

Obsidian Surrender

By

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**1**

**Introductions**

She was five feet of wildfire wrapped in velvet skin the color of deep mahogany. Lakai was all bite and brilliance, a short Black woman with dreadlocks cascading down her back like coiled obsidian ropes. Her beauty was arresting—her presence, commanding. She walked into the lounge like she owned it, each step echoing with the defiance of someone who’d never bowed to anyone.

She wasn’t looking for love. She wasn’t looking for anything, really—just a sip of something dark and the thrill of being in a space that whispered danger beneath its jazz and low light.

That was the night she met Nizam.

He stood tall in the shadows—rich brown skin, a salt-and-pepper beard trimmed sharp, and eyes that looked like they’d seen too much and were hungry for more. A Black man who carried himself like a king but moved like a panther. He didn’t chase. He waited. And when Lakai passed by, he *looked* at her—really looked—and the fire in her paused.

“You’re used to being in control, aren’t you, little fire?” he said, his voice smooth and deep like molasses stirred slow.

Lakai tilted her head, lips curled into a smirk. “And you’re used to thinking women are supposed to hand it over.”

His smile was slow, dark. “Only when they want to burn for me.”

That night, he didn’t take her home.

He *invited* her.

There was something in the way Nizam held space—patient, powerful. He didn’t ask her to obey. He waited until she *chose* to. And when she did, it wasn’t weakness. It was reverence.

He introduced her to the lifestyle with precision, with care, with the understanding of someone who knew the weight Black women carried on their shoulders—and exactly how to take it off. Nizam was a Daddy Dom, but there was nothing soft about his command. His discipline came in strokes and structure. Rope became a conversation. The paddle, a reminder.

“Color, Lakai,” he’d say as his palm came down hard on her ass, her wrists tied above her in thick red rope that contrasted her skin like sin.

“Green, Daddy,” she’d gasp, and he’d murmur, *“Good girl.”*

It wasn’t just bondage. It was freedom. It wasn’t just dominance. It was healing.

In his world, obedience wasn’t about control — it was devotion. And he demanded it not through fear, but through worship. He traced her scars, kissed her resistance, and then broke it down one rule at a time.

“You belong to no one but yourself,” he whispered against her collarbone as she knelt before him, her dreadlocks brushing her shoulders. “But when you kneel for me, you *choose* to give. And I’ll never take what isn’t sacred.”

And with every scene, every bruise, every shiver of surrender, Lakai realized: she wasn’t just learning how to kneel.

She was learning how to be *seen*.

She was understanding that surrender could be brutal and still beautiful — and he was the one teaching her how to obey.

**2**

**Discipline Isn’t Always Mercy**

The room was cold by design.

Lakai stood at the edge of the hardwood floor, stripped down to her skin except for a leather collar around her neck and the silver rings in her ears. The dim red light above cast everything in blood and shadow. Her dreadlocks were pulled into a loose high knot, exposing the long line of her neck, her spine, the goosebumps that bloomed across her arms and thighs.

Nizam sat in a high-backed chair like a king presiding over his court. No smile. No softness. Just steady, unblinking control.

“You broke two rules this week,” he said, voice low, unreadable.

Lakai’s jaw tightened. “Yes, Daddy.”

His silence stretched.

She knew what she’d done. She’d come without permission—and she’d mouthed off in front of one of his friends, testing boundaries like a lit match dragged across oil.

Now, she would pay for both.

“I’m disappointed,” Nizam said, finally rising. His shadow swallowed the space between them in slow, deliberate steps. “And you’re not here to be comforted. You’re here to be corrected.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered, but her voice was already shaking.

He guided her to the St. Andrew’s Cross, hands firm on her waist. The wood was cool against her breasts as she leaned forward, and the leather cuffs snapped around her wrists and ankles with a loud, final sound. Spread open, spine arched, vulnerable in every way.

“Safewords?”

“Yellow to pause. Red to stop,” she recited.

“And?”

“And green means I take whatever you give me.”

Nizam pressed his body close, his breath hot against her ear. “This isn’t just punishment, Lakai. It’s a reminder. I don’t own you—but you gave yourself to me. And I won’t let you disrespect that gift.”

The first strike came from his hand—no warning, no buildup. A clean, loud smack across her ass that made her gasp and jolt in the restraints. He waited, listening to her breath, watching her muscles tighten.

Again.

Then again.

Five more times, each one harder. No words. No praise. Just pain.

“You want to act like a brat in public?” he said coldly. “Then you can take this pain with the same mouth you used to mock me.”

She bit her lip until she tasted copper.

Then came the paddle. Thick oak. Heavy. Each blow echoed in the room, reverberating off her spine and down into the pit of her stomach. The world narrowed to pain and breath, and the wet trail of tears running down her cheeks.

Ten strikes.

Fifteen.

By twenty, she was sobbing—not from the pain alone, but from the shame curling inside her, tight and mean. Nizam was pushing her, and she knew it. This wasn’t punishment for the body. This was correction for the soul.

Her thighs trembled. Her voice cracked. “Daddy… I’m sorry.”

He stopped.

Silence swallowed them both.

“You will be,” he said. “Because you’re going to count now. Every strike. Every lesson.”

The cane.

Thinner. Harsher. A different kind of pain—sharp, electric, humiliating.

Thwack.

“One,” she whimpered.

Thwack.

“Two, Daddy…”

By ten, she was sobbing through the numbers, mucus and spit slicking her chin, her hands clenched into fists against the leather straps.

“Fifteen.”

She almost forgot the number.

“Say it,” Nizam growled.

“F-Fifteen, Daddy…”

He dropped the cane, the sound of it clattering on the floor like a gavel striking judgment.

And then he waited.

She dangled there, body shaking, thighs soaked with sweat and her own arousal. She hated how her body betrayed her—how even pain made her drip, how being owned turned her into something desperate and greedy.

But Nizam wasn’t finished.

He stepped behind her and ran his fingers along her thighs—down to her slickness, then back up, trailing the welts like he was reading scripture.

“You don’t just take pain,” he whispered, pressing his lips to the back of her neck. “You need it.”

Lakai broke.

The sobs weren’t sharp anymore—they were soft, shattered. He unbuckled the cuffs slowly, catching her as she collapsed into his arms like a marionette with its strings cut.

She didn’t speak.

He didn’t need her to.

Nizam cradled her on the floor, her face pressed against his chest, and stroked her back with a tenderness that made her ache deeper than the bruises blooming across her body.

“You’re not weak,” he murmured. “But obedience makes you stronger. It makes you mine.”

She nodded, broken and whole in the same breath.

And somewhere in the dark, she realized:

This was the price of devotion.

And she’d pay it again, as long as he was the one who collected.

**3**

**The Softest Cage**

The world came back in fragments.

Lakai lay curled in Nizam’s bed, face pressed into his chest, his scent thick around her—leather, cedarwood, and the lingering heat of arousal. Her body ached, bruises blooming in waves across her thighs and backside, but her mind… her mind was quiet for the first time in days.

Still.

Empty.

Raw.

It scared her a little.

Nizam’s arms were wrapped around her like a fortress. One hand cradled the back of her head, dreadlocks splayed across his forearm like silk ropes. The other rested low on her back, palm wide, steady, grounding her. He hadn’t spoken in minutes—not since he carried her from the scene room and tucked her into the sheets like she was something precious instead of punished.

She felt his chest rise and fall. Slow. Rhythmic. Unshakeable.

“You’re safe now,” he murmured, voice low and intimate. “It’s over, little fire.”

Lakai’s throat tightened. The tears she hadn’t known were still coming welled again, hot and sticky. She clutched the fabric of his shirt like it was the last thing tethering her to the earth.

“I feel... like I disappeared,” she whispered.

“You did,” he said softly. “And now you’re coming back.”

He didn’t push. He didn’t probe. Just held her, rocking slightly, letting her body guide the moment. She wasn’t ready for conversation. Not yet. Her mind was still inside the scene—back in the red room, back on the cross, her voice gone raw from counting every stroke. Her sense of time was scrambled. She didn’t know how long it had been since he’d carried her away, naked and shaking.

But this—this warmth, this quiet care—was part of it. Part of why she’d let him take her that far in the first place.

Because Nizam didn’t just demand obedience.

He earned it.

He earned it in how he never looked away when she broke. In how his hands were just as skilled at holding as they were at hurting.

“I hated you,” she mumbled against his chest. “For like… five whole minutes.”

His chest shook with a quiet laugh. “Only five? I must be getting soft.”

Lakai smiled, barely.

Her body hurt. Her soul ached. But something in her chest was blooming in the space between exhaustion and comfort.

“I didn’t think I’d… ever let anyone do that to me,” she said, fingers curling under his shirt. “Not like that. Not so… deep.”

“You didn’t let me, Lakai. You gave it to me.” He pulled back just enough to look into her eyes. “You trusted me with everything. And I need you to understand—that means more to me than your submission.”

Her eyes fluttered closed.

He pressed a kiss to her temple. Gentle. Reverent.

“Tell me where you are,” he said.

“Here,” she murmured.

“Good. How does your body feel?”

“Bruised. Wet. Floaty.”

“And your heart?”

She hesitated.

Then whispered, “Exposed.”

He nodded. No rush. No fear. Just the steady patience of a man who knew that this—this—was the real intimacy.

“You were perfect,” he said. “Even in your defiance. Even in your fear. You were so fucking brave.”

Her bottom lip quivered. “Even when I mouthed off?”

“Especially then.” He chuckled softly. “That mouth might get you punished, but I’ll never punish you for your spirit. That’s what drew me to you in the first place.”

He shifted, reaching for the small tray on the bedside table. A bottle of arnica cream, a warm cloth, and a small bowl of cut strawberries. Rituals. He had rituals for this, too.

Nizam propped her up gently against his chest, pulling the blankets around them like a cocoon. He dipped the cloth in warm water and wiped her face, careful around her swollen lips and tear-streaked cheeks. Then her neck. Her chest. Down to the welts at her hips.

Every stroke of the cloth was a wordless apology, a promise written in heat and care.

“You did well. You took everything I gave you,” he whispered, his voice near reverence. “Now let me give you this, too.”

He massaged the cream into her thighs and ass, the bruises already darkening. She winced, but not from pain—more like memory. Her breath hitched. His hand slowed.

“Too much?” he asked.

“No. I just… I’ve never had anyone do this for me after,” she said quietly. “It was always ‘get dressed and go’ or ‘thanks for the night.’ Even when it hurt.”

Nizam’s hand stilled. “That wasn’t kink. That was carelessness.”

He kissed the curve of her shoulder, lips lingering there like an oath.

“I’m not just your Dominant, Lakai. I’m your caretaker. Your witness. Your anchor.”

She didn’t know how to reply to that.

Didn’t know what to do with the way his words carved through her like something holy.

So she let him keep going.

He fed her strawberries one by one, fingers brushing her lips each time, watching her eyes with that same quiet intensity he’d held during the scene—but here it felt warmer. Intimate. Like he was memorizing her softness the same way he’d memorized her pain.

“You ever think,” she said after a few bites, “that maybe I’m not cut out for this kind of submission?”

“No,” he said without hesitation. “I think you’re exactly the kind. The kind that fights first and kneels second—but when she kneels, she means it.”

Lakai blinked hard, swallowing a lump that rose too fast.

“I’m scared,” she whispered.

“I know. That’s why I’ll never leave you alone with your fear.”

He took her hand, guiding it to rest against his heartbeat.

“You’ll learn that this isn’t just about pain and play,” he said. “It’s about trust. About giving someone the map to your ruins—and believing they won’t burn what’s left.”

She turned her face into his chest again, breathing him in, letting her walls crack in the safety of his arms.

“Daddy…” she whispered, voice shaking.

“I’m here.”

“You won’t stop wanting me when I’m not obedient… right?”

Nizam tilted her face up, his gaze piercing.

“I don’t want a robot, Lakai. I want you. All your mess. All your rage. Your backtalk, your chaos, your brilliance. I want you when you're wild—and I want you when you're wrecked.”

Tears slid down her cheeks again. He kissed them away.

“Obedience is something I earn, not something I demand. And I’ll keep earning it. Every damn day.”

She crumbled against him, finally letting herself fall. Not into pain this time—but into safety. Into something deeper than lust. Something darker than love.

Something like home.

**4**

**The Sacred Exchange**

Nizam watched Lakai sleep, curled against his side like she had finally found a place soft enough to land. Her body, marked by his discipline, was now slack with peace. He traced his fingers down her arm, noting the rise and fall of her breath. She looked small like this—still powerful, still fierce—but momentarily weightless in his presence.

And God, he felt the weight of her trust.

He hadn’t always been worthy of it.

Once, he’d been reckless. Curious. A man with power and no guidance. And it was only because someone stopped him in time—before he became dangerous—that he could hold a woman like Lakai now, with reverence instead of ego.

He lay back and let his memory take him.

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**Fifteen Years Ago**

Nizam had been a different man. Younger, harder around the edges. Still a king in his posture, but with arrogance where wisdom should have been. He'd grown up in a house where dominance meant silence, discipline meant pain, and submission was something you took.

Back then, he'd thought control was about holding tight. About bending women to his will with the strength of his hands and the sharpness of his voice. The sex was hard, the aftercare nonexistent, and the line between pleasure and power? He barely saw it.

Until he met Ansel.

An older Black man, silver locs and eyes like winter steel. Ansel ran a discreet BDSM community center on the outskirts of the city. It wasn’t a club—it was a school. A sanctuary. A place where Dom/subs and littles alike learned that kink wasn’t about ego—it was about trust, knowledge, and unflinching accountability.

Nizam stumbled in half by accident. One of his past flings had warned him: “You’re good at the sex, but you’re not safe.” That stung. Badly. He went looking for a rebuttal—and instead found a reckoning.

Ansel had taken one look at him and said, “You’re strong. But strength without discipline is a weapon, not a gift.”

Nizam stayed.

He stayed for months.

Then for years.

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He remembered his first real lesson: \*\*The submissive has the true power.\*\*

Not because they kneel.

But because they \*choose\* to.

Ansel taught him that consent wasn’t just a checklist—it was \*continuous\*. That submission had to be earned every time, and that a Dominant’s true role wasn’t to command—it was to care, to listen, to hold.

“There is no power exchange,” Ansel had said, “without vulnerability. And vulnerability is sacred. You protect it, or you don’t deserve it.”

That lesson reshaped everything.

Nizam buried his pride and started from the bottom. He took classes on everything—because Ansel believed in \*structured learning\*, not just instinct and libido.

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**Rope**

Rope was not just technique. It was language. It was intimacy and reverence twisted between fibers.

He trained under a Black femme rigger named Jaya, whose every movement spoke of grace and control. She had been tying for over twenty years and had no patience for those who saw rope as merely erotic decoration. With her, rope was a ritual of care.

His first few weeks were spent doing nothing but feeling the rope. The different materials: jute, hemp, cotton. The way each one behaved—how jute whispered across skin, how cotton held warmth. He learned how to listen to rope, to understand its stretch, its bite, its memory.

Before touching a single person, he spent hours tying and untying lengths of rope on himself. His wrists, his legs, even his own chest. Jaya would walk behind him, correcting his tension with the slightest tug, forcing him to \*feel\* the difference between a secure wrap and a dangerous one.

“You don’t tie to bind,” she said. “You tie to speak.”

She drilled him in body mechanics—how to keep balance while moving around a partner. How to breathe while tying. How to maintain constant awareness, even in the heat of a scene.

Then came the safety protocols. Nerve mapping. Blood circulation checks. Emergency shears and negotiation scripts. Before every scene, he had to be able to list five symptoms of nerve compression and three ways to reverse a panic spiral.

“You are the keeper of her flight,” Jaya told him. “But you’re also the one who lands her.”

When he finally earned the right to tie another person, Jaya watched his every move. She noticed when his fingers hesitated. When he pulled too tight. When he forgot to ask, “How does that feel?”

She made him tie and untie a chest harness six times in a row, adjusting for different body types, different postures. She showed him how to use knots to redirect weight, to relieve pressure on the spine or shoulders. How to let the rope *carry* the submissive without crushing them.

He learned how rope could provoke tears. How it could make someone feel exposed, or divine. How surrendering to it could be a spiritual release.

He remembered his first full suspension under Jaya's watch. A volunteer sub hung in mid-air, cocooned in lines he'd tied. The moment she closed her eyes and let go of every muscle, he felt it: trust so total, it made his chest ache.

And when she came down, trembling and high on endorphins, Jaya made him sit with her for over an hour. Feeding her water. Holding her hand. Watching color return to her fingers.

“Rope doesn’t end when you untie,” she said. “Rope is a promise. You bring her down just as gently as you lifted her.”

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**Impact Play**

The hand. The paddle. The cane.

Each had its language.

Each had its weight.

He learned from a Domme named Mistress Ruelle, who struck with precision and elegance. She showed him how pain could be a symphony—not random, not chaotic. There was rhythm. There was space. And there was purpose.

“A hand sting is intimate,” she’d explained. “It’s skin to skin. A paddle? That’s correction. The cane? That’s punishment. You don’t swing because you’re angry. You swing because you’ve \*prepared\* them to feel safe enough to hurt”

He learned about warm-ups. About how to read breath and tension. He studied anatomy. He learned how the body speaks long before the mouth does.

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**Aftercare**

This was the lesson that humbled him most.

Nizam had always left. Always assumed the scene ended when the orgasm did. He didn’t know about the chemical crash. The vulnerability hangover. The \*drop\* that could leave a submissive shaking, lost, even spiraling.

It was Ansel who made him sit through his first aftercare class—and made him \*watch\* a submissive come down from subspace. It had nothing to do with sex. Everything to do with safety.

“She gave you the world,” Ansel said. “You don’t walk away from that. You wrap it in a blanket. You feed it. You talk her back into her name.”

Nizam learned how to monitor vitals, checking for signs of shock and dehydration. He learned about grounding techniques—placing a warm hand on the chest or thigh, using soft repetitive motions to reestablish presence. He memorized ways to reduce emotional drop: gentle voice, validation, stillness.

He learned to build aftercare kits: soft blankets, water, juice, favorite snacks, plush toys, soothing balms. He kept notes on what each partner needed—some wanted silence, others wanted affirmation. Some cried. Some laughed. Some needed to be held for an hour in silence, others needed to talk through everything they’d felt.

He practiced holding space—real space. Where nothing needed to be fixed, only witnessed. He learned not to rush. Not to explain away emotions. Just be there.

He understood that aftercare wasn’t just a courtesy—it was an \*ethical responsibility\*. That giving pain without being present to ease it was cruel. That Doms who didn’t do aftercare were just abusers in leather.

Over time, his dominance shifted from performance to presence.

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He remembered his first submissive under Ansel’s mentorship. A young woman named Ravi, shy and curious, with a need to be seen and a deep fear of being used. Nizam was terrified to touch her at first.

But Ansel had stood behind him and said, “You’ve been learning. Now earn her trust.”

Nizam did. Slowly. Deliberately. He built rituals of care. He checked in often. He let Ravi cry in his arms after a heavy scene and didn’t try to stop the tears. Just held her until the storm passed.

That night, Ravi whispered, “You made me feel safe enough to fall apart.”

That was the moment Nizam knew—this path wasn’t about dominance.

It was about devotion.

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And now, years later, Lakai slept beside him.

Her body bruised in the shape of his hand. Her heart open in ways it never had been before. And he carried every lesson—every scar, every lecture, every class—into this moment.

Because women like Lakai didn’t give themselves lightly. They were forged in fire. Built in defiance. For her to kneel wasn’t weakness.

It was warrior-level surrender.

And it was sacred.

He brushed a lock of her hair from her face and pressed a kiss to her temple.

She stirred.

“Hey,” she murmured, voice sleep-dazed.

“I’m here,” he whispered.

She blinked up at him. “You look far away.”

“Just thinking.”

“About?”

He hesitated.

Then said, “About the man I used to be. Before I learned how to deserve you.”

Lakai blinked, caught off guard.

“You were always this soft?” she asked.

He chuckled. “No. I was fire without direction. A Dom without honor. Until someone taught me what this life really means.”

Lakai shifted onto her side, tracing his chest with a lazy finger. “Tell me.”

So he did.

He told her about Ansel. About the lectures. The beatings he watched. The classes he failed. The time he forgot aftercare and was made to sit with the submissive for three hours, listening to her cry and explain why she felt abandoned.

He told her about the ropes. About Jaya’s patience. About how he once tied a chest harness too tight and saw the fear in the sub’s eyes—and how it gutted him. How he cried in the parking lot for twenty minutes after, ashamed and grateful it hadn’t ended worse.

He told her about the first time he held someone in subdrop and realized that the strongest kind of love wasn’t romantic—it was protective.

Lakai listened, silent and still.

And when he finished, she kissed his chest and whispered, “You \*do\* deserve me.”

Nizam felt something crack in his chest.

“Thank you,” he said, his voice barely audible.

She nestled in close again. “You know what I love about you?”

“What?”

“You could break me,” she said, her voice barely more than breath, “splinter me down to bone.”

He reached for her jaw, thumb brushing along her pulse. “I could,” he murmured, voice low and steady. “Shatter you with a look. Wreck you with a word.”

He pressed his forehead to hers.

“But I won’t,” he said. “Not ever. Not even in the dark. Especially not there.”

And with her curled against him, the ghosts of his past finally quiet, Nizam closed his eyes.

Everything he had learned… had led to this.

A Daddy. A Dom. A protector. A partner.

Forged not by instinct.

But by care.

By restraint.

By love.

**5**

**Anatomy of Obedience**

Lakai didn’t come to Nizam whole.

She never said that out loud, not even to herself, but it hummed under her skin like an old scar. Not broken in the way people often think—she wasn’t fragile, wasn’t some wilting thing needing saving. No, she was cracked in sharp, strategic places. The kind of breaks that happen when you’ve had to keep going while bleeding inside. The kind of cracks you fill with silence and grind into diamonds.

Her path to him wasn’t linear. It never is, for people like her. People with shadows stitched into their bones.

But what made her path especially jagged was the fact that she came from love.

She was raised in a home where hugs were plentiful, where affirmations were given freely, where her mother would pull her onto her lap just to say, "You are worthy, you are strong, you are loved." Her father, tall and steady, taught her how to ride a bike and how to fix a door hinge with equal patience. She came from family dinners filled with laughter, from holidays wrapped in the warmth of tradition. Her parents weren’t perfect—but they were present. And that made all the difference.

So Lakai wasn’t seeking love because she’d always had it.

She was seeking something deeper.

She had always been small. Not just in stature, though that was obvious— a little over five feet tall, tightly coiled power in a frame the world underestimated. But small in the way Black girls are forced to be. Seen but not heard. Feisty but never angry. Sexualized but never allowed softness. Her dreadlocks were her armor, each one twisted in rebellion, each one a refusal to be neat for anyone else's comfort.

Unlike so many of her peers, she didn’t fall easily into bed with anyone. She was careful, intentional. Selective. Not because of shame—but because her body was a temple, and her desires, sacred. She’d had lovers, yes—but never anyone who reached her soul.

By the time she was fifteen, she’d learned that survival meant control.

Control over her body. Her voice. Her choices. But it was a lonely kind of mastery. Because she didn’t trust anyone enough to hand them even a sliver of the reins.

The first boy she ever loved told her she was “too much.” Too intense. Too emotional. Too aggressive in bed, and too cold outside of it. She didn’t cry when he left. Just filed it under “lessons” and kept walking.

College was a blur of near-lovers and temporary power games. She found pleasure in control—but not satisfaction. She could take. She could dominate. She could seduce. But when the high wore off, she always felt hollow.

The first time she stumbled across the concept of BDSM, it wasn’t in porn.

It was in a novel.

A dark romance that made her feel things she couldn’t name. The idea of giving in, of choosing submission, didn’t repulse her—it awakened something feral. Something terrifying. Something... tender.

She started to research. Forums, articles, books. But she didn’t talk about it. Not even to her closest friends. What would they say? That she, Lakai, the unshakable, the woman who never flinched, wanted to be tied up and spanked and told what to do?

They wouldn’t understand that it wasn’t about weakness. It was about relief.

She went to her first munch when she was twenty-six. Dressed in all black, nerves jangling under her skin, she barely spoke. Just observed. Watched the way subs looked at their Dominants. Watched the way those Dominants listened. The care. The gravity.

It made her ache.

But none of the men who approached her felt right. They performed Dominance like it was a costume. They postured, preened, barked orders with no soul behind their words. She knew what fake power looked like. She’d grown up under its thumb.

So she stayed cautious. Watched. Learned.

She dabbled with a few Tops. Nothing heavy. Nothing intense. Just sensation play, some light bondage. But no one reached that place inside her—the dark, raw place that needed more than just pain.

She wanted to be seen. She wanted someone who could kneel her soul, not just her body.

She was starting to think that person didn’t exist.

Then she met Nizam.

It was at a workshop on ethical kink and consent. She wasn’t even planning to go, but her best friend had bailed on their plans, and Lakai was restless. She remembered walking into the space and feeling him before she saw him.

Stillness. That’s what struck her.

He wasn’t loud. Didn’t dominate the room with theatrics. But when he moved, the air moved with him. Every glance felt deliberate. Every word spoken low, like a promise or a warning.

He noticed her. But didn’t pounce.

He watched. Waited.

After the session, she found herself drifting his way. He didn’t flirt. He didn’t push. He just... saw her. Asked questions. Listened. And when she told him, quietly, that she was still figuring out what she wanted—his smile was slow and reverent.

“That’s the best place to start,” he said.

They talked for weeks before they ever touched.

He let her set the pace. Let her voice fears she hadn’t even known she was carrying. He sent her reading materials, introduced her to vetted spaces and communities. Made her feel safe enough to ask stupid questions.

And when she finally asked him what kind of Dom he was—his answer made her knees go soft.

“I’m not here to take anything from you,” he said. “I’m here to hold what you choose to give.”

That night, she cried.

She didn’t tell him. But something inside her broke. Or maybe... something uncoiled.

Their first scene wasn’t flashy. No rope. No pain. Just protocol. Kneeling. Touching. Breathing.

He made her feel her submission.

Made her understand it was a gift—not a surrender of power, but a wielding of it.

And when he whispered, “Good girl,” for the first time—Lakai felt her heart split open.

Because for the first time in her life...

Obedience didn’t feel like losing.

It felt like being found.

**6**

**Bound in Heat and Shadow**

The room was already warm when she asked.

Not just from the fireplace crackling low in the corner, or the thick velvet curtains drawn against the chill of evening. It was the heat between them—the kind that lingered after long sessions, the kind that hummed beneath the skin like a secret waiting to be confessed.

Lakai stood barefoot on the edge of the rug, her dreadlocks coiled into a loose bun, a soft silk robe cinched at her waist. Her heart thudded steady in her chest, but her breath trembled when she finally looked at him.

“I want to try something,” she said quietly.

Nizam raised an eyebrow, setting aside the leather-bound journal he’d been writing in. His body, all strength and stillness, was draped across his favorite chair like a king on a throne—shirtless, his dark skin kissed by firelight, the faint glint of silver rings on his fingers.

He didn’t speak. Just watched her, that deep patience in his eyes. It was an unspoken rule between them now: speak only when she had the words, and he would meet her with silence, not pressure.

“I want rope,” she said, her voice just above a whisper. “But… more. Rope, wax. And blindfolded.”

There was no stutter in her voice, but her fingers clenched slightly at her sides. Vulnerability wasn’t new—but this kind of surrender? This was a different level.

Nizam stood slowly, his presence like smoke and command in motion. He crossed the room to her, cupping her jaw in his hand, tilting her face up gently. His touch was never rushed.

“You want to give me your sight?” he asked, voice low, rough silk. “To feel the heat… without seeing it coming?”

Lakai swallowed, but held his gaze.

“Yes, Daddy.”

His eyes darkened—not with hunger alone, but with something weightier. Reverence.

“Then I’ll take you there. Slowly. Deeply. You’ll feel everything.”

She nodded. Her lips trembled, but her spine was straight.

“Take off the robe,” he commanded gently.

She let it fall.

And with that, the ritual began.

He started with the rope.

He always did.

Nizam’s rope wasn’t scratchy hemp or flashy nylon. It was custom—deep red jute, conditioned until buttery soft, holding the faint scent of cedar and lavender. Each length coiled with precision in a small wooden chest that he opened like a ceremony. Lakai knelt before it, naked now, her back straight, thighs parted, eyes closed until he told her otherwise.

He knelt behind her and started with her chest—crossing the ropes above and below her breasts, wrapping her slowly, with precision, like he was winding her into prayer. Every pull tightened around her ribs, not painful, but snug. Securing her heartbeat. Claiming her breath.

Her nipples were already taut from anticipation, the friction of rope grazing them gently as he moved behind her, knotting without hurry.

“Tell me how that feels,” he said into her ear.

Lakai’s lips parted. “Safe. Held. Owned.”

He grunted low. Approved.

He moved next to her wrists, bringing them behind her back in a box tie—careful, steady, checking her circulation between every loop. His fingers traced her forearms as he bound them, the pad of his thumb drawing lazy circles into her skin like punctuation marks between knots.

By the time he was done, her upper body was a frame of red and skin, beautiful and helpless, her chest rising in shallow waves.

She exhaled a shaky breath.

“Color?” he asked.

“Green, Daddy.”

“Good girl.”

He guided her up to her feet, still bound, and led her to the center of the play mat, the firelight casting ribbons of gold over her bare skin.

Then came the blindfold.

It was silk—thick, cool, and scented faintly with rose water. When he placed it over her eyes, everything shifted. The room melted away. There was no fireplace, no ceiling, no time.

Just darkness. And the echo of her breath.

She flinched when the first kiss touched her shoulder.

Not wax—him.

His lips moved slowly across the line where rope met skin, whispering soft reverence along the tight cords. She couldn’t see him, couldn’t guess where his mouth would land next. He circled her. Worshipped her. Bit down, gently, then harder, just enough to tease a whimper from her throat.

She was floating already, and the wax hadn’t even begun.

“You’re doing so well,” he murmured. “You look like a vision—mine, all mine. Do you feel how beautiful you are like this?”

She tried to answer. Failed. Just moaned softly, nodding.

Nizam’s hands left her body, and she heard the soft rustle of his movement across the room. A drawer. A strike of a match.

Then—the scent.

Vanilla, smoke, and something sharp. Jasmine, maybe. Lakai’s body shivered in anticipation.

“You won’t know when it falls,” he said from somewhere behind her. “You’ll only feel it.”

A pause.

“Color?”

“Green…”

She didn’t finish the sentence.

Because the first drop landed—center of her collarbone. Hot, intense, fleeting. Her body jolted, and her breath caught, but her knees didn’t buckle.

Another drop, just below her left breast. Another, across the curve of her belly.

He was painting her.

She whimpered. Not in pain. In surrender.

The sting was real, but it was the not knowing that wrecked her. The darkness in her eyes, the sound of his breath, the faint hiss of melted wax, then—drop.

Every one a prayer. A punishment. A gift.

He murmured to her throughout.

“That’s it, baby… take it. You’re so strong for me.”

“You were made for this.”

“You’re giving me everything. And I see you. Every inch.”

The rope held her tight. The wax bloomed across her skin in petals of heat. And in the darkness, with nothing but his voice and the fire, Lakai let go.

Not of herself.

But into herself.

Then his hand slid down between her thighs.

She gasped. Already soaked.

“Mm. You’re trembling, sweetness.”

He pressed one finger along her slit, featherlight. Then pulled it away.

She leaned forward instinctively, breath catching.

But his voice was calm.

“No. Not yet.”

Another drop of wax, sharp on her ribs. She jolted, breath stuttering.

“I want to hear how much you need it,” he whispered.

She whimpered. “Please, Daddy. Please—”

But all she got was the ghost of a kiss to her inner thigh. And another finger swipe that stopped just at the edge of her clit.

“You’re going to stay right on that edge. Until I say.”

And so the dance began.

His fingers teased and retreated. A flicker of pressure. A slow stroke. A pause.

And always, another drop of wax.

She was writhing now, still upright, legs spread wide with tension, breath ragged behind the blindfold.

Every time she came close, he stopped.

Held her there.

Made her beg with her body.

And when she shook with the need to fall—he kissed the base of her throat and whispered:

“Not yet. You’re mine. And I decide when you break.”

Nizam circled her again, his footfalls soft, deliberate. The scent of the melted wax thickened in the air, clinging to the back of her throat like the promise of pain. Lakai could barely catch her breath—every inch of her skin burned in the best way, each nerve raw and alive.

“You’re so close,” he murmured, his breath ghosting the shell of her ear. “But I want you trembling. I want you begging without words.”

Another drop of wax—this one on her hipbone. She cried out, her knees wobbling slightly beneath her. The rope kept her upright, the knots like anchors in a storm.

“Such a pretty sound,” Nizam crooned, stepping in front of her now. She couldn’t see him, but she could feel the gravity of his presence. Her body tilted toward it instinctively. “You’ve taken every drop, every tease… and yet, you’re still holding on.”

He cupped her chin gently, tilting her head up.

“But I wonder, sweetness... how long you can hold this edge.”

She whimpered, desperate, her thighs trembling now from how long he’d kept her there—hovering just above release, but never quite permitted to fall. She was soaked, throbbing, her slickness sticky down her inner thighs, the ache building into a violent hum.

“Color,” he growled, his voice suddenly harder.

“G-Green, Daddy,” she gasped. “Fuck, please—”

The sound of his belt unbuckling cut the air like thunder.

“You’re ready.”

Lakai was on fire.

Not from pain alone—but from every denied orgasm, every stroke withheld, every kiss that never quite landed where she needed it. She was bound, blindfolded, slick with sweat and wax, her skin humming with tension and the echoes of his voice.

“Please,” she whispered, not even knowing what she was begging for anymore.

Release? Mercy? Another drop?

Nizam’s voice wrapped around her like velvet. “Not yet, sweetness.”

He moved in close again—so close she could feel the heat of his body, but he didn’t touch her. That denial was its own form of cruelty. A gift wrapped in discipline.

“You asked for this,” he reminded her, voice soft but stern. “You said you wanted to feel everything. To surrender.”

“I did,” she gasped. “I do…”

“Then let go of the part of you still holding on.”

She sobbed. Not from pain. From the sheer intensity of it all.

The rope pressed into her skin in all the right places—cradling her, holding her upright. Her arms ached, but beautifully. Her thighs trembled from effort and desire. The wax cooled across her chest and stomach, hardened in places like delicate armor.

She was a work of art. A flame suspended in the dark.

Nizam stepped behind her again, the quiet rustle of movement her only warning before he pressed one palm flat to her lower back. His touch was grounding, like gravity. Then—finally—his fingers slid between her legs again.

This time, no teasing.

Two fingers pushed inside her slowly, then curved just right. His thumb brushed her clit—not fast, but steady. Consistent. Intentional.

She moaned—long, low, broken.

“I want to hear it,” he said, voice rough. “Don’t hold back.”

And she didn’t.

She cried out, body trembling against the rope. Every nerve ending raw, overstimulated. The blindfold meant she couldn’t run from it. Every sensation was magnified. Time slowed, collapsed into heartbeat and breath.

“Good girl,” he murmured. “That’s it. You’re right there, aren’t you?”

She nodded frantically, gasping. “Please, Daddy—please let me—”

“Come for me, Lakai.”

It shattered her.

The orgasm hit like a tidal wave—long, hot, and violent. She sobbed as it tore through her, entire body convulsing in the ropes, the wax cracking under her release. She would have collapsed if not for him catching her—arms suddenly free, held tight to his chest.

He cradled her like a holy thing, kissed her hair as she shook, whispering, “You’re safe. You’re perfect. I’ve got you.”.

He caught her before she could fall.

Unbound her slowly, whispering praise into her ear.

“You did so well, baby girl.”

He carried her to the aftercare blanket in the corner—soft fleece already warm by the fire—and wrapped her in it.

Then came the lotion.

His hands moved over her, gentle now. Cooling balm for the waxed skin, slow strokes over her shoulders, her ribs, her thighs. He rubbed the circulation back into her limbs, kissed each wrist where the ropes had left marks.

Emotion welled up in her—sudden, raw.

She turned into his chest and let herself cry.

He rocked her. Murmured.

“I’m here.”

“You did so well.”

“I see you. All of you.”

He fed her water, small sips. Held her until the tremors faded. Until her breathing matched his.

And when she finally looked up into his eyes, dazed but whole, she whispered:

“I’ve never felt more safe than in your hands.”

He kissed her forehead and said softly:

“And you’ve never been more mine.”

**7**

**Soft Devotion**

It had been nearly three weeks since the last session. Three weeks since Lakai had surrendered her body and senses to rope, wax, and Nizam's commanding presence. Three weeks of soft phone calls, sweet messages, and the slow build of something more profound than lust—something anchoring itself beneath her skin like roots.

She didn’t expect what he had planned. Not entirely.

When Friday came, Nizam's car was already outside her apartment building before the sun dipped low enough to set the city in gold. Lakai stepped out wearing one of the flowing dresses he loved on her—soft, midnight blue cotton, sleeveless, her dreadlocks pulled into a high bun with loose wisps dancing at her temples.

He opened the passenger door himself, dressed in all black as usual, his cologne curling into her senses the moment she stepped close. He kissed her cheek and whispered, "No scenes this weekend. I'm just spoiling you."

She blinked, surprised.

"I mean it," he said, one hand on her waist, the other lifting her chin gently. "You give me so much. This weekend is mine to give back."

They started with shopping.

Not the rushed, chaotic kind. Not the kind that left your feet aching and your patience thin. This was indulgence. Nizam had booked a private stylist consultation at a boutique that specialized in flowing silks, warm knits, bold prints that kissed skin like worship. Lakai stood in a mirrored room with the stylist fussing around her while Nizam sat on the leather settee, sipping coffee, his eyes never leaving her.

When she stepped out in a burgundy wrap dress that hugged every curve, his smile alone made her knees weak.

"That one," he said. "And this, and this," pointing to two more pieces.

She reached for the price tag, and he caught her wrist with a gentle tsk.

"Mine to take care of, baby. Remember?"

She bit her lip, nodded.

Next was the salon.

A quiet spa tucked into the city’s arts district. He booked her a full session: scalp treatment, shampoo, deep condition, and retwist. The chairs reclined, and soft jazz spilled through the room like honey. He waited, watching her eyes flutter closed as the loctician worked, massaging warm oils into her scalp, twisting each loc with reverent precision.

Lakai felt like a goddess. Like royalty. And Nizam? He never left her side.

He sat just close enough that when she opened her eyes, he was there. His phone in one hand, her favorite juice in the other.

When she finished, her locs were tight and neat, her edges soft and sculpted. She ran her fingers over them and whispered, "Damn."

Nizam chuckled low. "You should see the look on your face."

"You do this for all your subs?"

His gaze darkened, but his smile softened. "No. Just the one I plan to keep."

Manicure. Pedicure. Hot stones. Aromatherapy.

Nizam sat beside her through it all, one hand resting on her thigh, fingers drawing lazy circles, grounding her. He knew she had a hard time relaxing sometimes. Her mind ran too fast. Too deep. So he helped slow her.

"Let go," he whispered once, when she tensed under the hot towel wrap. "Just let go. You're safe."

By the time they arrived at his place—her bag already unpacked by someone he'd hired—the world had melted into a haze of calm.

He cooked.

She tried to help, but he nudged her onto a stool at the kitchen island and handed her a glass of wine instead.

Grilled salmon, roasted asparagus with lemon zest, creamy mashed sweet potatoes. He moved with the ease of a man who found joy in feeding the people he loved.

They ate on the couch, legs tangled, music low.

After dinner, he led her to the bedroom. Not for sex. Not even to undress.

But to massage her.

He laid her on the bed, dimmed the lights, warmed the oils with his hands. He started at her feet—soft kneading strokes that sent her into a trance. Her calves, her thighs. Her hips. Her back. Her shoulders.

He worked without rush. Without expectation.

He massaged her scalp. Kissed her neck.

He worshipped.

And when she turned to face him, eyes heavy, body liquid, he made love to her.

No ropes. No toys. Just skin to skin, chest to chest.

Slow.

Thorough.

Her hands roamed his back. His mouth pressed over every scar, every soft place he loved on her. He didn't rush her climax. Didn't demand anything.

He let her arrive at her own pace, with whispered praise and fingers laced with hers.

When she came, she cried.

Not from pain. From being held.

After, he drew her into his arms, pressing a kiss to her temple.

"You're the most precious thing I've ever touched," he murmured.

She buried her face in his chest, unable to speak.

The weekend wasn't about power.

It was about care.

And she had never felt more owned.

Or more free.

**Sunday**

Morning came slowly.

The sun slipped in through gauzy curtains, casting warm gold across the bed. Lakai stirred against Nizam’s chest, eyes still closed, body relaxed in the kind of rest she rarely allowed herself.

He was already awake, stroking her shoulder with the backs of his fingers.

“Good morning, sweetness.”

She smiled without opening her eyes. “Good morning, Daddy.”

They stayed like that for a while—quiet, hearts beating against each other, the peace of no urgency surrounding them.

Eventually, he coaxed her from the bed with a promise of breakfast.

In the kitchen, he moved like a ritualist. Eggs whisked with cream. Thick-cut bacon sizzling. Fresh fruit sliced with care. He poured her orange juice and coffee, plated her meal with precision. When he set it in front of her—brioche French toast dusted with powdered sugar, strawberries on the side—Lakai blinked hard.

“What’s that look for?” he asked, sitting across from her with his own plate.

She hesitated. Then whispered, “No one’s ever cooked like this for me. Not without expecting something in return.”

Nizam’s eyes softened. “This is something in return. For everything you’ve given. Your trust. Your body. Your surrender. That’s sacred, Lakai.”

She looked down, throat thick.

He reached across the table and took her hand.

“You deserve to be cared for. Without strings.”

Later, they took a bath together.

Nizam had filled the tub with hot water, oils, and petals—lavender and chamomile. He washed her with slow hands, soaped a warm cloth and ran it along every part of her skin. He didn’t speak much. Just touched. Honored.

She leaned back against his chest, letting herself float in his arms.

Then, quietly, she said, “It’s hard to accept this sometimes.”

He didn’t ask why. Just let the silence stretch.

“I come from love,” she said eventually. “A family that took care of me. But… I learned to be strong. Not to need anything. Especially not this kind of soft.”

She turned her head, met his eyes.

“This scares me more than the wax. More than the blindfold.”

Nizam kissed her damp shoulder. “Because it asks you to be seen.”

She nodded.

“Because it lasts,” she whispered.

“Yes,” he said. “And you deserve it to last.”

They stayed in the tub until the water cooled, limbs tangled, hearts bare.

And when they toweled off, when he wrapped her in a plush robe and led her back to the bed, when he held her until she fell asleep again—Lakai finally let herself believe it:

This wasn’t a reward.

It was love, spoken in acts of care.

And she was learning to receive it.

**8**

**Soft Devotion**

Lakai hadn’t been in this part of the house before.

Nizam led her down a hallway that curved slightly, soft lights guiding their path. She was barefoot, wearing only a satin robe he’d chosen for her—deep plum, barely reaching her knees. The air was warm and carried a subtle scent of sandalwood and something darker, muskier. He walked behind her, one hand on the small of her back, firm and grounding.

"Stop here," he said, voice low but commanding.

She did, heart fluttering.

Nizam stepped around her, unlocked a tall wooden door, and pushed it open. Inside, the space was dim, lit by tall candles set on wall sconces and scattered across tables. The walls were lined with full-length mirrors, each angled slightly inward, surrounding the room like silent observers. A large plush mat covered the floor, and thick velvet curtains hung on one side.

In the center of the room, a low platform with a padded surface stood waiting—clean, black, inviting.

Lakai's breath caught in her throat.

Nizam turned to face her, his presence suddenly larger. "This room is only used for one kind of scene," he said, stepping close, hands on either side of her waist. "Here, you don't just submit to me. You submit to your reflection."

She blinked up at him. "My reflection?"

He tilted her chin with his knuckles. "Tonight, I want you to see yourself the way I see you. Every reaction. Every flinch. Every cry. Every moment you surrender."

A shiver traced her spine.

He leaned in. "You will not look away. Do you understand?"

She nodded, breathless. "Yes, Daddy."

He kissed her forehead. "Good girl."

He stripped her slowly. Not as a tease—but as preparation.

One button at a time. Each tug deliberate.

The robe slipped from her shoulders like a sigh. She stood bare under the flickering candlelight, the heat licking at her skin. Her body reflected back to her in every direction. She resisted the urge to cover herself.

Nizam circled her like a predator with purpose, gaze traveling over her exposed curves. His fingers brushed her hip. "You are not allowed to hide."

She dropped her arms, shoulders square, chin lifted.

He retrieved the rope—thick, red jute he'd conditioned himself. "We’re combining restraint and reflection tonight. I want you aware of every knot. Every breath. Every part of yourself you try to avoid."

She swallowed. “Yes, Daddy.”

He stepped in close, eyes sharp. "This will not be soft, little one. It will not be cruel—but it will be intense. If you hesitate, I will correct you. If you drift, I will anchor you. Do you understand?"

Her voice quivered. "Yes, Daddy."

He paused, looking at her with a softness beneath his authority. “If at any point it becomes too much, what do you say?”

“Amber to slow. Red to stop.”

“Louder.”

She steadied herself. “Amber to slow. Red to stop.”

He smiled. “Good girl.”

He started with her arms, binding them behind her back in a box tie, each loop snug but not painful. She watched in the mirrors—watched the way his hands moved, strong and certain. He looped the rope around her chest, framing her breasts, tugging until her back arched subtly. Her nipples hardened under the tension and the heat.

He tied her thighs next—ropes circling each, a design that left her legs slightly spread. When she tried to shift for comfort, he pressed a hand to her belly, firm.

“Be still.”

She froze, pulse thrumming.

The rope traced a path down her body, and with each knot, she felt herself descending—falling into that quiet place where obedience met peace. Her breath deepened. Her heartbeat slowed.

Then, he blindfolded her.

"Now," he murmured near her ear, "you feel everything... but you see only what I choose to show you."

She trembled.

His hand came down sharply across her thigh. Not hard enough to bruise, but firm enough to jolt her deeper into submission.

"Focus, Lakai. Stay in your body. Feel the pressure, the rope, the heat. Let it carry you."

Another slap, just below the curve of her backside. Her breath caught in her throat.

"Good girl," he whispered darkly. "You take what I give you. And tonight, you’ll give me everything."

He turned her gently toward one of the larger mirrors. Even blindfolded, she could feel the weight of his stare—and her own reflection’s echo in the room.

He pressed her to her knees on the padded platform, kneeling tall and exposed.

"Now, we begin."

He stepped behind her, slow and deliberate, his palm grazing her shoulder before sliding down her spine. She flinched beneath his touch—not from pain, but from anticipation. Every nerve was raw, open, expectant.

“You’re not allowed to come,” he said, voice cool but heavy. “Not until I give you permission.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispered, trembling.

A soft chuckle slid from his throat. “Good. Because I plan to stretch you past every edge you think you know.”

From somewhere to her left, she heard the sound of a lighter. Then the subtle sizzle of wax being heated. She inhaled sharply.

“Color, Lakai?” he asked, his tone not budging an inch from its dominant weight.

“Green, Daddy.”

She heard the flick of wax hitting a dish, then felt a hand on her inner thigh, guiding her knees apart even more. Bound, blindfolded, and kneeling before her own unseen reflection, she surrendered fully to the sensations.

The first drop of wax landed on her shoulder.

She gasped.

It was a sharp, shocking heat, followed immediately by the cool air licking at her skin. Another drop followed, this time between her shoulder blades. Her breath caught, held. The wax hardened fast, clinging to her skin in beautiful contrast to the rope’s pressure.

“Keep your posture. I want to see that back arched in every mirror.”

She straightened, thighs trembling. The next drop landed near the curve of her spine. Then one at the top of her ass. She bit her lip. She whimpered. But she didn’t break form.

He moved around her like a painter, creating a canvas of heat, rope, and breathless sound.

“You feel that?” he asked, fingers brushing just above her mound.

“Yes, Daddy,” she gasped.

“You're dripping. And you’ve barely been touched.”

A low hum of pleasure rolled from him as he pressed the heel of his palm between her legs. Just enough to tease. Not enough to relieve.

She cried out softly, hips shifting.

“Still,” he growled. “Or I take it away.”

She froze.

Another wave of wax. This time lower, over her side, then her belly, trickling just shy of her navel. Her whole body clenched with the rush of sensation—heat, pressure, cool air, rope.

And then came his hand.

Firm. Intentional. Between her legs.

Slow, rhythmic pressure on her clit—teasing and denying all at once. She moaned, breath ragged, thighs flexing uselessly against her bonds.

“Please…” she whispered.

He leaned in, breath hot against her ear. “You think I haven’t seen this need building in you since the moment you walked into the room? You think I don’t feel every muscle in your body begging to give in?”

His fingers moved in tighter circles.

“But you wait. You hold it. You let me own every trembling inch of you.”

She nodded frantically, body on fire.

“You come without permission, I stop everything. And I leave you here bound. Dripping. Wanting. Until you learn.”

The threat was enough to bring her back to the edge—but not over.

“I’m yours, Daddy,” she breathed, tears threatening behind the blindfold.

“Yes, you are. And tonight, I’m going to make you beg for mercy with nothing but your own reflection watching.”

The moment hovered—hot, charged, and cruelly tender.

Nizam kept her right at the edge, the heel of his palm grinding against her soaked center, his rhythm maddening in its control. Lakai’s thighs trembled under the strain of restraint and desire. Sweat slicked her skin, mixing with the hardened wax and the braided touch of rope.

“Such a good girl,” he murmured. “You’re going to hold it for me, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy…” Her voice was ragged, barely more than breath.

“I know you want to come. I can feel it in every part of you. But I want more than just your release, Lakai. I want your obedience.”

He moved his fingers lower, slipping between her folds, sliding through the wet heat, barely grazing her clit before pulling back again. Her entire body jolted like he’d struck her.

"You're aching," he said against her ear. "And I love watching you suffer for me."

Then, silence—except for her gasps and the pounding in her ears.

“Count for me,” he ordered, voice low, wicked.

She nodded, even blindfolded, sensing the shift in his stance.

The first slap of his hand across her ass was sharp and immediate.

“One,” she whimpered.

Another.

“Two.”

Harder.

“Three—Daddy!”

A pause. His hand rubbed the sting into her skin, grounding her. “Keep counting. You’re almost there.”

Four. Five. Six. Each impact brought her closer not to pain, but to something sweetly euphoric. Her muscles sang with it. Her mind blurred. Her submission wrapped around her like armor.

When he reached ten, she was shaking in her bonds, sweat rolling down her back, wax cooling on her ribs. Her clit pulsed, aching. Her pussy clenched around nothing, desperate and denied.

“You’ve done beautifully,” Nizam whispered.

She sobbed with relief, head dropping forward. “Thank you, Daddy…”

“But you haven’t come yet.” His tone was dark silk.

“No, Daddy.”

“Would you like to?”

“Please…”

“Then you beg.”

Her breath hitched. “Please let me come. Please—please, Daddy, I need it. I’ve held it for you. I stayed still. I counted. I obeyed.”

He was quiet for a beat—then: “Good girl.”

And just like that, he touched her again. No teasing now. His fingers moved with firm, practiced pressure, his other hand wrapped around her throat—not choking, but holding. Anchoring.

The orgasm hit her like a crash.

She screamed, body snapping tight in the rope, legs shaking violently. It tore through her in waves, pleasure and pain and release all folding into one. He didn’t stop until her moans faded into broken whimpers, until her body sagged forward, boneless and raw.

Her knees gave out. He caught her.

He always caught her.

Aftercare

Nizam didn’t rush.

First, he kissed her cheek.

Then her temple.

Then, slowly, gently, he began to untie the ropes.

One knot at a time.

Her skin bore the faint indentations of the jute—his signature. He ran his fingers softly over each mark, massaging her muscles as they were freed, checking her limbs with the careful reverence of a man unwrapping a sacred gift.

When her arms were free, he cradled them against his chest and kissed her wrists.

“You did so well, Lakai,” he murmured.

She was limp, floating, eyes behind the blindfold still wet with tears.

He removed the blindfold carefully, cupping her face.

Her eyes blinked open. They were glazed, distant.

He kissed her forehead. “Breathe for me, little one.”

She exhaled, long and trembling.

He reached behind them and pulled a thick blanket from a chest near the platform, wrapping it around her shoulders. Then, wordlessly, he gathered her into his arms and carried her out of the Mirror Room.

The bathroom was already warm—he’d prepared it earlier.

Candles flickered around a clawfoot tub filled with lavender-scented water. Steam curled in the air.

He stepped into the water with her still cradled in his arms and lowered them both in slowly. She whimpered as the heat hit her skin, then relaxed against his chest with a shaky sigh.

His hands moved slowly over her—washing away the wax, rubbing soft circles into the muscles that had strained. He said nothing for a long time, only the sound of water and her quiet breaths filling the room.

“You’re safe,” he whispered eventually. “You’re mine.”

Her lips parted. “I felt… like I was disappearing.”

He tightened his arms around her. “You were. But I was right here. And I will always bring you back.”

Tears slipped down her cheeks.

She turned her face into his throat. “I’ve never felt like this before. Like I’m so… open, it hurts.”

“I know,” he murmured. “That’s why we do this part. The scene doesn’t end at the orgasm. It ends here—with softness. With care. With knowing you’re seen. Held. Loved.”

Her fingers curled into his chest. “Sometimes it’s easier to take the pain than this. This is what breaks me.”

“And yet,” he said gently, “you let yourself be broken.”

He tilted her face up. “And you’re learning how to break beautifully.”

**9**

**Distant Control**

Nizam had never been gone this long before.

Three weeks.

The number sat heavy on Lakai’s chest the morning he told her. He’d held her gently in bed, his fingers tracing idle patterns on her hip as he whispered the news. A work contract overseas—one too important to turn down.

She’d nodded, lips pressed together, not wanting to seem childish. But Nizam had seen through her silence immediately.

“Look at me,” he said, voice firm.

She turned toward him, eyes already glistening.

“You’re mine, Lakai. Whether I’m standing in front of you or ten thousand miles away. Nothing changes that.”

“I know,” she murmured. “It’s just... when I’m with you, I feel centered. I don’t want to lose that.”

His hand gripped her chin. “Then we don’t let it slip. I’ll train your mind the way I train your body. I’ll own your surrender even through the screen.”

Her breath hitched.

“I’ll give you rituals. Rules. Daily tasks. Check-ins. Punishments if needed.”

She blinked. “Punishments?”

He smirked. “Oh yes. You’ll still follow my commands. Even when I’m not there to correct you in person.”

The first week was the hardest.

Lakai woke up to a message each morning. Some days it was a simple instruction: Wear this. Eat that. Send a photo at noon. Other days it was a full directive for the evening:

8PM. Candles lit. Collar on. Kneel by the mirror. Video call incoming.

The anticipation turned her insides electric.

The first video call, she knelt just as instructed, heart pounding. When the screen lit up and Nizam’s face appeared—sharp beard, dark eyes, voice like honeyed steel—she nearly cried.

“Good girl,” he murmured. “Now turn. Show Daddy what belongs to him.”

She obeyed.

The session that night was not about pleasure—it was about obedience.

He made her edge for nearly an hour, talking her through each wave of sensation, commanding her when to stop, when to breathe, when to press her fingers in tighter or back away. She followed every word, trembling, aching.

When he finally gave her permission, she came with a cry that filled the quiet of her bedroom.

She collapsed afterward, still connected to the call, and he watched her until her breath slowed.

“Touch your heart,” he said. “Feel it beating? That rhythm belongs to me.”

She nodded, tears sliding down her cheeks.

By the second week, she was writing in a private journal he’d ordered her to keep. Each night she detailed how she felt after her tasks, how she struggled or succeeded, what she wanted.

He read it daily.

Some entries earned praise.

Others earned correction.

I caught you touching without permission on Thursday. You thought I wouldn’t notice. The guilt gave you away. Strip down tomorrow night and kneel. No touching for three days. I’ll be watching.

Lakai moaned in frustration when she read it—but obeyed.

Every punishment reinforced the bond. Every praise deepened it.

Nizam’s dominance didn’t fade across distance—it intensified.

He sent her audio clips of his voice for sleep.

He scheduled meditation reminders with his voice recorded as commands.

He sent packages: scented oil, a new set of silk restraints, a single handwritten note: You are not alone. My eyes are everywhere.

The third week brought a shift.

She missed his touch—not just the intensity, but the care.

One night, he instructed her to run a bath. Not for submission. Not for edging. Just care.

Lavender oil. Soft music. Video call me from the floor. I want to see you soak.

She obeyed, the tears coming freely this time as he watched her bathe.

“You’re doing so well, my girl,” he whispered. “This is what obedience looks like too—letting yourself be cared for.”

She sniffled. “I want you home.”

“I’ll be back in four days. But until then, I am still your anchor.”

Her lips quivered. “I feel that.”

“Good,” he said. “Because when I walk through that door, you won’t just kneel. You’ll show me every part of what I taught you in my absence.”

Lakai straightened. The fire returned to her spine.

“Yes, Daddy.”

The Return

She heard the door open before she saw him. A key twisting. Slow, deliberate footsteps crossing the threshold.

Lakai rose from her knees in the living room and padded quietly to the hall, heart thrumming like thunder beneath her skin.

Nizam stood in the doorway, duffel bag over his shoulder, dark eyes locked on her.

He looked the same—only more. More defined, more grounded. The air around him thickened the moment he crossed into the space they’d built together.

She froze.

He didn’t speak right away. Just looked.

“Strip.”

The word dropped between them like a match to kindling.

Lakai’s hands trembled as she pulled her top over her head, unfastened her pants, stepped out of them slowly. Her breathing shallowed. She stood before him, naked, open, waiting.

Nizam dropped his bag.

He moved like a shadow, closing the distance in two strides, gripping her jaw with one hand, his mouth crashing into hers with hunger and heat that devoured every second they’d spent apart.

Their kiss was a collision.

He pulled her against him roughly, lifting her off the ground, and carried her down the hallway to the bedroom, not saying a word. The door slammed behind them.

She landed on the mattress with a gasp. He stood over her, unbuttoning his shirt slowly, watching her watch him.

“Lie on your back. Hands above your head. Eyes on me.”

She obeyed immediately.

What followed was not just lovemaking. It was reclamation.

He took his time but with no softness. His hands mapped her skin, his teeth found her neck, his fingers curled around her wrists and pinned them as he moved inside her with power and precision.

Every thrust was a demand.

Every moan a surrender.

He reminded her, over and over, who she belonged to. Who had trained her body and mind to ache for him alone. Who had nurtured and disciplined and shaped her until she bloomed in obedience.

Hours later, when her voice was hoarse from begging, when she lay trembling under the weight of pleasure and possession, Nizam gathered her into his arms and kissed the top of her head.

“You didn’t break,” he whispered. “You became more mine.”

Lakai buried her face in his chest, breathing him in.

“Yes, Daddy.”

The Morning After

Sunlight crept softly through the blinds, warming the room where they still lay tangled together. Lakai stirred slowly, her limbs heavy, her heart full. Every inch of her body ached in that beautiful, used way. But it was the ache in her chest that moved her most.

Nizam was awake already, fingers stroking slow circles along her shoulder, as though etching his presence deeper into her skin.

"Good morning, beautiful," he murmured.

She smiled sleepily. "Good morning."

He kissed her forehead, then eased out of bed. "Don’t move. I’m making breakfast."

Lakai dozed while the smell of eggs, turkey bacon, and cinnamon toast filled the apartment. He returned twenty minutes later with a tray—her favorite mug of tea, a fruit bowl, and a perfectly plated breakfast.

They sat cross-legged in bed, eating together quietly. There was no rush, no performance—just the slow, nourishing intimacy of shared space.

Afterward, he drew a bath, adding lavender and rose petals to the water. When she stepped in, her muscles softened instantly. Nizam sat behind her, legs bracketing hers, his hands gently washing her back and arms.

"This softness," she whispered, "sometimes it’s harder than the pain."

"Because pain feels like something you know how to earn?" he asked.

She nodded. "Exactly."

He leaned in, lips brushing her ear. "You don’t have to earn love. You only have to receive it."

She blinked back tears. "You teach me that every day."

"And I’ll keep teaching you. Until you believe it in your bones."

They sat there until the water cooled, until she’d cried and laughed and breathed through every part of her vulnerability. He dried her gently, wrapped her in soft cotton, and led her back to bed.

When she curled against him, her voice broke the quiet.

"You coming home like that—it wasn’t just intense. It was healing. You didn’t just reclaim my body. You reminded me I’m safe. That I can be held... even when I’m the strongest version of myself."

Nizam kissed the top of her head.

"Then I’ve done my job."

And with that, she drifted into sleep, wrapped in a blanket of trust, obedience, and love.

**10**

**His Return, Her Reckoning**

A The reunion had wrecked her.

In all the right ways.

Nizam’s return hadn’t just reawakened her submission—it reminded her of her purpose inside their dynamic. Her desire to be seen. To be unraveled. To be protected.

The weekend they spent locked away in their shared world had deepened something neither of them had yet named.

The morning after, after the bath and the shared softness, the quiet between them had only grown warmer. They moved in sync, their unspoken rhythm finding its way back like a tide returning to shore. Lakai had learned to read the nuance in his touch—the difference between a command disguised as a caress and a comfort masked in dominance.

She helped him make coffee, standing behind him at the stove in just one of his shirts, fingers brushing the ink on his spine. He made her laugh without trying, her body still sore in the most delicious way from the night before. They shared a slow breakfast of eggs, fruit, and toast, their knees brushing beneath the small wooden table.

She didn’t realize she was staring at him until he looked up from his mug and caught her.

“What is it, little one?” he asked, voice soft and knowing.

She hesitated, then said, “It’s just... I still can’t believe you’re real sometimes.”

He set the mug down, leaned forward, and kissed her hand.

“I’m very real,” he murmured. “And I’m not going anywhere.”

But Sunday night brought a shift.

A darker current.

And Nizam stood at the edge of the bed, one hand in her curls, his voice low.

“You said you were ready to go deeper. Are you still sure?”

Lakai nodded, heart thudding. “Yes, Daddy.”

He leaned down, brushing his mouth against her temple. “Then pack a bag. One night. Something’s waiting for us.”

He didn’t say where.

He didn’t say why.

She obeyed.

They drove in silence, his hand resting on her thigh, possessive and grounding. The city lights fell behind them as they took the highway into the darkness. A playlist hummed low through the speakers—slow, aching songs that throbbed with sensuality.

The drive felt like a dream. Each mile deepened the anticipation curling in her belly.

A secluded cabin.

One bed.

No neighbors.

She stepped inside, the air thick with the scent of cedar and something more ancient—like secrets carved into wood.

Candles were already lit.

A fire crackled in the hearth.

Ropes coiled with reverence on a low table beside the bed.

Nizam locked the door behind them.

He turned to her slowly, eyes unreadable.

“You’ve trusted me with your pleasure,” he said.

“You’ve trusted me with your pain.”

He stepped closer, his aura commanding.

“Now I want what’s beneath that. The things you still hide. The questions you don’t ask.”

Her breath caught.

“Tonight, I’m not just going to break you open. I’m going to make you choose.”

“Choose what?” she whispered.

His voice was a growl.

“Whether you belong to me in every way... or not at all.”

The fire in the hearth crackled.

The room grew colder.

Her body trembled—but not from fear.

Desire. Terror. Love.

Whatever happened tonight would leave a mark.

A shadow passed through Nizam’s eyes as he reached into his duffel.

She saw the coil of rope.

The glint of candlelight against metal.

The soft blindfold he’d once used the first time he took her apart.

And something else.

Something she didn’t recognize.

He turned to her.

“Strip. Kneel. Eyes closed.”

And when she obeyed, her heart thrumming with devotion and dread—

He whispered:

“Good girl. Now let’s see what you’re really made of.”

The scene that followed would be seared into her memory.

Not for its brutality.

But for how it shattered her illusions.

He bound her slowly. Each knot deliberate, every strand of rope a prayer wrapped around her skin. He whispered affirmations between the tugs and ties. She lost count of how many patterns he wove—diamonds, cuffs, a harness around her chest that made her feel both delicate and invincible.

Then came the blindfold.

Then the wax.

Drip.

She gasped.

Drip.

A moan.

He edged her into oblivion, only to pull her back with a kiss to her throat or a growl in her ear.

He made her beg.

He made her scream.

He made her cry.

And he held every part of her through it.

By the time he untied her, her soul had collapsed into his hands.

The aftercare was quiet.

Worshipful.

A warm blanket.

Water pressed to her lips.

His body wrapped around hers like armor.

She wept into his chest, not from pain but release.

“I didn’t know I could feel this much,” she whispered.

He kissed her forehead.

“You haven’t even begun yet.”

Morning.

Sunlight filtered through gauzy curtains.

Birdsong in the distance.

Nizam stirred before her, and when he returned from the shower, she was already wrapped in one of his shirts, legs tucked beneath her.

He cooked her breakfast. Eggs with thyme. Pancakes. Sliced mango.

They ate in comfortable silence until she spoke.

“It’s hard sometimes.”

“What is?” he asked gently.

“Being cared for like this. It’s beautiful. But... part of me doesn’t think I deserve it.”

He set his fork down.

“Lakai. Look at me.”

She did.

“You deserve everything I give you. Every kiss. Every orgasm. Every bruise. Every ounce of softness.”

Tears gathered in her eyes.

He came around the table, sank to his knees in front of her.

“I will never take from you what you don’t give. But what you give me? I will guard like it’s sacred. Because it is.”

She couldn’t speak.

So she reached for him.

And in that embrace, something ancient and new braided between them—

Love shaped by fire and surrender.

But outside the cabin, the world was still turning.

And Nizam’s phone buzzed with a message he didn’t show her.

His past was catching up.

And it was bringing something dark with it.

**11**

**The Shape of Her Submission**

“Obedience doesn’t end when my hands aren’t on you.”

His voice was low, patient. Dangerous.

“It deepens when you learn to carry me inside you… even when I’m not there.”

It began with rules.

Not spoken in anger. Not barked as commands. But delivered with the calm of a storm that knew exactly when and where it planned to break.

They were sitting on the floor of his living room, her body curled between his legs. The fire crackled behind him. Lakai was in one of his shirts—nothing underneath. Her skin still bore the imprint of rope and candle wax from the weekend past, her thighs marked with fading bruises, each one a story he had written into her flesh.

Nizam tilted her chin upward with two fingers.

“We’re going to begin your obedience training, little one,” he said. “Properly.”

She swallowed, eyes wide but steady.

“Not just what you do when you’re bound and begging. But who you are when you wake up. When you work. When I’m not watching.” He paused. “Even then, you are mine.”

Lakai shivered.

And so it began.

Obedience in His Presence

The first lesson was ritual.

She was to greet him every time she entered his home with a kneel and a kiss to his hand. It didn’t matter if he was in the kitchen, the studio, or mid-conversation on the phone. Her role didn’t pause for convenience.

“Strip, kneel, present,” he said.

That was her routine now.

It was simple—raw in its clarity.

One night, she hesitated at the door, fumbling with her bag, unsure if he wanted it in that moment. He was reading on the couch, legs stretched out, shirt unbuttoned. She saw the slight twitch of his brow when she failed to obey quickly enough.

He said nothing.

But later that evening, he had her face-down, ass in the air, her wrists tied to the base of the bed.

“What happens when you forget your place?” he asked, voice calm as the sting of the crop kissed her skin.

“I get corrected, Daddy,” she whispered.

And he did.

Twelve slow, measured strokes.

Each one a punctuation mark in the lesson she was learning by heart.

Rules When Apart

When she wasn’t with him, the rules grew more layered.

A morning text with her intentions for the day.

A photo at lunch—her outfit, her eyes, her posture.

Voice memos if she was feeling disobedient… or needy.

He tracked her progress like a quiet shadow behind her every step. Not out of control—but care. He was shaping her into something—someone—she had always longed to become.

Once, she broke a rule. Forgot to check in. Spent the day out, unfocused, drifting without his hand at her back.

He noticed.

And the next evening, she arrived at his door, knees already trembling.

“You forgot who you serve,” he said.

She dropped to her knees instantly. “I’m sorry, Daddy.”

He didn’t speak for several minutes. Only looked at her. Until the weight of silence made her chest ache.

“You need to remember,” he murmured. “And I will help you.”

He bound her arms behind her back. Tied her ankles apart on the bedposts. A vibrator between her thighs. And he turned it on—then walked away.

She squirmed. Moaned. Cried.

But she was not allowed to cum.

Not until he returned and whispered:

“Next time you forget me, you’ll beg for this kind of mercy.”

Rewards Earned, Not Given

Lakai didn’t realize how hungry she was for praise until she had to earn it.

Not the casual, polite affirmations she’d grown used to from men who didn’t know how to see her. No—this was something deeper. Guttural. Sacred. Something drawn from the rawest places in her.

The first time she completed a full week of rules—morning check-ins, proper posture, voice messages when anxious, meditation before bed—Nizam didn’t text her congratulations.

He showed her.

When she arrived at his loft that Friday evening, the lights were low. Soft music pulsed through the space. Candles flickered in corners. And on the table, beside her collar, was a note.

“For my good girl.”

Her knees buckled as she read it.

He emerged from the shadows, black shirt hugging his chest, eyes dark with possession and pride.

“You’ve made me proud,” he said, cupping her face. “Now let me make you feel that pride.”

And then he undressed her—slowly. Patiently. Every button, every layer peeled back like a gift unwrapped in reverence. She stood naked before him, trembling, already dripping.

But he didn’t bind her.

Not this time.

He laid her down on the plush rug by the fireplace, pulled her into his lap, and began to touch her with such devastating gentleness that it made her whimper.

He kissed her inner thighs like they were scripture.

Traced circles around her nipples with a single fingertip, not letting her chase his touch.

He whispered:

“I want you to know the difference between being taken… and being honored.”

The first orgasm was slow, coaxed out of her with fingers and tongue and praise that melted her bones.

The second came after he slid inside her and didn’t move—just held her, let her grind slowly, her submission deepening with every moan.

“Say who you belong to,” he growled in her ear.

“You, Daddy,” she sobbed. “Always.”

And when she shattered for the third time, clutching his arms, body limp with pleasure—

He cradled her like she was both sinner and saint.

Sensory Control as Reward

Sometimes the reward wasn’t just pleasure. It was being seen.

One night, he had her blindfolded and standing still, her arms raised above her head, clipped to the ceiling hook. She was bare. Vulnerable. Anticipating pain.

Instead, he began with silk.

The cool brush of fabric against her breasts. Her thighs. Her neck.

Then a soft fur—dragged across her belly.

Then his tongue.

Then cold oil, dripping onto her nipples. Slicked down between her cheeks.

Then silence.

Her breath hitched, every nerve on edge.

She never knew what was coming next—but every shift in sensation reminded her: I’m his.

And when he finally let her cum, it wasn’t a climax.

It was a release of worship.

When Obedience Falters

**It started with defiance.**

Not deliberate—but noticeable.

She’d been overwhelmed at work. Distracted. Forgetful. She skipped two check-ins. Sent a rushed voice note. Didn’t kneel the moment she entered his space.

And Nizam saw it all.

He didn’t scold her that night.

He made her dinner.

Rubbed her feet.

Held her in his arms while they watched a film.

But the silence between them buzzed with tension, thick with what was coming.

She slept that night with his arms around her—but she didn’t rest.

The next morning, he woke her with a single command.

“Kneel.”

She obeyed, heart already pounding.

Nizam stood above her in a black t-shirt and sweatpants. No smile. No warmth. Only dominance carved into every line of his body.

“You’ve slipped,” he said.

“I know,” she whispered.

“I’m not angry. But I am disappointed.”

Her chest ached.

“I didn’t—”

He silenced her with a look.

“Obedience isn’t optional, little one. It’s the spine of this thing we’re building.”

He walked away, returning moments later with the flogger.

And rope.

Punishment: Controlled, Relentless

He didn’t speak as he tied her to the low bench—wrists behind her back, ankles secured wide. Her body stretched, exposed, vulnerable.

“Count,” he said.

The first stroke landed across her ass—a sting that bloomed into fire.

“One,” she gasped.

He gave her time. Let the pain sink in.

Two. Three. Four.

By seven, she was crying.

By ten, her legs shook.

By twelve, she whispered, “I’m sorry, Daddy.”

Nizam didn’t stop. Not yet.

Fifteen.

He paused, breath steady.

“You will not forget who you are,” he said, crouching beside her, brushing damp hair from her cheek. “You are mine. And that means you are cherished. Protected. Disciplined.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she sobbed.

The final three lashes came slower. Heavier. But with each one, he laid the foundation of her return to herself.

Eighteen.

And then, silence.

**The Recovery**

He untied her slowly.

Lifted her into his arms.

Carried her to the bath he’d drawn—water warm, scented with lavender and frankincense.

He didn’t speak.

Just held her.

Washed her skin.

Kissed her tears.

And when he wrapped her in towels and brought her to bed, he tucked her against his chest and whispered:

“You are my good girl. Even when you forget.”

Her voice cracked as she whispered back: “I need your correction, Daddy. I need it… to come home to myself.”

And in that moment, she realized—

Punishment wasn’t about pain.

It was about remembering.

**Becoming**

Obedience had once felt like performance.

Like remembering a set of rules or rituals that pleased him, that earned his praise, that made her feel safe.

But something was shifting now.

It no longer felt like something she did.

It was becoming who she was.

And Nizam… Nizam saw it before she did.

He leaned into it slowly. Pushed her deeper only when she could stand firm in what they were building.

He started with control in her daily life—not just tasks, but choices.

“What will you eat for lunch?” he’d ask, voice gravel in her ear over the phone. “Send me a photo before you eat.”

“What color are your panties? If I told you to wear none tomorrow, would you obey without hesitation?”

He texted her during meetings:

“Posture check. Back straight, eyes forward, quiet dignity. You represent us both.”

At first, she slipped. She forgot. She hesitated.

And every time she did, he reminded her—not with anger, but with clarity.

“You want to belong to something that keeps you grounded,” he told her one night as they sat on the floor, her head resting on his thigh. “But you’re not used to being held in it.”

“I’m afraid to let go,” she whispered.

He stroked her dreadlocks gently.

“Then let go in pieces. I’ll catch them all.”

Structured Surrender

To guide her, Nizam created structure.

He built rituals into her days:

A journal prompt every morning—“What does being owned mean to me today?”

A posture photo before lunch—shoulders back, chin up, thighs together or spread depending on his command.

An evening mantra—spoken aloud before bed: “I am safe. I am seen. I am owned.”

When she followed through, he responded with rewards—voice notes full of praise, photos of what he wanted her to wear next time, instructions for self-pleasure (if she’d earned it).

When she didn’t, he didn’t punish immediately.

He asked.

“What blocked you today?”

“What did your disobedience protect you from?”

And then they processed it together—her lying across his lap, not for spanking, but to feel his hand resting firmly against her back as she spoke her truths.

And sometimes, she cried.

Not from fear. Not from shame.

But because someone finally saw every part of her—and didn’t flinch.

Identity Carved in Consent

Weeks passed.

She started to notice the changes inside herself.

When someone interrupted her, she didn’t shrink. She remembered: Posture. Voice. Presence.

When her anxiety spiked, she reached for her journal before her phone.

When men tried to flirt with her in line, she offered nothing but a polite smile—because her energy was owned.

It bled into everything.

And one night, as she knelt before Nizam in silence, he stepped behind her and placed a mirror in front of her knees.

“Look,” he said.

She opened her eyes.

Her own reflection stared back—calm, dignified, glowing with something fierce and feminine.

“That’s not my good girl,” he murmured.

She turned toward him, confused.

“That’s my owned girl.”

The distinction cracked something open in her.

Because now she knew: she didn’t obey out of fear. Or even out of love.

She obeyed because it defined her. It anchored her to herself.

**12**

**Shadows and Obedience**

***Even the strongest hands tremble when the past calls with blood on its breath.***

He’d gotten the message the same night he’d whispered, “Now let’s see what you’re really made of.”

It came through his secure line, one only a handful of people had access to. The number was one he hadn’t seen in years. But the moment it lit up on the screen, everything in his body went still.

He read the text twice.

He’s resurfaced. Tradecraft red level. Watch your six.

That was all it said.

Simple. Clean. Dangerous.

Nizam stood there in the cabin, Lakai blindfolded and on her knees just feet away, obedient and open, trusting him with her entire being. And yet… a ghost had knocked.

He inhaled deeply.

He couldn’t afford to let her see it. Not yet. Not now.

So he slipped the phone into his back pocket and let the Dom in him take the reins. Not the operative. Not the soldier. Just the man who promised to teach this woman what it meant to surrender and be seen.

But inside, everything was shifting.

**Two Days Later**

Nizam sat at his desk in the study of his home, a burner phone beside him and an open laptop filled with encrypted messages flashing across the screen.

He hadn’t been active in the field in nearly six years. Not since he chose a different kind of control. One that involved ropes and praise instead of guns and infiltration.

But this?

This wasn’t something he could ignore.

The man they were talking about—Ramiq—wasn’t just a shadow from his past. He was the one who had broken codes, compromised lives, and nearly ended Nizam’s for good.

He was supposed to be dead.

And yet…

He’s resurfaced.

Which meant Nizam had to make decisions. Swift ones.

But first, he had a responsibility.

Lakai.

Training, Despite the Storm

He kept the sessions consistent—deliberate.

Obedience wasn’t just about pleasure. It was about discipline. Structure. A devotion that held, even when the rest of the world spun out of control.

Each morning, Lakai received her instructions by voice.

"Wear the red set. Hair down. No bra. Sit in the chair facing the window. Journal what you dreamt. Send me a photo."

Each night, she presented herself for inspection.

On her knees. Clean. Waiting.

She was growing.

More open. More responsive. Hungrier for his praise, even more so for his correction.

She didn’t know what haunted his nights. What kind of war stirred behind his calm eyes.

All she saw was her Daddy Dom—firm, unshakable, wrapped in patience and heat.

And he gave her that version of himself with intention.

Because she deserved consistency. Even when the world outside was breaking apart.

**A Hidden War: Midnight Preparations**

While Lakai slept soundly, curled beneath the weight of trust and orgasmic exhaustion, Nizam moved through the house like a shadow. Silent. Controlled. Intentional.

He checked the perimeter cameras again. Cleared the cache on the burner phone. Verified the placement of the small security fobs he had discreetly placed in Lakai’s keychain, inside the collar's D-ring, and even in the sole of her favorite pair of boots.

He had trained for years to be ready for moments like this—when two lives would collide and leave no space for hesitation.

But this time, it wasn’t just his life in the balance.

It was hers.

And she didn’t even know the whole of him yet.

**Guiding Her With Precision**

The next morning, Nizam didn’t let his inner tension show.

He woke her with the warmth of his lips against her shoulder, the slow stroke of fingers down the valley of her spine.

“Up, sweetness,” he murmured.

Lakai stirred, blinking awake with a stretch. “Mmm… morning, Daddy.”

He smiled, firm but soft. “Clothes off. Knees on the mat. Eyes down. We’re starting the day with intention.”

There was no hesitation anymore. She obeyed like breath.

He guided her through a sequence of kneeling meditations, posture corrections, breath syncing—rituals that created safety within structure. Even as his mind ran scenarios, her training grounded him.

“Why posture, Daddy?” she’d asked once.

“Because the body remembers what the mind forgets. And if your body trusts me, your heart follows.”

And it did.

She didn’t know he was weaving deeper safeguards into her every movement.

**A Call That Changed the Plan**

Later that day, while Lakai journaled in her assigned spot—sunlight pouring across her thighs as she sat bare on the leather cushion—his phone vibrated with a secure call.

He answered it with a sharp tone.

“Talk.”

The voice on the other end was grim. “Target’s in the States. East Coast. Close. Possibly tracking.”

Nizam’s jaw tightened.

“Give me movement patterns. And do not make contact without my word.”

“Copy.”

He ended the call and stood there silently, watching Lakai hum softly to herself as she wrote.

Innocence wasn’t something he believed in anymore. But he’d be damned if anyone tried to strip the serenity from her eyes.

**Dominance Amid Chaos**

That night, he made her scream.

Not out of pain—but from the sheer bliss of relinquishing everything.

He bound her wrists above her head, blindfolded her, teased her with whispered commands and the threat of the crop resting on the bed beside them.

“You are mine,” he breathed into her neck.

“Yes, Daddy,” she whimpered.

“Say it louder.”

“I’m yours, Daddy. Only yours.”

He made her say it again. And again. Until her voice cracked.

And when she cried—not from fear, but from the overwhelming surrender of self—he unbound her and held her tight, lips pressed to her temple.

“You’re safe,” he whispered.

Even though he wasn’t.

**Tension in the Quiet**

Mornings became rituals. Every command he gave Lakai had new purpose—not just for her obedience, but for her safety. He was training her for more than their dynamic now. Subtly, deliberately, he was preparing her to recognize signals, read his tone, understand coded cues.

"Your safe word is still valid," he told her one morning as he handed her a small journal. "But if I ever call you *Solace*, it means drop everything and go to the safe spot. No questions."

She blinked, confused, but nodded.

“Repeat it back.”

“If you call me Solace, I drop everything and go to the safe spot.”

“Good girl.”

She preened at the praise, unaware that beneath the surface, every word carried weight.

**The Burn Beneath Control**

That night, he blindfolded her.

Stripped her.

Bound her in a modified chest harness—low tension, full mobility.

Then he tested her.

Not just her pain tolerance. Not just her patience.

But her *attunement* to him.

He lit the candle slowly and let the scent drift into the room: dark vanilla and sandalwood.

She gasped when the first drop of wax struck her breast—just beside the nipple. Not enough to blister. Just enough to tease the nerves.

"Count."

"One, Daddy."

Another drop. "Two, Daddy."

Her thighs quivered, bound at the knees with soft rope, her arms above her head in a spread.

His voice was low. Steady. But beneath the calm: fire.

He needed control right now more than ever. And in training her, he reclaimed it.

By the time they reached ten, her voice was trembling.

“Color?” he asked, kneeling between her legs, his fingers dancing over sensitive, warmed skin.

“Green… Daddy. So green,” she whispered.

She was shaking. But with pleasure. With trust.

He kissed the inner crease of her thigh and whispered, “You’re stronger than you think, little one.”

**Storm on the Horizon**

That same night, after she was wrapped in his shirt and tucked into bed, Nizam stood at the window and stared into the woods.

Motion sensor lights flicked on once.

Then off.

A deer, maybe. Or not.

He opened a secure channel and sent two words to his contact.

“He’s close.”

Then shut the laptop and turned toward the bed.

Her world was still soft.

His was sharpening into steel.

But he wasn’t going to run.

And he wasn’t going to let anyone take her peace.

The Line Approaches

The final message came four nights later.

We found him. He knows you’re still alive. He's coming.

Nizam didn’t flinch.

He just turned off the phone, climbed into bed, and wrapped himself around the woman who gave him purpose again.

Tomorrow, the storm would come.

Tonight, he would hold peace in his arms.

**Pause Before the Hunt**

The next morning, he made her breakfast. French toast, berries, eggs the way she liked them. He kissed her bare shoulder while she sat at the counter.

“I need to leave for a while,” he said finally.

Her fork paused mid-air. “Leave?”

“Three weeks. Maybe four.”

“Is it work?”

His jaw flexed, but his eyes remained steady. “Something I need to take care of. Something important.”

She searched his face, worry crawling behind her expression. “Are you in danger?”

“I’ll come back to you,” he said, firmly. “That’s what matters.”

A long silence stretched between them.

He walked to her side and pulled her into his arms. “Training won’t stop. You’ll follow my voice. You’ll listen, obey, and stay sharp. Phone, video—I'll still be there.”

“Will I still be yours?” she whispered.

His mouth met hers with fire and certainty.

“You were mine the moment you knelt, Lakai. Nothing changes that.”

Then he kissed her one last time, slow and commanding.

And walked out the door.

Into the hunt.

**13**

**Blood on the Mountain**

**Some ghosts don't want peace—they come back for war.**

The cold of Colorado’s mountain range bit deeper than Nizam remembered. Even with the layers—military-grade thermal wear, Kevlar-lined jacket, reinforced boots—the chill settled into his bones like an old, familiar ache. But he welcomed it.

Pain was good.

It kept him sharp.

He'd tracked Ramiq through six states, across two countries, and now—finally—here, to the jagged backbone of the Rockies. The man had always favored elevation. High ground. Places where a sniper’s eye could rest easy and the air thinned just enough to make a man desperate.

Perfect for a final stand.

Tradecraft in Motion

Nizam moved like a ghost.

He had no digital footprint. Burners only. Travel by bus, by foot, by hitching rides from the unaware and the unsuspecting. He rotated license plates on the car he boosted in Arizona, changed his appearance daily—facial hair, hats, contact lenses. He made no calls from his personal phones. Only brief pings to Lakai through encrypted voice lines.

“I want you kneeling before bed,” he told her once, voice soft but edged with steel. “Naked. Hair loose. Breathe with me for ten minutes. That’s your ritual until I return.”

Her voice had trembled when she agreed.

“Daddy?” she’d asked. “Will you be safe?”

He didn’t lie.

“I’ll be smart.”

It was the only promise he could make.

He gave her small instructions—nothing elaborate. Just enough to keep her grounded, owned, focused.

“Edge, but don’t come.”

“Write in your obedience journal every night.”

“Wear my shirt to sleep.”

She followed every command.

Sometimes, she cried after the calls ended. He could hear it in her voice.

But she never disobeyed.

The Hunt Tightens

It took eight days to close the circle. Ramiq was as slippery as ever, still employing the old tricks—rotating safehouses, digital scramblers, a network of hired locals who didn’t ask questions.

But Nizam had always been better.

He’d learned from the best. And when the best go dark, they don’t disappear. They dig in.

He found the cabin buried deep in a ravine, shielded by pine trees and false terrain. A thermal drone gave the first confirmation—one heat signature, large, pacing. Ramiq was waiting.

Nizam spent the night scouting—identifying choke points, exits, possible traps. The snow muffled everything, but his senses were honed. Even with the mountain pressing down on him, he didn’t falter.

He packed only what he needed: knives, field medkit, smoke grenades, rations.

And a letter, in case he didn’t return.

It was sealed and addressed to Lakai.

He slipped it into a zippered pocket next to his heart.

The Knife Dance

Nizam approached after dark. No firearms. That would’ve been too easy.

This needed to be personal.

He stepped into the clearing like a shadow peeled from the mountain itself. Ramiq was already outside, smoking something wrapped in local paper. Beard wild, eyes sharp.

“Took you long enough,” he said.

“Didn’t want to make you feel rushed,” Nizam replied.

Then they moved.

It was fast—violent. Blades drawn, metal flashing in the moonlight. Nizam ducked a slash, countered with a jab to the ribs. Ramiq twisted, catching his shoulder. Blood bloomed in the fabric, warm and slick.

They fought like men who had nothing left to lose—trained, ruthless, brutal.

Ramiq tried to disarm him. Nizam elbowed him in the throat.

Ramiq kicked his shin, spun, and caught him across the face with the flat of the blade. Stars exploded behind Nizam’s eyes.

He tasted iron.

But he didn’t fall.

He never fell.

“Still got that Dom discipline,” Ramiq spat, circling. “You training little submissives now? Tying them up, telling them sweet lies?”

Nizam’s eyes flared.

“You don’t get to speak her name.”

And then he surged forward.

The fight shifted. Pure aggression met honed purpose. Nizam drove the knife under Ramiq’s arm, twisted, and swept his legs. They crashed into the snow, wrestling, snarling. Another cut to Nizam’s ribs. A punch to Ramiq’s jaw.

Finally—finally—he pinned the bastard.

One last move.

Blade to throat.

A beat of silence.

Ramiq grinned.

“Still soft,” he whispered.

Nizam leaned in, breath harsh.

“No. Just trained.”

And then he slit his throat.

Clean. Precise.

The body went still.

Blood steamed in the snow.

Aftermath

Nizam stood over the corpse, chest heaving. His hand shook slightly as he wiped the blade clean.

He hadn’t wanted to kill again.

But some men only understood endings.

He buried the body deep in the ravine, marked nothing. Destroyed the cabin. Burned the clothes he wore during the fight. It was a clean closeout. The kind Tradecraft operatives did best.

But afterward… the shaking didn’t stop.

He sat under a tree for hours, breathing slowly, grounding himself. He thought of Lakai—of her laughter, her softness, the way her voice wrapped around the word Daddy like a plea and a promise.

He touched the letter in his pocket, then burned it.

He was going back.

He had survived the hunt.

Now he needed to return to his purpose.

Because the war was over.

And his baby girl needed him.

**14**

**The Wait**

***Some obedience begins in the silence of absence.***

When Nizam left, Lakai didn’t fall apart. Not exactly.

She folded his T-shirt the same way he had once done after punishing her, laid it on her pillow, and slept curled around it for the first three nights. The scent of him lingered—leather, spice, and the quiet heat of something deeply masculine. It was both comfort and torture.

His last words to her echoed like scripture.

“You are mine, even in distance.”

And she was. Bruised knees, tight thighs, throat still sore from their final goodbye kiss. Her Daddy had left fingerprints on her body and commandments in her mind.

But now, he was gone.

Not forever.

Just long enough for her to feel every empty space where his presence once pressed against hers.

Remote Obedience

The first video call came the second night.

He was somewhere dark, eyes sharp even through the poor connection. She dropped to her knees the moment she saw him. No makeup. No lace. Just her bare skin, her dreadlocks cascading around her face, her lips parted in that waiting silence he loved.

His voice wrapped around her like rope.

“Open your thighs for me.”

The heat didn’t take long to rise.

But he didn’t let her come.

Not that night.

Not for the next seven.

Edging was his command. Control without climax. A punishment disguised as devotion.

She obeyed with trembling fingers and quiet sobs, always with her phone in front of her, always with her collar on.

Each night, he gave her a new ritual:

Ten minutes of kneeling in the dark, listening to a playlist he created for her

Journaling about her obedience and submission

Wearing a plug while cooking dinner

Sleeping with cuffs on her wrists and ankles, even when she cried

And each morning, he would check in.

“What did you learn about yourself?”

“How did you speak to your body last night?”

“Did you resist or surrender?”

Her answers were always soft.

Sometimes, tearful.

But honest.

**Cracks and Growth**

On day eleven, she almost broke.

The world outside his commands felt loud and heavy. She missed his smell, the weight of his hand on her neck, the way he’d growl her name when she got something wrong. She hadn’t been touched in nearly two weeks. Not truly. Not with the care and ferocity he offered.

She touched herself without permission.

Only for a moment.

And she cried harder after than she did during.

The next morning, she confessed.

He was quiet for a long moment. Then simply said:

“Thank you for telling me. You’ll be punished when I return. Until then, your orgasms are denied for ten more days.”

The shame turned into pride.

She accepted it. She embraced it.

She journaled about the ache and her surrender.

Flashbacks and Fantasies

Sometimes she’d lie in his shirt and replay their scenes in her head.

The ropes.

The candles.

The sting of his hand.

His voice commanding, cooing, punishing, praising.

In those moments, she didn’t feel alone. She felt possessed.

Owned. Remembered. And every edge became a love letter.

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**The Return**

It happened without warning.

Late one night, as she was finishing her journal entry, her phone buzzed.

A text.

“Pack a weekend bag. I’ll be outside in 30.”

Her breath hitched.

She flew around the apartment, heart racing, tossing lingerie, oils, her collar, and a fresh journal into a small leather duffel. She barely managed to pull her coat on before headlights flooded her driveway.

The door opened.

And there he was.

Nizam. Back from the mountains. Back from blood and survival and silence.

He looked tired. Sharp. Grounded.

But when his eyes landed on her, something in them softened.

“Come here,” he said.

She ran.

He caught her mid-leap, her arms around his neck, her legs around his waist. His hands gripped her thighs like he never wanted to let go.

And for the first time in weeks, she breathed.

He carried her to the passenger side, buckled her in, kissed her forehead.

And then they drove into the night.

Somewhere safe. Somewhere only theirs.

**15**

**What Comes Next**

***Even Daddies have secrets. But love demands truth.***

They arrived at the quiet mountain lodge just after midnight. A place tucked deep into the woods, where the world slowed and silence wrapped around everything like a thick, velvet shroud. Lakai stood outside the door, watching Nizam unlock it with his usual precision. He didn’t speak until they were inside, and she had taken off her coat and boots.

“Come sit,” he said, motioning toward the couch.

Lakai obeyed without hesitation. But this time, there was no kneeling. No command for her to strip. Just his hand patting the cushion beside him.

When she sat, he reached over and held her hand. The grip was warm, firm.

Still Daddy. Still hers.

But there was something different in his eyes. A storm weathered. A silence that demanded to be filled.

“I need to talk to you,” he said. “Not as your Dominant. Not as your Daddy. But as your partner.”

Her breath caught slightly. She turned toward him fully, knees curled beneath her. “I’m listening.”

He exhaled slowly. “You remember the message I got before I left. The one I didn’t explain.”

She nodded.

“It was from someone I used to know. Someone dangerous. Someone who knew things about me that... I’ve tried to leave behind.”

He paused, fingers tightening gently around hers.

“He threatened my life. And yours. I couldn’t allow that. So I went to deal with it. I didn’t want to worry you or drag you into a war you never asked for.”

Her voice was soft. “You still should’ve told me.”

“I know,” he said. “And I’m sorry. Truly.”

He looked her in the eyes. “You are my submissive. My baby girl. But you are also my partner. And I failed to treat you like one in that moment.”

She swallowed the lump rising in her throat.

Nizam continued. “Everything I’ve built with you—every lesson, every touch, every scene—has been about trust. And I nearly shattered that by keeping you in the dark.”

Lakai leaned her head on his shoulder. “I just needed to know you were safe. That I wasn’t being abandoned.”

“You weren’t,” he said immediately. “Never. I will always come back to you.”

They sat in silence for a while. His thumb brushed over her knuckles. Her breathing steadied.

Then he spoke again.

“There’s something else I need you to understand. Something I’ve been holding inside since the night I first laid eyes on you.”

She lifted her head.

“I will always be your Daddy. That won’t change. But I also want more. I want you. All of you. As my equal. As my woman. As my partner in everything—inside our dynamic and outside it.”

Lakai’s heart fluttered. “Even when I’m stubborn?”

“Especially then.”

She chuckled softly. “Even when I disobey?”

He gave her a look. “That’ll still earn you consequences, baby girl.”

She giggled.

Then grew quiet again.

“It’s hard sometimes,” she whispered. “Letting you love me like this. All soft and open. I’m used to surviving, not receiving.”

Nizam nodded. “I know. And I’ll keep proving that I’m safe. That love doesn’t have to hurt. That you don’t have to earn care. You only have to accept it.”

She leaned forward and kissed his palm. “I want this. With you. All of it.”

He cupped her cheek. “Then let’s build it. Together.”

No titles. No power exchange. Just two people choosing each other. Softly. Fiercely. Forever.

The fire crackled nearby, but it was the warmth between them that mattered most.

They stayed at the mountain lodge through the weekend, tucked away from the world like a shared secret. The next morning began with Nizam already awake, cooking breakfast while Lakai still lay tangled in the warm embrace of their sheets. The smell of cinnamon, coffee, and bacon pulled her from sleep slowly.

When she entered the kitchen, barefoot and wrapped in one of his shirts, he turned with a smile and kissed her forehead.

“Sit. I’ve got you.”

He served her a plate stacked with golden pancakes, crisp turkey bacon, and slices of ripe mango. She ate quietly, eyes following him as he moved around the kitchen. This was new. Intimacy without instruction. A sweetness that didn’t ask her to kneel.

Later, he ran a bath for her. Not a scene. No tasks. Just soft jazz playing from the speaker, the room scented with eucalyptus and lavender. He undressed her gently and helped her step into the water. Then he joined her, behind her, cradling her between his legs while pouring warm water over her shoulders and chest.

She leaned back into him. “This feels unreal.”

“Why?”

She shrugged, tears rising. “Because I never thought I could have this. Not with someone who sees me. Not with someone who doesn’t want to break me.”

He kissed the back of her neck. “You were never meant to break, Lakai. You were meant to rise.”

He washed her gently, fingertips massaging her scalp as he cleansed each dreadlock. Then her shoulders. Her back. Her thighs. It wasn’t about sex. It was about reverence.

And when they dried off and returned to bed, she curled into his chest, feeling not just cared for—but chosen.

That night, she whispered, “What if I mess this up?”

Nizam pulled her tighter. “Then we learn. Then we try again. This is forever, baby girl. Not perfect. Just real.”

She exhaled.

Safe. Wanted. Seen.

And as they drifted off to sleep in each other’s arms, the stars above the lodge bore witness to something sacred—two souls who had survived the dark, now learning how to live in the light.

End of Book One.