As I watch Joey tonight, I’m testing her, and I know she knows it. I need to see whether she has faith in me to protect and leave her unharmed. If anything, better off than when the night started. That’s part of the reason it bothered me so much that our first night together ended as such an epic failure because I didn’t take care of her properly. We were both on an emotional high until I fucked things over by getting jealous.

I smooth my hand over her back and down to her arse. I could hold on to it for days and never tire of filling my hands with it. I’ve had enough partners to know what I do and don’t like without being a man-whore, and I very much like Joey’s body. The corner of my mouth twitches as I think it’s a good thing she can’t see me. I ease her off the spanking bench and hold her at the elbows while she steadies herself.

“Are you dizzy?”

“No, I’m all right. I just—I need a moment. My ass burns.”

“I would think so. You did so well, *cailín*. I definitely wasn’t as gentle as I could be.”

“I know, sir. Thank you.”

I could have been far rougher, but I don’t know her tolerance and preference yet. I’m still learning those things, just like she’s still learning what I desire and what levels of control and submission we have between us.

I return the tools of my trade to the wall rack and look around as I slip my arm around her waist. I hold her close to me, kissing her temple.

“Do you want the first time you come tonight to be in public or private? How much more exhibitionism are you comfortable with?”

“I don’t know that I’m ready to be fully naked in front of all of these people, but I obviously am not that timid.”

It shocked the hell out of me to discover she wasn’t wearing any panties. I love the demi bra and garter belt with the fishnet thigh highs. She definitely understands the dress codes at these types of play places. The dress she wore made her look like the living embodiment of Venus on a half shell. I’m glad she wore a coat over it, or I might have had to gouge her taxi driver’s eyes out. I don’t mind other people seeing her in here wearing that.

All the women have similarly revealing and enticing clothing. However, outside of here, I admit a level of possessiveness I’ve never felt toward any of my previous subs or women I’ve scened with here and at other clubs.

I watch Joey as her gaze sweeps the open area before glancing up at the mezzanine and second floor. There are more private rooms like the one we were in last time, each with different themes. There’s a classroom, a child’s nursery, an extreme torture room. Users of that room can indulge their very darkest fantasies in private. Those who are into lesser stuff can still enjoy the room. It’s just there for those whose preferences might shock even the most experienced members of this lifestyle.

“Can we try the chain station?”

Joey points toward the wall where there is a set of chains with cuffs on a pulley and chains attached to the wall at floor level.

“If that’s what you would like, little one. Is your elbow up to being restrained over your head?”

“Yes, sir. It’s almost entirely healed. I only get a twinge once in a while.”

I stoop to pick up her dress, and she reaches for it. I cock an eyebrow, and she lowers her gaze, a small smile playing at her lips. As her Dom, even small things like carrying her dress shows taking care of her is important to me. I guide her over to the open station, passing a couple of people I know. They don’t know who I am here, but I can recognize them. It pays to be silent owners of the best BDSM clubs in the tri-state area. We know who likes to spank and who likes to be spanked. That’s been invaluable information over the years.

Who knows to what extremes people will go to protect their privacy? We do.

A couple just finished here at this chain station. The Domme’s cleaning off the cuffs while her sub guzzles a bottle of water.

“It’s all yours.”