

Gabriel’s Rose

Following a close call with a life-threatening illness, Amanda Jarvis realised it was time to re-evaluate her life, and live it to the fullest. Not everything is as easy as she would have hoped, however, and she finds herself warring with her inner demons. Luckily for Amanda, the gorgeous Gabriel is there to take control and make her submit.

**Genres:** M/F, BDSM, Erotic Romance

**Length:** 7834 words

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Gabriel’s Rose

By Amara Lebel

"Are you absolutely positive this is what you want to do? I mean seriously, Mandy, how do you know he isn't some crazy pervert out for blood?"

Amanda Jarvis rolled her eyes at her friend and nurse, Aisha Lang, as she followed her around their small apartment muttering about shallow graves in dark, wooded areas. She loved the woman for showing so much concern, but enough was enough. "I am positive, so stop trying to put me off. I've had this night planned for months and refuse to back down now."

It was no lie. Amanda had heard about the scene, and Gabriel in particular, from a close friend of hers. Even though she was shocked by it all, she had instantly made arrangements to meet up with him. Before her unexpected diagnosis and surgery, Amanda had never even heard of the secretive world of BDSM, never mind wanted to get involved. Yet once she started researching into things, and asking questions of her friend Maria, she had to give it a try. If even just a simple spanking, she wanted to know what it was like. The whole idea of it was exciting and nerve-wracking at the same time. It made her body react in ways it had never done before, which was a sure sign that something had to be done about it.

Damn her curiosity for always getting the best of her. For months all she seemed to do was fantasize about giving up control and putting her trust and body into the hands of another, and Master Gabriel sounded too good to be true; dark, mysterious, and an orgasm worth having. Amanda got goose-bumps just thinking about all the sordid things he could do to her. "I most definitely want to do this" she purred at an obviously shocked Aisha.

In all honesty, Amanda was nervous as hell. She had no idea what to expect tonight, yet it would not stop her from going. This would be another tick off her list, something she was determined to get through before it was too late. Amanda had experienced the whole near-death thing, and there was still so much she wanted to try and do before the cold fingers of death came back to claim her. She was going to live her life to the fullest, however long that should be, starting with Gabriel. "Besides," she said to placate Aisha, "he was recommended by a good friend. I doubt they would put me in danger so easily."

Aisha huffed in response but said nothing more as she fingered the silk panties Amanda had tossed into her bag.

"Will you stop!" Amanda declared. "It's going to be fine, everything is legit and safe. Gabriel is well known in the community. My friend Maria knows what's happening and where. Nothing bad is going to happen to me, babe, so relax yourself and let me do this." Amanda sighed as she walked over and squeezed her friend in a tight hug. She understood Aisha's reluctance, but there truly was no need to worry. She had been in remission for months now, her health was restoring quickly, and she felt amazing. There was no way she was about to go and do anything to jeopardize her recovery. She would not over-do it in the slightest. "We both know our limitations, and he's aware of my situation. So, please stop freaking out."

Aisha dropped the panties back into the bag as Amanda went back to packing. "I just don't get the appeal, Mandy. Why would you want to hand over control like that, and to a stranger?" Her friend frowned, worrying her bottom lip for a long minute before speaking again. "I never thought you of all people would go for the whole tie-me-up-and-spank-my-ass thing. You rarely let me take your blood without throwing a hissy fit."

Amanda flipped her friend off as she walked past her into the bathroom. Needles were one of her pet peeves, a bare ass spanking she could handle. "And what about your mental health? I know you say you're well enough for this, but what about the stuff we were discussing recently?" Aisha asked. "Are you sure it won't be a problem?" Amanda cursed her friend for bringing that shit up. Why do it now of all times? Especially when she was thinking more on what was about to happen instead of her appearance. "Hate me all you want for bringing it up, Amanda, but who's to say you get there, and then freak out when it's time to expose yourself to Mr. Dark and Dangerous? I'm only thinking of you, sweetheart."

Heaving another sigh Amanda came to sit on the edge of the bed next to Aisha. "I know, and even though I'm kind of pissed at you for bringing it up, I don't hate you. I just...I guess I'm expecting him to be okay with it considering he knows about it already. It won’t be a shock when he sees me, so the disgust and pity I usually get won’t be there. I hope so at least." Aisha reached over and squeezed her hand lightly, saying nothing yet offering a smile. That's what Amanda liked about her, she always knew the right things to say, or not say, no matter how harshly done. "I know my body image is something I've been finding hard to deal with, but I'm ready for this. I want to be brave and do this. That's a good thing, right?"

"It most certainly is, if you are positive you're ready for it. Think carefully for a minute, Mandy. Are you willing and able to expose your bare breast to that man? To show him your scars?"

Amanda thought about it, long and hard, and she kept coming back to the same conclusion; yes, she was ready for this. She had spent too many days, weeks, mourning the loss of her right breast, and had spent even longer hating herself and her image for what it had become.

Yes, she was lopsided. Yes, it looked abnormal. Yet it was now part of who she was, a symbol of all she had been through and survived. It shouldn't be something to hide or stress out about, and no matter what, she would keep telling herself that. Taking a deep breath, she turned to face her friend. She was ready.

At her nod Aisha smiled again, softer this time, as she released Amanda's hand and stood. "Come on, let's not think about this too much. I'd hate myself if you backed down now and missed the chance to tick another box off that list of yours.”

With another nod of her head Amanda stood, determination riding her as she gathered the remainder of her things and threw them into her bag. There was no better time to do this than now. No backing down. "Wish me luck then," she said softly. Not wanting to see the pity in her friend’s eyes, Amanda walked from the room without a backward glance. She could do this, she wanted this, and nothing would stop her.

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The car ride to Gabriel's had been horrible! Nerves had started to get the better of Amanda the closer she got to her destination. Dark thoughts invaded her mind, telling her she was a fool and needed to run, and it made her feel uneasy. It didn't stop her from going ahead with her plans though. On arriving at the apartment, she found the door open and instructions sitting on the entrance hall table for her. The words naked and kneeling jumped out at her. "Oh wow! This is different." It was new and exciting, and she was still finding it hard to relax. "You can do this Jarvis! Chin up!"

Fifteen minutes later, she was ready and waiting with bated breath for Master Gabriel to arrive. Amanda had never felt so goddamn nervous in all her thirty years, not even during the time leading up to her first course of chemo or surgery. She had thought herself ready for this, but now that she was actually here, naked and kneeling on some strange man's floor, she was shitting herself.

The room was dark. The black walls matched the black floor, the only hint of color being the blood red curtains shielding her from the slowly setting sun outside. There were hardly any furnishings. A lone mirror stood floor-to-ceiling on the opposite end of the room, and a large, strange looking frame towered over her. It freaked her out a little, shaped like a cross with huge silver cuffs on each end, and what looked like whips hanging from one side of it. What in the hell was that used for? Did Gabriel restrain people and flay them bloody from it?

Amanda paled at the thought, her heart rate increasing as she wiped her sweat slick palms on her bare knees. This whole situation was beginning to look more like a horror movie set than a dark-erotic romance. "What in the sweet lord have you gotten yourself into, Mandy?" Taking a deep breath, she glanced at the door from her position on the floor. There was no sign of Gabriel yet, so what was stopping her from running? Nobody would think poorly of her for leaving. They all knew that this wasn't really her scene, and it had been in fact a moment of madness when writing her bucket-list all those months ago. Yeah, no one would belittle her for backing down.

Releasing a pent-up breath, Amanda quickly jumped to her feet, her legs unsteady. Damn, her nerves were totally controlling her movements right now. She felt drunk; weak and nauseous, as she stumbled across the dimly lit room toward the door and freedom. Forget this, she could just get Aisha or Maria to spank her ass and claim another tick for her "ridiculous list" as her mother had called it.

Just as she was about to reach for the door handle, the large mahogany door opened, and Amanda found herself face-to-chest with Gabriel. The aura he gave off made the hair on her arms stand on end, yet whether from fear or arousal she didn't know. Chancing a look at him she bit her lip, her eyes roaming over his body. He must have been at least six-foot-four with wide shoulders and big gorgeous biceps. His muscles rippled deliciously beneath all that sun-kissed flesh as he folded his arms over an equally large muscled chest, smooth and laid bare to her hungry eyes.

"Going somewhere, female?" Oh hell, that voice! It was low and husky, like smoke, and it made her body tremble with pleasure. Panting a little quicker Amanda slowly dragged her eyes from Gabriel's chest to get a look at his face. She was left speechless. The man was utter perfection. From his square, stubbled jaw, to his full kissable lips and regal nose. And his eyes, damn they were hypnotic; slate gray pools stared at her from within thick black lashes which matched his unruly hair in color. He was beautiful in the rugged sense of the word. Dark and dangerous.

"You're going nowhere. Now get back into position before I have to punish you." Amanda stared into those gunmetal eyes for a long minute, watching them fog over with something akin to lust. Then realizing what she was doing, she rushed back to her spot on the floor. Her heart was beating furiously, breaths coming faster as her body heated and flushed. Amanda could feel her inner walls clench in delight as her folds became slick with arousal. The man was a god, but how goddamn embarrassing that Gabriel's voice alone could do this to her. He had yet to touch her, and she feared how she might react when he did.

At the sound of Gabriel's approaching footsteps Amanda gasped and forced her eyes shut. Her cheeks heated as her embarrassment increased. She knew exactly what kind of view he had right now; her naked ass and lady bits in the air, shining with her arousal. "Oh God!" she moaned quietly. He must be disgusted. She knew she wasn't the most attractive woman in the world with all her discolored skin, stretch marks and scars. Not to mention the fact she only had one boob. Her only saving grace was her smile, which Gabriel couldn't see considering her forehead was pressed to the damn floorboards. "Shit!"

She felt sick. What did he think of her? Would he pass comment on her flaws? Laugh? Find some other way to point out her deformities and humiliate her? Holding her breath, she waited for the first of the insults to come. Her entire frame shook with nerves. What the hell was he doing? Gabriel had gone quiet since coming to stand by her side. She wanted to chance a look at him but was afraid of the punishment he had mentioned earlier. For God's sake! If he didn't do or say something soon she was going to freak out.

As the silence dragged on she began to feel worse. Tears pricked at her eyes and her nails dug into her palms as a mixture of anger and dread coiled in her stomach. What was she supposed to do? She had no idea if this was normal behavior. Was she allowed to question him? Move? Complain? She did not like this. Dammit, she should have run when she had the chance!

"Beautiful, my little rose." Gabriel's deep husky voice reverberated throughout the sparse room, reigniting the fire in her core which had been slowly dying out. Had she just heard him, right? Had he really just called her beautiful? The man must be high. There was no way he could consider her anything but passable. She was stick thin and pale. Her ass was way too big for her body, and she had unruly red hair and dull, green eyes. There was nothing special about her. She was most definitely imaging things.

"There is nothing sexier to me than a real woman. Lush curves and smooth skin. Perfection." Amanda froze as Gabriel spoke again, bending to trail his fingers along her spine. "Know what would make you look even more beautiful?" He continued to growl by her ear. With a shake of her head, Amanda tried to remain calm, but it was impossible with him caressing her lower back and ass so boldly. "A nice shade of red." With that Gabriel stood and walked away, leaving Amanda breathless.

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"Come here, little rose." The sound of Gabriel's deep smoky voice drifted across the room to caress her ears. That alone was enough to send her into near-orgasm. Doing as she was told, Amanda made her way toward her Master. His eyes never left her, roaming her naked form yet never faltering once. The fact that he could stand to look at her with so much heat in his eyes made her stand a little taller. It gave her more confidence than she had felt in years. It made her feel like a real woman, even beautiful.

Stopping by Master Gabriel's side she waited with bated breath for what was to come next. Her eyes were fixed on the neon pink rope clutched in his big hands. She had seen many photographs online of men and woman tied up in elaborate designs, and some had even been suspended from hooks in mid-air. She had always thought it beautiful and had wanted to try. Was Gabriel going to do something like that to her now? Amanda's core clenched at the thought. To give herself over to him like that, to be completely vulnerable, turned her on more than she would have ever imagined.

Gabriel fisted her chin and forced her eyes to his own, pulling her from her thoughts. "Do you remember what I told you over the phone?" he asked. She nodded once. Of course, she did, how could she forget. It wasn't every day you promised to obey a stranger, or talked about safewords and limitations, when you had no idea what that even meant until that very moment. That conversation had definitely been one for the books.

"Yes, Master, I remember," she finally managed to say.

With a nod Gabriel placed the pink rope over his forearm. "Give me your hands." He reached for her, turning her arms to expose her inner wrists. His thumb caressed the delicate skin there slowly, and a shiver ran throughout Amanda's already overheated body. Who knew that the wrist was an erogenous zone, and that such a simple act could be so liberating? She had never experienced anything like it. Her breath hitched as the pink rope came back into view and Master Gabriel began to carefully bind her wrists together. The feel of the smooth rope caressing her sensitized skin as it moved sensuously across her heated flesh was divine, and strangely it elicited a quiet moan from her.

Embarrassed Amanda bit her lip and continued to watch as Gabriel wrapped the pink rope around her wrist three times before slipping his fingers between it and her skin. She was entranced, her stomach fluttering with a mix of nerves and anticipation. She never imagined that being bound in such a simple way would have her body reacting like this. So wanton and needy.

Nodding once, as if satisfied, Master Gabriel stepped back and away from her. "Turn around and raise your hands over your head." His voice sounded even huskier than before, his grey eyes darkening by the second. Licking her now dry lips Amanda rushed to do his bidding, and when she turned around her breath caught. She had been so caught up in Gabriel that she had failed to notice that they were standing before the large mirror. Her stomach rolled at the thought of having to look at herself naked. Even though she had told Aisha she was getting over her body image issues, it had been a huge lie. If her Master made her look at her sorry excuse for a breast, at those damn scars, she may very well be sick.

Forcing herself to look anywhere but at her own body, Amanda's eyes fixed on Gabriel's hands as he began to deftly secure her bound wrists to the frame above their heads. As he tugged on the rope, her back bowed slightly causing her body to go taunt as she was forced onto her tiptoes. Amanda felt every muscle tense and flex. The change in position made her breast thrust forward and up into the air. Her breathing became shallow, and her nipple tightened and ached deliciously despite her will for it not to happen. She felt momentarily disgusted, until she met his eyes in the mirror.

They were fixed on her breast, yet slowly drifted downwards to her hips as they swung of their own accord, making her very aware of her hairless slick folds and his hard shaft nestled against her ass. She was exposed to Gabriel in every possible way, his eyes ate her up hungrily, and it made her feel sexy. It made her forget about the ugliness she always saw. Made her crave her Master's touch. "Please." He arched a brow at her outburst yet said nothing. She knew she should have kept quiet, but she couldn't seem to help herself. Amanda needed him to do something to her, and quick! "Please Master," she said again.

This time he did react. Gabriel growled low as he stepped up tight against her back, his big hand fisting in her long red hair as he thrust his hard cock against her ass. "Naughty girls deserve a spanking. You will learn to obey my rules." Amanda had to bite the inside of her mouth to fight the moan that bubbled up her throat. His demanding tone and rough handling of her was a major turn on. It had her squirming in her bonds, a slow smile spreading across her flushed face. "I'm going to wipe that smile off your face, female," he growled.

Without another word Master Gabriel pushed her head forward, releasing her hair, before dropping to his knees. He stared up at Amanda through heavy lidded eyes, a smirk on his lush lips. The sound of his knuckles cracking reverberated throughout the small dark room, and Amanda stilled. This was it. What she had been waiting for. Panting hard she tried not to let her fear and excitement show. Gabriel's warm palms massaged the globes of her ass, making her core ache.

"So soft," he whispered before his hands left her, only to come back a second later in the form of a stinging slap.

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Amanda bit her lip to hold back the scream. Tears pricked her wide eyes as Gabriel spanked her bare ass repeatedly before leaning in to lick a hot path across her abused flesh and along her slick folds. It was nothing like what she had been expecting. She had been unprepared for the initial slap, and it hurt. Her flesh stung, and it did not feel pleasant. Where were those submissives' heads when they were mewling about the pleasure? Getting all starry-eyed and aroused just thinking about it, they were obviously imagining that shit.

Amanda debated stopping him, calling out her safeword and going home. Yet the more he spanked her the less it seemed to hurt, and the less it hurt the more she relaxed. The sting from before became a slow burn, her flesh heated, and it spread deliciously throughout the rest of her body. As her Master squeezed her ass cheeks, parting them for his tongue once more, Amanda moaned. She arched backwards into his touch earning a harder slap. "Behave!" he ordered.

His harsh tone had her moaning again, so demanding and sexy, but his rough handling of her body and hair as he stood had her crying out in pleasure.

"You like that, female?" He growled low as he tugged her head back against his broad shoulder. "I knew you would. I also knew that I would get to see you bloom, little rose." Amanda frowned at his words, her eyes meeting his in the mirror. "Can't you see it?" he asked. "It's slight, but it's there. Look."

She didn't want to look. Didn't want to see her reflection and have her mood ruined by what she knew would be looking back at her. "I. . . can't."

Biting her lip, she waited for a response. Gabriel's eyes narrowed, his big body tensing behind her. She knew she shouldn't have answered back, but he needed to know that she couldn't do as he wanted. She was enjoying herself and knew that once she was made to look at her disfigured body it would all be over.

"Can't, or won't?" Master Gabriel stepped up tighter against her back, his big hand leaving her hair to wrap around her chest and grip her chin forcefully. "Do not deny me, female. Take your eyes from mine and look. See what I see." Amanda whimpered quietly as she averted her eyes, but still she refused to look. "Look at yourself Amanda," he demanded. "Look at that beautiful face, teary eyed and flushed from pleasure. Look!"

Panting hard, she reluctantly lifted her eyes to focus on her face. Her eyes were indeed shining with tears, wide and glossy from her arousal. The color was almost unrecognizable, no longer the murky green she was used to, but a sparkling emerald. Her cheeks were a rosy red making her look healthy for the first time in months.

"You can see it, can't you? How you are blooming for me. Your beauty is enhancing with your arousal and confidence." Gabriel breathed by her ear as his thumb caressed her lower lip. The small action had Amanda squirming, her wrists tugging at their bonds. It caused a sweet friction which went straight to her core, and she couldn't stop herself from curling her fingers around the pink rope in order to anchor herself as she got lost in sensation.

When Master Gabriel's free hand wrapped around her breast however, she froze. "What is this? Why freeze up? Do you not want me to touch your tit?" His teeth clamped down on her earlobe as he plucked her stiff nipple. It felt goddamn amazing, but Amanda couldn't seem to let herself enjoy it. "Look at that nipple, so hard and rosy. Does it ache? Does it crave my attention? Can you feel the muscles in your pussy clench when I do this?" Gabriel tweaked her nipple hard. Pleasure coiled in her stomach and deep within her core, just as he described. "Watch me play with your tit, then answer me, female."

Panting, Amanda allowed her eyes to drop to his hand as his fingers moved deftly, tugging and teasing her puckered flesh. She tried her hardest to ignore her missing breast, and the scar that now dominated that side of her chest. She wanted more of what Gabriel had to offer so she would try to do as he demanded. Never taking her eyes from his talented fingers she nodded. "Y-yes Master. I feel it. I-it feels good." Was that her voice? So husky and laced with lust.

"What about this?" As he spoke, Gabriel lightly brushed her scar with the tips of his fingers. Amanda gasped, arching back against his chest to escape his hand. What was he doing? "I have never seen anything more beautiful. Look, and see what I see, female."

Gabriel caressed her scar once more, rolling her nipple between his finger and thumb at the same time. Amanda sucked her bottom lip into her mouth as her eyes slowly moved to the right. Her Master took his time caressing and teasing her, his fingers stroking the scar which she had always found grotesque. "You feel so good. I wonder how you taste?"

Amanda's eyes widened at those whispered words, her body tensing as Gabriel moved to her side and lowered his head. She wanted to stop him, to protest, but before she could do anything his lips were grazing the puckered scar on her chest. Heat suffused her body, making her go limp in her bonds. Nobody but Aisha had ever touched her there, and never like that. She never thought anyone would touch her there ever again, never mind with their lips.

"Mmm yes, delicious." This time it was his tongue which touched her flesh. Gabriel laved a hot trail along the scar and across her breast before suckling her nipple into the hot cavern of his mouth. She all but came at the feel of it.

Mewling as she rubbed her thighs together, her eyes dropped to watch his mouth as he kissed, licked and sucked her breast before paying equal attention to her scar. His stubbled jaw rubbed against her sensitized skin leaving it red and achy. His full lips were swollen and damp making her want to kiss him. Amanda's fingers flexed at the thought, the pink rope binding her wrists rubbing against her heated skin as she tugged at the knots Master Gabriel's eyes shot up at the sound of the metal frame clanging.

"Ah, look at that face," he said huskily. "You like this. It makes you feel good, doesn't it?" The last word was growled hotly as he suckled at her skin again. Amanda moaned, arching into him, her face heating with embarrassment at how bold she was being. She didn't care though, he was right, it did feel good. "There is nothing sexier in this world than a lady's blush." Again and again Gabriel licked and kissed her scared flesh. Her nipple hardened all the more, her core tightening with her arousal, arousal which was now sliding down to coat her inner thighs.

"So. . . good," she panted as her Master kissed a hot path up her chest and along her throat to her ear. He growled low as his hands gripped her hips tightly. She was unsure what he had planned, but she was beyond caring. He had done nothing but make her feel good about herself, even the parts she wanted to hate. When his hard shaft was thrust against her bare folds, Amanda gasped. She was so ready for this, for him. She moaned again, her eyes meeting his steely grey ones.

"Eyes on the mirror," he ordered. "I want you to watch as I fuck you. I want you to see yourself as I do. A beautiful rose in all its splendour and glory. In full bloom." His words made her chest clench with raw emotion. Nobody had ever spoken to her like that before. It made her feel sexy and wanted, something she hadn't felt since Graham walked out on her all those months ago. He hadn't taken the results of her surgery too well, breaking off their five-year relationship because of how she looked. The bastard. She knew she deserved better, but his mistreatment of her still hurt.

"Pay attention female!" Her Master's growled command forced her attention back to the present. Master Gabriel was standing behind her once more, his big hand cupping her chin and turning her eyes back to the mirror.

"Forget about whatever nasty thought just crossed your mind. You are here with me, and I find you beautiful." His hard cock rubbed against the crack of her ass as he spoke. It felt silky smooth and hot against her abused flesh, eliciting a silent gasp from her. "Watch me. Watch me fuck you. Watch as my cock sinks in and out of that gorgeous body of yours. Understood?"

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Amanda nodded dumbly as her eyes dropped to his crotch. His shaft was long and thick, standing proud against his chiselled abs, the ruddy head a stark contrast against his tanned skin. Kicking his pants free, Gabriel bent to take a condom from the pocket. With a smirk he met her eyes in the mirror, tearing the silver packet open with his teeth before sliding the condom down over his cock. Amanda panted as anticipation assailed her. In all her years she had never had a one-night stand, yet here she was more than ready to be taken by this stranger, her Master for tonight.

"Fucking hell, you're so wet, female." Gabriel hissed out a breath as he groped her ass, parting her cheeks and squeezing tightly, reawakening the sensual pain from his earlier spanking. Amanda moaned, arching into his touch. Her eyes never left his hands as he slowly guided his shaft to her entrance, the thick head nudging its way inside, stretching her deliciously. "Tight!"

Meeting her eyes in the mirror Master Gabriel pushed forward, sinking hilt deep. He was hot steel, and Amanda welcomed his intrusion. Her muscles rippled with pleasure as she took all of him. He stretched her to her limit, to the point of pain, and the sensation was indescribable.

"Ah, so wet. . . hot!" He groaned before fisting her hair in one hand and bending her forward, tilting her ass to the angle he wanted her.

Amanda's skin was feverish, a blush covered her body from head to toe. She couldn't remember a time when she had ever looked like this, so wanton and feminine, and it was all thanks to Gabriel. She loved how he handled her, controlled and dominated her body. A body she once considered ugly, yet her Master thought beautiful. A smile played on her lips at the thought, she owed Gabriel more than he knew, but now was not the time to think about it. Not when his shaft was buried so damn deep inside her.

On his first hard thrust into her wet core, Amanda gasped. She lost her footing from the force of it, her toes sliding on the hardwood floor. The pink rope binding her wrists tugged harder, biting into her flesh and eliciting a moan. She felt restricted and vulnerable, and she loved it. Panting hard she glanced from Gabriel's hips to his face. She didn't know which was more erotic; watching his long shaft enter and retreat from her pussy slowly, or the expression on his handsome face as he took her.

When his free hand squeezed her breast, Amanda cried out. Master Gabriel pinched and rolled her nipple as he thrust harder, making her ache. Her body trembled deliciously, a light sheen of sweat coating her heated skin. Moaning loudly, she clenched her eyes shut, her teeth biting into her bottom lip.

"Keep your eyes on us, female. Do NOT stop watching until I say so! See how you blossom." Each word was said with a sensual roll of his hips. It was torturous. Blinking rapidly Amanda tried to keep her eyes open and watch as her Master had instructed her to, but the pleasure was too much. When her lids fluttered closed again she found her head tugged sharply to the side. Grabbing her nape Gabriel ran his tongue along the smooth skin of her neck. Amanda's breath caught in her throat, a loud moan breaking free as she ground back against his shaft.

"Naughty female! I didn't say you could move, only watch." Gabriel's thrusts increased in speed and force, each hard snap of his hips eliciting a sharp gasp from Amanda. He moved viciously, as if trying to punish her for trying to take control. He dominated her easily, causing white hot flames to dance along her flesh, and a tight coil of pleasure to tighten in her stomach with her building arousal. She was close, and from the smirk on Master Gabriel's face he knew it.

On a laugh he pulled free of her body. Amanda whimpered at the loss. She felt bereft without him filling her, yet when the head of Gabriel's shaft ground against her sensitive nub, and he teased her achy nipple, she went limp in her restraints. Her core wept for him. What was he doing? She needed him to finish her off, make her come and scream out in ecstasy. "Please" she begged.

Leaning in close to her ear her Master chuckled, the deep sound making her squirm. "You want to come, female? Then show me what you're made of." Pinching her nipple again he grinned at her in the mirror. "Fuck me and make it good." As he spoke he rubbed his shaft along her slick folds, holding it against her entrance as he waited for her to do as she had been told.

Releasing a shuddering breath, Amanda took control and commenced her own form of torture. Meeting his eyes, she wrapped her fingers around the pink rope overhead and began to swing in her binds. Gabriel's cock slowly eased in and out of her slick pussy, the thick head stretching her opening each time she pulled away. It was horrible not being able to do him as she wished, hard and fast, but she gave it her best. Rolling her hips, she pushed back against him harder than before, over and over again until she was able to build up a good rhythm. Her movements forced a groan from him, and his fingers dug into her hips before he slammed into her hard.

"Good girl." Master Gabriel regained control, and his thrusts became frantic. She could feel him in every inch of her, and it stirred a new round of passion. She was beyond wet, and the smooth glide of his shaft against her inner walls felt divine. His deep groan made tingles dance across her excited flesh, and she wanted to do whatever it took to make him moan again. Clenching down on his shaft Amanda rolled her hips, she wanted it to feel good for him too. She wanted to make him come.

Chuckling loudly, Gabriel gripped her waist and pounded into her small body. The force of his thrusts increased until she was crying out with each one. "If you tease me like that it will soon be over," he said.

Amanda tensed her rippling muscles around his rigid shaft, pushing back with as much force as he was showing her. He rammed deep and hard, leaving her legs weak. Her vision blurred and all she could hear was the sound of her ragged breathing as she tried to remain upright. She was on fire but wouldn't come until her Master said she could.

"What's wrong female, do you want to come? Can't you take any more?" Gabriel taunted as he continued to pound into her quivering pussy. Over and over again he pushed into her from behind, ramping up her desire to scream out her release. "Tell me what I want to hear, and I may reward you."

Panting hard Amanda dug her nails into the pink rope she was clinging to like a lifeline. What did he want from her? Her lust-fogged mind couldn't think straight, all she wanted to do was come. "Say it!" he barked.

Her Master's harsh words had her eyes dropping from his face to her chest were his fingertips grazed her scar. A shiver wracked her at the sight and feel of it. She knew what he wanted. With a smile Amanda's head lulled to the side and fell back against Gabriel's shoulder. Her heavy-lidded eyes watching as he continued to caress her scar.

"Look at me Master. See how I bloom, for you? See how... beautiful I am? Feminine and soft." Tears filled her eyes as she spoke, for she knew she spoke the truth. She was beautiful. The fact that she had lost one of her breasts made no difference. She was still the same woman she had always been, and she was beyond grateful to Master Gabriel for helping her realize that. "I am beautiful."

"Yes, you are more than beautiful, my rose," Gabriel groaned as he reached around to circle her achy nub with his thumb. Amanda cried out, her back bowing as pleasure radiated throughout her entire body. "That's it, let go. Come for me!" At those words she fell apart, giving up her restraint and shattering in her Master's strong arms. It was exquisite. Empowering. Fierce.

As she bucked and moaned Gabriel turned his head into her throat, nuzzling lightly before sinking his teeth into her shoulder. He growled out as his shaft began to jerk and kick deep within her core as he came hard. Releasing a sigh, he rested his forehead against her shoulder. "That's a good girl. That's what I wanted to hear. You've done me proud," he praised her. Amanda's entire frame shook as she fought for breath, she was exhausted but blissfully sated, and so damn proud of herself.

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Amanda woke with a sigh, that quickly turned into a moan as she stretched. Her body ached deliciously, a sweet reminder of the night before. Master Gabriel had been amazing, more than what she had expected. She was beyond pleased that he had stopped her from running, otherwise she would have lived out the rest of her life without experiencing the unique pleasure she had received.

Every touch, every growled word, was etched into her memory. Gabriel had opened her eyes to so much last night, had made her experience so many new pleasures. He had forced her to see herself for who she truly was. He had been perfect. Even following their session when he had carefully unbound her wrists from their pink bindings, carrying her to the bed and staying with her until he was satisfied that she was comfortable and safe. Master Gabriel had spent a long time massaging the feeling back into her arms and hands, soothing away any discomfort with a sweet-smelling balm. He had made her feel like a queen before tucking her beneath the cool, white bed sheets and placing a chaste kiss to her forehead as sleep dragged her under its spell.

"He is a dream," she whispered out loud.

As memories of the night before drifted across her mind, Amanda moaned her nipple puckering and breast swelling tight. Gabriel had handled her body as none before him. He made her crave more, so much more that she would be willing to beg on hands and knees for it, a thought that brought a smile and a blush to her face. Her body reacted instantly, stomach and thigh muscles quivering deliciously as a gush of moisture made her core slick. "God, that man!"

Where had the girl from yesterday gone? The paranoid, shy, reluctant little girl whose fears about body image ruled her life. The one who thought nobody would ever look at her with lust-filled eyes again. Her world had been shaken and turned upside down by that gorgeous demanding man. What was left was a beautiful woman full of confidence and awe. Amanda owed Master Gabriel more than he could ever imagine, and she would pay him back in full, if he would allow it that is.

With a contented sigh, she rolled onto her side and gasped softly at the beautiful white rose laying on the pillow next to her. The head was large and lush, and the scent was gorgeous. There was a small ivory card attached by a piece of pink ribbon to the thornless stem. "A gift, from Gabriel?" Giggling excitedly, Amanda sat up and carefully lifted the rose, bringing it to her nose and inhaling deeply. It smelled divine, and the fact that it was from Gabriel made it all the more beautiful. Untying the ribbon, she opened the card and exhaled on a rush at what was written within.

**I Will be seeing you again, my rose**

**~G**

Amanda's heart began to beat frantically in her chest, her breaths quickening, and body heating. She was beyond turned on, yet a little frightened at the same time. What did that mean exactly? Was Gabriel asking her for more, or was she reading too much into things? She needed to talk to him.

Sliding off the bed, Amanda walked from the room and along the short corridor of the now bright apartment. As she passed each of the three doors she peeked inside, her stomach dropping when she realized that she was alone. Not that that should have surprised her, she had been told how things would be with Gabriel following a session. He was a busy man. With a sigh she went back to the bedroom and pulled her cell phone from her overnight bag. She scrolled through the phonebook, stopped at Maria's number and hit the call button. Her friend answered on the second ring, excitement layering her voice. "So how was it!? Tell me everything!"

Amanda laughed as she got comfortable and lifted the rose to bring it to her nose once more. She had a lot to thank Maria for also and would do so over coffee and chocolate cake later.

"It was. . . damn, it was amazing. Nothing like I expected. The man is sex on legs, and he made me. . . he made me feel beautiful." Amanda could hear Maria sigh at her words. and she encouraged her to continue, so Amanda did. She told her friend everything, right up until waking with the rose and short message on her pillow.

"He's done what now!?" Maria's response was unexpected, the shock in her voice obvious. Was this not something Master Gabriel did for all his submissives? "I don't believe it Mandy! Do you have any idea what that means?" Amanda stilled, gripping her cell phone fiercely. Was that a good or bad sign? She had no damn idea and it freaked her out a little.

Gasping for breath she answered around a now dry throat, "Obviously not. Enlighten me then, quickly!"

Amanda waited impatiently for Maria to reply. The line was deadly quiet, as if her friend were trying to choose the best words to describe what all of this meant. The need to know was killing her, and she knew that Maria was holding out on badness. "Maria!" she nearly shouted. With a laugh her friend told her to relax.

"It means he likes you," Maria said excitedly. "Gabriel is known for his professionalism, for his precise and no shit sessions. He will give you what you need, even if you don't realize it yourself. He is an amazing man, yet totally cut off from everyone." Taking a deep breath Maria sighed wistfully. "The fact that he gave you that gift means he enjoyed his time with you and wants more. I've only heard of this happening twice before over the years, so consider yourself lucky. There are many out there who would die to be in your shoes right now, myself included!"

Amanda exhaled a breath she hadn't realized she had been holding. Gabriel wanted her. That sexy, dark and dangerous man wanted her, Amanda Jarvis, a woman who thought herself ugly and tarnished until he had taught her otherwise.

"Holy shit! He can't be serious!" she exclaimed. Maria laughed at her outburst, lightening the mood somewhat. Was she truly what he wanted? Amanda found it hard to believe, even if he thought it possible. "I don't know Maria, maybe you're mistaken."

With a snort her friend told her to stop being negative. "He gave you a white rose, did he not? Something he has only done twice before. And his message clearly stated that he would see you again. What does that tell you, woman!?" Amanda sighed as she collapsed back against the rumpled bed sheets, a small smile gracing her lips. Her friend was right. His interest in her was blatantly obvious. She should be rejoicing, not finding ways to ruin it.

Sighing softly again, Amanda brought the rose to her mouth, trailing it along her soft lower lip before gliding the smooth head down across her collar bone. She giggled happily as the cool petals teased her heated flesh. "You're right Maria, thanks babe. I'll call you later." Disconnecting the call, she continued to trail the rose along her exposed skin, finally bringing it down to run across her puckered scar. Master Gabriel had repeatedly told her she was beautiful. He had caressed her scared flesh with lust and respect in his grey eyes. He had spoken nothing but the truth to her, and she found herself attracted to him all the more for that reason alone.

If she were to ask herself what she wanted, or if she was prepared to submit to Gabriel again, the answer was easy. Yes, she was. Every fibre in her body screamed out for his. She wanted him. She wanted to be dominated, and to please him. Amanda wanted to be his, and she would do all in her power to prove to him how beautifully this rose could bloom for its Master alone.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



*"I am not Perverted. I am a Depraved Sensualist. There is a difference!"*

I am an Erotic Romance and ManLove author. A huge fan of all things male; I watch, read and drool over everything to do with them. Yes, I am a little perverted, yet in a good way. I have a vast Yaoi collection, and spend my time fantasizing about steamy scenes of male love, sensual encounters, and so much more.

With a little encouragement I eventually put pen to paper and wrote my first ever MM romance which was published in Sept 2014. Now I take great pride in sharing my erotic stories of forbidden lust and enchanted romance with all of you, my fellow depraved sensualists.

A true Irish lass born and raised I come from a small town in Northern Ireland called Derry, where I now live with my handsome Frenchman and gorgeous family. I'm a full-time mum of three and believe me when I say they keep me busy. I spend my days chasing after my lil’ darlings, my nights lost in Yaoi, and thanks to my amazing husband I spend my weekends writing up a storm.

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