

The Birthday Gift

By: Emily Sinclair

~ ~ ~

The Birthday Gift

By Emily Sinclair

This story is Copyright© 2014 by **Emily Sinclair**. All rights reserved.

The Birthday Gift is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are at least eighteen years of age or older.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Chapter 1: Late Night Viewing

I sat at the computer, the room around me dark and silent but for the hard beating of my heart and weight of my breath as I bit nervously on my lower lip. The images that filled the screen of my monitor were not my normal fair. I stared at leather and latex clothed men and women kneeling at the feet of their masters and mistresses. I saw pictures of people bent over and tied to everything from a coffee table to intricate benches while those said masters and mistresses punished them with everything from caned and floggers to hands and paddles.

My entire being shook in a chaotic vortex of emotions. I was trying desperately to see, to understand, what it was my husband of nine years saw in this sort of behavior. Greg was very much into domination and submission and was very open and forthcoming with that at the start of our relationship. And although we haven't talked about it in some time, I knew he wanted nothing more than for me to accept it and give it at least a try.

And so here I sat at 2 a.m. at our living room computer while my husband slept soundly up above. I felt shame at looking at such pictures. I felt humiliation not only for them and their abnormal lifestyle, but for myself for viewing such filth. In some small part I felt responsible for furthering their kinky ways. If not for people like me looking at their images and videos, or reading their stories online they wouldn't do such horrible things, right? That's what I told myself as I flipped to page seventeen of images.

And that's when I saw it. It was an image like all the thousands I've gazed upon over the last few nights, but an advertisement as well. It was an advertisement for a place called Mistress Julie's Dungeon that promised to have a scene for everyone including those who didn't know what they were into. That struck me as somehow interesting. There was an email address and phone number as contact information.

Without really knowing why, I wrote the email address down and opened up Hotmail. With nothing but the white screen to light the keys under my trembling fingers I wrote a message.

Hello Mistress Julie,

My name is Sonja Kellerman and I came across your advertisement while searching the net for images. I am not dominant or even submissive as far as I can tell, but my husband of nine years is. Although he hasn't said anything to me in several years, I know deep down that he desires my submission to him even if it's for a single day.

I'm trying to understand this lifestyle but images and videos just aren't answering any of the thousands of questions that I have. And don't even get me started on stories. They are so varied and conflicting on what it really means to be submissive or dominant that I can't believe any of them are true.

I don't know if this is something you do, or are willing to do, but I would like to talk to a professional. I would like to know once and for all if I have a submissive bone in my body. Please, even if you cannot help me, could you point me in the right direction?

- Sonja Kellerman

The mouse cursor rested on the send button, my finger hovered shaking above the mouse button. All that was needed was a quick drop of my finger and my inquiry would be on its way. I

quietly rolled the office chair back and stood up. I inhaled deeply and let it out in a long, slow nervous sigh. I turned quickly, without further thought and clicked the damn mouse. I watched the screen change and a jolt of excitement charge through me. I don't know why I was excited, but I was. I went up to bed but didn't get a wink of sleep.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

I felt the bed shake as Greg got up. I didn't open my eyes, but I knew it was morning, the golden rays of the sun rising above our back yard bathing me in its warmth. I heard my husband walk softly across the bedroom floor to the adjoining bathroom. He was considerate that way. He did everything he could not to wake me even though I was already halfway there on my own.

It was the smell of fresh coffee that finally persuaded me to roll my lazy but out of bed. I went to the bathroom and did my morning routine and joined my husband in the kitchen. It didn't matter if I got three hours of sleep or ten, I was a zombie until I had half a pot of coffee in my system.

"You were up late last night," Greg said as way of small talk. There was nothing accusatory in his voice, but I suddenly felt incredibly guilty.

"Couldn't sleep," I replied quickly, taking another drink of coffee that burned my lips and tongue.

"It looks like you could use another eight house," he smiled. "Eggs or French toast?"

"French toast," I grumbled groggily.

"Sausage or bacon?"

"Bacon for me." There was no choice there. Although they came from the same animal, bacon was the filet mignon of breakfast meats and you can quote me on that. "Hash browns," I said answering his next question before he could ask. This was our morning routine. Whichever of us made it downstairs first did the cooking for breakfast and the other did dinner. I looked up at the clock. 8:23. "You're going to be late for work aren't you?"

"It's Saturday dear. Are you sure you wouldn't rather go back to bed?"

"Nah, you know me. Once I'm up, I'm up. So what are your plans for the day?"

"Wow babe," he said laughing and shaking his head. "You're really out of it today aren't you? I'm going over to Randy's for his birthday party, remember? You're still invited, you know."

"I know. You know how much I like Randy, but I also know how you men get when a keg's involved." Greg's friends were a bad influence on my husband, but I forgave him his little parties now and then. It gave me the chance to go shopping, something I knew he hated. "That reminds me though, your birthday is coming up and I still haven't gotten you anything. What would you like?"

He looked at me knowingly. It was a look he gave me when we talked about that whole domination submission life he was so much into. "It wouldn't be much of a surprise if I told you what I wanted," he replied. His eyes still hopeful that I would one day give him what he wanted.

"Socks and a tie it is," I giggled. He smiled and flipped the bacon.

Greg was out of the house by noon and as his car pulled out of the driveway I ran to the computer to see if Mistress Julie replied to my message the night before. It was there among spam emails for penis enlargement pills – Um, I don't think I'll be needing those anytime soon. I opened the email from Mistress Julie and read it.

Hello Sonja,

I'm glad you contacted me with your situation. It is sometimes very difficult for anyone to admit they are submissive. To give over control to another is a huge leap of faith that few can honestly grasp. The honest truth is, a lot of people are submissive or dominant and do not realize it until they attempt one or the other, sometimes both.

If you are serious in exploring this avenue I am more than willing and capable of bringing out your submissive nature if it exists. Drop by my dungeon and we can talk further. I will be in on Saturday from noon to midnight.

- Mistress Julie