
THE RELEASE

His Submissive

Book 2

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or
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This one? This one was for me.

Chapter 1

Kat

When I woke, I knew something was wrong instantly. The sour smell of excrement, and the dampness of the bed were my first warning that when I opened my eyes, I would be faced with my biggest fear. Opening them anyway, I looked next to me and I could tell by the look of my husband's skin that he was gone. The placid blue look of his lips, his sunken cheeks. Reaching over and placing my hand on his, the cool feeling answered all of my questions. Pulling back the blankets from his body, I could see the bloodstain on the sheets and the scream I let escape from my throat deafened me.

Sitting bolt upright in bed now, the sheets under me soaked through with my sweat tell me I have been dreaming. When I turn and see Moose lying in the empty spot next to me tears sting my eyes. I squeeze them closed, but immediately open them again trying to block out the image I see on my eyelids every time I close them. Moose raises his head and pushes his nose to mine, the cold damp feeling of it

brings me back to reality. "I know. I'm okay. I miss him, too," I tell the dog, my words filling the empty room.

It has been over a year since he died. A year of nightmares and waking up in sweat covered sheets, remembering the morning I woke to find him next to me, dead. He came home from the hospital that night, the doctors told us he had a mass in his intestines and to follow up with a doctor on Monday. He never made it through the night, they missed the bleed. Missed all the signs that he was internally bleeding from a ruptured aneurism in his intestines. When they discharged him they signed his death warrant. We went to bed together at two a.m. not knowing what would face us in the next weeks, cancer was a possibility. But we never expected him to not make it through the night.

After I buried him, packed up all of his belongings and stored them away in the basement I tried to go back to life. But a life without my husband, my partner, and my best friend was something I never expected I would have to face. I still struggle every day. The only thing that gets me through the emotional pain is the physical pain I let others inflict on me. As I rise from my bed the dog follows me into the bathroom, watching me as I turn on the shower. I step under the water, scalding away the memory. My skin turns bright red and when I look down at my body I see the yellowing bruises on my thighs from my last trip to The Jungle.

The BDSM club about an hour from my home is my haven. Last time I was there, the Dominant whom I had been playing with for the past six months broke the news to me that he was leaving, moving out of state. Now I will have to start back at square one, vetting new Doms and hoping to find the one who will help me survive this world I have no desire to continue on in. After I turn off the shower I get dressed, opting for one of his old t-shirts and a pair of plaid flannel pants.

I chew on my fingernails as I wait for the computer to power up, the hum of its fan filling my mind. The house is so quiet, too quiet, without the background noise of another person in it. No footsteps, no video game noises, the sounds of laughter and calls of “I love you” from the other room, all gone forever. I probably should have put the house on the market and moved long ago. Shouldn’t still sleep in our room every night only to face the same emptiness I feel each day. But I can’t let it go, I can’t let go of the last part of our life together. That would make it too real, would make me face the truth of him being gone.

At the end of each day when I pull up in the driveway and see his truck still parked in the same spot, I pretend, even if only for a moment, that he will be inside to greet me. Instead, I turn the key in the front door and open it, entering the dark empty home greeted by his best friend, Moose. The dog we bought when we were trying to get pregnant. All of these thoughts go through my mind as the computer loads, finally the screen flashes and I exhale a deep breath, sitting down and opening the browser. I shake my head for a moment, clearing my mind and trying to focus on what is in front of me, not all the thoughts rushing through my mind about him being gone.

“You can do this,” I tell myself and Moose nudges my arm with his head, as if he is telling me the same.

Typing the web address into the browser I just opened, I navigate my way to the site I need. The BDSM world has its own online platforms for those of us looking to meet new people. While I’m not the best at creating profiles and navigating them, I did well enough before and I expect I will again. After I log in, the first thing I do is change my relationship status to, looking. As I scroll through the handful of profile pictures, trying to decide on which one I want to use, I see a message come through.

“Well, that was fast.” Turning to look at Moose lying on the floor next to me, he raises his eyebrows. “What do you think it is going to be this time?” I ask him as I click open the message and prepare myself for the vulgar words from a stranger, no doubt just sending me dick pics and looking to troll me.

As I read the words on the screen next to the thumbnail of his profile picture I am surprised to see I was wrong. Fortunate enough to have the message be polite and kind, I smile and click on the picture so I can comb through this man’s profile. “All right, Marcus. Let’s see what you’re all about.” Moose stands and comes closer to me. “You want to see buddy?” I ask him. Then lift the computer, tilting the screen to show him the image of the dark-haired man on it. When he turns and walks a small circle on the floor before lying back down, I roll my eyes. “Not impressed?” I ask, as he lets out a sigh and I chuckle.

Moose is my best friend now, the one who gets me through the days and stays by my side through my darkest nights. I watch him curl-up on the floor, then he closes his eyes and goes back to napping. Turning my attention back to the screen I read through the profile of this Marcus, wondering briefly if that is his actual name or the Dom persona he chooses. Not everyone in our world decides to go with a pseudonym, I don’t, but I know many who do. My most recent Dom went by one and it wasn’t until nearly four months into our relationship that I learned his actual name is Larry.

I smile at the thought of him now. Knowing why he chose to go by a pseudonym, Larry just doesn’t scream Dominant. Marcus on the other hand seems almost dark and foreboding and reminds me of a vampire book I once read where the main character was a villain who preyed on young women. I wonder briefly if I still have that book somewhere

and decide I'll track it down and read it later, needing a good dark romance to get my mind off of things in the meantime before I settle on a new Dom.

Reading through the profile I see that Marcus is a single Dominant in my area, our limits are all nearly the same. Though I do notice he has an affinity for blood play that we do not share. I'll admit I haven't tried it, but it isn't necessarily on my hard limits list anymore. Not since, well, not since a year ago when I dove headfirst into this world looking for any way to stop the pain I'd been feeling inside.

Looking back on it now, I know it wasn't healthy, I know it wasn't the answer, and I know I should have sought out therapy far sooner than I actually did. With the help of the BDSM friendly therapist Larry introduced me to, and lots of work put into my mental health, I am able to say that I am in a much better place today than I was then. I understand the masochistic urges I have and know how to go about achieving them in a healthy way nowadays, as opposed to those early days where I was unsafe and putting myself at risk.

Continuing to click through the profile for this Marcus I decide to go back and reread his message to me.

From: Marcus

Subject: Seeking submissive

Good Morning, I saw your profile and couldn't help but notice we have a lot in common. I see you are currently seeking a Dom, I was hoping we could talk more about that.

Best,

Marcus

. . .

I sit reading his polite words, a nice change from all of the dick pics that I typically get. Chewing on my nails, I wonder if I should respond. Larry is going to be leaving and I need someone to replace him as my Dom soon. I know I won't be able to go long without the release that I get with his help. Finally, I hit the reply button.

From: Kit_Kat0127

Subject: Seeking Dominant

Marcus,

Thank you for your message. I have to say it was a refreshing surprise in a sea of dick pics lol. I am seeking a new Dom, but I am looking for a strictly platonic D/s relationship.

Sitting, rereading my message, I think about how to explain I am not looking for a sexual relationship with anyone. I haven't been with anyone since Dave and I'm not ready for that, I need to make it clear from the beginning. I return to my message.

Is that something you would be interested in? My previous Dom and I made things work with a large majority of our relationship being virtual and met twice a month. I am hoping to find the same type of dynamic.

Best,

Kat

Hitting send I wait nervously, watching the screen and hoping that Marcus will respond quickly. The knot in my stomach grows as the time goes by and no response comes through. I know this type of relationship is not something

that most people are willing to go into and it takes the right person. When I was with Larry it worked for us, he has a partner whom he has been with long term, but she isn't into the D/s dynamic. So, they have an open relationship. My best hope at finding a new Dom who won't try to push me into something I'm not ready for is to find the same.

A Dominant who will have no drive to try to push me into a sexual relationship might be hard to find. I consider contacting some friends in the scene and going to a munch to see if I can hopefully make some new connections. Deciding I will still do this, I close the laptop and head to start my day.