

## **Not a Whore**

By Jaime Samms

Ridiculous. Fantasy. Two words that best described my life, and I knew it. As I sat there under the bubbles, sipping more bubbly, it was almost nice to think this could be my life.

“You comfortable, Harvey?” From behind me, Joshua’s languid voice rolled like so much steam over my heated skin.

Joshua. Not Josh. Joshua. He was very clear on that.

I let out a low hum, unwilling to break with actual words whatever spell my benevolent benefactor was under. I had no wish to end up out in the drifting, almost-New-Year snow.

“Good.” His free hand, the one not holding his own Champagne glass, roved in wide, lazy circles over my chest. “You feel good.”

I let my eyes drift closed to avoid seeing the obvious hotel-room giveaways, like the metal frame on the back of the door detailing where the nearest emergency exit was. It was nice, just for a few minutes, to lounge there imagining this was our place. That this could be my place, here in his lap in the tub with his hands on me and expensive bubbles sliding down my throat.

“Can’t stay here much longer.” His words rumbled against my back. “Water’s cooling.”

To stave off the inevitable just a little longer, I lifted a foot and used my toes to fiddle with the taps. Heated water trickled in around our feet, blocking out the soft sounds of breathing with the steady plinking of falling drops

Joshua’s arm across my chest stopped moving, tightened, and I could feel the deep, contented sigh. It made me smile. So what if it wasn’t real on a grand scale? Tonight, it was as real as anything else, and I had every intention of making the most of it.

Eventually, even the trickling water was not enough to stave off the cooling effect of the air around us and Joshua gently patted my chest. “Up you get, Harvey.”

No use complaining. I gulped back the last bit of Champagne and rose from the water, stooped for a towel to dry Joshua with when he followed me out.

His hand floated over my ass and I stood slowly. Something about his touch, always gentle, always deliberate no matter how light, slowed me down.

“Better,” he murmured, letting his hand linger. “There’s no hurry.” He was always saying that.

In this environment, it was like life became a study in slow motion. I had no issue with that. Kneeling to face him, I started at his feet and began to rub him down. His hands raked into my hair and I couldn’t help closing my eyes again. Performing this task with my eyes closed felt like an homage. Not that I’d ever let him know that. He didn’t need that much more power. He had enough.

And yet, I never balked at handing over whatever he asked of me, did I? Not that I was a whore. Not really. Not for anyone but him, and again, if he didn’t already know that, there was no need to point it out.

As I worked my way up his legs, he slid his feet apart slightly, allowing me access to dry all of him. Gently, I caressed the soft towel over his privates. If I showed extra attention and firmness to his half-hard cock, that was my choice, and he wasn’t complaining. I couldn’t linger there forever so I reluctantly moved on, up his abdomen and chest.

He didn’t let go of my hair, though. That left me breathing hot and maybe a little needy on his prick. It was all I could do not to reach out with my tongue and lick.

“You want to?” he asked, still in that soft, deep voice that rolled through me like a steamroller.

I nodded, just to feel the way his fingers moved over my scalp with the motion. There were very few things I enjoyed more than kneeling there at his feet with his cock in my mouth and his hands in my hair. Unless it was to be there like that, just inside the hotel room door with his tie wrapped around my wrists, holding them behind my back.

When he got so demanding he couldn’t wait to get his clothes off, couldn’t even get to the bed and couldn’t have my hands on him, I knew I had the power. That’s when I didn’t mind so much giving it away.

I licked my lips and turned my face to nuzzle his groin.

His grip in my hair tightened and he moved a step back. “No.”

*No? Since when did he turn down a blow job? Or me on my knees?*

“Get yourself dried off and get dressed,” he said instead, much of the limp, rolling cadence gone from his voice.

“Get dressed?” I squelched the bubbles of dread that burst as they reached my esophagus to fizzle further speech. I just nodded, rose and left the bathroom in search of the jeans and sweater I’d arrived in. It didn’t even occur to me to dry myself off, so shell-shocked was I by the refusal he’d never made before.

“Not those.”

I hadn’t realized he was right behind me until he snatched my clothing from my hands. “Look in the closet in the bedroom.”

Obedient, because my blank mind couldn’t figure out any other way to be in the face of his rejection, I wandered into the bedroom. The bright red bedspread, as yet unmussed by what I had expected to be a night of me licking and sucking and putting out, mocked me.

Numbly, I opened the closet door to be greeted by what, at first glance, looked to be one of the suit bags the hotel used to return our dry-cleaned suits. Closer inspection proved it to be a garment bag from the gift shop, and wrapped around the hanger was a length of silk ribbon holding a single, purple-dyed rose in place.

“What?” I fingered the ribbon, turned, and there was Joshua, sitting primly on the edge of the bed in his towel. He had crossed his legs at the knees and folded his hands in his lap for all the world like he was sitting in his office in a suit and tie. Except he had a grin on his face I almost didn’t recognize.

“Open it, Harvey.”

“What is it?”

“You’ll see.” He waved a hand, a graceful gesture he might have been using to usher me out of his office or to order me to fetch him a cup of coffee. “Open it.”

What else could I do? I took the hanger down and brought the bag to the bed to lay out beside him. My hands shook as I undid the knot holding the rose in place.

Languidly, he reached over and took the ribbon from me when it was loose. He slowly wrapped it around one of his long-fingered hands and his grin changed to something promising and greedy at the same time. “We’ll just hang onto that for later.”

My mouth went dry as paper, but I nodded. It wasn’t a statement requiring any other response from me, after all.

Carefully, I unzipped the bag and peeled back the edges to reveal the contents. I didn’t quite know what to say.

Thankfully, Joshua didn’t call for me to say anything. He got up, took my chin in his warm, firm hand and lifted my face enough to take a kiss. A lingering one that left me more stunned than his refusal of a blow job had.

“Get dressed,” he said, again softly. “And never doubt me, Ansell.”

I blinked. He never called me by my first name. His thumb ghosted over my parted lips and he smiled. The expression made my knees week. He owned me. All it took was a touch of his hand to render me helpless and he knew it.

The clothing he’d bought me was all black and formfitting: a long-sleeved t-shirt to go under a zipper-front woollen sweater and a pair of sleek black trousers that felt like heaven against my recently shaved ass and legs. When I was dressed, right down to the soft leather shoes I found in the bottom of the closet, I presented myself at the sitting room doorway.

“Come here, Ansell.”

There it was, my name again, and I could not help the flutter of exquisite thrill that rippled through me to hear it drip from his lips. I went to him.

He stood from his chair, the purple ribbon still in his hand. “Missing a little something, I think.” He pulled the delicate material around the back of my neck and fastened it in a knot, carefully loose enough not to get in the way of my breathing or speaking. Deftly tying it into a neat bow, he turned me to face the mirror by the door. “Much better, don’t you think?”

“I’m to be the gift then?” I asked, eyeing the pretty bit of silk at my throat.

His eyes shadowed and his lips turned down in pinched points at the corners. “To be unwrapped when and where I say, Harvey,” he snapped. “And by whom.”

Once more, I nodded. I didn't mind the play. He had always been careful of my safety. I had hoped this day, of all days, it would be just the two of us, but the gift of the clothes was a splendid one. Far fancier than I could ever afford on my own salary, and if it pleased him to share, then it would please me to make him happy.

No. I wasn't a whore. Not really. Not for anyone but him.

He laid his hands on my shoulders, and though his stern expression didn't change, his voice was once again quiet. "There is an overcoat in the hall closet. Go put it on, and we can go."

I didn't bother to ask where. I'd long ago learned he told me what he wanted me to know and nothing more. If this was a different pattern than we'd ever followed before, it still had the flavor of our usual dynamic. I lowered my gaze and went to the closet for my new coat and gloves. He joined me seconds later smelling of the spicy, slightly tangy aftershave I'd given him at the office Christmas party.

Despite the falling snow outside, the thick coat I'd been gifted with kept me well warm enough for the short walk. I was surprised there was no car awaiting us outside the hotel, but apparently we were walking tonight. Another unusual departure from Joshua's normal patterns.

I slipped and slid along in the snow beside him until he took my hand and tucked it firmly into the crook of his arm.

"Honestly, Harvey. Will you never learn to ask for aid when you need it?"

"Sorry," I mumbled, though I clung to his arm to keep my feet just the same.

"No need to be."

The further we travelled, the more crowded the street became, even at that late hour, and it dawned on me where we were headed.

"Times Square?" I blinked up at him and the stern expression vanished from his face to be replaced by that beautiful, broad grin that made so rare an appearance.

"You've always wanted to receive your birthday kiss as the ball dropped." He said it like it was an obscure fact I couldn't possible have known. But how had he known? I'd never breathed a word of that desire to him.

My very first kiss from another man—an older man I'd met at the university I attended—had been on a night similar to this one, with snow falling, and an air of festivity all around us. We hadn't been in New York City, though. We had been holed up in a tiny motel up-state, stranded on the impulsive drive to try and make Times Square for my nineteenth birthday. We hadn't, of course. Snow and driving wind had closed the roads and we'd been lucky to make it to that ratty motel. But we'd had tv reception, and watching the ball drop in fuzzy black and white had been romantic enough for my young, inexperienced heart.

I didn't remember ever telling anyone but that man my silly, boyhood romantic dream.

"How did you find out?" I asked.

Joshua cupped my chilly face in his gloved hands. "I do my homework, Ansell."

"What? You called up all my old boyfriends?"

He tilted his head. "As many of them as I could find."

I had been joking, but he, apparently, was dead serious.

"Why?"

"Would it anger you to know I looked into your past because I've had enough posers and money grubbers kneel at my feet and offer me my heart's desire to make me that careful?"

I digested that. He was a very rich man. That wasn't what had drawn me to his bed. The power of his person, not his position, was what did me in completely. He could have been dirt poor and I would have knelt at his feet and begged for his attention.

The fact he had never actually made me beg, or rather, that the begging had been done with the sure and absolute knowledge he needed to hear me plead for him, and that I would get what I asked for a hundred times over, only cemented my desire for him.

The gifts were certainly nice. He kept me well, but what I lived on, what I took out into the world with me, I earned legitimately. He never once questioned the fact that I kept my job when he was clearly willing and able to take care of me. The gifts he gave me were for his pleasure alone. When we were together, he dressed me, fed me, and pampered me, and I was happy to accept it. Happy to comply with his every whim. Happy to be his was what it came down to.

He waited so patiently for my answer. His gaze never wavered. I had no doubt if I told him it angered me, that I hated that he didn't trust me, if I said it was a deal breaker, he would walk away. I knew he would.

I shook my head. "I'm surprised," I said at last. "That you didn't trust me." I had to be honest. I understood his need to be careful. I also understood the stab of hurt that pierced my heart at the idea he hadn't taken everything I had offered him at face value. I stepped out from under his gentle touch on my face.

I knew his careful check into my past would have revealed to him my own deceptions.

This time, it was he who nodded. "I found your lies, Ansell."

"Omissions," I corrected.

"Your father is my boss. If he found out about us, he could flatten me."

I nodded.

"Why would you work as an office assistant when you could be the next CEO of the company?"

I shrugged and turned to walk toward the gathering crowd in the square. "The same reason, I suppose, that I don't take your gifts and flaunt them for the world to see. I can make my own way. I don't need my father's money, or yours, to make my living in the world. I don't need his approval."

And that was where the similarities ended. I turned back to look at him, not finishing my thought. I very much craved Joshua's approval, his pleased smile and soft sighs when I had him in my mouth. I lived for the times he cried my name when he was inside me, for those moments when he looked down on me, bound at his mercy, and his eyes glimmered with the image of just me, like I was all that mattered in the world.

"Your father knows my reputation. I understand that his ultimatum was that if you took the job as my assistant, he would disown you. Leave you with nothing."

"He has very strict ideas about some things," I agreed.

"You gave up a fortune, a thriving company, a livelihood you wouldn't have had to work for, to be run ragged by an unforgiving taskmaster. Most people would tell you that's insane."

“Most people don’t know the kind Master you actually are,” I said, voice soft, surely full of hope and all the things he seemed never to want anyplace other than a hotel bed.

His Adam’s apple worked as he swallowed, and once again, I felt the light touch of his gloved fingertips along my jaw. “What if I required you to quit your job?” he asked. His gaze slid over my face, locked on my lips as I shook my head.

“I would refuse.”

“Why?”

“I am not a whore,” I told him.

Behind us, the countdown had started. The crowd seemed to synchronize, chanting the seconds in waves that pounded against us.

“*Ten.*”

“Quit,” he insisted.

I shook my head.

“*Nine.*”

“I demand it.”

“*Eight.*”

“I refuse.”

“*Seven.*”

“So stubborn.” He cupped my chin in a tight grip.

I glared up at him.

“*Six.*”

“In every other thing, you do as I say. Why not this?”

“*Five.*”

“I won’t be your whore.”

“*Four.*”

“I’m tired of hotel rooms.”

“*Three.*”

“Then make me a different offer, Joshua.”

“Stubborn!” he snarled and shook me.

“*Two.*”

I could feel where I would sport fingertip bruises on my flesh, but I held my ground.

“*One!*”

“Damnit, Ansell!”

I didn’t even see the ball drop. His kiss was fierce and demanding and all-encompassing. If he had been able, right then, to ask again, I probably would have capitulated. He backed off, looked into my eyes, and I know he saw it. I know he knew, in that second, that I would give him anything he wanted. He smiled at me, pulled me into a much gentler, much more possessive kiss. He didn’t ask.

We hurried back to the hotel after that, but to my surprise, not up to our room. As we walked, Joshua pulled out his cell and made a call I couldn’t hear over the crowd milling all around us. He pulled me closer to his side, though, and by the time we made it back, his car was waiting on the curb. I was hustled inside without a by-your-leave and told to sit back and relax.

Joshua opened a new bottle and pressed another glass of bubbly into my hand. “Here’s to being one year older.”

I toasted him and sipped. *One year wiser.*

“Where are we going?”

Joshua considered me, his eyes dark, his expression too closed to read. “Does it matter?”

That seemed like a fair question. Did it? I had already asserted my own independence from him, from my father, and now he was taking me somewhere and this was my chance to show him I did trust him. I shook my head and settled back into the soft leather of the seat. “No.” I dropped my gaze to my glass.

A moment later, his hand rested on my bent head, drifted down my hair, and his long, beautiful fingers fiddled with the ribbon at my throat. “Look at me, Ansell.”

I did, squarely in his eye, and found that dark, shimmering gaze went straight to my gut and made it quiver with anticipation. Once again, he cupped my chin. It was a habit he had, one I found soothing for some reason.

“Something none of your ex-lovers ever alluded to was this.” He touched my lips. “Obedience. Most of them said you were a headstrong firecracker.”

“Most of them ended things because I was too independent.”

“Why me?”

I didn’t actually know. He was right, though. I’d never been like this with any other lover. Just him, and I couldn’t imagine being any other way with him. Before I could formulate an answer, the car slowed to a stop and rocked, indicating his driver had stepped out.

A discreet tap at the window made Joshua pull back and press a button to unlock the back doors. The driver opened his first, and I shimmied out after him.

“Will that be all for the evening, then, sir?”

Joshua nodded. “Help yourself to the pantry and the wine cellar, Marcello. Choose a nice bottle, and thank you for giving up your New Years Eve.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Marcello nodded and smiled briefly.

We had arrived at a house in a wealthy part of town, where neighbors were few and fenced off with high stone walls and iron and cameras. I could only assume this was Joshua’s home. The building itself was imposing, austere, much like the man who owned it, when he had on his professional face.

He took my hand, led me up the walk, through the front door, and there I stopped, rooted in place to stare at the grand entrance that really only existed in Old World posh hotels and castles. A wide double staircase wound up from the foyer to a gallery on the second floor. Beneath it, double doors, flung open at the moment, revealed a sitting room filled with leather furniture, dark wood tables and a Christmas tree that had to be twelve feet tall. It was festooned with miles of shimmering garland and purple and silver balls the size of softballs.

“Not what you expected,” Joshua said dryly.

*Hell no.* The balcony above was dripping with garland and the columns holding it up wrapped in cedar bows I could smell from where I stood. He did Christmas, apparently, as he did everything: expensively and well.

“Come.” He toed off his shoes, leaving them abandoned on the welcome mat, and took my hand. I hastened to doff my own shoes and follow in stocking feet into the sitting room.

Everywhere I looked, the decorating was a variation on the purple and silver theme.

“I saw your cubicle,” he said, and the most amazing thing of the day happened then. He blushed. “The purple and silver garland, and the pinecones.” A slight shrug seemed to banish the colour in his cheeks. “I thought you’d appreciate it.”

He wasn’t looking at me now, but around the room.

“You did all this?” I approached the fireplace and the sumptuous floral arrangement of purple roses, the same as the one he’d tied to my gift, and white poinsettias.

“With my own two hands.” He clasped those two hands behind his back and rocked back on his heels. “Well. And some help from Marcello’s wife. She followed behind me and rearranged everything.”

I touched one rose petal. He’d done all this, himself, apparently for me.

I turned to look at him, and he was standing in the doorway with his hands clamped behind him like he did in business meetings, when he commanded everyone’s full attention.

It didn’t have the same effect here. He looked small, insular. If it was possible, he looked timid, and I realized he was waiting for my reaction.

“You expected me to say yes, earlier. To quit, and this was to be my reward.”

It was his turn to shrug without giving a verbal response.

“But you brought me here anyway, even after I refused.”

He stood, silent, not confirming or denying my suspicions.

“Why?”

“You’re not a whore.” He finally approached me, placed both hands on my hips and looked into my eyes. “I came dangerously close to treating you as one, and for that, I apologize.”

“The decorations are perfect,” I conceded. “Thank you.”

Since it seemed to be a night of firsts, I did what I had never done before, and went up on tiptoe to give him a kiss. My possession of the act didn’t last long. I didn’t really expect or want it to.

He had me thoroughly addled by the time he stepped away to once more gaze on me with that dark, devouring stare. His expression was much softer this time, though, and I knew what he wanted before he asked.

I began to strip. Efficiently, deliberately, I peeled away the wrapping he'd provided for me until I stood before him in nothing but the purple bow around my neck.

He didn't smile so much as swallow me whole in his gaze. For a long minute I stood like that, under his scrutiny, warm in the firelight and completely, willingly, his to do with what he wanted.

He didn't take long to decide to lay me out and take over my entire existence. There was no bondage this time. Nothing but his soft voice whispering commands and dedication in my ear and his hands all over me.

He wasn't one to expect reciprocation. Any touching I managed, I did because I needed to feel his heated flesh under my palms, needed to know he was real and solid and inexplicably, mine.

Because that's what he kept whispering to me. Certainly he phrased it differently, promising there would only be us going forward. No more sharing, no more side liaisons. No other men for either of us, until I changed my mind.

This was so much more than a kiss under the glitter of Times Square for my birthday. I was more drunk on him and his possession of me than on the Champagne. I came in his mouth; he came in me. There on a blanket in front of the fire, and again in his bed later, we consummated this new chapter of our relationship.

By the time we made it to the shower, his appetite for pure domination had returned and my third orgasm came with him deep inside me and my hands pinned in his strong grip to the tiles above my head. I was sore, exhausted and completely content. The only reason I was still on my feet at all was because I was firmly pinned between his weight and the hard wall.

"Stay here with me," he commanded then, still inside me, hands still gripping my own above my head and my hip against the wall. "Keep your job. Live with me."

I shuddered at the trail of goose bumps the offer shot down my spine. He was right. If my father found out about us, he would try and bury Joshua. I shook my head.

His grip tightened. "Stay."

"My father..." I wanted to collapse into him.

“We can deal with him together.” His lips brushed over the side of my neck. “Stay.” A whisper of a breath of a word. “Please.”

I nodded.

Gently, he turned me around to face him and kissed me with all the promise of being his.

This time, he dried me off, head to toe, dropping kisses and caresses all over my body, marking me with invisible tattoos of possession. In bed, with my head on his shoulder, I was almost asleep when he jostled me.

“I have one more gift for you, Birthday Boy.”

Groggily, I lifted my head. “I don’t need anything else.”

“Then call it a gift to myself.” He pulled out a box from his bedside table.

I was no longer surprised to see it was tied with a purple ribbon or that the gift inside was wrapped in purple tissue. I lifted it out.

“A collar?” It most resembled a chain-link dog collar, but instead of rings on one end, it sported a lock encrusted with amethyst gems. He lifted a similar chain around his own neck and I saw a key, also sporting a shining amethyst.

“Too cliché?” he asked.

I grinned and wrapped the heavy chain over the back of my neck. He had to be very close to use the key to fasten it in place. I could feel his breath on my collarbone, his knuckles against the skin at my throat.

“You could just take your chain off,” I reminded him.

He finished and leaned back on his pillow. I watched him run the chain around his neck through his fingers. There was no clasp. “The jeweller thought I was nuts, asking him to seal the links in place.”

I couldn’t tear my gaze from his fingers playing delicately with the silver links. I didn’t know what to say.

Finally, he lifted my chin so I had to look him in the eye. “I’ll unlock it any time you want me to.”

I just shook my head.

“I always thought this was a ridiculous fantasy,” he said as he settled back into his pillows and drew me after him. “I never imagined you would agree.”

“I never imagined you would ask.”

“Happy New Year, Birthday Boy.” He kissed my hair, and I fell asleep with the weight of his promise around my neck and in my heart.

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Jaime has been writing for various publishers since the fall of 2008, although she's been writing for herself far longer. Often asked why men; what's so fascinating about writing stories about men falling in love, she's never come up with a clear answer. Just that these are the stories that she loves to read, so it seemed to make sense if she was going to write, they should also be the stories she wrote.

These days, you can find plenty of free reading on her website. She also writes for Freya's Bower, Loveyoudivine Alterotica, Pink Petal Books, Dreamspinner Press and Total E-Bound.

Spare time, when it can be found rolled into a ball at the back of the dryer or cavorting with the dust bunnies in the corners, she's probably spending reading, drawing, gardening (weather permitting, of course, since she is Canadian!) or watching movies. Well. She has a day job or two, as well, and two kids, but thankfully, also a wonderful husband who shoulders more than his fair share of household and child care responsibilities.

She graduated some time ago from college with a Fine Arts diploma, with a major in textile arts, which basically qualifies her to draw pictures and create things with string and fabric. One always needs an official slip of paper to fall back on after all....

Website: <http://jaime-samms.net/>

facebook: [http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000982219151&ref=tn\\_tnmn](http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000982219151&ref=tn_tnmn)

Livejournal:<http://dontkickmycane.livejournal.com/>

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**Inspiration for Not a Whore plus a drawing of the characters done by  
Jaime herself are below:**

