

# Dominique Ch. 10 (final)

By SirNathan

Published on Lush Stories on 19 Jul 2007

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/dominique-ch-10.aspx>

Still half asleep, I started turning over. Whoa! Not a good idea! By the time I'd returned to my original position, I was wide-awake. Complaining quietly in the almost pitch-blackness, my eyes were drawn to the thin arc of yellow moon illuminating the room. It was almost at the end of its nightly trek, low in the sky and on an angle. Rolling a little onto my right shoulder, I took deep breaths and concentrated on its shimmering halo. It was quite beautiful, framed by wafting tulle drapes around the window above the bed. Rising to my elbows didn't feel too bad. Andrew was sleeping peacefully beside me with his mouth open. The glowing green digits on the bedside clock said it was 4.53 A.M. Despite the dull ache, I smiled as I laid my head back down.

I was okay.

And I was proud of myself. I think that's mostly why I smiled. If I could say there was one thing I gained from last night, it was that for the first time in my submissive life, I felt worthy . And I felt different . Thoughts swirled, crystallising as I lay awake, staring at the sliver of moon.

I never wanted to be lashed like that ever again, that's for sure. Wrinkling my nose and squirming, trying to get comfortable, I decided I would have to think very carefully before putting myself in that position again.

A strange feeling came over me. I felt older , or more mature or something. Experienced. Even my poor behaviour felt far away. Like it was last week. Like it had been someone else, some other person I vaguely knew. With some trepidation, I realised there were holes in my life. Lines yet to be written, different ways of doing things and seeing things. Things that I had yet to learn. But I knew some things.

I knew I needed to be more considered in the things I said. Internal conflict was a reason for discussion at a suitable time, not just a reason to open my mouth. 'Asking if it's okay to ask about something', was a good way to gauge things. It also gave me a chance to hear what something sounded like when I said it aloud, which on occasions was different to how it sounded in my head. For me at least, I would try to continue doing it.

Also, I would gladly bend to Andrew's will. Why I ever wanted to deny myself the pleasure I received when I was good, I didn't know. As my Master's submissive, certain things were expected of me, and I would remind myself that I did them for his pleasure, not necessarily mine, whether I liked them or not.

And I would try to curb my imagination. Like with Paul. I don't know what possessed me to think that he was, in some way mine. My God. One dominant was enough for any red-blooded woman. Two was just downright unrealistic. Or greedy, I thought, shaking my head slightly and smiling. The pleasure I received through Paul, came not from Paul, but from Andrew . And in any case, the pleasure I received was secondary to the lessons Andrew had taught me.

Lifting and turning my head, I tucked my hands under my chin and watched Andrew sleep.

I loved the rules and the clear-cut boundaries. I loved that when I pleased him, I knew it. He never failed to praise my efforts. That he cared enough to correct me when I displeased him suited me down to the ground. Nothing festered. Nothing went on and on. No snide commenting. No grudges kept.

Mmmmm, Andrew . My beloved Master. God, I loved him. I loved who he was, and how he was. I loved what he had done for me, and what he would do in the future. I loved that I could trust him, and I felt so blessed that I was the one he chose. Brushing a tear from my cheek, I wished I could do more for him. To be more for him. I knew there was something on his mind, and while I didn't know what it was, I took comfort in the knowledge that he would tell me when he was ready.

Yawning quietly, I closed my eyes.

"Dominique," I whispered, her face just inches from mine. She was fretting in her sleep.

"I don't give a fuck," she muttered, her eyes still closed.

"Dominique," I said a little louder, gently shaking her shoulder. "Dominique, wake up."

"Huh? Oh... Oohhh, Sir. I hurt."

"Shhh, it's all right. Relax. I'll take a look." I climbed out of bed and walked around it, sitting down beside her. Gently drawing down the sheet, I folded it at the top of her ass. The olive skin of her back was striped with thin red lines that would soon turn dark, but she'd be fine. "Well, it'll take a few days for the marks to go," I said softly, planning to bathe her again later.

"I just feel a bit stiff, Master. A bit tight."

For some reason I remembered what a coach of mine once said, 'It's only pain.' I didn't think he'd ever been lashed though. Smiling wryly at the thought, I decided against sharing it. Touching my fingertips to the places where her perfect skin was left untouched by my hand, I sighed.

What had I done?

Dominique stirred like a cat and stretched. "Mmmm... Your fingers feel nice, Master."

Drawing her perfect hair behind her perfect ear, I leaned down and kissed her temple, whispering, "Dominique?"

"Mmmmm," she purred. "Yes, Master?"

"You were dreaming..."

"I... I don't remember."

"You said something," I began, before changing my mind. "And we will talk about it later."

"Um, okay."

"How about I make us some breakfast?"

With a glint in her eye, she announced, "I would take on an army of heathens for some bacon and eggs."

I couldn't help smiling. She would definitely be all right. "Then bacon and eggs it is. Do you want me to cover you?"

"Actually, the cool air feels pretty good."

"Okay, pet. Stay there. I'll bring it up when it's ready."

"Thank you, Master," she said softly. I knew she was putting on a brave face. By the doorway, I stopped and looked back at her. She was lying quietly, arms tucked under her, black hair aglow under the shaft of morning sun. In some ways, she was so much like Rebecca. And in others, so very

different.

Sighing softly again, I made my way down to the kitchen.

I had a tattoo of a scorpion on my ankle. Considering I was a Scorpio, it wasn't very imaginative. It was a present I gave myself when I turned eighteen, and was something I always wanted. I thought about that tattoo because it reminded me of how my back felt. Like I'd been tattooed. Forever marked. Forever changed. I was sore, and yet I was pleased with what I'd accomplished. In the strangest way, I was happy. I deserved my punishment, I received it, and I survived. Now I could move forward with a clean slate. It was a new beginning.

And I loved my life.

Mmmmm . I could smell the aroma of bacon and onions, and my tummy rumbled. To eat I would have to sit up, so I tentatively climbed onto hands and knees, slowly sitting back on my heels until I was kneeling. It was a beautiful day and the sun streamed through the window, warming my face and chest. I had to stretch. I just had to. Lacing my fingers together behind my neck, I slowly arched my back right to its extremity. Mmmmmm, I thought. It felt really good. I mean the pain was there, but I had accepted that, and it wasn't that bad. It was like I was exercising it. Controlling it. It was strangely invigorating. Images from last night flashed before my eyes and I realised something had changed.

Usually I would be thinking about how incredible it all was, the things I had done, or the things that had been done to me. But not today. Today was different. Today, I was closer to my skin . I was in the moment, and I was happy.

Closing my eyes and remembering the moon, I bent my neck back until the ends of my hair brushed the top of my ass. Combing my fingers through it and tossing it back, I shook my head. As I knelt up straight again, my hair was drawn gently up my back and it tickled.

With my eyes still closed, I reached up and grasped my nipples between fingers and thumbs. Pinching them firmly, I pulled them out from my body before releasing them. "Mmmmm," I groaned. My eyes sprang open. Am I insane? I wondered, giggling.

"Dominique?" came from behind me.

"Ahh!" I cried, surprised and embarrassed. "You scared me!" He stood in the doorway, a silver tray loaded with food balanced in his hands. "Um," I said, blushing and trying not to giggle. "Yes, Master?"

"Are you all right?"

"Master," I gushed, sitting back on my heels and stretching again. "I am better than ever!"

When I retired to the kitchen, I thought Dominique would fall back to sleep. But that was okay. I had some thinking to do anyway.

I enjoyed cooking. It was methodical and satisfying. If I planned, provided myself with everything necessary and executed, I could make something great. It was simple and clear cut. If only 'life' had a recipe. While filling the house with the aroma of fried bacon, eggs, tomato and onions, I reminisced.

Rebecca loved to cook. If I closed my eyes I could almost see and hear her. She would prance about the kitchen, singing to herself. Something about her has never left me. The ifs . What if the tumour had been discovered, or treated earlier. What if I had noticed something... anything ... sooner. Something that might have given her a chance... I shook my head as I loaded up the toaster.

Rebecca would have loved Dominique. They had a similar temperament and even a similar look about them. Flipping the bacon again, I made a decision to introduce Dominique to the Rebecca I knew and loved. I wanted her to understand. Maybe it would help explain a few things.

I wiped my hands on a kitchen towel and walked into the den, retrieving a photo album from the shelf and returning to the kitchen. It had been a long time since I'd visited with Rebecca. At my own insistence I stopped poring over the pictures. Looking through the albums nightly was bordering on the morose. Even a few times a week seemed obsessive. So I stopped myself. In fact, I hadn't looked at them since I'd met Dominique. By the time she moved in, I was debating whether to put them into storage. Memories and memorabilia were neatly boxed in the attic. I'd conceded the framed photographs. Her last two were packed away the morning Dominique had asked me out for a drink. But not the albums. They stayed in the hallway bookshelf. Watching me.

Opening the one I'd selected, I finished the cooking and tidied up. The picture staring back at me was of Rebecca on her knees wagging her finger at the camera. Looking stunning in a summer dress, she was trying to express her independence by thwarting some plan I had.

She wore the same dress the day I told her she would be mine forever. The same day she said she would never leave. Sighing softly, I closed the album. It's time , I thought, loading up a plate and grabbing a serving tray.

The experiences Dominique and I shared brought us so close together. She amused and excited me, and she pleased me greatly. She tested me in many ways and she made me want to smile. She was not perfect by any stretch of the imagination. She was a challenge. A wonderful challenge. And she

strived. Her desire to please me was unquestionable.

And what did I do in return? I tried to turn her into Rebecca.

She was probably feeling very sore and sorry for herself. After breakfast I would tend to her back again. I owed her that. Grabbing a fork and a couple of napkins, I made my way to the bedroom, with one small detour.

When I'd grabbed the album, I spied Dominique's collar hanging from the playroom doorknob. Thoughtfully, Paul must have left it there. With the abrupt end to the previous evenings festivities, no opportunity to replace it around her neck appeared, so I was glad I had seen it. Placing it on the tray next to our breakfast, I tiptoed up the stairs and walked silently across the landing. At the door to the bedroom I stood open-mouthed, staring at the amazing sight of a giggling Dominique less than eight hours after she had been thrashed to her limit.

"Are you alright?" I asked, smiling.

"Master, I am better than ever!" she exclaimed, sitting back on her heels and grinning at me over her shoulder.

"Well, that is certainly a surprise. And a nice one at that. Perhaps after some food, you will um, get your energy back." Seeing her bouncing on her knees on the bed made me immediately question the necessity for energy.

"Mmmmm," she murmured. "Yes, Master. I'm starving!"

"Okay, but there's one formality we need to take care of, before we eat."

"There is?"

"Close your eyes."

"Yes, Master."

Entering the room, I placed the tray on the bedside table and picked up Dominique's collar. Sitting on the bed beside her, I placed it around her neck, watching the blush creep up her cheeks. Closing the clasp with a quiet click, I said, "Open."

With a tear in her eye, she ran her fingertips over her collar, whispering, "Thank you, Master."

"Wear it with pride, Dominique."

"I will. I promise."

I leaned into her and kissed her nose. "Good girl. C'mon. Let's eat." Before long, we had cleaned the plate and tossed screwed up napkins onto it. No time like the present, I thought as I rolled contentedly onto my back. "There's something I want to share with you, Dominique," I said, staring at the ceiling and swallowing. Why was I so nervous?

"Yes, Master?"

"Grab the photo album from under the tray."

"Yes, Master." While she did, I propped up some pillows at the head of the bed and got comfortable. Dominique handed me the album and arranged herself beside me, lying on her side to protect her back. She rested on her elbow, eyes wide and wondering.

"What is this about, Master?"

"Hush, Dominique," I said, winking. "All will be revealed."

"Yes, Master," she said, biting her lip.

I couldn't say how long it took to get through the album. After the second and the third one, time didn't matter as I recounted the various times and places shown in the photographs. I described the emotions they evoked. The plans. The holidays. What had happened. The doctors. The hospitals. The funeral. Dominique drew herself closer, resting her head on my chest and listening quietly as I described the life Rebecca and I shared. I explained how we met, how close we became and our journey into the lifestyle. How I loved her then, and loved her still. "Which is why I find it difficult to share sometimes, Dominique. It's a part of me I didn't know whether I wanted to share."

"Yes, Sir," she said quietly.

"It's a conversation I never planned to have with you, kitten. She is long gone. I should be over her by now. Maybe I was meant to suffer... It's just... I never saw myself with someone else until you came along. I just don't understand why I feel like I'm on shifting ground."

Dominique whispered, "M... May this girl speak freely please, Sir?"

"Of course you can, kitten. I'm not making any sense anyway."

"Well, I... I just wanted you to know I feel very privileged that you have shared Rebecca with me. I would never expect you to forget her." She flipped back a few pages. "She was so beautiful... My only hope is that you can love me half as much as you loved her. I would be a very happy woman if you could." She looked up at me, smiling softly.

"I love you so much, Dominique."

She swallowed. "Master?"

"I love you more than I have dared to admit to myself."

"Oh, Master," she said quietly, a new tear trickling down her cheek. "And the other night Sir? When you said 'I don't give a fuck'?"

I shook my head, looking down at my hands. "I am just coming to terms with how I feel, kitten. I was talking to myself, convincing myself it was okay. My love for her hindered my love for you. Part of me said I didn't deserve to be happy. That I hadn't done enough... I hadn't put you through enough... That I didn't deserve you... I was shouting at myself as I came, kitten. I was telling myself not to listen. I wasn't cheating on her! They were words said completely out of context, said in the joy of sex with you. I hoped you hadn't noticed," I said, sighing. "I don't know how else to explain it."

"I think I understand, Master."

"You do?"

"You sometimes feel like she should be here, not me."

My jaw dropped. Was it? "But that's not fair."

"The truth doesn't need to be fair, Master. It just needs to be the truth." Her eyes sparkled as she recited one of my lessons perfectly.

The corners of my mouth turned up a little. "You are right about that."

"My dear Master... As long as you have room in your heart for me, I will continue to love you for the rest of my days."



Now I was getting tears in my eyes. "Dominique," I said, caressing her cheek. "I apologise for my words the other night. I should have explained and I'm sorry I worried you."

"It just bothered me, that's all. And I understand now." She wrapped her arm around my middle and snuggled into me, laying her head on my chest once more. "And Master?"

"Yes, Dominique?"

"I love you too."

I held onto Andrew tightly once I said those words. His hand came down so gently upon my naked back to caress it. His fingertips traced the edge of a welt and I shivered. "Is it bad, Master?"

"Depends what you call bad, Dominique," he replied softly. "You are darkly bruised, and there are a couple of small nicks where I broke your skin."

"It doesn't sound too bad. Should I look?"

"Only if you want to see."

"Um, I think I want to see."

"Then look," Andrew said, chuckling. Getting out of bed and walking furtively toward the full-length mirror, I felt almost as nervous about seeing the results as I had about receiving the punishment. Without looking over my shoulder, I stood with my back to the mirror, facing Andrew. He nodded, saying "Go on."

I smiled at him, shaking out my hair and putting my hands on my hips. "You know what?"

"Um. What?" he asked.

I grinned, one hip cocked. "I don't give a fuck!"

Andrew picked up a pillow and threw it at me! It bounced off my head and onto the floor and another one hit me as I bent over to pick it the first one! I quickly threw the first pillow back at him, then gripping the second one by the corner, I attacked!

In a fit of giggles, I jumped on him and immediately started pummeling him with the pillow. He was

fighting back and trying to tickle me at the same time. I was bopping him in the head and everywhere I could. Naked and straddling him around the torso with my thighs, I imagined I was winning!

I tossed the pillow aside and tickled Andrew's sides. He started writhing and laughing and fending me off all at once. But I knew he wasn't really trying, because he's about twice my size and could have dislodged me in an instant. Besides, I could feel his beautiful cock lengthening and thickening tight against my crotch right through his light blue silk boxers.

God! As soon as I felt that, I started grinding my pussy back and forth, trying to get it to hit the spot. Laying my hands on his chest, I could feel his rippling muscles right through his hot skin. His cock grew harder as I scraped my nails over his hard nipples, arching my back severely and starting a circular motion with my hips. Andrew's hands held me around my waist as I crushed and ground my clit against his steel hard cock. "Ohhh..."

His rigid cock was wedged between the lips of my very wet pussy, and without thinking I dug my nails into his chest as firmly as I gritted my teeth. Andrew groaned and I shuddered, a series of small orgasms wracking my body. Panting, my head dropped and I opened my eyes. Between my legs I could see the wet patch on his boxers and I almost laughed. Why on earth is this called dry humping? I wondered.

Continuing to thrust and grind my hips back and forth, the patch appeared and disappeared and appeared again. My breasts rhythmically obscured my view. Suddenly Andrew's hands were on them, gripping my nipples tightly and pulling me down to kiss him. Hungrily I slid my tongue into his mouth as my rock-hard nipples pulsed, two hard thickened points of pleasure directly connected to my clit. Bringing my hands up to hold his face, I sucked his tongue into my mouth, pressing my lips hard against his.

When he released my nipples, I rushed headlong into another series of small orgasms. Grunting and jerking, I had never felt hornier. Pressing my tingling breasts against him, I moved my body from side to side, stimulating my nipples on hairs of his chest. His hands reached down, gripping my ass tightly, grinding me harder. He was moaning softly and looking me right in the eyes. God, it was so hot.

"Fuck me, Dominique," he breathed.

"Mmmmm... Yesss," I hissed. My hands shook as I slid down his thighs and sat up, reaching into his boxers and pulling his throbbing cock out through the opening in the wet silk. It was as hard as steel and hot in my hand, precious precum already dripping from the tip and down one side. Wrapping my fingers around it, I slid my fist down to the base before tightening my grip and sliding slowly back up. I watched amazed as a thick stream of precum pulsed from the tip, and oozed around

my fingers. Loosening my grip, I stroked up and down, twisting my hand a little to coat his cock.

"Fuck it, fuck my cock," Andrew gasped.

"Yes, I want it." Raising myself up on my knees and shuffling forward, I changed my grip on his cock and brought the head in contact with the scalding heat and silky slickness of my eager cunt. I held it tight and swayed my hips, sweeping the head through my lips then holding it against my clit. My body seized involuntarily, sending shivers up my spine as I realised how badly I wanted him.

My tummy was fluttering and it occurred to me that I might cum as he entered me. My head was spinning, and my pussy was absolutely flooded. I could hardly think straight. My body was a mass of jangling nerve endings, already on the edge. "Please!"

"Do it!"

Slamming my hips down and back, I impaled myself in one move. My breath caught in my chest and I couldn't expel it. My fingernails dug into Andrew's chest again as my jaw dropped and I silently screamed. Our pelvic bones crashed together, but I didn't really notice. I was already gone. Gone with the blinding white light that enveloped my senses and exploded outward, scattering my atoms into space. My body heaved and shuddered, but I could feel my Master continuing to fuck into me. My toes curled and I screamed as my entire body was consumed. "Ooohhhhh fuckkkkk..."

His hands gripped my ass tight and I felt like a rag doll as he bounced me on his cock, fucking me and fucking me. My arms collapsed and I fell onto his chest, holding on tight, urging him to fuck me harder, to fill me with hot cum. His heavenly cock plunged into me over and over as he lifted my ass high and slammed me back down again.

I felt like I was losing control. I was going to cum hard, like I never had before! He caressed where we were joined, gathering and spreading the copious thick juices flowing from me. First one, then two fingers slid deliciously and deeply into my ass and I grunted.

"I'm gonna cum, baby! I'm gonna cum!" he yelled. He slammed me down one last time, then ground and mashed me into his pelvic bone as his cock swelled and flexed. "Yessssssssss!!!"

Holding him tight, I went over the edge again. "Ooooooo Godddddd!!!" Then everything went black. I dreamed I was a bird, flying, leaving the nest for the first time. Convincing herself. Go! Go! She had lost the comfort of the very ground beneath her feet. She lost control, but gained her freedom, and she flew!

I held Dominique tightly to me as I emptied myself into her. Her body spasmed relentlessly in my arms and obscenities poured from her luscious lips. She went suddenly quiet as though she collapsed, mumbling incomprehensibly under her breath. "Bird... So free... So... Mmmmm..." I smiled. I had no idea what she was talking about. All I knew was, I was happy. Happier than I'd felt in a long, long time. Folding my arms around her and holding her trembling body, I caught my breath, staring at the ceiling. I was at peace with myself. The tight ball of guilt I felt over Rebecca was gone. Dominique knew I was imperfect, and it was okay. To find a love like this once was amazing, but to find it twice defied belief.

I would never share Dominique again. I was too greedy for that. My friends would beg too, I knew. Softly kissing her forehead and the lids of her closed eyes as she lay on top of me, her smile caught light. She brought her hands up onto my chest again, this time laying one on top of the other and resting her chin on them. Her beautiful deep brown eyes sparkled with innocence and playfulness. "Hello Master," she whispered.

"You look so sexy, Dominique."

"Sexy?"

" Very sexy."

She grinned. "I imagine I look very well fucked, actually."

I smiled into her eyes. "Well, you certainly look happy, kitten."

She slid slowly off my body and curled herself around me from under my arm. "Happy doesn't even come close to describing how I feel, Master," she murmured, caressing my chest. "I am feeling something more than that. Much more. Words seem so inadequate..."

"Free?"

Her forehead wrinkled in thought for a moment, then her dancing eyes met mine. "Yes. Free. Free to be who I am. Free to love you. And to be loved. Free to explore with you. To please you. Free from other's expectations. Free to be happy with myself. Free from self-consciousness. Free to soar!"

"Wow." I was smiling at her passion.

"You are such a good teacher, Master. I know so much more about myself because of you."

"Well, maybe..."

She touched her fingertip to my lips and nodded, slowly and insistently. I hugged her gently to me and she rested her head on my shoulder. In hushed tones we talked like lovers. Time stood still and little beyond us existed. Pledging our commitment to each other, we spent long moments in comfortable silence, staring into each other's eyes, completely content.

I don't know how long we were there. I remember at one point asking her how she'd like to spend the day off we'd arranged. Pressing herself against me, she giggled softly, her fingernails lightly scratching down my chest heading south. "Can we just stay like this?" she asked softly.

"Sure we can, kitten," I replied, kissing her tenderly. "We can stay like this forever."