or whatever you guys do?" she asked, with a flip of her hand.

Sonja considered her friend's words. *Kyle loves me. That's a fact. The real question is am I willing to let another woman give my man what he needs instead of me?* A sudden rush of anger swept over her.

*Hell no! I am his wife. All his needs should be taken care of right here at home! Yeah, I*

*need to find out exactly what kind of relationship this woman has with Kyle.*

“You’re right, Charlene. I do know better than this. I need to meet this woman and get the facts. This way I’ll know if I’m justified when I strangle my husband for cheating on me.”

“Whoa, hey, I didn’t say all that.”

Sonja dismissed her Charlene’s protest with a flippant wave. “Well, that’s what I heard. I’m going to stop all this crying and tripping and

just talk to the woman.”

“That’s my girl. When?”

“As soon as you leave.”

Much more at ease by the time Charlene left, Sonja put the dishes from their lunch in the dishwasher then retrieved the letter and her phone.

“Hello.”

“Yes, hello. My name is Sonja Winters. I’m—”

“Yes Mrs Winters. I know who you are. I’m also aware of the emotional trauma you must be going through. How are you

feeling today?”

Sonja's eyes widened. She gave her phone a quick look before responding.

“I'm okay, thank you. How — How are you?”

“I'm doing well, thank you for asking.”

Sonja looked around the room distracted by the woman's calm voice.

“It looks like it's going to be a beautiful day,” Bianca said breaking the silence. “A little warm for spring, but that's not so unusual for Indiana.”

*Small talk. Seriously?*

“Yes, I agree.”

Sonja palmed her forehead.

“I saw on the news that the farmer’s markets opened today downtown. It’s a good day for that.”

“Yes. I believe they did.”

Sonja shook her head as the awkward silence rose between them.

“Mrs Winters would you like to come over. Perhaps this necessary conversation would

be easier to have face to face with a glass of wine.”

Sonja opened her eyes and nodded. “Yes. I’d like that.”



## Chapter Three

“I just want to go on record saying I think this is a bad idea,” Charlene’s voice said in her ear.

“Oh, really? Need I remind you calling this woman was *your* idea?”

Sonja lifted the hanging cover to get a better look under the bed. Reaching underneath, she dragged out her shoe.

“Yeah, I’m all for the

talking part. It's the 'meeting up with her' part I have an issue with."

"This isn't the type of thing that should be discussed over the phone." Sonja switched her cell to the other ear as she slipped her foot inside a shoe, and closed the clasp.

"Yes, I get that. I just don't like how she easily invited you over. This woman could be some nut and try to hurt you. Can't you guys meet some place public? Why does it have to be her house?"

“Charlene, I’ll be fine. I don’t think she will attack me or anything. I didn’t get that vibe from her when we spoke.”

“*Vibe?* You’re basing this meeting off a *vibe?*”

“Look, I learned to trust my gut a long time ago. Besides, I need to know what’s going on and apparently she’s the only one that can help me. I have to go.”

Sonja closed the other shoe and walked into the bathroom.

“Okay let’s just slow this

thing down for a minute. I think you're still a little distraught over this whole situation. You're not thinking clearly."

"Charlene, you know better than anyone else that I can handle myself if anything crazy comes up. I'm not worried so trust me. Hold on a minute."

Sonja gave her braids a quick spray of oil sheen then added a little gloss to her already ruby tinted lips.

"Okay, I'm back."

"Look, I know you can fight, but just remember all the

self-defense lessons in the world can't stop a bullet.”

Sonja giggled. “Come on now. Don't you think you're being a little melodramatic? I don't think it will come to all that.”

Charlene groaned in her ear.

“Would it make you feel better if I took my gun?” she asked jokingly.

“Yes, actually,” Charlene answered readily. “It would make me feel loads better. That and you giving me the address.”

This way I'll know where to send the police if I don't hear from you."

Sonja shook her head.  
"You're impossible."

After giving Charlene the information she hung up, gathered her things and left. Sonja typed in the address to the car's navigation system and pulled away from the house. The unfamiliar address to her along I-65 south to leave the city limits. She turned the radio on and settled into the ride.

Charlene's words came

back to mind. It bothered her friend that Mistress Bianca had invited Sonja over to her house so easily. If Sonja was honest with herself, it kind of put her out of sorts also, but what else could she do? She had to know. Kyle's note said Bianca could explain everything. At the moment her curiosity overrode her fear tenfold.

She smiled and started to tap the steering wheel. She bobbed her head side to side, but just as she opened her mouth a loud ding paused the music.

*Kyle is calling! Kyle is calling! Your wonderful husband Kyle is calling!*

Sonja sighed. Just a few days ago hearing the special ring tone made her smile. Now when she heard it her emotions reeled. She reached out to the console to send the call straight to voice mail before the chant repeated. Until she had spoken to Bianca and had all the facts, she had nothing to say to him. The trip didn't take too long. Once Sonja exited the highway she left civilization as she knew it behind. Trees and grassy

fields took the place of paved streets and sidewalks. Sonja bounced in her seat driving down the road of gravel and fallen leaves.

Her GPS beeped, letting her know she had arrived. The land surrounding the house was extensive with healthy green grass and well cultivated flowers around the front of the home. The large portrait windows and big front porch reminded her of a very large doll house.

Sonja pulled into the driveway. She smoothed her

skirt and grabbed her purse from the front seat before making her way to the door. Moments after ringing the bell the door opened. A large burly man stood on the other side.

“Yes, ma’am?” he said.

“Oh. Uh, hello. I’m here to see Mistress Bianca,” she told him.

“Your name, please?”

“Umm, Sonja Winters.”

The man nodded and stepped aside to let her in. “Follow me, please.”

Her escort wore a pair of shiny black spandex shorts and a collar similar to the one she found in Kyle's gym bag, but no shirt or shoes. Sonja could easily picture a man of his stature on the back of a Harley. Though physically fit, there were much more grey hairs than black in his beard, more hair on his back than his head and heavy lines around the man eyes.

“Make yourself comfortable, ma'am,” he said when they reached a small room. “I will let the mistress

know you're here." He gave her a quick bow and then disappeared.

Sonja surveyed the room as she walked toward the sofa. Lots of bright sunlight came through the large picturesque windows in the parlor. There were a few prints on the walls of destinations she recognized. Large photos of the Statue of Liberty at sunset and men on a gondola on the water ways of Venice hung beside smaller pictures of the Golden Gate Bridge and the Eiffel Tower lit up at night. Sonja walked

around the room. On closer inspection, she saw they were actual photographs blown up and framed. The shiny black frames made the portraits stand out against the soft neutral tones and hints of mauve on the walls and furniture. Sonja smiled and nodded her approval.

Just as Sonja reached the couch to sit down, Mistress Bianca arrived. She gasped. This woman was nothing like Sonja imagined. The vision in her mind's eye of an overly made up woman scantily

dressed in shiny black leather mini dress and mask flaunting a whip threateningly disintegrated in the face of reality.

Bianca looked no different than the women Sonja had seen about town or at the farmer's market after work. Bianca's delicate make-up looked entirely natural. Her black and white sundress fit her curves perfectly. Though her full bosom sat above the bodice it didn't seem overly sexual. The full skirt of the dress swung freely around

Bianca's knees when she glided across the room toward her.

Bianca's dark strands were brushed into a low pony tail ending in a mass of curls on her left shoulder. The only thing that took away from her girl-next-door appearance were the black patent leather stilettos on her feet.

“Hello Mrs Winters,” she greeted with a sultry Spanish accent and extended hand. “It is a pleasure to finally meet you.”

Sonja shook off her shock

and took her hand. “I wish I could say the same, but under the circumstances...”

“Yes, I understand.”

Bianca sat next to her and openly looked her over. “I see now why he chose you. You are very beautiful and strong. You will be able to control him well.”

Sonja scoffed. Her anger at the situation came back, fueled by Bianca’s nonchalant description of her.

“If you’re talking about my husband, I controlled him just fine until you came along.”

“I can appreciate how you must feel, but you do not have all the facts to make such an assessment.”

Bianca picked up a small bell from the coffee table beside her. Two men appeared shortly after she rang it. They looked similar to the biker guy who led her into the room except they were much younger and more firmly built. They dropped to one knee and bowed their heads.

“Yes, Mistress,” they said in unison.

Sonja's eyes widened and her jaw dropped. Bianca's voice roused her from her stunned state.

"Sonja, would you like a drink?"

"Uh..."

"Coffee, tea, perhaps a glass of wine," she offered.

"Umm, yes, wine would be nice."

"Chilled?"

"Please."

"You heard her and bring fruit, too," she told the men.

Sonja's emotions teetered between anger, confusion and amazement. These large and strong looking, fully grown men were seemingly at Bianca's beck and call. They left the room to do her bidding with only a comprehensive nod. She turned a raised brow to Bianca.

“Please, allow me to explain. These men come to me from various places and all walks of life, but they all want the same thing and they pay me to give it to them.”

“Uh-huh, and what's that?”

“They want to be dominated by a woman on some level.”

Before Sonja could question her further the men returned. One carried a silver tray with bowls of green grapes, cherries and cut melon while the other held a similar tray with four glasses and two bottles of wine. Again they kneeled before her and waited.

“Since I didn’t know if you wanted red or white, I had them bring both. Which do you prefer?” she asked extending her hand to the display.

Sonja's head tilted. "You didn't tell him that. How did he know to bring both?"

"He is trained to anticipate my needs," Bianca answered. "Red or white, dear?"

"Oh, umm, white please."

"Pour the white and return the rest to the kitchen. Leave the fruit on the table and then you both may wait over there until needed," Bianca directed with a wave of her hand.

The men stood to do her bidding. The one holding the wine popped the top off and

filled the two slender glasses. He removed the other bottle and more rounded stemware before leaving the room. Bianca handed her a glass. The other man slid the tray onto the coffee table, and then quickly moved to stand in the spot Bianca indicated. Upon his return, the first man joined his counterpart in the corner across the room.

“Submissive men will always seek strong women because they are in need of guidance,” Bianca said continuing her explanation.

Bianca spoke plain, not at all a whisper for Sonja's benefit or to spare the feelings of the men. Sonja sipped her drink and sent a quick glance toward them. To her surprise, they stood at perfect attention, staring straight ahead showing no signs of emotion at all to what Bianca just said.

Sonja sat up straight clearing her throat. "Yes, well, I wouldn't know, Bianca. My husband is not that kind of man."

"No disrespect to what you think you know, Sonja, but I

beg to differ. Kyle is, in fact, a submissive male. He is what is referred to as an *alpha* submissive.”

Confusion furrowed her brows. “Alpha subm-”

“Whatever their reason these men prefer not to hold the reigns of life. They willingly turn that duty over to their women. At work or just in the company of other men he can be very dominate and even aggressive, but with his woman he has the deep seeded desire to be humble and subservient. Society has placed a standard

for men to uphold whether it's how they feel or not. Men are taught to ignore that side of themselves even if it is what truly calls to them like something is wrong with the way they feel.”

Sonja sipped her deink and rolled her eyes.

“Every species on the planet has its females leading them except humans. We are the only ones going against nature.”

Sonja crossed her legs and turned her body toward her

adversary. “Look, clearly you have my husband confused with another one of your men.” She sent a pertinent wave in the men’s direction before continuing. “I *know* my husband better than anyone else. Kyle and I have been together for—”

“You and Kyle have been together for the last ten years. You met while you were still in college. Kyle’s company was doing a project on your campus. He bumped into you, and you guys have been together ever since. Since then, you have

graduated and have become a successful lawyer. You and Kyle were married October fourteenth, an intimate sunset service in the Bahamas then came home for a large reception for all your family and friends. Yesterday made your seventh wedding anniversary. You have no children, but you want at least two, and a dog. You are leaning toward the Jack Russell breed because you want a smart dog that will not out-grow the child physically.”

Sonja’s eyes widened as the cup hung in the air halfway

to her mouth.

“Have I left anything out?”

Sonja's gaze narrowed toward Bianca.

“He is very proud of you, you know. He all but lights up when he talks about you. Did you know Kyle credits the growth of his company to you?”

She finally blinked.

“What?”

“He says you have always given him the encouragement he has needed, and the advice you supply him with helps his company prosper even in these

hard economic times.”

Sonja made a conscious effort to bring the drink to her lips. Her heavy breathing fogged the chilled glass as she swallowed its contents in two gulps. Her chest heaved. Sonja closed her eyes and concentrated on breathing through her nose as she rolled the glass absently back and forth between her palms.

“Please do not be angry, darling. Men find it much easier to confide in their dominatrix because there is no need for fear here. They can express

their deepest desires to me because I am here to fulfill them. That is why they come.”

Sonja’s eyes popped open. “Okay, first off my husband has no business sharing his feelings with anyone but me,” she said through gritted teeth.

“I tend to agree. I have had to punish him a great deal, because he feels very guilty about coming to me,” she mentioned matter-of-factly.

Sonja jerked her jaw back into place hoping Bianca didn’t see it move. “I’m not liking the

fact that you have punished him at all,” she told her.

Bianca looked her over carefully. “Yes, I see, but I only do what he pays me to do.”

Sonja gasped, shocked anew.

“He would much rather it be you that ruled over him in such a way and not me at all,” Bianca continued.

“How—How long has he been coming to you?”

“Off and on for three years,” she said without hesitation.

Sonja scoffed. “*What?* No. You must be mistaken. He doesn’t have that kind of time.”

“Kyle has learned to suppress his need to be dominated over the years, but it has never left him. In the last two years, his visits have increased. He comes here in lieu of going to the gym,” she explained.

Sonja placed the empty stemware on the coffee table and raised her hands. “Whoa, wait a minute. He’s been lying to me all this time about going to the gym when he has been

coming here instead?”

“I don’t know about *every* time, but he has been coming here regularly in this last year.”

Sonja blinked rapidly shaking her head. “How often is *regularly?*” she finally asked.

“Every Thursday.”

“But...yesterday was Thursday.”

Bianca nodded. “Yes, I know.”

A fog seemed to engulf her as comprehension dawned. Sonja slumped into her seat

disorientated, staring blankly at her lap. Tears stung her eyes.

“How could he cheat on me like this? I thought he loved me,” she muttered.

Bianca refilled Sonja’s glass and handed it back to her. “There has been no cheating. Kyle and I have never had sexual intercourse, nor would we ever. What he needs from me is not about sex.”

Sonja sputtered. “Just because you two didn’t have sex doesn’t mean this whole

situation isn't cheating. He comes out here to see you, pays you to do whatever you do to him with *our* money, all behind my back! The betrayal...the deceitfulness that's far worse than any physical act he could have done."

"I do what is required to keep him sane," Bianca stated evenly.

"Sane?"

"That is the foundation of BDSM: safe, sane and consensual."

"What do you know of his

sanity? You're a damn dominatrix!" Sonja snapped.

"I know more than you think about the sanity of others. I wasn't always a dominatrix, Sonja."

Sonja rolled her eyes. "Really? And how is that?"

"I am a trained psychologist. I even had my own practice."

Sonja almost spilled her drink as she tilted the glass toward her face. "What?"

"Yes. My ninety percent of my clients were men. I shut it

down to do this full time. I decided my skill and education would be more useful helping them in this way.”

Sonja shook her head. “This whole situation is ludicrous. I can’t believe he would do this to me.”

“This is not about you, Sonja. All of this is about him.”

Suddenly her body combusted. “Excuse me? How can you say it isn’t about me? I am his wife! He is leaving me to come see you,” she yelled pointing accusingly at her.

“How is that *not* about me?”

Bianca spoke softly in the face of her anger. “Because his reason for coming to see me is to get the satisfaction he didn’t get at home.”

Sonja glared across the couch at her breathing hard. “So what are you saying? I’m not *capable* of satisfying my husband?”

Bianca’s tone remained serene in the face of Sonja’s elevating wrath. “I am sure you have the ability to do what it would take to satisfy your

husband. I just do not think you have the necessary knowledge to do so at this time.”

“What?” Sonja said through a clenched jaw. “I have been satisfying him for the last ten years.”

“I’m sure. However, if you think I sought him out, you are mistaken. He and all the others find me and ask for my help.”

Sonja drained her glass. “He shouldn’t need your help for anything,” she muttered.

“If you will allow yourself

to be taught what he really wants, then you could make him extremely happy for many years to come.”

Sonja leaned toward her challengingly. “What the hell makes you think you know what will make him *extremely happy* and I don’t?”

“Because he told me,” she answered simply.

“Uh-huh, and you’re suggesting I let you teach me how to do that?” She fell back against the seat and rolled her eyes. “Yeah, right.”

Bianca reached out to take her hand. “Listen to me, Sonja. Kyle adores you, loves the very ground you walk on. Every moment he spends with you is a mixture of torture and joy for him.”

Sonja turned toward her.

“Everyone feels love differently. Kyle knows you love him. He lies in your arms and is pleased with what you offer to show him that love, but he longs for you to love him in the way he *needs*. He willingly sacrifices what gives him ultimate pleasure just to be

with you. That's a rare kind of passion to have for someone."

Sonja's anger faded under the gravity of Bianca's words.

Bianca returned to her drink. "Try reversing your positions and think of how this whole situation would be effecting you. Imagine how devastating it would be if the man you loved looked at you like you were a freak after you just articulated your deepest desires to him," Bianca said, gesturing her way with the glass.

Sonja gnawed her bottom lip as Kyle's pain stricken face formed in her mind's eye.

“Uh-huh, now add this insult to the injury. Not only has he just scorned you, but he has also banished you from his life. Now you not only feel alone, you truly *are* alone.”

Bianca relaxed back onto the couch to finish her drink. Sonja's shoulders drooped as she sank into the cushion behind her and exhaled.

“Why wouldn't Kyle just tell me how he felt when we

met if it's really what he needs to make him happy? Why pay you to do this to him?"

"Because with me there is no fear of rejection."

"But I wouldn't have rejected him. I love him," Sonja protested.

Bianca's brow lifted. "Really? What did you do when he confessed about coming here?"

Sonja's jaw dropped. "Well, I- I was angry."

"Uh-huh, and what did you do in the heat of your

anger?”

“I told him I needed to think and then, well...”

“What?” Bianca pushed.

Sonja heaved a heavy sigh and finished in a low voice. “I—I threw him out.”

“Mmm hmm.”

Sonja groaned and dropped her head back with her hand on her face. “Oh my God, what have I done?”

Bianca snapped her fingers and held her cup aloft. Sonja turned her head to the

sound. The man rushed to Bianca's side, bringing the wine for them. They were so quiet Sonja almost forgotten the men were even there. He popped the top on another bottle and refilled Bianca's glass as she stroked his face lovingly. His eyes closed as he pressed his cheek into her palm. Sonja gasped as the front of his shorts rose displaying his undeniable pleasure of her actions.

“Would you like another glass, Sonja?” Bianca asked.

“Uh, yes, thank you.”

Bianca dropped her hand and waved him away when her glass was full. He returned to his post without a word.

“Submissive men are *not* weak, Sonja. Meek does not equal weak,” Bianca explained. “These types of men have a servant’s heart and are at their happiest when they are serving, especially when they serve the ones they love the most. It takes a strong person to hand over their life to another. To tell someone who you are in your very core,” she paused to tap her chest, “and then not only

trust them with said knowledge, but also that they will do what is best for you. That is the ultimate trust, my dear,” she expressed, lifting her glass in a toast before taking a sip.

Sonja’s chest hurt. Bianca’s words sliced her heart as though they were small blades. Tears stung her eyes again when she closed them.

“He continues to hurt even now,” Bianca told her.

Sonja turned toward Bianca.

“The sadness I see in your eyes now, I saw in his times ten when I sent him to a hotel.”

“Kyle came back here?”

Bianca nodded. “He was lost and didn’t know what to do. You have denied him access to what he wants most, thus handing him the most painful of punishments.”

Sonja’s brow scrunched. “What’s that?”

“You, of course. Don’t you see?” Bianca turned raising her feet onto the sofa bringing her glass to her lap. “Kyle loves you

dearly. Imagine how much love he could have for you if you *showed* him how much you loved him.”

Sonja pushed herself upright and faced Bianca. “That’s not fair. You can’t put this solely on me. How could he expect me to give him what he needed when I didn’t know? He should have told me. We’ve been together for ten years. He had plenty of time to broach this conversation.”

“I agree. He is definitely to blame for this. What do you plan on doing about it now that

you know?”

Sonja exhaled. “I don’t know.”

“Kyle mentioned when you guys were dating, you used to play domination-submission games. Do you remember?”

Sonja took in a breath. “He told you about?”

Bianca nodded.

Heat rose on her face. “Oh, well, yes. I remember. We played around at—”

Bianca reached out and touched her hand. “Please,

Sonja, don't be embarrassed. Many couples play sex games. I only bring it up because that was the best time of your relationship, according to Kyle. In fact I'm sure it was a catalyst for him asking you to marry him."

"Really? We were just playing games to— Is that what started all this with him?"

Bianca sipped her drink and shook her head. "No. The tendencies were there long before that, but the games pleased him greatly. They gave him a glimpse at the kind of

mistress you could be. That's something he wants very badly. Those were the things that pacified his need to be dominated. Sadly, over time you guys fazed them out of your love life."

"So if we start playing the games again, would it help?"

"Oh no. The games were a temporary fix. For him to be happy and satisfied with no more trips to a pro-dom, Kyle needs a full time mistress in his life."

"His *mistress*? You mean

do what you do to him? Boss him around and beat him when he does something wrong? I don't think I can do that.”

“It will not be like what I do. I am a professional dominatrix. What I do, I do for the money. There is no love or commitment in any of the relationships I am paid for. You will be his wife-mistress. You will continue to love him, make love to him and give him everything he needs as you and he see fit. Is that so different than what you are already doing?”

Sonja ran her hand through her hair and bit her lip in thought, then sighed. “No, not really, but how can I respect a man that I just beat the night before for some type of infraction?”

Bianca shrugged. “If you have issue with corporal punishment, don’t beat him. When the time comes for him to be disciplined, find other ways to punish him.”

Sonja frowned and shook her head.

“I see. Well, I will say that

in my experiences, most often than not, in the beginning of training, spanking is necessary. However, if you decide to let him return to you, you will find that denying him access to you is a very powerful tool to use for reprimand as well.”

*Can I really do this? Would serving me really give him ultimate pleasure?*

Sonja released a long breath as the questions rocked her mind. She leaned forward onto her thighs, and then turned to the man in the corner. The pleasure and

satisfaction was obvious on his face and body when Bianca showed him the smallest amount of affection.

*Is Kyle like that, too? What kind of wife does that make me if I continue to refuse him what I now know he needs from me? Can I really say I love him and not do this for him?*

“I will not lie to you, Sonja. Learning to be a wife-mistress can be difficult. After you educate yourself, there will be lots of trial and error of many things before you find your comfort zone. However, you

have already conquered the first step.”

Sonja's brows rose. “Oh, yeah? What's that?”

“Acceptance. You know now your man needs you to be his mistress. Lots of wives stay in denial even after being confronted with the information. Some even leave their husbands, no matter how long they have been married.”

Sonja gave her an understanding nod. “All right. So what's step two?”

“Step two would be taking

control of the situation. Once you have control, you must maintain it. Being a wife-mistress is not a game. It is a twenty-four hour a day lifestyle. No weekends off or holidays. This situation will change your life completely.”

Suddenly Sonja felt dizzy with the weight of the information she received.

“He will be a slave to your will,” Bianca continued. “As you mold yourself to what he needs you mold him to what you want. Punishments must be real when he breaks one of

your rules so he knows not to do it again.”

“Wow.”

“It may takes a strong person to hand over their life to another, but it takes an even stronger one to except it.”

“I’m beginning to see that.”

“Yes. It is an amazing responsibility they burden us with, one that we must do well.”

Sonja’s hands covered her face as she leaned back, blowing a breath between her fingers. “Sounds like an

enormous amount of pressure. What if I can't do it or I mess up?"

"I can't say it won't take some work, but what marriage doesn't take a little work? And yes, you will make some mistakes along the way, but again, what couple do you know can say they haven't?"

"Yeah, you're right."

"The beginning will be trial and error as you both learn and settle into your new roles. As you both grow you'll find a routine as you did when you

were learning each when you were first married.”

Sonja nodded.

“I would be more than willing to show you how to recognize his love language so he can see the love you have for him as well as determine your language so you can teach him how to please you even more.”

She palmed her chest.

*“Please me?”*

“Of course! Marriage is a two way street, isn’t it? He’s not the only one that has to be happy in your relationship. You

will be his mistress. It will not only be his duty to make you happy, but his pleasure as well. He has full participation in his own happiness by doing so. As you learn more about yourself, he learns and you both benefit from that knowledge.”

Sonja groaned aloud as her hands slid down her face dropping into her lap. “All right Bianca, I’ll do it.”

“Excellent.”

“I’m going to leave now. I need time to process all this.”

“Of course. I will be here

when you are ready to move forward.”

# Chapter Four

Sonja pulled into Bianca's driveway. Retrieving her phone she deleted the missed call log filled with Kyle and Charlene's number. With a sigh she returned the phone to her purse then stuffed it under seat before walking up the stairs to the house.

"Good afternoon, ma'am. I will let the mistress know you are here," the same man greeted her.

She waited in Bianca's parlor again, but not for long. Moments later Bianca showed up in a chic and sexy short

black skirt and white lacy blouse. The sound of her shiny black stilettos on the wooden floors made Sonja inspect her own shoes. They may have complimented the short sleeved wrap-around dress she wore, but they caused her to frown. Sexy was not a word she would attach to them.

Bianca approached with her hand extended. “Hello Sonja. I’m glad you called.”

Sonja met her halfway. “Hi Bianca.”

Bianca walked her back to

the couch. “Not many wives can handle the knowledge that their husbands need them in this way.”

Sonja had to admit she was surprised to find the woman so cordial on the phone and in person. Bianca’s calm voice put Sonja at ease.

“Yes well, it was a lot to take in.”

“Yes, it is. How are you doing?”

“Well, after a week of crying and trying to work through riding an emotional

roller coaster, I found that my curiosity and love for my husband and commitment to my marriage turned out to be stronger than my anger. So here I am willing to learn.”

Bianca smiled. “I’m happy you did. I will do what I can until you are comfortable enough to move forward without my assistance.”

“Thank you.”

“I have two clients here at the moment. They require different handling. I would like you to observe the difference in

the way I deal with them.”

“Okay.”

“As you get to know your slave-husband, you will tweak the way you deal with him to fit the needs of your relationship.”

A soft gasp escaped her hearing the words out loud. *My slave-husband? Is that what he will be?*

“Would you like something to eat first?”

“Something light would be nice. Thank you.”

Bianca clapped her hands and two men entered the room

almost instantly. Though they were the same men from her previous visit their appearance was not the same. Sonja's eyes widened. Instead of the spandex she remembered, they were completely nude save their collars and a pair of socks. The men continued across the floor, stopping at the coffee table where they carefully lowered their silver trays.

“Thank you, darling.  
Coffee?”

Sonja tore her eyes away from the men when she realized Bianca had addressed her.

“Uh... Sure.”

Bianca turned to her. “I require my slaves to go unclothed in my presence. It reminds them they are slaves and are entitled to nothing unless I give it to them,” she offered in explanation. “Those that come to serve also have to be naked as well while they are here.”

“But they were dressed when I was here before.”

“Yes, that was for your benefit. I did not wish to embarrass or offend you.”

“Oh.” Sonja thought for a moment. “Wait, you mean *all* your servants have to be naked around you?” she asked with a raised brow.

“Yes, all of them,” Bianca confirmed holding her gaze.

The meaning of Bianca’s confirmation poked at Sonja’s anger, but she said nothing. Accepting the cup from her hostess she sat back to suppress it.

“Alonzo dear, return to the kitchen and prepare a few sandwiches to go with our

coffee and fruit,” she instructed then turned to Sonja. “Would you like sugar or creamer?”

“No,” she snapped.

Bianca gave her a quizzical look. “If their nakedness bothers you, Sonja, I —”

She shook her head and took an obvious deep breath. “No. I am here to observe and learn. Don’t change anything from what you would normally do.”

“Very well.”

Silently Sonja sipped her

coffee and nibbled the fruit until a different man arrived with a tray of sandwiches. As she ate, the imaginary devil and angel appeared in her mind's eye throwing pros and cons for why she should stay or leave. Her emotions seemed to change every ten seconds... panic, anger, fear, confusion. She fought them all trying to remain calm. Though her heart continued to race at the thought, Sonja shook the images from her head. She ate her fill then turned to Bianca.

“Okay, so how does this

work?’

Bianca smiled. “There are no real rules to these things, Sonja.”

“No? I get the impression you’re a strict rule type of girl.”

Bianca offered her a knowing grin. “Well, I do have and use standard procedures and protocols I when I’m training. However, I am not a copy/paste type of trainer. Not everyone learns the same way or at the same pace. Once I get to know a client I tweak the basics to work for them

specifically.”

Sonja felt the heat rising again. “Am I to be one of your clients now?”

Bianca shook her head. “Of course not. You’re a mistress. You don’t need training. You need guidance.”

Surprise at Bianca’s answer defused Sonja’s first reaction. “And you’re going to be my guide?”

Bianca nodded.

“Where are you taking me?”

“The journey is yours, Sonja. Where you go is solely up to you. I am here to merely answer questions, introduce you to some things, open doors and help when I am needed.”

Sonja nodded. Her attention shifted to the naked men. They were motionless in their kneeling positions the whole time she and Sonja ate. Sonja began to wonder how long Bianca would let the men sit there.

“All right. So how do we begin?”

“Michael, remove the dishes. Desmond, bring in the new slave. I’m done with you boys for the moment. I will call you when you’re needed,” Bianca instructed then turned back to her. “Tell me Sonja, what do you know of BDSM?”

Sonja watched the men leave before answering. “Nothing really accept common clichés from pictures of women dressed in shiny black leather outfits carrying whips to beat their slaves and men with women dressed like little girls over their knees waiting to be

spanked.”

“Uh-huh.”

Sonja shrugged.

“Well, not only is that stereotypical it’s not very accurate. I’m not saying that doesn’t happen, but there is so much more to the community.”

Sonja rolled her eyes.

“Really?” she said in monotone.

“Yes. It’s not all about spanking and tying people up. In some relationships outside of correction there is no spanking at all or toys of any kind. It’s total dominance and

submission.”

Sonja's brows rose.

“Really? Hmm.”

Bianca smiled. “Yes. What do you know of that?”

Confusion wrinkled her brows. “Dominance and submission?”

Bianca nodded.

“Well, growing up my mother always said it was a wife's duty to submit to him. She catered to my dad in everything she did. My father was around but my mom did all the cooking, cleaning, she was

hands on in raising us.”

“So you think men should be in a seat of authority within the marriage?”

Sonja shrugged. “It worked well for my parents. I thought it was working for us. Kyle seemed comfortable in the seat of authority. He pays all the bills with his income and basically runs the house.”

“That’s interesting. Why do you think that is?”

“Kyle said early in our relationship if I decided to stay home when we have children

he wanted us to be taken care of.”

“I see. He does all the work around the house, too, you said?”

“Yes, unless I say I want to do something specifically.”

“It would seem Kyle tried to do whatever he could along with your play time to sate his desire to serve you.”

“Yes, but flipping the traditional script for a weekend or even a night was exciting and fun, but...” she finished the sentence with a shrug.

“It sounds to me that he flipped it long ago?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well it sounds to me that he has taken on the duties that your mother had and you have taken your father’s roll. You both seemed to be happy in those rolls.”

Sonja’s hand went to her mouth. “I didn’t see it that way before.”

“Why did the games stop?”

“I don’t know. It wasn’t on purpose or anything. We just got busy I guess. We used to

talk those things out and plan ahead to play.”

“Kyle longs for the woman he only caught glimpses of back then. Cooking, cleaning and catering to your basic needs doesn’t seem to be enough anymore.”

Sonja sipped her coffee and nodded. Her feelings were still all over the place when she thought about Kyle.

“Are there many mistresses in your community?”

“Not really. I know of just two other pro-doms in Indiana

and though there are many male doms, too many to count, there are only five *female* doms in Indianapolis. You will make six.”

“Why so few?”

“I don’t really know. There are many factors that could contribute to that.”

“Oh.”

“Females are the aggressive ones in every species on Earth? Did you know that? They are also the ones who are expected to hunt, fight to protect and dominate their

lovers. Humans are the only ones that don't adapt to our environment. We change the environment to our needs."

"Yes, we tend to make a mess of things like that."

"Yes. Society makes a mess of everything also. Public opinion tells men that *they* are supposed to be the aggressor. So if a man doesn't feel that way he is beaten down by society's rules and forced to hide his true nature. He is all but ostracized if he doesn't comply. Those are the men who seek me and others like me

out.”

“How do they find you? Surely you don’t meet them just walking down the street.”

Bianca’s modest smile rose over her cup as she settled back into the corner of the sofa. “In fact I have met a few that way, but I mainly meet them online. I am part of a very large online community. Most of the men who come to me live in the state, but I have a good number from other places.”

“How far?”

“One man comes every

three months from Long Beach, California.”

“Wow. That’s far. How long does he stay?”

“He stays for a week. He has business here every quarter. Instead of staying at a hotel he stays with me.”

“And you met him online?”

“No. I also have an article posted in a few newspapers that cater to business men. It is discreet, but those who are looking for someone like me knows what to look for. I leave my KIK ID so they contact me

for an appointment.”

Sonja's brows rose. “You use KIK?”

Bianca laughed. “Doesn't everyone? It's a messenger service that doesn't use personal information.”

Sonja nodded in agreement. “How did you meet Kyle?”

Bianca she sipped her drink. “He messaged me through one of the online communities. My page there tells about me and how to get in touch with me. Once Kyle

passed the screening process I allowed him to come here for service.”

“You have a screening process?” Sonja squeaked.

Bianca chuckled. “Of course. Why does that shock you?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I guess I just thought—”

“What? That men just message saying something like *‘hey are you available to spank me, I say yes and I tell them where I live?’* Or they just come knocking on the door?”

Sonja pressed her lips together. She hadn't thought those words exactly, but her thinking was definitely along those lines. Hearing Bianca say her thoughts aloud made them sound ignorant.

“Of course I have a screening process, Sonja. I don't just let anyone come here. That would be foolish. There are dangerous men out there and people who just want to make trouble for whatever reason. I have to protect myself. Once people who mean you harm know where you live, you

never really feel safe again. This is where I live, Sonja. I must feel and be safe in my own home.”

“Of course you do. I’m sorry.”

Bianca waved her apology away. “No need. If you don’t know, you don’t know,” she said with a shrug.

Sonja nodded. “So, how do you screen out the crazies?”

“I’m very selective with those I let into my world, Sonja. I don’t accept everyone who applies for service with me.

That's one of the benefits of working for myself. First, I have a form they have to fill out. Basic information is required and there are a lot of questions listed so I can get to know them better and ascertain their needs. I'm sure the sight of all the questions discourages a lot of people," she added with a girlish giggle.

Sonja laughed. "I bet."

"Those who are serious are not deterred. What is expected of them while they're in my service is also noted on there. Once they return the form I use

their basic information to run them through the system.”

“What system?”

“The criminal courts to see if they have a record. If it’s a violent crime, I delete the app immediately. I also check them against the sex offender’s registry.”

“Wow.”

“If they are clean on both ends I give them permission to use my KIK ID so we can talk in real time. Since I use my KIK in the ad as a way to contact me, clients need permission to

contact me for random chit-chat.”

“I had no idea this type of thing would have such a structured procedure.”

“I don’t know if other prodoms have such a system. I can only speak for myself.”

“I see. So, once they hand in the paperwork and come up clean with the law, they get to come to the house?”

“Not yet.” She paused to top off her cup. “Once we’ve spoken a few times via messaging, I send them to a

public place frequently used by the BDSM community for a face to face for a public meeting. If I'm comfortable with them I give them the address.”

“Public meeting?”

Bianca leaned forward and scooped a few spoons of sugar into her mug. She gave her drink a sampling sip and smiled.

“A public meeting is the final step in deducing if the men are serious. I give them a time and then I show up a few hours later. Depending on what

his mood is when I get there, or if he's even still there tells me he is."

"I see."

Thoughts of Kyle jumping through so many hoops for another woman crept into her mind. She took a gulp from her mug to help swallow the rising irritation before it overtook her.

"I also use it as a disciplinary tool."

Sonja's brow rose.

"Oh yes. When a sub is being disobedient, banishment is a useful deterrent for

correction. Not allowing him to be near you when all he wants most is to be with you is an excellent punishment. I have taken a servant with me to a public place and had lunch with someone else without saying word to him, just ignored his presence all together.”

“Seems kind of rude.”

“It was a punishment. It wasn’t supposed to be nice.”

Sonja drank while going over Bianca’s words. She opened her mouth to ask

another question, but movement across the room stole her attention. The young man Bianca sent away had returned, followed by another man crawling on his hands and knees. Desmond presented his mistress with the long strap attached to the other man's collar, and then left the room without a word. The collared man with the leash sat obediently before Bianca face down to the floor.

“I call this one Sebastian.”

“You *call* him Sebastian?”  
Sonja questioned, her head

tilting. “That’s not his name?”

“No, but I always wanted a puppy named Sebastian,” she answered nonchalantly. Bianca leaned forward. “And you are a good boy, right, Sebastian?” she asked him in a baby-talk voice.

Sebastian stayed in his low position with his arms and legs bent and tucked underneath him. Bianca used her finger to direct him to lift his head.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Very good. Let’s walk then, shall we?”

Bianca extended the bridle to give him leeway to crawl in front of her. Sonja watched wide eyed.

*What the hell?*

She couldn't keep her jaw from dropping. Bianca's personality had completely changed. Mere moments ago, she was a demanding, almost militant-like, female with command over every male that came into her vicinity.

Watching her sashay around the room like a celebrity with their pet for the flashing camera, giving *Sebastian*

common dog commands was almost comical. Though the young man had some difficulty keeping pace, his easy gait on his hands and knees made it clear it wasn't his first time making the circuit. After their third rotation of the room, they stopped before Sonja again.

“You did very well, Sebastian,” Bianca announced, slightly winded. She returned to her spot, unhooked the connection to the collar and put the leash on the table. “Come, Sebastian.”

Bianca used the same tone

as before patting her lap. Sebastian slowly rose from his prostrate position. Gingerly, he kissed both her shoes and ankles and then left a kiss on both of her knees before finally resting his chin on his hands to look up at her.

“You are such a good boy, Sebastian. Yes, you are.”

She cupped his face and nuzzled his nose with hers before patting her lap again. He climbed higher and with a satisfying sigh he laid his head down. His forehead glistened with perspiration and his

breathing came in quick breaths. Bianca's fingers glided across his forehead, moving the damp hair stuck to his brow.

An obvious moan of delight left his throat and drifted to Sonja's ears. Witnessing their exchange, something unrecognizable stirred inside her. The control Bianca exhibited over these men awakened something deep within her core. The look on Sebastian's face while Bianca caressed his cheeks could be described as nothing short of extreme bliss. Apparently the

proceeding act did not impede his pleasure, and she was not entirely sure if it didn't enhance it. Bianca's fingers lazily played in his hair as she murmured softly to him.

To her surprise Sonja found the whole scene stimulating. She held Kyle in a similar fashion many times. As she thought on it they experienced the most amazing sex afterwards. She continued to observe the exchange between them when Bianca suddenly lifted her eyes locking onto Sonja's.

“Would you like my puppy to worship your feet? He’s very good.”

Sonja jumped. “Umm, I don’t—”

“Of course you do. Sebastian, you have my permission.”

Before Sonja could protest further, Sebastian was at her feet. He removed her strappy sandals and covered her toes in seconds with his mouth. A surge of heat rushed over her body, leaving her pussy throbbing. She turned wide

eyes to Bianca, who smiled at her.

“Tell him what you want,” Bianca coaxed.

Sonja turned back to Sebastian. Sebastian’s dark gaze lifted to meet hers. His attention to her feet felt good, but the idea of telling him what to do stimulated her more.

“Move higher, Sebastian.”

Sebastian immediately complied. His hot kisses rose to her calves as his fingers played with the backs of her knees. She felt something press into

her hand and her head snapped around to view it. It was a small black rod with a square leather tip, something akin to a riding crop. Her hand gripped the handle, mimicking what she saw her trainer do. Her eyes shifted to Bianca. She sat quietly stared at her, but the words were not needed. Sonja knew what she wanted her to do.

“Higher,” Sonja said in a more commanding tone, whacking Sebastian’s left buttock.

Sebastian sent a moan

into the air. He kneaded her foot with a firm grinding grip. Sonja could feel his erection on her leg and he lavished her thighs with his tongue and lips. It stirred her arousal greatly. Sonja bit her lip. She looked between Bianca and Sebastian. The look in both their eyes said, *Yes! Do it! Make him move further!* but her heart spoke different words to her.

As good as Sebastian made her feel, Kyle was the only man she wanted to have between her legs. Her pussy continued to throb mercilessly, begging

her to give into its whim, but in the end it would be denied. She palmed the top of his head and pushed.

“Stop, Sebastian. Back up.”

Sebastian turned eyes wide with surprise up to her. She didn't hesitate to whack him again. “Now,” she added.

“Very well Sonja. Into the corner, Sebastian, until I call for you,” Bianca said pointing the way.

He took his place in the corner without a backward

glance at them. With his forehead pressed into the corner, he sat on his haunches, shoulders slumped and head hung low.

“I’m sorry, Bianca. I just don’t want to do anything with anyone but my husband.”

“No need to apologize. This is all about learning, Sonja. You will find yourself adding and subtracting from your experiences here and other places in order to develop your own style. You are only obligated to do what you’re comfortable doing to find what

ultimately works for you.”

Sonja smiled. Had she and Bianca met under different circumstances they could've been friends. Though determined to keep an open mind about this new turn in her relationship with Kyle, no matter what Sonja wanted their marriage to stay between the two of them.

“Thank you, Bianca.”

Bianca patted her hand. “Let's grab a drink and visit Charles in the dungeon?”

Sonja blinked rapidly.

“Dungeon?”

Bianca gave her a nonchalant nod as she escorted her down the hall. She pushed open a pair of white swinging doors revealing two men, one doing dishes the other sweeping. When they noticed Bianca they stopped immediately and kneeled before her.

“My guest and I are going to the basement. Alonzo, I want you to follow us with wine, cheese and grapes. Michael, finish here and continue with your chores.”

“Yes, mistress,” they said in unison.

“You preferred white wine, didn’t you?”

Sonja nodded.

“White,” she told them and turned to leave.

“You have a dungeon?”  
Sonja picking up step beside her.

“Yes. Some of my client’s fantasies require specific toys and implements. I keep those in my basement.”

“Are all your clients older

men? Everyone I've seen so far except Kyle have been old enough to be your father. At least they looked that old.”

Bianca opened a door at the end of the hall. Sonja stood in the doorway. Shades of blue filled the room's décor from the plush navy carpet to the satiny cobalt cover on the bed and the sky blue curtains covered with violets.

*Nice.*

Bianca retrieved something from the room and continued down the corridor.

“Not all my clients are older men,” Bianca finally said. “The youngest I’ve entertained had recently turned twenty-one and moved out of his parent’s house. He claimed to be interested in BDSM since he heard about it when he was thirteen. He wanted to be trained with basic skills so he could be useful to any mistress interested in him.”

“*Twenty-one?* He was just a boy.”

Bianca paused to pull open another door. “At twenty-one you’re a man. A *young* man,

but still a legal adult in all fifty states.”

“A technicality,” she mumbled rolling her eyes. “Do you also take on women?”

“Sometimes a client contacts me for him and his girlfriend both to submit to me as part of his fantasy. I have yet to have a woman contact me for solo service.”

“Really? I would think there were many more submissive women than men out there.”

“There are, but with an

abundance of female  
submissives they have no  
trouble getting whatever needs  
they have satisfied for free.  
Also, it's socially acceptable for  
women to be submissive so they  
can talk their partners or even  
strangers into helping fulfill any  
fantasy.”

“Yeah, I guess that makes  
sense. How old is your oldest  
client?”

Bianca seemed to be  
thinking of her answer as they  
descended to the basement. She  
pulled on a pair of black satin  
gloves she retrieved from the

other room. They fit her delicate hands snugly and stopped at her wrists. Their shoes clumped loudly down the wooden steps.

“I think it was Albert. Yes. He was three months away from his eighty-eighth birthday. He wanted his fantasy fulfilled before he died. He said he’d had it since he was a boy.”

“Really? What was that?”

“He wanted me to dress as a sexy school teacher and spank him for being tardy.”

Sonja couldn’t stop her laughter. “You’re kidding.”

Bianca shook her head.  
“No, but that’s hardly the oddest thing I’ve been asked to do.”

The basement took up the full length of the home. Though dim the lighting at the bottom of the stairs was enough to move about safely. The ominous feel of the room was indeed reminiscent of a dungeon. Across the unfinished ceiling, the long foundational beams could easily be seen. There were no partitions to obstruct the view from one end of the area to the other. On the far

end of the room a tall rack was erected with what looked like a person strapped to it.

“What are a few things you’ve been asked to do?” Sonja asked.

“One client is fond of me dressing matronly and taking a brush to his bottom. After I’ve spanked him to his breaking point I hold him close and rock him while he cries. Another has a foot fetish. He actually brought me a pair of beautiful stilettos to wear while I walk along his body. I do it for about half an hour then he spends

the other half rubbing my feet and sucking my toes.”

Sonja gasped. “No way!”

Bianca nodded. “Yes. I also have one who is very fond of pegging. He comes by every two weeks or so.”

“Pegging?”

“Yes, anal sex. He is afraid to tell his wife for fear of what she might think so he comes here for me to do it.”

“He’s gay but he’s married to a woman?”

“I didn’t say he was gay.”

“But you said he likes—”

Bianca stopped abruptly and turned on her. “Do you enjoy oral sex, Sonja?”

Sonja was taken aback. “Excuse me?”

“Oral sex, do you enjoy it?”

She hesitated, but eventually answered. “Yes, but what—”

“Are you gay?”

“What? No,” she yelped. “What does—”

“Oral sex is the main way lesbians make love. When

women have oral sex with their men does it mean they are really gay they're just with a man at the moment?"

Sonja pressed her lips together staring at Bianca for a moment. The whole conversation made her feel like she should be lying on a couch somewhere.

"All right, point made. So what do you charge for all that?" she asked walking again.

"I charge by the hour not by the scene."

"Okay, how much? If you

don't mind me asking.”

“Prices vary from one prodom to the next, but I charge two hundred dollars an hour.”

“What?” she shrieked stopping abruptly.

Sonja stopped in her tracks and closed her eyes. Everything Bianca told her about Kyle came rushing back to her memory. Sonja stopped in her tracks and closed her eyes. Squeezing them tight she clenched her fists and hummed aloud.

“Are you all right?”

Sonja heard the words, but didn't answer. She needed all her concentration to stamp down the rage intensifying within her.

“Yes, I'm fine,” she managed after a while.

“Are you su—”

“I'm fine,” she snapped.

Bianca clamped her mouth shut and nodded. She continued along and Sonja followed. Bianca's heels clicked across the stone floor, overpowering the noises of her own shoes. As they moved

closer, Sonja saw she was right. A man hung from the apparatus with his arms and legs spread in the form of an X to conform to the contraption, naked except for his collar and what looked like leather straps encircling his cock and balls. Strong-looking black ropes kept the thing suspended from above, holding it upright while chain links bolted it to the floor.

The man turned his head toward them as they approached. A small black ball filled his mouth keeping his jaw ajar. Thin red material wrapped

around his forehead holding his head in place. The device held his penis upward as it pulled his nuts in the opposite direction.

“Let me ask you something, Bianca.”

“Of course.”

“As the dominatrix do you get to do whatever you want to your clients? I mean, you are the one in charge, right?”

“Yes and no. As a professional I’m limited in what I do. This is my job. None of my clients are my lovers. For me

this is business. I do what I am commissioned to do within their guidelines.”

“So you work for them?”

“Yes, in a sense. With me they get their fantasies with no strings attached with the utmost discretion.”

“And you never have sex with your clients?”

“No. A lot of my clients are married men. I don't have sex with married men. The time I spend with those in my service is not about sex. It's about the fantasy. However, there are a

few who require that type of release after a scene. If sex is required as part of their aftercare I have someone for that.”

“You keep someone around to have sex with your clients?” she asked unable to keep the shocked tone from her voice.

Before Bianca could answer a woman approached from around a corner. She stopped and kneeled before Bianca.

“Hello Mistress,” she

greeted and then stood.

Sonja frowned and confusion furrowed her brows. “I thought you said you haven’t come across any female slaves.”

“This is Cynthia, my assistant. Cynthia this is Mrs Winters.”

“Hello ma’am,” Cynthia greeted with a slight bow.

“Hello Cynthia.”

“Cynthia takes care of my home, my schedule and keeps things in order around here. Cynthia is paid for her services here, but she is also an

uncollared sub. Her job gives her access to fulfill her need to serve as well. Cynthia chooses to have sex with the men to give them a release completing their aftercare and as a service to them.”

“The room is prepared for Charles, Mistress.”

“Very good. Thank you, darling.”

Bianca caressed her face in the manner as she did the men upstairs. Cynthia’s soft smile mimicked the ones Sonja saw on the men upstairs.

Bianca dropped her hand and Cynthia bowed to her again.

“Ma’am,” she said in parting before leaving the room.

“Oh, Marcus. Right on time. Place the tray on the table, pour Sonja a glass and then you may go. Please, have a seat, Sonja.”

Bianca gestured to a seat big enough for two, strategically placed before the torture device for apparent viewing pleasure. Sonja sat and relaxed into the cushions.

“This is Charles,” Bianca

introduced pointing her finger into the man's chest. "He has been a bad boy. Isn't that correct, Charles?"

Charles nodded.

"Would you like to know Charles' offense, Sonja?" Bianca bent over to retrieve something from the floor and continued without waiting for Sonja's answer. "Charles has been coming here for over five months and he has not told his girlfriend. He has been telling her he is bowling with his friends." Bianca sighed. "It upsets me so much when men

lie to their women.”

Sonja's brows rose. *What? Does that mean she put Kyle on this thing too?*

A loud smack filled the air, captivating Sonja's full attention. Bianca stood before Charles with one hand on her waist, flaunting a small paddle in her other hand.

“You are my property, slave, for the designated time you are here. Your goal is to serve me and please me in every way. I am very difficult to please *especially* when I am angry.” Her face moved very

close to Charles's cheek as she spoke. Bianca used the rounded edge of the paddle to lift his chin. "And you have angered me," she said slowly emphasizing each word.

Charles's Adams apple bobbed. After a few moments, Bianca backed away from Charles and walked around him. The small weapon swung in circles on its string until she disappeared behind him.

"Today you will have two mistresses, Charles," she said from behind him. She spoke as if she were a drill sergeant.

“You will follow her words and directives because I wish it.”

Smack!

“If my companion desires it, the gag will be removed so she may enjoy the sounds you emit. Since you are mine to toy with or discipline as I see fit, those noises could be screams of pain or moans of desire. Either way, you are required to voice them loudly.”

Smack!

“If your mouth is unbound, you will not speak unless you are spoken to. In

such an instance, you will refer to me as you always have, and to my friend as Mistress Sonja.”

After another hit, she reappeared on his other side.

“Are my wishes clear to you thus far?”

Charles nodded readily. Bianca turned to grind her ample bottom against his genitals and reached back to cradle his face almost lovingly.

“Get used to the feelings of these leather bands on your body, slave,” she said silkily. “It pleases me to see bad boys on

the rack when they are being punished. Since you have returned again and still haven't told your girl about your little secret, your restraints will be tightened as promised." She paused to face him. "Including this one," she added, closing her fist around his trumped up penis.

Sonja jumped in her seat at the sudden attack on his private parts. Bianca reached up to crank a small wheel on the side of the vertical base beam holding the contraption together. Charles' eyes widened

as he moaned loudly behind the ball in his mouth. Sonja fidgeted in her chair. She didn't know if she was appalled, fascinated, or turned on by the whole ordeal.

Bianca strolled around him, again gliding her hands over his taut body. Her satin-covered digits gripped a muscular thigh, pinched a nipple and occasionally grazed the ruby tip of his exploited cock. A whack from her paddle followed each erotic touch. Charles' lids fluttered low as his head rose and fell with each hit.

The skin on his arms and legs were visibly stretched tight and his cock pulled in an uncomfortable looking angle, but his face did not show signs of distress. His brows were relaxed and his cheeks were flushed. Sonja's head tilted, unsure if the moans were born of agony or ecstasy.

“Bianca, remove the gag.”

Without hesitation, Bianca reached behind Charles's head and the ball fell from his mouth into her other hand.

Immediately, another moan came from him filled with

undeniable pleasure. Bianca used the paddle on Charles' bottom again. His penis bobbed in sync with each connection. His nipples tightened into tiny pebbles. Charles licked his lips as obvious grunts of ecstasy continued to leave his mouth until he bit his bottom lip silencing them.

“Mistress Sonja asked for your gag to be removed. How dare you hold back! Sonja, come wield the paddle.”

Shocked widened her eyes at the sound of her name, but curiosity pushed her from the

sofa to join them. Bianca handed her the paddle then moved around her slave to kneel before him. She flicked her tongue around the bright purple tip of Charles's cock. His head thrashed back and forth as he screamed. Sonja took the first swing and the sensation of the connection took her to a place she had no idea she would like. Bianca's intoxicating power seem to be rubbing off on her. A strange warm sensation rose within her. Sonja let it consume her.

Charles's loud, lustful

noises continued to fill the dimly lit room.

Sonja administered the whacks in slow, systematic swings.

Bianca wore a playful look on her face when she stood. She used her silky fingers on Charles's balls and around the tight skin of his crimson head, teasing him relentlessly while her other hand tweaked the nipple closest to her. Charles hollered again, an eclectic blend of pain and pleasure. She found herself smiling as she and Bianca worked Charles

into frenzy.

Charles pulled and tugged against the bands confining his wrists. His breathing came in short bursts as he thrust forward, trying to get more of Bianca's hand to touch him. The muscles of his abdomen were tight with tension and shined in the faint light with perspiration.

“Your cock looks strained, Charles dear. Are you close to coming?” Bianca purred.

He nodded frantically.

“I can't hear you, Charles.”

“Yes, Mistress. I am.” His answer came on a puff of air.

“Would you like more? You seem very close to me.”

“Oh God, yes, Mistress. Please!”

Bianca stepped back, stopping all stimulation. “Good. Are you ready to go, Sonja?”

Sonja’s arm stopped in mid-swing as her mouth fell open. “What? You want to leave now?”

“Of course.”

Bianca offered her hand to

Sonja. She tossed the paddle to the couch with a shrug and let Bianca lead her back across the floor. They ascended the steps without a backward glance and Bianca latched the door, closing Charles' frustrated shouts inside.

“Okay, Bianca, I have to ask.”

“Yes...”

How is beating him like that not abusive?”

“One major difference between BDSM and abuse, Sonja, is nothing happens with

a BDSM scene without consent.”

Sonja looked over her shoulder as they walked down the hall. “You mean Charles *asked* you to do all that to him?”

“Of course. What I’ve done and will do to him is part of his fantasy.”

“So why didn’t you let him come?”

“Oh no. Denying him was part of his punishment. He disobeyed when he swallowed his screams after I told him not

to.”

“Ahh. So will Cynthia give him the release he needs?”

Bianca looked at her watch. “If she wants. His time is just about up. Cynthia will take him down and administer his aftercare.”

“I see.”

“Would you like to see more? I have another client in a room upstairs.”

“No, but thank you, Bianca. I think I’ve seen enough today. I have a lot to think about.”

Bianca nodded. “I understand. If you’re up to it there’s a get together at a local club. There would be lots to observe in a public venue.”

“In town?”

“Yes, right downtown, actually.”

“I don’t know,” Sonja said hesitantly.

“What’s it called?”

“The Dark Side.”

Sonja chuckled to herself.  
*That’s clever.*

“What type of place is it?”

“It’s an actual night club on the bottom, but upstairs it’s a bondage bar. Almost the same as downstairs, bar with drinks, sitting areas, music, but there’s also equipment for public play for those who don’t have places to play. A few St Andrew’s crosses, a couple of benches, rigging stations for rope play and a spider web chain I believe. It’s been a while since I’ve been out there.”

Sonja gasped. “Are you serious? People actually do this kind of thing in public?”

“Of course. Not everyone

has a basement full of stuff. For some a bondage club is the only place they can get their needs filled. The Dark Side is a good place to observe different types of BDSM situations. You will see mostly male Doms at play.”

Sonja thought on Bianca’s words and made a face.

Bianca chuckled. “The women come out every so often. You may get lucky and see them there tonight.”

Sonja twisted her lips.

“Okay, if you decide not to go I do suggest you do your

homework.”

“Homework?”

“Yes. Research your new position. Female-led relationships are not as rare as you may think. There are websites, blogs and open communities online where you can ask questions, make friends or just talk to like-minded people.”

“There are?”

Bianca smiled. “Once you start searching you will see. Michael,” she called out as they passed the kitchen.

Michael appeared in front of them at the end of the hall.

“Give Sonja the address to the club just in case she changes her mind. The function usually starts at nine o’clock, Sonja. When you get to the window to pay the woman will welcome you to the Dark Side. When she does your reply should be *my light shines from up top.*”

“Uh, okay.”

“And remember, you can call me if you have any questions.”

“Thank you. I will keep that in mind.”

\* \* \* \*

Sonja looked at her watch again. She had been sitting in the back of the parking lot trying to decide for the last hour whether she should go in or not. The Dark Side looked like any other club along the trendy Mass Village section of downtown Indianapolis, however, without her putting the address into her GPS she would never have found it. Sandwiched between a small theater and a retro ice cream

parlor and no distinguishing sign out front the club looked like an extension of the theater. Patrons entered the back door beneath the large glowing sign.

With a deep breath she finally exited the car. Inside the loud base line of the music thumped hard in her chest as she approached the pay window.

“Hi! Welcome to the Dark Side,” the woman behind the glass said cheerfully.

“Thank you. Umm, my light shines from up top.”

“Thank you ma’am. That will be five dollars then.” She extended a bright yellow wrist band through the hole. She attached the band to Sonja’s arm in exchange for the money.

“The stairs are along the back wall. There’s a buffet tonight. Have a good time.”

“Thank you.”

Sonja pushed open the doors. The dance floor, sitting areas and bar looked no different than any other club she and Kyle had been to. Black lighting and colorful blinking

spots bounced over the people dancing to the loud house music. Bright white lights hovered over the bar making it easier to see the stair case just beyond it. Sonja headed directly for it trying not to make eye contact with anyone as she walked by. A man stationed at the steps looked at her expectantly. She raised her wrist and he stepped aside allowing her access.

Halfway up the bi-level staircase the music changed. The wild, eclectic beats were left behind, in its place

smoother, sultrier sounds of R&B. A glowing sign of rules hung on the wall easily seen as you ascended the final steps. Sonja stopped to read them then chuckled to herself.

*All nips and bits must stay covered at all times? No fingers or objects are to be inserted? This has got to be a gag sign.*

A string of colorful lights lined the ceiling along with bright red lights every few feet were the only light source for the room. It took a few minutes for her eyes to adjust to the

darker lighting.

Crack!

The abrupt sound made her jump. With a raised brow she peered around the corner. A small crowd of chattering men and women stood nearby. Sonja moved among them looking over someone's shoulder.

A man pressed himself against who she suspected was a woman chained to a wooden cross. He caressed her arms, back and legs. His touch looked gentle and knowing.

The woman's head rolled against shoulder as he appeared to whisper in her ear. She nodded and he left a kiss on her neck before he backed away from her. The woman rested her forehead against the cross and gripped the chains holding her wrist. Angry red triangle marks decorated her back and lined the edges of the black lace gripping her butt cheeks. The crowd moved back as the man bent over to pick up his weapon. Sonja sucked in a breath as he made the first swing.

Crack!

*What the hell! But he just—*

Crack!

The woman jumped and yelped at each connection.

“He’s good isn’t he?”

Sonja turned to her left. A woman smiled at her.

“Rick is the best dragon tail wielder in the community.”

She had to agree. Rick swung with practiced ease and elegance. Her admiration surprised her.

“He is?”

“Uh-huh. He even teaches classes. I’m Star, one of his demo babies,” she added proudly.

“Hi.”

“First time here, huh?”

Her brow rose. “Why do you think that?”

“Well, for one I’ve never seen you here before and I’m here all the time. And two, you look scared to death!” she concluded on a laugh.

Sonja didn’t appreciate the girl’s laughter, but she swallowed it. “I’m not afraid

Star. I came to observe.”

Star stared at her for a moment then directed her gaze to the floor. “I’m sorry. I was just joking around.”

Sonja nodded and turned back to the scene.

“See his technique? How the tail glides through air before the strike? It’s artistry,” Star pointed out.

The admiration in the girl’s voice was not lost on her. She scrutinized the crowd as Rick continued to work. The appreciation and small grins on

their faces collaborated Star's words.

“Yes. He does seem to be good at what he's doing, but why?”

“Why what?”

“Why would you want to let him hit you with that— What did you call it?”

“It's a dragon tail. He's good with a flogger, too.”

“And you like that too? The flogger?” Sonja asked with a raised brow.

The woman laughed.

“You’ve never been spanked before, huh?”

“No, of course not.”

The woman’s smile disappeared. “Oh, right.”

“So you let this guy spank you to show others how to use different tools?”

She nodded. “Uh-huh, many times.”

Sonja tried not to flinch at the continuous cracking. “But why?”

She seemed to really think on her answer before she

spoke. “Well, I don’t know about everyone else, but I love the warm sensation that comes over me during a scene. It’s like all my blood slowly simmers until it’s all over. When he takes me down and unbinds me everything just erupts,” she explained throwing her hands up. “It spreads all over me like rain,” she added with a large grin wiggling her fingers. “No words can really describe it.”

Sonja gripped Star’s hands and faced her. “Okay, I get that. You do it because it feels good. But—but what about the

marks? How can you let someone just mark you up like that?”

“The marks are the best part!”

Star laughed at the face Sonja made.

“Tops never really understand that part,” she muttered shaking her head. “No matter how bad they are, they’re never *that* bad and they’re still temporary.”

“Yeah, I guess...”

“But,” she continued holding up a finger. “Every time

you see them you remember the experience. You get to relive it all over again in your head,” she explained with a smile.

The crowd started to disperse around them. Sonja's gaze shifted back to Rick. He held the woman in his arms as he undid her binds. Her body eased to the floor and he went with her. Wrapping a small blanket around her arms he held her close and rolled her like a baby. At first Sonja was afraid the woman may have been seriously hurt, but

apparently not. She nuzzled Michael's neck and giggled like a school girl as he spoke softly to her.

Star sighed longingly.  
“She's so lucky.”

“Why lucky?”

“Jan is Rick's slave. He tops a bunch of people and has a different bottom for a different toy when he teaches, but only she belongs to him.”

“How is that different?”

“Rick may play with others, but he only gives aftercare to Jan because he

loves her. See?”

Sonja turned to the couple again. They talked among each other. Michael caressed her cheek and mouth with his fingers. Jan looked up at him with undeniable adoration. The intimacy and love between the two shared showed on their faces and in his touch. Sonja had seen the look Jan displayed on Kyle's face many times as they snuggled after making love. A wave of yearning washed over her and she missed her husband more than ever.

“Yes. I do. Thank you,  
Star. It was nice meeting you.”

“Are you leaving? It’s still  
early.”

“Yes. I have some research  
to do.”



# Chapter Five

Sonja pushed away from her laptop and rubbed her eyes. She spent more hours than she cared to count over the last few days looking up as much information as she could on what she now knew was called a power-exchange relationship.

To her surprise she came across several blogs, websites and communities on the subject just like Bianca said she would. Finding out there really were other couples living happily within their power-exchange somehow comforted her. It

wasn't a strange phenomenon after all and was working for others.

After days of ingratiating herself within the online communities, joining chat rooms asking question, learning all she could, it was time to move forward and start repairing her marriage. She retrieved her phone from the coffee table and dialed Kyle's number. It rang one time on her end.

“Sweetheart, is it really?”

Hearing his voice made

her heart beat wildly.

“Yes, Kyle. How are you?”

“*How am I?* I’m horrible. How can I be anything but horrible without you?”

“Kyle—”

“I’ve been miserable without you.”

“Kyle—”

“I’m so sorry, Sonja. Please —”

“Kyle, stop!”

He immediately stop talking, but his breathing came through loud and heavy in her

ear.

“Listen to me. We need to talk. I’ve had time to think things over. It’s time for you to come home, okay?”

“Yes, yes. I want to come home. Can I come now?”

Sonja paused to look at her phone. “No. Be here at seven.”

“Okay honey. I’ll be there. Sonja?”

“Yes.”

“I love you.”

“I know, honey. I love you

too. See you soon.”

Sonja disconnected the call and made her way to the shower. Though she still had much to learn, it had been more than two weeks since she'd seen or spoken to Kyle. She missed him terribly and wanted him home.

She dressed carefully in the new silky black bustier and a pair of shoes she found similar to Bianca's. They made her feel sexy when she tried them on at the store.

Sonja stepped in front of

the mirror on the back of the door. She brushed her hair and did her make-up then pulled on a pair of long pair of black satin gloves. Her breasts sat high and inviting while her waist looked smaller, accentuating her curvaceous figure. The ensemble made her smile. Satisfied with her reflection, Sonja returned to the living room and sat in a chair to wait.

“Sonja?”

The call was soft and hesitant moments later.

“Come into the living room,

Kyle.”

Kyle appeared from around the short wall blocking the line of sight from the foyer to the room.

“Honey, I’m so glad you called. I’ve been—”

Kyle’s speech was cut short as he came into her presence. His bag fell from his hand and his jaw went slack. Sonja’s confidence soared in the wake of his reaction. Before he came into the room fully, she put her foot on the table leaving her legs wide enough to

see beneath her short skirt. His gaze shifted there as if on auto pilot. For a few seconds Sonja opened her legs even more loving how his eyes bulged and his jaw bobbed, then abruptly she shut them.

Kyle blinked a few times and then brought his eyes back to hers. Sonja crossed her legs elegantly and relaxed into the chair.

“It has been a difficult two weeks for me, Kyle, and it is unequivocally your fault. To say the discovery of your secret took me by surprise would be a

gross understatement.”

“I know and I can’t say how sorry I am.”

“Did I ask you to speak?”

The question dumbfounded him. He stood mute and blinking at her. She almost smiled, but decided against it.

“I asked you a question.”

“Uh, no.”

“Well, until I ask you to speak you won’t. Is that clear?”

With wide eyes Kyle nodded.

“I’m sorry, I can’t hear you.”

“Yes, Sonja.”

“Very good. During our time apart, I have learned a lot about you and a great deal about myself. In light of this new awareness, I have decided to be your mistress-wife.” She left the chair to approach him. “But if we’re going to do this it’s going to be for real. It won’t be anything like the games we used to play.”

Comprehension seemed to light up his dulled expression.

“It will also be different from the part-time slave you played for Bianca.”

Kyle sucked in a breath. He opened his mouth, but quickly pressed his lips together.

“Oh yes. I’ve met Bianca and learned much from her. For the record you will not be returning to her.”

Kyle nodded.

Sonja let her hand glide across his shoulders as she walked around him. “As I was saying, this will be a full-time

situation from the moment you agree. And, Mr. Kyle Winters it will be until death do us part. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes,” he stammered as an obvious shiver passed over him.

“You will do what I say, how I say it, in every aspect of our lives I deem necessary. If there are any deviations from the rules I put in place for you, serious repercussions will follow.”

Sonja appeared back in front of him. She let her

authoritative veneer slip for a moment. Her voice softened to the sweet dulcet tone reserved only for her husband. She embraced his cheeks and angled his head down to look at her.

“This will be the last time you get to express your desires outright before you hand your life over for my guidance. Is this what you really want, Kyle?”

Kyle rubbed his face against his wife’s fingers and nodded. “Yes, Sonja. Please, I want you to be my mistress.”

The love and acceptance in his tone stimulated her very soul. The sensation permeated her being, leaving her nipples hard and her breathing shallow. She and Kyle stared at one another for a time. The light she saw there matched his words and filled her heart. Abruptly she dropped her hands.

“Remove your clothes and assume the standard position,” she told him, her dominant persona back in place.

Immediately Kyle stripped his clothes away, tossing them

to the side. He dropped to one knee before her, his head lowered. Sonja had seen many different postures that slaves took when waiting for instruction when she looked online though she hadn't claimed one for herself. However, it didn't really surprise her when he took the resting position the men at Bianca's house were in.

“When you are at home you will wear nothing but your socks. I want to be able to enjoy the sight of your body from every angle unmarred by

clothing. Do you understand?”

Kyle nodded. “Yes, mistress.”

At first Sonja didn't think she would be able to use capital punishment on Kyle. As she looked for information on the lifestyle they were about to enter, she found many couples agreed with Bianca on the use of that specific punishment. Kyle kneeled before her in the practiced pose that Bianca taught him.

Suddenly all the anger, fear, hate, betrayal and

confusion she'd felt for the last two weeks shot through her like a volcano.

*I can't believe some other woman saw him like this. Naked...on his hands and knees...bowing...jumping through hoops...*

Sonja stomped across the room and reached behind the couch to retrieve a paddle similar to the one she used on Charles. Even though she brought it home it wasn't until that moment when she decided she would use it. She rotated the handle in her hand and let

out a heavy breath.

“First, Kyle, we must address your recent behavior. You know, this whole situation could have went differently had you just trusted me. We could have approached it the same we did every other problem we had since we’ve been together. We sit down, lay it out, broke it down and tackled it together without outside interference,” she reminded him poking into her palm.

Kyle’s cheeks reddened and his breathing accelerated as he gripped his knees.

“Instead, you chose to share something as intimate as this with a total stranger,” she continued, pacing in front of him. “What really upsets me is you didn’t even give me the benefit of the doubt,” she said poking the paddle into his chest. “Not even a second to mull it over and *possibly* change my mind! You made the decision for both of us,” she finished brandishing the weapon at him.

Kyle nodded frantically, but said nothing.

“It was horrendously

selfish. It also shows me just how much faith you have in me, or lack thereof.”

Kyle’s breathing became ragged as he looked up at her. Tears formed in his eyes as he choked on his words.

“Mistress, I’m sorry, I—”

She pointed the paddle to him. “I did *not* give you permission to speak, Kyle,” she said through a tight jaw. “Get on your hands and knees,” she commanded using the tool to direct him. “And don’t you dare hold back your screams.”

Kyle bit his lip to quiet his whimpers and quickly complied. Sonja moved behind him and without hesitation smacked him across the buttocks with all her might. A painful grunt rode the loud gasp that escaped him.

“How dare you tell that woman so much about you?”

Whack!

“I’m sorry, Mistress!”

“Stuff I didn’t even know, Kyle!”

Whack!

“You selfish, inconsiderate

prick!”

Whack!

“She knew all about *me!*”

Whack!

“I’m sorry, Mistress!”

“She knew all about *us!*”

Whack! Whack!

“I know. I’m sorry,  
Mistress.”

“Was it so easy for you to bow at another woman’s feet?” Sonja paced before him then stopped abruptly in front of him. “It’s bad enough she knew about us, Kyle, but she knew

all about *you*! No one should know you like that but me. I am your *wife*! Doesn't that mean anything to you?" she screamed frantically.

“Yes, Mistress, it does. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!”

Sonja struck him three more times with the paddle then dropped as she stumbled backwards to lean against the wall. Choppy harsh breaths made her chest hurt. She slid to the floor exhausted. Pulling her knees up Sonja bawled like a baby.

“You could have trusted me with this, Kyle,” she said after a while. “It may have taken me a moment to assimilate, but...” Sonja trailed off to wipe away more tears. “How could you share something like this with someone other than me?”

Kyle’s soft tormented cries filled the room. The sound broke her heart. She moved closer to pull him into her arms.

“I’m so sorry,” he said against her shoulder.

They cried together as she

rocked him. She held him long enough to compose herself then stood up. Her heart ached when she let him go, but there would be time to comfort herself later.

“Stand up, Kyle.”

His imposing figure took full height in front of her. The blue eyes she fell in love with so many years ago glistened with freshly pooled tears. They fell freely down his reddened cheeks when he tilted his head to look at her. Sonja swallowed to soothe her strained voice.

“From now on, you will address me as Mistress Jewel, mistress or ma’am depending on the context.”

Behind his shining orbs, she saw a spark of delight as he recognized his pet name for her when they were dating.

“I am not opposed to maintaining our relationship as it was for the public eye. Just Jewel will suffice for such occasions so you will not forget your position. But be warned, if there is one infraction to the rules I put in place for you I will not hesitate to put you in

the standard position wherever we are and discipline you right there. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Mistress Jewel.”

“As further punishment for your mistrust and misplaced loyalties, you will receive a daily paddling for the next week, just before bed time or when my ire is triggered. Since I have not seen you these past two weeks, I’m looking forward to you pleasuring me orally and physically, but after tonight you will not be allowed to orgasm,” she emphasized by grabbing his engorged penis.

Kyle gasped and his eyes closed. Sonja smiled when she felt his body shiver. Sliding her hand down his solid shaft, she caressed his balls gently.

“You may cleanse it because I will use it often, but not one time during your restriction are you allowed to get off without my approval. Is that clear?”

Kyle swallowed loudly then licked his lips before answering.

“Yes, Mistress Jewel.”

Sonja released him and took a step back. “Tonight you

will run me a bath. You will wash me and lotion me before you are able to take your own shower,” she instructed then raised her arms. “Now take me to the bedroom and then go run the water.”

Without a word Kyle scooped his wife into his arms and carried her down the hallway to their bedroom. He laid her on the bed and left only long enough to run her bath. Slowly he removed her garments and she stepped into the filling tub. The bubbles rose around her slender frame,

filling the room with a soft vanilla scent.

Kyle knelt beside her. His strong calloused hands sent erotic tremors up her spine as he glided them over her suds covered body to wet her dry skin. After a while, he took her hand to pull her to a standing position. Kyle made soft erotic noises as he sat on his haunches to wash her. Periodically he looked up at her and she could see the joy and lust playing in his loving gaze. When he was done Kyle used the shower head to rinse her off

and then dried her with extra care. When he reached for the lotion in the bathroom, she touched his hand.

“No. Use the one on my dresser.”

A smile quickly spread across Kyle's handsome face. He nodded his compliance, but said nothing. Carrying her back to their bed, he used the same caring touch to lotion her. Kyle sniffed her loudly as he used his lips along with his hands to show his adoration. Sonja smiled.

Starting at her feet, he kissed and kneaded each toe, heel and arch. Continuing up each leg, he licked and sucked on her calves and knees, one side then the other. Moving higher he gave her thighs and bottom the same treatment. Sonja moaned aloud. By the time Kyle used the lavender-scented cream to massage her shoulders and lower back, the relaxing scent soothed her mind and the stress of the last two weeks had lifted away.

Kyle tapped her arm lightly. She followed his silent

instruction and rolled over to her back. His mouth covered the tip of her left breast and she cried out. He left it with a kiss then straddled her hips to kiss and caress each breast in turn. She moaned shamelessly at his efforts. Kyle replaced his mouth with his fingers. His hard-on pressed against her mound when he leaned forward to move his kisses higher.

Sonja's blissful whimpers increased as her Kyle sucked on her neck. She lifted her hips several times in an attempt to push Kyle's teasing erection.

With a frustrated grunt, Sonja grasped his penis and rubbed it frantically along her throbbing clit. Kyle continued to pinch and tweak her nipples until she burst into a thousand pieces of ecstasy.

“Go take your shower and return quickly,” she told him breathlessly pushing him away.

Kyle did his mistress's bidding. He returned completely dry except for his hair, it lay slicked back in dark waves. His solid torso and long taut legs always turned her on, but she wanted him more than

ever. She smiled realizing her body missed him just as much as her mind and heart. Sonja splayed her legs wide in invitation.

“Come.”

Kyle slid across the bed and pushed his face into the junction between her legs. His hands cupped her buttocks as he devoured her hungrily.

“Oh God, Kyle,” she gasped on a shaky moan.

With long, lavish strokes he licked her pussy eagerly, sighing loudly. Shivers of

excitement sped through her body and quickly pooled at her clit. Her bottom rose from his hands, greedily pushing his tongue into her more. She pinched her sensitive buds, adding to her pleasure. Kyle's talented tongue and lips worked together sucking and flicking on her clit and lips until Sonja's erotic cries of joy filled the room.

“Yes!” she hissed.

Her body shook as the orgasm hit her hard and fast. Kyle waited until her body stilled before he replaced his

tongue with his fingers. Slowly he stroked her slick folds continuously dipping his fingers inside her heated core and kept her inner fire from going tepid.

His breath smelled minty when he brushed his lips over her mouth. His erection pressed into her thigh. Sonja's insides clamped down on his fingers in reaction. Kyle's fingering, a torturous pleasure, roused her passions, but it wasn't enough.

“Kyle, I need you, baby,” she begged.

Kyle pulled his fingers

from her body replacing them with his full erection. Sonja gasped as he slipped into her center without resistance ending the sweet torment and elevating her to something greater. Sonja met each of his robust thrusts. Kyle cried out with each forward drive. His grunts of ecstasy fueled her journey.

Kyle alternated his movements deliciously. Long drawn-out strokes as he held onto her shoulders, then gripping her bottom while he rotated his hips sensually all

combined to take her to the brink ecstasy. A generous lover from the beginning, Kyle made sure her pleasure was paramount before achieving his own. She could always tell he enjoyed their love making, but he had never been very verbal. Now his blissful moans mingled with her own as he pushed into her over and over and the sounds turned her on more than she ever expected.

Sonja dug her fingers into the corded muscles of his back, enjoying the new sounds immensely. Suddenly she let

out an unabashed sound of pleasure when something ignited within her. Consumed by it she closed her eyes closed and gripped his hips.

“Harder, Kyle! You know what to do.”

Kyle kept his current pace digging into her with quick deep pumps aimed at her clit. The muffled noises he uttered made her eyes flutter open. His handsome features were distorted with a mix of concentration and bliss. He held his lip with his teeth biting hard enough to turn his cheeks

red. Sonja wrapped her legs around him to accommodate his zealous strokes as she sped quickly toward another climax. The incoherent mutters and pleasurable noises he made added to her gratification. She wanted to hear them again and gave his ass a smack.

“Oh! Yes! Another please, Mistress!”

Smack! Smack!

A crisp slap against each cheek followed his request. With an animalistic roar she had never heard, Kyle hoisted

her legs up to rest on his shoulders. Sonja yelped as he drove into her with complete abandon.

“Kyle!” Sonja shouted on a gasp and airy breath.

Moments later Sonja burst into a shower of complete rapture. A light show went off behind her lids as the blissful sensation washed over her. Kyle’s gripped tightened on her calves as his body vibrated. His screams of joy rose in crescendo and Sonja’s own form shook from its apparent intensity. He collapsed on top of her, his hot

breath tickling her neck as he sucked in air, expanding his chest against hers. When his breathing finally evened, Kyle rolled off her pulling her into his arms. Sonja sighed and snuggled his chest, sated and exhausted.

“Mistress Jewel, may I speak?”

Sonja hugged him tighter. “Speak, sweetheart.”

He lifted her chin. “I missed you so much. I love you.”

She nodded. “I know,

honey. I love you, too.”

“I’m so sorry. I—”

Sonja touched his mouth with her finger. “We won’t speak on it again. Whatever happened before today is in our past. Today is our new beginning. Day one on our journey to a new marriage. We will learn and grow and build it together.”

He nodded and offered her a smile. “Yes, ma’am. Thank you.”

She smiled. “Don’t thank me just yet,” she teased.

“Tomorrow we will discuss your duties in detail.”

Kyle laughed then lowered a soft kiss to her lips and held her close. “Yes, my mistress.”

**The End**



# Coming Soon!

**Book 2: Happily  
Ever After:**

***By Any Means  
Necessary Series***

***The Right Choice***

Andrea Cooper, a stay at home mom, was out of a job when her sons went off to college. She turned

to her husband Christian for companionship, but he had his hands full with an expanding company. Andrea is alone for the first time in years with nothing to do and no one to care for.

In search of a new life she ran into her first love, Raymond Reyes. Christian spends more time away from home as

she renews her  
friendship with Ray.

With a friendship  
renewed and old feeling  
surfacing, Andrea can't  
help but wonder if she  
made the right choice in  
marrying Christian after  
all.

**Book 3: Happily  
Ever After...**

***By Any Means  
Necessary Series***

***Seducing Mr.***

## *Jefferson*

Once upon a time Daniel Jefferson couldn't keep his hands off his wife Kamiah, but lately that had not been the case. Had he become accustomed to her and no longer found her exciting after only five years of marriage? She hoped not, but luckily for Kamiah she had

friends with a few ideas  
up their sleeves in case  
he did.

