

Tame Me (Fling)

Bonus Scene

By Lauren Hawkeye

“I can’t believe we have to leave tomorrow.” Ariel Monroe rolled over on the massive bed and looked up through the golden fringe of her bangs. She groaned dramatically, playfully, and her lover, Marco Kennedy, grinned in response.

That grin faded as he studied her closer, crossing the plush carpeting of their suite to sit beside her. The mattress dipped beneath his weight, causing Ariel to slide closer to the heat of his long, hard body.

“What’s got you so worried, pet?” Taking her chin in his hands, Marco looked Ariel right in the eye, his expression the calm in the storm of her emotions.

She didn’t try to pull away, didn’t try to hide what she was feeling. They’d only been together for two weeks, but she already knew that he wouldn’t settle for anything less than complete honesty and openness.

“I—” The words stuck in her throat, and she tried to swallow past the lump that they created. The fingers holding her chin squeezed, urging her on.

“I’m worried about what will happen when we get back to the real world.” Propping herself up onto her elbows, Ariel blew her bangs out of her eyes and looked up at Marco, her expression more than a little mournful. She knew she was probably being silly... probably getting ahead of herself...

But the thought that what she had with Marco might not survive outside the walls of Italy’s Mancusi Resort hurt more than she cared to admit.

“What do you think will happen?” Marco’s voice was even, but Ariel thought she caught a hint of irritation, gone so quickly that she might have imagined it.

Still, she shifted warily. She'd been surprised to discover that she liked pleasing Marco—that she had a deep seated desire to do so.

But he'd asked her to tell him what was bothering her. Though they weren't in formal Dom/ sub mode, she knew better than to disobey him.

“We're both going to go back to work,” she started, squealing when Marco gathered her in his arms and pulled her into his lap, holding her close, his hand at the back of her neck. She stroked her fingers idly up and down his biceps—God, those biceps. She could stare at them for days.

“And?” Marco's hand landed on her upper thigh, distracting Ariel from what she'd been about to say. When he cleared his throat, Ariel forced herself to continue.

“And I'm afraid you're going to start to think of me like everyone else does,” she blurted out in one big rush. “I'm not worried that you're after my money, of course—you've got plenty of your own. But I'm not the same person that I am on stage. I'm afraid you're going to start thinking that I'm like... that.”

Ariel cringed as soon as the words were out of her mouth. She was a singer, what the tabloids termed a 'pop princess'. On stage she wore next to nothing and acted like a tramp. She didn't mind, because it wasn't really her.

But more than one boyfriend had accused her of being a whore. Of fucking her way to the top.

The hand resting on her thigh squeezed, and the air fell ominously silent. Her pulse began to skitter through her veins, warning her of what her eyes told her only a moment later.

She'd pissed off her Dom. And that could be a very dangerous thing to do.

“Do you mean to say that you think I am going to think less of you when you return to the job that I already know you do?” Marco's free hand moved from the nape of Ariel's neck and down, sliding down her spine, over the wing of her shoulder blade and around to cup possessively

over her breast.

“Um...” Ariel’s voice trailed off as her blood began to heat, both with nerves and with anticipation.

“Answer me.” Marco’s talented fingers pinched her nipple, hard enough to make her cry out.

“I... I don’t know. Sir. I hope not.” Her voice was breathless as Marco pinched the hard nub of flesh again.

“Hmm.” Without warning Marco stood, gathering Ariel in his arms. She was lifted, then lowered, turned so that she spread over the crisp duvet on her front.

She felt Marco position her limbs like she was a doll, tucking her elbows beneath her, spreading her legs.

She began to tremble.

“Don’t move. Don’t speak.” Marco’s voice was a low growl, and Ariel buried her face in the covers as she listened to his footsteps walking away. Finding a cool spot on the sheets, she pressed the suddenly feverish skin of her cheeks to it, desperate for just a moment of relief.

“I’m going to gag you now, Ariel. Do you understand why?” Marco was back, and Ariel felt the softness of a scarf trailing over the skin of her back. Goosebumps rose in its wake.

He’d asked her a question, but he hadn’t yet given her permission to speak, so Ariel nodded her head, the movement jerky.

“Tell me.”

The silk of the scarf brushed over her lips tantalizingly, making her mouth water. She wished it was the head of Marco’s cock, rather than silk.

“I... you’re gagging me because I... because I said that... I thought you might think differently of me. Out there.” The end of her sentence was cut off as Marco gently but with sure

movements placed the scarf over her parted lips.

“Smart girl.” Marco pulled the silk over her cheeks and around, securing the ends behind Ariel’s head. Her tongue flicked out to dampen the slick fabric.

“The gag is to prevent any more insulting comments from leaving those sexy lips of yours.” Marco moved out of Ariel’s line of sight, and she squirmed with anticipation.

She heard a metallic snick, and then something cold closed over each ankle. She tried to move, found she couldn’t close her legs.

Her excitement grew.

“Now I’m going to flog you. I’m going to use a pussy whip right on that pretty pink cunt until you come. You’re going to have to take it. What you feel on your ankles are the cuffs to a spreader bar. No closing your legs until I say so.”

Excitement fizzed through Ariel’s veins, hot and heady, as she listened to the sounds of Marco undressing behind her. She could just imagine what a picture he made, tall and rock solid, his olive skin glowing in the late afternoon sun, his erect cock in his fist, the tip already wet with arousal.

“I’m going to flog you until you come. Remember that if you’re thinking of trying to postpone the pleasure.”

Ariel heard the sound of the pussy whip slicing through the air before the supple leather ribbons landed on the juncture of her thighs.

She cried out, her voice echoing off the high walls of the suite. Heat rushed to the small area that the flogger had struck, and the cooler air of the room was a delicious contrast—almost too much.

Instinctively she tried to close her legs. That she couldn’t caused arousal to surge through her in a tidal wave.

“A lovely start. I do so enjoy seeing my mark on your skin.” Marco flicked the flogger

again, then again, alighting nerve endings in a small circle of flesh.

God, but the man was good at this.

“Now.”

Ariel’s scream was muffled by the silken gag as the pussy whip landed right on the engorged flesh of her clit. Her body tightened like a rubber band stretched too tight, then snapped like that same elastic.

The orgasm was hot and hard, nearly brutal in its intensity.

When she would have collapsed onto the bed, Marco clasped her hips in strong hands. Positioning his cock at her entrance, he entered her in one hard thrust, setting a brutal pace that made Ariel’s breath catch in her throat.

When his own breath grew ragged and his thrusts short and hard, Ariel felt Marco tug at the fastening of her gag. The silk fell free, and she moaned as Marco seated himself inside of her one final time, the heat of his release spilling down the insides of her thighs.

“Mine,” he growled as he squeezed her hips and, finally, stilled. Ariel collapsed onto the bed, feeling Marco’s weight on top of her, heavy and reassuring. “No matter what.”

What they had between them was real. It could withstand the pressures of the real world.

Sleepy and spent, Ariel smiled as Marco dipped his head and pressed a soft kiss to the stripe of her spine. Satisfaction, calm, love surged through her, and she was content.

“Yes,” she agreed, arching into the press of his lips on her skin.

“Yours.”