
Prologue

Angus

I waited for my turn, each submissive standing with their chin to their chest, hands behind their back.

The lights were dim on the floor—that’s what they called it at The Boot and Strap, a sex club in the Entertainment District of Toronto. Only, this wasn’t like the local *Oasis* or *M4*. This wasn’t a social club, a swinger’s club, nor was it a gentleman’s club. It wasn’t about finding someone to fuck—it was about Domination and submission. BDSM.

Admittedly, the D/s scene hadn’t really been something I was into. My cousin was heavily into it, especially with his wife. In the past I was the submissive. Then there came a time when I decided that I would never let a woman rule me again, especially my heart. My interests shifted to being a Dominant, which I found I extremely enjoyed, probably more than submission.

When I moved to Toronto from Scotland, I decided to explore the BDSM scene, the Lifestyle, as some called it. That’s

when I found the club. I never found any women of interest, any submissives. That is, until that evening.

The subs were split up, men on one side, women on the other, completely nude, as submissives were expected to be, ready to serve. The only thing that set this apart from a usual night is that it was Thursday, and as such, it was Masked Evening. Everyone wore a mask of some sort, most of their face covered, giving a veil of anonymity.

The one that caught my eye was a blonde. I always had a thing for blondes. I mean, there were other blondes there, but they didn't exude the calmness, the serenity I knew a confident and knowledgeable sub was in possession of. I hoped no one else saw her as I did, as I wanted her for myself.

Honestly, I hadn't felt that way about anyone in such a long time...

I waited, keeping my eyes on her. There were two men in front of me, as most of the Dominants that night were men. I didn't pay attention to the ones behind me. In reality, I didn't pay attention to the ones in front of me either. I just wanted the blonde, who wore a pink leather mask, little cat ears on it, a flashy rhinestone collar with a golden tag on it around her neck. My little Kitten.

The subs are able to refuse the Dominant if they so choose. I hadn't seen it yet, as the whole point of the night was the anonymity, not being yourself or doing what you usually would do with who you would usually do it with. I still respected that consent was absolute, something that was drilled into me from past experiences.

But, my God, I wanted her so badly.

The man in front of me, who was wearing leather pants and a bulldog harness, stopped before my little kitten. My heart seized, figuring that he was going to choose her, but he turned, going to the brunette beside her.

I let a little smirk loose as I realized she was mine.

Chapter 1

Gracie

My eyes were cast down, the outline of my pink mask my only focus.

I saw the Doms as I walked over to my place in line, but none of them piqued my interest. None of them seemed any different from the last. I could refuse any of them and on most nights, not just Masked Evening, I usually did. I was pretty much planning to do so, and I felt a little helpless over it.

I knew the regulars, since I, myself, was one of them. They didn't often participate in the event since it was mostly a thing for newbies in the scene. It was for those who wanted a taste of it, new Doms, new subbies. So, why was Gracelynn Crawford, an experienced submissive, in line with all the newbs?

I kept my eyes down, my chin to my naked chest. It was always comfortable on the floor of The Strap, the air conditioning refreshing, since it was sweltering in Toronto, summer rushing in and heating up the city. The floors were tile, as it was

easier to clean, cool under foot. I kept my hands behind my back, relaxed as I waited for someone to choose me to be their subby for the evening and my ultimate rejection of them.

Suddenly, two black Doc Martens came into view, stopping before me. I felt the power of them stomping in front of me through to my very soul. There was already an authority to them. I kept my shoulders straight, my head cast down, as was expected, but I admit that I wanted to look up, shocked.

“Shall I call you *Kitten*?” a smooth voice with a Scottish accent asked.

I smirked a little bit, knowing he was speaking of my pink leather half-mask, little cat ears on it, as well as my rhinestone collar. “If it pleases you, Sir.”

“Ooh, cheeky, are we?” he asked. “You’ll do.”

I tried not to get my hopes up, but I admit, there was excitement vibrating within me. There was something in his voice that made my insides quiver with anticipation. I tried to convince myself it was just the accent. Then he spoke again.

“On your knees.”

I didn’t get on my knees for just anyone. It was why I was single in both the dating and D/s sense. I was down on them instantly, as soon as the command registered in my mind, my hands still behind my back.

“Ooh, what a good kitten,” he said. “This way. Hands and knees.”

The strength in his voice sent delicious shivers up my spine. I swallowed hard, doing as he said and getting down on all fours. I raised my head, watching as he began walking, still only getting a look at his boots, his heels, specifically this time.

He led me over to one of the leather couches, sitting down on it casually. I kept to my hands and knees, as I wasn’t instructed to do otherwise.

“Come sit on my lap, Kitten,” he said.

I finally looked up at him—he was a sight to behold, a

perfectly sculpted naked chest gleaming, a slight dusting of hair catching the light thrown from overhead. He wore a pair of black leather pants, a studded belt keeping them in place. Then his big boots, which still thrilled me, taking all of him in.

He had a mop of coppery blond curls on his head, burning blonder in spots rather than the copper. I couldn't see his eyes, that same light casting a shadow from his black leather domino mask. His face was clean-shaven, his lips looking kissable as he smirked at me.

I licked my lips a little, shaking myself out of his stares. I stood gracefully, closing the distance between us, sitting down on his lap. He was warm, smelling of a sweeter, yet leathery cologne. His left arm went around my back, his right sliding up my naked thigh, causing shivers to erupt on my skin.

"Isn't that better, Kitten?" he asked.

My breath nearly got caught in my chest, my sex clenching from his touch. I nodded a little, trying not to smile again.

He looked from my mouth to my collar, seeing the gold tag on it. He reached up, fingering it a little. "Daddy's Girl, huh? And do you have a Daddy, Kitten?"

I shook my head coyly.

He tried not to laugh, tilting his head to the side. "Why is that?"

"Too picky, I suppose, Sir," I replied.

"Ah, you always have the right to refuse," he said. "Consent is important, Kitten. I also think communication is important, understanding."

I bit my bottom lip before I shrugged. "Pretty words, but they mean nothing unless you follow through."

He was taken aback. "I would think that actual play is needed for that, Kitten. I'm not ready to jump into that just yet."

"What do you mean?"

He ran his hand up my bare thigh again. "I mean that it's important for us to communicate now, before establishing if we

wish to move forward with playing. There are boundaries, limits, and we need to set a safe word.”

So, he's not a newbie...

“May I ask a question, Sir?”

“Of course,” he replied.

“Do you have other subbies?”

He shook his head slowly. “No.”

“And what is it that you're looking for?” I asked boldly.

“Just you, Kitten,” he said confidently. “Just you.”

I looked to his lips, wanting to kiss him. I knew that was a no-no, going against my personal rule. Play does not equal romance. It doesn't equal making love either. I never gave out kisses casually, never would, and I would never have sex causally. I could sense that he wanted to seduce me, and it was working.

I looked away. “You can't know that.”

“What do you mean?” he asked, his finger pulling my chin back to look at him.

“I'm not going to have sex with you,” I said bluntly.

He shrugged. “Not everything is about sex, Kitten. Even BDSM isn't always about sex.”

“I know that,” I said, crossing my arms, unimpressed. “I'm not a newbie.”

“Neither am I. I just know the moment I saw you, I wanted you on your knees before me.”

I stood up from his lap. “You got that. I went to my knees, I crawled after you.”

He sat forward a bit. “So defensive.”

“I'm done,” I said to him confidently. “I'm not consenting. Good evening, Sir.”

Angus

I looked up at her, the ringlets of her fringe kissing the top of her mask, curling around the ears. The rest of her hair was brought back into a ponytail, a mass of curls hanging down. Her breasts were perky, glorious orbs that I wanted to manhandle. I also couldn't take my eyes away from her nipples, those little buds aching to be in my mouth, making it water.

She wasn't impressed, her last words about not consenting on the air still, as well as her saying "Sir" with a little bite. It shook me out of my lusty stares, bringing me back from my daydreaming of pounding into her.

I watched as she turned from me, her perfectly silky back catching the light, as well as her round ass and smooth legs. She marched away from me, heading back to the line of subs, as they hadn't been chosen or rejected the Doms.

I smiled a little, knowing that when I had her next, I was going to make sure that she wore a tail for the evening, the end of it plugging her ass. We would see if she could march away from me then.

What a sassy kitten, I thought with a smirk.

I couldn't wait for the next Masked Evening.