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*Forbidden Forever:*

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*A Bondage*  
& BREAKFAST CELEBRATION

BY JODIE GRIFFIN

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## ***Forbidden Forever***

### **Acknowledgements:**

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This story is dedicated to those of you who loved the Bondage & Breakfast series and said you really wished that there'd been an epilogue. This may be a teeeeeeny bit longer than you (or, uh, I!) expected, but it was a ton of fun to write. Thanks for giving me a chance to play in this world again.

### **Bondage & Breakfast Series Reading Order:**

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### **Also by Jodie Griffin:**

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## Chapter One

### *Early December*

A cozy fire crackled in the fireplace, warming Olivia's naked skin. She and Gabe were finally alone, the December Shibari retreat a rousing success. All the attendees had gone home and now they had Bondage & Breakfast's sitting room—one of her favorite rooms at the inn—all to themselves. *Ahhhhh.*

At this very moment, contentment and a sense of rightness filled her. She sat at Gabe's feet between his splayed knees, curled up and leaning against his thigh. Never in a million years could she have imagined she'd enjoy this, but she did. Enjoyed it and craved it, especially since their alone moments were infrequent. The thick cushion beneath her softened the pressure on her back and made her feel cherished and loved.

He idly stroked her hair, and her eyes fluttered shut.

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Neither one of them spoke, allowing the hiss and pop of the burning wood to fill the silence.

He kissed the top of her head. "Tired, princess?"

She rubbed her cheek against his thigh. "A little, Master. But a good tired. That last suspension was..." She let her voice drift off, unable to put into words how his intimate touches made her feel.

His hand fisted in her hair, carefully turning her head so she was looking up at him. Always so careful with her. His eyes were hot, molten steel and filled with dark desires. He ran his free hand over the rope marks left on her shoulders and upper arms, and her core clenched. When he spoke, his voice was thick and deep. "Yeah, it was."

She shivered. From the cold, from his tone, from...everything.

He drew her up from the floor and settled her on his lap. With his arm around her, he nuzzled her neck, then bit the tender skin there. His spot, her ultimate erogenous zone. He lifted a blanket from the back of the sofa and tucked it around her. "I'm glad we decided to close the inn through New Year's. And I'm glad you got that time off, too."

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What do you think about having some people over for New Year's Eve? I was thinking Marcus and Bella, Colin and Delia. Do you want to invite anyone else?"

She thought for a moment. She hadn't seen Marcus and Bella in a few weeks, and same for Colin and Delia. And the last time they'd all gone out to dinner, Alex and Jessica Meyers had joined them. The cop was good friends with Marcus, and his wife fit right in with the rest of them. "How about Alex and Jess too?"

He smiled. "Good idea. It's been a while since they've been here—their kids keep them busy. I'll bet they could use a night away. It can't be easy finding time to play with kids in the house."

She wrinkled her nose. "*We* don't have kids and it's hard to find playtime between your schedule and mine. I'm not sorry that Bondage & Breakfast is so busy, but I'm glad we've got a bit of a break. I know we just did a scene for the retreat and I loved it, but..." She ducked her head, feeling like she was being utterly selfish.

He put his hand under her chin and forced her to meet his gaze, picking up where she left off. "But sometimes,

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you'd like it to just be you and me, without the teaching part?" His eyes heated. "Me too. And maybe we need to rearrange our schedules so we can have more time for just the two of us. We don't need to have them over if you don't want to. We can keep this time entirely to ourselves."

"No." How did she explain this? "I *want* them to come. Spending time with friends is a gift to ourselves too, right?"

"Agreed. And I think everyone will enjoy it." A devilish smile lit his eyes and he leaned close to whisper in her ear, his breath tickling her skin. "It's been a long time since I've played naughty party games with like-minded friends. This is going to be a *lot* of fun."

Her anxiety rose a notch. "Wait, Master. I..."

He laughed, the sound low and potent. "Decision made, princess. I'll send invites out tonight."



Alex rolled his head to his side and looked at Jess, stifling his sigh. She'd come to bed late last night and she'd done

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little more than give him a kiss on the cheek before rolling over, giving him her back. He'd been somewhat preoccupied reading the stack of arrest reports he'd brought home, so he'd shrugged it off, but tonight she was acting the same. She wasn't asleep, not yet, though she was pretending to be. He could tell that from her irregular breathing.

He knew she was stressed out by the thought of having everyone over to their house for Christmas, but he didn't think this was what the cold shoulder was about, and he wasn't ever going to play that same head-in-the-sand game that had nearly ruined their marriage.

"I know you're not asleep. Come on, spill. What's bugging you?" When her muscles tensed and her spine turned rigid, he sharpened his tone into one he'd learned she had a hard time refusing. "Look at me, kitten. Now."

Her breath shuddered out and she turned, a mulish look on her pretty face.

He fought the need to laugh. If she was truly upset, her eyes would be filled with tears. That stubborn look meant he'd done something to piss her off. Only problem



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was, he didn't know *what*. And he'd be damned if he was going to guess. If something was bothering her, she *was* going to talk it out.

He got up, locked their bedroom door, and then climbed back into their bed, leaning against the headboard, his legs splayed wide. He pointed to the space between his thighs. "On your knees, hands laced behind your back. And I want your eyes on me." She didn't move, and he raised a brow. "What do you say to me?"

"Yes, Sir." Her tone was petulant, which both amused him and ticked him off, but she moved into the position he'd ordered.

Her head was down, so he grasped her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze. "Eyes. On. Me." He waited a long minute and finally, *finally* the tension drained out of her and she yielded to him. He stroked her cheek with his thumb. "Much better. Now, tell me what I did to get the silent treatment, eh?"

She nibbled on the corner of her lip as though she were debating with herself about how much she should share.

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“Jessica,” he warned, slipping his hand up under the cami she wore to bed. He pinched her nipple hard, and she squeaked. “Don’t you dare move those hands. I’m waiting, kitten. And I want it all.”

The words poured from her mouth. “This. It’s been so long since we’ve done *this*, with you taking charge. You’ve been so busy, and then...when...I thought maybe...” She blew out a sigh. “You didn’t tell me about the email.”

Her basket of worries twisted his heart, but he blinked, confused. “What email?”

“The one from Master Gabriel and Olivia.”

*Because it had totally slipped his mind.* Shame slid through him as he realized just how preoccupied he’d been, and how much he’d been cheating his family because of it. “To be honest, I forgot about it. It came last week, in the middle of all those twelve-hour budget meetings. When they asked me to take command of the Barracks for three months while Greg recovered from surgery, I didn’t expect it to be like this. How did you know about it?”

“I took the kids to the library yesterday and Bella was working. She asked me if we were going, but I had no idea

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what she meant.”

“Do you want to go?”

She worried her lip again. “Do you?”

He stifled his instinctual annoyance and kept pushing. “Let’s talk about why you’re worried I wouldn’t be.”

Her eyes shifted away, and when they came back to his they were shiny with unshed tears, which meant she’d shifted from ticked to worried. His chest clenched.

“Do you know how many times we’ve made love in the past six weeks? Not even the kinky stuff, just sex? Because I do.”

He thought back and...*fuck*. “You’re right. I made sure to make time to do things with the kids but I didn’t do the same with you. I took you for granted. I’m sorry, honey.”

She drew in a shuddering breath. “And I’m sorry I let my insecurities get the better of me again, but I figured you were tired of this and didn’t know how to tell me. I mean, I threw it at you and you ran with it, but ...”

He slid his hand under her ponytail, pulling her head back by the hair, then bit her on her collar bone, close to her shoulder where his teeth marks could be easily hidden

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beneath her clothes. She trembled, and he laughed lightly. “That? Is not something you should ever doubt. Baby, I still love making vanilla love to you. But adding kink to our lives is one of the best gifts you’ve ever given me. So yeah, I want to go to the party.”

He pulled her off her knees and drew her close, settling her against his chest. She splayed her hand across his heart, rubbing her fingers through his chest hair, and tucked her head under his chin. “It’s New Year’s Eve, and we were invited to stay overnight. Greg will be back by then—thank God, because I’m not sure I’m cut out for a desk job—which means I’ll be on my normal schedule. I’ve already got those days off, so it’s just a matter of seeing if Mom and Dad can watch the kids. If you want to go, that is.”

“I do. I think it would be fun.”

“Me, too.” He turned off his beside light and stroked a hand up and down his wife’s arm, enjoying the smoothness of her skin and the emotional closeness coming from her, now that the air was clear again. “I’m looking forward to seeing what Gabe has planned.”

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Her hand stilled. “Planned?”

He smiled into her hair. “Yup. Something about kinky games to ring in the New Year.”

The small *eep* that came from her was heart-warming.



Bella slapped the crop against her shiny patent leather boot, enjoying the hell out of seeing Marcus’s eyes glaze over. He’d had a particularly bad day at work today— his ambulance crew had worked on a child, and it was still touch and go. Kids were always the hardest for her husband to handle, emotionally. On a day like this, he needed the release that came from his submission to her will.

She was more than happy to give him that.

She smoothed her free hand over the lace corset and down over the tiny g-string she wore. He’d called her earlier, saying he’d be late, so she’d taken the extra time to prepare for him. She’d showered and shaved her pussy so

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it was bare and silky smooth, then she'd put on his favorite lotion, the one that smelled like apples and cinnamon. Her nails were slightly pointed and colored with a slick gloss of polish that matched the deep red gloss on her mouth.

When she'd opened the door, his shoulders had been slumped, his face drawn. But she'd met him at the door in nothing but what she was wearing now. His eyes had lit on seeing her, and some of his stress had bled away.

Now she had him exactly where she wanted him, on his knees with his arms restrained to the iron rings affixed to the posts on their four-poster bed. And naked, except for the collar around his neck, the restraints on his wrists, the cage around his cock and balls, and the thigh cuffs with spreader bar.

She ran her nails up the inside of his leg, teasing his cock through the cage with the pointed tips. "We got email today, *adorato*. I know you haven't checked yours yet, but we both got it."

"I..what?"

She *tsked*. "Can't focus, love?"

"I can smell you, *Bella mia*. I want to fuck you. Let me

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go.”

She tsked again. “Whose choice is that tonight? Because it’s not yours.”

He made a low, growly noise. He might be submissive, but he was all male. “Fuck. Yours, Mistress.”

She loved that title. Yeah, they were both switches, but lately, they’d spent far more time with her in the Dominant role, and him in the submissive one. That might change again but for now, she was nearly always in control of their sexual play.

She took the crop and ran it over his nipples, slapping them lightly. “So, about that email. Gabe is having a New Year’s Eve party. Alex and Jess, Colin and Delia, him and Liv, us.”

He hissed as she leaned forward and bit his nipple. “Mistress, *please*.”

“Mmm. That’s what tonight is all about, *adorato*. Pleasing me.” She got onto the bed behind him, running her hands over his most excellent ass. She dug her nails in, which he loved, and then scraped them across his cheeks and down his legs until she reached the thigh cuffs.

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Once he'd been bound, she'd laid a towel out behind him where he couldn't see. She pulled it close now.

He tried to turn his head but he couldn't, not the way she had it connected to the spreader bar, and he made a strangled sound. Her heart clenched. "Marcus. Is the collar too tight? Give me a color."

It came through gritted teeth, but his breathing was clear. "Green, Mistress. I'm green. But my fucking balls are blue."

She snorted and bit the cheek of his ass for his insolence, but her pulse settled. "Then we continue."

She put on a glove, lubed up her fingers, and then stroked them down the crack of his ass until she reached his anus. One finger breached him, and though he stiffened, he didn't fight her, so as she fucked him with her hand she slid another finger in, and then a third until his muscles trembled. "This ass is mine, isn't it?"

More ground teeth. "Yes, Mistress. God, yes."

She continued to play with him—fucking him with her fingers, biting him, scratching along his flanks with her nails—as she spoke. "Gabe's party sounds fun. I think we



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should go, don't you?"

"Yes, if that's what Mistress wants."

"Oh, you are so getting lucky tonight." He gave a choked laugh and she grinned. "I'm glad you feel that way, because it's a play party. He's got kinky games planned, and I'm looking forward to showing off my beautiful toy."

He froze. "Mistress, I—"

"Still owe me a night, out in the open, at Bondage & Breakfast. Do you not?" She kept her voice firm, but the truth was they'd work something out if he couldn't manage the idea of it. Once he'd learned she thought more of him for accepting his submissive nature, not less, he'd grown more comfortable with the role and with himself. But that was at home, not out at a club or with people who knew him in real life. If it was a hard limit for him, it was a hard limit.

"I...yes, Mistress," he responded, his voice strangled.

She'd let the idea sit and stew in his head over the next few days, but in the meantime, she had a man to fuck. She picked up the strap-on, put it on and rubbed it against his back, letting him know what her plans for tonight

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included. Then she wrapped one arm around his chest and lined up the fake cock with his anus, pushing in slowly but steadily, drinking in the heady sounds of his groans, soaking in his submission.

“Good boy. Time for a reward.”



The tablet on the table next to the bed beeped and the mail icon flashed in the corner. Colin picked the tablet up and opened the email, idly stroking Delia’s hair with his free hand.

From Gabe. Colin read the note, then grinned. This could be a lot of fun. Both he and Dee had taken off work over the holidays and would just be back from their theme-park vacation in Florida, so they had the time to indulge.

Delia twisted her torso and looked up at him, a pleading look in her eyes. She was naked, on the bed between his knees, her arms bound to the thigh cuffs he’d put on her earlier. She was gagged, and her face was

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flushed. Her knees were up and her legs were spread wide, held there by the under-the-mattress restraints he'd hooked to the thigh cuffs.

He shook his head. "Nope."

She let out a tiny whine as he set the tablet back down and picked up the large, mushroom-headed vibrator that she loved and she hated. Tonight, she was stuffed full, wearing a harness that held both a fat dildo and an even fatter anal plug. But her clit was free, and he rubbed the vibrator over that one spot again, making her come almost instantly.

She shrieked, the sound muffled somewhat by the gag, and she came, her whole body going stiff with the orgasm.

How many was this again? Oh, right. Three so far. He could—*maybe*—go all night, but he wasn't sure how much more she could take. He removed the gag and turned her face up, wiping the drool from it. "You ready to be civil again?"

Her temper got the better of her. "You can be a fucking pain in the ass, you know that?"

"Obviously, you're not." He strong-armed the gag back

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into her mouth and her eyes shot fire at him.

He wasn't angry with her, not now. Yesterday? Hell, yeah, but he'd stepped back as Gabe had mentored him to do. *Never punish when angry. A Dom who can't control his own temper has no business trying to control anyone else.* Once he'd gained control over his own frustrations, he could deal with hers. He knew his wife well enough to know that when she indulged in truly insolent behavior it meant she'd gone past mad and into unhappy. "You *know* I love your bratty side, but I also know that you know where the do-not-cross line is. You're stomping all over it these last few days, and until you tell me why you're acting out, we're going to keep doing this."

She growled at him from under the gag.

"You want to safe word out?"

She shook her head emphatically.

"So be it." He picked up clover clamps from the bedside table and clipped them onto her already-hard nipples. She let out a hiss, and when he attached the long chain to the O-ring on the harness, she struggled against him. He kissed her temple. "Deal with it, brat."

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And then he turned the vibrator on again, this time on low. He took his time, teasing her body with it, and as she grew closer and closer to orgasm, her back bowed, pulling the nipple clamps tighter. Tears seeped from her eyes while her whole body trembled, and then he pressed the vibrator right against her clit, hard.

She shattered, bucking so hard the chains rattled and the bed creaked.

He dropped the vibe onto the bed, holding his wife through her violent orgasm, fighting back his own need to just take her and damn the lesson. But no. He had to focus, because she had to know that there were consequences to what she did and how she acted. Her breathing was rapid, and her hair was soaked with sweat. He turned her face up, and her eyes were slightly unfocused but not too bad. Good, because he didn't want her in subspace.

This was punishment.

“You know, this would go much easier on you if you'd talk to me.” She let out a hiccupped sigh, and shook her head. “Stubborn. Gabe's invited us to a New Year's Eve

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play party, and I've got half a mind to give him a go at disciplining you for your attitude." Never in a million years, but she didn't have to know that.

He stroked her hair again and started to remove the gag, but the minute it was out of her mouth, she swore at him. He stifled another sigh. What the hell was up with that? "Alright, love. Let's try this again," he said, turning the vibrator back on.

It was going to be a long, long night.

## **Chapter Two**

### ***New Year's Eve Day, Bondage & Breakfast***

Gabe made one last check through his mental pre-party list. Guest rooms were clean and ready. Dungeon equipment was set up, including a few surprises Olivia knew nothing about, which made him smile in anticipation. Food was made and ready to warm up or set out. Caterers had provided most of it, but he'd made his own bread and desserts. Olivia had helped him, wearing what he ordered when they were cooking for themselves and not paying guests.

An apron, her collar, and nothing else.

She was standing at the baking island. One nipple peeked out of the side of the Mrs. Claus apron he'd given her for Christmas, and flour hand prints and long welts dotted her ass, which was bright red under a dusting of white. Her face was just as red, still flushed from the last

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orgasm he'd given her.

"I think we're ready, Master. This is the last batch of rolls," she said, looking at him with a satisfied smile. "But I really need a shower."

He hooked his finger in the O-ring on her collar and pulled her close, kissing the tip of her nose. "That you do, princess. Our guests will be here within the hour. I'd suggest you make it a quick one."

Her eyes flew to the clock. "Oh, no! And I still have to decide what I'm wearing."

"No need for that. Tonight, you'll be wearing just your collar and your cuffs."

"Gabe, no—" He frowned and she paled, her voice drifting off. "Master, please. Not naked."

Though he supposed he wasn't surprised by her reaction—after all, she *hated* the myriad of scars on her back—he couldn't let her attitude slide. "You wear my collar, yes?" His voice went deadly soft. "Then you submit to my will or you accept the consequences of defying me."

Her eyes dropped, and her voice did the same. "Yes, Master. I-I'm sorry."



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He released the collar and tucked a finger under her chin, kissing her lightly. “Much better. I’ll clean up here so you can run upstairs and wash off. As soon as you’re done with your shower, wait for me in your spot, on your knees, so I can prepare you for our guests. I have a surprise for you.”

Her eyes filled with a different kind of anxiety.  
“I...Thank you, Master.”

It took everything he had not to smile. *It’s good to be the Dom.*

Olivia raced upstairs to their apartment at the top of the inn. That look on Gabe’s face...God. She’d really screwed up by not using his title and by telling him no, but she hated naked around other people, especially people she knew. Strangers were almost easier. Why didn’t he understand that?

The shower felt good, though her ass was still sore from where he’d spanked her earlier, first with a long wooden spoon, and then with his hand. Truth time: she loved impact play, and she’d *loved* it when he’d bent her

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over the island, beaten on her, and then fucked her so hard she'd have bruises where he'd held her down. How could she not, when it meant he was treating her as a fully-abled sub and not breakable glass? Besides, top-notch orgasms—three of them—so double win.

*Fully-abled sub.* Her brain rewound that thought as she scrubbed her body. That's exactly how he'd treated her. A tiny frisson of worry rolled through her. As his collared sub, her Master had every right to expect her to follow the rules he set, didn't he? Even the ones she didn't like. She'd exchanged that power with him, and he'd not deserved her disrespect when she'd mouthed off to him.

And his voice had been so hard when he'd reminded her she wore his collar. Was he sorry about that? They weren't married. They weren't even engaged. He could have any sub he wanted, but instead he had her. One who still couldn't give up all control to him.

The bathroom door opened and her heart skipped a beat or ten, then started to race. Oh, no. *No, no, no.* She'd been in here too long, woolgathering, which meant she'd ignored another order he'd given her, the admonition to be

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quick. *As soon as you're done with your shower, wait for me in your spot, on your knees...*

Her hand shook as she turned the water off, then hurriedly reached for the towel on the rack.

He opened the shower door, a brow raised on his impossibly handsome face. "Problem?"

"No, Master," she mumbled, lowering her eyes.

She saw his hand reach out and she took it, hoping he couldn't feel the trembling of her fingers. He drew her out of the shower, then took the towel from her and blotted her dry.

"Turn around, lean over, and brace your elbows on the counter."

She did, her whole body shaking. When his cool fingers touched her ass, she flinched.

His hand hesitated, though his voice was matter-of-fact as he rubbed arnica into her skin. "Not too bad." He tugged her to standing, then turned her toward him, cupping her cheek, studying her so closely she wanted to hide. He made her feel naked, not just in body but all the way to her soul. "Alright, pet. Out with it. What's going on

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in that head of yours?”

“N-nothing, Sir.”

A muscle ticked in his jaw. “Do not even lie to me, Olivia.”

God, she was screwing up left and right today, wasn't she? “I'm sorry, Master.”

He crossed his arms over his chest and stared down at her. “Go wait for me in the living room while I get my shower and decide how to deal with your behavior.”

Her heart sank. “Yes, Master.” She walked on unsteady legs to the center of the room, directly in front of his chair, then dropped ungracefully to her knees, getting into the position he favored. Knees wide, hands laced behind her back, eyes down, fighting back worry. Oh, God. What had she done?

Gabe took the fastest shower on record. Something was going on with his princess, something he was missing. He wasn't God. He didn't know all, didn't see all, and sometimes a woman's mind was a weird, twisty place. Especially his woman's.

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He wrapped a towel around his waist and glanced at the clock on the counter. They had forty-five minutes before their first guests arrived. Not much time to try to make sense of this. She'd been unhappy when he'd reminded her she'd agreed to submit to him. He didn't think it was because she regretted accepting his collar. She'd taken to it whole-heartedly and was a generous, giving sub who enjoyed the nearly 24/7 relationship they had as much as he did.

And he was doing his level best to treat her as he would any other sub, but sometimes it went against his protective instincts. Yes, she was done with physical therapy and back to work—and had done an amazing job of it—but he would never forget how fragile she'd looked the day he'd met her. He loved her, and he wanted to coddle her, but as her Dom he needed to be consistent with his rules.

That's why he'd called her on her behavior earlier. Yeah, he'd been disappointed in her outright refusal, but her *oh, shit* look had amused him greatly.

But lying to him? Hell no. There wasn't another thing

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she could do that would piss him off faster.

He went out into the open living room of their apartment, which they used as a dungeon. Olivia knelt as directed, in technically perfect position. Though kneeling like this and waiting for his attention usually dropped her right into light subspace, she wasn't anywhere near there today. Her body was tense, as though waiting for ... a blow?

He dropped into his chair, his elbows on his knees. "Look at me, Olivia."

She brought her head up immediately. Her eyes swam with unshed tears, twisting his gut, defusing his ire in the blink of an eye. Before he could give her permission to speak, a flood of words poured out of her. "I'm sorry, Master. I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have lied. I didn't mean to take so long in the shower. I shouldn't have disrespected you earlier. I *want* to be your sub, I do. Please, Master. Don't uncollar me. Please."

*Jesus fucking Christ.* He forced himself to stay in his chair, gripping the arms to hold him there, but her panic blew him away. How had she gotten from a mild reprimand to thinking he wanted to let her go?

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Screw it. He was the Dom, and he made the fucking rules. He shoved himself up, scooped her off the floor, and dropped back down into the chair with her cradled in his arms. “Shh, baby. Get it out.”

She held herself rigid while she cried and he rubbed her back, mindful of the spinal scars, which still gave her a creepy feeling when touched. Finally, she let out a shuddering breath and sagged against his chest. He held her for several minutes that felt like an eternity, until the vise around his own lungs loosened. “That’s a good girl.”

She sniffled.

He rubbed his face against her hair. “Let’s get this out of the way first. I’m not sure where you got the idea that I’d ever uncollar you, but put that out of your mind right now. You are *mine*, princess, and that is not an option.

She blinked up at him. “But your face...you were so angry.”

“I wasn’t, sweetheart. I was disappointed in your immediate rejection of the idea of being naked in front of everyone. You trust me a thousand ways every day but you can’t trust me to know what you need when it comes to

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this?”

She visibly flinched, which didn't make him feel any better, but at least she was getting the point.

“As for the shower, what made you think you had a time limit?”

“You said I had to be quick. And I'd not finished by the time you came up.”

He shook his head, confused with the path her spiraling thoughts had taken. “I was only about three minutes behind you. Instead of washing things by hand, I got lazy and tossed everything into the dishwasher. Why did that bother you so much, that you weren't done?”

She reddened and glanced away, but he turned her head back. “Olivia,” he warned.

She sniffled again. “I'd already messed up about the naked thing by telling you no. It ... it seemed like another thing I couldn't get right.”

The vise loosened another notch. If his sweet, submissive princess had one character flaw, it was that she put far too much pressure on herself to be perfect in everything. He kept his voice gentle. “If I'd wanted you to be



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done in a specific amount of time, I'd have told you. Haven't I said *'five more minutes and then bed'* or *'no, give me ten more minutes of exercise?'*”

She nodded slowly.

“Why didn't you tell me this all earlier, when I asked you what was wrong?”

She huffed a sigh that was half sob, half self-deprecating laugh. “Because I'm a bloody fool?”

“Aren't we all?” He kissed her temple, contemplated the best way to ask the next question. Flat out, he decided, like ripping a bandage off, painful as that was. “Olivia, why would you ever think I'd uncollar you? Have I ever given you reason to doubt that I love you? And I want the truth. No prevarication. No hedging.”

“No, but we're not...what's to keep you from cha —” She tried to shove herself off his lap but he held her tight. “No, I can't. *No.*”

And at her look of utter dismay, the last of it clicked into place for him. “We're not married, so what's to keep me from changing my mind?”

Her eyes slid to his and then, with a shudder, she gave

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an infinitesimal nod.

He rubbed his knuckles over her cheek. “I know that was hard, but I’m glad you got it out.”

This was something he could fix, and something he’d damn well fix right now. It had actually been his plan, the surprise he’d mentioned to her before things had gone ass-over-teakettle. He urged her to her feet and swatted her bottom. “We *will* discuss this more later, but for now, back into position, baby.”

She wiped her eyes, and when she spoke, her voice was husky and low. “Yes, Master.”

While her gaze was down, he made a quick detour to their bedroom to put his trousers on and grabbed what he needed. He also picked up her collar and her cuffs and carried them back to the living room.

He stopped behind her, crouching down. After moving her hair out of the way, he buckled the collar onto her neck, adding a lock to it. He didn’t often do that —mostly if they went out and played elsewhere—but right now, he needed it as much as she did. “This body belongs to me.” At the snick of the lock or maybe his words, a shiver slid

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down her spine. He kissed her shoulder, then bit it. “My property to use, to love, to torture, to treat.”

He made quick work of her ankle and wrist restraints, locking her wrists together behind her back then stood, coming to stand in front of her kneeling form. “I have a gift for you. It arrived too late to give it to you for Christmas.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out a gleaming, fat silver anal plug decorated with a jewel the exact same blue as her eyes, holding it out for her to see.

Her matching blue eyes grew wide and anxious. She enjoyed a bit of anal play, but this was bigger than any plug she’d ever taken. “I...*God*. Um, thank you, Master?”

“Oh, my pleasure, sweetpea.” After grabbing a wedge cushion and putting it on the floor in front of her, he guided her forward. “Let’s see if it fits.”

She let out a tiny moan, and he grinned.

He squatted behind her, using his body to widen her knees. Coating his fingers with lube, he stroked between her cheeks and over her anus, enjoying the feel of her shudder. Gripping her hip, he slid one finger in, then two, spreading them apart to stretch her. He added more lube,

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coating her insides. This plug was going to be a tight fit, but she was straining toward him, not away. Good.

After lubing up the plug itself, he rubbed it against her hole and she flinched.

“God, that’s cold.”

“Mmm, yes.” He pushed the tip of it in, enjoying the noises she made as it widened her. “Push out, baby.”

She did, and it slid in more, but she rolled her head back and forth on the wedge and let out a low moan. “Oh, please, Master. It hurts.”

“Yes, I’m sure it does, but you can take it, I know you can.” It was nearly at the fullest point, but having her squirming under his hand was heady. He dripped a bit more lube over it and it went in further, making her groan. “Good girl.”

She was panting, still squirming, but when he cupped her pussy, she was soaked. He slipped two fingers inside and she whimpered.

“So full. So hot.” He slid the plug the rest of the way in and she screamed, the sound so arousing his dick nearly punched through the zipper of his trousers. Just because

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he could, he pulled the plug out to the widest part again and again, plunging it back in, fucking her with it until she was right...on...the...edge.

And then he made her come.

“Master!”

Though it took everything he had not to spurt into his pants like a teenaged boy, he held her and stroked her hair through her spasms, maintaining contact as she came back down to earth. When her breathing eased, he helped her back up onto her knees, steadied her when she swayed. Her eyes were dazed, her cheeks and chest a dull pinkish-red.

“You with me, princess?” He nuzzled her cheek, then swiped her hair from her damp face.

She leaned into him. “I...yes, Master.”

He lifted her face and kissed her, then unlocked her wrist restraints, lifting her and carrying her to his chair, dipping his hand inside his pocket before sitting down with her on his lap. He turned her face to his. “You please me, baby. I love you and I will *always* love you.”

“I love you too, Master.”

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“I know.” When she wrinkled her nose at him, he kissed it. “You know, the plug wasn’t the only gift that was too late to give you on Christmas.”

Her eyes grew wary. “I...thank you?”

He couldn’t help but grin, but it faded as he opened his hand palm up, showing her what was in it.

She clapped a hand over her mouth and once again, her eyes filled, her tears spilling over.

He lifted her hand then slipped the blue sapphire engagement ring on her ring finger. “Marry me.”



Jessica glanced at Alex as he pulled into the driveway for Bondage & Breakfast. Of the few times they’d stayed here, only once had Alex taken their play out of the bedroom and into the public area of the inn, but while the mild exhibitionism then had turned her on, this was a whole ‘nother thing. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me, kitten. When we get inside, you’re to

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take off your dress. I want you in that sexy bra and panties, your collar, your cuffs and your wedding ring.”

She flashed hot at the thought and then immediately turned cold. God, she had stretch marks and a c-section scar and.... “Why?”

He ran his knuckles down her cheek. “Because Gabe suggested naked, and I said no.”

She was pathetically grateful for that, until he continued.

“I may change my mind, but for now, this is what I want from you. Understood?”

She swallowed. “Yes, Sir.”

They got out of the car and Alex grabbed their bags from the trunk. The inn was still decorated for Christmas and it was lovely, but she had a hard time appreciating it because of the giant butterflies in her stomach.

Gabe answered the door with a smile. “Hey. Come on in. You’re the first ones here.” He grabbed a key off the sideboard in the hallway. “We put you in the room you always use.”

“Thanks, man,” Alex said, grinning, shaking Gabe’s

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hand. “Come on, kitten. You have some undressing to do.”

Her stomach clenched.

Gabe smiled almost gently, which did nothing to calm her nerves. “Which reminds me, Jessica. I know you’ve never been to a play party before, so let me give you the rules. No one touches you but your own Master, or another Master at his request. You call any other dominant Sir or Ma’am. Your safe word still applies, and the house safe word is *red*. Use it, and everything stops. Otherwise, you follow the rules you and your Master have between you. Understood?”

Suddenly things felt very, very scary. She stepped closer to Alex, hating her cowardice, but *God*. It took everything she had to nod.

Alex put his arm around her and kissed her temple. “Let’s go, sweets.”

“When you’re ready, come down to the sitting room for hors d'oeuvres and drinks.” Gabe said, and the doorbell rang. “I’ll see you in a few.”

He went to the front door, and they went upstairs. Inside their room — the one with the awesome four poster



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bed and bathroom she coveted— Alex dropped their bags on the bed and turned to her, crossing his arms over his chest and giving her that look that usually sank her right into her submissive head space. But today, she couldn't.

“Strip.”

Her whole body jerked, but she hesitated.

“Do you need help, kitten?” he asked softly, taking off his suit jacket and rolling up his white cuffs. “Because I would enjoy stripping you of that dress and spanking you for taking too long. Maybe you'd like everyone to see you wearing my handprints? I know for a fact you're wearing those high-cut panties I love so much, the ones that show half your ass.”

She bit back a whimper. It had been too long since she'd had a spanking from him, and it was one of her absolute favorite things. But to go downstairs and let everyone see what he'd done to her? A whole-body shiver rippled through her.

Alex laughed and grabbed the belt tie of her dress, pulling her forward toward the chair in the corner of the room. “Well then. That seems like a *yes* to me. Hands on

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top of your head, right now.”

The utter demand in his voice made her lift her hands before she was even aware she was doing it. He undid the tie, then sat, nuzzling her belly. Goose-bumps rose and she bit her lip.

He spun her then, bringing her hands down behind her and stripping the dress off. He tossed it over to the bed, then leaned forward and bit her ass.

“Alex!”

His laugh was dark and that just aroused her more.

He pulled her down over his knee, shifting her so her palms were flat on the floor and her feet—still in heels—barely touched on the other side.

He rubbed his warm hand against her rear, and then he hit her. Several times, never really hard, barely enough to make her skin tingle. Disappointment flared. This was it?

“Hmmm. Not quite, I don’t think. You’re not squirming.” And then he landed his hand again, harder this time. And not just a little harder. A lot.

As his hand continued to rain spankings down on her,

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she felt the tension inside her start to bleed away. Her head felt like she'd had a glass of wine, and her core—God, she was on fire. She pushed her ass up toward his hand, but he laughed again and held her down.

“Uh uh, bad girl. Only what I give you.” He dipped his hand under her panties and slicked a finger through her folds, teasing her but not giving her anything more than those light touches. He straightened her panties and helped her stand, settling his hands on her waist. “I think that’s enough for now.”

She leaned down and put her forehead against his. “You’re mean, Sir.”

He grinned. “But you love me. And you’re relaxed now, aren’t you?”

She did a little head wiggle. “Sort of.”

“Good, but a little bit nervous is a good thing.” He stood and drew her to the bags on the bed, pulling out her collar and cuffs. As he buckled the collar on, he whispered in her ear. “I like it when you’re nervous. It makes me hard.”

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He hadn't lied. He was as hard as fucking rebar, and he wasn't really looking forward to the other guys seeing that. But, then again, would they be in any better shape? Probably not.

He crouched in front of his wife, rolling her thigh-high stockings down. It was a shame to lose them because they looked hot on her, but they wouldn't work with her cuffs. "Put your hands on my shoulders, kitten."

When she did, he helped her out of the shoes and stockings, tapping lightly on her thighs to get her to widen them. He buckled the restraints on, making sure they weren't too tight, then licked a path up her leg, nibbling at the skin the closer he got to the vee between her thighs. Her fingers dug into his skin, even through his shirt.

He could smell her arousal. She might be nervous, but she was excited, too. He was, as well, but he was also torn. She wasn't the only one who had inhibitions. His were less about other guys seeing him fucking his wife, and more about guys seeing his wife, period.

She belonged to him.

Gabe had given him a heads up about plans to have

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the subs serve their Doms tonight, naked, but Alex hadn't—couldn't—agree to that. And apparently he hadn't been the only one with concerns, so Gabe's compromise had been naked or lingerie. Alex could've given Jess something more to cover up, and he'd considered it, but he also knew she had body-image issues and hoped that this might help her work through them. He had a silky robe in his toy bag, and he'd have it with them downstairs, just in case. And who knew? Maybe he'd work on his own caveman issues and order her to strip. Only time would tell.

He stood, and then he put her wrist restraints on, locking them together in front of her. “Ready, love?”

Whether she believed it or not, she was. Her color was high, her eyes filled with anticipation. Yeah, she wanted this. Which made him want it for both of them.

“I...yes, Sir.”

“Good answer.” He kissed her, slung his bag over his shoulder, and led his wife back downstairs.



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*Big mistake. Big, dumb-ass, fucking mistake.* Home was one thing. In front of Gabe was fine, because he'd been the one to help Marcus figure out he craved submission. But Alex and Jess were downstairs in the sitting room right now. Colin and Delia were coming too, and the thought of facing them like this was nearly more than he could bear. And he hated that he felt that way, but God *damn*.

Bella came up behind him, looking past his shoulder into the mirror. "Breathe, *adorato*. That's an order."

"I can't do this."

She leaned her head against his bare arm. "You can. If we switched roles right now, would it be easier?"

"Fuck, yeah." He'd have some goddamn clothes on.

"How about for me?" Her voice was mild, and she was still calm. "Would it be easier for me to be in the sub role than it is for you to be in it?"

She wasn't offering, he knew. They'd talked this over and he'd consented, but what the hell had he been thinking? *That I feel more satisfied when I submit to her. That my brain shuts off. That I don't have to be the one to*

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*make the any of the decisions, and that is such a damn relief.* But he hadn't considered how he'd be expected to be dressed. Or, as the case were, undressed.

"Focus. And answer me." She pinched his side.  
"Properly, this time."

He shoved his panic aside and thought about her question. Would it be easier for her? No, he doubted it. As a plus-sized woman, she always felt like she was too fat, even though he'd told her time and again he loved her lush curves. No, she'd feel exactly the way he did. Maybe for different reasons, but the end result was the same discomfort. "No, Ma'am."

She smiled. "I like this look on you."

He groaned. "I feel like a half-naked boy toy."

"You *are* a half-naked boy toy, though sadly my favorite part of you is covered." Her smile morphed into a grin. "For now."

She'd given him a pair of low riding latex shorts to wear, and nothing else besides his leather collar, the nipple rings she'd convinced him to get, and his wedding band. She'd forgone restraints, but if he knew Bella—and he

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did—she either had them in her toy bag, or she had rope.

He was really going to do this, wasn't he? He scrubbed a hand over his jaw, then took a deep breath. Yes, he was. She needed this. He needed it too, and fuck it if anyone else had a problem with it.

“Are we good?”

He swallowed, and nodded. “Yes, Ma'am.”

“Then we begin.” She grabbed the O-ring on his collar and tugged him toward her, pulling back when he bent to kiss her. He froze. He could overpower her, but he'd promised her his submission tonight. So he waited, feeling his need rise, until she pressed her lips against his. Too soon, though, she broke the kiss.

“You look beautiful tonight, *Bella mia*.” His gaze moved from her breasts, which were spilling out of a green corset-style top he'd never seen before, up to her face. He went to touch, but she stopped him with her hand on his wrist.

She gave him a stern look that set all his naughty teacher fantasies flowing. “Bad boys who touch without permission get punished. Do I make myself clear?”



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Crystal clear, and his cock throbbed at the delicious threat. “Yes, Ma’am.”

Bella watched Marcus’s color rise, saw the moment he accepted her will—and his own desire to bend to it. “Good. Now give me a moment to finish my preparations before we head downstairs. Hands behind your back, please.”

Once he’d done that, she moved to stand about three feet in front of him. She’d worn a full skirt, one that went nearly the way to the floor, but she wouldn’t have it on for long. She reached behind her back, sliding the zipper down. Never removing her eyes from his face, she let the skirt drop and the material puddled at her feet.

His eyes followed, lingering over the garter and stockings she wore under it. “Oh, fuck me.”

She hid her grin. “Later, *adorato*.”

She stepped out of the circle of material, turned, then bent at the waist to pick it up. She had on a sheer lace thong with a pretty bow right at the top of her ass and ribbons dangling down. His groan was tortured, and this time she laughed lightly. “No touching.”

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She righted herself and faced him, running her hands over the straps and down the front boning of the top she wore. “You like what I’m wearing?”

“Fuck, yeah.”

“It’s special, you know. This is the polite version of it.” She unlaced the tiny bows at the center, just between her breasts, then turned, giving him her back. She parted the material and slipped the straps off her shoulder. “Help me take this off.”

His hands came down immediately, his warm fingers coasting against her skin as he dragged the straps down her arms. She felt his breath against her skin. “Stop.”

He froze.

“Hands back up.”

“You’re a harsh Mistress, Mistress.”

She let the covering slip all the way off, then turned, facing him again, showing him what had been hidden behind the satin of the corset-style covering.

His indrawn breath was supremely gratifying. “*Jesus.*”

The lace bustier was sheer, the same emerald green, and it exposed her body as much as it covered it. Low cut,

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so the tops of her breasts nearly spilled over. Sheer enough her aroused nipples were visible. It had been a struggle to get into it alone, but she hadn't wanted Marcus to see it. His face made the frustration worth every damn second.

She adjusted the matching emerald green panties, then straightened the garter straps. Marcus was still staring at her, but along with lust his gaze was filled with love. Her heart melted, but her resolve strengthened. Her husband had made incredible strides in accepting his need for submission, but he needed to work past this fear that other people knowing about it, seeing it, would change how they thought of him. Maybe someone outside the lifestyle would see him differently, see him as weak when he was anything but weak, but this was a safe venue with like-minded people.

And he, like she, enjoyed the extra charge that came from public play.

She hooked her finger in his collar again and drew him forward. "Time to go."

He swallowed and followed her lead. "Yes, Ma'am."



“Wait, let me help you out.”

Delia bit back a frustrated scream. Oh my God. She was going to kill Colin, surely she was. She had the skills to fix it so she’d get away with murder, and even if she didn’t, a jury of her peers wouldn’t blame her. “I’m *fine*. I can manage by myself.”

She pushed the door open herself but he was right there, his hand out solicitously. She took it and bit her tongue. She wasn’t sure how much more of this coddling she could take.

He grabbed their bags from the trunk and they walked up the stairs together, his hand on her back. “This is a bad idea.”

She rolled her eyes. “It’s not.”

He stiffened. “Three weeks ago, you were in the goddamn ER. And now—”

Her temper started to rise. “I’m pretty sure I know myself and my own body. I feel fine today.”

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She half expected him to go all Dom on her, but he blew out a breath and ran his fingers through his hair, taking the vanilla way out. “I...okay. Maybe.”

Even though she'd gotten her way, she wanted to scream. The last three weeks of him walking on eggshells around her was killing her by degrees, but he was so worried about breaking her he wasn't pushing her at all. She loved him no matter what, vanilla or kinky, but God, she missed his dominance. Especially now, when her body wasn't completely her own. But, she reminded herself, she wasn't the only one in this relationship. So she relented, though she spouted snark. “If you're that dead set on it, fine. We'll sit tonight out and just hang out with everyone. Is that better, oh lord and Master?”

Colin's eyes narrowed, but instead of a sharp reprimand, she got a mild rebuke. “Enough with playing the brat, okay, love?”

She tamped her frustration down and sighed. *It isn't all about you, Delia Mae. A marriage takes two.* “Sorry.”

“That's my girl,” he said, kissing her gently.

As lovely as the kiss was, she felt...lost, and

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ungrounded. Without his dominance, she was as antsy inside as she used to feel before he came back into her life, ready to climb the walls and lose her mind.

As Gabe opened the door, she wondered what it would take to get Colin to cave....

## **Chapter Three**

### ***Party Time***

Gabe looked up when Bella led Marcus into the room, hiding his smile. He knew they were spending more time as Domme/sub these days, but he'd figured they'd switch roles today since every other sub here tonight was female. Damned if his two best friends hadn't surprised him. And he was glad to see it.

Marcus had saved Olivia's life, and he owed the firefighter-paramedic more than he ever could repay. Giving him a safe place to explore his kink was something Gabe could do for him. And Bella's acceptance of Marcus's submissive side—and his dominant one, as well—made her ace in Gabe's book.

Bella looked, as always, amazing. She was a lush woman, and Marcus's singular focus had strengthened her acceptance of her body size and type. Tonight, she'd played

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up every bit of it. Her brown hair was in an intricate knot, her lips glossed bright red, and her creamy skin the perfect foil for what she wore. It was more revealing than what most Mistresses he knew would wear, but then again, as a switch and completely attuned to her husband, she likely understood that her being half-naked would help Marcus, as well.

“Mistress Bella, welcome to the party. We have sparkling cider or water for now, other drinks for later. Food is out, so help yourself.” He pointed around the room. “For your pleasure this evening, we have a spanking bench, a cage, a throne, a cross, several chain stations, and a few other goodies for you to explore.”

“Thanks, Gabe.”

He motioned to one of the wingback chairs. There was a cushion on the floor, next to it. Bella sat, and Marcus knelt beside her. Marcus didn't lower his gaze, and he put a claiming hand on her thigh. Bella lifted her brow, but shook her head and smiled at him, running her fingers through his hair. He grinned, unrepentant.

Gabe hid a smile. Maybe not your typical full-blown



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Domme/sub relationship, but it seemed to work for them. No two relationships were the same, and as long as things were consensual between partners and everyone was happy, that's all that mattered.

Which led his gaze to Delia and Colin. Something was off between them, and neither one of them looked content. Colin sat on the sofa, and Delia was curled up next to him on it, rather than on the floor where he usually had her sit. And she wasn't naked but wearing a loose, black lace gown that hit her at mid-thigh. Gabe frowned. She wasn't wearing a play collar or cuffs, either, just the shamrock necklace that he knew was her everyday collar. Colin had his arm around her, but she wasn't relaxed. He didn't like seeing his friends unhappy. He'd try getting a few minutes alone with them later.

Alex and Jess were quiet, but he'd noticed them about that before. Well suited to each other, they obviously enjoyed the extra zing kink added to their lives, but the few times they'd stayed here, they'd only done very mild play in the public areas of the inn. Alex was a cop through and through, watchful and careful. Gabe hoped that once he

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realized that everyone here had the same issues with a public job and therefore a need for discretion, he'd loosen up. His wife was almost painfully modest yet thoroughly submissive, and playing in front of like-minded couples would help her deal with that. She looked lovely in her lace bra and panties, and she'd recently been spanked, so her bottom was a fiery red. She sat on the floor on a cushion between Alex's knees, on her hip rather than her undoubtedly sore ass. One arm covered her stomach, which was softly rounded and showed faint signs of stretch marks from carrying their children.

She and Olivia seemed to be two peas in a pod. How could they not realize that the men who loved them loved *them*, the whole package that made them who they were, scars and stretch marks and all?

His gaze shifted as Olivia came back into the room. His fiancée —the word made him grin—carried a platter of appetizers. She was walking gingerly, since she still wore the fat anal plug that matched her engagement ring. Her eyes caught his and then swept down, a smile lighting her face.

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A look around the room told him everyone had a drink. This would be a good time for their news. “Come here, beautiful.”

“Yes, Master.” She set the tray down and walked over to him, kneeling gracefully at his feet, then looking up at him with eyes that made him feel like a damn king. What good thing had he done in his life to deserve her?

He laid a hand on her head, stroking her hair lightly. “Thanks for coming and celebrating New Year’s Eve with us. It’s been a long year, and a crazy one at that. We haven’t had much time to spend with friends, so we’re glad you could make it. Before we get much further into the evening, though, I have an announcement to make.” There were murmurs of thanks, and then quiet. He fisted his hand in Olivia’s hair, held her steady for a long, sweet kiss before looking back up with a grin. “My princess here has decided to make an honest man of me. She’s agreed to marry me.”

“Oh, congratulations,” Bella said, and Marcus seconded it.

“That’s great news.” Alex pulled his wife closer.

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“Congrats.”

Colin added his congratulations to the mix, and Delia’s eyes filled with tears. “I love happy news. Congrats.”

Gabe helped Olivia to her feet, handed her a drink, then raised his own glass. “Cheers.”

Everyone took a drink and clinked glasses.

A few minutes later, Delia excused herself, and Colin followed after her. When they came back into the room, Delia seemed upset. “I don’t want to step in something that isn’t my business, but are you two okay? Is there anything I can do to help?”

“I think we need to head home,” Colin said. “I’m just not comfortable with this.”

*Not comfortable with what?*

Delia looked like she wanted to argue with her husband—and then she didn’t. The redheaded cop was a spitfire, and in the time he’d known her, he’d never seen her this subdued. And when Colin went to take her arm, she pulled away.

All Gabe’s protective instincts surged to the fore. He was probably misreading things, but he spoke anyway,

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keeping his voice low so as not to alert the others, who were talking quietly on the other side of the room. “Delia, do you want to go home with Colin?”

It was almost the exact question he’d asked her the first time he’d met her. *Do you want to be here?* She’d had a similar reaction to Colin touching her then, too.

And Colin reacted the same. He scowled, a look of sheer disbelief on his face. “What the fuck? Of course she does.”

*That* finally put some life back into her. “No, that’s what you want. *I* want you to stop treating me like I’m going to break into a million pieces if you so much as touch me.” Spots of color rose on her otherwise pale cheeks as the others glanced over.

Shit, he was missing something big here. Olivia had accused him of the very same thing, treating her like she was breakable. They’d nearly lost each other over that. He hated the idea of the same thing happening to his friends.

Colin sighed. “This is neither the time nor the place to talk about this, Dee.”

“This is the perfect time to talk about this and we’re

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with the perfect person to ask, since you won't talk about it with the doctor. Do we know anyone who knows more about BDSM than Gabe? No. Where else could we get exactly the answers we need?" She threw her hands up, but then seemed to droop. "Forget it. Never mind."

*Doctor?* Gabe scrubbed a hand over his cheek. "Yeah, I am going to stick my nose in where it doesn't belong, but I think I'm allowed to as a friend. I hate seeing you both this stressed. And you have me—all of us—worried." He led them both to the sofa, motioned to it and they sat. "Delia, are you ill?"

The words burst from Colin before Dee could even speak. "Three weeks ago, she wound up in the ER because she passed out during a scene."

Gabe frowned, not expecting that. "What kind of scene were you doing?"

Colin turned a dull red. "A punishment. Forced orgasms."

"Okay." Colin seemed surprised that Gabe wasn't shocked, but Gabe just shrugged, nodding at Olivia. "Hey, I've used that a time or two. You do need to make sure your

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sub is hydrated enough. Was that an issue?”

“Possibly, but It doesn’t matter. I did that to her, and what kind monster does that make me?” He shuddered. “I called 911 and then removed all her restraints and the toys we were using. The last thing I wanted was for anyone to see her tied up. Jesus, that was fucked up. I won’t be doing it again.”

“And you think *I’m* stubborn?” Delia shoved off the sofa and stood quickly, but she lost her balance and nearly pitched forward.

*God.* Before Gabe could catch her, Colin shot from the chair, putting a steadying arm around her waist. “See what I mean? Christ. Sit down,” he said, helping her do exactly that.

She started to lean into him—seeking comfort from her Dom, Gabe hoped—but then she yanked away, brushing tears from her cheeks.

Olivia rushed to her side. “Whoa, sweetie. Easy there. Slow, deep breaths.” She looked across the room and motioned to Marcus. “My kit is in the kitchen by the back door. Will you grab it?”

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Gabe grabbed a robe for Olivia, helping her into it as she continued to talk to Delia in her calm, professional paramedic voice. When Marcus brought her the medical bag, they both pulled on gloves. Marcus took her temp and checked her eyes, and Olivia took her pulse and listened to her heart.

Olivia frowned. “Your pulse is a bit rapid and shaky. And you’re quite pale. Delia, what did the ER doc say? Did they run tests? Are you ill?”

“I’m fine,” Delia insisted. “It’s just—”

Colin cut her off, a muscle ticking in his jaw. “She’s *not* fine. She’s pregnant.”



It took a while to sort things out after that—Colin felt guilty, Delia was worried she’d lose his dominance all together. They talked for about an hour in Gabe’s office, just him and them. He hadn’t expected this at all, and he was no therapist, but he was relieved to see that *they* were



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both relieved after their talk and his promise to pull together some resources for kink and pregnancy, including the name of a kink-friendly doctor for them to consult. There was still some leftover tension, but at least they were talking to each other.

And now they were back in the lounge with everyone else. He grabbed a plate of food, kissed Olivia, who'd been refilling the warmers, then drew her to the fourth chair in the small grouping. He sat and dropped a cushion to the floor, between his knees. "Sit, pet."

She lowered herself to the cushion, and careful to stay on her knees and off her ass. Smart girl.

"Can I see your ring?" Delia asked. "I was, uh, a little preoccupied earlier."

Olivia looked up at him and he nodded, smiling. "Go ahead, love." She held out her hand, and Delia *oohed* and *ahhed* over it.

"It's beautiful. What kind of stone is that?" Jess asked.

"Blue sapphire," Gabe said. "The minute I saw it, I knew it was perfect. It matches her eyes."

All the women gave happy sighs, but the men gave him

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shit.

“Sap,” Marcus said. When Gabe laughed, Marcus grinned. “Just saying.”

Colin was still mostly quiet, but he grinned too.

“You’re going to make the rest of us look bad, dude,” Alex said, squeezing Jess’s shoulder. “I guess you’re going to want a gift that matches your eyes too, aren’t you?”

Gabe couldn’t hold back his amused snort. “Doesn’t have to be a ring. It’s not the only gift I gave my bride-to-be, and it’s not the only one that matches her eyes.”

Olivia’s eyes flew to his, round and shocked. “Master!”

*Time to put the kinky play back into the play party.*

He raised a brow and held out his hand, tugging her to her feet. “Let’s show our guests your other engagement present, eh? Spread your feet, and hands on my legs, please.”

Which meant she’d be bent over, and she realized that immediately. She let out a little moan, but he could smell her arousal. She did as ordered, though, and he pulled the cheeks of her ass open, baring the jeweled butt plug.

“Beautiful, isn’t it? Matches her ring, and her eyes.”

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Alex looked slightly embarrassed—and intrigued. Jessica’s face was a priceless mix of horror and desire as she looked from Olivia and back to Alex.

As a Dom, Gabe often felt the need to keep his sexy sub on edge with words, and tonight was no different. “Let me show you how big it is,” he said, loving the sound of Olivia’s indrawn breath.

“Master, please.”

“It pleases me to share this with our friends, princess. I want them to see how beautiful you are, and how beautifully you submit.”

He could almost hear the wheels turning in her head, and felt the moment she ceded to his will. Her whole body softened, leaning toward him. “Yes, Master.”

“Good girl.” He pulled the plug out the tiniest bit, teasing her slowly, bringing it to the fullest point until her legs were trembling and she was panting, and then he let it slide back in.

Jessica’s eyes were so wide, he couldn’t help but tease her. “You know, Alex, I’m pretty sure it comes in the same green as Jess’s eyes.”

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Alex barked a laugh. “Don’t let me leave here tomorrow without more information.”

Jess let out a small *eep*. “Oh, God.”

Marcus was watching, his gaze not submissive at all. He was thinking like a Top right now. “I think we need one of those for you, *Bella mia*. I’m sure we can find a color you like.”

She smiled serenely, then patted his cheek. “When it’s your turn, *adorato*. But right now, it’s mine. Would you like to show them what size plug you take, and how I like to torture you as I put it in?”

His face flushed as she ripped the rug right out from under his feet. “Uh...”

“Because that could be arranged.”

He looked at her, then looked at the floor. “*God*. No, Ma’am.”

Gabe had to admire the skill Bella had in getting right to the heart of what bothered her husband. “You know, *Bella*, they have tails, as well. You might like a horse plug for your...stallion.”

She laughed, and Gabe did too when Marcus covertly

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gave him the finger.

When they'd come back in the room earlier, Delia had curled up on the floor between Colin's feet, looking content for the first time since they'd arrived. Colin played with her hair as she leaned against his legs. Dee watched him tease Olivia with the plug with a wistful face, but Gabe had a feeling it'd be off limits for a while. Colin still felt too guilty, and Gabe wasn't sure he wouldn't feel the same. After all, he'd nearly fucked up his own relationship because of guilt and worry, so he understood exactly where Colin was coming from.

He turned his attention back to his waiting sub. He ran his hands down her arms, then cupped her chin with his hand. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" Rather than waiting for an answer, he helped her back onto her knees, then whispered in her ear. "Look at them. No one thinks any less of you. No one was focused on your scars. And I have a feeling our bit of play there is going to tempt Alex and Jess to try something new."

He picked up the plate and fed Olivia a bite of cracker with crab dip, then took one for himself.

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“So, now that everyone has had some food, feel free to play. Over on the table against the wall you’ll find a bag for each of you with some toys I thought you might enjoy, including a few pervertables.” He pulled Liv’s hair. “Olivia especially likes the clothespins.”

Her face pinkened. “I...yes, Sir.”

He grinned and kissed her, then continued. “We’re not on any kind of a schedule, except for dinner at eight, so play to your heart’s content.” It was six now, so that gave them a few hours. “And no stress. If you’d just rather relax and watch or talk, that’s fine too.”

As Marcus and Bella and Alex and Jess went off to do their own thing, he leaned down to murmur in Olivia’s ear. “I’m going to spend a few minutes with Alex and Jess once they settle on a station, to see if they have any questions.”

“Sounds like a plan,” she said, smiling up at him. “I’ll hang here with Colin and Delia. Thank you, Master, for the party.”

Her words filled his heart, and he fisted his hand in her hair and claimed her mouth. “God, I love you. You please me very much, princess.”

## **Chapter Four**

Jessica sort of hoped that *relax and watch* was what Alex would go for, but at the same time, she didn't. So when he stood and helped her to her feet, her heart tripped a beat.

“Come with me, kitten. This setup here looks interesting.”

*Here* was a St. Andrews Cross. She knew the name, but it just looked like an X to her. A big, scary X, but she pulled up her big-girl panties. When else would she get the chance to try actual bondage equipment?

“Let's see how you feel about this thing.” He lifted her chin, kissed her roughly. “I think I'd like you facing it, so I can play with your ass some more.”

*God. If she was facing it, then the whole room could see her face.* “Yes, Sir.”

He walked her forward, his chest against her back, then lifted her hand to the far corner of the X. With her face through the center, she could see Delia and Colin and

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Olivia watching. Her heart sped up.

“Are you planning to flog her?” The voice came from behind her and made her jump. *Master Gabriel.*

“Maybe,” Alex said, his voice brushing against her ear, sending shivers down her spine. “Probably.”

“Then I’d suggest you remove her bra. You don’t want anything in your way.” Gabe’s voice was amused. “Plus, access to her nipples, and a nice show for those of us who’ll be watching from over there.”

She tried to hold the words back, but she couldn’t. “Oh, God.” She kept saying that, but that’s all her brain could come up with.

Alex pressed her against the cross, holding her there with his body. His erection was obvious, hard and hot against her butt. “Don’t move.”

His hand came up between them, rapidly undoing the hooks of her bra. He slid the straps down and over her arms, pulling the bra off. She felt the air against her bare breasts, and her eyes slammed shut. *I can’t see them. They can’t see me.*

They flew open the moment a hand wrapped around



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her wrist.

“Easy, pet,” Gabe said softly. “Just holding you for your Master while he attaches your restraints to the cross.”

She let her eyes flutter shut again, listening to the sounds of the men’s voices as Gabe instructed Alex. Someone moved her other arm, either Alex or Gabe, and then her legs.

It didn’t hit her until the very end that she was fully restrained and open for anyone to touch her. *Anyone*. She tried to pull her legs together and couldn’t, and a small cry escaped from her throat.

Alex leaned against her again, his presence immediate balm to her. His scent, his strength, his love. He’d keep her safe. He rubbed his chin against her hair, crooning softly. She relaxed again, opening her eyes.

Gabe watched them with a small smile. “You’re familiar with floggers?”

“Yeah. We have one at home.”

“You might like two. If you would allow me, I can show you the pattern, and then I’ll head back to my own sub.”

Alex hesitated briefly, and she knew why. Flogging was

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sexual to them. It turned her on, turned him on too. He could even make her come if he hit her pussy with the strands. “As long as you don’t touch anywhere other than her back.”

Gabe nodded. “Understood.” He grabbed two floggers from the table. They were shorter than the one they had at home, but they weren’t scary at all.

Once again, she closed her eyes, letting their softly murmured words of instruction flow over her. *Hit here, and here. Don’t hit here, or here. Be careful not to let the falls wrap around because that’s painful.* As Gabe spoke, hands rubbed over her back, and she knew them immediately. Alex’s hands, with the cool metal from his wedding ring. He ran his nails up and down her back, scratching her until she wanted to purr, and then he stepped away.

At first, the strikes felt like feathers, barely touching her. There was a definite pattern, and it felt good. They became slightly stronger, tiny stings. Then stronger even yet, heavier thuds. And she started getting aroused, but it wasn’t Alex, and that just felt...wrong. She tensed just slightly.

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The second she did, Gabe stopped, for which Alex was grateful. He liked the guy, but enough was enough because it was obvious that Jess was turned on by the flogging. *My woman.*

“Your sub.” Gabe nodded slightly, grinning as though he’d heard the words. He lowered his voice. “Not sure if you’ve used nipple clamps with Jess before, but I left a set with small bells in the bag with your name on it. I have a set just like it for Liv. They make noise, and they shake, so every time they jingle, they make her squirm. Thought you might like to try them out. If not here, then at home. Have fun.” He slapped Alex on the shoulder, then headed back over to Olivia.

They watched, as did Delia and Colin.

He contemplated his wife. Her head hung forward, but her breathing was even. Her back was a light pink. He came close, rubbing his hands along it. Her skin was warm but not hot, and as he rubbed his body against hers, he slid his hand between her legs. Warm there too, and wet. He nudged her thong aside, slipping a finger inside her body. “Whose body is this, kitten?”

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A low whine broke from her throat. “*Yours*, Sir. Thank you for....” She paused, struggled with the words. “...for stopping Gabe. I...I only want you to do that to me.”

Satisfaction filled Alex’s soul, and he slipped a second finger inside her as a kind of reward for her honesty, but still teasing her for his own pleasure. “*Mine*. And yes, only me, babe. I’m with you there.” He whispered in her ear. “I wanted to rip damn his head off.”

She pushed up on her toes, panting as he added a third finger. “Alex!”

He laughed, then withdrew his fingers, sucking them clean. “Mmm. You taste sweet, sweets. Now, keep your eyes closed.”

It took just a minute to find the nipple clamps. They were the same type they used at home, but bigger and heavier. Jess loved those. These, man. With extra weight? He grinned. He couldn’t wait to hear what noises she’d make. She was either going to make him his favorite dinners for a week, or send him to work with bologna sandwiches for lunches.

She gasped when he palmed her breast. He didn’t

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think she'd heard Gabe about the clamps, so when he put one on her, she shrieked and her eyes flew open.

“Ahhhhh!”

He held one up for her to see, dangling it and making it jingle.

“Oh, *God.*”

He teased her other breast until her nipple was erect enough for the second clamp, then put it on her, kissing the scream right out of her mouth. “Love you, kitten.”

She whimpered, and he grinned.

“Let's see how you like a flogging with those on.”

He started out gently, striking up and down her back, avoiding the areas Gabe had told him to avoid. Her ass was fair game, though, and soon it was a fiery red. He made the strikes heavier, and listened to the bells on her breasts jingle in time. Her gasps and moans were intoxicating, and his dick ached.

He looked over toward the seating area, but no one was paying attention to them. They were watching Bella restrain Marcus to the spanking bench with some fancy rope work.

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Jesus, he wanted to be inside his wife more than anything. What would it hurt, playing out here? Fuck, even Marcus and Bella's play was amping up his own arousal. He slipped his fingers under Jess's thong again and, at the same time, pulled her ponytail and bit the side of her neck, growling in her ear. "I'm going to fuck you right here, right now, in front of everyone."

She moaned and clenched around his fingers.

"Excellent. I'll take that as a yes."

He opened his trousers, wrapped his arm around Jess's waist, and with one hard thrust, seated himself to the hilt.



Marcus was too fucking wound up to care if anyone was watching Bella bind his arms to the spanking bench. Seeing Alex's play with Jess was arousing. And the whole butt plug thing, *shit*. When Gabe had been showing off

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Olivia's sparkly girly one, Bella had been playing with the remote for the vibrating one she'd shoved into his ass before she'd had him put on the latex shorts. On, off. On, off. He was ready to explode. His voice came out a growl. "I want you, *Bella mia*."

She stopped what she was doing and grasped his chin in her small hand. "Same, so you know who wins this battle of wills. I do, unless you use your safe word. And you *will* use your safe word if this becomes too much, is that understood?"

"Yes, Ma'am." *Maybe. He wasn't wimping out on her, not here.*

She lifted her crop and slapped it over his ass, just catching his testicles. "If I find out you're not safewording because of some sense of pride, I'm going to be very angry with you." She slapped him again, harder this time.

*Fuck*, that hurt. He gritted his teeth. "Yes, Mistress."

"Better."

She finished binding his arms and moved behind him, binding his legs to the bench as well. "You're getting fast with the rope."

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“Right? I like it better than chain.” She grinned. Just then, chains rattled—and so did bells—as Alex flogged Jess. “Well, chain has its place too. But for you, since you’re so stingy with your responses, I don’t want noisy chain covering over the sounds you make. I want to hear Every. Single. One.”

The thought made him sweat.

This spanking bench was different than one he’d used before, both as a bottom and as a Top. It looked a little like a vaulting horse, so he was bent over it at the waist, which meant his ass was up in the air, his legs spread wide. He wasn’t sure what she had planned, but at least she’d left those shorts on. Relief warred with need. If he had shorts on, he couldn’t fuck her. But if he had shorts on, she wasn’t planning on fucking him in the ass, either.

She’d dropped her toy bag behind them, so he couldn’t see. And he wasn’t sure what Gabe might’ve put in the bag with their names on it, but he learned fairly quickly. “You weren’t expecting Marcus to bottom tonight, were you, Gabe?”

A laugh came from across the room. “Nope. My



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mistake. That will teach me to assume.”

“Yeah, this butterfly isn’t going to do him any good. And the pretty nipple clamps are more my style than his.” There was noise, and then the smell of leather. “Oh, but this is perfect.”

Without warning, something slapped across his ass. “Jesus.” And again, and again, and again until his ass burned and the pain started blurring into pure pleasure. “What the hell is that?”

She held it up so he could see it. A flat, thick rectangular paddle. The leather was stiff, but nowhere as stiff as his damn dick. “How does it feel, *adorato*?”

He dropped his head down again as she continued to strike him with it. He grunted. “Good. Damn good.” And he fought his instinctual *a man shouldn’t need this* denial away. No one here was judging him. He knew that, so he let himself slide deep, allowed Bella take him where he needed to go so the stress of his life-and-death job could just...wash away.

Bella loved that moment when Marcus stopped fighting his nature and submitted. The thing she got most

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out of topping him was knowing she could help him break through that barrier, the one that kept all his emotions bottled up. When she brought him to that point he didn't cry, but his voice got deeper, his words more profane until all his frustrations spewed out and he eased into the bliss of subspace.

Tonight was no different, but of course, they usually played at home. His coarse words seemed to startle the others, but she held up her hand and shook her head. She had things under control. She stroked her hand over his naked back, whispered calm words in his ear until his words trickled off and his breathing evened out.

Today, the satisfaction of taking him deep into his own head—and out of it—was enough to satisfy her. She wanted to make him come, to shatter into a million pieces so she could help put him back together, though she wouldn't fuck him to do it. Not in public. She turned the vibrating plug back on, then reached inside his shorts and stroked him without mercy until he spurted into her hand, shouting his release.



Colin sat with Delia still at his feet. To his surprise, her sitting there had settled something inside her, calmed her in a way she hadn't been calm since they'd found out she was pregnant.

Calmed him, too, if truth be told. He hadn't realized how much D/s had become part of their relationship until it wasn't there. Well, until his stubborn wife had smacked him over the head with it.

But he wasn't giving in about extreme play while she was pregnant. He'd not take that risk again. No, he hadn't known she was pregnant at the time, but when she'd passed out after that fourth punishment orgasm, he'd felt sheer, unadulterated panic. Sure, he had first responder training, but this was his *wife*.

The first thing he'd done was remove the ball gag and then her collar to clear her airway and check for her pulse. By the time he'd called 911, she'd started coming around

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and he'd been frantically removing the nipple clamps, the dildo and the anal plug, and then the restraints. There hadn't been a damn thing he could do about the marks the gear had left—and the marks *he'd* left— on her body.

The older doctor in the ER had given them extreme side-eye. Colin didn't give a fuck about his own reputation, but hers...goddammit. One of her fellow cops had been in the ER with a suspect when she'd been brought in, covered in nothing but a blanket, looking like she'd been beaten and fucked half to death. That's all she needed, the cops in her precinct giving her shit for her kink. Luckily, it had been someone she knew, someone she respected and who respected her. He'd squeezed her hand, told them to let him or his wife know if they needed anything.

And it's not like they were unhappy with her pregnancy. They'd talked about kids, wanted them at some point, but they'd never even considered she could be pregnant. She'd been taking antibiotics but they hadn't been stupid. They'd used condoms, but condoms didn't always work.

Obviously.

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He closed his fist in her hair and gently drew her head back, pulling her attention away from the flogging Jessica was getting. “I love you, you know.”

She blinked, her eyes filling. “I know. I love you too. I’m sorry about earlier. I just...I can’t seem to control my emotions. I don’t know if you realize how much I need you to be my Dom. I feel stupid saying this, but I handle life better with you setting rules for me, taking charge in what goes on at home. More... even.”

“I know. I guess I didn’t understand how much until tonight, until you sat here at my feet. I can see it calms you. But it’s not just you, honey. To be honest, it does the same for me. It feels right.”

Her tears spilled over. “I hated being at odds with you. *Hated* it. But you acted like you never want to do this again.”

He winced. “And that’s on me. I’m afraid of hurting you again, and the baby.”

Gabe spoke softly as he stood. “We’re going to go play now so you guys can talk. If you’d like to try something different kind of play, I’d suggest the sofa over there. On

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the table behind it are sensual toys. No impact stuff. Nothing extreme. It's all about feeling good." He held his hand out to Olivia. "And you can still dominate Delia, Colin. With words and actions. It doesn't have to include toys or pain at all."

Delia had forgotten they were even there. As Master Gabriel walked by, he lightly touched her cheek. He was a good friend to them, and a fantastic mentor to Colin. "I'm surprised you didn't go to Gabe about any of this before things got this bad."

Colin flushed. "Guilt. I fucked up, and you got hurt."

She understood that. Colin took responsibility seriously, sometimes to the extreme. "And now that you know why I passed out?"

"We're going to have to be very careful." He scooped her up, carried her over to the sofa where he leaned against the arm of it, holding her close in the vee of his legs. He kissed her hair. "If there's one available, I would like to talk to a doc about it, even just for a consult. And you're going to have to talk to me, if I'm not giving you what you need. But baby, you're going to have to give me some

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leeway.”

He picked up a mitt that had fat chenille loops all over it, then slid it under her loose gown, over her stomach and her mound. She shivered. “That feels good.”

“Put your arms up around my neck and close your eyes.”

She did, and he moved the mitt higher, rubbing across her oh-so-sensitive nipples. They were three times as sensitive as they were when she had her period, and just touching them made her ache. She wiggled, trying to get him to move faster, and he held a firm arm across her hips.

“You will stay still like a good girl, or I will stop and put you on your knees in the naughty corner Gabe set up. And then I will make you watch me fuck my fist until I get off all over your tits. You will not be allowed to come or touch yourself, not even once. Do I make myself clear?”

Her brain wanted her to fight back, but her body recognized his dominance and thrilled to it, softening against him. “Yes, Master.”

“Good girl.” He moved the mitt away from her nipples and she whined, but he laughed. “I’ve missed that sound, I

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really have. Now let's see what other toys he has for us to play with. After keeping my hands to myself for the last three weeks, I have a hankering to be inside you, wife of mine. But you will tell me if anything hurts, understood?"

"Yes, Master."



"I want you over at the cage."

Olivia's heart tripped. She really hated that thing. He'd only put her in it once, and she'd had the freakout of all freak outs. "Master, please. That's on my—"

"—hard limit list. Yes, love, I know. I said at it, not in it." He kissed her shoulder, but kept walking her over toward it. It was waist high, and he dropped a cushion on it and then bent her over it his hot hand on her back.

"Like this."

Her breath whooshed out. "Yes, Sir."

He took lengths of chain and bound her wrists, taking



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a moment to kiss her hand right over her engagement ring, and then her ankles. “Back okay?”

She took inventory. “Yes, Sir. And yes, I’ll let you know if anything hurts.”

“That’s my girl. Can you move?”

She tried, and her breath sped up. “No, Sir.”

“Excellent.” His voice sounded amused, and smug, and then he smacked her ass a few times.

The plug—that giant plug—jolted and set off tingles inside that matched the tingles outside. “God.”

He wiggled it a few times, adding a bit more lube to it, then wrapped his hand around her hair, tugging her head up. “I’m going to fuck your ass now, princess, right here, in front of everyone. But remember, you do not come without permission.”

She didn’t care who watched, because the atmosphere in the room was so loaded with sex it was supercharged. But she’d been on edge for so long today, she might not be able to hold back. “Y-yes, Master.”

He slid the plug from her ass, teasing her again with the widest part of it, twirling it until her body started

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shaking. Then he withdrew it and dropped it onto the cushion next to her head, kissing her back just above where the scars started. He plunged his cock into her ass, jolting her forward until she went up on her toes.

She screamed as he sank deep, his balls and the wool material of his pants rubbing against her pussy and the back of her thighs.

Gabe withdrew, nearly completely, and slipped a hand between Olivia and the cage. And when he plunged back in, he pushed her clit against a small, hand-held vibrator. Her legs started to tremble. “Uh uh, princess, no coming.” On the next stroke out, he removed the vibe, teasing her over and over again until the cage and chains rattled, catching everyone’s attention.

He didn’t bother to keep his voice low, because though he was focused on his sub, these words were meant for everyone. “They’re watching you, pet. They know I have my cock in your ass and you love it. Just as their play is making things hotter for us, ours is for them. And no one cares if you have scars, or Jess has stretch marks, or that it’s Marcus who’s submitting instead of Bella, or that Colin

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and Delia's play has to be extremely light. No judgment. No censure. This is the life we love, the life we all share, and it's important that we know we have people we can share it with."

He continued to fuck her until she was crying with need, until she was begging him to let her come. Amid other moans, and grunts, and shouts of completion, he gave his permission. He set the vibrator against her clit, wiggling it against her body. "Come for me, princess." And as she went over, so did he, with a shout that was half moan, half fervent prayer.



Everyone sat around the table —not the formal table in the dining room, but the beat up, scarred table in the kitchen that was for friends and family— with glasses of wine or cider and heaping bowls of pasta and shrimp and fresh bread and salad in front of them.

When conversation waned, Gabe held up his glass,

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pulling Olivia onto his lap with a kiss. “To each of you. May your lives be full of fun and family, health and happiness—and lots of kinky sex.” He paused, then grinned. “All of it safe, sane and consensual, of course.”

They clinked glasses, laughter spilling around the table.

“This was a great idea,” Olivia said, slipping her arms around his waist and settling against his chest. “I vote we spend more time with friends and do this more often.”

He kissed her forehead. “I second that vote, princess. I love you.”

“Love you too, Master.”