



Bound to the Chef

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Dark

Description: With this ring, I thee claim...

For months I've waited, biding my time with sweet little Rhylee. Tonight, the waiting ends, and she will be mine.

Not only will I have the thrill of putting my sous chef on her knees, the fates have granted me the one thing I have wanted for so long: My ring on her finger and my collar around her throat.

The Halloween party we've worked so hard to plan will now be our wedding feast. With Rhylee as the main course.

And once our guests have eaten their fill and turned my new bride into a sticky, whimpering mess, they will watch as I claim her body, heart and soul, binding her to me for eternity.

Bound to the Chef is a darkverse arranged marriage story with themes that might be appropriate for some readers. Please read the front of the book to see if this story is right for you.

Total Pages (Source): 18

CHAPTER1

RHYLEE

Fuck.

Sliding down to the floor, I draw my knees up to my chest. My phone buzzes in my hand, but I ignore it. All I can see is the message in front of me, the words blurring as tears gather in my eyes.

I don't need to be able to read it anymore since I've nearly memorized it by heart. The fucking Governing Body has deemed it's my turn to walk down the aisle and marry a perfect stranger. Just great.

Placing my phone on the floor next to me, I bury my head in my hands. Thankfully, my break coincided with this little message; otherwise, I might have worked through my shift and missed it completely. What would the powers that be do then?

Would they hunt me down and drag me kicking and screaming from the restaurant? To think, being married in my work clothes and apron. That would certainly show my intended exactly what I think about all of this.

Closing my eyes, I listen to the sounds of clanking silverware and people bustling about doing their job. However, most of all, I listen for Jason—the head chef, my boss, my dominant, and most importantly, my master. What will he say when I tell him? Recrimination races through my veins like acid as tears soak into my apron.

We both knew this was a possibility, but we never discussed what would happen if that fateful day ever occurred. Ugh. It was stupid to get involved with an Alpha. I knew this; he knew this, and yet, I couldn't resist his pull. As an omega, I should have known better and should have stayed far away from him.

At work, it's unavoidable, a necessary evil, they say. I need to make money, and he needs a sous chef that can take orders. Besides, no one can fault me for having some odd infatuation with my boss as long as it stayed professional, right?

But it didn't end there. Of course, it didn't. Tragedies aren't built on such mundane things as working for a hotter-than-hell chef that commands his kitchen better than some dominants command a willing submissive. Villains aren't created merely because they worked with someone they thought they couldn't have. Well, maybe for some. But for others, they can balance that need and want with what must be done.

What I should have done was stay in my own section of the kitchen, taking in his orders like the good little sous chef I was trained to be. What should have been done was not seek out the BDSM club, hoping some other dominant, beta preferably, could beat out the submissive urges I had towards my boss, leaving me sated enough to work and not succumb to his steely demeanor. What I should have done was walk right out when I saw him there, his half-naked body glistening in the dim lights as he flogged a beta.

Her cries pierced my soul, driving that longing up tenfold, twentyfold. And then, as if he knew I was there, could smell my desperation and wanting, he turned. The moment his eyes locked onto mine, I knew I would never be able to walk away again.

And yet, here I sit, a ball of misery while he barks out orders, commanding the other workers with an ease I've never seen before in an Alpha. My pussy spasms despite the agony threatening to tear me limb from limb. I have to tell him. He'll need to know why I'm leaving in the middle of a shift.

To tell him, however, will make all of this far too real. The longer I sit back here, the longer I can pretend this is all a bad dream. Soon, I'll wake up and realize this is a nightmare.

But nightmare or not, reality will soon come knocking. I was hoping I'd have several more years. Since I'm only twenty-two, there was still plenty of time to saddle me with some random Alpha and pop out his babies. Why can't they let me live a little?

Again, my phone buzzes, drawing my teary gaze to the screen. Fuck. The Halloween party. In all of this, I completely forgot. My soft sobs begin anew as I picture the cute little his-and-hers vampire set we bought to wear tonight.

Master Jason kept hyping this party up, telling me it was going to be the best night of my life, and now I won't even be able to go. What husband would want their wife getting her brains fucked out by another Alpha on their wedding night?

Whoever I marry will have to be understanding and realize I already have a life that doesn't involve him. But there's no way I'll ever find an Alpha that's willing to sit back and watch as another satisfies me. It goes against everything in their biology.

I stare at the screen, going back to the text. Only half an hour left before I need to be in place for dress fittings and accessories. Luckily for me, it's not too far away, and traffic isn't usually horrible at this time of day. I have some more time to mourn my fate and gather the courage to find Master Jason.

As I move to get up, his heavenly scent fills the small break room, stealing my breath. Even though we've been together for the last two years, it never ceases to fill me with hunger and longing. Turning my tear-stained face up to his, I note the pinched expression on his face.

"Love," he murmurs, sliding close, enveloping me in his warm strength. "You know

how I feel about you sulking off to cry alone. As your dominant, those tears are mine, just like every inch of you.”

“I wasn’t planning on crying, you big oaf,” I tease, giving him a half-hearted shove. “But I received a text-”

“Show me.” His voice is imposing but missing that Alpha command so many others use to get their way.

But then, Master Jason doesn’t need to. I obey him willingly and without hesitation. I always have, and I always will. Pulling my phone out from behind my back, I wait on bated breath as he skims it.

“I guess it’s official then,” he grumbles, his tone devoid of emotion. “We knew this day would come.” There’s a pain there, a hint of hurt, but I can tell he’s keeping it at bay for my sake, staying strong as only he can.

Throwing myself into Master Jason’s outstretched arms, I sob against him, allowing him to comfort me, cocooning me with both his body and the purr that rumbles through his chest. Just one touch, and I melt. No other Alpha will be able to soothe me this way. It’s impossible.

“It’s only six months,” he murmurs against my hair, his hot breath making my body tingle. “Six months and you’ll be back in my arms.”

“But will you even want me then? You know how Alphas are. If he wants to fuck me, I won’t be able to say no.”

There’s a tightness around his lips as he grinds his teeth. No doubt it’s anger at the idea of someone forcing me to do something I don’t want. “It doesn’t matter to me what happens in those six months. You’ll always be mine. Remember when I took

you on as my submissive? I told you nothing and no one will ever separate us. Even if we have to go six months at a time while the government pairs us with other people, we will always come back to each other.”

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“Yes,” I hiccup, “but that was when we both hoped it would never happen. But now it’s here and-”

“And,” he rests his finger against my lips. “We will get through it. You are mine, love. Mine to command, mine to control, and unfortunately, mine to order to leave and get ready for your wedding.”

“But-” This time, he spears me with that dark glare of his, the one that makes his stormy gray eyes turn molten.

“There are no buts here. I can’t see you if you’re in prison. You have to leave in order to keep yourself safe and out of the hands of the Governing Body. You may not pay attention to the news, but I do. Their reach is getting far more vast, and I don’t want you at the end of their machinations. So, you will do this. I’m ordering you, not as your boss or even as your lover. As your Master, you will go. Afterward, we will see what can be done.”

“Yes, Sir,” I cry out, my body shaking as I force myself to pull away. “Who knows? Maybe this man doesn’t want to marry either and is happy to live in a platonic relationship?”

He pauses for a moment, saying nothing, but his eyes say everything. There’s something he’s trying not to give voice to. I can feel it. But in an instant, it’s gone, replaced by his normal rigid demeanor.

“There’s no way in hell any man, Alpha or beta, can look at you and want to keep things platonic.” Leaning forward, he scoops me back into his arms, squeezing me

tightly for just a moment.

However, it's the soft kiss on the forehead that nearly makes me sob again. "You'll make a beautiful bride, my precious Rhylee. I just know it. Now go on before I drag you into my office and refuse to let you leave."

Forcing myself to move, I get my car keys and gather my meager belongings before heading out the door. No doubt the people getting me ready have seen the gamut of emotions from their brides before, but deep in my heart, I feel as if I'm the only one about to go in there and tear everything to bits. I can't allow myself to feel these emotions, however.

It won't reflect well on my Master. Above all, I must remember my place, even if I'm with someone else. What I do is a mirror of him and his values. He wouldn't want me to cause a scene.

And so, with my heart the heaviest it's ever been, I make my way to the wedding venue. Honestly, for the first time, I actually wish there was traffic. That way, I would have an excuse for foregoing all the fuss about me and this damned dress.

I don't care if they outfit me in a paper bag or a potato sack. This marriage is a sham and shouldn't have the same finery or frippery of a real wedding. Though it may be binding in the eyes of the law, it holds no merit in my heart.

* * *

The gown is lovely. I have to at least admit that much. Running my fingers down the supple fabric, I look at myself in the mirror, demanding my tears to stay at bay. If I'm going to ruin my makeup, I want the groom at least to bear witness, to know just how much this marriage is killing me.

Women bustle about behind me, but I pay them no mind. Their bright smiles and cheery air about them do nothing to assuage the misery threading through my veins. Glancing over at the jewelry, I make my final decision, no longer able to drag things out.

Opting for a simple pair of pearl earrings and a silver chain ending in one large orb, I give myself a last look over before turning to the door. The workers beam at me, gushing about how beautiful I am and what a terrific bride I will make. I want to slap them, all of them.

There's no way their emotions or words are real. Perhaps it's some new, infuriating bit of technology that's so lifelike, no one can tell the difference. I'd like to think normal human people would see just how wrong this all was and not be happy and cheerful. Clenching my fingers at my side, I resist the urge to pinch one of them to see if it's skin or some synthetic substitute covering a metal frame.

They know nothing. They understand nothing. It's as if the Governing Body made clones of people to walk about acting as if all of this was okay. In some ways, I wish it was some advanced technology. Maybe then they'd be able to find a better way of ensuring better birth rates than pairing up the most genetically optimal people they can find.

As it is, we're still forced to do this dog and pony show, somehow making better Alphas and omegas to rise above the wreckage the virus wrought upon us. What's to say some new variant won't come through and turn us all back to normal? If a virus can create Alphas and omegas, can't it turn all of us back to betas?

Maybe instead of forcing marriages, the Governing Body should put more work into equalizing the dynamics. Honestly, it would be a much better use of everyone's time. Then again, if I'm being one hundred percent truthful, I love the dynamic shift between Master Jason and me.

Would the sex and dominance be just as good if we were both betas? I'd like to think so, but practically speaking, his knot drives me absolutely wild. I'd definitely miss that if the Governing Body were to somehow turn us all back to normal.

I'm mentally stalling. I know I am. I'm finding any and everything else to think about to avoid contemplating my future. I know what Master Jason said, and I know he won't think less of me if this groom and I have sex. But I'll think less of me.

It will feel like I gave up and didn't even try to resist. Inside, I know it would eat me alive. No matter what, after we say, "I do," everything will change. I just know it.

Gripping the flowers the pod person hands to me, I take in a deep breath and fill my thoughts with Master Jason. I can get through this if he's in my mind. The first tear threatens to fall.

At my side, the women smile and shake their heads, their expressions almost saccharine, as if they think it's sweet I'm tearing up. "You're a beautiful bride," one of them says as she holds the door open.

It mirrors what Master Jason said to me, and I almost lose it. Breathing deeply, I focus on putting one foot in front of the other. My vision blurs as I make my way through the long corridors, pausing as I get to the corner.

Soft piano music fills the air, swelling as I hover at that first step. I can do it. I have to do this. One foot in front of the other. That's all I have to do.

I take a step and a breath. Peeking around, I look at the Alpha standing at the front, his back turned to me. His shoulders are so broad, so familiar. Is there a chance I know this Alpha? Would that make it worse or better?

Next step. The music gets louder as if each movement forward hastens its crescendo.

An odd itch invades my body as I long to rip the dress from me and flee. It's not my heat. This is terror, pure and simple.

The next steps are like agony as I force myself to move. But then, everything shifts. A familiar smell tingles my nose, giving me more hope than I have any right to have. Despite the officiant motioning me forward, I stop several feet away, unable to move any further.

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I need to know who this scent belongs to because there's no way I'd ever get this lucky. The man smells like Master Jason, but it can't be. My breath hitches in my chest as he turns, ever so slowly, to face me.

A strangled cry flies from my lips as I sink to my knees. All the emotions I've been bottling up surge out of me as tears stream down my face. There, at the altar, is Master Jason.

Relieved sobs wrack my body as he comes down the short set of stairs to wrap his arms around me. Up at the podium, the officiant looks shocked, his eyes bugging out as he watches the display. But I don't care. I have Master Jason, and that's all I care about.

CHAPTER2

JASON

I hold my quivering omega in my arms, my heart bursting as I drag her scent deep into my lungs. When I got the message I was supposed to be married today, I was furious. However, when I found Rhylee in the break room, sobbing over the same affliction, I had a touch of hope.

What were the odds that both of us were set to get married at the same time and same location but end up with different people? Granted, the ceremony time was the same, but my time of arrival was at least an hour or two later than hers. My only guess is that men are easier to dress than women.

Happiness and fulfillment flood my body, bringing a soft smile to my face. My intuition has always served me well, and in this instance, I'm overjoyed I read the signs correctly. Unable to resist, I reach down with my free hand to pat my pocket, ensuring the box is still there, waiting for her.

It worked to my advantage, and now, more than ever, I'm glad I stopped by the jewelry shop. Though, who am I kidding? The collar I now possess would have still been on her neck whether we were getting married or not.

This only makes giving it to her all the sweeter. My cock stiffens as it finally hits home that this little omega is mine forever. Now that we are to be married, no one will ever take her away from me again.

Tonight, I'll claim her, marking her in a way that binds her to me for all eternity. We just have to get through this damned ceremony first. Pulling back, I wipe at her eyes, chuckling as a layer of makeup comes off with it.

"I love seeing you cry, my love. I fucking ache at the sight of your mascara streaking down your face as you look up at me. But I can't tell you how happy I am knowing that these tears of relief confirm our union." Dropping my tone, I murmur softly so that only she can hear. "And tonight, you'll be crying again, but for a completely different reason."

She shudders as arousal perfumes the air. My little masochist is always up for anything I want to do with her. Little does she know the depraved things that have been running through my head since the moment I caught her scent coming down the aisle.

Tonight, at the Halloween party, we had already planned on me pushing some of her limits. But now, as her husband, I'll be able to demand so much more. I will accept nothing less than her complete submission as I use her for my pleasure.

Stifling a groan, I stand, bringing her up with me. Hand in hand, we walk back up to the officiant, and I note the look of unease in his eyes. Granted, with the way she was sobbing, he probably thought I was a monster. Though I am, it's not in the way he thinks at all.

"Dearly beloved," he chokes out, looking at Rhylee for a moment in concern. "These two, plus our witnesses, are gathered together to join in holy matrimony."

Irritation crawls up my spine as he does his spiel about marriage being sacred and holy, the noise droning on, buzzing about my ears like an annoying bug. I want him to shut up so I can whisk my bride away and do something blasphemous and unholy to her. He's the last step between me and forever with the woman I love and crave.

As much as I want to carry her away, to bind myself to her in a way that supersedes marriage, I bide my time, doing my best to stay present in the moment. It's the least I can do for Rhylee, who's still shaking as she processes everything. Now, more than ever, she needs a calm presence and not someone who's consumed with the idea of stripping her bare and fucking her on the altar.

However, when he starts talking about what our relatives want the other to know, I raise my hand, stopping him in his tracks. "I know her far better than any relative or friend. And what she knows about me can fill several books. I say let's get on with it."

"I- Well." Scrunching his nose, he pushes his glasses higher on his face. "Is this okay with you?"

For the first time since she's walked down the aisle, Rhylee laughs. The delicate sound winds its way around my spine, slithering through my veins until all I can think about is devouring her.

“Please. I want this over as fast as possible. I know and love this man. Nothing you say will change my mind.”

“Well... It’s unorthodox. But if you’re sure...”

“We are,” we say in unison, my deep, growly timber melding with her lighter, sweeter sound.

“In that case, do you?” he says, looking over at me.

“With all my heart.”

He turns to Rhylee and asks, “Do you?”

“Without a shadow of a doubt.” The smile she gives me is bright, breathtaking almost.

“Then with the power vested in me by the Governing Body-”

Before he can say another word, I swoop in, slanting my lips over hers. Rhylee melts into me, her soft sighs filling the liminal space between us. God, but I’m rock hard, desperate for her.

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They talk about sex to reaffirm life, and in a way, this is similar. For a moment, there was a chance she was lost to me forever. If she married someone else... I would never stand in the way of her happiness if he could give her what she wanted.

But no one else could do for her what I do. I see deep down into her soul, even without the aid of a bond. I know what she needs, what she craves. She was made for me, my perfect match.

Even now, our bodies meld together, aligning perfectly. Her small frame fits inside the shelter of my own, as if designed with me in mind. It honestly makes sense that our genetics match what I already know. Rhylee is my other half, the missing piece of my soul.

Next to us, the officiant tosses his hands in the air and walks off, frustrated with our lack of respect and decorum. Not that I care. I have my omega. That's all I need.

Pulling away, I take her down the aisle and out the door, pausing so we can sign the necessary documents. From there, I scoop her into my arms, carrying her out to my car. I don't want to be separated even for a moment, but I force myself to let her go so I can drive us to the party.

"Wait, my car!"

"This is a government building. No one will dare mess with it. Tomorrow, I'll drive us back here and you can get it. But for now, you're not leaving my sight." I pick up her hand and kiss the back, reveling in the smoothness of her skin against my lips.

My cock throbs and my balls ache as I breathe in her scent, filling my lungs with her and only her. It's torture pulling away to drive, but the only saving grace is knowing I'll soon have her underneath me, fucking her, claiming her, making her mine in every sense of the word.

"I know it will make us late, but are we going to change for the party?"

A wolfish smile parts my lips as I glance over at her. "Oh, I think this is costume enough. Besides, don't tell me you don't relish the idea of me peeling off this wedding finery to fuck you like the dirty girl you are."

Arousal perfumes the air, setting me on edge. I grip the steering wheel, forcing myself to concentrate on something other than the slick I know is gathering at the juncture of her thighs. God, but I want to taste her. I want her arousal to fill my mouth, to slide down my throat. Just thinking about it makes precum pearl at my tip.

Navigating the narrow streets is difficult enough, but doing so with a raging erection is even harder. Pulling off into a secluded spot, I throw the car in park and jump out. I know I wanted to wait until the party to defile her, but I can't wait that long.

I yank her car door open and motion for her to step outside. Before she can even so much as ask, I pull her away and slam the door shut, tossing her against the side. Her fingers scrabble over the metal as her needy whine fills the air.

She moans, thrusting her hips forward as she watches me unbuckle my belt. With a smirk, I motion for her to turn around, facing the road we pulled away from. No one can see us; however, the whizzing lights are enough of a reminder that we are far from alone.

At any point, someone else could decide to investigate what's happening. Rhylee's breaths come in hard pants as my deviant little omega parts her thighs for me, sighing

as I fist her dress in my hands and shove it up. Just as I thought. She's soaking wet.

In the waning light, I can see the outline of her pussy against her panties, her lips puffy and swollen, dripping with arousal. Sliding the soaked gusset to the side, I waste no time in lining up my head with her opening. I surge forward, invading her, impaling her with hard thrusts.

Her gasps punctuate the night in time with me pistoning in and out. Gripping her hips, I give her that bite of pain she craves. She tosses her head back, her moan ringing out, echoing throughout the trees. There's no way no one heard that.

Bending low, I nip at her earlobe. "Careful, my greedy little minx. Keep that up and someone will definitely hear you. Or is that what you want? Do you want someone to find you like this, with your wedding gown hiked up about your hips while I fuck you into oblivion? Do you want them to see just how wet you're getting being fucked against the car like the little whore you are for me?"

Her inner walls ripple around me as she cries out, softer this time. My little omega may be a little bit of an exhibitionist, but there's still a bit of her she's holding back. After tonight, however, there won't be much left for her to be embarrassed about.

Our friends will watch as I objectify her, turning her into nothing as I use her. And she will enjoy every minute of it because that's just what my filthy girl needs. She needs me to strip her bare, to give her freedom in subspace.

Just thinking about the plans that await us has my balls clenching, drawing up so tightly it's almost painful. Rhylee quivers beneath me, her body primed, waiting, desperately searching for release. But she won't come. Not until I give her permission.

Wrapping my arms about her waist, I press her into the car, nearly smothering her

with my bulk. I keep my knot outside her inviting pussy as cum surges from me, shooting deep inside her. A groan slips from my lips as I rock back and forth, sawing in and out as I shove my essence deeper into her.

Finally, as the aftershocks die down, I pull out, dropping her dress back down to cover her legs. Slick and cum coat my cock, making it shine in the lights of the passing cars.

“You know the rules, omega,” I growl, ripping my suit jacket off and tossing it to the ground as a barrier between the dirty gravel and her knees. “Clean me up.”

Without hesitation, Rhylee sinks down, her hands resting palm up on her thighs. Leaning forward, she takes my cock into her mouth. It’s still partially hard, my body humming with the incompleteness of having not knotted her.

It’s nothing compared to the desperation that simmers through the air as she laps at me, cleaning me with ruthless efficiency. Once I’m clean, I tuck my cock away and help her back into the car, tossing the jacket in the back.

The orgasm helps keep my mind focused as I make my way back into the traffic and on to our final destination. Next to me, Rhylee fiddles with her hands, her fingers twitching as she hovers over her pussy. She wants to get off. I can feel sexual frustration pouring off of her.

“Don’t worry, my little wife. I won’t make you go all night without release.”

She gives me a soft smile before staring out the window. I know she’s keeping quiet for a reason. One of the first things we worked on when entering our dynamic was her disrespectful mouth. Granted, I’m fine with her voicing a need or frustration, but she will still do so with respect.

No doubt she's so anxious to come she knows she won't be able to control her words as well as she would like. And she knows coming at me the wrong way will ensure she doesn't get to come until the next day or even longer. My lips quirk up into a smirk as I remember the last time we had a huge clash.

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Seven days without an orgasm and with me edging her daily was enough of a deterrent for her to mind her manners and not scream at me. Granted, with all she's gone through today, with the gamut of emotions that's ricocheted throughout her mind and body, I'd probably be a bit lenient with her. Besides, it is her wedding night too, after all.

It would be such a shame for me to make her suffer on this of all nights. My smirk turns feral as I pull into the parking lot of the small kink club. I can smell the sex and need pouring off of her, and soon, everyone else will smell it too.

CHAPTER3

RHYLEE

My heart slams in my chest as I stare up at the club. Normally, it's not imposing—just a brick-and-mortar place to act out my most deviant fantasies. Tonight should be just like every other night I've played here with Master Jason. And yet, deep in my gut, I know everything is different.

No matter how much of himself he gave me, there was always a piece he seemed to hold back. I couldn't put my finger on it exactly. And it wasn't as if he left me anything other than completely satisfied. There was just a hesitancy. More than likely, he was fighting against claiming me.

But that's a moot point now. I'm his wife. And he made it very clear I'm not leaving this club without his claiming mark on my body. Slick gathers at my thighs at the thought of his teeth plunging into my skin as cum shoots deep inside me. Honestly, it

would have made the vampire costumes even more fitting.

Master Jason studies me, his eyes noting every hitch of breath, every physical reaction as it plays over my body. He never needed a bond to read me, to know me. How much more potent will our joining be once he's inside my head for good?

"Penny for your thoughts, love." His voice breaks through the fog, through the anticipation that threatens to cloud my mind.

"How many pennies you got?" I tease, looking down into the middle console where all loose change goes to die.

"Would you rather I just take you home and enjoy our wedding night with just the two of us?" He watches me, waiting for my response.

I don't dare lie to him. He'd know in an instant. "I'm not sure. Honestly, I feel that it would take away the opportunity for our friends to join in our celebration. They've been here since the beginning, and it seems only fair they have a part in this."

He smiles at me, a large grin that bares his teeth. "Excellent. Now, for negotiations. Once we enter those doors, it will be just like every other night. I order, and you obey. Help, no, stop, and please don't are not safewords. I will not listen to them. Besides," he pauses to slide a finger down my cheek. "You don't enjoy telling me no. What's your safeword?"

"Meatloaf."

"And why is that?"

"Because I sure as hell won't do that."

“Good girl. Any concerns or objections before we go in? Because once we’re inside, all negotiations come to a halt.”

I think through all the types of play we’ve done before. Yes, he’s pushed just about every limit I had, but he never did it in a way that made me feel unsafe. If I trusted him then, there’s no reason not to trust him now.

“I’m good, Master.”

“Then let’s go.”

He exits the car and comes over to my side, opening my door like the gentleman he is. It’s one thing that drives me wild about him. On the outside, he’s this calm, serene, gentlemanly Alpha. Anyone seeing him would think he was just the nicest, most upstanding man.

But I know the difference. Underneath that veneer of civility he shows the world is a ferocious beast who cannot wait to destroy me, to defile me, to own me heart and soul. Stifling a whimper, I take Master Jason’s hand, noting the knowing smirk crossing his lips.

He knows exactly what it does to me, and God help me, but it makes his gigantic ego even bigger. But then... I wouldn’t have it any other way. His ego is one of the things that first sparked my interest. It’s not a secret that I get a hard on for men who know exactly what they’re doing and are able to execute tasks with a precision that’s breathtaking.

It’s probably why he’s a head chef. It’s hard to imagine anyone else being able to control the staff and put out pristine dishes—works of art—like he can. Even now, I study his hands, noting the strength in those thick fingers.

They can reduce me to a pile of goo with little effort at all. Those same fingers rise, brushing against my face with a tenderness that makes me ache. With a sigh, I lean in, soaking in his warmth.

Standing, I pause, feeling his cum sliding down my inner thigh. It doesn't help that I'm still a wet, quivering mess. My slick aids his essence, making everything sticky.

With each flutter of the soft breeze that passes by, the scent of our combined arousal reaches my nose. I should be mortified, but I'm not. In fact, it only makes me moan as intense need clenches my insides.

Master Jason looks down at me, his eyes glinting with dark intent. "No matter what happens tonight, you are mine. I love you with a fierceness unlike any you've ever seen or known from me. Now that you're my wife, I can finally show you that side of me. I can release both my affection and lust on you without inhibition."

He takes my hand in his and leads me toward the club. After tonight, my life will be changed forever. I will be irrevocably tied to him. No longer will I be Rhylee Peterson. I will be Rhylee Anderson in both name and body.

Pounding music pours from the building as we approach, setting an erotic hum thrumming through my body. I allow the beat to seep into me, transforming me from a simple sous chef to an exotic woman about to be defiled by her husband.

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Master Jason has been closed-lipped about what he planned for tonight, but I know I'll enjoy it, no matter what it is. As we enter, I blink up at the blacklight fixtures humming above us, turning everything into a dull blueish purple. Other colors pop, making some of the costumes look especially heinous.

A pair of ghosts, their faces covered, come toward us with open arms. Michelle and Aaron, the club owners, look us up and down, Aaron's brows furrowing.

"Is it safe to dress up like that? I mean, I know it's Halloween, but I wouldn't really go antagonizing the Governing Body like that." He pauses, glancing up into the high rafters. "I haven't found any recording devices, but you never know with them."

"This isn't a costume," Master Jason chuckles, holding up my hand to show them the ring. "We were chosen for each other by the Governing Body."

"What?" Michelle shrieks, engulfing me in a huge hug. "That's the best news ever! I thought I was lucky when they paired me with Daddy, but we didn't even know each other. He just somehow completed me. Oh, but this is just perfect!"

"I agree," I smile, gazing up at Master Jason.

"Are you still wanting to go through with your scene tonight?" Aaron asks.

"Yes, but with a caveat. I'll announce it before we begin."

"Very well. The club is yours."

Around us, other club members gather, their curious stares making my cheeks warm. Is everyone but me aware of what's supposed to happen tonight? They pull up chairs around the massage table, their eyes flashing with arousal.

Normally, when Master Jason and I play, there are always a few people watching. They want to see just how hard he can strike before I cry out. I never give them the satisfaction, though. I hold on, gritting my teeth, defying my master with my body.

It's a game we both love and crave. For me, I need to be broken apart, to reach the point where I can't hold on any longer and must drift off into subspace. For Master Jason, he craves the violence he's able to unleash upon me.

This time, however, it's not just a person here or there. It's everyone. Their scary masks beam up at me, setting my nerves on edge. It's not as bad when I can see everyone and know just who it is that's watching me, but most of these people give away nothing.

They could be strangers, for all I know. Glancing up at Master Jason, I note his smirk. He planned it like this. He had to. Just one more bite of fear to make my submission all the more poignant.

Leading me over to the table, he places his hand on my shoulders. "Tonight, I was going to bring before you a Samhain sacrifice to feast upon, to mark with your fertile seed." I tense, understanding dawning on me.

Oh fuck. He's planning a bukkake scene. I just know it. It's one of those things I've toyed with, not sure if I can handle it or not. But now that I'm faced with the possibility, my mind and body are at war.

Slick gathers at the idea of people, practically strangers with their masks on, using my body to reach release. The humiliation, the degradation, and the ramifications burn

through my head, leaving me a quivering, needy omega. But the other side, the slightly rational part, doesn't want to be shared in that way. Not with being a new wife and all.

"However," he continues, his gravelly voice doing bad things to my insides. "Things have changed. The Governing Body has deemed my little pain slut Rhylee is to be my wife. As such, no one will dare put one bit of their essence on her. I find that I'm a jealous husband and would very much like to remain friends with you all after this is over."

I heave a sigh of relief and sink back into his warm grasp. "You can, however," he interrupts my thoughts, "enjoy the show and the fruits of our labor. Omega, the shower. Tonight, you will be my prep station and my table, serving our guests with your body. But first, I must make sure you're clean."

My fingers tremble as he leads me over to the alcove off to the side. Just because it's a small shower space doesn't mean it will afford me the ability to hide. Everyone will see just what he does to me.

Heat floods my system as he grips the metal tab of the zipper with his teeth and pulls down. Next, his hands slide under the fabric so he can peel it from me, leaving it in a puddle at my feet. The masked faces lean in, their eyes devouring every inch of naked flesh.

They can look but not touch, I repeat in my head to calm my erratic breathing. Master Jason won't let them harm you. Not that he's let anyone harm me before, but the jealous feelings that poured off of him earlier remind me he's in charge and no one will do anything without his expressed permission.

He leaves me standing there in my lacy bra and panties while he starts up the shower behind us. Soft snickers remind me of the cum that stains the gusset of my panties

and glistens on my inner thighs. Everyone can see it, smell it. They know he's fucked me before bringing me here.

My mind fuzzes around the edges as the pounding music, some oddly erotic remix of The Monster Mash, pulses throughout the space. I truly feel like some sacrifice, given up to these monstrous Alphas, betas, and omegas.

Somehow, I'm very much aware of my master removing his clothes behind me. I can't see him, but I feel his movements—the scrape of his knuckles against my back as he removes his shirt, the graze of his cock along my lower back as it springs free from his underwear. His lips brush against my shoulder as he leans forward, dropping the clothes on the floor next to mine.

His fingers slide under the straps of my bra, running back and forth before slipping them to the side. Shivering, I force myself to watch the blur of faces in front of me, but it's difficult. Everything feels too much and not enough all at once.

With a deftness that comes with practice, he unhooks my bra and drops it onto the growing pile. All that's left are my panties. My breath catches in my throat as he sinks to his knees behind me, dragging his lips across the swell of my ass.

“God, you're perfection,” he groans against my pebbled skin. “I'm going to show everyone this perfect pussy now.” Grabbing the band of my panties, he inches them down, showing everyone just how much cum still clings to my lower lips.

It's so humiliating having everyone scent the air, their arousal drifting up to mingle with my own. My mind shifts, protecting me by sending me to that spot where I no longer care what happens or who sees.

“Step out.” Master Jason's voice is warped, as if he's speaking underwater. “You're so fucking wet. I can see your slick trickling down your inner thighs. You like having

these monsters watch you, don't you?"

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“Y- yes, Master,” I gasp, screwing my eyes shut.

Once my feet are clear from the wet fabric, he turns me around to face him. “Bend over. I want everyone to see my cum dripping from that sopping cunt of yours.”

Embarrassment sizzles through my veins, turning my cheeks molten. But I obey him. I will always obey him. As soon as I’m turned around, he bends me over. “Now spread your legs. Let them get a good look. That’s right,” he calls out behind me. “Come look at your sacrifice. I’ve already bred her before coming here tonight. Watch how her pussy spasms as I touch her.”

His rough fingers rub my clit, making everything clench inside. More of his cum combined with my slick drips out of me, and with me spread as wide as I am, I hear it splatter onto the floor. Fuck.

Loud groans intersperse the music. The sounds of flesh slapping greet my ears. They’re getting off on this, and somehow, that just makes me even wetter.

“That’s it, my beautiful wife,” he murmurs against my ear. “Show everyone that pussy that belongs just to me. Reach around and grab your ass. I want them to see both of your holes.”

I do as commanded, my fingers shaking as I expose myself. Out loud, I might protest, but inside, I’m aroused beyond reason. An ache pulses through my body, an incessant need that will only be satisfied by my master. Again, everything drifts away, leaving me feeling floaty.

When Master Jason reaches for me again, my movements are slow, languorous. My body sways in time with the music, drawing a light chuckle from his lips.

“Oh no, my little sacrifice. I won’t let you slip away that easily.” He turns back to the shower, his hand hovering over the knob. “Perhaps I should turn the water to cold to wake you back up?”

The threat of icy water brings me back to the present. “No, Master.”

“That’s my good girl.”

CHAPTER4

RHYLEE

Master Jason drags me under the warm water, bringing another moan to my lips. It feels so good as it runs over my sore muscles. He takes a moment to rub my shoulders, bringing an awareness to his touch on my bare skin.

After a few moments, however, he turns me back to the crowd. I was correct. Some sit there, their hands jerking up and down on their stiff cocks. Others have a submissive serving them in various ways—males receiving blow jobs from both females and other males, other males and females lapping at their mistresses’ pussies. It’s practically an orgy in front of me.

The scent of sex hangs in the air, making my own pussy spasm. Try as I might, I find I can’t draw my eyes away from the scene. I long to bring my fingers lower, to give myself the release that’s been so cruelly denied me, but I know if I do so, Master Jason will make this ache far worse.

Soon, another scent, that of soap, reaches my nose. With methodical strokes, my

master washes my body. Even when we spent the night together and showered the next day, he never cleaned me. There's something so possessive, so primal, about the way he touches me, owns me.

I melt into him, remaining limp as he moves me about. Once he rinses me off, he bends me back over. This time, he angles the shower head so it pounds against my lower back, the water running over my upturned ass and across my lower lips. The sensation of flowing water trickling over my clit draws a needy moan from my lips.

His fingers are soon there, cleansing my most intimate parts. He starts by shoving his fingers deep inside my pussy, forcing me to cry out as my inner walls clamp around his digits. Pumping them in and out, he curls them deep inside me, pressing against that spot that makes my eyes cross.

My orgasm hovers as my body quivers beneath his ministrations. "Remember," he growls, "your orgasms are mine. You are not allowed to come until I say so."

"Yes, Master," I cry out, my body screaming for release.

But he pulls out before I reach the point of no return. However, before I can so much as sigh in relief, those fingers are at my back entrance. Though we've done our fair share of anal play, I still tense in anticipation. Will it be just his fingers? Will it be a plug? Or, since we're now married, will he take that bottom hole for the first time with his cock?

As if he can read my mind, he rocks in and out, stretching his fingers to widen my hole. "Do you know how badly I want to fuck you here? To take this tight little hole? Well, don't worry, my pet. That won't happen tonight. I have other plans for you."

Pulling out, I listen as he lathers up some soap and cleanses his hands. Once he's satisfied with our state of cleanliness, he stands me upright. Off to the side, a club

submissive stands there waiting with a set of towels.

I go to pluck one from her grasp, but Master Jason stops me. “Oh, no you don’t. I know what you’re thinking, and no towel is going to conceal you. Not tonight.”

He leaves me standing there while he dries off before taking the other towel and running it over my body. Each touch burns like a brand, reminding me of just how needy I am. His touch shouldn’t feel so damned good; and yet I sway forward, desperate for more of it.

“Stay here. I’m going to get my costume ready.”

My nose wrinkles as I frown in thought. “Costume? I thought husband and wife were our costumes.”

His dark laugh sends skitters down my spine as he turns to the audience. “Make sure she doesn’t go anywhere, will ya?” They chuckle for a moment before turning their gaze fully on me.

There’s nowhere to go. No escape. And honestly, I wouldn’t want it any other way.

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After what feels like an eternity, he returns. A blood-red apron covers his nakedness and a mask with bars covers the lower half of his face. He looks ruthless, ferocious, drawing slick in between my thighs.

Tsking softly, he shakes his head. "I just cleaned you up, you dirty, dirty girl." His admonishment only makes the arousal more prominent, until it's practically dripping.

To break the tension, I look him up and down once more. "So, you're a chef? But you're already one in real life. How is this any different? I mean, you have a mask, but..."

Through the mask, I can see his lips curl up, revealing his teeth. He leans over, his breath stirring the damp hair at my temple. The name he whispers makes my blood run cold as my body heats up.

"You mean the cannibal from that movie?"

"One and the same."

My body trembles as I graze my breasts. "Does this mean you're going to eat me?"

"Oh yes, baby. I'm going to fucking eat you up until there's nothing left."

Leading me over to the massage table, I note the plastic on it. Granted, it's probably for sanitary reasons, but it still drives a frisson of unease through my gut. Master Jason scoops me into his arms and lays me down.

“From this moment on, you’re my prep station and table. Inanimate objects do not move, they do not make a sound. I’ll allow you to breathe, but that’s it.” He notes the hesitancy in my gaze and grins. “I may be your husband now, but I’m going to degrade you like the dirty little cum slut you are.”

My body burns at his words, arousal firing up my brain until I can no longer think straight. Hovering over, he runs his fingers down my cheek, his soft touch belying the harsh words that make me burn.

“No matter what I do, you cannot move. Not so much as a twitch. To remind you of your place, I’ll anchor you down.”

I long to look over at him, to see what he has planned, but an object doesn’t move. Until he releases me, that’s all I am. There’s a sense of peace that flows through me at that thought. I can just be.

That is until I hear the snap of his gloves. There’s something so cold, so clinical about that sound. I long to shudder but hold myself rigid. The rubbery texture of the gloves drags across my skin as he skims his fingers down my stomach and onto my thighs.

Remaining limp, I allow him to spread me open as wide as the table will allow. Thick leather bands encircle my ankles as he buckles me down. Next, he does the same with my arms, pinning me to the plush table beneath.

Granted, I’ve been strapped down like this before, but not for this purpose. Holding my breath, I listen, straining to hear what he’s doing next. His fingers brush my bottom hole, smearing lube against the puckered skin.

“This anal hook will keep you from moving about too much.”

The freezing stainless steel ball rests against my skin. God, but the anticipation drives

me nearly feral with need. With agonizing slowness, he pushes it in, stretching me open until the heavy ball rests inside me. Once he attaches it to the table, he takes the gloves off with another terrifying snap.

“Now, then, you will observe I only cook with clean utensils and counter spaces.” I close my eyes, listening to his voice as I force myself to remain still. “I have received your requests and will now slice up the fruit for today’s snack.”

Slice? On me? My insides quiver as fear permeates the air. Though he never addresses me directly, I feel the pressure of his hand on my breastbone. Seconds tick by, and he doesn’t remove it until my breathing is back under control.

Master Jason would never harm me. I know this. I know this like I know my own body. Sinking down into the table, I turn my thoughts to the touch of his fingers as he lays the fruit out on my stomach.

Since being his sous chef, I’ve been working with him on my cutting technique. I don’t have to see him to know exactly what he’s doing. Right now, he’s probably holding the blade up to the light, checking for any nicks or scratches, anything that might impede his job.

This knife must have passed inspection because soon it rests against my skin next to the fruit. No one says a word. Even the music is quiet, so faint I almost can’t hear it over the sound of my pulse thudding in my ears.

What he’s doing, though kinky as fuck, is also dangerous. They know it, he knows it, and I know it. I’m grateful for their silence, allowing him the space to concentrate on what he’s about to do.

Dragging a piece of fruit across my skin, he holds it there, pausing for just a moment. Then he grabs the knife. He must be angling it down, because the tip grazes me,

sending the sensation of the scratch into my brain, firing me up.

It doesn't matter that I logically know he won't harm me with it. It doesn't matter that I know blood and food don't mix. All that matters is my body is on high alert, convinced he's slicing into me.

I hold my breath as he lifts it from my skin; and unless I'm just going crazy, it feels as if everyone else does too.

The first slice. I know it's coming. I feel the energy in his hand as he holds the fruit steady. From the scents wafting on the air, he has strawberries resting on my body. Not anything all that huge. One little mistake, one misjudgment, and he can cut right into me.

But honestly, it's what I love about him, what sends exhilaration through my veins. If it were anyone else doing this to me, I wouldn't trust them. But I've seen Master Jason work. I've watched him as his blade zipped through the air with practiced precision. He's the only man I trust to wield such a dangerous weapon around me.

Yet, the very idea of being his cutting board makes me uneasy. It's not that I doubt his skill. I doubt I'll be able to stay still enough to keep his hand steady. There are so many factors that rest on me it makes me nearly queasy.

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“Meatloaf” hovers on my tongue, and I know he’ll never shame me for using it. In fact, he’d be far angrier if I don’t use it when I need to. And so, I struggle within myself, debating how much I trust him versus how much I trust my body.

He gives me ample time before bringing the knife down, as if he senses my struggle. But as I remain silent, he makes the first cut. The sound of the knife going through the flesh of the strawberry rings out in my ears as loud as a thunder crack. Time stands still.

The knife grazes against my skin, but I don’t feel the searing pain I’m expecting. Letting go of my breath in a loud whoosh, I sag against the table, feeling almost faint. As I relax, he cuts far more vigorously, mirroring the techniques he uses in the kitchen.

Soon, wet, sticky juice drips down my side and onto the plastic. I can’t even count how many strawberries he’s cut so far. Every so often, he clears them from my body and moves them somewhere else, only to start all over again.

I lose all sense of time as I drift, unable to keep myself coherent. After a while, I’m vaguely aware of plastic being laid down on top of me. It covers me from just below my breasts to my neck.

“Now, I know many of you have asked me how to maintain such a magnificent cutting board. Normally, for wooden ones, I suggest oil and wax every two months. However, for omega cutting boards, a decent amount of cum should do the trick. I’ve laid plastic down, dividing off the upper part so you can see the difference between cum soaked and not.” His tone takes on a tinge of humor as he continues. “This will

also allow you to eat fruit straight off of the table without fear of body fluids.”

Master Jason pays me no mind as his grunts fill the air. But then, why would he? I’m just an object, a piece of furniture for his use. His little cum slut. For some, that might be the most horrible thing in the world; however, for me, it’s a chance to shut everything down, to blank out my mind, and just feel.

CHAPTER5

JASON

My little wife lies still on the table, barely breathing as I stroke my cock. Streaks of red and pink flow over her body, mimicking blood. How I long to run my tongue along the rivulets, drinking her deep inside me.

Grunting, I reach down and cup my balls, squeezing as my fingers fly up and down my shaft. The closer I get to coming, the more my knot swells. Already the tissue is swollen and sore, angry from denying myself the comfort of Rhylee’s body.

But I don’t plan to knot her until my teeth sink down into her supple skin. Even now, my gums ache with the need to make her mine completely. But we have time. Now that she’s my wife, we have all the time in the world.

I study her, taking in her beautiful curves. Her breasts move up and down as her shallow breaths rock through her body. Groaning, I step forward, aiming my cock at her stomach.

Closing my eyes, I grip my base, curses flowing past my lips as I come all over her. The moment the first warm drop hits her skin, she jerks slightly, her lips parting with need. I’ll allow her this small movement.

Honestly, I'm far too close to the edge to care. I move my hips back and forth, coating her skin with my essence. Those watching touch themselves again, driven mad by the scent of her arousal.

It's potent, nearly making me dizzy. Squeezing and releasing, I milk my cock, leaving my knot alone once more. An ache floods my body, tensing everything. But it will be worth it once I bind her to me.

Ignoring the throb threatening to distract me, I place my hands in the sticky mess. "You want to rub it deep into the skin, getting every inch." With each pass of my fingers over her sensitive skin, Rhylee's face tightens.

She wants so desperately to move. I can see it written in every rigid line. Reaching across, I drag the mixture of fruit and cum over her lips, watching for her to take the bait. Somehow, she manages to resist, but I can see the toll it's taking on her.

It's torturous for both of us and soon, I'll need to gather her into my arms and fuck her into oblivion. But first, we need to serve our guests. Walking over to the nearby sink, I wash my hands, lathering them well.

With the others watching, their gazes hungry, I set the silicone cups laden with sliced fruit in various places. My drying cum adheres them to her body, holding them in place as her ragged breaths threaten to dislodge them.

Taking off the plastic, I place thin slivers of strawberries around her nipples, using her body as a canvas. How I long to take her in my mouth. In fact, it's watering just thinking about it.

"Samhain feast is ready for those who wish to partake."

As the others gather around, their fingers grabbing bits of strawberry, I keep a close

eye on them, noting where and how they're touching her. Even those taking the fruit directly from her breasts use care and caution, never once taking liberties. Rhylee's nipples stand at attention, the buds swollen with arousal with each piece lifted from her.

Running my fingers through her lower lips, I feel the arousal as it drips from her. Unable to resist the siren call of her body any longer, I sink to my knees and feast. Her slick coats my face as I plunge my tongue deep inside her pussy.

She spasms around me as the telltale clink of the restraints tells me just how much she's moving. Pulling back, I go up to the head of the table and frown down at her.

"Open your eyes."

It takes her a moment, but when she does, I note her blown-out pupils. My little wife is deep in subspace. It's not fair to punish her for something she has no control over. Smiling, I run my fingers through her hair, sighing as she gives me a soft, drunk-looking grin.

"Is my little table ready to be a human again? Ready for me to knot you, baby?"

"God, yes," she cries out, earning a smattering of laughs from the others.

Taking my time, I unhook her restraints, stalling as I rub the joints and limbs, bringing blood back to the area. She moans softly, the relief evident in the gentle sound slipping from her lips.

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At the base of the table, I ease the anal hook from her, grinning as she gasps and squirms again. Slick flows from her body as need tightens her muscles. Soon, my little wife. Soon.

After walking the hook over to a sanitization station, I slip off my apron and mask before heading back to the table. I scoop my omega into my arms, ignoring the sticky mess as she presses herself into me. It feels so damned good to hold her, to feel the vibration of arousal thrumming off of her.

Taking her into the shower, I draw her close as the hot water runs over us, engulfing us in a watery cocoon. Again, I clean her, taking my time as I scrub every bit of my seed and strawberry from her body. I turn her around this time, not forcing her to face the crowd as I rub shampoo into her scalp.

The decadent moan has me hard again. Though, let's be honest, since I haven't been able to knot her, I've been in this constant state of having a semi. When she backs up against me, her body rubbing against my cock, I grit my teeth as more precum wells to the tip.

At this rate, I'll just dirty her up even as I'm cleaning her. Pulling back, I keep my touch clinical, hurrying through the rest of the motions until not a trace remains on her body. Once more, an omega waits for us with towels, and this time, I allow Rhylee to wrap it around her body, covering her nakedness.

Taking her hand in mine, I bring her over to a separate room, one that's made for intimate moments such as ours. I had debated claiming her and marking her in front of our friends, but truthfully, this is a moment I want to share between just the two of

us. With a soft smile, I lay her down on the soft pillows, so reminiscent of a nest.

Granted, she's nowhere near her heat, but it should be comforting, nonetheless. Rhylee groans as she snuggles in deeper, her contentment flooding over me. Skimming down her body, I part her legs, hooking her knees over my shoulders.

"From this point on, I want you to orgasm whenever you feel like it. I want your release to coat my face, to drip onto my body. I want you to scream my name to the heavens, understand?"

"Yes, Master," she sighs, her legs going limp over me.

Taking full advantage of her languid state, I run my lips over her pussy, teasing, tasting, drawing her potent scent deep inside me. I tease her clit, lashing at it with my tongue. Now that she's no longer some inanimate object, she rocks her hips up and down, moaning as I taste her.

I slide my fingers deep inside, curling them up to hit that spot that never fails to drive her wild. Rhylee thrashes about, her words incoherent. But I don't need to make sense of them to understand the intent.

My balls clench as her inner walls flutter about me. It makes my cock jerk, dragging a ragged grunt from my lips. I need to be inside her. I need to feel her body around mine.

Pulling out, I hover over her, capturing her lips with mine. I force her to taste her arousal on my tongue as I shove it deep inside, tangling with her own. At the same time I invade her mouth, I surge forward, impaling her with my cock.

She cries out, the sound muffled by my kiss, but I hear it deep in my soul. Rocking back and forth, I pound into her, driving us both closer to that peak. Her body

shudders beneath mine as she scores her nails down my back.

With a loud roar, I arch up, the discomfort of her grip spurring me on. I slam into her, each thrust making my knot swell even more. If I'm going to knot her without tearing her small body, I need to be inside sooner rather than later.

Sweat drips down our bodies as we strain, both of us needing this release. I cage her head with my hands, allowing my purr to soothe her, keep her calm as I work my knot past the tight ring of flesh that threatens to keep me out. The moment the vibrations ripple along her skin, she relaxes.

It's enough to allow me to inch forward. It's agony going this slowly. With each millimeter I gain, my body screams at me, demanding I force my way in. But I don't want our claiming night to be tainted because I couldn't control myself.

Gritting my teeth, I reach between us, stroking her clit. With a loud wail, she breaks apart, her orgasm tearing through her. Distracted as she is, I shove through the rest of the way, her pleasure tempering the pain.

The moment my knot breaches her entrance, she comes again, her body undulating as she seeks for me to be deeper, even more connected. I rock inside her body, groaning as her inner walls clamp down, gripping around me like a vise. Leaning down, I lap at the juncture between her neck and shoulder, preparing the skin for my bite.

Blood coats my lips as I bear down, my teeth breaking through her skin. The instant I taste it, my balls clench so hard I can barely breathe. Her soft whimpers tear at my insides, but it has to be done.

Despite the pain of my claiming mark, she orgasms again, her inner walls fluttering around me, as if her body begs me to join her. There's a moment's pause and hesitancy before cum shoots from my cock, coating her insides. Relief floods through

my veins as I finally fully drain my balls, filling her up with every ounce of cum I possess.

However, the respite is short-lived, soon overpowered by the bond weaving around us. It anchors me to her, tying me to Rhylee in a way I never thought possible. I can feel her inside me, residing in my heart...The other half of my soul that's been missing since birth.

Groaning, I force myself to pull my teeth out of her and lap at the wound. Part of me half expects the feelings to dissipate, to flutter off like a caged bird finally gaining its freedom. But it doesn't.

Instead, they continue to develop, growing stronger as I hold her in my arms. How have I lived without this? It's as if my world was gray and dull, drab, only lightened when Rhylee was in my arms. Now, it's a riot of colors threatening to swallow me up.

Beneath me, she moans softly as she snuggles into my frame. So small, so delicate... mine. I thought I was possessive before, but now that she carries my mark, I know I would fight hell itself to keep her safe.

Now I understand why it's illegal to bond with someone against their will. I now own a piece of her soul, a fragile sliver I'll never be able to return. In this, our hearts and souls meld as one.

I know without a shadow of a doubt if harm were to befall her, I'd never survive. It's not just because of the bond, but because I never want to live in a world where she no longer exists. Clutching her close, I vow then and there to protect her at all costs.

Gazing down at my wife, I can't help the burst of love that flows through me. To think, this morning, I was simply preparing for a kinky, deviant Halloween party. I

never expected my little Samhain sacrifice would end up being my wife.

When I received that text from the Governing Body, I thought my life was over. Even though we were never mated, I knew I couldn't live my life without Rhylee by my side. Thankfully, I'll never have to even contemplate what that would be like.

With a sigh, I nuzzle her cheek, listening to her soft snores. Once I take her home and see to her bite, I'll collar her, giving her the gift I've wanted since the moment she first knelt at my feet.

CHAPTER6

RHYLEE

Exhaustion swamps my senses as I do my best to stay awake. I never want this moment to end. But then, all good dreams do, I suppose. At least this time, I'll be waking up to my own happily ever after instead of monumental dread.

I'm not sure how everything turned out so right, but who am I to question it? As much as my mind tries to churn, I find I don't actually care. Not when Master Jason's heat surrounds me, threatening to pull me back under.

Honestly, I'm so tired, so exhausted, and frankly, just so wrung out. Now that the adrenaline spike is over, my body feels like it can finally relax. Even so, I shift about in his arms, assuring myself that he's real and not some figment of my mind.

"Shhhh. I got you," he whispers, tightening his grip around me. "And I'm never letting you go."

Wife.

The word thrums through my head in an endless refrain. And it isn't because he's saying it. Not out loud, at least. Every heartbeat pounds with the word. It's etched on my bones and written on my heart. But somehow, I still can't believe it.

"Neither can I, my love." His soft, steady tone permeates my brain as his warm breath washes over my skin. "I could only hope it was you."

I blink up at him, forcing my eyes to open. I don't want to miss even a moment of this. My vision swims as Master Jason gathers me even closer. I can feel his love in a way I've never felt from him before.

In my mind, I always knew he cared for me. Hell, the fact that he was willing to defy the government just to have me is proof enough. But it's still not the same as the feelings that come crashing into me with every breath.

Now that he's inside of me, an integral part of who I am, I can feel just how strong, just how profound those feelings are. The love he showed me before claiming me pales in comparison. It's as if his heart is lay bare for me to see. In some ways, it's so awe-inspiring that it leaves me speechless.

"I can feel your love in return, my pet. Never doubt that yours is any less than mine because you cannot find the words. Your heart will always speak for you."

Fresh tears gather in my eyes as I let my head drop back against the makeshift nest. "When did you become so poetic?"

"The moment you said, I do." He shifts his hips, testing to see how deflated his knot is. "I need to get you home and tend to your shoulder. Can you relax enough for me to separate myself from you?"

His purr washes over my body, making every inch of me relax under the onslaught. Such a lovely sound as it ripples over me and seeps deep inside my soul. Once I'm pliant in his arms, he rocks his cock back and forth.

Instead of causing pain as he was worried about, pleasure zips up my spine, making me bow up in his arm. "Please," I cry out as every nerve stands on end. "I- Oh please."

“I hear you, my little wife. You may come whenever you wish. The endorphins will help this process.” His purr turns into a ferocious growl, making the embers of lust catch fire until I'm a wet, needy mess all over again.

Reaching between my thighs, I stroke my clit. It's already so hard, so needy, so insistent. With how I feel, it probably won't take me too much effort to get off again. Besides, Master Jason knows that bite of pain always helps get me there.

I stare up into his face as he concentrates on what he's trying to do. His jaw jumps as he grits his teeth. Each movement is slow as he does his best not to harm me or tear the sensitive flesh enveloping his thick girth.

Soft sobs slip from my lips, but not from pain. Yes, there's a bite of discomfort, but more than that is the need to orgasm. With each swipe of my fingertips, I get closer, but it's not enough. I need something else. I need more.

“I hear you, my pet. Remember, I love you, because this is going to hurt like I hate you.” He tugs on his hips, freeing the knot from my pussy.

Pain and pleasure explode through my body as my orgasm finally crashes over me. Shards of blissful agony race down my limbs, making me quake as I continue to rub my clit. My hips rock up and down as I wring every last bit of pleasure I can from my body.

Master Jason lifts my thighs and inspects me as my body tries to calm down. “Well, you're still in one piece. That's good at least. Now, let's get you home.”

As he scoops me into his arms, Aaron and Michelle come racing into the room, their eyes wide as unease wafts off their bodies. “Is everyone all right?” the Alpha barks out, his body primed for action.

“Yes,” Master Jason smirks, tucking me under his arm. “Just had to dislodge myself.”

“You scared us half to death!” Michelle cries out, grabbing onto her husband’s arm. “Normally there's not a lot of noise in this room...” She trails off as she looks at my neck. “Oh! I see. Congratulations to you both!”

“Thank you.” My words are soft, barely audible above the noise in the rest of the club.

Aaron steps forward, his brows knit in concern. “Let Michelle get a basic bandage on her wound before you leave. You don't want your mark getting infected.”

With a heavy sigh, Master Jason lifts his arm and allows me to leave. “Grab her some clothes while you're at it, please. I also don't want her naked as we drive home. I had intended on taking care of her there, but you’re probably right. I can only think of how badly I want to get her away from everyone else and keep her all to myself.”

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Michelle gives him a dazzling grin as she holds out her hand for me. “Completely understandable. Daddy was the same way. He growled at anyone who dared to get too close. But don't worry. She'll be right as rain by the time you're ready to take her home.”

I don't doubt that one bit. Despite being a little, Michelle is a caregiver through and through. In fact, she was the first to take me under her wing when I came to the club. Seems only fitting that she prepare me for my journey home as a claimed bride.

Even though eyes follow me as I walk to the other side of the club, my nakedness doesn't bother me. Probably because my brain has far too many new things to think about and process. Michelle stares at my wound for a moment, her lips pulling down into a frown.

“You really don't have to do this. As Master Jason said, he was going to tend to me when we got home.”

“Oh I heard. So did Daddy. But I'm certainly not letting you leave until you at least have a basic bandage on it,” she chuckles. “This wound is rather deep, and I'd feel a lot more comfortable getting some of the bleeding to stop.”

My gaze travels down my chest and stomach where thin, red rivulets stain my skin. “Oh!” Horror races through my system at all the blood. I glance around me, trying to see if I got it anywhere. “I'm so sorry. If I got blood anywhere-”

As I go to stand, she cuts me off. “Now you just stay sitting right there, missy. I am not going to hear any talk about you doing anything other than resting as I take care

of your shoulder. You've been through a hell of a night. The last thing you need to do is overexert yourself.”

“Yes, Mommy,” I tease, blowing her a kiss.

“Keep it up. I may be Daddy's Little Girl, but I can mother the hell out of you if I need to.”

“You won't have to do that unless you want to,” Master Jason says behind me. “I have ways to make this one take a rest.” His deep, booming voice makes me jump, causing my arm to jerk in a rather uncomfortable way.

“I don't doubt that.” Her tone is lighthearted yet tinged with a touch of concern. I can see it in every pinched line of her face as she grabs some gauze and holds it to my shoulder. “It's a rather pretty mark, Rhylee. I've seen others so mangled the omegas don't have any real use of their arms after. Jason did well by you.”

His dark chuckle holds a note of warning as he slides his hand down the back of my head. “Even in the throes of passion, I will always put my slave first. Besides, once all is said and done, I'll need her back in the kitchen. Can't have a sous chef that can't cook, can I?”

And that's when reality slams back into me. “Oh God. Work. How are we... I mean. When are we... I can't work like this. Until I'm healed, I'm a liability to you and the restaurant.”

“Shhhh, love,” he soothes as Michelle finishes up her work. “We've both been brought to the altar today. I'm sure they're expecting us to take some time off. I was planning on calling the on-call chef tomorrow morning. He'll manage things until we're ready to come back.”

Through the bond, I feel his calming presence wrap around my insides and hold me tight. It's almost as good as his purr. As if he hears me, he starts that as well until I can no longer find it in me to be concerned about anything.

“As soon as I wipe down all the extra blood, she'll be ready to go. I don't want to give her something to wear that will make her arm do a lot of moving.” Turning to a set of drawers behind her, she rummages around for a bit. “I think a skirt she can step into, and a button-down shirt might be best.” She looks over at Master Jason. “What do you think?”

“Sounds perfect. Come on, love, let's get you home.”

With gentle movements, he helps me off of the chair and into the skirt. His fingers feel like heaven as they brush against my skin while he pulls the fabric up to conceal my naked body. The shirt, however, is not so easy.

The moment I move my arm to slip it into the sleeve, blinding pain shoots into my shoulder and up my neck. Master Jason curses under his breath as he moves to give me a little extra support. My eyes burn with unshed tears as we maneuver me inch by inch into the arm hole.

“Damn me for doing this at a public venue,” he murmurs, brushing my tears away with his thumb.

“You didn't know. You've never claimed an omega before.”

“But I should have anticipated. I detest causing you pain I don't intend.”

I slide my hand up to rest it against his cheek, my heart swelling at his concern for me. “It cannot be helped. We would have found some other pain point even if it was home.”

“You're right,” he finally breathes. “I know you're right. I just wish there was a better way.”

Resting my head against his chest, I listen to the strong sound of his heartbeat. “I wouldn't trade this pain for anything. You claiming me means far more than any momentary agony. Besides, you know I heal fast. I'm sure it will be manageable after a day or two.”

As I go to slip into my shoes, Master Jason slides his hand under my knees and sweeps me off my feet. “Oh no, my pet. I plan to carry you.”

I feel so small in his grasp, so secure. With his arms around me, nothing bad will ever happen. Deep down, I know it. A loud yawn forces its way past my lips, drawing a chuckle from Master Jason and Michelle. Perhaps she's right. Perhaps sleep is in order.

The cool, crisp air swirls around us as Master Jason takes me out of the club. It sends a refreshing shiver up my spine. Off in the distance, the full moon rises above the trees, casting its eerie glow over the ground. A perfect night for a claiming.

Master Jason's warmth keeps the bulk of the chill away, but I still shiver at how perfectly this Halloween wedding came together. In fact, I don't think there's any part of it I would change.

“Nothing at all?” he laughs, reading my mind. “Come now, my pet. We both know that's not true.

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“Well... maybe the sticky, gooey, icky part, but everything else was simply divine.”

“Hmmm. I guess I'll have to keep the sticky, gooey, icky part in mind whenever I need to punish you.”

“Oh. You know what? I'm completely good without that. I'm the goodest girl. The best submissive ever. A perfect slave. Always.”

His laugh rumbles from his chest and against my cheek, making butterflies swarm in my gut. “That you are, my love. That you are.”

CHAPTER7

JASON

I stare down at my wife, my heart clenching in my chest. I'll never know how I became so lucky to find her, let alone keep her, but I refuse to look this particular gift horse in the mouth. Once I have her settled in the car, I make my way to my side.

Deep in my pocket, I still hold the collar I plan to give her. I wasn't lying about it being on her neck one way or another. Just one more show of ownership that everyone will see. Granted, only those in the community will really understand its purpose, but I'll know.

It will look so pretty around her neck while she cooks under me, adding another bit of flavor to our already spicy life. Turning, I glance over at Rhylee and smile. She's so tired. I can feel the exhaustion wafting from her body, but I'm not done with her. Not

yet.

Gripping the skirt in my hand, I inch it up her legs until her pussy is bare to me once more. Poor thing probably doesn't have another orgasm in her, but I can't get enough of her feel, her taste, or her smell. I was already obsessed before, but now that she bears my mark, it's as if a switch has been flipped.

Her soft moans fill the car as I reach between her splayed thighs and slide my fingers across her slick pussy. Still so fucking wet.

“You were perfection tonight, my pet,” I murmur, keeping my touch light and gentle.

“Hmmmmmm,” she sighs, rolling her head to the side to look at me. “You weren't so bad yourself.”

“Even if I did leave you sticky, gooey, and icky?” I tease.

Her soft laugh skitters down my spine and into my balls where they draw up so painfully tight. How did I ever exist without her? She smiles so sweetly, so trustingly up at me as I continue to play with her.

Thankfully, the roads are bare. No doubt all the parents are out with their children scooping up Halloween treats. The vast nothingness stretches out in front of us, and for a moment, I debate just running away with my new bride.

Work be hanged. I want nothing more than to lie next to her all day and wake up with her every morning. Work will just get in the way of me pleasuring her body, giving her that bite of pain she needs to orgasm.

“We don't work all day,” she laughs. “There will be plenty of time to indulge and still bring home a paycheck. We've made it work before. Quite well, I'd say.”

“I agree, but it doesn't change the fact that I want to spend every waking moment in your presence.”

“I guess you'll have to change the menu to make us work a bit more closely together. It is rather difficult when you have me on the other side of the kitchen.”

A heavy sigh drifts from my lips. “I don't want to talk about work.”

“I know,” she agrees, her heart heavy.

I can feel the unease through the bond, and I can smell it wafting from her skin. “Talk to me, Rhylee. What has you so concerned?”

“I don't know, really. I just know this changes everything. I'm no longer the omega you're seeing after work. I'm your wife. What does that mean for us? Will I need to get another job?”

Unfortunately, I can't think while my fingers are messing with her pussy. Pulling back, I rest my fingertips against Rhylee's lips and wait for her to clean them off before putting my hand back onto the steering wheel. Yet one more thing that will have to be cleaned tonight.

“I will not entertain any discussion about you getting another job. Are you planning on fighting me for the role of Head Chef?”

“Of course not!” she barks out, her tone lined with incredulity. “I don't want that much responsibility. Ever. You know that. It's why I was content remaining as your sous chef.”

“Then why would you need to get another job?”

“I don't know. Conflict of interest? I've never had to think about it before. I mean, yeah. Part of me always hoped I'd end up married to you, but I never let myself actually plan for that future. I know you're just as lost as I am. I can feel it like a discordant thrum through the bond.”

“You're absolutely right. I never let myself dream of this moment. The idea of you belonging to another Alpha, even for six months at a time, was far too horrific for me to even contemplate. But the idea of me marrying you... The thought was so beautiful, so poignant, that I feared getting my hopes up.”

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“And now we're married,” she says quietly by my side.

“Now we're married.”

Silence descends on the car as we drive the rest of the way. But honestly, there's not much else that needs to be said. Our heart can certainly fill in the gaps.

The small house shines out from the cozy cul-de-sac as if it's welcoming us home. To the right and left, the neighbors have up their ghastly decorations, but Rhylee and I chose not to join in. We didn't think it would be fair since we wouldn't be at home to pass out goodies.

As I scoop her from the car, I note the blood blossoming on her shoulder. At least any onlookers will think it's part of a costume. The last thing I need is for some busybody thinking I actually harmed her.

Another loud yawn eases out from between her lips as I hold her close and take her inside. She really is so dreadfully tired. As much as I want to fuck her again, I know she needs sleep and time to heal. There will be plenty of time for everything later.

Just as she wisely said, we've made it work before. Nothing really has to change. And yet, everything has. Even as I bring her into my house, I notice how her touch is barely on any of the surfaces. Probably because she feared being married to someone else and getting too attached.

“Let's get a new house,” I blurt out, surprising myself with such a notion.

Her sleep addled brain struggles to catch up as she looks at me in shock. “I think I need you to repeat that.”

“Why not?” I ask, warming up to the idea. “A lot of couples have to either choose to live with the other person or get a new place for the two of them. Let's do it. Let's get a new house that's completely us.” Excitement thrums through my body as I start to make plans and counterplans. “Besides, since I've discovered kink, it's been my dream to have a white picket fence and a dungeon in the basement. Let's face it. Living this close to neighbors makes it rather difficult to have my way with you.”

“But wouldn't it be one more change on top of everything else? I mean, I'd love to go house hunting with you, but-”

“No buts,” I growl, hauling her into my arms. “Master hat is on now, and that means we're doing it.”

She nibbles on her bottom lip and looks away from me. Through the bond, I feel her sadness and longing. But that's not right. She should be happy.

“Okay, my pet. What has you so discontented? I thought you'd like the idea of a new house, one you can make yours just as much as I make it mine, would make you happy.”

“I understand, but...”

“But? Even with the bond, I'm not a mind reader when I can't actually pick up on your thoughts properly.”

“Our memories are here. I gave up my apartment to move in with you. That was a really hard decision.” She pulls from my arms and walks over to the kitchen table. “This is where you spanked me for nearly hurting myself with the knife when you

told me to let you do it. And this is the floor I knelt at and ate from your hand. I'm here too... just not in the visible ways.”

“Oh sweetie,” I murmur, holding her gently. “Those memories will still be in our hearts and minds. But if you really don't want a new house, we don't have to get one.” Something rankles between the bond, leaving me even more confused. “Unless I'm wrong? I can feel your distress. Out with it.”

“You make so much more than me,” she finally blurts out. “I want to help you get a new house, but my paycheck doesn't go nearly as far.”

“Is that all?” I laugh, relieved to finally know the truth. “Trust me, I plan to use this house as leverage for the next. As far as you helping me goes, I'm fine with you putting your touch all over this new place. Except the dungeon. That will be mine to design. Trust me, I'm not going to have us look at a mansion or anything like that. Just maybe a step up from this old place. Sound good?”

With a soft sigh, she sags against me. “Sounds good.”

“Now then, let's get you to the bathroom before you lower the resell value by getting blood everywhere.” My heart loosens as touch as her throaty laugh drifts from behind her as she sashays in front of me.

The moment I go to remove her shirt, however, her expression sobers. “I know I can handle pain but...”

“I know, sweetheart. Here, let me get my knife.” A dull ache gathers at the base of my skull as I rummage around for a suitable utensil. As fun as it was daydreaming of our new future with her, I was remiss in taking care of my submissive.

By the time I'm back, her face is screwed up in discomfort. “First things first.” I open

the medicine cabinet and pull out some pain relievers. "Take these." I fill up a small cup and put them in her good hand. "That's my good girl."

She knocks them back and sways a touch, but I steady her and sit her down onto the toilet seat before slicing the shirt away. I shouldn't be getting hard, but any time my knife is near Rhylee, I can't help but want to fuck her. It doesn't help that blood trickles down over her body in such an alluring way.

I pull the gauze back and look at the wound. Michelle was right. It certainly could have been a lot worse. For all the bleeding, it's rather shallow. Dabbing at the wound, I wipe as much blood away as I can before applying the disinfectant.

Though I purr for Rhylee, her cries of anguish tear into the very fabric of my soul. It makes sense why all of this is done during a heat. The omega would be so delirious that they would feel little to no pain. But as it is, she has to feel every agonizing moment.

"I know, my love. I'm almost done. You're doing so good for me." I pause to stroke her cheek, smearing her tears across her face. "You always look so lovely when you cry. I bet you're soaking wet too, aren't you? Stroke yourself, sweetie. No sense suffering when you can find pleasure in the pain."

My cock pulses against my pants as her shaky fingers slip down between her thighs. Soon, her cries become intermingled with gasps until the only way I can tell the two apart is with the help of the bond. By the time she orgasms, I'm wrapping her up, finishing the whole ordeal.

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“That's my good girl,” I purr, helping her up from the toilet seat. “Now how about you and I get some much-needed sleep?”

She doesn't even have to answer me. The staggering in her steps says it all. Holding her close, I lead her into our shared bedroom and help her get in under the covers. Between the pain pills and a good night's sleep, she should be much better by tomorrow.

With a soft smile, I take the collar out of my pocket and set it on the nightstand next to me. I didn't have a chance to give it to her, but I know a way that will make it all the more memorable.

CHAPTER8

JASON

Sunlight pours into the window, fighting past the blinds and curtains to flood the room with its ungodly brightness. Groaning, I flop my hand over my face to block it out. But it's no use. I'm awake now.

Looking over to the side, I smile as Rhylee still sleeps, her soft snores just another adorable facet to such an amazing woman. Thankfully, it gives me time to put my plan into action.

I pull out my phone and message Aaron, needing his help to get everything set up. Though the club is no stranger to collaring ceremonies, there's still a lot of work involved. Knowing Michelle the way I do, however, she'll move heaven and earth to

make it happen.

With a soft grin, I hide the collar in the nightstand and make my way to the kitchen to prepare Rhylee some breakfast. With each step I take, I'm confronted with the life we've lived in this house. Even though this place is full of memories, it really is too small. When I first bought it, I only had myself to think of. Part me wonders if Rhylee never put her mark on this place because she was worried about over filling it.

Even now, as I let my mind wander, she only has what's necessary to live. If she wasn't with me all night, every night, I'd think she still had an apartment somewhere with the rest of her stuff. Hell, I probably never noticed because my heart always feared she would never be able to stay.

This new house signals a new begging for both of us. She's more than allowed to take up space in my home and in my heart, and it's high time she realizes it. My mind continues to whirl, never stopping, as I set the bacon to sizzling and scramble the eggs.

"Mmmmh. Something smells good in here," Rhylee moans as she makes her way into the kitchen. "Does your sous chef need to help prepare anything?"

"No, but she can certainly get her cute butt back into bed and keep resting."

"Is that a suggestion or an order?"

I turn to her and give her a wolfish grin. "It's a suggestion you will really want to take."

Her lips part into a wide smile as she giggles. "Noted. The invalid will go back and rest her arm."

“Good girl. Grab another dose of pain meds while you're there.”

“Yes, Master,” she calls out.

It never fails to get a primal response out of me. As much as I want to tackle her to the ground and fuck her until she has trouble walking, I need to take her needs into consideration. And right now, that's breakfast.

As I plate up the food, my phone pings with a message from Aaron. Perfect. It's all coming together.

Rhylee's eyes light up as I set the plate in her lap and give her a gentle kiss on the forehead. “Tell me honestly, how is it feeling today?”

“It’s really not as painful as I thought it would feel. I don’t know. It feels sort of bruised, but no worse than a heavy session with you.”

“That's good. I want you to get well as soon as you can, so I can leave other marks on your delectable body. In the meantime...” I open my phone and make a swiping motion toward the flat screen on the wall. “While you eat, I was thinking we could look at houses.”

“So you're serious then? You weren't kidding last night?”

“Baby,” I murmur, dipping my head down to give her lips a gentle kiss. “I will never joke about our future. It's too important. You are too important. Now then, I've put in some search parameters, and these are the results. I also wasn't joking when I said I wanted a dungeon in the basement. No objections, I hope.”

She swallows her bit of egg as her scent of arousal perfumes the room. With a chuckle, I pull up the first listing. “Didn't think so.”

For the next several hours, we look through house after house until my heart starts to sink. Next to me, Rhylee, ever the optimist, continues wriggling about in the bed after finally catching house hunting fever. But so far, nothing is sparking either of our interests.

“Oh,” Rhylee whispers, her heart pounding in time with mine.

I look up at the screen and stop. “Perfect,” we say in unison.

Not only is it in our price point, but it's very close to work and our friends. Now, instead of relying on the club to get together, we can have them over at our place. Through the bond, I feel her excitement grow.

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Until now, I didn't realize just how much of her wanted to host and serve. Well, now she'll have her chance. Dragging the information off of the screen, I send a message to the real estate agent, seeing if we can see it today.

My submissive is a jumpy mess as we wait for the response, but then, so am I. We're this close to having everything. This close to life being perfect. Her squeal of excitement when they answer back in the affirmative, hurts my ears, but I can't stop smile as her exuberance takes over the room.

“Well, I guess that means you need to rest while I work on some logistics. I want you well rested before we go look at the house this evening.” Even as she lies back against the pillows, I know she's not going to get a moment of rest.

Honestly, I'm just relieved she's so excited. It's certainly a far cry from where she was last night. Once more, I message Aaron. He should know all about the location, since it's very close to where he lives.

* * *

Rhylee shuffles beside me, bundled up against the cold. All traces of pain in her shoulder seem to be gone, but I can't tell if it's from the miracle of modern pain pills or the excitement I feel wafting off of her. I can't help but smile as she pulls ahead of me, only to slide back to my side where she knows she belongs.

“What was that about you being the goodest girl?” I tease, hugging her close.

“I mean... yes. But we're looking at a new house!”

With a smile, I pull her back and let the agent on ahead. “You were so hesitant last night. What has you so excited now?”

“I think a good night's sleep let everything percolate in the background. Honestly, it was silly of me to rebuff your idea. So many things happened all at once yesterday that I was overwhelmed.”

“And now? What do you think of the house?” I pull her in front of me as I lean against the white picket fence.

Her body molds to mine as our breath hangs in the air. “It's even prettier than the pictures showed. But I don't know. It's so...”

“Wholesome?” I supply.

“I was thinking quaint, but yes. I think wholesome applies. I mean, it has the perfect shutters, the perfect little porch. It looks like it belongs on some family sitcom.”

“Yes,” I murmur in her ear. “But just think of how filthy and depraved it will be on the inside. People will walk by and think we're some lovely, run-of-the-mill couple, never knowing that I'll have you chained up to a Saint Andrew's cross while I whip your pretty little flesh.”

Her body writhes against mine as all sorts of depraved thoughts flit through her mind.

“Soon, my pet. Soon.”

Gripping her hand in mine, we take after the agent and tour the house. Just as I hoped, everything is perfect. Though the outside still has that older, charming feel, the inside has been completely redone with a modern couple in mind. Even the kitchen is state-of-the-art, perfect for a pair of chefs looking to have fun with their friends.

“Can you give my wife and me a moment?”

“Certainly,” the agent says with a smile. “Take all the time you need.”

Turning back to Rhylee, I tuck a strand of hair behind her ear. “Well, can you see forever with me in this house?”

“Most certainly.”

“Excellent. Then I'll have the agent put in an offer. But first.” I get down on one knee and pull the box out of my jacket.

Rhylee gasps and puts a hand over her heart. Through the bond, I feel how hard it pounds. Honestly, it almost mimics mine. Now that the moment is here, I didn't think I'd be so nervous.

“I never did get a chance to properly propose to you. We have the government to thank for that. But I have a question that I feel is far more important than if you'll marry me or not.” Opening the box, I let her look at the band of silver nestled on the blue silk. Her eyes and the bond say it all. Even without me asking, I know the answer. “Will you do me the honor of becoming my collared slave?”

“Yes,” she screams out, hurtling herself toward me. “A million times, yes!”

I just barely manage to move enough to catch her instead of her running into me and hurting her shoulder all over again. Shaking my head, I find that I can't even be all that upset with her. My little slave never ceases to amaze me with the joy she brings into my life.

“In that case, we have one more stop to make.”

* * *

White fairy lights twinkle, covering the entrance way to the club. It all looks so magical, like a dream. But it's not. Just one look at Rhylee tells me it's my new reality.

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Next to me, her eyes shimmer with unshed tears as she takes in the soft lights. “Did you do this?”

“I may have had a little help.”

At the entrance doors, Aaron and Michelle stand proud in their elegant clothes. Tears stain her cheeks as she holds them open for us to enter. Inside is just a lovely with silks and lights draped from the ceiling down to the floor. Smatterings of candles lend an ethereal glow. This is what our wedding should have been like.

On either side of a makeshift aisle, our friends from the club sit and wait, their large smiles making my heart squeeze with happiness. As soon as Aaron takes his place at the front, he motions us to walk forward.

“Dearly beloved,” he starts, then laughs so hard he has to stop to wipe his eyes. “I’m just teasing. You’ve already done that part. As you all know, Jason and Rhylee found their start here in this club. He felt it was only fitting that we, his kinky family, observe as he and Rhylee commit themselves together as Master and slave. Jason, you may proceed.”

“From the moment I saw you in the restaurant, I knew I had to have you. You were a young, naïve little submissive who yearned for a loving hand and stern guidance. It has been my privilege to watch you grow and blossom into the submissive you are today. My submissive. Even if we weren’t matched by the government, I would have put my collar around your neck. Damn the consequences.”

I take in a deep breath and continue. “You are my world, my life, my soul, and the

very air I breathe. I promise, as your master, I will care for you, cherish you, and honor you with my body, my words, and my very being. You are the only one for me, my precious Rhylee, and it is my hope that you will wear my collar with pride.”

Aaron steps forward again, his eyes suspiciously wet. “Rhylee, if you accept his ownership of you, then kneel.”

Without hesitation, she sinks down to her knees, so poised, so graceful. “I don't have anything planned,” she croaks out, unshed tears clogging her throat. “Not like this. But you, Master Jason, are my life, the air I breathe, and my very soul. It will be an honor to wear your collar. In this life and in the next. There is no one else for me but you.”

My hands tremble as I put the band around her neck and lock it in place. The trust and love I feel flowing through the bond nearly bring me to my knees. As I ease her up from the floor, I find I cannot resist the allure of her lips any longer. It's been far too long since I've kissed my bride.

“Forever?” I whisper against her lips.

“And a day,” she replies back, sighing as our lips finally meet.

All around us, the others cheer, but I barely hear them. All I can hear is the pounding of our hearts through the bond. Two hearts, one beat. As it should have been from the very beginning.

EPILOGUE

RHYLEE

Six Month Checkpoint

A happy sigh drifts from my lips as I stretch out in the bed. My inner thighs ache as I shift about, but I don't care. I'll take any discomfort my husband and master wishes to give me.

Reaching up, I slide my fingers along the eternity collar before glancing over at Master Jason's snoring form. Even in the dredges of sleep, he looks stern and imposing. Slick gathers between my thighs as I lick my lips, contemplating just what the ferocious frown does to me.

I slide over, lifting the sheet. His thick erection stands firm and tall, just begging me to savor it. Though I'm not allowed to get off without express permission, Master Jason has no such rules. And so, I wiggle in between his splayed thighs and breathe in the musky, masculine scent that surrounds his warm body.

With a grin, I run the tip of my tongue along his shaft, nearly giggling as his cock jerks, precum pearling at the tip. It's a treat I'm never able to resist. Wrapping my lips around his thick, plump head, I lap at his slit, taking his salty seed into my mouth. It's bitter like coffee, but with a hint of cream to it, making it the best thing to wake up to in the morning.

I work quickly, sliding his girth deep into my mouth. A representative from the Governing Body is supposed to be here this morning, and I want to give Master Jason my gift before that happens. He grunts in his sleep, rocking his hips back and forth in a silent entreaty.

Gripping his knot, I take him back into my throat and choke on his length before pulling back. He shifts, and through the bond, I realize the moment he goes from thinking this is all a dream and realizing his submissive is in between his thighs, feasting.

"I want you riding me, Rhylee," he growls, reaching beneath the sheets to run his

fingers through my hair. “I want to fuck you, to have my cum dripping down your thighs when we meet this representative.”

“Yes, Sir,” I fairly chirp. “Happy to oblige.”

“I bet you are,” he grumbles, tossing his arm over his eyes to block out the morning light streaming from between the slits in the blinds.

Climbing up his body, I rest my hands against his hard abs, using them to brace myself as I lower. He’s always thicker from this angle, and so I take my time, easing myself down in minute movements that have my inner thighs screaming.

His rough hands circle around my waist as I settle above him. They clench around me as I wriggle about, finding just the right angle. I can’t help the smile that crosses my lips as he groans again, curse words littering the air.

And then he moves. Oh god, it feels so good to feel him surging up inside me, the tip of his cock gliding over that spot inside that makes my toes curl. Leaning down, I lay against his chest as he pistons in and out of me. He wraps his arms about my shoulders, hugging me close as he threatens to shatter me into a billion pieces.

Through the bond, I feel his love surging forward, filling me, consuming me. I answer back in kind, sharing with him every hope and dream I have for us, for the future. He is my life, my soul, my very being.

Rising back up, I ride him hard, crying out as he invades me, owns me. My orgasm hovers close as I feel him moving in and out, the pleasure nearly consuming me. I lock eyes with Master Jason, showing him through the bond what I plan to do.

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A ferocious look crosses his face, a mix of lust and need racing through the bond. Sliding his hand up to cup the back of my head, he brings my face down to hover right over his heart. Love blossoms through me as I lap at his salty skin. Soon, he will be just as much mine as I am his.

No, love, he whispers into my mind. Even if you don't mark me, I will always be yours, now and forever. No bite will ever change that.

He opens up his side of the bond even further, nearly drowning me in love and tender feelings. They're so at odds with the heat and strength that flows through his fingers, anchoring me to his body. Burying my teeth into his chest, I bite down hard.

Blood taints my tongue, triggering my orgasm. As I clench around him, I feel the strands of our bond growing even stronger. They double on themselves, tripling even, until they're thick and solid like steel rods, unbreakable, anchoring us together.

I feel the arousal flowing through him, filling me up until I can barely breathe. When he comes, his shouts of pleasure sound so far away. I'm overcome with the sensations as they wash over me, drowning me until all I can see, hear, and taste is him.

Forcing myself to pull away, I place my hand over the wound, feeling his heart race beneath me. Languid, we both lay there as his knot pulses inside me, tying me even closer to him.

Unfortunately, as much as I want to lie there and bask in the afterglow, the moment his knot softens, he wraps his arms around me and pulls me off. I know we have to get ready for the interview, but it's the last thing on my mind.

All I want to do is lie in bed with him, burrowing into his warmth as we drift in and out of sleep, waking only to fuck, then sleep some more. Turning my face, I rest against him until he forces me to roll off.

“As tantalizing as that thought is, my dear, this is the last thing we have to do to appease the Governing Body. After this, we can spend every off day just lounging about as I fuck you every way a cum slut like you can be fucked.”

My cheeks burn at his name for me, the embarrassment causing another rush of arousal to flood my body. But we can't indulge in that now. Master Jason made it very clear. Rising, I make my way toward the bathroom as his hand snakes out to grab my wrist.

“You are not showering until this meeting is over. I want them to smell the sex dripping off of you. I don't want them to have any doubts as to my affection or intention when it comes to you.”

“Yes, Sir.”

* * *

Sitting on the couch, I shift about, my panties practically sticking to my body as his cum coats my lower lips. They should be here any minute, and yet, I still want to say fuck all of this and attack my husband, dragging him to the bed.

Since he can read my thoughts, Master Jason says nothing but gives me a dark smile full of promise. As he rises and steps toward me, no doubt in a mood to torture me until the representative gets there, there's a knock at the door.

A sigh of relief slips through my lips as he sits back down. “Answer it, my little wife. And try not to make it too obvious that your body hums with unmet arousal.”

Resisting the urge to stick my tongue out at him, I open the door and show in a short woman wearing a smart suit. She glances at me, giving me a quick look up and down. I note the wrinkle in her nose as she catches Master Jason's scent as it practically rolls off of me.

Even though we had sex in the bedroom, our whole house smells like it, filled with both of our arousals. Clearing her throat, she sits on the edge of a chair, looking rather uncomfortable. No doubt she worries about sitting in a wet spot or something.

Honestly, as she should. Since that night he claimed me, Master Jason has fucked me in every room and nearly every surface of this house. Before we were mated, I thought his desire for me was insatiable. Now I know the difference.

With quick, perfunctory questions, she goes through her list and nods, fleeing the first chance she can. Laughing, I close the door behind her, but before I can turn around, I feel Master Jason's bulk behind me, pressing me against the frosted glass.

Internally, I know no one can see us from the outside, but it does nothing to quell my racing pulse as he pulls down my pants and jerks my hips backward. With a quick swipe of his fingers, he pulls my panties to the side, revealing my needy pussy. His cock nudges at my opening, giving me just a hint of warning before he surges forward, nearly knocking me into the glass.

My body burns as he uses me while figures walk back and forth. He knows how much I love an audience, even one that can't actually see me. Arousal drips from my body, lubricating his movements as he drives in and out.

"You will always be mine," he grunts out, gripping my hips. "Others can look, but they will never touch. I don't share my toys, and you, my precious little cum slut, are the most treasured by me. I will always be there to break you, but baby, I will always put you back together again."

I cry out as his words and feelings slam into me, filling my heart until I'm about to burst. As his sous chef, I was underneath him, even before I realized how kinky he was. Now, as his wife, it means that much more.

Even working side by side, I'll never be free of my desire for him. With each passing day, it grows more and more, exceeding any expectations I could have ever had. And to think, it all started with an unexpected Halloween wedding.