

TARA SUE ME

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR



BOOK TWO *of the*
SUBMISSIVE TRILOGY

the Dominant

THE WORLDWIDE PHENOMENON

ALSO BY TARA SUE ME

The Submissive

The Dominant

A decorative flourish consisting of a light gray, wavy line that dips down in the center to form two stylized, mirrored peaks, resembling a stylized 'M' or a calligraphic flourish.

TARA SUE ME

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*To my parents, who instilled in me a love of books, and to my in-laws for their support of my writing
Maybe one day I'll share my pen name with you all.
But probably not.*

Contents

[Also by Tara Sue Me](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Chapter Seventeen](#)

[Chapter Eighteen](#)

[Chapter Nineteen](#)

[Chapter Twenty](#)

[Chapter Twenty-one](#)

[Chapter Twenty-two](#)

[Chapter Twenty-three](#)

[Chapter Twenty-four](#)

[Chapter Twenty-five](#)

[Chapter Twenty-six](#)

[Chapter Twenty-seven](#)

[Chapter Twenty-eight](#)

[Chapter Twenty-nine](#)

[Chapter Thirty](#)

[Chapter Thirty-one](#)

[Chapter Thirty-two](#)

[Chapter Thirty-three](#)

[Chapter Thirty-four](#)

[Chapter Thirty-five](#)

[Chapter Thirty-six](#)

[Chapter Thirty-seven](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Preview of The Training](#)

Chapter One

The phone on my desk gave a low double beep.

I glanced at my watch. Four thirty. My administrative assistant had explicit instructions not to interrupt me unless one of two people called. It was too early for Yang Cai to call from China, so that left only one other person.

I hit the speaker-phone button. "Yes, Sara?"

"Mr. Godwin on line one, sir."

Excellent.

"Did I receive a package from him today?" I asked.

Papers rustled in the background. "Yes, sir. Should I bring it in now?"

"I'll get it later." I disconnected and switched to the headset. "Godwin, I expected you to call earlier. Six days earlier." I'd been waiting for the package just as long.

"I'm sorry, Mr. West. You had a late application I wanted to include with this batch."

Very well. It wasn't like the women knew I had a deadline. That was something I would discuss with Godwin later.

"How many this time?" I asked.

"Four." He sounded relieved I'd moved on from his lateness. "Three experienced and one without any experience or references."

I leaned back in my chair and stretched my legs. We really shouldn't be having this conversation. Godwin knew my preferences by now. "You know my feelings on inexperienced submissives."

"I know, sir," he said, and I pictured him wiping the sweat from his brow. "But this one is different—she asked for you."

I stretched one leg and then the other. I needed a nice, long jog, but it would have to wait until later that evening. "They all ask for me." I wasn't being vain, just honest.

"Yes, sir, but this one wants to service only you. She's not interested in anyone else."

I sat up in the chair. "Really?"

"Her application specifically states she will sub for you and no one else."

I had rules about prior experience and references because, to be frank, I didn't have time to train a submissive. I preferred someone with experience, someone who would learn my ways quickly. Someone I could teach quickly. I always included a lengthy checklist in the application to ensure applicants knew exactly what they were getting themselves into.

"I assume she filled out the checklist properly? Didn't indicate she would do anything and everything?" That had happened once. Godwin knew better now.

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose I could take a look at it."

"Last one in the pile, sir."

The one he'd held the package up for, then. "Thank you, Godwin." I hung up the phone and stepped outside my office. Sara handed me the package.

"Why don't you go home, Sara?" I tucked the envelope under my arm. "It should be quiet the rest of the evening."

She thanked me as I walked back into my office.

I got a bottle of water, set it on my desk, and opened the package.

I flipped my way through the first three applications. Nothing special. Nothing out of the ordinary. I could set up a test weekend with any of the three women and probably wouldn't be able to tell the difference between them.

I rubbed the back of my neck and sighed. Maybe I had been doing this too long. Maybe I should try again to settle down and be "normal." With someone who wasn't Melanie this time. The problem was, I needed my dom lifestyle. I just wanted something special to go along with it.

I took a long sip of water and looked at my watch. Five o'clock. It was highly doubtful I'd find something special in the last application. Since the woman had no experience, it really wasn't even worth my time to review her paperwork. Without looking at it, I took the application and put it on top of my *To Shred* pile. The three remaining I placed side by side on top of my desk and read over the cover pages again.

Nothing. There was basically nothing differentiating the three women. I should just close my eyes and randomly pick one. *The one in the middle would work.*

But even as I looked over her information, my gaze drifted to the shred pile. The discarded application represented a woman who wanted to be *my* submissive. She'd taken the time to fill out my detailed paperwork and Godwin had held up sending everything because of Miss I-have-no-experience-and-want-only-Nathaniel-West. The least I could do was respect that woman enough to read her information.

I picked up the discarded application and read the name.

Abigail King.

The papers slipped from my hand and fluttered to the ground.

I was a complete success in the eyes of the world.

I owned and ran my own international securities corporation. I employed hundreds of people. I lived in a mansion that had graced the pages of *Architectural Digest*. I had a terrific family. Ninety-nine percent of the time, I was content with my life. But there was that one percent . . .

That one percent that told me I was an utter and complete failure.

That I was surrounded by hundreds of people, but known by very few.

That my lifestyle was not acceptable.

That I would never find someone I could love and who would love me in return.

I never regretted my decision to live the lifestyle of a dominant. I normally felt very fulfilled, and if there were times I did not, they were very few and far between.

I felt incomplete only when I made my way to the public library and caught a glimpse of Abby. Of course, until her application crossed my desk, I had no way of knowing if she even knew I existed. Until then, Abby had symbolized for me the missing one percent. Our worlds were so far apart, they could not and would not collide.

But if Abby was a submissive and wanted to be *my* submissive . . .

I allowed my mind to wander down pathways I'd closed off for years. Opened the gates of my

imagination and let the images overtake me.

~~Abby naked and bound to my bed.~~

Abby on her knees before me.

Abby begging for my whip.

Oh, yes.

I picked her application up off the ground and started reading.

Name, address, phone number, and occupation, I skimmed over. I turned the page to her medical history—normal liver function tests and blood cell counts, HIV and hepatitis negative, negative urine drug screen. The only medication she took was the birth control pills I required.

I went to the next page, her completed checklist. Godwin had not lied when he said Abby had no experience. She had marked off only seven items on the list: vaginal sex, masturbation, blindfolds, spanking, swallowing semen, hand jobs, and sexual deprivation. In the comment field beside sexual deprivation, she had written, “Ha-ha. Not sure our definitions are the same.” I smiled. She had a sense of humor.

Several items were marked “No, hard limit.” I respected that—I had my own hard limits. Looking over the list, I discovered that several of them lined up with hers. Several of them did not. There was nothing wrong with that—limits changed; checklists changed. If we were together for the long term—

What was I thinking? Was I actually thinking about calling Abby in for a test?

Yes, damn it, I was.

But I knew, *I knew*, that if the application were from anyone other than Abby, I wouldn’t even give it a second glance. I would shred it and forget it existed. I didn’t train submissives.

But it was from Abby, and I didn’t want to shred it. I wanted to pore over her application until I had it memorized. I wanted to make a list of what she had marked as “willing to try” and show her the pleasure of doing those things. I wanted to study her body until its contours were permanently etched in my mind. Until my hands knew and recognized her every response. I wanted to watch her give in to her true submissive nature.

I wanted to be her dom.

Could I do that? Could I put aside my thoughts of Abby, the fantasy I would never have, and instead have Abby, the submissive?

Yes. Yes, I could.

Because I was Nathaniel West and Nathaniel West didn’t fail.

And if Abby King no longer existed. Or if she was replaced by Abigail King . . .

I picked up the phone and dialed Godwin.

“Yes, sir, Mr. West,” he said. “Have you decided?”

“Send Abigail King my personal checklist. If she’s still interested after reviewing it, have her call Sara for an appointment next week.”

Chapter Two

Abigail made an appointment for Tuesday afternoon at four.

All day Monday I waited for Sara to tell me she had called and canceled, but by Tuesday at one, I had accepted the fact that Abigail would probably show up. It made me restless.

I paced from my window to my desk and back again, remembering Abigail as I had last seen her—complete patience as she tutored a high school student, laughing softly at something the teenager said. Then I pictured her as I would now allow myself to—as my submissive, ready and willing to service me. To obey my every command.

I walked back to my desk and sat down. For the third time in the last hour, I pulled out the packet of information I'd prepared for her and reread it. Triple-checked that everything was in order.

My cousin, Jackson, called at three thirty and kept me from going completely stir-crazy.

"Hey," he said. "We still on for racquetball Saturday?"

I groaned. I had forgotten the promise I'd made to Jackson that we would have a rematch on Saturday. If Abigail agreed to a weekend test, did I really want to leave her? On the other hand, maybe it would be good to get away from her for a few hours. Give myself a break from what promised to be an intense weekend.

Jackson picked up on my hesitation. "It's okay if you can't. I can always go skydiving."

The last time he went skydiving, it almost ended his career as quarterback, so I knew he was joking.

At least I hoped he was joking.

"Don't blackmail me," I said. "I wasn't trying to bail out. I was just making sure my calendar was clear. I might have a date."

"A date? Getting back on the horse after Pearl Girl?"

"That nickname is completely disrespectful to Melanie." And he couldn't be further from the truth. I'd had plenty of *horse rides* since Melanie.

"Just saying, I'm glad you dumped her ass."

"Enough of me and my love life," I said, because I didn't think Jackson had any idea what my sex life was really like. "Who are you bringing to your mom's benefit?"

"No one at the moment. Thanks for the reminder," he said with a touch of sarcasm.

We talked a bit more and eventually hung up after agreeing I'd meet him on Saturday for our racquetball rematch.

In many ways, Jackson was the brother I never had. My parents had been killed in a car accident when I was ten. My mother's sister, Linda, raised me afterward.

Todd Welling was the third member of my close-as-family group of friends, along with his wife, Elaina. Todd and his family had lived next door to the Clarks while we were growing up. Elaina had

lived nearby, and she and Todd had dated throughout high school and during college. They married the month after she graduated. Todd was now a psychiatrist and Elaina a fashion designer.

I envied Todd and Elaina the companionship they had with each other. The passion and love they felt was palpable. I had long since given up on finding a relationship like theirs, but such was the life lived.

To have Abigail as a sub would almost make up for it.

My phone gave a low double beep.

“Yes, Sara?” I looked at my watch—three forty-five. Abigail was punctual. Another positive.

“Ms. King is here, sir.”

“Thank you, Sara. I’ll let you know when I’m ready for her.” I disconnected.

I drank some water and looked over the pages one more time. All was ready. I picked up her application and reread it, although I’m not sure why. I had it memorized.

When the clock read five after four, I called Sara and told her to send Abigail in.

I took a deep breath, opened a blank document on my computer, and started typing.

Nathaniel West is the world’s biggest fucking idiot.

What the hell do you think you’re doing?

Idiot.

Abigail opened the door and quietly stepped inside, closing the door behind her.

Big. Fucking. Idiot.

You have no business having her here.

This will go down as your worst mistake ever.

She walked to the middle of my office, and from my peripheral vision, I saw her stand with her hands to her sides, feet spread to the width of her shoulders.

Damn.

Damn. Damn. Damn. Damn. Damn.

Damn. Damn. Damn. Damn. Damn.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Damn.

I kept typing while I peeked at her. She took a deep breath. Her eyes were closed.

Pull it together, West, I typed. She’s here for you. To be your submissive. The least you can do is not be a complete pansy ass.

You’ve done this many times. She wants to be your sub. You are a dom. She’s nothing new. Nothing special.

It’s very, very simple, so stop trying to make it complicated.

Give her what she wants. What she needs.

Take what she’ll give.

And some of what she doesn’t even know she has to offer.

Typing helped clear my head. Very much like playing the piano. I wrote out a few more lines, took a deep breath, and looked up.

“Abigail King,” I said.

She jumped. It was to be expected really. Her head was still down, but a faint tremor ran throughout her body. I wanted to reach out and touch her, reassure her I would never harm her.

Instead, I picked up her application and the packet of papers I would give her if the meeting went well and tapped them together.

Her head was still down.

Very nice.

I pushed back from my desk and walked across the floor. Her tremor intensified, but just barely. I stood behind her and reached out a hand. It was time to touch her and realize she was no more than a flesh-and-blood woman. Nothing more. Nothing less.

I brushed her long, dark hair to one side and leaned in close. “You have no references.” Because it was the truth and because I wanted to see the pulse quicken at that delicate spot at the base of her throat.

Yes.

Just. Like. That.

I leaned closer, so my lips were almost to her throat. “I would have you know that I’m not interested in training a submissive. My submissives have always been fully trained.”

Would she want to know why I was making an exception in her case? Would my words have tipped her off that something was different about her?

Probably not. But they should have. This was not the way I normally operated. I was changing all the rules for her.

And she didn’t even know it.

I took her hair and pulled. “Are you sure this is what you want, Abigail? You need to be sure.”

A small part of me wanted her say no, to look up and leave. Never to return. But the biggest part of me wanted her to stay. Wanted her.

She didn’t move. Didn’t leave.

I chuckled and walked back to my desk. We were both so stubborn. Maybe this would work after all.

Damn, I wanted it to work.

“Look at me, Abigail.”

Our eyes met for the first time. Hers were a deep brown and framed by thick lashes. I saw her every thought reflected in those eyes. The nervousness, the hunger, the frank assessment as her gaze traveled over me.

I drummed my fingers on the desk. Her eyes darkened and she looked slightly embarrassed.

Ah, she was thinking dirty, dirty thoughts. And that made me smile—but enough of that for now.

“I’m not interested in why you decided to submit your application. If I select you and you are agreeable to my terms, your past won’t matter.” Because the past was no more. What mattered was now. I tapped the two reports together. “I know what I need to.”

She still didn’t move. Didn’t say anything.

“You have no training,” I said. “But you’re very good.”

I turned to the window. Darkness cloaked the street down below, but the light from my office made the window a mirror. I could see everything Abigail did. She met my eyes for a second and then looked down.

We couldn’t have that.

“I rather like you, Abigail King. Although I don’t recall telling you to look away.”

Yes, I thought, when her eyes met mine once more. We were going to move forward.

I had her in my hands and I would not let her go.

“I think a weekend test is in order.” I turned from the window and loosened my tie. “If you agree, you will come to my estate this Friday night at six exactly. I’ll have a car pick you up. We’ll have dinner and take it from there.”

I put the tie down and unbuttoned the top button of my shirt. She didn’t look the slightest bit uncomfortable—excited maybe, but not uncomfortable.

“I have certain expectations of my submissives.” My submissive. Abigail King was well on her way to being mine. “You are to get at least eight hours of sleep every Sunday through Thursday night

You will eat a balanced diet—I will have a meal plan e-mailed to you. You will also run one mile, three times a week. ~~Twice a week you will engage in strength and endurance training at my gym.~~ A membership will be created for you starting tomorrow. Do you have any concerns about any of this?’

She was silent.

Lovely.

“You may speak freely.”

She licked her lips, her pink tongue running around the edges of her mouth. The sight made my cock twitch. *Easy, now, I thought. Time for that later. Please, God, let there be time for that later.*

“I’m not the most . . . athletic, Mr. West. I’m not much of a runner.”

“You must learn not to let your weakness rule you, Abigail.” Since she had brought it up, I would help her.

I walked back to my desk and wrote down the name and number of the yoga instructor at the gym.

“Three times a week you will also attend yoga classes. They have these at the gym. Anything else?”

She shook her head.

“Very well. I will see you Friday night.” I held out the papers. “These will have everything you need know.”

She approached my desk and took the papers. Then she waited.

Perfection.

“You are excused.”

Chapter Three

While I had never been a Boy Scout, I agreed wholeheartedly with their “Be prepared” motto. Preparation was half the reason my business was so successful. It was partly why I’d never had a submissive use her safe word. If people were just more prepared, the world as a whole would run smoother.

For that reason, I spent part of Wednesday afternoon at my favorite jewelers. If Abigail’s weekend test went well, I wanted to be prepared with a collar. After seeing how well she did during her office test, I felt certain that it would.

I glanced over the offerings in the necklace display. My previous submissives had worn plain silver chokers, but I wanted something more for Abigail.

“Mr. West,” the manager said, approaching me. “What can I help you with today?”

I wasn’t impressed with anything I saw. “I’m looking for a choker. Platinum. With diamonds, perhaps?”

The manager’s eyes lit with excitement. “I have just the thing. Arrived this morning, and I haven’t had a chance to put it out yet.”

He scurried off, returning moments later with a leather-covered box. Inside was an exquisite choker made of two ropelike platinum bands, intertwined, with diamonds embedded throughout.

I could easily picture it on Abigail.

My collar.

My submissive.

“Perfect,” I said to the manager.

I decided to cook dinner for Abigail on Friday night. I wanted her to relax before we started anything. Give her a chance to ask any questions or bring up concerns. I wanted her to be comfortable over the weekend—as comfortable as possible, anyway.

I prepared one of my favorite dishes and went over my plans for the weekend. I would not have penetrative sex with Abigail yet. That could wait while I tried other things. And I would test my own control—to have her so near, so near and yet not touch her.

I also made a new rule—I would not kiss her. It seemed only fair to make a new rule, since I was breaking so many others.

Part of me knew it was silly to think not kissing Abigail would somehow ensure I kept the proper emotional distance. But the truth was, she wanted to be my submissive. She did not want me as a lover. As long as I went into the weekend remembering our relationship would be sexual, and nothing

more than that, I would be fine.

The car service pulled into my driveway at five forty-five.

I opened the door to find her on her knees, petting Apollo. I had expected Apollo to keep away from her, since he usually shied away from strangers. How unusual for him to be drawn to her. Though they did say dogs had a sixth sense about people.

The fact that Apollo seemed to like her convinced me that the weekend was a good idea.

“Apollo,” I said. “Come.”

She hadn’t heard me open the door. That much was certain in the way her head jerked up. She smiled as Apollo licked her face.

“I see you’ve made Apollo’s acquaintance,” I said.

“Yes.” She stood up and brushed her pants. The setting sun made her hair and eyes look darker, more mysterious. “He’s a very sweet dog.”

“He’s not. Normally, he doesn’t take kindly to strange people. You’re very fortunate he didn’t bite you.”

Apollo wouldn’t have bitten her, of course. I wouldn’t have left him outside alone if I thought he would bite. I wasn’t sure why I said that. Maybe part of me wanted her to leave.

I led her into the house. “We’ll have dinner tonight at the kitchen table. You can consider the kitchen table your free space. You’ll take the majority of your meals there, and when I join you, you may take it as an invitation to speak freely. Most of the time, you will serve me in the dining room, but I thought we should start the evening on a less formal basis. Is all this clear?”

“Yes, Master.”

I spun around, caught off guard by her slip. “No. You have not yet earned the right to call me that. Until you do, you will address me as ‘sir’ or ‘Mr. West.’”

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.”

I continued on, still surprised by her mistake. Hopefully, the rest of the weekend would go better.

I took her to the kitchen and waited for her to sit down. Her hands trembled when she pulled out her chair. She was nervous; that was all. I could understand that.

But she was here. Here in my kitchen. Here to be my submissive.

The absurdity of it kept me quiet.

We ate in silence for several minutes. She devoured the chicken. I shifted in my seat at the sight of her at my table, enjoying the food I’d made for her.

“Did you cook this?” she asked.

She speaks. Finally.

“I am a man of *many* talents, Abigail.” And I can’t wait to share them all with you.

She didn’t speak again.

“I am pleased you do not find it necessary to fill the silence with endless chatter,” I said when we were almost finished. “There are a few things I need to explain. Keep in mind, you can speak freely at this table.”

I stopped and waited.

“Yes, sir.”

Good girl.

“You know from my checklist I’m a fairly conservative dom. I do not believe in public humiliation, will not participate in extreme pain play, and I do not share. Ever.” As if I’d ever share Abigail with anyone if she were mine. “Although as a dom, I suppose I could change that at any time.”

“I understand, sir.”

Do you? I almost asked.

“The other thing you should know,” I said, “is that I don’t kiss on the lips.”

She looked puzzled by this. “Like *Pretty Woman*? It’s too personal?”

~~Yes, exactly. It’s too personal. And I needed to keep the personal out of this as much as possible.~~

“*Pretty Woman*?”

“You know, the movie?”

“No. I’ve never seen it,” I said. “I don’t kiss on the lips because it’s unnecessary.” *Unnecessary for us. Ask me why.*

Though she looked upset, she just ate another bite of chicken, so I continued. “I recognize that you’re a person with your own hopes, dreams, desires, wants, and opinions. You have put those things aside to submit to me this weekend. To put yourself in such a position demands respect, and I do respect you. Everything I do to or for you, I do with you in mind. My rules on sleeping, eating, and exercise are for your benefit. My chastisement is for your betterment.” I ran a finger around the rim of my wineglass and smiled inwardly at the way her eyes followed the movement. “And any pleasure I give you . . .” *I will give you pleasure, Abigail, know that now—much pleasure.* “Well, I don’t suppose you would have any qualms concerning pleasure.”

Yes. She understood. Her eyes grew dark and her breathing changed. I had her exactly where I wanted her.

I pushed my chair back, ready to proceed with the evening. “Are you finished with dinner?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I need to take Apollo outside. My room is upstairs, first door on the left. I will be there in fifteen minutes. You will be waiting for me. Page five, first paragraph.”



I took Apollo outside to clear my head, to prepare myself as far as I could for what was about to happen in my bedroom. I ran over my plan again in my mind. Abigail enjoyed giving oral sex—I knew that from her checklist. Since that was typically one of my first acts with a sub, it only made sense to start our weekend out that way.

A submissive was reminded of her position and responsibilities while giving oral sex. On her knees at my feet, being used for my pleasure. While I could use a submissive any way I wished, it was a responsibility I did not take lightly.

I pictured the bedroom the way I’d left it—lit candles everywhere, the pillow in the middle of the room, the nightgown I’d purchased. Would I find her on her knees wearing the gown? That was my hope. Maybe I’d find her in the foyer, waiting to tell me she’d changed her mind. That was my fear.

“Come on, Apollo.”

When we made it back into the house, I stopped at the laundry room and stripped off my sweater, placing it in the hamper for my housekeeper to take to the dry cleaner. Abigail wasn’t in the foyer, so I walked up the stairs, Apollo at my heels. I pointed to the floor outside my bedroom door, and he plopped down with a sigh, head on his paws.

I stepped into the room and found her waiting. She had the gown on and knelt on the pillow. Yes.

I closed the door. “Very nice, Abigail. You may stand.”

She rose slowly. The gown hit at her upper thigh, and the faint pink flush of her skin through the sheer material betrayed her excitement.

“Strip the gown off and place it on the floor.”

She drew the gown over her head with trembling fingers. She was nervous, but her nipples were hard and her lips parted slightly.

“Look at me.” Once her eyes met mine—yes, she was as excited as I was—I removed my belt and walked closer to her. “What do you think, Abigail? Shall I chastise you for your *master* remark?”

I snapped the belt and it landed on her upper thigh. I was not yet her master, and she needed to understand that.

One day soon, perhaps . . .

“Whatever you wish, sir,” she whispered.

Good answer.

“Whatever I wish?” I wished a lot of things, but for now . . .

I stood before her and unbuttoned my pants, slipped them down with my boxers. My erection sprang free. “On your knees.” I waited, knowing she was looking. Which was fine. She needed to see.

“Service me with your mouth.”

She leaned forward, and my cock slipped past her lips. Her mouth was hot and wet, and I grew even harder. Fuck, she felt good. I hit the back of her throat.

“All of it.” She could do it.

She would do it.

She hesitated, though, bringing her hands up to grasp the base of my cock, and I didn’t like hesitation.

“If you can’t take it in the mouth, you can’t have it anywhere else,” I said, because I knew exactly where she wanted it. The thought made me thrust forward, and I slipped deeper into her throat. “Yes. Like that.”

I looked down, and the sight of Abigail on her knees, with my cock in her mouth, almost made me come. I wouldn’t last long. “I like it hard and rough, and I’m not going to go easy on you just because you’re new.” I grabbed her hair. “Hold on tight.”

She wrapped her arms around my thighs, and I pulled out to thrust immediately back into her mouth.

I moved her head with my hands, fucking her mouth, hard and rough. Exactly the way I liked.

“Use your teeth,” I said, and she scraped my length as I moved in and out. Then she got into it, sucking me and running her tongue around me.

“Yes,” I moaned, closing my eyes and using her even harder.

Yes.

Fuck.

My balls tightened, and I knew I was close. I held off, wanting to make the feeling last—the feel of her mouth on me, the promise of my release begging me to let go, the high of being so close and not letting myself give in just yet.

She sucked harder, and I knew I couldn’t hold off much longer.

“Swallow it all,” I said, preparing her. “Swallow everything I give you.”

I released in several long spurts, but she took it all. Gulping it down, not missing a drop.

I pulled out, my breathing heavy, because, damn, she was good. “That, Abigail,” I said, “that is what I wish.” I pulled my pants back on, noting how she waited for my next order.

I wanted to throw her on the bed and fuck her properly. I wanted to hold her hands above her head and pound into her over and over until she was screaming with the pleasure I gave her. I wanted—

Enough!

She’d had enough for one night.

She needed time to get used to it. As much as she wanted this, she was still very new to my world. I could not and would not forget that.

I waited until my breathing had calmed. “Your room is two doors down on the left,” I said. “You sleep in my bed by invitation only. You are excused.”

She slipped the gown back on and gathered her clothing.

“I will take breakfast in the dining room at seven sharp.”

Chapter Four

I never needed a lot of sleep. Most nights I did fine with four or five hours, which was just as well, because after having Abigail's lips wrapped around my dick, there was no way in hell I'd be sleeping anytime soon. I ran my hand through my hair and tried to concentrate on the detailed spreadsheet on my laptop, but the numbers jumbled up in my brain. I cursed in frustration.

Damn it. What had I done?

I'd forced Abigail to her knees and fucked her mouth without asking what she thought or how she felt or even if she wanted to.

But, I argued with myself, it was what she wanted. She had free will. She could have told me to stop at any minute and I would have. I knew that, but the fact was, she hadn't wanted me to stop. She wanted me to dominate her or else she wouldn't be in my house and she sure as hell wouldn't be sleeping two doors down from my bedroom.

I shut down the laptop and walked into the hallway.

Her door was closed and the light off. She was sleeping.

Further proof of what she wanted.

I didn't question it again. I went into the playroom and prepared for the next evening.

—

—

I finally made it to bed long after midnight and woke up four and a half hours later, at five thirty. I did a few stretches before walking down the hall to Abigail's room.

The door was closed—she was still sleeping. I wondered if she'd wake up in time to fix breakfast and thought briefly about waking her up myself. Then I decided I didn't want to set a precedent, so I turned and went down the stairs to my home gym.

I finished my jog at six forty and heard Abigail banging around the kitchen. She might have woken up later than she wanted, but she was bound and determined to have my breakfast ready. I left the gym and took a quick shower. At seven exactly, I walked into the dining room and found my breakfast waiting.

I observed her from the corner of my eye while I ate. She was dressed casually and her hair was pulled back in a sloppy ponytail. She probably hadn't showered. Her breathing was just the slightest bit heavy, but she worked to control it, as if she didn't want to let on how she'd rushed through making breakfast. She'd worked hard this morning.

Which meant the rest of the weekend looked very promising.

~~I took my time eating. There was no need to hurry, and I wanted Abigail to have the time~~
necessary to calm her thoughts.

“Make yourself a plate and eat in the kitchen,” I said once I finished. “Come to my bedroom in an hour. Page five, paragraph two.”

I called Jackson while I took Apollo outside.

“You aren’t calling to cancel, are you?” he asked.

“No. I was calling to see if you wanted to have lunch after we played.”

“Lunch would be great.” His voice dropped. “Did the date not work out?”

I laughed. Little did he know. “The date worked out fine. More than fine, actually—we made plans for tonight.”

“All right!” he said. “Score one for you.”

If you even knew the half of it.

“So what’s she like?” he asked. “Is she pretty? Does she have a sister?”

I reached down to pet Apollo. “I’ll tell you all about her at lunch.”

As much as I tried to imagine what it would be like to have Abigail spread out on my bed, the sight still left me stunned. The late-morning sun cast a bright glow over the bed—illuminating her body, making her shine.

Her eyes were closed, allowing me a few seconds to observe her unnoticed. I started at her mouth at the way her lips parted slightly—almost as if she were talking to herself. My gaze continued traveling, skirting over her delicate neck. I watched as she swallowed, how her muscles stirred under her skin. The movement of her hands caught my attention, but she only brushed her fingers over the bedspread. Her eyes were still closed.

Her breasts were the perfect size to fit in the palms of my hands, and as I watched, she took a deep breath, lifting her chest. Her nipples were a dusky rose color, pebbled in obvious excitement. I ached to take one in my mouth. To taste her—

Later.

I clenched my fists and moved my eyes downward, along the gentle slope of her belly, down to where she had her knees spread. My eyes dipped lower, and I saw that she was already wet.

Wet for me.

Ready for me.

My cock hardened at the thought.

Later, West, I told myself. Learn some control.

I knew if I didn’t move forward with my plan, I’d tear my clothes off and take her right then and there. But that was not my plan, and I always did everything according to plan.

Almost.

Having Abigail in my house broke damn near every rule I’d ever had and every plan I’d ever created.

This is not about you, I told myself. Not much anyway. Just give her what she needs.

I unclenched my fist and walked to the bed. “Keep your eyes closed.”

~~She jumped. She’d been so inwardly focused, she hadn’t heard me enter.~~

“I like you spread out like this. Take your hands and pretend they’re mine. Touch yourself.” *Show me what you like, what you want.*

She hesitated. Again.

“Now, Abigail.” I had to be more patient than usual. She was new to this, after all.

She moved her hands to her breasts and, while she was gentle at first, her touch grew rougher, harder, as she rolled the tip of one nipple and then the other. She took one and pinched it, eliciting a small gasp of pleasure in the process.

Fuck, yes. She liked it rough.

One hand trailed down her belly, while the other kept working her nipples. She slipped a finger between her legs.

Just one?

“You disappoint me, Abigail.” I moved so close, I could feel her breath on my face. Her eyes fluttered. “Keep your eyes closed.”

I glanced down, watching the rapid beat of her heart. Could I make it beat even faster?

“You had me stuffed in your mouth last night and now you use a single finger to represent my cock?”

Why, yes, I could. Just look at that heart race.

She slipped another finger inside.

“Another.”

Her breath hitched, but she added a third and slowly started moving them.

And slow just wouldn’t do.

“Harder. I’d fuck you harder.” Because it was the truth. One day soon, I’d show her just how hard

A faint blush spread across her chest. Yes, she liked it when I talked dirty to her. She liked it dirty and rough and dominating. I felt myself grow harder as I imagined myself in the place of her fingers. My cock pumping in and out of her. My cock being the cause of her moans.

She was close. Her breathing got rougher and the flush on her chest darkened. Her lips opened and closed.

I leaned in closer. “Now.”

She let herself go and, damn, there wasn’t a sight on this earth as beautiful as Abigail when she climaxed—the concentration of her face, the taut lines of her body as release washed over her, the soft moan falling from her lips . . .

Next time, I promised my straining cock. Next time she climaxes, you’ll be inside her.

She opened her eyes and looked over at me. Her gaze dipped down to my pants.

See? I wanted to say. See what you do to me?

“That was an easy orgasm, Abigail,” I said instead as her eyes came back to mine. “Don’t expect that to happen often.

“I have a previous engagement this afternoon and won’t be here for lunch. There are steaks in the refrigerator you will serve me at six in the dining room.” I looked over her still-flushed body, now covered with a faint hint of sweat. “You need to shower, since you didn’t have time this morning. And there are yoga DVDs in the gym. Make use of them. You may leave.”

Not to brag, but I completely smoked Jackson on the racquetball court. I chalked it up to immense

sexual frustration.

“Damn,” Jackson said as we slipped into the booth at his favorite sports bar. “What’s gotten into you?”

“Abigail King.”

“Abigail,” he mused while looking over the menu.

“Abby to you. She lets me call her Abigail, but everyone else calls her Abby.”

He raised an eyebrow.

“Just a little thing between us.” I looked at the menu, wanting to change the subject. “You having your usual?”

“Yeah. Why change a good thing?”

The manager came by to make small talk with Jackson. Sometimes it was annoying being related to a celebrity. I checked my phone, scrolled through a few e-mails. Nothing urgent.

“So,” Jackson said when the manager had left with our orders, “tell me about this Abby. Where do you meet?”

“She works at the Mid-Manhattan Library.”

“A librarian? I never knew you had a librarian fantasy.”

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me.”

He laughed as if he didn’t believe me. “You bringing her to Mom’s benefit?”

“If she agrees. Who are you bringing?”

“I can’t think of anyone to ask. You find someone, you let me know.”

As if I knew so many available women. I thought back to the woman I’d been with right after Melanie—a submissive with the need for hard-core pain. Needless to say, that had been a short relationship.

“Sure, Jackson. I’ll make sure to call you.”

After lunch, I drove by the office. For some reason, I didn’t want to be in the house. I wanted Abigail to have time to acclimate herself to my home and thought she would stand a better chance if I wasn’t around.

At six, I walked into the dining room to find Abigail waiting with a mouth-watering steak on the plate at my seat.

“Fix yourself a plate and join me,” I said, cutting into the steak. It was the first real meal she had cooked for me, and it didn’t disappoint—the steak was juicy and tender.

She joined me, but we ate in silence. She looked deep in thought, and that worried me a bit. I wondered what had her in such a contemplative mood. Maybe she was thinking about leaving. Maybe she’d had enough. Maybe she didn’t want this after all.

There was only one way to find out.

“Come with me, Abigail,” I said after we finished.

We went out of dining room, up the stairs, and into the playroom. I stepped to the side of the door and waved for her to enter first.

She took three steps inside and spun around to gape at me—exactly the reaction I’d expected.

“Do you trust me, Abigail?”

She glanced from me to the shackles. “I . . . I . . .”

I breezed past her and unbuckled one of them. “What did you think our arrangement would entail? I thought you were well aware of what you were getting yourself into.”

I didn't expect her to answer, of course. I just wanted to bring the point home that we were not lovers.

"If we are to progress, you must trust me." *Trust me, Abigail. Please.* "Come here."

She hesitated again, and I knew I would have to do something about that sooner or later.

"Or," I said, wanting to give her another option, "you can leave my house and never come back."

She walked toward me. She didn't want to leave.

"Very good. Take off your clothes."

Her body trembled as she removed her shirt and bra. Without looking at me, she slid her jeans and panties down her legs and stepped out of them.

I took her arms and chained them above her head. I moved slowly, wanting to savor every minute. Wanting her to savor every minute. I stood before her to undo my shirt, and she watched me with excited, wild eyes.

No, I didn't want her watching yet.

I went back to the large table to my right and opened a drawer. There it was—a heavy black scarf. That would take care of her watching me.

I held it out so she could see, so she would know what I planned. "Your other senses will be heightened when I blindfold you."

I tied the scarf around her head, making sure her eyes were covered. Yes, that was better. I ran my eyes over her vulnerable form. She was now completely at my mercy. Bound and waiting for what I would do to her.

Oh, Abigail, the things I want to do to you. The things I will do to you . . .

I went back to the table and took my favorite crop.

With soft steps, I walked behind Abigail and brushed the hair from her neck. She jumped at my touch. I wondered when she would stop jumping every time I touched her.

"What do you feel, Abigail?" I asked. "Be honest."

"Fear. I feel fear."

Of course she felt fear. What reasonable person wouldn't?

"Understandable, but completely unnecessary," I tried to reassure her. "I would never cause you harm."

I moved to the front of her. Her breathing was heavy; she was trying so hard to hear what I was doing. But she didn't trust me yet.

I circled the tip of her breast with the crop. She gasped at the sensation.

"What do you feel now?"

"Anticipation."

Much better. I circled her breast again. "And if I told you this was a riding crop, what would you feel?"

It's one of my favorite toys. Let me show you what I can do with it. How it can make you feel good. Let me show you the pleasures of my world.

She took a hard intake of breath. "Fear."

I brought the crop back and flicked it gently with my wrist so it landed sharply on her breast. Some things were better explained without words.

She gasped, but it wasn't a gasp of pain. More like one of surprise.

"See? Nothing to fear. I won't cause you harm." I slapped her knees lightly. "Spread your legs."

No hesitation this time. She obeyed immediately.

Excellent. I studied her face—excitement, wonder, and eagerness.

I brought the crop from her knees to her wet sex, never letting the leather tip leave her skin. "I could whip you here. What do you think about that?"

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