Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/5481935.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>F/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Once Upon a Time (TV)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Belle/Rumplestiltskin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Belle (Once Upon a Time), Rumplestiltskin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>BDSM, Spanking, Gags, Nipple Clamps, Sex Toys, Cock Rings, Collars, Tickling, Biting, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Punishment, Jewish Character, Jewish Holidays, (actually nearly all the characters are Jewish in this), Spinner Rumplestiltskin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stats:</td>
<td>Published: 2015-12-21 Chapters: 7/7 Words: 11179</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Playtime**

by unknowntrombone

**Summary**

RSS gift for ladybookwormwitheeth

During the day, Belle French is a simple school librarian. At night she is a professional dominatrix. When her friend and coworker, the shy and sensitive Mr. Gold expresses a desire to be dominated, Belle is soon falling for him before she can stop herself.
Prologue

“I’m a professional dominatrix,” Belle confessed. The wine made her giddy and less guarded than she otherwise might be about her other line of work. She was at a small gathering with her coworkers, trying to blow off some steam before classes began and had spent most of the night sitting in a corner with Reuben Gold, drinking and swapping secrets like a schoolgirl. Despite their friendship, Belle felt a pang of worry as soon as the words left her lips. By nature, Reuben was not a judgmental person, but it was also a fact of life that most school librarians didn’t tie people up for a living. What was he going to think the next time he herded his fifth grade class into her library?

“Well, there was no turning back now. “I’m completely serious,” Belle insisted. She raised her eyebrows and tried to put on an ‘I’m very serious’ face. Her efforts hindered by her current inebriation.

“I can’t see it Belle. You doing that. You’re so-just so…” Reuben fumbled with the right word to use. The words: ‘Sweet.’ ‘Small.’ ‘Delicate.’ ‘Innocent.’ were what came to Belle’s mind. After a lifetime of being put down, condescended to, belittled, and treated like a child by the men in her life, Belle did not want that to happen yet again. It was what brought her into the profession in the first place, the rush of desire that came with being the one who was in control after having her agency denied to her for so long. In addition, if she were to be perfectly honest, the timid, unassuming, doting schoolteacher and single father at her opposite seemed far more wholesome than she.

“I do that because it helps people, because it pays the bills, and, most importantly, because it’s very fun. If you don’t think I’m the kind of woman who does that, then what sort of things do you think of ‘the sort of women’ that do?” Belle retorted.

“No-no-no-no that’s not what I meant. I didn’t mean to sound like that. I’m-“ Reuben swallowed. “I’m sorry.” His expression was downcast and-dare she say it?-submissive.

“It’s alright Reuben,” Belle said.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“So…what’s it like?” Reuben asked. “To tie people up, and spank them and-“ Reuben seemed far more forthcoming than anyone else she had broached the subject with. Maybe he knew more than he let on. Maybe she was underestimating him in the same way she assumed he was underestimating her. If she hadn’t had so much to drink, Belle would not have done this, but she found herself moving closer to Reuben on the couch until their legs were almost touching.
“You want to know what it’s like to have someone else naked, bound, and completely at your mercy? To give them everything they truly desire? To see the elation on their face when they’re completely satisfied? It’s... intoxicating.” She heard Reuben’s breath hitch and his eyes darted to where her hand was currently resting on his thigh. Belle didn’t recall putting it there. Her inhibitions, and his, had been lowered to the point where she was sure that she’d be profoundly embarrassed come morning. She pulled her hand away as fast as she could.

“I am so sorry. That was deeply unprofessional. I shouldn’t have said that or-or done that.”


“That’s excellent Reuben. I’m glad that we can still be friends.”

Belle was glad, truly she was. Even if in that moment a small part of her was hoping they could be something more.
Reuben was hoping it would be a week at least before Principal Hordor would summon him to his office. He knew that his boss had a deep dislike for him and that, if it weren’t for the Teachers’ Union, he would have been fired years ago. Since he was unable to cause Reuben to lose his job, Hordor tried to force him to quit by making his life miserable. There were plenty of days where Reuben wanted to give up and let Hordor win, but each time he pictured the distraught faces of the children he would no longer be teaching.

He sat in the waiting room squeezing his hands together and looking at the floor like a child who had gotten in serious trouble until Hordor called him in.

“W-what can I do for you?” Reuben asked as he leaned on his cane. He knew that he looked and sounded pathetic, but he was still unable to keep the tremor out of his voice.

“There is a new girl at our school. She just enrolled this week.”

In a small town like Storybrooke, having a new student was a rare thing indeed. “That is wonderful,” Reuben replied.

Hordor chuckled to himself. “Her name is Emma Swan. She’s a foster child and her records indicate that she was placed in several alternative schools before being given to a family here. Our district’s alternative school had no spots open, so she is now at this school and I am giving the responsibility of her instruction to you. So yes Reuben, that is very wonderful.”

“You speak as if teaching her is some sort of punishment.”

“I would never speak of a student that way Reuben. Your faith in me is appalling. Think of it as a challenge instead, a way for you to prove that you still carry your weight around here despite the days you’re getting off later this month.”

Reuben felt a wave of anger rush over him. “Mr. Hordor, those are my High Holy Days. Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur.”

“Nevertheless, they are also days where everyone else in the school has to work.”

“Not Ms. French,” Reuben retorted, naming the only other Jew who worked in Storybrooke Elementary.

“Okay I’ll revise what I said. Those are the days where everyone else at this school who matters has to work.”
From the smug expression he gave him right after his last statement, Reuben knew that Hordor could tell just how hurt and upset he had made him feel. “Is there anything else I need from you?” Hordor asked.

“N-no Mr. Hordor,” Reuben replied.

“Good, now go do your job.”

Fifteen minutes remained before the first day of class, which was just enough time for Reuben to limp into the bathroom. The tears were falling from his face before he even entered the handicapped stall. He cursed himself for being so weak, for letting Hordor bully him, for not standing up for Belle. Yet he knew that he could not cry for long. There were 30 kids across the hall who needed him. He had to be strong for them. So Reuben swallowed, dried his eyes, and headed to his classroom.

Storybrooke was a small enough town that Reuben knew every student sitting before him. The exception was a blonde girl seated slightly left of center. She wore a hoodie a few sized too large, some faded jeans, and a worn out pair of sneakers. While she had yet to write her name on the nametag, Reuben knew that girl could be none other than Emma Swan.

Reuben’s reverie was interrupted by Principal Hordor’s voice over the intercom.

“Good morning students, teachers, and staff,” Hordor began. Reuben felt his right hand grip his cane harder and his left form into a fist. Even hearing his voice was enough, at the moment, to fill him with rage. “Please rise for the Pledge of Allegiance.”

Every student in Rueben’s classroom stood but Emma Swan. Instead of standing, Emma locked eyes with Reuben. He knew she was daring him to make her stand knowing that it would cause a scene and that she could then openly defy him in front of the other kids. Perhaps that tactic had worked with other teachers, but Reuben had no sentimental feelings toward saying the Pledge himself. Standing and reciting words at a flag before beginning the schoolday was not something he had experienced growing up in Glasgow.

After announcements were over, Reuben walked to the very front of the classroom. He was aware of every student, how their eyes seemed to follow him. There was something emotional about having so many kids to protect, to be able to impart knowledge and wonder into their minds and souls. He couldn’t help but feel excited about getting to know all of them.

“Good morning class. Not only is this our first day of school, but I am very happy to announce that we have a new student. Emma Swan.” Everyone turned to stare at Emma. Some kids waved and some gave her shy smiles. She glared back. Reuben sighed inwardly, knowing just how much he had his work cut out for him.

Emma continued to sit for the rest of the day, arms folded, not talking to anyone. Reuben was gentle with her. He remembered what he had been like when he was her age. An absent mother, a distant father, being practically raised by two women that the rest of the neighborhood shunned. He was just as much of an outcast as she, and he also coped through cutting himself off from the
world. When it was time to go to recess, Reuben asked her to stay a few extra minutes. “I know that moving can be very difficult,” he said. “And-and, I just want you to know that if you need someone to talk to, I’m there. Ok?”

“Can I go?” Emma replied.

Reuben nodded and let her leave.

At the end of the day, Reuben headed over to the soccer field to find his son. Bae was playing with a girl. He was the goalie fending off her kicks and she was scoring nearly every time. Reuben soon realized that the girl was Emma Swan. He smiled to himself, then went back in before Bae could notice that he was done with his work. He waited about a half hour, then came back out. Emma and Bae were still playing just as they had been when he had left.

“I gotta go, my Papa’s here,” Bae said once the two of them noticed him. “Bye.”

Then Bae raced over to where Reuben was waiting for him.

“That girl is in my class, the one you were playing football with,” Reuben said as they walked to his car.

“She told me.”

“Her name is Emma Swan.”

“She told me that as well. I saw her kicking the ball around on her own and thought maybe she could use someone to play with.”

“That’s very kind of you.”

Bae shrugged. “She seems like a good girl.”

“I hope so.”

“By the way, you said this morning there was something you wanted to talk about.”

Reuben felt his stomach clench as a wave of unease washed over him. He would have to tell Bae about Milah at some point, and how she had told him she was going to appeal for joint custody. It did not seem right that after eight years of not being in the boy’s life, she would want to show up again and try to take away some of his time. But Reuben didn’t want to do it now. “I can’t remember,” he lied instead.

****
Belle was in the middle of a novel when she heard a knock at her door. On her doorstep was an apprehensive Reuben Gold.

“What can I do for you?” Belle asked.

“Can I come inside?”

Belle nodded and then let him in.

Reuben limped inside, then sat on the chair opposite where she was sitting and wrung his hands together.

“Do you want anything? Tea? Cookies?”


Belle raised her eyebrows. “So you’re asking to be my submissive?”

He bit his lips together and nodded.

Belle had never worked with a friend before. The thought was, already, making her head spin.

“Are you sure that is what you want?”

“Yes! I—I didn’t tell you when you told me what it is that you did but I’ve wanted, for a long time to be-to be dominated. I just didn’t think anyone would want to work with me because of…” he motioned down to his leg. “it means I can’t do most of the things in the videos.”

Belle nodded. “I understand. Now you should know that I need to keep things professional.”

“Of course.”

“Give me just one second.”

Belle walked over to her study, then came back with a few sheets of paper that were stapled together. After that, she motioned for him to come with her upstairs. That was where her “playroom” was. Once there, she pulled up a chair for him to sit in and sat opposite from him.

“These,” Belle said, “are kinks. All the kinks I do. I’m going to go through each of them and you’re going to tell me how you feel about them. Please be honest. Everything in this room will say here and you will get absolutely no judgment from me.”

Belle began to read the list of kinks. She had to explain what a few of them meant. Some seemed like things Reuben didn’t even think people did to one another, judging by how his face would turn several shades darker at their mention.

Then she handed him another piece of paper.

“What is this?”

“An agreement for both of us to sign, stating that I am aware of what your boundaries are and that I would never do anything to you without your consent. Do you have a safe word?”

“Recess. How much will I be paying you?”

“That’s written in on the form.”
Belle would have been lying if she said she didn’t offer him less than what she usually did with her clients. That was both due to his teacher’s salary, and because there was no small part of her that would dominate him for free.

Reuben saw it, gave a small nod, and then signed his name. Belle handed the form back to him and signed her name as well.

“So when can we start?” Reuben asked.

“Well…” Belle had been reading before he had showed up. This was supposed to be a day off for her. She had to get back into the mindset necessary for being a Domme. “How much time do you have?”

“Bae is at football practice for the next two hours. Please Belle.”

“Why are you being so insistent?”

“Because I am not a good person Belle! I have done very bad things! I need to be punished.”

Belle couldn’t possibly fathom what this sweet kind-hearted schoolteacher could’ve possibly done. “Alright. But when we’re done, I’m going to ask you what those things are. Deal?”

“Deal.”

“Good. Now turn around, lean against the chair, and pull down your pants.”

The look on Reuben’s face was that of a man who realized he was about to live out his deepest sexual fantasies.

“You don’t want to keep your Mistress waiting,” Belle insisted.

Reuben nodded, then got up from the chair and leaned forward. Then he began to undo his belt and fly. After that, with both hands, he pulled his slacks and underwear down to his knees. Belle did not think for a second that she would be seeing the bare arse of her friend and coworker today, but, all things considered, it was not that bad of a sight. It would look even better soon.

“Now,” Belle continued. “You’re going to count every time I am going to spank you. It is important for teachers to know math no?”

“Yes of course”

“Yes of course?”

“Yes of course Mistress.”

“Good boy.” Belle made a note that she would need to think of a punishment appropriate for him not addressing her properly. “So you understand that I expect nothing short of a perfect performance from you. Is that clear?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good, now start counting.”

She gave his arse a good, hard smack.

“One!” Reuben exclaimed.

She smacked it again.
“Two!”

She kept smacking him and he kept shouting the numbers, his voice echoing through her house. After the sixth time, she noticed him squirm away from her in anticipation of her blow.

“Stop doing that! You said you wanted this remember? You said you needed to be punished.”

“Yes Mistress. I’m sorry Mi-seven!” He shouted as she cut him off mid-sentence with another smack.

She kept smacking him until his arse was a color reminiscent of her favorite shade of lipstick. By then, he was breathing loud enough for her to hear. His cock was also completely stiff and just about the same color.

“I see you enjoyed your punishment,” Belle pointed out.

Reuben looked down, then grimaced. “I’m sorry Mistress.”

Belle ignored him. “You will need to take care of that.”

“I don’t understand Mistress.”

“Touch yourself. But don’t cum, not until you have been given permission from me.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Reuben grabbed his cock in one hand and began to stroke, gasping and panting. Belle had always found her friend to be an attractive man but there was something about seeing him so thoroughly debased that was particularly glorious. Soon his legs began to shake and he buried his face into the chair. Belle grabbed his hair, thin fine and silky, and pulled his head up.

“Look at me,” she commanded.

He obeyed her, opening his brown eyes.

“Do you want to cum?” Belle asked.

Reuben nodded. His expression alone was pleading with her.

“You know,” she whispered in his ear. “I am very happy you decided to be here. We are going to have so much fun. You and I. All the things I’m going to do to you. All the things I want to do to you,” he words tumbled out of her mouth before she could stop them. Reuben made a low moan in the back of his throat. “But you are not going to cum. Not yet.”

He continued to touch himself, keeping his eyes fixed onto her per her order. Belle could see that his balls were now tight and swollen.

“Please,” Reuben begged. “Please Mistress, can I cum?”

“Can I?” You know better than that. You can cum at any time but Mistress would not be happy.”

“May I? Mistress, may I please cum?”

“Yes you may.”

With a loud gasp and the most perfect ‘o face’ Belle had ever seen, Reuben spilled his seed all over the chair.
“You sure made a mess.”

“I’m sorry Mistress. Should I lick it clean?”

Belle tried to hide her surprise. She did not think he was ready for that yet.

“Yes, until it is like it was before you came in.”

Reuben shut his eyes and began to lick the mess he had made. Belle felt herself growing more aroused as she thought of other places he could also put his tongue.

“Good boy,” she said when he was done. Reuben gave her a dimpled smile.

“How are you feeling?” She asked.

“Wonderful Mistress thank you.”

“Do you need anything to drink?”

“Water.”

Belle went back downstairs, filled up a glass, and then came back. Reuben was still as she had left him, bent over the chair.

“Erm…you don’t have to do that anymore,” she said.

He gave her a nod, then slowly reached for his cane and used it to pull himself back up. Then he pulled his pants up and sat down. She handed him the glass of water, which he downed quickly.

“So, like I promised, I’m going to ask you what it is that you feel you need to be punished for.”

Reuben looked uncomfortable. “I’ve been thinking terrible things. About-about our boss. About Principal Hordor. I know I should be a pacifist. I know I should be kind. But when he humiliated me today, I didn’t just want to see him get hurt, I wanted to be the one to hurt him.”

Belle tried not to laugh. “I think everyone has thought that about him at some point.”

“It’s not just that though. I’ve been-I’ve been a” he struggled with the words. “A…coward.” He spat out the last word with more revulsion than she had ever seen him use.

“How?”

“My ex wife Milah just moved back into town. She told me last week that she is going to appeal for joint custody, for Bae. I know I need to tell my son that but I haven’t yet. I’ve been too afraid.”

“It is common for people to put things off that they are afraid to do,” Belle mused. “What is it about telling Bae that makes you afraid?”

“How he will feel about it. I don’t think he wants his Mum back in his life.”

“Do you think knowing will make him love you any less?”

Reuben shook his head.

“Do you think it will change the outcome of Milah’s appeal?”

Reuben shook his head again.
“So he needs to know, and I promise you that telling him won’t turn out as bad as you think it will.”

Slowly and with trepidation, Reuben nodded his head.

“But there’s something else.” The look of shame that appeared on his face was almost heartbreaking. “I did not stand up for you. Hordor said something cruel about you today and I didn’t say anything. I let him do it.”

Belle considered asking him what that thing was, but decided it was probably best for her not to know.

“Reuben, that man is a bully. Sometimes not engaging with people like that is the best thing you can do. And even if you disagree, it is still good for you to forgive yourself. Forgiveness of others is one thing, forgiving yourself is far, far harder.”

Reuben mulled the words around in his head, then gave her a look of adoration. As she wrapped her arms around his shoulders, she knew right then how much she wanted to be there for him both as his Domme and as his friend.
The last remaining weeks of summer went by in a whirlwind. Belle continued to have sessions with all her subs, but Reuben was quickly becoming her favorite. He had always been quick-witted and unfettered, but she was surprised at how curious and adventurous he was. Even when they weren’t in a session, she found herself at his house more often than not, talking to him, watching him cook, and playing board games with Bae.

Belle was unsurprised when he invited her over to his house for the first day of Sukkot.

“So what are we doing?” Emma asked. Belle was told that the blonde girl was one of Bae’s new friends. Presumably, Bae had invited her.

“We’re building a shelter out of sticks,” Reuben replied. “Called a Sukkah.”

“Sukkot commemorates the 40 years that the Jewish people wandered through the desert. So during this holiday, we eat in the same sort of house that they did,” Belle added.

Building the Sukkah was not an easy task, especially when Emma and Bae would steal the sticks and try to swordfight with them. The sun was setting by the time they were done. Once the Sukkah was finished, Reuben blessed it with the lulav and etrog. Belle wondered if Emma found it strange to see him waving plants around and reciting words in a foreign language. If so, she did not say anything. Then Belle helped him set up a table and chairs. They brought over some stew he had cooking all day in a crock pot, a very delicious meal for a harvest festival.

“This is kind of fun,” Emma said as they ate. “It’s like we’re camping.”

“Yeah a little,” Bae replied.

“So how long does this stay up?”

“Another week. Hopefully. If the wind doesn’t blow it over. Then we’ll have to put it back up again.”

Once they were done eating, Belle helped Reuben wash the dishes. Then Reuben took Emma home. Meanwhile, her and Bae began playing Scrabble.

“So how are things?” Belle asked.

“With school?”

“With school and just in general?”

“Things have been pretty good,” Bae replied. “I’m just…you know my Mom is back in town right?”

Belle nodded. “Your Dad told me. How have you been feeling about that?”

“She left, when I was too young to remember. I don’t care what some judge says, I don’t want her in my life! Is that wrong?”
“It’s understandable.”

“Do you think that’s going to happen?”

Belle shrugged. “I don’t know enough about these things.”

“You know what Emma said to me while you and Papa were doing the dishes?”

“What?”

“She said that she felt more at home in that Sukkah than she ever had before.”

The game ended with another win for Belle. Yet Bae had done far better than the last time they had played. Belle thought to herself that Reuben would be proud of him. It was soon after they finished that Reuben returned. It was then time for Belle to come home.

“See you tomorrow Reuben,” Belle said before she left. Then she leaned really close and got up on her tiptoes so she could whisper in his ear: “I have something very special in mind for you.”

***

Reuben spent the entire next day in a fit of excitement for whatever it was that Belle was planning for him. She could not keep her eyes off him when he was with his students in the library, looking him over with a hungry expression on her face. It made him feel warm in some very naughty places.

Being a submissive had been wonderful for him. So much of the negative energy he had been keeping inside him had disappeared. For so long he felt like nobody in this town, save his son, would care if he lived, died, or simply disappeared. Yet he also knew now that Belle, both as his Mistress and as his friend, cared deeply for him. He could not fool himself into thinking it was romantic on her part. The sex acts they were doing were just sex, and sex he was paying for at that, but it was love in its own fashion.

Once the kids had all gone home and Bae was at soccer practice, Reuben headed over to Belle’s house. She answered the door wearing fishnets, leather hotpants, stilettos, and a corset: One of her favorite outfits.

“Upstairs,” she said. Both of them knew what that meant.

“Now pet,” Belle told him. “I’m going to offer you a choice. Do you want to be naked, handcuffed to my bed and blindfolded or naked, handcuffed to my bed, and gagged?”

Reuben could feel himself getting aroused just by her words alone.

“Gagged Mistress, please.”

“And why is that pet? Be honest.”

“Because I want to look at you.”

“Good answer, now strip.”

Reuben took off his shoes first, then his trousers.

“Leave that on,” Belle commanded as he was about to take off his tie. Instead, Reuben loosened it
and removed his shirt. Lastly, he pulled his boxers down, then put all his clothes in a pile where Belle wouldn’t step on them. “Lie down and put your arms above your head.” Ruben did as he was told. She walked over to the headboard, took his hands by the wrist, and put them into the cuffs on the headboard one after another. Then she took out the ball gag, put it into his mouth, and buckled it across his head. He was now completely at her mercy.

“Since you’ve been naked, gagged, and handcuffed to my bed before, you’re probably wondering what I meant when I said that I had something special in mind.” There was little else Reuben could do besides nod.

Belle gave him a mischievous grin and said: “I think you will like these.” Then she reached behind her and showed him a pair of nipple clamps. Reuben thought back to all the hours of porn he had watched, of men writhing with pleasure while wearing something very similar to what she was holding in her hands. He would pinch himself so that he could imagine what that would feel like. As soon as Belle put the clamps on his nipples, he realized it was better than he could imagine. There was pressure sure, but almost no pain at all, which was surprising since they were on such a sensitive, tender, part of him. Then, she took the clamp in the center and pulled on it until she could attach it to the collar of his tie. This caused the pressure to increase. He whined into the gag before he could help himself and was so full of pleasure and arousal that he felt like he wanted to burst.

“Now my pet,” Belle whispered. “I can take my time with you.”
“Oh yes my pet yes yes yes!” Belle shouted and screamed as she came again and again. She was holding him by his head and shoulders as he buried his face between her thighs. He desperately wanted to pleasure her with his hands as well, but she had them tied behind his back. His own sex, meanwhile, was swollen and begged to be dealt with, but she hadn’t laid a hand on it since she put on the cock ring about an hour ago. Two separate rings also held his balls in place, restraining them in a fashion mimicking how he was being restrained. Then, if that wasn’t enough already, she had put a prostate massager inside him. It vibrated on the lowest setting, bringing him to an orgasm that he could not have. Yet he knew that he could not complain, as this was punishment for a previous transgression.

Earlier that day, Belle had brought in some Chanukah themed sugar cookies to work. Beside the plate was a very simple direction: “Please take ONE cookie.” At lunch, Reuben had found the plate of cookies. He took one, then sat at the table across from Belle and ate his lunch like usual. Then after school, Reuben returned to the teacher’s lounge to grab a soda from the vending machine. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed, on the table, that the plate was still there. Belle’s notecard was also still there. “Please take ONE cookie,” he read in her loopy, feminine script. Yet there were cookies still left, which meant some of the staff had to have not taken theirs, and Belle was nowhere to be found. Therefore, Reuben foolishly walked from the vending machine to the cookie plate and grabbed a dreidel from the pile. The dreidel was halfway finished when Belle walked in.

“What is the meaning of this?” Belle demanded. Reuben wanted to drop to his knees and service her right there; she had never used her Domme voice before at school.

“I-I-I” His throat went dry and there was nothing he could say.

“Every day you expect your students to follow basic instructions. There are only two reasons why a student does not follow through. It is either because they did not understand what was asked of them or…the student was being deliberately disobedient. So which is it with you? Did you not understand my very basic direction or did you deliberately disobey your Mistress?”

“I didn’t think I’d be c-caught. I disobeyed you Mistress and I’m sorry,” Reuben whimpered.

“You’ll be more than that when I’m done with you,” Belle promised. And so that was how Reuben ended up on the bed in Belle’s playroom with his arms and legs tied together as Belle used his mouth to pleasure her. He was desperate to cum but unable to do anything about it. Once Belle was finally satisfied, she pulled herself away from him and gently lowered his head back to the ground. Then she knelt down and made slow agonizing circles across his left nipple with her finger. Reuben gritted his teeth together and gasped as he felt his balls press against the restraints.

“Please Mistress, I’m so sorry Mistress please,” he whined.

“Please what?”
Reuben wanted to beg her to let him cum. He had wanted to do that for the past hour, but all that came out of his mouth was a few more “pleases,” “I’m sorrys” and some whimpering.

“Stop that. Either say something definite or don’t say anything at all. If you keep doing that I’m going to have to gag you.”
Then Belle pulled out a remote and pressed it. The vibrator moved faster and the torture on his
prostate increased. Reuben screwed his eyes shut and moaned. His body began to shake and twitch until he couldn’t take it any longer.

“Please Mistress. Please may I cum?” He nearly shouted. “Please!”

Without even looking at him, Belle gently removed the rings from his cock and balls, then she turned the setting on the vibrator up one more time. Reuben spasmed a few more times before his orgasm hit him. It was more pleasure than he felt he had ever experienced. He felt like his heart was going to burst out of his chest. He even swore that, for a few seconds, he blacked out. After the waves of euphoria began to decrease, he felt her turn down the vibrator. She then untied his legs.

“Turn around,” she commanded.

“Yes Mistress.”

Reuben turned around so that she could untie his arms and remove the toy from him.

“Thank you Mistress thank you,”

Belle smirked. “The pleasure is mine pet.”

Then Belle began to massage his sore arms and legs. “Don’t try to get up just yet,” she said. It was a good suggestion as his head was still dizzy and his legs were still sore. Reuben pulled her closer to him until he could feel his heart pounding against his chest. She took his head into her arms and began to massage his scalp.

“Are you alright?” She asked.

“Yes.”

“Did anything hurt, was there any pain?”

“No more than usual, in my leg. Actually this almost makes it feel better.”

“Want me to get you something to eat?”

“I’m actually very hungry thank you.”

After Belle disentangled herself from him, he stretched out his entire body. Somehow, he felt more aware of every sensation he was feeling than he had been before. Belle returned with oatmeal with sliced bananas. It was just what he needed and he finished it very quickly.

“Like I said before we started,” Belle repeated. “Please let me know if you’re uncomfortable with anything, for any reason. The safe words and gestures we went over in the beginning, you can use them at any time.”

Reuben nodded. “I know.” He had used his safe word with her last week when she told him to stand in the closet. It reminded him too much of what his father used to do to him.

“You don’t have to tell me why if you don’t want to. This is true even if I’m supposed to be ‘punishing’ you.”

“I know.”

“You are very brave,” Belle said. “I see it every time I’m in a scene with you.”
Reuben shook his head. “No I’m not.”

“Yes, you are. Most people who I work with-most of my clients, don’t try nearly as many things as we’ve done in the past few months.”

“R-really?”

“Yes. I don’t know who it was who kept telling you that you were not brave but they don’t see you the way that I see you.”

“Thank you Mi-Belle. Thank you Belle you are so kind.”

“I’m just being honest.”

“What time is it?”

“Almost 5:30.”

“Oh bullocks! I need to pick up Bae.”

Belle hurried to the left corner of the room by the door where his clothes were lying in a pile. She handed him things and he put them on.

“Are you fine with driving?” Belle asked.

“Yes.”

“I’ll see you at services.” Belle said as Reuben hurried out the door.

After services. After the prayers had been said and the first Chanukah candle was lit, after Reuben, Belle and Bae had eaten so many latkes that they could barely move, after they played a few games of dreidel (Bae won the most chocolate) and Reuben took Bae home, did he take out his phone, go to “M” in his contacts list, and dial someone who he didn’t want to speak to. As the dial tone kept ringing, Reuben secretly hoped she had already gone to bed, but the click of the receiver after the fifth tone meant he would have no such luck.

“What is it?” Milah asked.

“It’s me, Reuben.”

“I know, I have your number saved. What is it?”

“I just-I just wanted to let you know that-that I have a lawyer and we-we’re going to fight you on this custody appeal.”

“You would deny me the chance to get to know my son?”

“You denied yourself that chance when you left him without even saying goodbye,” Reuben snarled.

“You selfish coward! I’ll see you in court!”

Then Milah hung up without another word.
Chanukah came and went. Meanwhile, for most of the rest of Storybrooke, Christmas season was reaching a fever pitch. Everyone who celebrated was looking forward to some time away from work, stress, and obligations, and some time with family. Everyone except for one lonely lost girl whose foster parents were taking a trip to Bremuda. She would be left behind with no one to celebrate Christmas with.

“Papa, I have to tell you something,” Bae said.

Reuben was in the middle of making dinner. “Yes, what is it Bae?”

“It’s Emma. Her foster parents are leaving her at home alone next week while they go on vacation.”

“On Christmas?”

“Yes I know. They want to hire a babysitter, but I was wondering if, instead, she could stay with us.”

“Of course.”

“You’ll need to talk to them then.”

“Alright, Bae I will do that.”

Reuben was not looking forward to talking to Emma’s foster parents, but the idea of one of his students and one of Bae’s friends, being home alone on Christmas broke his heart. He just hoped the experience wouldn’t result in him throwing his cane at one of their faces.

On a dreary, rainy day, there were many such days in Storybrooke, Reuben walked over to Emma’s house and rang the doorbell. The door was answered by a balding man in a polo shirt. “Yes, what is it?” He asked.

“Are you the father of Emma Swan?” Reuben asked.

“That would be I.”

“I am Baeden’s father. I was told by him that Emma needed a place to stay over Christmas.”

“Baeden is mistaken. We’ve hired a babysitter for Emma and she will be fine.”

“Okay, let-let-let me try this again. Bae was wondering if Emma could spend Christmas at our house in-instead.”

Emma’s father narrowed his eyes. “Why? You people don’t celebrate Christmas.”

There was something about the way he said ‘you people’ that filled Reuben with anger. “It seems neither do you,” he growled.

“What do you mean? This is a Christian household.”

“Now I’m not one myself, but I think Christmas is supposed to be about family. You are going on holiday and leaving a member of your-of your family behind,” Reuben admonished. As a man who did not grow up with family, this was just about the most loathsome thing he thought another person could do.

“That is none of your business. We made the vacation plans before we adopted Emma.”
“That’s fine. Have your vacation. But please let Emma stay somewhere that she might be happy. If she stays with us, you save some money and have a bit more peace of mind. Is that not so difficult?”

“No it’s not,” Emma’s father replied with resignation. “She can stay with you.”

Emma showed up to Reuben’s house on Christmas Eve carrying a suitcase and a list of emergency contacts.

“We rented some movies!” Bae said. “And there’s popcorn and Cheetos and cupcakes and Papa is letting me stay up this year!”

A ghost of a smile appeared on Emma’s face.

“I’m really glad you’re here,” Bae continued.

“Now we don’t have another bedroom but I made a bed for you and Bae in the living room,” Reuben told Emma. Then he led Emma to where him and Bae had made a fort out of sofa pillows and an air mattress.

“Hope this is alright.”

“Yes yes thank you Mr. Gold,” Emma replied.

Then the three of them watched movies and ate junk food until Reuben’s stomach hurt and Bae had his head in his lap.

“Alright, I think it’s bedtime for both of you.”

Reluctantly, Bae got up and moved into the nest of blankets. Emma joined him on the other side.

“Goodnight kids,” Reuben said.

Bae and Emma murmured in response.

“I’ll see you in the morning,” he added.

Bae and Emma were already awake when Reuben got up to make breakfast.

“So did either of you hear it last night?” Reuben asked.

“Hear what?”

“Santa came! He knew Emma was staying here and so he gave his gift to me and….here it is!” Reuben then pulled out a box wrapped in red and green and handed it to Emma.

“Thank you Mr. Gold,” Emma said. “For giving me this.”

“You’re welcome,” he said.
Then Emma unwrapped the gift. Inside was a knitted wool Christmas hat. “You made this?” Emma asked.

“No, Santa’s elves did. At the workshop.”

Put the hat on. It fit on her nice and snug.

“So what do you want for breakfast?” Reuben asked.

“Waffles!” Bae and Emma exclaimed at the same time.

“So Bae,” Reuben proposed as they ate waffles with bananas and syrup. “I think we need to introduce Emma to the Gold Christmas tradition.”

“I thought you and Bae didn’t celebrate Christmas,” Emma said.

“We don’t, but we still get the time off so we still do something special. Bae, do you want to tell Emma what that is?”

Bae grinned. “We go to Chien Po’s with everyone else at Temple and then we go to Ingrid’s for ice cream.”

Emma smiled. “I think I’d like that.”
Both Belle and Reuben knew that they had to do something special for Purim. If there was any other holiday to just let loose and go for it, it would be that one. Belle did not tell Reuben what it was that she had in mind, but, considering the many, many times, he had brought up wanting it to happen, she suspected that he would not be surprised when he found out. Still, she wanted to delay him knowing for as long as possible. So she began the scene by ordering him to lie down fully clothed, on his back with his arms above his head. Then, she tied his wrists together. Once Reuben was restrained, she cupped his face in her left hand and began to undo the buttons of his shirt with her right.

“This, pet, will be a test of obedience. I am going to give you one order and one order only. If you follow it, you will be rewarded.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Disobey and your punishment will be most severe.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Belle ran her hands against Reuben’s collar. She had given it to him a few months prior. It was small enough that not even a whisper of it could be shown during his classes, but now, with his shirt unbuttoned, it was there for both of them to see.

“You know what this means pet?”

“It means that I belong to you Mistress.”

“That’s right pet. Right now I am commanding you to be silent. You are not to make a sound until I say otherwise. This will be difficult but I know that you will obey me. Am I clear?”

“Yes Mistress.”

Then it was time for the test to begin. Belle began to rub his nipples, making slow circles around the center with her pointer fingers. By starting out slow, she was building anticipation. Making him wait for the real torture to begin. He was sensitive there, and she knew it. Even from her slight touch, they began to harden. Already, his breath was beginning to hitch.

“Remember what I said pet,” Belle told him quietly. All he could do was nod in response. Then Belle began to bite his neck, making marks across the sensitive skin. She licked his Adam’s apple, causing it to bounce as he let out a breathy, noiseless gasp. Meanwhile, she increased the pressure and the pace of her hand until both his nipples were being pinched by her fingers. He breathed harder but, still, no sound came. She kept biting his neck and rubbing his nipples until his slacks began to tent. Oh how she was going to enjoy his dick…but that would have to wait. Instead, she brought her mouth down to one of his nipples and began to suck on it. The way he squirmed against her was exquisite. *You’re too good at this*…Belle thought to herself. It was time to up the ante.

Without warning, she undid his slacks and, with a shove, liberated them from his body. She pulled off his boxers right after that. He now wore nothing except an unbuttoned shirt. Then, before Reuben could react, Belle crept back up to her sub’s chest and began to tickle his armpits through the thin fabric of his shirt. She was being unfair and she knew it. Reuben knew it as well. Yet with
his hands tied above his head, there was nothing he could do about it. Once she was done tickling him, he would be relieved when she was only teasing his cock. He bucked and writhed against her, gasping where he would normally be laughing. Still, as her loyal pet, he continued to obey her. As soon as his face was flushed with red, Belle stopped. Reuben’s eyes flashed with a gratitude that he could not express out loud, but Belle was in no way done with him yet.

“Spread your legs,” Belle ordered. Reuben pulled his legs apart as far as they would go. Then Belle took the lube from her nightstand and coated her fingers in it. She did the process with as much trepidation as she could, so he had to wait for what would happen next. Then, she teased his entrance with her right hand. As she did so, she licked and bit as much of his chest, belly, and thighs as she could reach. As soon as he began to buck his hips against her, she both held them down with her left hand and began to fuck him with her fingers. What Reuben wanted was Belle’s mouth on his cock but she was not going to give that to him. Not until she had been touching, licking, fingering, and biting every other part of him for long enough that he could have given up on getting that want. It was then that Belle licked a stripe from base to tip, her tongue barely touching. Even with just that small amount of pressure, all of Reuben’s body began to spasm. Still, he remained quiet.

That meant it was now time for Reuben’s final test. Belle went back over to nightstand again, this time making sure that she was where he could not see him. She pulled out the prostate massager and turned it onto the lowest setting. Reuben could not see her or it, but Belle could see his entire body tense up in anticipation of what was going to happen. With one hand, Belle coated the toy in lube. She fingered him with the other so that he could be wide enough to accommodate it. Then, with care, she lowered it into him. As she let the toy vibrate into him, she teased his cock and balls. His gasps and pants were becoming deeper and more rhythmic now. She thought about whether he would stay silent if he brought him to orgasm. As curious as she was about that possibility, she also knew that could not happen. She had to save that moment for his reward. Therefore, she was careful to keep him from going there. She could push him to where he was gasping, wriggling and screwing his eyes shut from all the places that he was being touched, but she would not have him cum.

Belle did know that she could bring him to where he could no longer resist. If she turned up the setting on the toy and began to deep throat him there was no way he would last. A whine or a moan would come out of him before he could stop himself. But she was impressed by how silent he had been despite all the work she had been doing on him already. Therefore, instead of pushing him to his breaking point, she turned the toy off and pulled her hands away.

“Well done my pet, you have passed the test. You may now speak.”

“Thank you Mistress,” Reuben croaked.

“You will also be rewarded, as promised.”

Then Belle went into her closet and grabbed her strap-on.

Reuben’s eyes were full of joy as soon as he saw it. At long last, he was going to be fucked. Belle helped him roll onto his belly. Then she made sure that the harness was securely attached to herself, lubed up the dildo that was attached, and put herself on top of him. She removed the toy and, with much care, pushed herself into him.

“How are you feeling pet?” She asked once it was within him entirely.

“Wonderful Mistress thank you.”

Then Belle placed a hand on the back of his neck so her palm was touching his collar, pulled
herself out, and then eased herself back in. She kept fucking him slowly until she felt like she could increase the pace.

“Remember pet that you can now speak. I want to hear you.”

After she reminded him that he could be as loud as he wanted, she heard a moan every time she pushed herself into him. Giving him this was one of the most delightful things about being a Domme. She was filling him completely. Making him feel happy, safe, cared for. There was a beauty to this work that made her love it with every part of her being. Belle kept going until he was nearly spent, then she helped him roll over again. It was time now to finish him off. She barely had to touch his dick before he was cumming into her hand. It was a messy, sticky thing, but, once he was finished, she commanded him to lick it off of her.

Once that was finished, Belle untied him. Then she massaged his wrists, the back of his neck, the small of his back, everywhere that there might have been pressure. Belle was about to get up to give him water when he grabbed her with both his hands and pulled her against him. He loved to cuddle her during aftercare. He would press his body against hers and rub his head against her shoulder like a cat. It almost convinced her that maybe he shared her desire for affection. But there were many subs who had that tendency that would want nothing to do with her outside of a scene. So, Belle pushed her feelings aside so as not to keep her hopes up.

The Purim party was always fun. Every year, Reuben, Belle and Bae would show up in costumes with a plate of Hamantaschen. This year, they were accompanied by Emma. Emma was dressed as Queen Esther. Bae meanwhile was her cousin Mordechai. Reuben had done himself up to look like Haman. Belle was Vashti. Nobody noticed that Reuben was wearing his collar. After all, there were plenty of people in costume.

After a large meal and plenty to drink, it was tradition for the congregation to put on a drunken rendition of the Purim story. Everyone who was in costume scrambled to find a place to be. All in all, there were more than ten Esthers, five Mordechais, seven people playing King Ahasuerus, three people playing Vashti plus several other villagers, courtesans, trees, and horses. Yet there was just one person playing Haman. It seemed that nobody else had wanted to be the bad guy and thus, the task fell to Reuben alone.

Everyone booed when Reuben entered the stage and continued to boo and shake their noisemakers, as was tradition, whenever the name of his character was mentioned by Rabbi Isaac. All things considered, Reuben thought he did a fantastic job playing the petty advisor who wanted to wipe out all the Jews from Persia. Everyone erupted into cheers when Queen Esther saved her people and he was finally hanged, then booed the loudest they had booed when he took his bows before leaving the stage.

Both Reuben and Belle had too much to drink, so they walked Emma and Bae home instead of driving. Emma’s house was first, and there were ‘goodbyes’ and ‘hugs’ when she was dropped off.

“I don’t think her parents are going to be too happy when they find out she brought home a noisemaker,” Belle pointed out.

“They can manage,” Reuben replied.

It was about halfway to Belle’s house, when a car began to slowly follow them. Reuben and Belle stopped and glared at the tinted window, which unrolled to reveal Milah.

“Why are you here?” Reuben asked.
“We saw you as we were driving. Were you coming home from Purim?” Milah’s eyes zeroed in on Reuben’s collar. In that moment, he felt more naked than he had ever felt when Belle was dominating him. “What is that?” She asked.

“Part of my costume,” Reuben lied. “Belle, take Bae home.”

Belle gave him a look of understanding. In that moment, he knew just how much it mattered that he was with someone he could trust completely.

“You see Reuben, at first I didn’t think it was part of your costume,” Milah said loud enough that Bae was still in earshot. “I thought you just decided to tell the whole world just how much of a little bitch you are.”

Reuben heard laughter from the driver’s seat. As he peered inside, he saw that the driver was none other than Milah’s boyfriend, the dark haired-blue eyed Killian Jones.

“It doesn’t matter what you call me,” Reuben replied. He tried, as hard as he could, to keep his voice steady and unwavering. “You’re never going to speak to my son again. You’re never going to see my son again. Not unless he wants to when he’s old enough to make that choice. When you abused me for years and when you left him, you made your choice. Now you have to-now you have to live with it.”

“And you will have to live with yours. Coward.”

Then Milah rolled up the window and her and Killian sped off.

Toward the end of March, Reuben found an unmarked manila envelope in his mail. In it were print-outs of pictures of him in Belle’s kitchen. In the first one, he was naked, gagged, blindfolded, and holding a tray with tea and cookies. In the second, he was tied to her kitchen table while she was eating cookies off of him. Next to the pictures was a note:
“Still just part of your costume? I want SOLE custody or these go public. :) –Milah xoxox”
Passover

There were two empty seats at Passover that year. One was for Elijah the Prophet. The other was for Emma Swan.

“She got suspended at school,” Bae confessed. “Kevin was talking about you Papa.”

“What did he say?” Reuben asked.

Bae sucked in a breath. “He called you a dirty pervert, and then a word that rhymed with ‘bike.’ Emma tackled him to the ground. A recess teacher saw and she got in trouble. So now her parents don’t want her hanging out with me anymore. I asked Emma what that word was, the one Kevin used. She wouldn’t tell me.”

“It’s a very bad word son. A very bad word that bad people use when they want to talk about us.”

“About Jews?”

“Yes.”

Bae looked uncomfortable.

“Kevin probably heard it from his parents, he might not even know what it means.”

Bae narrowed his eyes. “He probably knows.”

As soon as Milah realized that Reuben would not give in to her demands, she sent copies of the pictures to Principal Hordor, and posted them on the internet. Hordor called for an investigation into both Belle and Reuben, trying to find anything that would prove their behavior would have a direct impact on Reuben’s teaching. Then the teacher’s union would no longer protect him, and he could finally be fired at last. Even though he hadn’t found anything to justify a firing yet, parents were already horrified at what the fifth grade teacher and librarian had been up to, and were demanding that their students not be taught by him. Many people in Storybrooke treated Reuben and Belle like outcasts.

Bae was uncomfortable as well. Reuben could tell, despite how much he tried to hide it. Before the truth was revealed, he thought Belle was just Reuben’s friend. It was simpler to explain to him that they were dating than that they were still friends except Reuben paid her a small amount of money to tie him up on occasion. He didn’t really understand why what they were doing had earned the contempt of most of the town but he felt betrayed by the idea that they had been boyfriend and girlfriend for months without telling him.

“Bae, I want you to listen to me. There are lots of people in this world who hate what they don’t understand. That means there are many people who don’t like Jews.”

“I know,” Bae replied.

“But that doesn’t mean there’s anything wrong and bad with being who you are. Be proud of it despite the hate. It’s how we as a people have survived for so long.”

Bae nodded. He grew up with stories of how Reuben’s grandfather had used his connections in Britain to take the first boat out of Germany as soon as the Nazis came to power. About how they had to leave or sell nearly everything they owned regardless and settled in Glasgow with next to nothing. Sometimes, the best thing that one can do to protect their family is to run.
The Passover Seder was similar to every other year. Bae’s other friends, August and Morraine, showed up along with their families. The only additions were Belle and the reluctant presence of her father, Moses. He was nice enough, all things considered. He even made a few jokes about how he shared the same name as the protagonist of the story. Yet it was obvious he was not too happy to have found out about what his daughter was up to and then to have been invited to the Seder of the man who, as far as he was concerned, had ruined her reputation. While Reuben was reading about Moses telling the Pharaoh to let the Israelites go, he even whispered in Geppetto’s ear that “some people seem to enjoy slavery just fine.” The remark earned him a look of pure poison from Belle.

The absence of Emma seemed to weigh heavily on Bae’s mind. Reuben knew that he wanted to teach her the Frog Song when they were talking about the Ten Plagues, that he wanted to help her through the Four Questions that she, as the youngest at the table, would’ve been the one to recite, that he wanted to tear through the whole house with her looking for the Afikomen, a piece of matzo that would be in an envelope along with five whole dollars. Far from being ashamed of his Jewishness, Bae almost seemed elated to be the one to introduce her to his culture.

Once the guests had left, Reuben had a whole house to clean. Thankfully, Belle had offered to stay and help him. They did the dishes and cleared the table without speaking. Both appeared to be lost in their own thoughts.

“Reuben,” Belle finally said. “I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

“This is all my fault. If it wasn’t for me, none of this would’ve happened.”

“Don’t say that Belle. I was the one who came to you remember? I wanted to be your submissive.”

“But what you wanted was not what I wanted.”

“What do you mean?”

Belle turned to him and went from where she was washing the Seder plate in the sink to where he was putting the leaves back in the dining room table. Reuben saw that her eyes were bloodshot.

“You wanted a Mistress, so you hired me to be one for you. I on the other hand did not just want another submissive.” Belle grabbed his left hand and squeezed it. “I wanted you. I’ve wanted you from the moment we met. When we do scenes together, sometimes I pretend that it’s not just a job and we really are a couple. So I was not upfront about my intentions, tempted you away from your normal vanilla life, and now you are paying the price for it. I was a coward.”

“Please don’t talk about yourself that way Belle.”

“Words cannot express how sorry I am.”

“And I forgive you. Like you once told me, sometimes the hardest thing is to forgive yourself. And--” Reuben felt his mouth going dry and pangs of nervousness from the pit of his stomach. “-and maybe I might have also wanted you. Maybe I was also afraid to admit it.”

The joy on Belle’s face was unfettered. “Really? But that means…Reuben, do you love me?” Reuben’s eyes filled with tears before he could stop himself. “Yes Belle, yes!”

Then, for the first time, Belle and Reuben shared a kiss.
The custody hearing was not that ceremonious of an affair. It was just a small room that Reuben would have to occupy with Belle, Bae, Milah, his lawyer, Milah’s lawyer and a judge. All he was here to do was to make a statement defending himself as a parent. Milah’s argument was that his sex life meant he deserved to lose his child. It was, as far as he was concerned, specious at best. Nevertheless, he could not stop himself from shaking when it was finally his turn to speak.

“Your—Your Honor,” Reuben began. “I am here because this woman, Milah Jones, is trying to take away my child. A boy that has been with me, and only me, since she left me six years ago. She is not just arguing for joint custody, but is trying to convince you that what I do in the privacy of my own bedroom makes—makes me an unfit parent. It is true that I am a submissive. I have been seeing Belle French, a professional dominatrix, since September of last year. That does not make me a bad father and that does not make me a bad person. Until Milah tried to use my relationship to blackmail me, I kept it a private affair between Belle and I. My son, and certainly not the entire town, would’ve been affected by its existence in any form or fashion. All that it means is that I am different than most. The way I have sex is different. Difference is not—should not be a mark against me. Not in your eyes. Not in the eyes of the Creator. Please keep this boy with his father, a man who has taken care of him, on his own, for more than half of his life. Thank you, your Honor.”

With that, Reuben sat down, and the hard part was over.
Shavuot

Reuben and Bae had invited Belle to their house to watch the World Cup. She was not much of a football fan, but having something to do on a lazy day was not that bad of a thing. Reuben himself was out of work, having quit his teaching job. He told Belle that the teachers’ union had stopped protecting him, which meant it was either quit with a severance package or be fired. It was a setback, but she was sure he would find another way to do what he loved.

Bae greeted her wearing American flag facepaint. “Papa! Belle’s here!”

Reuben came out soon after. “I have fantastic news,” he said.

“What is it?”
“Milah was denied custody. Bae won’t be taken away from me.”

“That’s wonderful!” Belle exclaimed. Then she wrapped her arms around him and gave him a big wet, sloppy, kiss.

“Ewwwww!” Bae exclaimed.

As Belle came inside, she was surprised to find that Bae was not alone. Not only were August and Morraine with him, but so was Emma.

“I thought Emma’s parents said she couldn’t come over here.”

Reuben put his fingers to his lips. “They think her and August are at the movies.”

Belle smirked.

“Also,” Reuben added. “Bae has some other news for you as well.”

“I’m starting Bar Mitzvah classes next year.”

“They grow up so fast,” Belle said.

“Soon they’ll be old enough to drive,” Reuben mused. “Get married.”

It was fleeting, but Belle could’ve sworn that Reuben and Emma exchanged a look.

As they sat down to watch the game, Belle whispered to him that she also had news, but he would have to go back to her place to see it.

That evening, after Bae’s friends had left and Bae himself was asleep, Reuben accompanied Belle back to her place. He began to head upstairs as soon as they came inside. He guessed that the surprise had to be in their playroom. Yet, when he came in, there was nothing out of the ordinary.

“Guess again pet,” Belle told him, slipping into her Domme voice effortlessly.

“Your room?” Reuben asked.

Belle nodded.

When they entered Belle’s room, Reuben looked like he could almost faint. Inside was a sex
swing.

“You bought this, for me?” He squeaked.

“I did more than just buy it. I had it custom-built so we could use it with your leg. This is ours, I will not use it with any of my clients.”

“Mistress I just-I just don’t know what to say.”

“Say thank you.”

“Thank you Mistress. Thank you. I will do anything for you Mistress. Whatever you like.”

Belle smirked. “I may have a few ideas already.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!