

# Becoming Sir

Becoming Sir  
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# Dedication

To the awesomeness that is my husband and daughter. They are loved beyond anything I can describe in mere words. Their humor keeps me entertained and inspired, and their discipline keeps me in line (most of the time).

# Acknowledgements

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<http://houseslut.tumblr.com>

## Epigraph

“There will be a few times in your life when all your instincts will tell you to do something; something that defies logic, upsets your plans and may seem crazy to others. When that happens, you do it. Listen to your instincts and ignore everything else. Ignore logic, ignore the odds, ignore the complications and just go for it.” – Judith McNaught

# Prologue

Sawyer's eyes rested on his face in the mirror. What was reflected back was someone he didn't like, but that he had come to accept; someone cold, hard, and murderous. His dark, ominous eyes held a note of desolation that was hard to hide, and his handsome, scruffy face looked older than his true age of thirty-eight.

His eyes flicked to the sink as he washed the last of the blood from his hands, the crimson swirling into the abyss of the drain pipe. He hoped he had just killed for the last time. Three times he had murdered in the name of loyalty to his friend, confidant and business partner, Dylan Young and his wife, Isabel. There was no doubt in his mind that he would do it again if push came to shove, but he prayed to a God he doubted existed that it would never come to that again. Sawyer had his fill of death and was put off by how easily he found it to take another person's life. He would be content if only the murders of these three people were on his hands, but there were many more than that. Dozens. Who the hell was he kidding? The number was far more than that and he damned well knew it. He was good at killing and that was one of the many reasons the CIA had hired him.

His breath caught at the sudden and sharp stab of pain that shot through his chest. The gunshot wound emblazoned over his heart was still on the mend and the bullet still lodged near his aorta. Lifting his shirt, a fresh blood stain soaked through the gauze bandage reminding him of his own mortality. He had come so close to losing his life it was frightening to think about.

After his beloved wife Serena had died so many years ago, nothing mattered to him, not even his own existence, but with Sonya in his life, he felt a sense of responsibility to her, as well as to Dylan and Isabel. They all needed him and it was both touching and terrifying to face the reality that so many people relied on him. What if he failed them? He couldn't bear the thought.

He made his way from the bathroom to the kitchen and found the cleaning supplies he needed to create the mysterious concoction that would eliminate all traces that he, Dylan and Isabel had been in the house. It was just another of the many tricks of the trade he had learned from his days with The Agency. Clearing his mind of everything but the task in front of him, he mixed the ingredients. After he finished, he found some latex gloves with the housekeeping supplies and went about the undesirable and tedious chore of setting up the crime scene.

What a fucking mess. Images of Isabel standing over her father, Emilio Ibanez, at point blank range invaded his thoughts. The distressing words she had spoken, begging him to explain his abuse of her and his heartless response about hating her and never having wanted her.

Sawyer wasn't sorry in the least for having taken Emilio and his henchman Simons lives. That abusive son-of-a-bitch Emilio was a menace to his family and society, and they both deserved to die for all the shit they had done, not only to himself, but to Dylan, Isabel, her mother, and God only knows who else.

As if it was second nature, Sawyer finished staging the scene and typed out a suicide note and letter of admission of guilt on Emilio's behalf for his actions against Isabel's mother and for murdering Simons. It was only a partial lie at best seeing as Sawyer had been the one to deal the final blow with a deadly shot to Simons' heart. He had simply carried out his revenge on Simons and finished what Isabel had started. It only seemed appropriate after Simons had wounded Sawyer in almost the same spot only days before.

Nearly two hours after the whole ugly fiasco had played out, Sawyer's job was complete. He walked out of the house feeling satisfied and met Dylan and Isabel back at the car. He climbed into the driver's seat and Dylan moved next to him.

“Is it done?” he asked with hooded eyes.

“It’s finished,” Sawyer responded, his mellow baritone voice edged with control.

“I’m starting to think this will never be finished. I’m so tired, Morrison.” Dylan’s voice was distant and the sincerity in his tone tore at Sawyer’s heart.

He peered over the back seat to see Isabel in a crumpled heap, sleeping soundly. He reached over and pushed her wavy and tangled blonde hair from her blood spattered face and ran his index finger over her leather and diamond collar fastened securely around her frail neck. She looked like a sad, delicate, corrupted angel.

“I promise you, Young, one way or the other, it’s over. You and Isabel need rest; lots of it. Take as much time as you need and leave the business to me. I’m here and I’m not going anywhere.”

Dylan leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

The drive back to the airport was short. Sawyer attempted to lift a still sleeping Isabel from the back seat, but the pain was too much. Dylan gently pushed him aside and lifted Isabel into his arms and carried her onto the jet. Seating himself next to them, Sawyer became engrossed in watching Dylan and Isabel. They were such a beautiful sight; Dylan holding onto Isabel as if nothing else in the world mattered to him, and Isabel resting oblivious to the world in his wearied arms. Their love was so pure and intense; Sawyer couldn’t help but feel a twinge of jealousy. He wanted what they had; he wanted to command and own his own submissive like Dylan; he longed for the kind of devotion that they shared.

As if reading Sawyer’s thoughts, Dylan spoke without taking his eyes off of Isabel. “You can have this kind of love, too, Morrison,” he spoke softly, running his fingers over Isabel’s lips and then through her hair.

Again with this. Sawyer recalled his previous conversation with Dylan about the BDSM lifestyle. Yes, he wanted to experience that kind of powerful love and commitment with Sonya, but how would she feel about it? Would she take the same interest in it that he had? He held out hope that she would.

“Yes, I want it, too,” Sawyer replied. “Show me, Young. Teach me.”

# Chapter 1

“Are you ready for this, Morrison?”

Sawyer was halted by Dylan’s iron grip on his shoulder just before they made it to the entrance of the Dark Asylum club. His expression stilled, his mood instantly growing serious. No, he wasn’t ready. He had been putting this day off for months; making excuses and avoiding it like the plague.

Close to a year had passed since he had taken Emilio’s life, and with Dylan and Isabel being mentally rested and stable, they were back into full swing and pushing to get Sawyer’s Dominant training started. But Sawyer liked routine. As the head of a major security corporation and now equal partners in Young Security Corp., He thrived and relied on knowing exactly who, what, when and where. He hated the unknown and that’s exactly what he was facing – unfamiliar territory.

Even though he had been studying and going over the basics of Domology for just over a month, he still felt ill-prepared for the meat and potatoes part of his education to commence.

When Dylan’s mouth opened, Sawyer swiftly cut him off. “Is this where you give me the *‘this is the first day of the rest of your life’* speech?”

Dylan smiled benevolently as if dealing with a temperamental child. “No, but I can if you’d like.”

Sawyer’s eyes darkened with insolence and his jaw tensed. “I’d rather you didn’t. I’m already nervous as fuck.”

Slapping Sawyer on the back lightheartedly, Dylan shook his head as he reached for the door. “You nervous? I find that hard to believe. If it makes you feel any better, I’m certain this is what you were destined for.”

“I’m not completely convinced of that yet,” he countered.

He wished he had the same confidence about his future as Dylan did. Was he really destined to be a Dom? He wasn’t so sure. Yes, he was attracted to submissive women and had even fantasized about them, but that didn’t mean anything. A lot of men were and they weren’t Doms. On the few occasions he tried to be dominating in the bedroom he had been harshly rebuffed and chastised, and had quickly put those inclinations aside. Work was the only place he was allowed to exert his control and he had come to accept that.

With a light shove, Dylan pushed Sawyer through the door and into the club. He was immediately hit with the smell of rich fragrant oil and leather. He had been in the club before when securing it for Dylan and Isabel, but never past the main entrance.

As they entered the large, dimly lit social area, he took in his surroundings; white Christmas lights adorning the bar, painted red brick walls, and an assortment of kinky memorabilia like whips and canes hanging everywhere in addition to vintage photos of scantily clad women in leather and lingerie. The smell was sensual and pleasant, the ambiance warm and inviting. He even spotted a few of Isabel’s erotic paintings hanging proudly near where the manager and owner were seated.

The usual sounds of sexy activity were absent and only the lull of music to the tune of Beethoven’s Piano Sonata No. 14, Moonlight, could be heard. Between the muted lighting that was casting murky shadows across the walls and floor and the sounds of Beethoven, the atmosphere took on a somber feel. Sawyer’s eyes scanned the room as he counted the number of people mingling and made a mental note of the location of all exits. It was innate for him to always be on high-alert and his former CIA training was always running in the background.

A few people were seated at the bar, one of them being the club owner, Kerian. Luckily, he was engrossed in a lively conversation and completely ignored both him and Dylan. The last thing he needed or wanted was fanfare and a welcoming party. Dylan motioned for a tall woman who was seated at a table and she promptly approached them, carrying herself confidently.

“Mr. Young, Mr. Morrison,” she bowed her head. “It’s my pleasure to meet you,” she offered her small hand to Sawyer.

He took her hand into his and gently squeezed it. When the woman didn’t make direct eye contact, Sawyer grasped harder, trying to prompt her to look at him, but she kept her eyes to the floor. Slowly and gracefully, she lowered herself to her knees, making for an awkward situation. He stood immobile and addressed Dylan.

“I’m not sure I’m comfortable with a woman on her knees in front of me,” he spoke unconvincingly, his eyes never leaving the woman.

When she timidly peered up at him, he was stunned by her beauty. She had long, straight, hazelnut-colored hair that hung around her face and shoulders and flowed down her back. She was wearing a sheer lace halter dress that accentuated her curves and large breasts. She wasn’t thin. In fact, most might consider her on the heavy side, but it made no difference, he was instantly attracted to her and found it difficult to take his eyes off of her. The woman’s bright eyes, light skin and cream-colored frock were a stark contrast to the darkened room, and the way they glowed from the overhead lighting reminded him of a bright winter day.

“Are you sure about that?” Dylan asked.

True to form, Dylan was reading Sawyer’s body language and it was maddening. Sawyer hesitantly looked away from the gorgeous submissive to eye his friend. He had an eyebrow lifted and an easy questioning smile played on the corners of his mouth. Sawyer managed to shrug, doubting the believability of his own statement.

Directing his gaze back to the enthralling femme fatale in front of him, he leaned down slightly, pressing his index finger under the curve of her chin. “I want to see your eyes.”

When he spoke, he was surprised to hear his own authority resonate through. His statement left no room for concession and she slowly raised her head. When her ultra-marine eyes met his, she wet her crimson lips nervously. Sweet Christ... those eyes and ridiculously long lashes. Even in the darkened room they glowed. Like something otherworldly or paranormal. Perhaps she wasn’t really human. Maybe she was a Goddess or demi-God... or...

“You’re beautiful,” he inadvertently whispered. He shook his head at his lusty remark and forced himself to pull it together. “Tell me your name, Snowflake.”

“Sarah,” she smiled radiantly, her eyes scanning his face.

“Are you here to teach me how to be a good Dominant?” he asked, squatting in front of her as he swept a strand of hair away from her eyes, tucking it behind her ear. He hoped she would teach him. He wanted to learn from her.

Sarah dropped her chin to her chest and let out a sigh of pleasure. “Yes, Sir. If you find me worthy, I would like very much to help you.”

There was a gentle softness in Sarah’s voice and Sawyer was struck by the sheer sincerity of her joy. The idea of her eagerness inexplicably energized him and he was unable to deny the spark of excitement at the prospect of having a willing woman under his command. Any previous hesitation he had melted when she leaned into his touch and purred.

“So tell me, Morrison, what kind of Dominant do you want to be?” Dylan asked from above.

“The kind that I was born to be. The absolute fucking best.”

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## Chapter 2

“That’s the Sawyer I know,” Dylan nodded with poise.

Sawyer stood, helping Sarah off her knees, unable to look anywhere but at her. There was something about her that spoke to him; her softness, delicateness and, most undeniably, her submissiveness. Even though he had been drawn to submissive women, he had always attracted headstrong females, like Sonya, and had never been confronted with this type of female; one who craved a man’s domination.

*Sonya.* Guilt pierced his heart at the thought of her. He missed her touch, her raspy voice, and poignant grey eyes looking back at him. He blinked long and hard and hesitated as the trio walked to a private room, dropping Sarah’s hand in the process.

Sarah turned to face him, a look of confusion settling on her full, round face.

“If you would be more comfortable with someone else, I won’t take offense,” she remarked softly.

Sawyer couldn’t resist smiling at her. He felt more than comfortable with her. In fact, he wanted nothing more than to caress her nude body and to feel her soft skin pressed against him. Her meekness stirred something primal within him, and he wanted to find out what it truly felt like to control a woman simply with his touch or command.

“No, you aren’t the issue,” he tried to put her at ease.

Dylan guided Sawyer aside and gave him an inquiring look.

“I have someone else on my mind,” he answered before the question was asked.

“Sonya?”

He nodded and looked over Dylan’s shoulder to see the most exquisite incandescent eyes watching him.

Dylan spoke in soft tones. “I know you miss her, but you’re doing the right thing. If it’s meant to be, she’ll wait for you.”

“And what if she doesn’t?” Sawyer’s voice was barely a whisper and he hated how desperate he sounded. He detested what Sonya had done to him – to make him feel again; to love again. When Serena had died, so did all of his feelings. That is, until Sonya.

Dylan gave a firm squeeze to his shoulder, but said nothing. There was nothing he could say and Sawyer knew it. It was now or never and he knew that, too. He wanted this, truly wanted this. Having done his homework, he knew what the lifestyle meant and what pleasures it could hold. But all the books and Google searches in the world could only go so far. He needed to experience BDSM to understand it.

He was tired of sitting in the shadows and watching Dylan and Isabel, desiring what they had. He wanted his own life; his own experiences; maybe even his own submissive some day. He had hoped Sonya would be that woman for him. Hell, she seemed passive enough in the bedroom. But life had a cruel way of dealing shitty cards to Sawyer. Just when he had gotten comfortable with Sonya and told her of his wants, she had backed away, leaving him to journey down this path on his own.

Sawyer squared his shoulders. *Sarah.* He liked the way the name formed on his lips unconsciously.

“I’m fine,” he croaked out in a hoarse whisper.

Making their way to private quarters, he was confronted with lush surroundings and a room nothing at all like he had imaged. The leather furniture was worn but plush and comfortable looking; the walls a dark shade of chocolate brown with gold accents, and a hand woven rug

placed in front of the couch added a touch of exoticness. The smell was mouth watering and strangely reminded him of his travels to Burma – spicy with floral undertones.

Dylan seated himself in a large oversized chair next to the couch while Sawyer sat at the end of the long davenport. Sarah stood waiting, her eyes resting on Sawyer's mouth. Patting the space next to him, she dutifully seated herself. It was charming that Sarah had waited for his invitation, and his mouth curved into a stupid grin.

"You have a breathtaking smile," Sarah commented.

Suddenly feeling uncomfortable and constricted, he coughed nervously while shifting in his seat and loosening his tie. He wasn't fond of compliments, they made him uneasy.

"My apologies for speaking out of line, Sir," Sarah quickly apologized.

Sawyer's eyes zoomed in on her expression. Her cheeks were a vivid shade of pink and he had obviously, though inadvertently, embarrassed her.

"You don't ever need to apologize for speaking your mind," he replied with a tinge of astonishment in his voice.

Sarah's look of shame quickly turned to uncertainty, and her eyes darted from Dylan to Sawyer and back.

"I think you'll find Mr. Morrison isn't going to be like most Dom's you've encountered, Sarah," Dylan stated with a light chuckle. "For one, he's new at this and fairly easy going given the right circumstances. Secondly, he's not full of himself and despite his gruff and unapproachable countenance; I think you'll find he's quite gentle."

Sawyer bristled and winced. Who the hell was Dylan calling gentle and easy going? For fuck's sake, he had the blood of countless men on his hands. No, he wasn't conceited, but that's because he had come to accept who he was – murderer and all. He sat forward and almost voiced his sentiments but stopped himself for fear of scaring the pants off of Sarah. Then again, he did like the image of a pantless Sarah. He smiled to himself, sat back and fidgeted with the lapels of his suit jacket, his eyes shimmering with the vision of the thick beauty in her best lingerie and kneeling at his feet.

"He also has a wicked sense of humor, if he ever decides to grace you with it," Dylan continued.

Sawyer shot Dylan a harsh look. He was at it again. Couldn't he keep a thought in his head without Dylan honing in on it? "Oh, Christ, can we get started with this?" Sawyer grumbled.

"Okay. Ask away," Dylan laughed, clearly amused at making him uncomfortable, his cerulean blue eyes bright with amusement.

Directing his comment to Sarah, Sawyer asked, "How long have you been into this lifestyle?"

She answered without hesitation. "I'm 33, so just about ten years."

Ten years was a long time; almost as long as Dylan. Nodding his head, he asked his next question. "What interested you in this kind of life?"

Lacing her fingers together in her lap, Sarah kept her eyes on her hands. "My partner at the time. We learned about BDSM together and eventually married."

Shocked that Sarah would help train a Dom while being married, he kept moving right along, but found it strange that a man would be willing to share his life partner in such an intimate way.

"So your husband is okay with you teaching other men about this sort of thing?"

Sarah shook her head and when she spoke again, her voice was more tender and soft, almost a murmur. "My Master is gone, Mr. Morrison. He died well over a year ago, but I believe within

my heart he would want me to share my knowledge with others. I know he would. He was an amazing man; firm, but loving.”

Sawyer sat silently. He had touched on a sensitive area and was taken by Sarah’s candidness. When he didn’t immediately respond to her, she lifted her face.

“I have only had one Master, Mr. Morrison, but please don’t let that deter you from allowing me to teach you. We were an active part of this club and have taught many. My grieving process has been long and it’s taken a lot for me to come back without my Sir, but I sincerely want to rejoin the community and help others find the kind of happiness that I once had.”

The heartrending look on Sarah’s face leveled Sawyer and he unconsciously reached out to touch her cheek. Her eyes were glassy but she resolutely held back her tears. She was a strong woman, he could see that. She knew the terrible loss of a loved one and they shared that common bond. Sawyer couldn’t help but wonder if that’s why Dylan had chosen her and what other commonalities they shared.

“I’m not deterred in the least, Snowflake. I, too, know the loss of true love.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” she blinked rapidly.

Sawyer did his best to sound strong. “It was a very long time ago.”

Reaching out, Sarah placed her hand on his. “It’s a lie when people say time heals. No matter the length of time, the pain never really goes away, does it?”

No, it didn’t. Sawyer had never gotten over losing Serena. Time had simply moved forward and some days were better than others. Even when he met Sonya, Serena was still in the back of his mind. She always would be. He nodded his agreement and they exchanged a bleak forced smile.

Moving on with his questions, he asked, “In your opinion, what makes a good Dominant?”

Sarah looked uneasy with the question but pondered her answer thoughtfully.

“I’ll answer you, but please keep in mind that every submissive has different needs. For me, a good Dominant is someone who is comfortable with themselves and accepts who they are, and what their needs and their submissive’s needs are. He is a leader and not a follower. There are so many things, Mr. Morrison. It’s a difficult question to answer. Perhaps I can think more on this and get back with you as my thoughts form into something more logical being as I’m feeling a bit flustered at the moment.”

Sawyer touched Sarah’s arm and noted that her breathing quickened.

“Why are you flustered? Am I making you uncomfortable?”

Sarah’s face flushed and she averted her eyes to the floor. “Can I speak openly?”

Sawyer found Sarah’s question strange, but gave his approval. “Of course.”

“Because of you, Mr. Morrison, but it’s not discomfort that I’m feeling. It’s been a long time since I’ve been this close to a man who wasn’t my Sir. I thought I would be better composed, but I’m finding myself aroused by your curiosity and dominance, yet, I’m feeling incredibly guilty at the same time. Perhaps another submissive would be better suited for you,” she stammered out.

Sawyer leaned in and guided her to look at him. “My dear Snowflake, I understand about the guilt you’re feeling. I’m not looking to replace your husband. My apologies. Your *Master*. I simply want to learn from you. There is no one at this time that is better suited to show me the ropes than you. And if you’re not comfortable calling me Sir, then by all means, keep calling me Mr. Morrison. It has a nice ring and if I can speak freely, I find it nothing less than charming coming from your mouth.”

Sarah’s eyes lit the dim room and her mouth parted with a sharp intake of air. “A true Dominant also knows the value of the spoken word. His words are chosen carefully with full

awareness of their consequences, and he respects their power. And your words, Mr. Morrison, hold great power.”

Sawyer’s core temperature rose and he feared that Sarah would be offended by his obvious attraction to her.

Dylan stood and calmly spoke. “I’ll leave you two to discuss more on your own. At this stage in the game, only conversation is allowed, Morrison, but Sarah knows the rules of engagement.”

Without saying anything more, Dylan excused himself.

Sawyer immediately turned his attention back to Sarah. “There are so many questions I had planned on asking today, but now faced with the situation, I find myself at a loss for words.”

Relaxing into the soft leather, Sarah began talking openly. “Since I’m not sure what you’ve read or been told, I’ll tell you what submission is to me and probably most, if not all submissives. It’s more than sexual experience, Mr. Morrison. It’s a bond so powerful that it contains the very soul of the submissive. A man’s domination and acceptance of the gift of submission is the greatest expression of love I believe there to be.”

Sudden synapses began to fire in Sawyer’s brain. This woman sitting in front of him knew so much more than him. It seemed everyone around him did. Dylan, Isabel... how could he have not known about this his entire life? With his eyebrows pinched together, he tried to formulate an articulate question to ask, but he still found himself unable to speak.

Sara leaned back, exhaling with tension. “I’m preaching. I don’t mean to. Tell me what interested you in becoming a Dom.”

“Dylan and Isabel.”

“Yes, they’re an interesting couple, aren’t they? I remember Dylan back in his hey-day when he was training submissives. It’s beautiful to see how he’s changed for Isabel.”

“Yes, they are interesting. I remember him, too. He was quite cocky. Not to say that he still isn’t.”

“You work with him, right?”

“Yes. Actually, we’re not just business associates anymore; I keep forgetting that. I worked for him for so long that it’s strange being equal partners now.”

Sarah’s faint smile broadened. “Congratulations on that. You must be proud of yourself.”

“Proud? No, I wouldn’t say proud. It was sort of forced on me. I am grateful, though. It means a bigger paycheck. Even though, with more money comes more problems, I’m told.” Suddenly aware of his rambling, he cleared his throat. “I’m bragging when I don’t mean to.”

“A humble Dom is a respected Dom, Mr. Morrison. And you weren’t at all bragging.”

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The rest of their conversation was informative and friendly, though Sarah did most of the talking. Sawyer found himself appreciative of everything she had shared and her openness. When he looked at his watch, more than two hours had passed. The time had flown and Sawyer didn’t want their conversation to end. He had enjoyed Sarah’s company. Heading back to the social area, he was greeted by Isabel.

She was beaming and her toothy smile reached from ear-to-ear. “So how was it? Did you like Sarah? I picked her. Isn’t she a doll? Oh, Sawyer, tell me everything!”

“Jesus, Isa, let the man breathe,” Dylan chastised.

“I picked her. I just want that to be said. I know Dylan will try and take all the credit on that.”

“You also picked Sonya, remember?” Dylan huffed.

“That was just mean,” Isa pouted.

Sawyer seated himself next to Isabel at the bar. “She was very nice. Thanks, Isabel. You did a good job; even picking Sonya.”

Dylan rolled his eyes and gulped down his tea. “Yeah, yeah. Let’s get this party started. I’m itching to whip a certain someone,” he tugged on Isabel’s hair.

“Yes, it will be a whipping good time. See what I did there, Dylan? *Whipping* good time?” she giggled, mocking his constant lame wordplay jokes.

Dylan lifted a threatening eyebrow at Isabel. “Are you making fun of me?”

Isabel immediately remembered her place. “Sorry, Master.”

Though they were switches in the privacy of their bedroom, in public, Dylan was the Master. Only once had Dylan given her the reins in public and that was in Paris on their honeymoon. In Denver, at their club of choice, he dealt out the punishment and pleasure.

Sawyer had never actually seen them *perform* before and nervous apprehension began to creep up on him. He knew the kinds of things they did from the private footage that was leaked to the media by Isabel’s father. It was hard getting the images from those exploits out of his head, but seeing their activity up close and personal... he wasn’t sure he could go through with it. Isabel was a masochist to Dylan’s sadist and even though what they did was consensual and supposedly safe and sane, Sawyer was never fond of the idea of doling out pain to a woman. To a man who deserved it, sure, but not a woman.

Dylan and Isabel disappeared for a few minutes to get things set up when Sarah reappeared.

“I thought I’d stay to watch Dylan and Isabel. Have you seen them scene before?”

Sawyer lifted his eyebrows in acknowledgment and smiled. “Yes and no.”

“A man of few words.”

The double meaning of Sarah’s statement wasn’t lost on him and though her tone was playful, the implication was anything but. The expression on her face gave away the frustration she was trying to disguise, and it wasn’t the first time a look or comment like that had been directed at him. Both Serena and Sonya had told him numerous times he was too emotionally distant.

“Communication, Mr. Morrison. We need to work on that with you. It’s a very important part of being a Dom.”

“Well aren’t you the officious little submissive,” he raised his eyebrows.

Sarah’s eyes widened and her mouth opened. “I didn’t mean that to be disrespectful.”

Shaking his head, he placed his hand on her shoulder. “I didn’t take it that way. You’re right. I do need to communicate more. Hopefully you can help me work on that.”

She immediately let out a sigh of relief and Sawyer fought the urge to pull her close and plant his mouth on her fire-engine red pouting lips. He was starting to like this new role and the effect his words had on Sarah.

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