
MISTRESS RESTRAINED

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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 the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

Jennifer

It was a quiet night as our Uber pulled in front of the club. "Old Man Sam" was squatting by the double doors, looking out. I pulled a twenty out of my purse and handed it to him with a nod. The homeless population in the industrial district was large by LA standards. Those who have been around long enough knew to keep the newbies away, while making sure nothing looked suspicious. We relied on the homeless to be our eyes. When someone without a membership was creeping around or the police happened to sniff on by, our lookouts let us know. In exchange, the members of the elusive BDSM club paid them in food, shelter, and money. I chose money because it was easier, but for "Old Man Sam," I was known to bring him food and even clothing if he needed it, all without asking. On the outside, Club Sapphire looked like a nondescript warehouse building, a place a reputable business would use. But when the doors opened, the faint sound of bass reverberated on the walls. When a person walked in, the real bouncer—Tony—was standing vigil inside the long corridor, checking IDs and

membership cards. The lookouts were a precaution, but nothing got past Tony. He was the face of the club. Mistress X, the club's owner, did not show her face, so Tony was the first and last person seen on the night one entered the premises. He was known for not only guarding the door, but for dealing with any members who broke the rules. Not that many did. Those who broke club rules were normally new. As far as I could tell, no one had been evicted as a club member in a long time. This was where many prominent men and women in Los Angeles went to unwind, a place where their sexual proclivities could be explored. No judgment, just like-minded people trying to have a good time. It was why monthly club dues were so high, but the price was worth it. There were no lines, no waiting to get in, dressed in whatever scandalous clothing one wore out.

Tonight, I had on my tight black leather pants, low-heeled boots, and a top that was two sizes too small that I had stolen from Luna. Luna was wearing a skintight red fuck-me dress, with heels to match. As her roommate and best friend, I already knew she wore nothing underneath. Every weekend, Luna went upstairs with a fresh man. Rarely, she chose a woman. I don't think Luna was bisexual, so much as she would be with anyone as long as there was a mutual attraction. So, she was prepared for any and everything. We would not be leaving together tonight; that was for sure. Me? Well, I went upstairs, but usually, it left me unfulfilled and angry. I would do a scene and lose myself for only a short matter of time. Then I would leave. I had other plans tonight. Tonight, I would succeed. Tonight, would be the exception. At least that was the plan.

"Let's hit the bar first, Mami." Luna had all her tattoos on full display. As per her usual, she was making a statement with her body, her dark, curly hair swept into an updo, to showcase the ink on the back of her neck. The bar was on the far left side of the club. It took up the entirety of that side. There were no rooms downstairs, no offices or anything like that. It was only the

club. We reached the bar. The bar top was intricate. It was almost see-through, but with a translucent blue hue beneath the surface. In my opinion, it reminded me of something one would see on the beach, but it was the brightest point in the entire club. I think that was the purpose. Where every other corner of the club was dark and dimly lit, the bar was bright and inviting, begging everyone to come take a drink before they started their night. The bar top was basically a beacon of welcome, and that's exactly where we were heading.

Luna's eyes looked toward the floor, since she was following the rules like a good little pet, while I eyed every man and woman in the vicinity. I was unafraid. Luna's rules did not apply to me.

"Gin and tonic for me, sex on the beach for my pet," I told the bartender. He must be new. Normally, Jack was working the bar on the weekends. In his stead was an all-American guy. His blond locks and golden tan said he spent time on the beach. He looked like the poster boy for surfers. I guided Luna into a seat. She was only mine until we found someone for her tonight. House rules, submissives cannot come into this club unescorted. Once I found someone for Luna, she would be transferred into their care for the night and off my hands, so I could find my own fun. The regulars at the club know us, though, so finding someone for Luna would be easier than finding someone for myself.

"Here you go, Mistress Jessica." The new bartender handed me our drinks. I could tell by the way he maintained eye contact yet also held an air of submission in his aura, he was a switch, which was a surprise to see, since normally the bar was tended by Dommies.

"To your new job, Mistress Jessica," Luna murmured. Her eyes stayed locked on the floor, head bowed. Perfect. Let's just hope someone sees and approaches me for her.

"Do you want to see a show, my pet?" I hated labeling Luna.

Calling her my pet was better than a slave in my mind. It wasn't about what I wanted, though. If Luna wanted me to call her a slave, I would. In fact, a few months ago, she was really trying to find herself. There was a time in which she only responded to "good girl." I was able to find her a Daddy who took such good care of her, they dated for a bit. I wasn't surprised. Luna had a habit of becoming easily attached.

"Mistress Jessica?" A familiar dominant pulled me out of my thoughts and approached me. "I'd like to request your pet tonight." He didn't look at Luna, but I could see from the twitch in her hand on the glass, she wanted him, too.

"I accept your request. Take her."

Luna controlled her face, but I knew she wanted to shoot me a beaming smile. Instead, she followed her new Master gracefully up the stairs. They were normally roped off, with two guards standing on either side of the bannister, interrogating each group before they went upstairs to use the rooms above. Tonight, was different. Only regulars were allowed. From the outside looking in, many would assume that Luna and I were regulars, but we aren't. The only reason we were able to participate was because of Mistress X. Even Luna didn't know why we got the preferential treatment we did, and I was going to keep it that way. She didn't need to know everything about me.

I scanned the room. Already, this night seemed to be a bust. There were many members wearing leather or latex and collars on most submissives. There were even some half-naked. It was nights like this, when we could let our freak-flag fly, so to speak. Nothing was off limits. There weren't many rules, and everyone knew them. The bouncers and guards made sure to attend to everyone, so hard limits were spoken about. Freak night was nothing new. There was the couple who wore animal suits. The female sub always wore something cute, like a bunny, and the male Dom always wore something aggressive, like a lion. I loved their antics. They had even done a few public scenes that made

even me squirm in my seat. All the way across the dance floor was a dangerous couple. The male Dom exuded sinister energy, and his male sub did as well. They were into knife play and other violence. I never knew blood could get you off, but last week I watched a demonstration by them, and my darker side came to play when I took my own sub upstairs. I let out a whimsical sigh when I saw the Daddy Luna used to be with. While caretaker isn't really my deal, he was just so sweet, I wanted to break him. I knew he also could be rough. Luna had told me, but still, I wanted his tears in a jar on my nightstand. Then my eyes hit *him*. He was kneeling on the floor, his golden hair in his face, but I could tell he was using it to cover his wandering eyes. He was perfect for what I needed. A naughty little pet who didn't know his own place. His mistress had already found a new toy. I crossed the room and approached, putting my hands on him. His mistress didn't even see me as I groped his front and caressed his shirtless chest.

"Mistress?" I nodded my head to gesture I wanted him, and she waved him away without a word.

He rose, towering over me, and I grabbed his beefy hand. I loved a large man. Something about him doubling my size and giving me the privilege of dominating him, made me want to orgasm on the spot. Slight tremors went up and down my spine in excitement. I took my new prize up the stairs and down the dark corridor, to the left, where the gentler rooms were. We went right into the blue room. It was a calming room for most. I just liked it because it was my favorite color and it was perfect when feeling out a new sub. Normally, I took my subs to either the purple room, where anything goes, or the red room, where pain was inflicted. I loved using the red room because most subs thought I was going to beat them bloody, but that wasn't my style. I just wanted them in the mind frame of getting hurt. Rarely, did I ever choose a sub who wanted to be in a lot of pain. That didn't mean I was a pushover. I have broken a few toys

before, mainly due to my inexperience. But that wasn't going to happen tonight. I didn't want to break this one. I just wanted to teach him a little and celebrate my power. He needed to understand he couldn't go around looking wherever he pleased. He needed to learn his place. When I thought about it, I realized this was actually a pet peeve I had with new subs. They didn't know their place. As soon as we were in the room, he knelt again, and I tsked.

"Clothes off," I demanded. I didn't tell him to do anything yet. It really wasn't his job to make decisions without my say so.

"Yes, Mistress," he said demurely. But I knew better. He was playacting at best. He wasn't as submissive as he wanted me to think. That would change.

"Once you tell me your safe word, no more talking." My persona was a little gruff and rough around the edges, the way I wanted to be in real life.

"Maple syrup, Mistress." He folded his clothes neatly on a chair, then he knelt in front of me.

"Use the house colors for check in," I reminded him.

He seemed fairly new. I took in his potent form. His thighs were thick and his chest sturdy, back straight. His cock was only a chub, something I was hoping to change. I ran my hand lightly down his hairy chest, resting for a second on his lower abdomen. This was the moment of truth, that hardest part of the night—finding my center and staying in the correct headspace. No one at the club knew, but I had been having trouble for months staying in the Domme space. It had gone on so long, I was worried I would have to go to Mistress X for help. If there was one thing I could not abide by, it was failure. I found my place, after a moment of silence when only our light breathing could be heard. I paused and hung my head, blocking out everything in the room, the noise, the light, the sounds of our breaths—everything. I slowly opened my eyes, letting my breath out slowly but surely, as my heart rate settled in my chest. Then I began. I

placed the blindfold over his light green eyes, hiding some of his face. I wanted to give him the best experience. I wanted him to tremble in my arms. He would give everything to me.

"How is it?" I purred. I had to take baby steps with a new playmate. I couldn't just jump right in. He didn't know me or I him.

"Green, Mistress."

I checked his body language and his chub had grown in length. Perfect. My assessment was not wrong. Maybe this scene would work after all. I changed the playlist in the room, changing the vibe from calming to sensual. I ran my nails lightly down the back of his neck. He shivered. He enjoyed sensation play then. That meant I could proceed. There was a lit candle on the nightstand, and I grabbed it. I tipped the candle and let the wax drip down his chest slowly. He inhaled and exhaled a shaky breath. I could feel myself growing wet.

"Color?" I demanded.

"Green, Mistress Jessica," he said on a moan.

Yes! I pulled back from him and just let the emotions from being in charge flow down the core of my being. It was time. I grabbed the smallest riding crop and trailed it up and down his front, so he could feel the size. I was already wet, just thinking of him. Most would not care he was new, but I did. There wouldn't be too much in this session. It would be a good experience for him and a great experience for me, in control. I needed a minor fix, something to take the edge off, something to get me through the week.

"Mistress," he impatiently moaned.

Wrong answer. "I said no speaking." Three light taps, and it was already showing on his alabaster skin. "Up." He got to his feet, stumbling a little. This whole session was about control for me and learning a lesson for him. That was it.

"Lie on the bed, face down, feet apart." I grabbed the red rope and tied him to the headboard. It was a shame I couldn't

see his cock, but I knew he would blow his load all over the sheets while rubbing his cock against the silk.

"How do you feel?" I panted. Fuck. I was starting to feel like I should've grabbed someone for punishment play. *Don't lose yourself now, Jessica.*

"Green, my Mistress."

Oh, he was claiming me now. I struck swiftly. "Did you have permission to look at me in the club?" I hadn't meant to bring it up, but it was what had intrigued me about him in the first place, so I might as well go for it.

"No, Mistress Jessica."

I could hear his gulp from where I was standing beside the bed. "And what do you think I should do to you?" I breathed.

He paused. "Punish me, Mistress."

Yes. "As you wish, my pet." I grabbed the package on the nightstand. It was a new pack of ear buds I was going to use to smother another one of his senses. I slid them in his ears and his breathing came out ragged. It must be so hard not being able to see or hear, knowing that anything could happen to you, and having to put your trust in your dominant.

I picked up the crop. "Lie still, and I will reward you." Even though he couldn't hear me, I wanted to keep talking. I could hear his breathing stagger as I worked him over with the riding crop. I hit patterns on his back and made sure to switch off on each buttock, creating red stripes down his body, but I felt nothing. Nothing. That wetness I had, completely dried up. This wasn't what I wanted. He yelped when I snapped down a little too hard, and I knew I had to end the scene before I lost control, or worse, hurt him intentionally. Before I got too upset, I stopped, untied him, and removed the ear buds.

"How do you feel?" I asked again, my voice dead to my ears.

"Green, my Mistress, please," he begged. I looked into his eyes and swallowed a sigh, noticing something glazed over them with confusion. He was. I stopped. Even though I wasn't enjoying

myself, didn't mean he wasn't. For that, he should receive a reward. I grabbed his cock and took him in deep. Smaller than I was used to, I could deep throat with no issues. If he were into play, I would probably make fun of his size, saying he was such a big man with such a small cock. But it wasn't that kind of scene.

"Come on my breasts whenever you are ready." At my words, he swelled, and I let him release in my cleavage. Disgusted with myself, I went through the motions for aftercare on his back. No words were spoken, and I left as soon as I saw he was in a good place, heading back over to our place in Orange County.

This kept happening to me. I couldn't seem to figure out what was wrong. What was missing? I hopped in the shower after chucking my clothes in the hamper, washing the entire night off myself. Maybe I needed to stop going to Club Sapphire. I was sure the regulars knew there was something wrong with me. The last few months, I had ended every one of my scenes early. No complaints, because that was not how the club worked. Since I had broken no rules, no one would say anything to management. It didn't mean I didn't feel like shit. The only reason I was out tonight was to celebrate my new job at Master-Son Technology. It wasn't a dream job, but to score the secretarial position for the COO of the company was a big deal. I could work anywhere after this. Plus, I could pay my dues for the club. For the past two months, Luna had been carrying me. Now, I would bring in more than enough, and I could pay her back, plus benefits. I really did not think I would get such a coveted position. While my persona at night is a dominatrix, during the day, I played the norm. I kept to myself, did my work, did not cause any waves, and blended. Most people would hate blending. Not me. Did I wish I could be who I am at night during the day? Yes. My problem was having someone who could live the life with me 24/7. I had tried to find that person, but it was tiring when they could not fully commit. I threw on a tee and some sweats, ready to end this shitty night.

I wondered if there was such a thing as late night dominatrix school. Perhaps I should ask Mistress X. Maybe I should find a shrink in the life. I needed something. I just could not figure out what. That, there, that lack of control could cause me to spiral if I didn't get a handle on it. I would hate for this to blow up on me. Maybe tomorrow, I could ask Luna if she knew what was wrong with me. She told it like it was. I wished I were like all the other women I knew. Submissive. Docile. Quiet. But the very thought made me want to hurl.