
CHERISHED

Club Indigo, Book Four

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Prologue

Sonja Madden felt out of place as she sat alone on the edge of the scening area while the celebration at Club Indigo continued. As the place where the local BDSM community gathered to play, it was her favorite hangout, but tonight, she wasn't feeling a part of things. Something about the way the people around her kept falling in love was throwing her off balance. Sonja studied the proud and possessive way Jim was watching Paula, his new wife and submissive. She had never thought she needed a partner, but after seeing them together, Sonja wanted someone who couldn't take his eyes off her, too. She longed for a soulmate, someone to share her life with and somebody who cared about how her day went. As she watched, Paula turned her head in Jim's direction. Sonja loved how the newlyweds seemed to have an entire conversation with just a look that spoke of love, devotion, and promise. At that moment, nothing existed for the two of them except their connection.

That's what I want! Why can't I find it?

Sonja sighed and wondered if she should go home. It would be cold and empty since Snuggles was at the vet. He had been losing weight the last few months, and the doctor had found an

abscessed tooth. Her black sweetheart had been operated on this morning, and because he was sixteen, they were keeping him for observation. Going home held no appeal but staying didn't, either. For someone as goal-orientated as she was, it was strange to feel this indecisive.

Movement from the bar caught her eye. Chris was getting up from his barstool. Sonja had once lusted after the playful and handsome dominant, but it had never sizzled between the two of them and she had crossed him off her list for everything except occasional play. Now he led Yvonne to the St. Andrew's cross in the main room. Yvonne had been helping out at The Sweet and Savory Table, the cafe Sonja owned with fellow club members Suzie and Connor, and Sonja naturally felt protective of her. Her mind drifted to her absent business partners and their relationship. After a couple of punishments at the club, Sonja had avoided the Scottish sadist. However, he was a great accountant and an unexpected bonus when she'd partnered up with Suzie. She was the most skilled baker Sonja had ever met and their business was doing better than ever.

The sounds of a flogger hitting flesh drew Sonja's attention to the scene before her. She watched with rapt attention as Chris worked over the bound woman before him. He had taken off his shirt and his well-developed muscles flexed and tensed as he wielded his tools. The man had worked construction all his life, and there was nothing artificial about his physique. Sonja watched as Chris pressed his body against Yvonne's back and snaked his arm to her front.

Is he fondling her breasts or stroking her pussy?

She couldn't see from her position, but both thoughts made her hot. Knowing the blond hunk of a man, he was probably whispering something wicked in Yvonne's ear that would heighten her arousal.

Chris stepped to his gym bag and retrieved a cane. Sonja

winned. She enjoyed watching lighter impact play with floggers and even crops, but whips and canes were too much.

As Chris started to land measured strokes across Yvonne's buttocks and thighs, Sonja looked away from the scene. It didn't matter that subs had a safeword and the dominants here, even the sadists, would never break the skin, she'd rather not watch a caning or whipping, let alone receive one. Sonja was more into erotic play and D/s. She allowed her gaze to wander over the crowd. The festivities had not only brought Yvonne to the club but three other newcomers—a small woman whose outfit screamed Domme and two tall men, one dark and the other red-haired. From their dark slacks and dress-shirts, she suspected they were dominants as well. Ordinarily, she would be among the first to introduce herself, but she didn't have the energy tonight. When was the last time she didn't want to meet new people?

A keening cry followed by a commotion had her turning back to the scene as Kate, the dungeon monitor for the evening, rushed past her to assist Chris. Sonja went from mildly interested to deeply worried as Kate helped Chris lower a now limp Yvonne to the ground and turn her on her side. Her stomach dropped as she recognized the recovery position from her high school first aid classes. This would make breathing easier for the girl, and it would still be possible to monitor her.

What the hell is wrong? Should I call 911?

That was a stupid thought since the club didn't allow cell phones in the play areas. She had to do something, though. Sonja surged to her feet, intent on helping. Before she managed to take more than three steps, she was halted by a firm hand on her shoulder. Sonja turned around to give the man, whoever he was, her patented death glare and came face to face with one of the new guys. Serious hazel eyes and a strong, unyielding jawline confirmed her earlier suspicion; at least, this latest addition to Club Indigo was as dominant as they came.

Chapter 1

"Don't interfere in their aftercare," he said in a low voice, his hand still on her arm. Sonja blinked up in confusion. Aftercare? Yvonne's reaction wasn't normal, and she needed to help. Why couldn't he get that? She tried to worm herself free from his hold on her, but he tightened his grip. She was helpless and wasn't sure how she felt about it.

"Contain your impulses, girl. Watch and listen," he ordered, and Sonja debated between flipping him the bird and obeying him. Her good girl nature won, and she stopped her struggles. Sonja allowed the sounds and impressions to enter her mind. She heard the melodic laughter that could only come from Kate and Chris' low murmuring rumble. She studied the three as Chris collected Yvonne in his strong arms and the trio settled on the big red couch.

Sonja relaxed and glanced up at the strange Dom. He gave her a crooked smile, and she felt his approval warm her from the inside out.

"There we go," he said in the low tone that reverberated in Sonja's stomach and lower regions.

After another deep stare into her eyes, he let go of her arms, and she missed the warmth of his touch. She crossed her arms and rubbed them to alleviate the chill before it could reach her insides.

Now he would walk away. Maybe I should head home.

She was so caught up in her miserable thoughts, she missed what he said to her. "I'm sorry, Sir, I didn't catch that."

If he had any thought or reaction, he was good at hiding it. "How about I get us a drink, we sit down, and get to know each other."

She narrowed her eyes and asked in the careful and slow way Snuggles would approach a new toy. "Why would I want to do that?"

He frowned at her lack of honorific. "Is this the way subs address a Dom in this club?"

Sonja straightened and looked up with what she hoped was a contrite expression. "I'm sorry, Sir. The subs here aren't rude, but you're not my Dom."

He grabbed her chin and studied her face. His grip was careful yet unyielding, and she froze. "Baby, I like a little bit of sass in a submissive. I might not be your Dom, yet, but it would be good to remember I have my limits." He let go of her chin and smiled at her, transforming his face from interesting to charming. "I'm Derek, by the way."

"Sonja."

"Nice to meet you, Sonja," he said with another panty-dropping smile—not that she was wearing any under her form-fitting dress. "Now, tell me what you want to drink."

She asked for an orange juice without a second thought, and he told her to sit at the barrel table near the main floor and a red couch. Sonja was halfway to the spot he'd indicated before she realized she was doing what he wanted. Damn the man, she felt like the cornered mouse she'd saved from Snuggles last summer.

She still didn't know which one of them had been more afraid—she really didn't like rodents—but she hadn't been able to let her cat eat the creature. This Dom looked at her like he could eat her. It was scary and exhilarating at the same time.

He returned from the bar with a beer for himself and her drink. Her gaze zoomed in on the container he was holding in his right hand. She looked at him and the cup, and her mouth dropped open. He was holding a child's plastic cup with a straw sticking out of the lid. Hell, no! She wasn't going to drink her juice from that!

She rose from her seat at the small round table, planted her fists on her hips, and opened her mouth. Before she could utter a sound, he captured her lips in a toe-curling kiss. How was that possible? Only their mouths touched, but she felt herself falling under his spell with every slow movement of his lips against hers. His tongue snaked out, and she reciprocated with her own.

Sonja opened her eyes when he moved away and planted his fine butt on the stool. He placed the cup on the round table and nodded to the seat she had vacated. Her eyes went from his face to the stool, the drink, and back to his face. She saw the challenge in his eyes and returned it with her own stare, throwing daggers. "I'm not a child, and I'm not going to drink from that stupid cup!" Hell, she had been fending for herself since she was seventeen! She debated throwing a tantrum and decided against it. It would only substantiate his assumption she was a baby girl and a brat. She huffed and crossed her arms. She looked around and back to him. He was taking a swallow of beer from his bottle. He pulled the dark brown glass away from those lips that had felt so good on her mouth, and he gestured to her stool again. She shook her head. Deliberately, she walked over to the couch a couple of feet away and plopped down. She peeked under her lashes at him. He just sat there, sipping his beer, her cup seemingly forgotten on the table. She was thirsty, dammit!

She could always go to the bar for her drink, but Bob might side with the Dom and refuse to serve her.

Derek had trouble containing his laughter, but he knew from experience he had to hold it back. *What a brat!*

He knew he had been pushing it when he asked Bob to put her drink in a role play cup. Bob had arched an eyebrow but had held up a sippy cup for a toddler and a cute Disney princess cup with a red and white straw. He wasn't sure why, but he had chosen the one for a slightly older child. He didn't know to what age she regressed, although her whole demeanor had screamed 'little one' to him from the moment he had laid eyes on her. She was beautiful, with dark skin and sinful curves, but those weren't the only reasons he was attracted to her from the beginning.

All right, Daddy's in the house.

He finished his beer and placed the bottle slowly and deliberately on the table. He rose to his feet and strode over to the couch, where he bent down and put his hand on the backrest beside her head. She shrank back into the cushions.

"Are you done being stubborn?" He hardened his voice without raising it.

She shook her head, eyebrows drawn together in an attempt to look threatening.

"Little girl, let me tell what is going to happen tonight. You're going to obey Daddy unless you want to use the club's safeword—red." She opened her mouth, and he held up a finger. "Don't you dare use it unless you're in pain or distress," he said sternly, and her mouth snapped shut. "You're going to sit with Daddy like a civilized girl, and you're going to have your drink." She started to shake her head again, and he continued ruthlessly, "Or Daddy is going to drag you to the table, and you're going to finish

your drink." She huffed and looked him squarely in the eye, but she didn't use her safeword.

He sighed and started to straighten. *Game on!*

She let out a sigh of relief, now that he wasn't crowding her space, and a small smile tugged at her lips. The little brat was feeling confident and was thinking he was all talk and no action. She had another think coming!

His hand shot out, and he grabbed a large handful of her hair and pushed himself up, pulling her with him. He had a firm grip so she couldn't do anything but follow him. He steered her back to the table and the abandoned cup. She glared at it as he pushed her down and let go of her hair. She started to slip off the seat. "If you leave the chair, you'll end up over my knee, and then you can finish your drink. I don't want you dehydrated when we start playing."

Her gaze whipped up at him. She had an expressive face, and she practically lit up the room when he mentioned play. Wasn't she aware they were already in a scene? Probably not. "Sonja, do you want to use your safeword?" He needed to be sure they were on the same page.

"No, Sir."

"Do you want to play with me?"

"Yes, Sir." The longing in her voice came through loud and clear. He was glad he hadn't misread the situation.

"Daddy," he emphasized. "When we're in a scene, I'm your Daddy. I'll take care of your needs, and I'll discipline you when needed. You want to be Daddy's good girl, don't you?"

Although she must be past forty, she looked so young and vulnerable with her big brown eyes staring up at him. Then she gave a small nod. If he hadn't been studying her carefully, he might have missed it.

"Good girl," he breathed and pressed a kiss on her forehead. He picked up the cup and handed it to her.

She looked at the silly cup in his hand and back to the man before her. He really wanted to play with her. It had been almost a month since she had last done a scene with someone. She didn't enjoy playing with sadists, and most of the other dominants had partnered up. She occasionally scened with Bob, and they liked each other, but nothing beyond that. She longed for her own Dom, just like Laura, Suzie, and now Paula had. She didn't begrudge them their happiness, but it seemed unfair since they had all joined the club after she had. She wanted a lifetime relationship, too.

Sonja took the cup tentatively from his hand and brought the straw to her mouth. As soon as the sweet and tangy liquid touched her tongue, she realized how thirsty she had been—for more than a drink.

Before Sonja knew it, she had finished her juice and earned another "good girl" from Derek. She studied him and raised an eyebrow. "What now, Sir?" He narrowed his eyes at her and after a slight pause, she amended, "What now, Daddy?" When would she get up the nerve to explain that it freaked her out to call him that? The last time she had seen her own father was when her mother had been diagnosed with cancer, and he'd never wanted Sonja anyway.

"Does the title bother you?" he asked. He seemed genuinely interested in Sonja's answer.

How much do I want to tell him? "Look, Derek—Sir—Daddy, I don't know you. I—" Sonja fell silent again, not sure how to continue.

"Sonja?" The tender tone of his voice had her looking up into his expressive hazel eyes and she felt her breath catch. "Although it's smart of you to be cautious with what you tell a stranger, I do think it's imperative in BDSM to be open with each other. I expect you to answer truthfully or you can say 'I'm not

comfortable with answering that question, Daddy.' You can call me Sir, for now, although Daddy is what I prefer."

She admired his straightforward reaction and answered, "I've never tried age play, so calling someone Daddy seems odd to me."

He made a noncommittal sound as he studied her, and she had the disconcerting feeling that he knew what she wasn't saying. "Okay, let's keep it Sir," he conceded without waiting for her to provide any more explanation. At her sigh of relief, he arched an eyebrow and added in a foreboding tone, "For now."

"Yes, Sir," Sonja answered.

"How long have you been a member?" Derek asked.

"Five years now." She was glad to keep the conversation casual. She wasn't ready to get into anything personal yet. Time to turn the tables. "You're new here, but you don't seem new to the lifestyle. Where have you been playing before this?"

"I've been in the lifestyle for years. I was in a long-term relationship until about a year and a half ago, and I wasn't ready to get back into the scene until just recently. The breakup hit me pretty hard. It's part of the reason I moved to Kansas City."

Sonja relaxed as they talked about the club and its need for volunteers, their likes and dislikes, and previous experiences.

Derek rose from his stool and held out a hand to Sonja. She was closed off about her private life, but her answers about the lifestyle and the things she did and didn't enjoy were open and honest. The Daddy-Dom in him wanted to pry her open and fix the hurt that had made her so guarded. The man in him wanted to remove her tight-fitting clothes and taste all her delectable curves. Tonight, he would try light play with one or two orgasms for her, and hopefully, the next time she would be more forthcoming. His first impression of her was that of a strong, intelli-

gent, and friendly woman, and he liked her for more than just her looks. He appreciated her wariness when she took the drink from his hand, but he longed to build trust between them so she would take and give whatever he offered or demanded.

He closed his hand around hers and pulled her from the stool into his body. Derek dipped his head down to claim another kiss from her. Their lips met for the second time that evening, and he savored the way she followed his lead. He liked that the woman was submissive but she wasn't a pushover. Those were the reasons Derek enjoyed age play. Only the strongest of submissives would allow their inner child the freedom to come out. Of course, it also gave him the opportunity to care for his little girl, discipline her when necessary, and spoil her rotten the rest of the time. He had a feeling Sonja hadn't been spoiled often in her life.

With an effort, he pulled back from the kiss and looked down into her open face and swollen lips. *Fuck, she's beautiful!*

"Baby, tell me your safeword."

"It's red, Sir."

"That's right; don't hesitate to use it if you need to and you can use yellow if there's a problem, and we'll check in," he said as his hands stroked up and down her bare arms while looking into her eyes.

"Yes, Sir."

The automatic way she called him Sir pleased him, although it grated that she didn't want to call him Daddy. He pushed the unwelcome thought to the back of his mind. From his job as a social worker, he knew that trust didn't come instantly, but with tender loving care, most little ones blossomed eventually. His mentor told him once 'grass won't grow any faster by pulling on it' and the words had proven themselves right. Last November, he had turned fifty, and with age came the experience and patience that made him an effective case manager for the Children's Division of Social Services.

Derek took her hand in his and started for the stairs. There

was a medical room that was calling them. As a new member of the club, he would be monitored closely, so he made eye contact with Kate, DM for the night, and he received a chin lift in acknowledgment. His senses were heightened, and he was already entering Topspace. Sonja had said she didn't like much pain or humiliation, but she liked restraints and dominance. She was intelligent with a bratty mouth, so he needed something to keep her on her toes without pushing her into using her safe-words. She would be an interesting challenge!

When they entered the room, Derek noticed her eyeing the enema stand and gynο chair warily. He turned away from her under the excuse of taking the white lab coat from the peg but also to get his smirk under control. His back to her, he said in a clear voice, "Hello, Sonja. It's time for your annual checkup. Please take off your clothes and sit on the chair."

Derek kept his back to her as he shrugged off his dress shirt and put on the white lab coat over his bare back, knowing it would show off his chest. Someone had also left a stethoscope dangling from the peg and he swung the prop around his neck to complete the image. When he turned around, he almost swallowed his tongue. Sonja was sitting on the edge of the chair between the stirrups. Her hands were in her lap, her legs swinging lightly with her left foot hooked behind her right ankle. Her magnificent breasts were hanging free, her dark brown nipples hard, and the big areolas puckered. He had been half-hard after their kiss, and now his dick lengthened and hardened to full capacity. Derek struggled to stay in his role and he wasn't surprised when his voice sounded rougher and a bit hoarse as he said, "Sonja, is it too cold in here?"

Sonja looked up, startled, and as he indicated her breasts, she followed his gaze to her chest and mumbled, "No, Dr. Derek, I don't know what's wrong with them." She looked up with a playful glimmer in her eyes and a smile on her lips. "Maybe you should have a look?"

Ah, the brat likes breast play—and topping from the bottom? Time to take control!

"Hmm, I think you're right and I need to give them a thorough examination. But first, we need to make sure you're safe and secure in the chair."

She blinked in confusion as he walked closer and guided her back and down in the chair. Derek adjusted her placement and tied a wide leather strap over her middle.

"Um, Sir, I don't think that's necessary," she protested.

Derek gave her a stern look. "Young lady, I went to medical school before you could even walk. This is all for your safety. We wouldn't want you to fall off the chair, now, would we?"

Sonja shook her head with an earnest expression on her face. "Oh no, Sir. I wouldn't like that at all."

"Good," Derek answered and proceeded to buckle her wrists into the attached cuffs. Before Sonja could object, Derek said, "Another safety precaution, so your hands won't get in the way of the instruments I'll be using." He paused before adding, "You know what to say if something hurts too much."

Sonja nodded, and Derek shot her a wicked grin. "Place your feet in the stirrups."

With her hands tied and her middle bound, it took some effort, but she managed to put her ankles on the holders without his help. Derek made quick work of securing her legs, too.

"Now you're all mine, baby girl. Can you move?"

Sonja tried, but the leather bindings had little give to them. "No, Sir."

"Good." He tried for a little bit of menace in his voice. "Let me get my instruments."

Derek walked over to the cabinet. Nipple clamps—maybe. He put the package into his coat pocket. Vibrator—oh yeah! He added a packet of lube, just in case. That should do for the first time. Derek scanned the shelves one last time and smiled as he

spotted the small item with the sparkling pink gem. That would look lovely on her—he would definitely need the lube.

Derek returned to Sonja, who was stretching her neck to see what he'd selected, but his broad back and shoulders had obscured her view. Derek rubbed his hands together. "Just warming up my hands for you, baby girl. I don't want to startle you." He placed his hands directly on her breasts and groaned as he fondled the plump flesh. With soft, slow strokes, he caressed her nipples. Her eyes fluttered shut, and she tried to arch her back but couldn't with the strap around her waist. He lowered his head and took her left nipple in his mouth as he plucked at her right and rolled it between his fingers. Derek grinned inwardly as a moan escaped her lips. It was music to his ears, and he was going to hear more soon. He lifted his head and studied her face as he pulled on the hard bud in his mouth. He let go and flicked the tip of his tongue over the elongated flesh.

"S-sir," she shuddered and wailed.

"Well, Sonja, it looks like you have very responsive nipples, but I need to test their endurance." Derek slid his hand into the coat pocket and withdrew the adjustable clamps. Her lust-filled eyes met his as he studied her face. As soon as he placed the first clamp over her nipple, she gasped and pulled against her restraints. Derek stopped.

"Yellow, Sir."

He placed an arm next to her head and smiled at her. "Good girl!" he said.

She licked her lips in a nervous gesture. "I don't like pain, Sir."

"I know you don't, baby." Derek showed her the clamp that had four screws. "With these clamps, I can make the pressure as strong or light as I want. I think you'll like the effect."

She shook her head. "I doubt it, Sir."

He pressed a kiss to her forehead. "But are you willing to try?"

She looked at him, and Derek could swear the lost little girl shimmered through at that moment. "Yes, Sir."

He placed a soft kiss to her lips and returned his attention to her breasts. Derek watched her face and hands for signs of distress as he clamped both nipples while Sonja took short, shallow breaths.

When both clamps were attached, he licked over the protruding tips as he pressed her sensitized breasts together and she moaned, "Oh please, that feels so good."

He smiled against her breast and said, "It's only going to get better," as he slid his hand back in the pocket to pull out the vibrator. He stroked his free hand over her pussy—just the way he liked it—bare, hot, and wet.

"Daddy is going to make you feel so, so good, baby girl," he cooed. He couldn't resist the temptation and placed the vibrator back in the coat pocket. He peeled back her engorged lips, which were the same dark brown shade as her areolas. As he played with her pussy, he pulled her vulva further open, revealing the soft pink insides where wetness was gathering. He bent down and licked over her sweet opening, earning a little ass wiggle and a moan. "Give me more," he ordered and dove in to lick and suck in earnest.

Sonja moaned and shuddered under his ministrations, and he forgot all about the vibrator. Holding on to her trembling thighs, he licked at her entrance and sucked on her little bud. The wetness that coated her pussy lips turned thicker and sweeter as he ramped up her arousal. Just a little bit more! He lubed his finger with her wetness and rimmed her entrance. She was impossibly snug around his finger. Sonja screamed her first release, and he vowed it wouldn't be her last.

He withdrew his finger and softly suckled on her labia while swirling his tongue around her sensitive clit. As her breathing slowed, he lifted his head and reached for the cleaning wipes that were scattered in all the rooms, just as condoms were. Now was

not the time to have sex with her, not even as his rock-hard cock wept drops of precum for her. Tonight, was about Sonja, not him. His dick would have to wait. There was no way he was going to fuck Sonja in this vulnerable state or without proper negotiation. He was, however, going to drive her to another fierce orgasm, before he untied her and gave in to his need to hold and cuddle her on his lap.