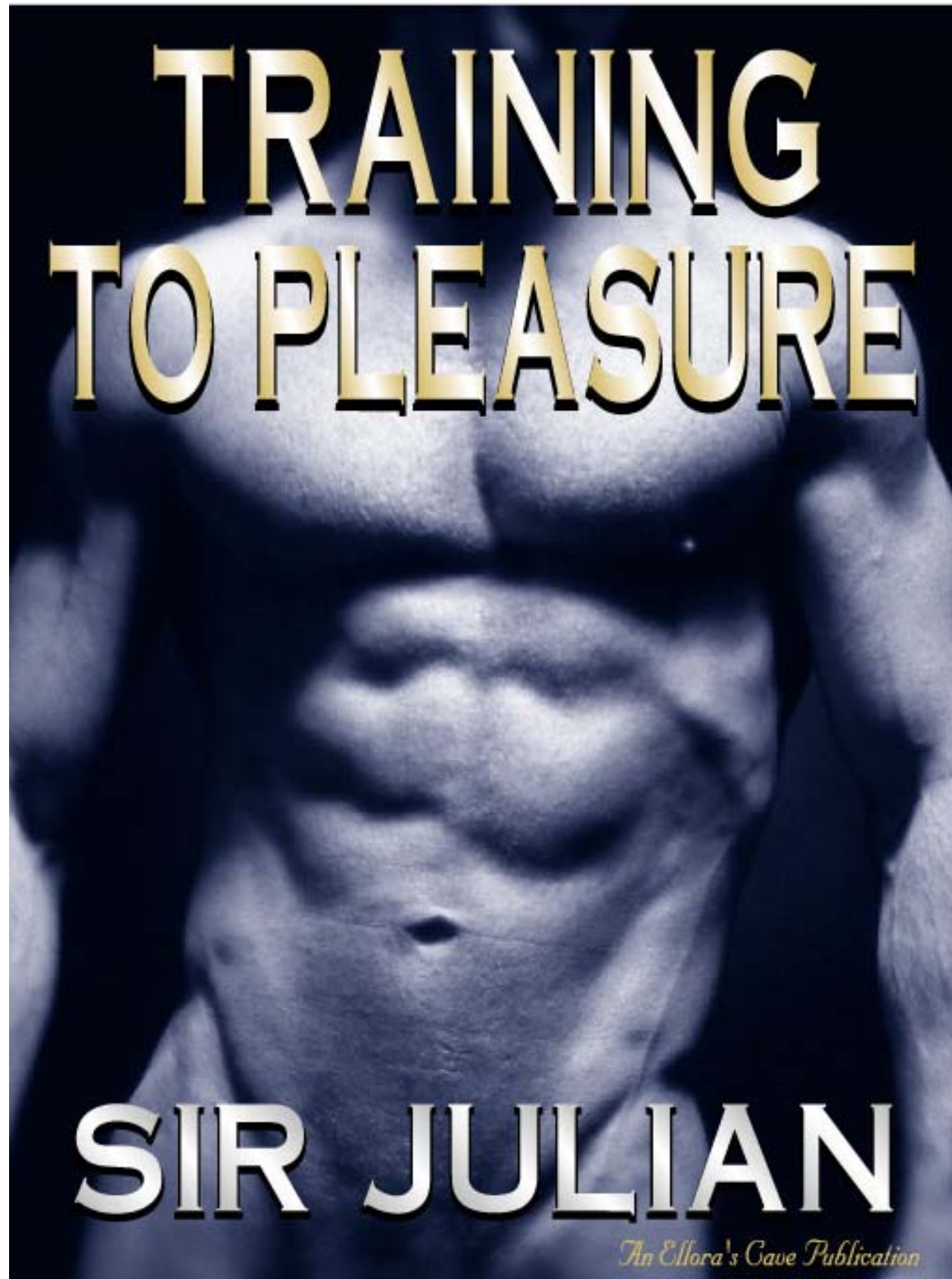




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TRAINING TO PLEASURE

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Warning:

The following material contains strong sexual content meant for mature readers. *Training to Pleasure* has been rated NC-17, erotic, by three independent reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic file in a place where young readers not meant to view this e-book are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

Chapter 1

A Flame is Kindled

Kate was naive only in the sense of internet-based relationships. She had invested time in several long-term relationships, some of which had been mildly kinky in the bedroom.

Looking back she divided the men she had dated into two basic types: The nice guys and the bad guys. The former were genuinely decent men, financially secure and often able to hold a conversation, at least about shared interests. They were friends who became lovers, but sadly unsatisfactory lovers with little or no imagination and almost no skills or sensitivity to her needs.

The latter, the “bad guys” were much better sexually and it was with them that she had explored some light bondage on occasion. But they had zero conversation or, for that matter, even any interest in her except in the minimal sense of paying her enough attention to get her into bed.

Sometimes when loneliness or sheer horniness drove her to it, she did not mind that so much. There was something refreshingly honest about someone who was so direct about what he wanted, but deep down she always felt, always hoped, that somewhere, with someone very special, there would be more...

This search had led to talks with girlfriends who shared many of her frustrations, if not perhaps her optimism in one day finding that special man who would be everything to her.

On a visit to one such girlfriend, another personal assistant from the office at which they both worked, the tone of conversation had become quite daringly open. It was late in the evening when they were both somewhat flushed and giggly from the bottle of wine they had shared that Kate had told her friend some of her secret fantasies and shared her despair in ever finding a man who might fulfill them.

Her friend had run to the bedroom and returned with an armful of books. “There’s only one place you’ll find what you’re looking for...fiction!” She had dropped the half dozen or so paperbacks onto her lap, grinning. “One of those and a set of new batteries in your vibrator is all you need to set you right, girl!”

The friend, though well intended, had been quite wrong. Instead of pacifying the desires that had been brewing within her for so long the books just set her on fire, making her more determined in her search.

Kate had expected the books to be the normal mild erotica, and indeed most of them were, but one book immediately grabbed her attention. Though having only the sketchiest plot, the author wrote with vivid and convincing intensity, painting images in her mind that invoked feelings and responses that surprised and shocked her.

The characters seemed convincing and real to her as she read, as well as arousing her intensely. Something far more profound happened: She began for the first time in

her life to seriously think that she might be a sexual submissive...and that this might explain why her previous relationships had never fulfilled her. That maybe, if some vital part of her own self understanding had been missing, she could not possibly have been looking in the right places or even for the right kind of man.

Kate had always prided herself on being independent, so why was she so powerfully aroused by these tales of total submission and complete subjugation to another's will? Far beyond anything she had experimented with her various "bad" boyfriends, she was not even sure that some of the things described were even possible—if indeed they were desirable at all in real life.

Yet despite what she had come to think of as the sensible voice in her mind, deep down she knew it was all possible given a man whom she could really trust. How she knew it she was not sure—it was instinctive, even irrational. But sometimes instincts take you places that rationality runs scared of and that she did know...

And so she had begun to explore further. Surfing the internet, reading, researching. Sometimes, amidst the dross of crudely pornographic bdsm websites, she discovered hidden gems written by submissives or couples who shared their thoughts, feelings, and experiences with a heart-warming honesty. It was these that more than anything else inspired her to continue her search: Clearly if another woman could find a man to love and trust to such a high degree, then so could she!

Gradually she began to build a picture in her mind of the "scene." She "met" all manner of different people in a variety of internet chat rooms. Clearly some people were just plain crazy or obsessed—maybe both! Others were aggressively proactive in what they called their "lifestyle" and were obviously very serious about it. Perhaps even too serious as if nothing else mattered in life. But at least they were normally kind and intelligently informative when she had questions; such people almost never tried to make her feel stupid and she appreciated that.

The vast majority of the people in the chat rooms seemed to be in pretty much the same state as herself: single and searching, lonely and curious. Regardless of what they pretended to know and no matter what experiences they claimed to have had.

Indeed this cyber world struck her as not so very different from the ordinary world: There were those who were shy and withdrawn, never saying anything; there were those who were boastful and arrogant, loud and obnoxious; and then there were those who seemed to her genuine and sincere..."real" people she felt she could easily get on with...if only they did not live thousands of miles away she would have met them for coffee and most likely enjoyed their company and friendship.

Generally she found she learnt most from talking to other women, especially those who had some real life experience of being dominated. Over and again, from many different women from all over the world, she got the same simple message:

Do NOT wait for someone to find you! Search the profiles in the personals, find someone who seems to know what they are talking about and get to know them really well. Ask lots of questions, learn all you can about them and establish the beginnings of trust. If he's for real he

will be patient, he won't be pushy or try to rush you. Arrange a safe meeting when it feels good for you. If in doubt walk away!

It was this understanding that had caused her to take a second look at James' profile.

Master James. Experienced in all aspects of bdsm and D/s, but learning all the time.

Kate reread the profile she'd by now committed to memory:

Trust is both the foundation and the cement of any relationship, but especially one involving dominance and submission. Trust cannot be forced; it must be earned through experience. A Master is firstly his submissive's teacher, her guide, and her trusted friend. If he is not these then he cannot be called her Master.

If you are the special girl I have been looking for I will lead you down a path of erotic discovery, a journey into submission. Exciting and arousing you and yet ensuring your safety at every step.

The profile went on to say that he was an engineer and described him as a single male, 6'2" in height, a slim and athletic build. His interests were listed as martial arts, reading, skiing, rock climbing and cooking. Which she thought an interestingly odd combination. But it was his mention of a Master as a teacher that made her, after much indecision, write to him. Because, she reflected, that was exactly what she needed most. And if it came to nothing then she would at least have learned a thing or two.

And so she had written to him...

Hoping. Wondering.

Curious.

Chapter 2

Synchronicity

James Courtenay sat before the computer just gazing at her photograph, mesmerized. Finally, after some moments, he remembered to breathe again. He leaned back in his chair, closing his eyes, her face captured in his mind. Making himself breathe more deeply, he reflected on the powerful feelings stirring within him.

Desire, certainly – very strong desire.

But there was also a tightening in his chest. Excitement? Yes, but perhaps also wariness, caution? Understandable since the last time he had felt such a powerful attraction he had been deeply disappointed and not a little hurt.

James dismissed the painful memories. The past was gone, those lessons learnt and this woman he hoped would be a big part of his future. This time things would be different.

The much greater feeling he recognized well: That sweet pain in the center of his chest, combined with longing, a sense of vulnerability that somehow brought with it a still deeper sense of inner strength. Tender strength, powerful gentleness. So many almost opposing feelings that combined, at least with regard to this woman, so very pleurably.

James smiled. If he was not very careful he was going to end up falling for this girl. Not just infatuation either, but the real thing. He could feel it, had begun to feel it some time previously, even before this particular photo had arrived in his inbox.

The previous photos she had sent had been very stylized, posed obviously by some kind of professional photographer, the kind that never spent more than five minutes getting to know their subject and consequently never captured them, the truth of them, in the frame.

This one was just a snapshot, perhaps a lucky one, or perhaps taken by someone who knew her very well. The complete lack of self-consciousness, the utterly authentic smile, the intensity of her gaze on someone out of frame, eyes widening in surprise...

Realizing that he had crossed his arms over his chest and had tensed up, James forced himself to relax and look again. This time more critically.

She was not pretty in the classical sense. Her features were too irregular, her mouth too large, her nose slightly too long. Her hair was lovely, long, and dark and her skin lightly tanned, perhaps from a recent holiday. The harsh light of the flash had revealed a faint scar on her chin, perhaps a childhood injury?

Analyzing her features like this, however, would always fail to capture the whole – would, in fact, miss the point entirely. Such as the way her eyes matched the glorious smile that animated her face revealing a straight-forwardness, an absence of guile that he found extremely attractive.

No, James thought, she was not pretty in the trivial, Barbie doll sense of the word. Her face had too much character for that, but he found her exceptionally attractive.

Saving the photo to his hard drive, James began to read the text of her message and by the time he'd finished there was a knot of excitement and anticipation inside that no amount of breathing would get rid of.

* * * * *

Two months earlier they had "met" in an internet chat room where those in the BDSM scene could discuss their mutual interests, it was a conveniently anonymous way of getting to know likeminded people. That they were in the same room at the same time was pure synchronicity since James hardly ever bothered with them these days – a sudden whim in a bored moment.

James had welcomed her into the chat room, and she had responded to him according to submissive etiquette – deferentially and politely. Not because he was a man, but because he was a Dominant, his status indicated by his name being capitalized whereas a submissive's was not. She had politely deferred to the female Domes in the room as well, so that didn't really mean much.

He'd then brought up her profile, which said very little about her except to hint at a willingness to learn, and a curiosity about the lifestyle James had led for years. When he returned to the chat room she had gone and a few minutes later so did he. There it would have ended except that the next morning there was an email from her in his inbox:

Dear Sir,

I have never written to anyone before and I am not sure how wise I am to be writing even now. I read your profile and since you emphasize the importance of a Master being also a teacher and guide to his submissive, I hoped you would not mind my asking a few questions?

About me: I am late twenties, single and professional...I work as a PA – Personal Assistant. The rest you can see on my profile if you care to look.

I've been intrigued about submission, bondage, and domination for a little while now. I have been trying to learn as much as I can. It all sounds exciting and arousing, it speaks to a deep part of me that has had secret fantasies for as long as I can remember.

But those are fantasies...in real life I work hard and I am no one's doormat. In fact, when things really matter to me I am really assertive, I won't tolerate being patronized or insulted. I mean, I see the abusive language the 'submissive' women in chat rooms seem to put up with, even expect, and it just turns my stomach even when its not directed at me.

So I'm not sure I'm what anyone would call submissive, yet all my fantasies involve my being overpowered, swept off my feet, bound and helpless...perhaps I have a submissive sexuality, but not a submissive spirit? Is that even possible? This is so confusing!

I'm proud of the life I've made. I'm independent and I respect myself and my achievements....it's not been easy! So why should I be aroused by thoughts of being controlled and subservient? It just doesn't make any sense to me...can you help me to understand?

If you are too busy to answer my questions that's ok. I don't want to waste your time.

Sincerely,

Kate

James had smiled and spent half an hour he really did not have to spare replying, touched by the genuine tone of her writing. His interest piqued by the fact that in her very first email to someone she had struck right to the core issue of D/s relationships, however naively.

Dear Kate,

Perhaps some general pointers will help clarify things for you...

*First, being submissive is something you do or don't do, it's not **who** you are and, further, being submissive is something you do **with** someone else whom you trust and respect. It is a special gift you offer only to a man you feel merits and deserves it.*

Yes the bdsm world is full of people who are heavily identified with being submissive, but (for example) that is equally true for people who cannot distinguish between their professional role and their core identity, or the mother who has invested so much of herself in her children that she feels "lost" when they leave home and has to figure out who she is again...

To surrender control of yourself you have to first be in control of yourself (as much as any one ever is!) or what are you giving up? What are you offering the dominant? If you would obey anyone, acquiesce to the demands that any man made of you, how can he possibly feel any sense of pride and feel honored by the gift of your submission and obedience?

A dominant man is not a domineering man; still less is he a control freak. A control freak is by definition deeply insecure. However in control he appears to be, deep down he is frightened of life, frightened of women, and probably even of himself. He seeks to impose his will through manipulation of another's vulnerabilities. And he is quite indifferent to the effects he has since at some level other people are not really real to him.

Like a very small child he is demanding and liable to throw a tantrum if he does not get his own way. Indeed on an emotional level he may not have matured much beyond the age of four or five years old. Such adults are dangerous and best avoided.

By contrast a dominant, and even more so a Master, at least as I define him, doesn't need to control. He is just extremely good at being in control and handles responsibility well. He's mature enough to know that you can't control life, that you have to go with the flow and yet he has a firm grip on those aspects of his life that can be ordered. The control he enjoys taking gives him a freedom of expression and, indeed, he mostly uses his control to free the self-expression of his submissive for their mutual enjoyment.

A considerable part of the pleasure for him, at least that which is not purely erotic, is in how honored he feels by the responsibility and trust given him. That a woman who can perfectly well manage her life without him chooses to surrender herself to him.

Why? For the same reason that any lovers are bound to each other...together they are happier than when they are apart. The only real difference as I see it is that in a relationship involving dominance and submission the couples' deepest sexual desires and honest emotional needs are communicated and acknowledged from the very beginning, which is not an unreasonable foundation for any relationship.

I hope that this helps. Please feel free to address any further questions you may have to me and I'll try and answer them as best I can.

Regards

James

Kate's reply had been appreciative and grateful and within a few days they had exchanged several more emails sharing thoughts, feelings, desires and more everyday information concerning the nature of each other's work and interests. Slowly, with several chats via instant messaging online that went on late into the night, they began to reveal more personal information, though at his insistence she gave him no specific detail that would enable him to trace her.

While accepting this, she was confused by it, thinking at first that perhaps him forbidding her to divulge such information was his way of protecting himself from being obliged to reciprocate. As time went by and they talked more often she noticed that in fact he did not withhold such information. Eventually she felt she needed an explanation and asked for one in an email.

James wrote in reply:

I am trying, in case things don't work out between us, to instill in you a strong awareness of the need to protect your privacy. This need not hinder in anyway the process of our getting to know each other, but when we meet, as I hope we will, the only thing I will know about your identity is what you look like from the photos you have sent and your cell phone number.

After we meet, depending on how we feel, what the chemistry is like, is soon enough for you to tell me more. It's actually quite hard for me to write this because I don't want to alarm you...I know I'm a good guy. But on the internet, especially if you are a woman, a presumption of guilt before proof of innocence is definitely the way to go!

James went on to explain how safe meetings were arranged and how she would prepare a schedule of safe calls to a friend. He knew, of course, that it was entirely unnecessary with regard to him, but knew equally well that the meeting of minds that chatting online represented need not, and often did not, translate into a physical and emotional attraction in real life. Her future safety was his concern and, he felt his responsibility to a submissive woman new in the lifestyle.

Chapter 3

Anticipation

The exchange continued for several weeks, exploring in luscious detail some of Kate's fantasies as her confidence grew in James. James never judged her and often he would reciprocate by telling her of some of his earlier experiences with previous submissives (though he never boasted or showed off) and told her of his desires for the future, until one Sunday morning he woke to find a much more personal email from her.

Dear James,

I'm going to be honest with you and admit something I feel bad about: When we began to talk I thought that writing to you would help me to see that there was some obvious flaw in my character that explained why I need this so much, I thought that you were going to just bullshit me and in seeing through your bullshit I would be able to get back to what I've always known as sensible and safe.

Instead the opposite has happened. I realize there is no return to how things used to be. Remembering how miserable I was, how deeply conflicted I felt, I wonder why I would ever want to turn the clock back? But if I'm to be honest...and I want to be with you...there is still a big part of me that does. Maybe I'm just scared.

Am I making any sense?

Of course, I realize that having opened this Pandora's Box I can't close it again. I cannot pretend the feelings and the dreams and desires aren't there, though sometimes I try very hard! Why? Because it frightens me! God it would be so easy if you were some kind of psychopathic sex maniac! I could just dismiss the whole thing as crazy and go get some therapy or something...but instead you turn out to be the sanest man I've ever talked to and you not only tell me its okay to be frightened but even explain how such fears are inevitable and not even a bad thing to be feeling! Every time I think I'm wrong or crazy you give me a way to understand myself and accept who I am and the feelings I have.

Anyway this has all been a prelude to saying that I would really like to meet with you, if you feel you want to of course...I don't want to be presumptuous, but you've said you enjoy our chats and reading my emails and you said you liked my photos...(I've attached another one...just a snapshot) Does that sound good to you?

kisses

Kate

xxx

* * * * *

So now James sat, staring at her photo, and wondering how the meeting would be for them. There were two obvious ways of handling it, one sensible and cautious but essentially unromantic and almost devoid of eroticism; the other very much more

romantic, potentially extremely erotic, but equally possibly disastrous if things did not work out the way he hoped they would.

In the former they would meet somewhere public and just talk, they would have agreed beforehand that there would be little or no physical contact, however much desired, which would be the focus of a second meeting...a good way of building a sort of sexual tension, but not reflective of the degree of intimacy they had already established and begun to feel for one another.

In the latter there would be no rules governing what would happen beyond her consenting to whatever she felt like doing at the time. In other words, it would be almost indistinguishable from any normal "first date." The problem with this was that it set the precedent of the control being hers; the normal girl-boy head games where he made a move and she rebuffed him for the sake of appearances, perhaps sustaining this over several meetings until finally she gave in, maintaining the status quo she clearly did not want.

Happily there was a third way that combined the best of the two and hopefully avoided any of the negatives, at least with careful handling and a willingness from both sides to make it work:

Dear Kate,

Yes of course meeting with you sounds good to me. I've attached a website address of a little place I've found about halfway between us. Have a look and if you like it then we can arrange a time...perhaps at the weekend? Let's chat on the phone a few times in the next week. This will be a good steppingstone towards our meeting and we will be able to say very much more than can be said by email anyway. However, this does depend on whether you are willing to accept the terms on which I will meet you...

As you might expect there are certain rules that you must be prepared to follow when we meet. They are not anything too challenging, so don't worry, but they will create the necessary foundation for what I hope will be further meetings. More importantly, they allow us both to relax because we both know what to expect while making for an enjoyably erotic beginning.

Firstly I will tell you what will not happen. I will not touch any part of you except for your hand to greet you when we meet and your mouth to kiss you when we part. This self-imposed limit makes a lot of other things possible, as you will see!

To the meeting you will wear a skirt no longer than knee length and a blouse and jacket. You will wear a g-string but no bra, stockings and not tights, and you will have shaved yourself completely below your neck. You will arrive before me and you will sit at the bar to wait, ensuring that your skirt is not between the seat and your bottom when you sit down.

When I arrive you will rise to greet me and you will address me always as "Sir". From that point on you undertake to obey everything I tell you to do immediately. On this occasion there is only one penalty for disobedience...I will leave. Any instruction I give you will be repeated twice if necessary. If after I have repeated myself for the second time you still have not obeyed then I will simply get up and go.

Since I am reasonably aware of what kind of experience you have you may be sure that I will not be asking you to do things that will be impossible for you to obey, though you may find some

of them challenging. This is vital to determine whether or not your need to submit and be controlled can make the leap from fantasy to reality. Though this might sound scary to you from all our conversations I am quite sure you will enjoy yourself enormously.

If you agree to these rules then send me an email and we can arrange when to chat on the phone.

James

xxx

There was no reply that day and by the following evening he had to stop himself from somewhat obsessively checking his email and voicemail since he had given her his cell phone number. He was feeling very down, positively miserable as the evening went on, by now sure that he had pushed her too far too fast, though he thought he had been patient.

Above all he knew what an awful beginning to a D/s relationship it would have been had he agreed to meet for just a chat. The fact was, he thought as he smiled ruefully, he was a nice guy, albeit with a wicked streak a mile wide. But still an essentially decent man who was utterly disinterested in acting a role, playing mind games, and covertly manipulating.

He shuddered as he thought of all those “dating rules”. How many times a “good” girl was supposed to say “no” before saying “yes”. How many times to let the phone ring so as not to appear to have been waiting anxiously for the call. The duration between one date and the next.

Probably all well intended, he thought, but hell if you were thinking about sleeping with someone—he grinned—ok fucking them...

He noticed how his own vocabulary had got caught up in the vernacular of “nice” Hollywood romance...

...Then surely to god you should be able to talk to them, be honest and express your truth from the heart? He sighed, wondering if there was anyone out there who felt as he did. Sadly it seemed he had misjudged her.

* * * * *

When her reply finally came long after midnight, and long after James had given up and gone to bed with a heavy heart, he was lying in bed trying to read a novel, though the letters just swam before his bleary eyes. Then from the next room, his home office, he heard the chime of delivered mail and barely restraining himself from running, rushed to the computer. He felt a surge of relief even before he opened it and then laughed out loud as he began to read.

Dear James,

OH MY GOD!! I can't believe I'm doing this! I have been totally unable to think about anything else since you wrote and typically I get two thirds of the way through a lengthy and very jumbled and over excited reply to you when my screen freezes and everything is lost...I hadn't even written down your number to call you...so I thought I'd just have to wait until the

computer gets repaired, but then I remembered about the local 24 hour internet café – and here I am at midnight!

It has been intensely frustrating not being able to contact you...you must have thought I was running shy...what else could you think?

But in fact I love your idea of limiting the degree to which we can touch, it makes me feel safe while at the same time my mind is reeling at all the possible things you might instruct me to do, even so I'm sure you will surprise me! Can I ask you to be patient though?

I will obey if you don't ask me to do anything too terribly embarrassing in public, but I will have to conquer my fears first, so the only thing I struggle with is "immediate obedience" though I think even this is deliberate isn't it? I mean the best thing would be for me to just do as I'm told, hesitating will only make it more difficult...and yes I'm sure you will challenge me but equally sure you won't ask me to do anything impossible...

I'm just repeating myself aren't I? I'll stop and simply say that I agree to your rules and like the look of the place you suggest to meet at.

What time do you suggest? Or should I say, "instruct" me to be there? I can be there anytime from 12 noon onwards...

I hope you haven't given up on me!

Your very excited and "intending to be obedient"

Kate

xxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Chapter 4

Sleepless Nights

He could hardly stop smiling, often laughing for no apparent reason in the days that followed. They talked on the phone a couple of times, though he deliberately kept each conversation short, saying straightforwardly to her that though he would always be completely honest with her, his fear was that as an intensely passionate man his tongue would run away with him, diluting the moment of their meeting.

Communicating feelings was always fraught with the danger of words being misinterpreted, but very much more so when you could not see the expression on someone's face or hear the full tonal qualities of their voice, feel their presence and the immediacy of their response. Though he thought that given the erotic tension that had been building slowly for months now she would willingly obey him, he wanted to contain the energy until they were face to face.

This was also why he made no attempt whatsoever to instruct her over the phone except in clarifying, where necessary, his intentions and reassuring her on several points as to what he would not be doing. In a gently teasing way he communicated to her that he knew very well how wantonly aroused she was feeling, that there would be no hiding behind coyness, and "ladylike" appearances. At least as far as he was concerned.

* * * * *

The Friday night before their meeting was a largely sleepless one for both of them, though for different reasons. She had been feeling a knot of butterflies growing in her stomach since before receiving his email agreeing to meet with her. Those butterflies now closely resembled bats as she lay in bed curled up with her arms wrapped around her middle, hugging herself and trying hard to quiet the tumultuous thoughts that raced through her mind.

Torn between arousal, anticipation, excitement, and apprehension she eventually got up at about 2 am and turned on the computer. Starting at the beginning Kate read through all their emails, hers and his, all neatly saved along with the photos he had sent of himself.

Kate found him enormously attractive. James' face with its deep laugh lines was not the pretty face of a boy. His features were an expression of what she knew from their conversations to have been a sometimes difficult life. Slightly graying hair cut short, thick eyelashes over startlingly blue eyes, a wide sensuous mouth, and strong jaw.

His photographs revealed many aspects of him. In one he was staring intensely at something off camera and the look was chilling, even a little intimidating, yet another photo taken in the same room at about the same time showed a mischievous smile and gave her a sense of approachable friendliness born out by their conversations and by his sometimes wicked sense of humor. Other photos obviously taken abroad on holiday

showed him to be muscular in the way of a natural athlete rather than the heavy musculature she associated with the bodybuilder type.

But it was as she reread their emails that Kate developed an insight that gave her a clue to the real character of this man who was in so many ways still a mystery to her. It was as she was piecing together the strands of his history, mostly concerning his relationships both personal and professional, in so far as he had mentioned the latter at all, when she thought she saw something of a pattern.

It was vague and she nearly dismissed it as just due to her tiredness, but then once again he used the expression "of course I had no alternative but..." She saw that, in fact, there were plenty of other alternatives, ones that he was obviously as aware of as herself. But for him there was only one way of proceeding ...

The way that matched his sense of personal honor, his sense of what the right thing to do was, which inevitably was almost never the easy thing. However, to act contrary to his personal code was clearly not merely more difficult for him, it was just impossible. He saw the easy option clearly, but simply refused to consider it.

Kate read more and went back and reread again and finally began to understand.

He was romantic, but at the same time almost totally devoid of sentimentality, a rare combination. He was very conscious of the choices he made, aware that sometimes he made life much more difficult for himself than strictly necessary because he refused to play other people's games and never by anyone else's rules.

A good example was from his early twenties. James had dated a girl who had recently split up from an exceptionally jealous boyfriend, completely unaware that he was part of her devious plan to so enrage her ex-boyfriend that he took her back. James spoke in quite a heartfelt manner of how deeply in love with her he had been, while gently ridiculing himself for his ignorance and naivety concerning this kind of female.

Eventually, goaded by the girl's taunts, the ex-boyfriend had come to fight him. James had refused, one of his "of course I had no alternative but...to refuse." Here James was alluding to the fact that he had spent all his youth in the disciplined study of a variety of martial arts. By his early twenties he was running advanced courses for the army and police in unarmed combat and an acknowledged by even these professional warriors as somebody exceptional.

Consequently the outcome of any such fight was a foregone conclusion. It was not that his code prevented him from fighting. He would do so without hesitation, but only to protect himself or another and then only if there was no other alternative: something or somebody to fight for. Should he want to fight for the sheer enjoyment of using his martial skills he would take on someone his equal.

Since the ex-boyfriend was an idiot responding to the malicious wiles of a silly little bitch James felt more sorry for him than anything...she had made a fool of him too as he now realized. Concluding that they probably deserved one another he had determined that at least she would no longer manipulate him and refused to have anything further to do with either of them.

What he did not say, but what Kate now saw clearly, was how betrayed he had felt and how very easy it would have been for him to win the affections, probably devoted affections, of such a girl...provided of course that he was willing to play the jealous lover and fight for her as often as required. A classic example of how he refused to play by other people's rules.

In similar ways through the hours that they talked, though nothing he had said had ever been obvious, certainly never in the sense that he was seeking sympathy, he had quietly and slowly shared more of himself than any man she had ever met. Hell, she knew less about some men she had dated for months! James was not afraid to be open with her, to share with her those things that mattered most to him, and yet at the same time he retained this sense of quiet dignity: Sure he would tell her about his worries, but he did not expect her to fix them for him, but just to be there for him.

At an even deeper level than before Kate realized that by some strange quirk of fate she had connected with a very special man. Perhaps too special? She felt all her old insecurities well up inside; the vulnerability of not being good enough for him, but she quickly shrugged them off: She was too damn tired to indulge herself in painful memories and the still more painful feelings that went with them.

Sighing she shut down the computer and staggered sleepily off to bed. She set her alarm for mid morning, grateful that fatigue had drugged her mind to insensibility and the promise of sleep rose in her like a wave. Her last thought before it engulfed her was, "Please...let tomorrow be the beginning of something wonderful."

* * * * *

James' sleeplessness by contrast was neither anxiety based nor remotely analytical of her character. He was deliciously tormented by the many images that swirled through his mind of how she would respond, how she would look, how she would move...tantalizing and frustrating...yet he savored the anticipation and enjoyed the building excitement.

Grinning to himself in the darkness, his cock pulsing thick and heavy on his belly, he allowed the delightful images to flicker across his mind's inner screen.

Much earlier in the week he had thought through what he would be asking of her, keeping to general principles rather than trying to form a rigid plan since so much would depend on her response. The essential principle was clear and formed the basis of everything he did in dominating a submissive girl, simply stated it was:

I will make you do everything you have ever secretly dreamt of doing; then make you want to do those things you have yet to dream of.

He thought he might have finally found a girl with the courage to dive deep into the ocean of sensual feeling...to walk the path of submission right through to its wondrous end; itself a beginning. A beginning that James longed for with every fiber of his being.

Tomorrow would tell.

Chapter 5

The Manor House

The next morning, about two hours drive apart; two sleepy people struggled out of bed aided by the brilliant sunlight of a cloudless day and their extreme excitement. Kate had laid out her clothes the night before. Her morning's progress through showering and fixing her hair and makeup was smooth and organized...and in complete contrast to the bat-sized butterflies once more active in her stomach.

By comparison James' preparations were anything but organized, since clothes and outward appearances were low on his list of priorities. Though he knew how to dress well when he chose to, as he did this day.

Showered and shaved after his morning five mile run, James paid much more than his usual attention to the clothes he wore. When he was finally satisfied he had hit the right balance between his own comfort and a certain stylishness—he loathed anything flashy or too fashionable but enjoyed genuine quality—he went down to his breakfast.

James felt only a pleasant sense of anticipation now. Partly because he had disciplined himself against expectation, but also because he knew that the important thing was to enjoy the moment and the adventure of the day. If things didn't work out then, upsetting though that might be, he would worry about it when and if it happened.

They had agreed only to call one another in the event of some unforeseen delay, so by eleven in the morning both were driving towards their mutual destination enjoying the sunshine and feeling the excitement mount steadily.

* * * * *

Kate pulled on to the gravel drive leading up to the country hotel and restaurant with plenty of time to spare and sat for a while, simply admiring the old Manor house. Formal rose gardens framed its South and West sides while to the North sprawled acres of less formal gardens and parkland. The house itself, some three hundred years old, was ivy clad and though originally built to impose itself upon the landscape, had been softened by centuries of weather and use such that it seemed warm and friendly, welcoming.

Kate left her car and walked carefully across the gravel sweep of the driveway not wishing to trip in her high heels. Smoothing down her skirt as she crossed the threshold into the Manor brought some color to her cheeks. She had driven with her bare bottom against the sun-warmed leather of the car seat, anticipating what she would now have to do by instruction at the bar.

In the reception area she told the young girl behind the desk that she was meeting a friend for lunch and would wait in the bar. Receiving directions and a friendly smile, she glanced at her watch, which showed her she had plenty of time to freshen up. She followed signs to the ladies' room.

The room was well laid out with the necessary cubicles to one side, sinks, and mirrors on the other. A somewhat unusual feature was that the wall straight ahead was entirely mirrored from floor to ceiling and she could not help but stop and look at herself.

Glancing at the empty cubicles she made certain there was no one else there and then turned back to the door. Smiling mischievously she saw it had a bolt. She locked it and returned to stand before the mirror.

She had shaved herself as instructed several days earlier and kept herself smooth since then, the first time she had been completely hairless since she was a girl. The newly smooth look of her body fascinated her and she could not resist the temptation... "What a shameful slut I'm becoming!" she thought, laughing softly.

In the mirror Kate saw the flush in her cheeks and made herself stand taller as she ran her hands down her body, momentarily opening her light jacket to feel her nipples prominent through the silk of her blouse, then smoothing down over her belly and hips before lifting the short skirt to reveal herself to the mirror.

Her theme had been blacks and whites, so while her jacket was white her blouse, skirt, stockings, and shoes were black. The g-string and garter belt were a startling white in contrast, especially against her tanned skin.

Kate looked at herself critically, concerned and wondering if she would be made to exhibit herself so to James. She shivered in anticipation and hoped, really hoped that he would find her attractive, then with an embarrassed smile, remembered how often she had fantasized about being made to expose her self to her lover's gaze. But in all her fantasies he was a faceless stranger, or perhaps some movie star, in any case always a man who passionately desired her...would James?

Kate let her skirt drop and turned to the mirrors above the sinks to wash her hands and then freshen her lipstick while casting a critical eye over her make up. Satisfied that at least she looked presentable, she took a deep breath, unbolted the door, and made her way to the bar.

At this time of day the bar was almost empty. A young man, really still a boy, looked self conscious in an ill-fitting waistcoat and bow tie as he was polishing glasses. An elderly couple sat reading in companionable silence on easy chairs placed in the sunshine streaming through the large bay window.

Kate smiled at the bartender and asked him for a glass of white wine before settling herself on a barstool. She waited until he turned away to fill the glass before flicking her skirt out from beneath her, feeling the soft warm red leather on her skin, deliciously sensual. She called her friend on her mobile to let her know she had arrived safely and promised to call in a couple of hours time, though in this lovely setting she felt entirely safe.

She took a deep breath, wondering at her composure. She was not relaxed precisely, but neither was she agitated or anxious. Perhaps it was a false calm as sometimes happens before a storm. Kate wondered to herself.

At least now that she was here there was a sense of commitment, of no turning back, quite unlike the journey here when she had actually needed to pull off the road several times. She had sat quietly in the car and renewed her determination, mastering the urge to turn back.

While the road back home held no fears in the way the road before her most certainly did, the life choice it represented was terrifying: that things would stay the same as they had always been. Scary as it was, the choice to be here was a choice for change, for adventure and new experiences...

And possibly much more.

Chapter 6

First Impressions

James drove slowly up the sweeping drive to the Manor, enjoying the crunch of tires on gravel and the soft growl of the V6 engine. A lovely day for motoring and an excellent day for walking through the Manor's splendid gardens and parkland after their lunch together...if all went as he hoped it would.

He had been to the Manor once before, but purely for business and then only very briefly. From past experience of such meetings where the chemistry had not lived up to either person's expectations, James valued a setting that was enjoyable in and of itself with the assurance of an excellent meal if nothing else.

He stood in the doorway to the bar watching her for some moments, enjoying the opportunity to observe her while she was unselfconscious and therefore her more natural self. Everything he saw pleased him enormously.

Kate was clearly lost in thought, sipping her wine. As she licked her lips, a delicate yet so innocently sensual movement, he felt himself harden and knew that he wanted to possess this woman utterly. She started, her eyes flicking to her watch and then to the door as he entered the bar. She sat motionless as he approached, gazing at him.

James seemed even taller somehow than she had expected, though she knew he was over six foot from their emails. Kate felt quite tiny in his presence, he seemed to fill the room, claiming it and making it his own simply by entering.

His self-assurance was not the flamboyant flashiness of a man out to impress. James' whole manner was calm and quietly authoritative, yet there was something in his walk, in the way he held himself and the tilt of his head that spoke of an inner power and strength carefully controlled: A strength reined in so as not to overwhelm or intimidate yet instantly available should he wish to call upon it. Kate's immediate impression was of a powerful cat, not the ponderous majesty of a lion, more the sinuous grace and lithe power of a leopard. Dangerous, beautiful and exciting. Kate trembled inside. If James was the predator then she knew how it felt to be his prey.

Remembering her instructions, she stood as he held out his hand to enfold hers, his touch gentle and cool as he smiled down at her, his deep blue eyes washing over her.

"You are lovely Kate," James said, the words uttered as a statement of fact that brooked no argument and permitted no denial.

"Thank you," she said, blushing, gazing up at him and feeling more than merely flattered. "Sir," she added after slightly too long a pause.

"Bring your wine, we can talk much more privately in the restaurant." James gently let her hand go and turned, leading the way.

The restaurant was a large room with a high ceiling and many chandeliers hung from the rafters, now unlit in broad daylight, and many central tables covered in snowy white linen, mostly bare except for elegant flower arrangements at each table's center.

James walked past these and through a pair of ancient wooden doors into a large conservatory with a profusion of plants, some clearly tropical, that formed natural arbors in which tables were placed. Each arbor affording a degree of privacy and giving a delightful atmosphere of moist, cool green lushness on such a hot bright day.

There were no waiters, it being some time before luncheon was formally available, so he led her to a table and withdrew the ornate metal frame chair gesturing for her to sit. James sat opposite her, turning just in time to see her half rise and flick her skirt out before sitting again with a blush.

Knowing what she had done, but not wishing to draw attention to it though he strongly approved, he sat back in his chair and inquired as to her drive and other such small talk to put her at her ease, allowing her to adjust to him. Finally, sensing her beginning to relax, he leaned forward and said with a teasing manner,

"You know Kate, if you think me too intensely ugly to bear we can simply enjoy a pleasant lunch together..." he paused looking at her intently "... so last chance...do you choose to obey?"

Kate looked down at the tablecloth for a few seconds and then up into his eyes,

"I choose to obey...Sir. I have been obedient already you know?"

"Yes, I do know and I greatly appreciate not having to correct you. That would not have been a good start. But now I think things should become a little more challenging for you." It was not a question. "If you have been as obedient as you say then you should be wearing a g-string?"

Kate nodded, "Yes Sir, I am." Calling him "Sir" was becoming easier with each repetition. James generated an aura that simply demanded respect, despite his open and friendly manner.

James placed his elbow on the table and held his hand out, palm up. "Then you will remove it and give it to me now." He spoke firmly but his eyes smiled as he watched her.

Her first reaction was to freeze in her seat, her eyes widening. Her hand gripped the stem of her wineglass tightly, but after a few moments she relaxed and said, "Permission to visit the ladies' room, Sir?"

Shaking his head he said, "Denied, here and now." James' hand opened further, willing her to obey.

Kate stood up quickly. For a moment he thought she would bolt, but then she peered around through the foliage and, seeing no one, hitched up her skirt at the sides, tearing her g-string down as she sat, modesty preserved by the table cloth to some small extent. Leaning forward she placed the soft lacy cotton in his outstretched palm.

"Good girl," said James approvingly. He closed his hand around the g-string and brought his clenched fist to his nose. "You smell delectable," he said, inhaling the combined perfume of her musk and the Channel she had scented her pubis with that morning. "One of my favorite scents." He left it up to her to decide which he was referring to.

Kate was blushing prettily, but smiling now, feeling the satisfaction of passing his test with a certain finesse. He tucked the g-string into his jacket pocket, arranging it somewhat like a handkerchief so it was clearly visible.

"Do you know what a slut is?" James spoke casually as if he were asking the most ordinary question in the world.

Kate looked at him, sensing his playfulness behind the words. "Can I make a wild guess that I am one?"

James grinned. "Well you are and you are not, there are several definitions. One definition is that of a woman who is slovenly dressed. You, however, are dressed in exquisite taste and you look charmingly elegant."

Kate smiled at him, enjoying the compliment, but knowing there was more to come. She raised a questioning eyebrow.

"On the other hand, a young woman who is wearing no panties in a public room cannot really be said to be properly dressed can she? So you fulfill part of that definition. A slut is also defined as promiscuous, but despite your torrid fantasies, that is not you. The final definition is that of a saucy girl, a minx, a wanton...and I think all of those fit you very well, don't you agree?"

"So that would make me at least a two thirds slut?" she said laughing.

James laughed with her. "I suppose it would." He turned as a waiter arrived and having ordered their drinks and watched the waiter disappear again said, "In popular psychology you hear a lot of talk about the 'inner child'. Most people misuse the concept or don't apply it properly, but I want to use it in a special sense...your 'inner slut'. I want you to really connect with her today. To be lewd, wanton and to break some taboos. Get the idea?"

Kate nodded and looked at him attentively wondering what on earth was going to happen next.

"Sit forward on your seat Kate," James instructed. "Good, now the wine waiter will be back in a moment so hold your wine glass in your right hand and let your left hand drop beneath the table." James watched as she obeyed. "Now touch your pussy and look at me."

As if in a dream Kate obeyed, her thighs moving apart to accommodate her hand. She gasped softly as her cool fingers touched the moist heat of her pussy. Desperately she fought the urge to turn her head, convinced that someone must be watching her, but she resisted even though her eyelids fluttered as his cool blue eyes held her gaze with their gentle, firm strength.

"Good girl." James nodded in approval. "Now run your finger slowly up and down your pussy lips, just dipping in to touch your clit with each stroke."

He watched her obey, her eyes becoming misty and her mouth opening slightly, breathing more quickly. She felt his control almost as if he were touching her.

"Now slowly push your finger between your lips for me Kate." His voice calm, firm and completely in control. "Feel your wet heat and slowly push deeper...look at me, look into my eyes," James corrected her quickly as her eyes began to close. "Now spread your legs wider and lean forward more... good...now press the heel of your palm into your belly and pull your clit hood back, stroke her gently for me...good girl."

James watched her intently, delighting in her, incredibly aroused and pleased by her graceful submission, but he mastered the urge to smile, knowing she needed him to be stern and strict to pull this off. He noticed the wine waiter returning out of the corner of his eye and quickly warned her not to stop, to keep stroking herself.

The waiter arrived and began the small ceremony of uncorking and pouring the wine for his approval. James tasted it and nodded his approval without taking his eyes off hers, watching the color mount in her face, her eyes flutter as she fought the urge to close them.

When the waiter had bowed and withdrawn James said, "You may stop stroking now. Take your hand away from your pussy." He watched the struggle in her, torn between the urge to continue, to sustain this pleasure to completion, and the relief of returning to more normal behavior.

"Take your wine glass and touch all around the rim with your left hand." He watched her comply. "Now lick your fingers for me."

James reached over and took her wineglass. Giving her his own, then lifted her glass to his nose, savoring the bouquet before drinking as she licked her fingers.

"Good girl. You taste delicious, don't you agree?"

Kate's voice was husky with desire. "Yes Sir." She said nothing more, her thoughts racing so fast that she could not think what to say. James sensed her loss of composure and sought to soothe her by directing her attention to more mundane things. He picked up the menus the waiter had left and passed one over to her, taking wicked pleasure in the abruptness of the emotional shifts he was demanding of her.

At first startled by the sudden change, she hesitated looking at the menu as if it were some alien object, but then her expression relaxed and she took it from him. They spent the next few minutes discussing the food, James suggesting things she might like and occasionally translating from the French the menu was mostly written in.

Once James was clear on the kinds of food she enjoyed he took the menu from her and asked her to hold out her hand, giving her a small zipped bag he had taken from his pocket.

"You will go to the ladies' room and open the bag. Follow the instructions you find inside precisely and then return as quickly as you can. I will order for you. Off you go!"

James smiled at her with a look she knew promised that this would be something still more challenging. He picked up her handbag and gave it to her to take with her, not wanting to trick her into staying. It must be her choice, freely made.

Bewildered, she hurried off, clutching the little bag, for the moment simply intent on reaching the sanctuary of the restrooms where she could be alone and compose

herself. Kate walked quickly, not daring to look right or left, feeling sure that those who saw her knew everything, could see the sexual hunger in her body and read her thoughts.

Chapter 7

Choices

When Kate finally reached the mirrored room again she bolted the door and leaned on the sink, staring at herself and breathing deep. After a few moments she reached for the little bag and opening it, withdrew a small piece of folded paper which read:

You might be a little scared. That's okay, after all this is all new for you. So relax and enjoy the adventure. Everything will be fine. All you have to do is obey.

Inside the bag you will find a special kind of slave torque. You will notice that it is something like a bracelet with two ball ends and a tag on a small chain. Read the inscription on the tag.

If you wish the inscription to become true in time, as I very much hope you will, then insert the torque in your pussy and ass and squeeze it closed so the balls grip you inside. The tag will dangle between your thighs.

Also inside the bag you will find a small jar and a brush. The jar contains a combination of oils that are lubricating, warming, and stimulating. Use the brush to coat each ball of the torque before insertion, then brush the oil into your pussy lips, clit hood and clit, ensuring that every inch of you is well covered.

You will then return to me.

Kate took the torque from the bag. It was heavy and beautifully made, a smooth metal bracelet that was circular in cross section ending in two highly polished silver balls, one ball being slightly larger than the other. On a fine silver chain about three inches long was a tag, which was engraved, in cursive script, delicate and so tiny that she had to hold it to the light to read it.

Enslaved with Love

Bound in Obedience

Trained to Pleasure

Treasured Slave

of

James

Kate's heart fluttered as she read the inscribed words, reading them through again and again before once more reading the note, "If you wish the inscription to become true in time..."

Her feelings were in turmoil. On the one hand she was profoundly relieved he was not implying that he loved her, that would have been just too intense to deal with as well as premature. After all, you couldn't fall in love with someone just through exchanging emails and talking on the phone...could you?

And then on the other hand James had clearly stated in the hours online that she was not to call him Master. He would only become her Master when she gave herself to him completely. The title was one of respect and implicit trust; speaking of her surrender to his control and that just had not happened yet.

Kate sighed. She wished it had, wished that she could just fast forward today and feel held, enfolded by him, safe and protected...

Kate shook her head, trying to clear her thoughts. He was not her Master – yet – did she want him to be? Of course! Did she want to be his? Right now...very, very much so. Did she want this torque claiming her at her core, to feel the tag brushing her thighs as she walked, feeling owned, feeling claimed...an overwhelming "Yes!" ... So why was she hesitating? She was missing something, but what?

Then she understood. This was his way of giving her a preview, almost a free sample of the feelings. With a flash of intuition she realized that this was something very important to him, something he would be enormously proud for her to wear, but only if she merited it. That would only come in time after she had surrendered, after she had been thoroughly trained...

And when next she was given this to wear he would be telling her that he loved her.

Kate picked up the jar of oil and the little brush and having coated them liberally with oil she walked to the chair in one corner of the room. Perching the cheeks of her bottom on the edge of the chair she took a deep breath and touched the smaller of the balls against the mouth of her bottom.

Kate gasped but then clenching her jaw in determination she pushed and willed her self to relax at the same time. The ball of the torque slid inside her suddenly, her bottom gripping it tightly by reflex. She uttered a soft whimper in anticipation and then pushed the second ball inside her pussy. Though the ball was larger, this was a far more normal sensation for her and she sighed with pleasure as it slid inside her.

Holding the shaft of the torque she squeezed cautiously, gradually applying more strength, until the soft metal gave under her pressure and she felt the two balls grip her inside. Tentatively she stood feeling the weight of the torque and the tag against her thighs. The internal pressure was gentle yet exquisitely erotic.

After just a few steps Kate had to stop, reaching out to the cool tiled wall with her hand for balance and reassurance in case her trembling legs folded beneath her. But the momentary wave of dizzy arousal passed leaving only a deep, aching glow inside her and the sense of being held: A sensation that was both strangely comforting and calming.

Kate unlocked the door and went back through the restaurant area and into the conservatory towards their table, walking with increasing assurance. Somehow, strangely, having taken this further step into submission her confidence rose and she walked taller, delighting now in the insistent weight of the torque. It seemed to center

her, bringing her more into balance within her self so she felt she moved more gracefully.

Chapter 8

A Fire Inside

Entering the small arbor she saw his face light up with a truly radiant smile of welcome so that she realized that she had been gone such a long time he had assumed she had bolted.

"Welcome back Kate," said James, "I delayed our food, but it should be here soon now." He helped her to her seat and she sat cautiously, remembering to lift her skirt at the last second and relaxing only after she felt the torque slide a little deeper inside her with the pressure of chair's cushion.

"I am so very pleased you came back...I was beginning to wonder if you would, but then I realize I gave you a lot to think about...didn't I?" James said smiling his understanding.

"Yes Sir, at first I didn't understand, but now I think I do." Kate looked down at the table cloth, toying with the cutlery as she thought through what she wished to say, "I've been thinking about today as a sort of test...in the sense that you might not like me, might not want to teach me, train me...but now I realize that it's a test of a different sort. After all you would never have given me the torque if you did not want to train me...want my submission"

He raised his eyebrows and looked at her attentively as she continued, "The real test is whether or not this is right for *me* isn't it? You said so often in your emails that my submission was mine to give...so the test is discovering how deeply I need to submit isn't it?"

James nodded, "Yes, and that's something you can really only discover from doing it...by, just for today, submitting to me and seeing how much you enjoy yourself, experiencing how the chemistry works between us in real life...then determining whether you want more and how much more?"

He paused as their soup was served and then made sure everything was to her liking before dismissing the waiter. He then looked at her closely. Though maintaining appearances she had been discreetly wriggling on her seat for the last few minutes.

"Everything all right Kate?" he inquired innocently.

"Yes Sir, I..." she looked up at him suddenly, whispering in alarm, "My pussy...Oh my god!" She squirmed in her chair her eyes wild as the full power of the sensations hit her all at once.

"Yes...I wondered when the oil would begin to work on you. You can probably feel it on your clit especially and inside your bottom too?"

Kate was clutching her spoon hard, knuckles white and could only nod her head.

"You will also be feeling a powerful urge to touch yourself I'm sure, but you must keep your hands above the table Kate and sit very still. Look at me so I know you have

understood. Good girl. Now tell me what you feel?" He commanded, his voice deep, soft, and firm.

"Its like heat...burning and cold...and a tickle inside Sir," she stammered.

"You would like to move wouldn't you Kate?"

"Yes Sir, very much Sir...I need to..." she sat rigidly stiff in her chair, trying desperately to control the urge to move her hips, though her pussy was already contracting strongly around the ball buried inside her and so was her ass.

"Kate you can move as soon as you like, but you must ask permission first."

"Oh please Sir can I move...please?"

"Not until you ask me properly Kate. What is it you want to do exactly?"

She let the spoon drop to the table, her soup as yet untouched and staring fixedly at the flowers in the center of the table struggled to find the words he wished to hear from her, before summoning the courage to speak them aloud.

"Sir I want to fuck my pussy on the torque...Sir please!"

"And your ass Kate?"

"Oh yes Sir and fuck my ass too, I need to move so badly Sir...please...please..." Her voice was a plaintive whimper.

"You may move Kate, just rock your hips forward and back...good...that feels better doesn't it?"

She held the edge of the table and moved herself on the torque. Tiny movements were all she could manage without drawing attention and though she was desperate to scratch this maddening itch inside, she had not forgotten that people might be watching her.

"Yes Sir, it feels a bit better..." Her tone belied her words.

"Never refer to any part of your body as 'it' again Kate. Your pussy is 'she', as is every part of you. Now I think you would feel much better if you could just tease your clit a little don't you? Just soothe the need inside you a little more?"

Kate nodded vigorously. Her hand dropped beneath the table, but hearing him clear his throat she stopped and very shyly glanced up at him before once more staring at the flowers.

"You must look at me when you ask permission Kate. It's ok you know...there's nothing hidden between us"

Tentatively she raised her gaze to meet his once more, very self-conscious.

"Please Sir may I...touch...touch my clit?"

"Yes Kate you may," he looked deep into her eyes, "I'm so very proud of you, you're doing so well and being so beautifully obedient."

James' words of praise coincided with the first touch of her surreptitious fingers on her swollen aching bud. And she felt the pleasure jolt through her, not an orgasm, but something close to it...a release and a part of her surrendered still more deeply to him.

"Thank you Sir," she finally remembered to say as her fingers stroked and gentled the throbbing ache inside her core.

James smiled at her, "The oil's effect doesn't last very long, just continue stroking yourself for a few minutes more and try and eat your soup with your free hand...it will distract you a little."

Kate picked up her spoon and her hand trembling brought a spoonful of soup toward her mouth. The delicious smell calmed her and she realized how very hungry she was. "Oh its cold!" She said, as she tasted the soup.

"Its meant to be cold...its gazpacho soup, I didn't know how long you would be and I thought ordering you soup that was meant to be cold would be better than cold soup!" James laughed and she grinned at him, recovering some of her innate mischievousness now the sensations in her pussy had diminished to more bearable levels of tingling torment.

"So Mister James...Sir...I trust you're enjoying yourself?" Kate raised an eyebrow quizzically, somehow now feeling very comfortable with him despite or perhaps because of everything he had put her through.

"Miss Kate," he replied, matching her mock formal tone, "I do not believe I have ever enjoyed a meal more...and we have yet to eat the main course!"

Kate paused with the spoon half way to her mouth, "Uh oh... that's sounds like trouble coming my way!" She smiled and provocatively shifted on her chair, "But so far I am enjoying the kind of trouble you deal out...very much!"

James smiled happily across the table at her, wanting to reach out and take her hand...he laughed at himself...wanting to do *very* much more than take her hand, but that would do to begin with.

They chatted about inconsequential things as they ate: places they had visited on holiday, where they would love to travel to time allowing, the conversation flowing freely and easily as it had when they were chatting online and then on the phone, as if they had known each other for years. Both deliberately avoiding subjects that even approached things sexual in order to enjoy their food, yet despite this the undercurrent of sexual tension was very strong.

When their coffee had arrived, Kate decided to ask a question that had been on her mind for a while.

"Sir, I've heard so much about bdsm...and I already know from experience how much it arouses me to feel controlled, you know, I mean I told you already, that previous boyfriends have tied me up and stuff like that...the 'bondage and domination' side of things..."

Kate paused, a little embarrassed and searching for the right words,

"...But it's the 'S&M' bit I'm not sure of...I told you I fantasize about being spanked, but I've no idea how much I'd actually like *real* pain...and I read all kinds of stuff about whips and torture and...god some of it really made my stomach turn...and some of it really turned me on, almost despite myself...I mean I couldn't believe that

what I was reading was having this arousing effect on me...but I couldn't pretend it wasn't happening any more..."

Kate ran out of words not having been able to formulate a question.

James sipped his coffee, "So what you want to know is firstly where I stand on torturing girls, and secondly whether or not I intend to whip you?" He said this in a flat tone that shocked her until she looked at him and caught the twinkle in his eye.

"Well since you put it like that..." Kate laughed.

"OK. Well the first thing to understand is that what interests me is erotic intensity...*pleasure*...so if pain can be experienced pleasurable then its not pain, sometimes its called pleasure-pain. Since we're in a restaurant perhaps I should talk about food..."

James grinned at her, "Stay with me ok, there's a point to this! ...think of a curry or perhaps a chili dish: If its all hot spices it just kills your taste buds, its hell to eat and you're very glad to finish it, you decline a second helping! But if the blend of spices and herbs is just right...not too much, not so little as to be bland and boring, then even though you know its going to hurt a little to eat...its so delicious you go back for more... and more!"

Kate laughed as his face assumed the expression of a man consumed with greed...greed and hunger that clearly had nothing to do with spicy food! She loved the way his handsome and normally stern features could so suddenly split apart in a smile that transformed his face.

James grinned at her, "So that's how it should be with pleasure-pain in S&M ... not too much, but just enough to make things spicy, hot, exciting!"

James became abruptly more serious with that lightening change of mood that Kate was recognizing as a sign that he was about to say something important.

"The key is what I call 'sensitization'...that means the purpose of pain is to enhance pleasure. It should make you *more* aroused, more passionate, less inhibited...more sensitive to sensual pleasure."

James paused and then asked, "Do you have any idea how masochistic you are?"

Kate shook her head, "Not much I wouldn't think..."

He looked at her "hmmm I wonder...you enjoyed the little torment with the oil though didn't you?" The question was rhetorical, though Kate's blush was answer enough. "Here hold your hand out... we'll find out."

Somewhat hesitantly Kate held out her hand and was surprised by the weight of the small objects he passed to her.

"Those are nipple clamps with small weights on them. Put them on now." He saw her look a little wild. " Yes now... you're not wearing a bra, so just undo a button of your blouse and put one on each nipple...see they're sprung, so you just squeeze to open the jaws and then release to pinch your nipple."

Hesitantly, and with many an anxious look around her, Kate opened her blouse, her nipples already erect in anticipation. She shivered as the cold metal brushed the skin of her breast and gasped as she felt the rubber teeth of the clamp sink into her tender flesh. As she attached first one clamp and then the second Kate felt the color mounting in her cheeks, more so as she felt their weight pull the tips of her nipples down against the silk of her blouse.

There was no immediate pain, just pressure, yet within seconds her nipples began to throb and soon they were more erect than seemed possible and the feeling re-ignited the molten heat in her belly and made her extraordinarily aware of the torque once more.

James told her to button her blouse and as her trembling fingers tried to obey she saw him gesture to a waiter to settle the bill. This spurred her on and by the time James was signing for the meal she sat with her jacket hugged tight around her, once more gazing fixedly at the flower arrangement and trying valiantly to keep herself composed. The sensation in her nipples had turned to a burning throb, a pulsing that echoed and amplified the liquid vibration in her cunt and the tingling ache in her clit

“Kate...” she looked up, eyes wide, “Come on, lets go for a walk in the gardens.

Chapter 9

The Rose Arbor

To her relief James did not turn to go back through the main building of the Manor, but lead her out through doors that opened directly onto the rose gardens. He said little as they walked side by side along the neat little paths that zigzagged through the gardens, except to point out a particularly beautiful rose for her to smell and to tell her not to dawdle a couple of times. The gardens were completely empty of any other diners, perhaps because they had eaten so early and without the presence of strangers to keep her feelings in check Kate allowed them to rise inside her like a powerful wave.

Kate was in something of a daze by the time they came to a bench so surrounded with trelliswork and climbing roses that it formed a natural canopy some hundred yards from the Manor house and quite secluded. Here he made her sit and looking down at her said,

"Here Kate, you will need this," he offered her a clean, white cotton gentleman's handkerchief, "Sit down and wipe your thighs before your juices run down your legs." His words were deliberately calculated to cut straight through any attempt to deny her present state.

Kate looked up in surprise...how could he know? Despite all her fantasies and her earlier experiences with James she had been shocked by the power of the feelings that raged through her body during the walk through the rose garden. The tugging weight of the clamps had seemed to link directly to her clit and the grip of the torque, the sensation a curious mixture of pleasure and pain, since her nipples undeniably hurt: they ached with an almost unbearable throb. Yet the effect on her whole body was to arouse her extremely and for the past few minutes she had been increasingly aware that soon she must shame her self.

James stood in front of her as she sat with the handkerchief in her hand, squirming with discomfiture.

'Lift your skirt Kate. Lift it right up; show me your lovely hot wet little cunt. I want to see how wet you are before you mop yourself up.'

Kate sat rigidly. This was so sudden. In the restaurant she had always had the tablecloth to preserve her modesty, no matter what he had made her do, he had not actually seen her doing it. Yet even as one voice in her mind screamed "No!" another inner voice was honest enough to feel the still deeper melting inside as the force of his words and the total command in his voice caught hold of her. But still she hesitated.

"Kate look at me," his voice was firm but kind and she looked up at him through eyes moistened with the tears that were welling up in the confusion of her feelings. "I will tell you once more to lift your skirt. I know you want to obey me, but I also know this is difficult for you so I will say this. You are very beautiful to me, you may feel shame at what I tell you to do, but there is nothing shameful in your arousal to me. Only a delicious sexuality that I treasure and adore in you. Do you understand?"

Kate nodded her head. "So lift up our skirt and be my obedient girl."

Her hands trembling she picked up the hem of her skirt and lifted it slowly, making herself obey, her breath ragged.

"Good girl...how beautiful you are! Now lie yourself back a little and spread your legs wider for me...don't think about it Kate...just do it...there, that's better. Now I can see how lovely your pussy is with her pretty pink, pouting lips so swollen with desire and my torque gleaming between them."

James bent forward and blew gently, his face a few inches from her glistening mound. Kate groaned with desire as she felt his breath caress her super sensitive flesh.

"Would you like me to touch you Kate? You must ask for what you want."

Kate turned her head to one side as her hips lifted toward him with a mind of their own, eagerly seeking his touch, desperately craving it.

"Please Sir, please touch me," her voice tremulous with longing.

Again his breath blew a stream of cool air over her heat and she moaned softly. But instead of his longed for touch direct to her pussy, she felt his hand close upon her wrist and bring her hand to touch herself.

"I made a promise Kate, so you touch yourself for me. Do exactly as I say." His voice was husky with lust and he wondered at the self control it took not to reach out those few inches and touch, even more taste her, as he so strongly desired. James had anticipated this moment and knew that were he to break his own rules Kate could never truly come to trust him, no matter how much she might say it did not matter when aroused beyond endurance as she was now. He had told her to ask for his touch because he wanted her to acknowledge her need out loud, to admit the need to herself in a way that could never be unsaid.

"Kate spread yourself wider for me...yes that's good...now touch your clit ever so lightly...just small circles...good girl...now a little faster." Kate moaned and felt herself slip into another world within herself where only pleasure and the sound of his voice existed. Some part of her was dimly aware of the gardens, the heady scent of roses, but it all seemed remote and far away.

James watched her intently as her fingers continued to flutter over her swollen bud. He saw the contractions in her belly, heard the rapid panting of her breath and knew that she could not stand much more of this without coming. He eased his rock hard cock, now throbbing and aching so powerfully that it took all his self-control to remain focused on Kate.

"Take your hand away from your clit lovely slut...no don't argue, do as you're told...good girl. Now look at me." Kate turned her head and tried to focus on his face through eyes misted with desire. She saw him smiling and longed for him to touch her, feel his weight crush her. The gripping of the torque just served to aggravate her unfulfilled need to be taken by him then and there... it was driving her crazy. She gasped as she felt a tug at her core...he was holding the tag, pulling gently on its chain.

"Kate you must never come without my permission...so ask me for what you want."

"Oh please James...please let me come...I need to come so much." She gasped totally unaware that she had said his name, so lost was she in her desire.

"Yes Kate you will come soon, first remove the nipple clamps...open your blouse." Her fingers struggled with the buttons and he had to stop himself from helping her, but finally she had undone several button and without any hesitation pulled her blouse open revealing her breasts quite shamelessly.

"Please Sir...take them off for me...not touching me...its ok..." Kate whimpered as she felt the weights being lifted, her nipples pulled away from her body. A sweet delicious pain...stretching...burning.

'Kate you can touch again now...touch your clit for me lovely slut and come for me...come hard...give me all your pleasure now Katie." His voice close to her ear was deep with desire. She felt his gentle pulling on her nipples through the clamps and imagined him touching her, imagined the beautiful thick cock she knew must be aching to plunge into her hot aching cunt...and lost herself in pleasure.

No sooner had she started to come than James released both clamps simultaneously and the rushing of blood back into her nipples triggered sensations that flooded through her to engorge her already swollen clit so she thought it would burst with the sweet pleasure pain. As the image of her lewd display for James struck her mind so Kate's pleasure skyrocketed, her whole body arched in a spasm of ecstasy and she began to sob and cry with the beauty of the feelings that washed through her and melted her.

A little stunned by the sheer power of her orgasm James longed to hold her, but resisted the almost overwhelming urge to take her in his arms and gentle her as the spasms ebbed slowly away. Instead he steeled himself, making sure that there was still no one around he drew down her skirt and re-covered her lovely breasts, waiting patiently for her to come back down to earth.

She looked so very lovely to him. Her hair in disarray and the soft sheen of perspiration on her forehead, lips full, and cheeks flushed. He was studying her when her eyes blinked open and she smiled a lazy smile at him.

"Mmmmm that was lovely. Thank you James... I mean Sir." Kate attempted to look apologetic but completely failed. She loved saying his name and no more so than now.

James grinned at her and chose to ignore the lapse. "You are very welcome Kate, I enjoyed your pleasure, you become exceptionally beautiful when you really lose yourself...and I think, from the wicked gleam in your eye that you know very well how much I want you."

James did not wait for a reply, satisfied to give her just so much...after all he could not reveal too much "Mr. Nice Guy" or she would start to take liberties. Abruptly he said, "Take your shoes and stockings off, we'll hide them here and pick them up on the

way back. You can't walk in those high heels and I want to take you down to the river. Come on hurry up girl!"

James turned and walked off toward a fountain where he soaked his handkerchief and by the time he returned Kate had struggled out of her stockings and put them in her handbag. Handing her the cool cloth James took her shoes and hung them inside a thick bush out of sight, but easily recoverable later.

"Ready?" he asked. Kate had wiped her face and hands grateful for the coolness of the cloth. The afternoon was turning very warm with soft, perfectly white clouds in azure blue sky. The gardens were quiet and still except for the incessant busy humming of the bees around the roses: an idyllic English summer day.

Kate nodded, smiled, and ran a few steps to catch him up. Without asking she took his hand and momentarily surprised he looked at her. "You promised not to touch *me*," she said, "I don't remember promising not to touch you!" She grinned at him and he smiled and squeezed her hand gently.

"The point was really to show you that I can control myself," he laughed, "Though god knows you've sorely tested me today!"

"Yes Sir, I know and I appreciate it. You've helped me feel very safe...safe enough so I could trust you and not be scared when you asked me to do all those wickedly sexy things for you. Well not too scared anyway." Kate laughed, delighting in her sense of accomplishment, of having finally dared to submit and found it match or exceed her expectations.

James nodded, knowing he was being given permission to touch her and that he need not restrain himself any longer. At least so far as she was concerned. Her astonishing sensuality was intoxicating; her forthright passionate sexuality was like a heady wine to him, almost overwhelming. Little did she realize how very difficult he had found it to keep his hands off her! But then perhaps she did, she was an amazingly empathic girl.

He recognized that she had already taught him a lot. Both with her willingness to trust him at his word and now when she was hinting strongly that an excess of caution combined with his tendency to make everything into a test of his will, (a fault he acknowledged in himself) would spoil the beautiful spontaneity of this special day.

"I thought we'd walk down to the river, its cooler by the water...and the view is something special." He said, struggling for a moment to control the welling up of emotion inside him.

They walked slowly, James taking off his jacket and slinging it over his shoulder and Kate trotting by his side, skipping occasionally to keep up with his long stride. A hundred yards took them out of the formal gardens and into the parkland with its deer cropped grass and stately oak trees dotted here and there. The grass was fine and soft underfoot and the land sloped gently down toward the gleam of the river perhaps only half a mile away, but seeming further in the summer haze.

Chapter 10

By the River

They said little as they walked, enjoying a companionable silence except for when James saw a flower, butterfly, or bird and brought her attention to it. To Kate it was as if she was seeing the world through different eyes, noticing more and appreciating a beauty that seemed fresh and vibrant. A small flower that would previously have passed unnoticed was now revealed in its delicate beauty so that she must stop and examine it, and then hurry after James.

When they came to the river James found an area of bank with soft, short cut grass and spread his jacket down for her to sit on. He pointed downstream and Kate gasped to see a majestic castle standing on the rivers bank, its walls fringed with weeping willows and the sun glinting off high windows in the towers and battlements. A special view indeed.

There was no shade, just some low bushes and bull rushes that shielded them from view, but not from the sun. James was hot from their walk and overheated to the point of exploding from the last few hours spent teasing and in turn being tormented by his hands-off proximity to Kate's alluring sexuality. The water looked so inviting that with barely a glance at Kate he quickly stripped off his clothes and without hesitating dived deep into the cool welcoming depths.

Kate had been soaking up the sun with her eyes closed and had not even noticed him stripping. She thought the splash was him throwing something in the river and turned to say something only to find him gone and a pile of clothes where he had been seconds before.

Though shocked for a fraction of a second Kate very quickly realized what had happened and she lay on her stomach facing the river, chin resting on her hands to watch, saying out loud to herself, "Oh goodie...girl's show time!"

When he rose to the surface he was nearly in the middle of the river. He turned and waved quickly inviting her to join him, but clearly not commanding her since he did not wait for a response but set off upstream swimming powerfully for a while, relishing the wonderful coolness, before allowing himself to float and the river to gently take him downstream again.

The impulse to swim had been a boyishly spontaneous one, the water irresistible on such a hot day. Now he would have to deal with Kate when he got out and he wondered how best to handle the situation. With a mental shrug he decided just to see what happened, the important thing was that she felt *safe*; knowing when to let go of control was the art.

Kate watched and unconsciously bit her lip as he waded ashore. The sunlight reflected off the water pearling on his skin to make miniature rainbows, especially when he shook his hair. He had a beautiful body she thought, the smooth muscled, supple grace of a dancer or athlete. As if hypnotized she allowed her gaze to drop to his

cock, long and thick despite the waters cold...and then suddenly he was standing over her.

"That feels so good...sure you won't take a dip?" said James playfully.

Kate shook her head and smiled at him, sitting up and then kneeling to stare up at him. Taking all her courage she said, "There is something I would like though...Sir..." Something in the huskiness of her voice warned him but he pretended a casual indifference.

"What's that Kate?"

In answer to his question Kate leant forward from her kneeling position and very softly kissed the very top of his foot. Then licking the beaded water from his skin she worked her way slowly up his muscular calf, drinking from him, kissing his skin, adoring him.

James felt himself tremble internally, his cock hardening with every beat of his heart. He had not anticipated Kate breaking the "no touch" rule to this extent. He had wanted simply to taunt her with his body, being supremely confident in its masculine beauty. Not really vanity, more an uncomplicated pride in himself.

He reached down and cradled her head in his hands, lifting her face up to look into her eyes.

"Kate...this breaks all the rules in a big way. Are you sure you want this now? No regrets?"

"Sir...James...I ache to give you pleasure, to touch you, to be touched..." Kate placed the palm of her hand over her heart, "And it feels right, *you* feel so right in here. Please let me please you."

Kate turned her face into James' hand kissing the palm of his hand. First his right palm and then the left in a gesture so deliciously feminine and submissive that James' defenses were completely undermined.

"Very well Kate, " James' voice was husky and deep with desire, "they're your limits to stretch...I think its pretty damned obvious how much I want you..."

Kate giggled, but resisted the urge to take his beautiful hard cock into her mouth immediately, but instead bowed her head to kiss his other foot, glorying in the exquisitely sensual subjugation of her self in this simple action. She reveled in her submission, in the power of James' presence and in how supremely safe she felt in giving herself to him.

When she had kissed and licked her way up to his mid-thigh Kate sat back on her heels and looked up at him, "I would very much like to eat you Sir..."

James grinned down at her and then teased her with a look of pretended confusion, "But Kate... young ladies don't beg on their knees to suck cock...only a wickedly wanton little slut would do such a thing..."

"Yes Sir," she replied nodding happily, " But I am *your* wanton little slut so that's alright isn't it?"

Without waiting for an answer Kate leant forward to take the swollen head of his throbbing cock into her mouth and heard him groan as her tongue flicked around him. Relishing the pulsing of his blood on her tongue as he swelled still further inside her mouth. Too soon he drew away from her and as she mewed in protest he growled, "Wait you beautiful, insatiable slut," and lay down on the grassy bank, his thick cock slapping heavily on his smoothly muscled stomach.

Eagerly Kate lay down too so that she could rest her head on his stomach and then began to nibble and lick the very sensitive tip of him, teasing lightly until he groaned. Then she hungrily took him into her mouth once more while her nails lightly scratched his heavy balls. The taste of him, male, clean, and strong overwhelmed Kate's senses. She began to moan, taking real pleasure herself, not just from the pleasure she longed to give him, but as if her mouth and pussy were one and she could feel him sliding into her hot cunt as she worked her mouth on him. In fact she was contracting her vaginal muscles and ass so strongly around the torque's balls that it was as if these twin mouths were seeking to suck the torque inside her.

Through the haze of her own arousal and the hunger that consumed her she heard James' voice telling her what to do. A momentary flash of irritation, but then she understood that he was directing her to give him maximum pleasure, she started to listen more closely and with it her urgency, which had in part been composed of a fear of not pleasing him, disappeared...and she relaxed into the moment. It was blissful, he had once again taken the burden of responsibility off her...she could not displease him because he would not allow it. She had nothing to prove. She had only to obey...and learn how to give herself ever more completely to him.

Gradually a pattern emerged as she discovered what he wanted from her mouth, tongue, lips and throat...first hard and then soft. He would take her hair in his hand and guide her mouth, using her almost brutally, fucking her into the back of her throat. His voice telling her not to fight the urge to swallow when she gagged on his cock...and finally she understood.

When she swallowed the head of his cock she did not gag, he slid into her throat and the feeling of him transfixing her nearly made her come, sending a ripple of powerful hot pleasure right through her. Then as his pleasure reached a peak his hand and voice would restrain her...would rein her in and make her serve his pleasure when her hunger to drink him down would have driven him over the edge for her own satisfaction.

Then he would direct her to licking, tasting the thick pre come that pearled on the tip of his throbbing cock head, nibbling gentle bites into the shaft of his cock until she felt him pulse with pleasure. Scratching his balls lightly with her nails or incredibly gently taking them into her hot mouth to feel them dance on her tongue.

Soon she had understood and could anticipate his desires and then all she heard was the heaviness of his breathing, his groans and gasps of pleasure as she experimented and learnt the unique pleasures of his beautiful cock. And then as she

once more lifted her head to take him fully she heard him murmur throatily, his voice resonant with the imminence of his passion saying, "Now Katie...now."

Kate plunged her head down and swallowed his cock head impaling herself recklessly, devouring him. And at the same instant that she felt his thick, hot jets spurt into her throat she tipped over the edge herself, her belly molten, every part of her trembling powerfully as waves of orgasmic force washed through her again and again, until she collapsed onto him. Fiercely, passionately holding firm to him as if his cock were her sole anchor in the storm of pleasure that flooded through her.

Chapter 11

Surrender

Kate awoke some time later. Becoming slowly aware that she must have lost consciousness, but happy, blissfully happy that she still felt her mouth full of his cock. A cock that was even now stirring back to life. She gently lifted her mouth away but only to kiss the tip softly and then the smooth hard muscle of his belly. She turned her head and saw he was sleeping, or at least dozing and contentedly settled her head to pillow on his stomach from where she could look at his cock and kiss him whenever she wished. Which was often.

Her thoughts were tranquil, calm, and easy. Without trying to analyze anything she knew that an extraordinary process had begun. An unfolding of something deep inside that she had kept locked away in hidden places deep within herself. Places to which James had the keys and which he intuitively knew how to find. In any other man that would have frightened her, but not with James. He unlocked these treasures, but in the same moment he gave her back the keys, because ultimately he wanted her to be able to open them all for herself...for their mutual pleasure.

Kate frowned and smiled, not completely happy with her metaphor but far too sun-sex-sleepy to be bothered about it. The point was that the more she surrendered to James, the freer she felt. The demon of fear in the back of her mind that had been so busy on the journey to the Manor was exorcised as if it had never been.

Why this powerful internal shift? A voice in her mind said, "Its because you've a belly full of a beautiful man's come you little slut!" and another voice laughed and said, "Maybe...nothing wrong with that!" But deeper down she knew her contentment stemmed from the fact that there was no sense of being trapped or coerced by him. He gave her free choices: To obey or not...and the lesson was simple. Obedience brought pleasure, exquisite pleasure.

There had been many times when she had felt the rise of erotic fear throughout the last few hours. Ideas and instructions that had set her heart pounding in her chest. Pleasure so extreme that she had wondered if she could bear it. Yet throughout she had never once felt real fear...and that was because James' first priority was to make her feel essentially safe.

Kate understood then that a huge part of his need to dominate blended seamlessly with his need to protect. That surrendering to him was less about the obedience he demanded (though she trembled at the thought of what deliberate disobedience might bring), but about stepping inside the circle of strength he carried with him. Feeling enfolded in that strength and shielded by it. An essential safety that allowed and enabled her to embrace her innate femininity in a way that was new, fresh, and exciting to her.

This is what people meant by “freedom through submission” she thought and taking his cock gently into her mouth once more she drowsily closed her eyes to be rocked to sleep by the smooth rhythm of his breath.

* * * * *

James woke to the delicious warm wetness of Kate’s mouth around him and smiled contentedly. The weight of her head on his stomach told him that she was completely relaxed if not asleep. He reached out a hand to stroke her hair and she sighed around his cock, a half asleep sensual purr that brought the blood flooding to his cock, hardening and lengthening vigorously, pushing deeper into her mouth. Inevitably this woke her and she sucked him hungrily.

“Kate no...” James chuckled and pulled her off his cock, “Maybe later, I want to talk to you.” She moaned and rolled over, head still on his stomach, but now looking up at his face. Her hair tickling his balls and cock so that he had great difficulty finding the words.

For a moment he just smiled at her, then propping himself up on his elbows he said, “That was beautiful, but it went a lot further than I was anticipating for today, not that I’m complaining!”

James looked down into her smiling eyes and continued, “I want you Kate, very much, you know that...and if you don’t know it then I’m telling you now. But you also need to know that I will have all of you body, mind and heart ...or not at all...as much as it is possible to possess another I want to possess you.” He stroked her face, tracing the line of her nose and lips with the tip of his finger, which she kissed.

“I want to be yours...James...” Kate spoke quietly, her voice a whisper of desire and a much deeper longing. Then her expression changed, her face hardened as she faced some internal and as yet unspoken fear,

“I don’t know if it is that I simply need to experience the feeling of being completely owned, controlled and possessed...to live that experience fully...in order perhaps to let it go, or stop tormenting myself with it. All I know is that for so long I have had dreams...dreams I’ve been so scared of trying to make true because I knew, or thought I knew that if I did then I would be terribly, horribly disappointed.”

She smiled at him, her inner joy blazing from her eyes, “But today you taught me that my dreams can come true...that reality can be better than dreams...and...” Kate blushed, “I don’t think you’ve even properly started with me yet, have you Sir?”

James laughed softly, “I would love to make all your dreams come true Kate, and better them if possible...and no we haven’t really started yet. There are so many experiences I want you to have...so much pleasure I want to share with you, but you know if I asked your permission to give you those experiences it wouldn’t work, because you’d run scared.” Kate lifted her head to protest, but James placed a finger over her lips.

"No...think about what you've done today. If I had spelled out in an email everything I intended to do over lunch would you have met me? No you would not...it would have made an erotic fantasy for you, but if you had known what was to happen in advance *you* would be responsible. But by only agreeing to obey me within the limits we had agreed beforehand then *I* am responsible. You don't have to feel guilty about deriving wicked pleasure from the things I *make* you do."

James ran his fingers gently through her hair and looked deep into her eyes, "That's the magic of it: I make you do those things you secretly want to do, perhaps some things you don't even know you want to do...until you've done them. And that is why I want from you your complete surrender, your absolute submission, because unless you do I cannot teach you what you need to learn in order to give me the pleasure I want."

Kate sat up and turned to stare at the river, "I want to surrender to you Sir and I long to give you pleasure, to please you. I think most of me already has surrendered, crazy at it seems. But then this whole thing is so backwards isn't it? On one level we've only just met a few hours ago, on another we met months ago and on still another I've been waiting, hoping for this all my life. However it can't happen all at once can it? Not just like that?"

James moved behind her and sat with his legs either side of her, easing her back against his chest and wrapping her in his arms.

"No Kate, that's not what I meant. Building trust is a progressive thing. No... what I want is for you to do something similar to what you've done today. But for a week. A week long holiday we spend together...as Master and submissive slave girl. For that week I want you to be mine to do with, as I desire. Mine to torment, tease, command, instruct and punish according to the principles we have discussed at length online with the very clear objectives for your training you agreed would be extremely desirable to you. Give yourself to me for a week...then you'll really know," he grinned, "but whatever the outcome I'm sure I can promise you an unforgettably enjoyable time."

Kate leaned back into him and turned her face up to look at him. She put her mock-serious expression on her face, which James was beginning to recognize meant she was about to tease him. She drew her legs up and spread them either side of his, lifting her skirt while at the same time looking wide-eyed and innocent.

"Sir?" She said making her lower lip tremble, "You didn't mention fucking...will there be lots of fucking? My poor neglected little pussy soooo..." She got no further before James had moved to the side pushing her onto her back and capturing her legs to place her ankles on his shoulders. He pressed his hard cock up against the mouth of her cunt.

"Is so hungry to be filled and fucked?" James completed for her, laughing. Kate's answer was a sensuous writhe as she sought to impale herself on him. He let her legs drop and fell on top of her, pinning her hands above her head.

"I think my lovely slut and slave to be...that you're forgetting two things." James growled. Kate frowned playfully as if thinking. "First you have your ass and pussy full

of my slave torque, and second you haven't kissed me yet. I'm sure a proper lady like yourself would want to be kissed before she was fucked...only a little slut..." It was James' turn to be interrupted in mid sentence as Kate's mouth clamped hungrily on to his.

James kissed her back passionately, his hands entwined in her hair, his mouth crushing hers. Loving the taste of her and wanting her with every cell in his body.

He felt her scrambling between her legs, trying to remove the torque so that he could enter her, but his hand clamped down on her wrist and brought it back above her head. "No my beautiful wanton slut...I am going to fuck you. But not now. I have a better idea...and I'm going to make very sure you never forget the first time I fuck you, so long as you live!"

He gazed into her eyes and kissed her again, much more softly.

Chapter 12

The Hunting Lodge

James dressed while Kate did her best to tidy herself up, removing bits of grass and seeds from her clothing and finding her little mirror to touch up her make-up.

To her surprise she heard him talking to someone else and was relieved to see that he had his mobile phone to his ear. She did not hear much of what he said, catching only the words, "free" and "lodge" before he had ended the call and turned back to her.

"That's fixed then...there's a shooting lodge about half a mile from here in those woods," James pointed to a stand of mixed woodland, "It belongs to the Manor but it's essentially the private property of the owner, along with the woodland that surrounds it. Fortunately he owes me a favor so it's all ours."

James took her hand and they began walking towards the woods. "When we get there I need to call the owner again and tell him how long we're going to be. When do you need to get back?"

"Well...I don't really have to be back, but I should call my friend and let her know what I'm doing," Kate grinned at him, "Though perhaps not going into too many details!"

James nodded, "OK...you should arrange to call her again in about three hours when you talk to her." He saw the look on her face, "Yes I know you don't need to, but she doesn't know that, so you play by the rules until you've had chance to talk to her again...I'll walk slowly on up ahead and you catch me up when you're done."

Kate found her phone and made her safe call. Her friend laughed as soon as she heard her tone of voice. Amidst girlish giggles and some teasing on the part of her friend she arranged to call later, but had to deny the urgently curious requests for details because James was getting too far ahead...and anyway she did not want to discuss such things on the phone.

James had stopped to wait for her and she hurried towards him as fast as she could in her bare feet.

"I've just remembered something," she said, "My shoes are still in the rose gardens...can we get them?"

"Yes of course we must get them back for you," James thought for a moment, "...OK how about you walk on to the lodge. Just follow this path and ignore the 'Private-Keep Out' signs. The path should take you straight there. The keys to the lodge are under a flowerpot to the left side of the door, so just let yourself in, and help yourself to whatever you want. It should be stocked up with food and drink. I'll get your shoes and since I have to go that way I might as well bring my car to the lodge, so I shouldn't be long."

Kate moved into his arms, he kissed her deep, and long, a passionate promise of what was to come. Then with one last parting kiss James reluctantly let her go, and they walked off in different directions.

As Kate approached the woods she saw the first of the 'Keep-Out' signs nailed to a little gate. The gate however was not locked and she stepped through it and into a very different world. Cool and still the trees cast a deep shade that was chilling after the heat of the surrounding meadows she had walked through. The dark moist smell of the layers of leaves beneath the ancient oaks and beeches was rich and earthy. The soft dampness of the path a relief to her feet.

She walked on down the path and soon came to the lodge. It was a single story timbered building with a gable roof and tiny windows with bars across them. The front door was thick oak studded with iron and the whole place seemed dark and unwelcoming. In stark contrast to the Manor house the lodge looked like it could be part of the set of a horror movie.

Tentatively Kate approached the door, absurdly she felt as if she were trespassing and even looked over her shoulder in the hope that James would come. Telling her self not to be so silly she lifted the flowerpot and picked up the heavy key.

The door creaked menacingly as she pushed it open, the sound setting the hairs on the back of her neck on end. Very cautiously she stepped inside, even with the door wide open she could barely make out the room so dim was the light. Her hand searched for and found a light switch and she was almost blinded by the startling contrast as soon she had flipped the switch.

The lodge's interior was not modern, but it was very different from the dark and somber gothic she had expected and even dreaded she would find. The floor was antique pine with numerous thick rugs scattered haphazardly about. The walls were paneled in light oak, which gave the room a lovely warmth and a leather Chesterfield sofa with matching chairs were arranged around a coffee table before a magnificent fireplace.

Kate wandered through the lodge exploring. There were just three bedrooms, a kitchen and bathroom leading directly off the central lounge area, but even so the lodge seemed much larger on the inside than she had thought it would be. Two of the bedrooms had a double bed in an old-fashioned wrought iron frame, a closet, a chest of drawers, and thick rugs over bare, but polished wooden floors. The remaining bedroom was much larger and had a king size bed, a four-poster carved in oak with matching furniture and its own ensuite bathroom.

With the hunting prints and generally well-worn furnishings the lodge's atmosphere was intensely masculine, there were no frills, no delicate touches anywhere. Definitely a male preserve.

Having explored she went back to the bathroom, very conscious of the effects of a hot day and eager to wash and freshen up. Eyeing the shower cubicle she thought, "why not" and within seconds had stripped off her blouse and skirt and was standing

beneath the powerful jet of water, relishing the force of it hammering into her back and shoulders.

Kate soaped herself all over, her hand hesitating as she touched her torque where it slightly protruding from between her legs. Though she had not been expressly forbidden she felt it somehow wrong to touch herself without James' permission. The torque claimed her, marking her and especially her pussy as his, and the feeling of being so claimed sent a delicious shiver through her despite the heat from the shower.

Kate dried herself off and eyed her worn clothes with some distaste, but then a wicked smile lit up her face. So he wanted her as his slave girl? Then so she would be...kneeling naked and waiting for him when he arrived!

She hurried to do her make up and fixed her hair as best she could, then feeling a little chilled after the hot shower found the heating thermostat and turned it up. Walking back into the lounge area she eyed it from what James' perspective would be when he entered and cleared the coffee table in front of the fire of its ornaments. Then Kate put the largest cushion she could find on the table before climbing on to it and knelt facing the door. Her head bowed and her hands clasped behind her back.

Chapter 13

A Slave Awaits

After a few minutes she began to wonder how long she would have to stay like this. Realizing that she would hear the sound of his car arriving she climbed down and went to boil a kettle and hunt through the cabinet so she could fetch whatever he wished for. She was just debating whether or not to fix herself a drink when she heard the sound of a car engine and rushed back to take her position on the cushion.

Excitement and arousal intermingled, the cool air making her nipples even harder and the melting liquid heat of her belly seemed to catch fire within her causing her pussy and ass to tighten on the torque's balls. She trembled but tried not to look toward the door when it opened. It was then that the horrifying thought struck her that perhaps it was not James at all and her heart leapt to her throat.

To her enormous relief she heard James say, "What have we here? A lovely slave girl waiting to serve her Master's pleasure!" He walked toward her, shutting the door behind him and she looked up into his smiling and obviously delighted face. His smile lit her up inside and she felt intensely happy to have pleased him so much.

Then his expression hardened as his eyes scanned her body with a laser like intensity. "I see you have not been properly taught the positions of slavery have you little slut?"

Kate opened her mouth to speak but James gently pressed a finger to her lips to ensure her silence.

"Sit up straighter slave, thrust your breasts forward! They're beautiful! Be proud of them! ...good that's better. Now knees apart!" He pushed his warm strong hands between her thighs and with shocking ease spread her wide. Then he stood back and examined her critically again. A nod of approval. Then a few smaller corrections making her adjust the tilt of her head, relax her belly, making sure her eyes were cast down submissively. Then he took her hands and placed them behind her head thereby lifting her breasts and making her intensely aware of their soft vulnerability.

"Do not move!" James instructed and walked away from her to the sideboard that served as the lodge's bar. He poured himself a small measure of one of the Lodge's fine collection of single malt whiskeys and returned to sit on the Chesterfield scrutinizing her so keenly that the blush on her cheeks grew deeper by the second. She squirmed beneath his stare and yet felt immobilized by it, held deliciously, exquisitely bound by the force of his will.

"You are beautiful to me but as yet you do not have a sense of your own beauty. In fact you are frightened of it. After all what does it bring you? Unwanted and most often uncouth attention from undesirable males. So you have adopted a posture, mannerisms and behaviors that denies your sexuality and attempts to hide your beauty as if it were something to be ashamed of!"

James stood and raised his tumbler, the ice tinkling as he swirled his drink before sipping the single malt appreciatively. Then he pressed the chilled glass to Kate's nipples, first the left and then the right. She trembled as the cold made her nipples stand still more proudly erect, but otherwise did not flinch. James nodded in approval.

"I would love to teach you Kate. Some people would call it a training in submission, but really it is not. I require your obedience only so that I may free something extraordinary inside you." James lifted her chin and looked deep into her eyes.

"I know you sense her...this extraordinary 'you' deep within, you occasionally see flashes of her in your dreams. She beckons you to come to her, to discover her and your true self at your core, yet you are scared of her. Scared to reclaim this lost part of your self."

James looked into her eyes once more, his gaze unwavering and yet his eyes were gentle and filled with so much wisdom, kindness and understanding that Kate wanted to immerse her self in them, like diving into twin pools of crystal blue water.

"I know you long to find her Kate, but it will be a long and difficult process alone. There is a quicker way. However it demands that you give yourself to me completely. No games, no jargon, no mere acting out of sexual fantasy. I want you to become my obedient slave Kate. So that with my help, through not having the option of disobedience, you can become truly free...and then...well then you will have a decision to make. For now all that lies before us. First we have tonight, then you have a few days to reflect on what you want, and then we will perhaps take that week together I talked about. Yet even that will be only a beginning."

James took another sip of his whiskey and looked at her intently.

"Right now you have only one decision to make: Do you wish to be mine for this night?"

Putting the tumbler down James leaned forward and traced his finger very slowly from her knee up the inside of her thigh. He held his hand palm up, just hovering an inch from her pouting needy sex and waited.

Kate's breath grew ragged, she could feel only the heat from his hand, and longed for more, so much more, the torment of his closeness was unendurable, "Please..." she pleaded, "Oh please..."

"Kneel up slave," James moved his hands so rapidly that her first knowledge of his intentions was the cruel pinching pull to her nipples as he drew her upwards. Kate gasped and moaned, the pain brief but shocking, she had no choice but to obey.

"I am going to remove the torque now. Be silent and do not move an inch," James released her nipples and moved behind her. Then tracing his fingers down the hollow of her spine from the nape of her neck to the v-curve of her bottom he told her to lean forward and thrust her bottom backwards.

The position was hard to keep with her hands still clasped behind her head, but she obeyed as best she could, though the strain made her muscles ache. Yet far more powerful was the feeling of complete exposure, she knew what he must now be seeing,

her bottom mouth clutching tightly around the torque, her puffy swollen pussy lips glistening with her juices.

Stifling a moan but unable to stop her self from trembling she felt his finger curl inside the ring of the torque, and then another finger as he opened its grip upon her inner flesh and slowly began to withdraw it. Her bottom felt the pull and she tightened instinctively. "Relax slave." His voice was both gentle and yet utterly commanding. Kate obeyed.

The torque's balls popped out and Kate moaned despite herself. She felt his fingers softly trace her pussy lips and instinctively she moved into his touch, aching for him. But his hand moved away and he came to stand in front of her again.

"Kate, I want you to submit yourself to me now. You have been obedient, beautifully obedient since we met, but this is a stage further. It is the first step in your training. I want you to offer me your body, for my exclusive use for the rest of today. With this submission you surrender all personal rights to your body and its pleasures, you will no longer speak, move, or touch yourself without my permission. Further you give me the right to instruct and punish you as I see fit, to inflict pain or pleasure on you, as I desire. From this point on your pleasure is secondary to mine."

James looked at her sternly and said,

"It is your free choice, but once you have agreed then from now until the stroke of midnight tonight you will be bound by your undertaking. At midnight you may choose to remain mine until dawn in which case you will make your phone call to that effect, or you will leave here. You have permission to speak."

Kate looked down, scared by his words, but thrilled by them at the same time. Yes she admitted to herself, she had anticipated his arriving and perhaps carrying her into the bedroom, there to make love to her and satisfy the urgent needs that had been inflaming her all day. But while that would have been wonderful it would also have meant that she had taken control: Her naked flaunting of her body, her acting the part of a submissive slave, would have got her what she wanted. James' way was so much better and she loved the way he refused to be manipulated.

"Yes Sir I agree, please accept me as your submissive slave." Kate's voice starting as a whisper but ending more firmly as she found the inner confidence to assert what she desired.

James smiled at her and said, "I am going to lead you through a ritual of submission. You may revoke your consent at any time by repeating, 'I revoke my submission' three times, but unless you do I will consider you bound by this ritual. Nod your head if you understand."

Kate nodded her head and James instructed her to close her eyes. Almost immediately she felt the soft touch of a blindfold being tied across her eyes and then heard his hands tracing the outline of her body, stroking the curve of her breast. His hands roamed freely from her throat to her inner thighs, touching every curve of her

except for her nipples and pussy wanting her to sink deeper and deeper into the aching longing for release.

Abruptly his hands were no longer there, she shivered in anticipation of his next caress, but it did not come. Instead she heard him moving around the room and then suddenly what little light had been filtering through the silken scarf wrapped before her eyes disappeared and she was plunged into darkness.

A minute passed in silence and then another. Kate suppressed the rising urge to call out, wanting the reassurance of his voice. Then she felt his hands at the nape of her neck and his voice telling her to open her eyes. She gasped and smiled. The dark room was now lit with dozens of candles.

Chapter 14

Ritual of Submission

James stood before her and told her to place her hands on her thighs. He had taken his shirt off and was holding a candle in one hand. The candle lit one side of his handsome face, casting the other into shadow and giving him an otherworldly beauty as the flickering light from the candles reflected off the sculpted muscles of his broad chest and shoulders. Kate felt her self melt inside anew with longing for him and knew that she would do anything he asked of her.

"Kate you will now offer me your submission, beginning with offering me your mouth you will say, 'I offer you my mouth, my pleasure and my pain. Yours to give or withhold as you desire.' Repeat that now." He commanded, his voice deep and authoritative.

Kate drew a deep breath and began, "I offer you my mouth, my pleasure and my pain, yours to give or withhold..." she had not quite completed her offering before his lips were softly against hers, sweet and sensual.

"I accept your gift of your mouth's pleasure," He murmured his lips hovering over her mouth, and then he took her mouth with forceful ruthlessness and when they separated more than a minute later she felt the tang of blood on her lip. "I accept the gift of your mouth's pain."

"Offer me your breasts Kate."

Kate hesitated, knowing now what must follow and yet she felt the hunger inside consume her. She cupped her breasts and lifted them in offering.

"I offer you my breasts, my pleasure and my pain, yours to give or withhold as you desire." Kate felt each nipple in turn exquisitely kissed with the slightest nip of his teeth, just enough to send a delicious wave of pleasure through her body.

Closing her eyes and lifting her chest in to his kisses she gasped when she felt instead his fingers grip her nipples cruelly, pinching and pulling until she moaned. Abruptly he released her and her breasts bounced back, her nipples aching hard. She thought it was over but then she heard him say,

"I accept the gift of your breasts' pleasure," and his hand caressed the sensitive underside of her left breast, lifting it slightly. Kate's eyes flickered open, her lips parting as she shivered with pleasure beneath his touch. Mesmerized she watched him bring the candle before her eyes and then tip it slightly to allow just one drop of hot wax to fall directly on to her nipple.

Even as she cried out she heard him say, "And the gift of your pain." His voice coming from the darkness behind the candle was almost formal and yet he managed to convey the pride he felt for her offering as without conscious thought Kate lifted her right breast herself in offering for the kiss of the hot wax upon her nipple though her lips trembled and her breathing was ragged.

James kissed each of her breasts softly and then her mouth murmuring, "Thank you Kate...now offer me your pussy and clit. Lie right back and hold yourself open with your hands. Do it now Kate." Gently he pushed her back until her back was curved, her breasts with their super hard nipples both coated in wax pointing at the ceiling. Her hands came down to spread her pussy lips wide as her breath came in shuddering gasps.

"I offer you my pussy and clit, my pleasure and my pain, yours to give or withhold as you desire." Kate's voice was tremulous, and near breaking towards the end. Then his hot breath on her super heated flesh as he caught her clit between his lips. Sudden shocking pleasure ripped through her, jolting her entire body and making her belly spasm deep inside her core.

Dimly she heard his voice say soft and deep, "I accept the gift of your pleasure." And then she felt his teeth gently close upon her most vulnerable flesh, not biting but slowly and with exquisite sensitivity increasing the force until pleasure flickered over the edge into pain and back to pleasure. Pain and pleasure intertwined.

His mouth suddenly withdrew and then the swift fierce pain as the wax fell directly on to her swollen clit: the epicenter of the earthquake that convulsed her so that she was only dimly aware of the sound of her own scream. A scream choked off as she felt his arms enfold her in his strength and his lips crush hers, whispering as his lips moved to her ear his acceptance of her pain. Then she felt her self lifted up and brought to kneel with her head bowed forward, her bottom raised, pussy lips pouting from between her legs.

"Offer me your ass Kate," James commanded ignoring her whimpers and moans.

Kate hesitated then stammered out, "I offer you my ass, my pleasure... and my pain, yours to give or withhold...as you desire..."

Kate moaned loudly but this time with pure pleasure as his hand cupped her pussy, parting the soft wet glistening folds to touch and circle the entrance to her cunt. His fingers milked her cunt of her juices and spread them over her labia and then up to her ass so that slick with juice his finger circled and probed until Kate's body betrayed her and she thrust herself backward on to his finger. Yearning and aching to be penetrated by him, however and in whatever way he wished. She panted her desire moaning his name and pleading softly, her words a stream of wanting and need.

"I accept your pleasure and now I will teach you the meaning of pleasure pain my lovely slave," James growled and began to knead her buttocks with his powerful hands, his strong fingers working her soft supple flesh as her skin reddened.

James began to spank her, not too hard at first, just deepening the blush to her skin, before returning to his massage. As she knelt helplessly his hands roamed her body, caressing her breasts, dipping into her sopping wet pussy, rolling around her swollen clit.

Then as her pleasure came on more strongly he would spank her a little harder, watching her breathing, listening to her moans. His fingers and hands playing upon her

body as a musician would play upon an instrument: contrast and feeling, crescendo and diminuendo. The waves of pleasure and pain flowing one into the other as the heat in her bottom sank down and connected with the fire in her belly.

Kate began to moan more loudly and toss her head. One part of her aware of the feelings and powerful desires that coursed through her body but as if from a distance. Watching with astonished, fascinated interest as this girl, who was her and somehow apart from her, responded to James' every little touch, her bottom even raising to welcome the next delicious ripple of heat-pain-pleasure as his palm came down on her reddened flesh.

Another part of her deeply immersed in the sensations, swimming deep in the pleasure pain currents so that the only important thing was James' hands: what and where they would touch her next...and that he did touch her. The pain, the only pain that mattered being the absence of that touch to her fevered and frenzied body.

Shuddering and moaning Kate thrashed her head from side to side, her breathless pleadings unintelligible, yet her body's desires were plain from the way her back arched and her pussy dripped. Like a master musician who has played the audience to ecstasy through his virtuoso performance, James stood back to admire the effect of his work. She would never think so, but to him Kate looked as beautiful as he had ever seen her: panting, skin glistening with sweat her hair in total disarray...she was a woman completely released of the last vestiges of inhibition. Now he could take his pleasure with her and know she would hold nothing back...could hold nothing back.

Shedding his remaining clothes James lifted the head of his cock to her pouting dripping cunt and without warning plunged into her. Kate bucked and screamed as she felt him split her apart. She would have collapsed then but for James' strong hands holding her steady as he withdrew for the next thrust and then the next, savagely taking her with total focus on his own pleasure. Slowing and accelerating the speed of his thrusts and their depth, making the head of his cock explore every inch of her hot wet cunt.

Far beyond any pleasure she had previously thought possible Kate felt that she was holding on to the edge of sanity, a thought that would have terrified her ordinary mind. But now she was transported, far above such cares. More...she knew that if James took her over that edge then he would be there to bring her back and so even as orgasm followed orgasm and his cock, impaling her, became her whole world she let go and found herself floating free. Transfixed and transformed in the searing pleasure that engulfed her.

James slowed the pace of his thrusts and then gently withdrew his cock ignoring her moan of protest. He walked around to Kate's head and grasping a handful of her hair lifted her head so that she could see his cock, his shining silken smooth cock head just inches from her panting mouth.

"Kate...you will call me Master...and you will beg for permission to take me in your mouth."

Kate looked up through glazed eyes, her mind, and emotions reeling. And yet, despite this knowing that she had somehow passed the most essential test of her life...not through any effort on her part, but simply through being her self... through throwing wide the doors of possibility and accepting utterly who she was to the deepest core of being and knowing that in James she had found a man, a Master she could adore with every cell of her body.

"Master," Kate said the word and loved the sound of it and said it again, marveling, "My Master, please may I suck your beautiful cock?"

Kate opened her mouth and her tongue flickered out to lick the bead of pre-come from his engorged cock head. She smiled up at him her eyes wide as she took him deeper and sucked their combined juices from his long shaft. But then withdrew to kiss him mumbling, "Master mmmmy Mmmmaster" and then with eager greed, inflamed by her own words Kate went to swallow him up again.

Chapter 15

Initiation

James took a step back, her passion and even more the delight, happiness and joy that radiated from her had very nearly undermined his normal self control and he wanted to savor her to the fullest.

"Follow me slave, on your hands and knees." James touched her cheek and beckoning for her to follow walked toward the main bedroom. Kate crawled off the coffee table and hurried after him, grateful for the thick rugs beneath her knees. When she arrived James was rummaging through drawers and so she knelt and hoping it would please him put her hands behind her head and tried to remember the posture he had taught her earlier.

James glanced at her, "Very good slave...climb up on the bed and spread your arms and legs wide, lying on your back. Close your eyes." Kate did as she was told, centering her self in the middle of the enormous bed. Even with her arms and legs stretched out, her hands and feet were still a couple of feet from the post at each corner. Her head even further from the magnificent oak headboard.

James continued to search and eventually found what he was looking for in another bedroom. Returning he used the scarves to tie Kate's wrists to the posts of the bed and then instructing her to arch her whole back up off the bed he slid several thick pillows beneath her so that her head hung down facing the headboard. With her legs spread wide her pussy became the highest point of her body, making her feel intensely exposed and deliciously vulnerable. A feeling that grew much stronger as she felt James grasp her ankles and secure each in turn to the posts at the foot of the bed.

Having ensured that the bonds were tight enough to stretch Kate's limbs to the fullest extent and yet not so tight as to impair her circulation James left her, saying only that he would be back shortly. He went outside and started hunting through the out houses and sheds in which various equipment was stored.

After ten minutes of fruitless searching and with an exclamation of delight he finally found the length of rope he needed. He was good at improvising, but for Kate's first real experience of complete bondage he would have preferred to be better equipped. Yet to have anticipated that the day would have gone so very well and come to this sweet conclusion would have been to tempt fate very much too far in James' mind.

Returning to Kate he collected the various candles from the lounge area and after placing them around the room he switched off the light. He threw the length of rope beneath the bed so that several feet protruded either side and then began to fasten Kate's thighs.

Wrapping the rope around and around above and below each knee he created a wide surface area so that he could apply considerable pulling pressure without shutting

off her circulation and in this way Kate found her thighs spread wider than she would have dreamed possible.

This was essential James knew since the first automatic response of a woman's body as she approaches intolerable levels of pleasure is to try and close her thighs. He wanted Kate to know that she must take everything he gave her, for her to know this in advance with utter certainty.

Satisfied with the lovely spectacle Kate now offered him, her body stretched and helpless James gazed hungrily at her. He mastered the almost overwhelming urge he felt to just take her immediately and went to search for some oil in the kitchen. Though any oil would do he hoped there would be at least some olive oil and so was very pleased to find the much purer and lighter almond oil right at the back of one of the cupboards. It would be perfect.

The first Kate knew of this was the slightly cool sensation of the oil being drizzled over her breasts and then down over her belly and along the top of each of her widespread thighs. Even then she had no idea what the liquid was until she felt James' hands on her thighs working the oil in to her skin in long, firm, slow circles.

He began by slowly stroking up the insides of her thighs, at first feather light touches and then gradually firmer strokes. Then he began to work the oil into her belly and up towards her breasts. At no time did he touch her pussy or breasts, not even allowing his breath to caress her skin. He would work around her pussy or breasts for several minutes circling his fingers tantalizingly closer until Kate's breath became ragged and she began to moan.

Then he would abruptly switch to another part of her body, perhaps her feet, her hands, or shoulders. Places that Kate would never have previously associated with sensual pleasure. Yet now with her attention totally focused on where James was not touching her, paradoxically he made every part of her body a superbly sensitive erogenous zone. His strong fingers explored her body, finding and releasing tension where ever they roamed, even in places Kate did not think it were possible to be tense. James found every knot of tension even working his hands beneath her back where she was arched, his fingers melting her until she felt herself liquefy and begin to float.

But always he returned to the circling of her breasts, or outlining the V of her pussy and ass. Never touching, but somehow always moving closer, making the anticipation of his eventual touch build within her like a tidal wave.

For Kate it felt like torment in heaven. She had given herself absolutely and now she would be used and taken in any way James wished. For the moment it was his pleasure to give her this sweet agony of denial where the longer he deliberately avoided touching her dripping cunt the more desperately she craved it. There was no choice. And in the absence of choice there was release. Her inhibitions were as sandcastles to the waves of pleasure crashing on the shore of her body.

Kate heard herself begging for his touch. For him to touch her pussy, fuck her cunt, use her, take her...please...please. Every time his hands neared her breasts or pussy she struggled to move toward them, craving his touch. A futile struggle since she was so securely held. Her hands grasped spasmodically at her restraints as her hips rolled, her pussy a hungry mouth seeking his touch. She ached to fill the hot void within her and yet gloried in the utter helplessness of her bondage.

James knew she was more than ready for the fucking he had in mind, but wanted to push her deeper first. To bring her on and take her further than she had been before...and only then to take her and in doing so make her completely his own. He would brand her as his own with the searing heat of pleasure in a way she would associate quite rightly only with himself. He knew his powers and would use them all to make this lovely woman his willing slave. Yes she would emerge from slavery like a butterfly from a chrysalis, but first her submission to him must be made absolute.

He placed one hand on her belly just above her pubic bone and the other beneath her so that his fingertips touched her tailbone and the rest of his hand cupped her ass and cunt though without touching them. Then he started to raise his energy...the same energy that would in a martial arts context allow him to smash his hands through house bricks now served him in this gentler art. As he breathed his hands became incredibly hot, the heat penetrating deep flowing from his hands into Kate, the sexual energy sinking into Kate's belly to stir sensations she never knew existed, never dreamed were even possible.

Her belly, cunt, clit, and ass were on fire and under James' hands her mind came down into the heat to be consumed in the flames and then rise like a phoenix from the ashes of her molten liquid desire...again and again. Not an orgasm for James had not allowed her such release...but the intolerable pleasure of *becoming* her cunt, totally immersed and identified within her sexual self, everything else remote and superficial by comparison. Kate's mind grounding into the hot intensity of her core and finding a safety there like a ship in hurricane finding itself in the eye of the storm: Peace, serenity and tranquility for moments that seem timeless before once more the fury of the winds of pleasure sweep her away.

James placed the engorged head of his cock at the swollen, dripping mouth of her cunt and plunged inside her. Holding her hips he fucked her ruthlessly, knowing that there was not a single part of her that could now remain detached from the pleasure. She was subsumed by her own passion. As he fucked her cunt, James fucked Kate's mind, blowing her apart with the power of his thrusting cock while enfolding her within the sanctuary of his will and embracing her in the power of his love, now revealed. She had offered her self to him and he had accepted, but now he claimed her for his own, possessed her utterly in body, heart and mind.

The orgasm when it came was devastating. Sweeping away before it the debris of the past and all the pain and hurt of two lost souls aching and hungering to find each other and failing until this moment. United at last they soared together, spiraling

upwards on power currents of pleasure so strong that neither alone could have endured.

Chapter 16

Possession

When Kate awoke her bonds were gone and she felt James' arms around her. His one arm cradling her breasts and the other across her belly, his hand cupping her pussy stroking her softly.

She turned within his arms and sought his mouth with her lips, wanting the reassurance of a kiss, disorientated and bewildered yet hugely happy to be with him.

"Hello my beautiful one," James said softly, "I woke you because you're over due to make your call. Do that and then we can talk."

James handed her the phone, which now seemed an irrelevant intrusion to her. Kate made the call, her throat felt raw and she realized she must have been screaming. Her sex soaked tone of voice and the happiness that bubbled within her were so obvious to her friend that the call lasted only seconds, before she turned once more into James's arms.

James lifted her uppermost leg and opened her pussy lips with his other hand before sliding his cock easily inside her. Kate groaned. She loved to feel his hard length filling her so beautifully and yet she felt deliciously sore from her recent fucking.

Kate wriggled on his shaft and squeezed him with her internal muscles. "You haven't asked me if I choose to submit until dawn...Master." Her voice teasing, ridiculing the idea that she might want to leave.

James held her to him more closely, "Kate you are mine now." He said simply, knowing this was not a time for games or half-truths.

"You belong to me and me alone. That is what being your Master is all about. Deep down you knew this and wanted it, your inner voice has been guiding you towards this moment for many years. Do not take my word for it my lovely slave. Search your heart. Tell me it is not true if you can?"

Kate was silent for a long time and then a shudder went through her entire body.

"It's true. I could not find what I have with you if I searched for a thousand years, I am yours." She paused, "But Master that terrifies me...what if you get bored with me? What if..."

"Shhhh," James held a finger to her lips, "This is what your training is for Kate. A Master does not train a submissive woman to submit, he creates the environment in which she is free to be herself. You now know better than anyone that given her essential willingness and her initial consent, I could dominate any submissive woman I chose. I don't need to train you to submit, I can easily make you obey should I need to, but given your deep desire to please me that is hardly necessary."

James turned her head so that he could look into her eyes, "No, I need to train you to be free, train you to pleasure. To do that I require your devoted obedience, but your time as my slave is only a steppingstone to something infinitely more wonderful: The

fusion of our souls...that feeling that you had the merest briefest glimpse of...but perhaps you don't remember?"

Kate's lips brushed his as she murmured, "How could I not remember the most astonishing feeling in my life when I am still trembling inside from the power of it?"

James smiled and his hands stroked her skin, "I am pleased...not everyone can endure the pleasure you see...they slip into unconsciousness, its like a safety valve for the mind when the pleasure gets too much to bear. But that is why I chose you, I knew you would be able to...sooner or later." He grinned at her and began to move inside her, "Though sooner *is* better!"

Chapter 17

The Farmhouse

One month later...

The estate car bumped over the rough country lane, now only a few hundred yards away from the large converted farmhouse that was their final destination. James drove with care not wishing the bumps to trigger yet another burst of passionate cries from the naked slave girl securely fastened spread eagled behind him.

Kate had not been given permission to come or even to speak, but this had done little to prevent her regular frenzied outbursts as the vibrators in her pussy, ass and the one taped securely over her clit brought her to climax again and again. James made a mental note to use smaller and less intense vibrators on the way back to civilization. But then thought that with a whole week of training she would probably do a little better with her self-control, which at present was wonderfully poor. Such a wanton little slut! He laughed to himself as a particularly large pothole sent her over the edge for the last time before they arrived. Even with his window open her musk permeated the entire car, he had lost count of the number of times she had come, even though he was supposed to be counting them in order to deal out suitable punishment later. Though secretly he was delighted in her helplessness in the face of her own wanton arousal.

* * * * *

Kate had been waiting several hours earlier outside the train station. As instructed she had traveled wearing only a knee length coat over her nakedness, her only other clothing black hold up stockings and the black stilettos she was struggling to balance on when he arrived, drawing the big SUV up to the curb. In a misleadingly gentlemanly fashion he had opened the rear door for her, but as she went to sit in the rear seat she found it folded down and was obliged to crawl inside on her hands and knees.

"Lie down on your back my lovely little slave," James had commanded and then closed the door and gone to take the wheel again. For a short time they traveled in silence. He occasionally turning round to rub his thumb over her lips, forcing it between her teeth making her suck on it, as she would have loved to suck upon his cock. Roughly circling her lips making them swell and leaving them feeling slightly bruised when he once more turned his full attention to the road. Soon they were out of the city and on quiet country lanes and he had pulled over.

Getting out of the car he opened the large tailgate rear door and instructed her to kneel before him.

"Your training for this week begins here Kate." James took a beautiful silvered stainless steel collar from its velvet bag. "This is the symbol of your servitude for you to wear with pride in submission to me. It represents a further stage in our relationship: While you wear it you consent to non-consent, meaning I will not ask your permission

to do anything I wish to you. You give me this power over you so that you may experience how I wield it to our mutual benefit. This builds trust. You will ask me for it in full knowledge of the power you thereby surrender to me."

All that James now said had been discussed at great length in the weeks since their first meeting. At first Kate had not really seen why it was necessary. She was his slave, pure and simple. His to command.

She would happily wear the collar both to please him and because the idea of it aroused her. But she was already his slave chained to him by far stronger bonds than mere steel so what was the point?

James had replied that he wished to replace that which presently bound her to him with trust. Trust could only be earned through experience...she had to walk out on the proverbial limb and find out that it held. Inevitably there would be circumstances in which all her primal fears rose to the surface. Occasions during her training when against her conscious volition, her body, and her conditioned mind would recoil from that which he instructed her to do.

Nothing he asked of her would harm her in reality, but her knowing that now would not prevent those fears from arising during her training. The collar then symbolized her general consent to everything he would ask of her in the coming week. Though traditionally a symbol of slavery it was in fact far more a symbol of the profound trust Kate had in James.

The many hours of conversation flashed through Kate's mind as she looked at the collar. James' understanding was profound and yet she felt defiant, she loved him, surely that was all that mattered? She had not actually said those words as yet..."I love you" could be so meaningless and she had heard it from so many men who so obviously had not the first clue what love meant. Actions spoke louder than words and James had shown her from the very beginning his enormous capacity for love...now it was her turn to show him.

Kate looked down submissively and said, "Please Master I beg that you allow me to wear your collar and take me into your service as your submissive slave."

James leaned forward to fasten and lock the collar around her throat. Beautifully crafted it clicked firmly into place its large ring at the center of her throat. He attached a leash to the ring and ordered her from the car. "Follow me slave!"

The leash pulling at her she had struggled off her knees and out of the car. Kate peered at her surroundings apprehensively, barely making out a rough style and beyond that a wood in the dim twilight. Feeling yet another insistent tug and not daring to dawdle she hastened to follow him, her absurdly high heels hampering her every step.

At the fence James straddled the bar and with seeming effortless lifted her over it, and set her down on the other side. Then they were off again, him striding along and her desperately staggering, trying to keep up and not disgrace herself.

The smell of damp woods assailed her, a light mist hovering eerily low on the ground and the trees wide spaced between a thick carpet of leaves. Had she been less focused on keeping her balance and not losing her shoe in the soft mud she might have given more thought to where she was being taken.

In fact only a hundred yards or so from the road James stopped in a small clearing. In a tone that brooked no argument he told her to strip and when she still hesitated he roughly pulled off her coat and threw it away. Kate gazed after it in bewilderment. The next thing she knew her world had gone black.

To the muted noises of protest, more from shock than genuine fear James hustled her over to two small silver birches growing parallel and about six feet apart. Had Kate been able to see anything at all, she would have been surprised to see him take a smooth long pole from behind one of the trees and fasten it to each tree with a few turns of strong rope clearly left here for the purpose, parallel to the ground at waist height.

Since she was hooded she could only stand there trembling with both apprehension and the cold as the chilly breeze hardened her nipples and brought her normally silky smooth legs out in goose bumps. The earlier heat and wet in her pussy feeling achingly cold as she tottered on her heels. With a wry grin she felt quite safe to reveal under the hood she reminded herself that if she knew anything at all about her Master then she would not be feeling the cold for very long.

Kate felt him take her arms and lead her a few steps, she squealed as the unexpected chill of the smooth pole touched her belly and again when he forced her to bend over it head down between her legs. Mercifully he removed the heels and stockings and then she felt his hands grab her ankles to spread her legs wide so that now most of her weight was taken by the pole. Leather thongs securely fastened wrists to ankles and her lead was drawn through the eye of a peg he had placed in the ground earlier.

Without warning James stripped away the hood and almost instantly she felt the pressure of his cock on the bruised lips of her mouth. Still breathing heavily from the shock of her sudden bondage she hurried to open and take him in to her. Rolling her tongue around him trying to wet him though her mouth was dry. His hands rolled and pulled at her nipples sending bursts of heat directly to her clit.

Since James was kneeling to gain access to her mouth, she felt his warm breath tantalizing the soft moist lips of her pussy, her hips struggled to move back to contact his lips, she ached for his touch so desperately. Kate frantically tried to take more of him in to her, wanting to feel him in her throat wanting all of him, knowing that she must take what she could when it was offered since her needs were neither considered or catered for. Or so she thought.

Having let her adjust to her new helplessness and for the sensation of his cock in her mouth and the rough handling of her nipples to once more make her incredibly wet, James withdrew as she mewled in protest. Then quickly satisfied her need by plunging himself in to her cunt. As always the simple act of controlling her completely had made

his entrance wonderfully easy. She was slick with juice though he doubted he had taken more than a few seconds fucking her mouth.

For the next twenty minutes he fucked her. Sometimes so hard the pole creaked in protest as she bounced upon it, while she moaned and whimpered under his assault. Sometimes slowly letting her feel every inch of him as he slid in and out. Toying with her clit and slipping his thumb, lubricated with her own juice in to her ass.

Twice James withdrew to push himself in to her mouth, knowing that she loved the small erotic humiliation of being forced to taste herself on his cock. To lick him clean of her own juices, and then returning to fuck her cunt. He took her for his own pleasure but in doing so brought her to orgasm twice, the second time her screams echoing in the wood so far gone was she that she had lost any concern for discovery.

Finally with a deep, satisfied groan he allowed himself to spill into her.

When his cock eventually stopped pulsing he withdrew and grabbing her hair forced her head up between her legs, making her open her mouth so that when his spunk began to drip from her swollen open cunt it dripped in to her mouth or on to her face. She licked her lips appreciatively and held her mouth wider loving this new humiliation and the taste of him.

Leaving her for a moment he took a soft wide stranded flogger from his coat hung on a nearby tree and began to whip her. The soft strands slapping her like a dozen tiny hands with each stroke. The backs of her thighs, her back, breasts, nipples and even the pouting lips of her pussy all felt their kiss as he worked on her. Never too hard, never too softly.

Always just the right weight behind the stroke varied dependent on his aim, bringing her on relentlessly. Sometimes he would stop to draw the soft leather up between her open pussy lips, frictioning her clit and caressing her ass. After a series of light stingy strokes directly between her legs that took her breath away he would turn the handle of the whip into a dildo to fuck her until she groaned and whispered to please, please be allowed to come. He denied her but resumed the flogging.

Only when James had brought her abruptly to a halt on the brink of orgasm half a dozen times, the last time only by being quite brutal with her nipples, did he insert the vibrators in her cunt and ass. Taping the tiny clitoral stimulator over her swollen bud, her soft shaven lips making for good fixing despite their slick wetness. Untying her he led her naked back to the car. There he laid her once more on her back, but this time with her wrists and ankles shackled into strong leather cuffs. Like this she had traveled the two hours to the lonely isolated farmhouse he had rented for her first week of intensive training as his slave.

As he pulled up at the front door of the farmhouse Kate was terrified to hear voices, "Did he need help unpacking the car?" "Was he here on his own?" The voices got closer and she fought the urge to struggle in her shackles afraid the rustling of the chain would draw attention to her. He seemed to be taking his time! Chatting away! The devil would know how she was feeling: so exposed and vulnerable. Ruefully she admitted to

herself that the fear of imminent discovery was melting her belly once more even as her mind fought the sensation, astonished to discover yet another example of her body's wanton sexuality. Then she remembered him saying that during this week she was going to learn to trust and follow her most lewd and basic desires, ceasing for that week to be guided by the much more conservative intelligence she normally depended upon.

Gradually the voices faded and she heard the crunch of approaching footsteps on the gravel drive. He helped her from the car after removing her shackles, vibrators and making her put on her stockings and heels, kissing her deeply he took a pair of delicate steel cuffs, bracelets really, from his pocket and cuffed her hands behind her. Then picking up her leash he led her into the farmhouse.

Chapter 18

Slave Chains

Inside the farmhouse Kate felt a wave of warmth engulf her. Obviously it had been heated ready for them, and she stood obediently still as he moved from room to room deciding which of the many rooms would serve which purpose.

Returning to the hall he led her on a tour of the house. A large kitchen with a wood burning stove and huge oak table, many cupboards and herbs hanging from low rafters. Beyond that a pantry stocked with everything they would need.

Off the hall a large lounge with a roaring log fire, superfluous with the heating but a glorious sight. A dining room strangely austere in the otherwise welcoming house. And then upstairs to a large modern bathroom, the master bedroom with its obligatory four poster and two smaller bedrooms though each large enough for a double bed.

James led her back in to the master bedroom, and cuffing her hands in front of her, told her that she had ten minutes free time to toilet and tidy herself, shower if she wanted before he expected to find her kneeling at the foot of the bed in position one.

Kate returned desperately hoping she wasn't late. Not having a watch she had no idea how long she had been. To her relief she saw him smiling down at her. He was fastening ring bolts into the rafters above and around the bed, sinking the six inch long bolts deeply in to the wood. She realized that she had once more underestimated him. If he wished he could decide she had been twelve minutes or nine minutes, how could she possibly know?

Kate felt sure that he had requested the agent remove all the clocks from the house and glancing round the room spied the circular spot on the wall where one had obviously once been. Very sly! Despite herself she smiled back at him, loving that once more he had taken control of something she hadn't considered being reliant on until now.

Kate knelt quickly as James watched her: knees spread wide, sitting on her heels, her breasts lifting and thrusting forwards as she clasped her cuffed hands behind her head.

Presenting herself thus she waited for him eyes caste down, not daring to look up as he removed the chains, shackles, toys and a myriad of other devices from the large suitcase he had taken from the car's roof rack. The small one holding his clothes and a few necessary toiletries for her was on the bed. If she had clothes at all, a fact she was far from sure of, then he had brought them.

Kate allowed herself the luxury of anticipating what the week had in store for her and felt the heat begin to burn in her belly once more. Such a perfect setting for her initiation as his slave. She hoped he would be gentle, then she concealed a smile as her cunt melted as she imagined him being strict, masterful and erotically cruel.

While Kate was losing herself in dreamy erotic fantasies of what the week would bring James was involved in adapting the farmhouse to his needs. The setting of the ringbolts required a little planning. Kate would sometimes sleep at the foot of the bed on the thin hard mattress he had brought with them. A ringbolt was required to fasten her by her collar near the mattress but with enough chain to allow her access to the bed should he want her during the night. He therefore ran a light chain under the bed to a staple in the headboard with double its length loose.

In this way James could release it conveniently to give her the freedom to climb on to the bed, but also make sure that she was unable to share the bed with him should he wish to withdraw this privilege.

The other bolts were easier to fix. He wanted to be able to suspend her from wrist or ankle shackles for both punishment and discipline during the many hours he intended to play with her body. Four bolts in the roof beams and four on each corner of the bed accomplished this easily, offering a wide variety of options.

Leaving Kate kneeling he left with his small tool bag to fix other means of restraint around the house. In the bathroom; for he intended to shave and pluck her mound himself each morning; in the kitchen so that she might be restrained either to cook for him or offer an erotic spectacle as he cooked and in the lounge before the fire where he intended to keep her during the day.

Mostly he would rely on her bondage and obedience, but he knew from experience how convenient such fittings could be, especially in developing the sense of being strictly controlled he knew she needed and would enjoy.

James opened a door set almost invisibly in to the paneling of the hall and descended to the cellar. The room covered most of the ground floor of the old house, large arches supporting the heavy beams of the floor above. Heavy flagstones gave the room a wonderfully dungeon like appearance. He smiled wickedly, making plans for her.

It was almost empty except for an old boiler, which gave the room some limited warmth and the rows of empty wine racks that spoke of the cellar's original purpose. He dragged a rough workbench to the center of the dusty but otherwise clean room and drove bolts in to each corner of it and four more above it in to the roof beams. Still smiling he checked the room for anything he might have previously missed and satisfied switched the single central bulb off as he left.

Out in the yard with its surrounding outhouses and stables he approached a large heavy door and unlocking it stepped inside. The rear half of the room was a stable but instead of the usual wooden partition steel bars ran from roof to floor. The door into the cell also made of steel bars opened silently and he stepped inside. Originally designed to hold a bull, the cell would be perfectly effective in holding Kate should she require such punishment and isolation. It only remained for him to place a child's potty and a drinking bowl on the floor when he decided she merited such long-term punishment.

Back in the master bedroom Kate had obediently not moved. He walked in front of her and lifting her chin looked in to her eyes. His eyes were soft and gentle there was no intimidation in them, but even so they were penetrating and she could not hold his gaze, looking down submissively after a few seconds.

James brushed the velvet skin of her breast, softly caressing and then turning side ways on smoothed his hand down to her belly. Lifting his hand away he moved it further down to hover over her pussy. She could feel the warmth of his hand even though he did not touch her and her hips involuntarily tilted to seek the touch she craved. She gasped at the contact and felt him cup her, owning her and possessing her with just this simple gesture of his hand.

As always the discipline of her position, her enforced awareness of her surrender to his will, the ease with which even his kindest gaze dominated her all fused to have her aching for his touch and amazingly wet. He noticed that she had even been dripping down her thighs in expectation of his return.

"Tell me what you want?" His voice was soft but there was no refusing it. Kate's mind reeled with images of desire, all the many things she had dreamed happening to her, the things that made her desperate with excitement, the things that made her heart seem to stop within her when she dared to think of them. From this complexity she must find some simple truth that would communicate her need to him, even though she knew full well he knew it before she spoke.

"I want to be used Master," she whispered, "I want to be your plaything and exist for your pleasure and...." Her words ran out, Kate hung her head confused....

"How do you want to feel?" Again she paused trying to collect her thoughts knowing that nothing less than complete transparent honesty would satisfy him.

"I want to feel controlled Master. I want to feel that I have nothing to think of except pleasing you. I want you to control my body utterly and dictate my every movement...I want to feel beautiful to you, sexy, sensual...and I want to feel safe, protected...and I want to feel able to completely surrender to you...I want..." Her flood of words amazed her and she faltered. James nodded in agreement.

"You *are* mine Kate, you would not be so were you not beautiful to me, but I understand that is not the same thing as feeling so. But this you will learn. You will do nothing that does not please me, at least not more than once because I will not allow it. As the week progresses you will learn that whatever trust you invest in me will be returned to you a hundred fold in terms of your own fulfillment and joy. When you are willfully disobedient of my wishes you will be punished. In this you will learn to feel also a great sense of security since I will never be unfair or inconsistent. Do you understand?"

"Yes Master, thank you Master," she answered quietly.

James let his middle fingers slip inside her hot wetness and began to rub his thumb around her clit in slow deep circles. Occasionally as he spoke he would flick her clit with his thumbnail to emphasize some important point.

"I make a very special distinction between discipline and punishment. You will be punished only if you are willfully disobedient when told to do some thing that is well within your experience and learning. The intention of such punishment is that you dislike it; it is not intended to be enjoyable or erotic, but to teach you obedience when kindness and patience seem to have failed. Discipline is quite different, it is a part of your training in erotic sadomasochism, exploring trust, surrender, dominance, submission, and I expect you to enjoy it. Pleasure and pain are mine to give or withhold, but always to be enjoyed. Your *punishment* will always be to feel unworthy of my touch, to be bored, to be isolated. You understand?"

James altered the movement of his fingers within her to press forward to the root of her clit and she gasped out, "Yes Master!"

"Your training will also involve the earning and withdrawal of privileges. You start at zero in your chains and collar, silent and restricted. You may not touch yourself without permission, not even to scratch an itch; obedience and willingness to learn earns you privileges such as good food, clothing, and permission to speak freely. The more privileges you enjoy the more freedom you have to serve me creatively, the fewer privileges you have the more absolutely I have to control everything you do...so I want you to earn those privileges because controlling every little detail of your life is ultimately boring."

James looked at her making sure she had grasped what he had said, wanting clarity in his communication and understanding between them.

Kate's lips parted to speak, but with his busy fingers inside her she did not trust her voice and so nodded her comprehension, wishing he would stop talking and let her dissolve in to pleasure.

"Now lastly I will explain what you may say and not say. You may ask permission to come at any time; you may ask to speak at any time. If during the week you decide that you want your training to altogether cease you will repeat your full name three times over and ask to be released from slavery. Do you have anything to say?"

"Please Master...please can I come?" she responded her breath ragged. His cold precise statement of the rules that would govern her life for the next week having brought her to the edge of orgasm despite the mild stimulation he was giving her.

"No you may not," James said a smile on his lips, but he slowed the circling of his thumb on her clit and she sagged slightly with mixed relief and disappointment.

James' hand abruptly left her and he went to his case and removed a silvery chain with several strands.

One end he clipped to her collar passing it down between her lifted breasts to fall between her parted swollen pussy lips. Kate gasped from its unexpected coldness. The ring centered between her breasts and two further strands held nipple clamps that he screwed firmly in to place. Kate moaned involuntarily as they tightened on her rubbery hard flesh. Her nipples immediately began to throb.

From the center ring between her breasts the chain went to another ring just above her pubis where it divided into three further chains, two long and one short. The middle short one ended in a strange rubber toothed clamp shaped like the teeth of a propelling pencil. It was this James used to clamp her swollen and juice smeared clit, tightening it until Kate moaned so desperately that he knew she would come from its pressure alone if he continued.

The other two chains he drew down between her legs, ensuring that they passed between her inner and outer labia before bringing them up between her buttocks and around to her waist to fasten once more to the central ring at her pubis. A tiny padlock in the middle of her back maintained the constancy of the tension and kept the chain securely nestled between her buttocks and labia.

"Position two," he snapped the command at her like a whip. A moment's hesitation that he chose to ignore and she was kneeling with her buttocks thrust up in the air, her head down and her arms stretched forwards in front of her. This pulled the chain tightly between her pussy lips and pulled on the clamps on both nipples and clit so that she moaned as the sensation struck her.

Not daring to look but hoping that he would fuck her she knelt trembling with desire. She was surprised then when a sheaf of paper and a pen was pushed beneath her nose.

"We have of course already anticipated much of what is in that contract in our earlier conversations but you will read it through carefully before you sign it, this is just to cover this week." James left her there to read, sitting on the bed soaking in the lovely image she presented: Wet and wanton slave girl kneeling, desperate to be fucked and reading her own contract of submission. Wonderful!

Chapter 19

A Test of Obedience

Her hand trembling, Kate signed the contract and handed it to him. James' signature followed. Now perhaps he would take her? She hoped in vain.

"Right, I'm hungry! So go to the kitchen and throw something simple together for me, some soup will do... And be quick about it, and be obedient!" He drew her up by her hair and making her stand in front of him lifted her braceleted hands to kiss her palms. Inhaling deeply.

James slapped her ass playfully as she scurried off and went to make himself comfortable in the deep leather armchair he had spotted by the fire. He wondered if she would figure out the significance of him kissing her palms.

Kate ran down to the kitchen, her chain pulling tantalizingly at her nipples and especially at her clit with each step. Never had she been more aware of being naked. Her aroused but denied body superlatively sensitive to even the gentlest of drafts, her senses seemingly more aware, colors more vibrant, free to move and yet deliciously restrained, controlled and yet free to express her joy in her sensual, sexual being.

In the kitchen she began to open cupboards and quickly found bowls, a saucepan and in the fridge a carton of fresh soup. Putting this on to heat she found a tray and began to lay it with cutlery and condiments, then realized that she was rushing when she had time to pause for breath while the soup heated.

Kate looked down at her chains and stretched to make them pull on her clit and nipples, delighting in the feeling. Her hands strayed to her nipples and then down to her belly pushing the cold links in to her swollen hot core loving their cold, steely inflexibility. She lost herself in the sensations of warmth and heat that seeped uncontrollably from her cunt. The ache like an itch that she must scratch, she could not endure the torment of not touching. Her hands smoothed her belly, her inner thighs, one hand easing fingers passed the chain to explore deeply inside her needy cunt, the other twisting her clit clamp. The perverse pleasure pain of its grip at her center making her knees tremble, she uttered a low moan, deep with desire.

Abruptly some part of her remembered the soup and she snapped out of her reverie panicked that it might be spoilt. With relief she noticed it just coming to the boil and lifted it away from the heat.

Checking the arrangement of the tray she poured the soup in to the two bowls and deeply aware of how she must look to him walked as elegantly as possible in to the lounge, the steam from the soup condensing on her breasts.

She placed the tray on a small table by his chair and knelt by the side of it remembering to keep her knees spread wide. She waited for him to say something, hoping for some small praise for the elegance of her service or the speed with which she had done as he commended.

Instead he came and knelt before her intently studying her face and noticing the flush of her cheeks. Could it be from the heat of the wood-burning stove or was it something else that made her so prettily flushed? He took her braceleted hands and once more kissed her palms smelling the betraying sent of her immediately. He lifted her chin and looked in to her eyes.

"Were you given permission to play with your self?"

Kate flushed crimson at her discovery.

"No Master." She lowered her eyes submissively though inwardly she was furious for being caught out so easily. With a hint of rebellion she told herself she would wash her hands next time!

"And were you told to prepare food for yourself? Or did you think I might like an extra bowl?" James paused and looked stern.

"This will be very difficult for you to begin with. You will do what you are told and nothing more. You will listen to the orders you are given and you will obey them exactly. If you feel I have not thought of something you must trust that I have, or at least ask for permission to voice your fears."

James removed the bracelets unlocking them with a tiny key and returned to his seat, saying nothing for what seemed to her an age, but was perhaps only a few minutes.

"When I have eaten I am going to explain your punishment to you. Go and stand before the fire, bend over and grasp your ankles and wait for me."

James settled the tray on his lap and began to eat with apparent indifference to the lovely spectacle of the beautiful girl so lewdly displaying herself to him before the fire. The act of composure, for it was an act, hid his mixed feelings concerning her behavior. Had she not played with herself in truth he would have felt disappointed. Both because he would have misjudged her astonishing sexual appetite and because he had wanted to begin their time together with a strict enforcement of his authority, she must understand as quickly as possible that she was no longer in control. It would make things very much easier for her in the longer term.

Even so he would have been happier if she had just eaten the soup, then the lesson would have been much easier for her to understand, though the punishment no less strict it could have been milder. He thought though that she had the intelligence to understand his methods and the fairness of them; if not, then tonight might be their last night together.

Finishing both his bowl and the second she had brought for herself as he idly flicked through an old country magazine he waited for what he judged to be the right moment. Abruptly he told her to come and kneel before him once more.

"You have disobeyed and sought your own pleasure instead of remaining focused upon mine. You must learn to appreciate that your body is now my property and that the only way you may act with any freedom is with the intention of giving me pleasure. One of the many ways in which I will take pleasure in your body is to enjoy tormenting

you with desire.” He leaned forward to grasp her chains dragging her toward him on her knees.

“Tonight you will be punished because you must understand that I will have absolute obedience. This obedience is not conditional on whether or not it happens to be convenient to you. It is not for you to find inventive and clever ways to ‘get away’ with disobeying. This is deception and it will not be tolerated. Dominance and submission is founded on trust and tonight you broke that trust.”

James let her absorb the impact of his words and saw the conflict within her.

“You are perhaps confused? It was only a little thing after all, a brief lapse of self-control? I would agree with you save for one thing: You knew it was against the rules and you did it anyway because you thought you would not be discovered. It does not matter *what* you did. If you cannot be trusted with the little things how can you be trusted with the significant ones?”

James watched as the tears fell silently down her face, adoring her but knowing that he must continue to drive this lesson home.

“In most cases in the future a contrite and honest display of sorrow for having disappointed me would be adequate punishment in itself when combined with a loss of privileges. However tonight I think it imperative that you are punished properly and learn the possible full consequence of future disobedience.”

Telling her to remain kneeling he left the room and returned shortly with more lengths of chain and objects she did not immediately understand the purpose of.

“The first privilege you lose for tonight is the ability to walk upright, because I’m being kind I am going to allow you to wear these kneepads as we’ll be going outside and *you* will be crawling.”

He held the pads up for her to see before quickly fastening them into place with their Velcro straps. “The second privilege is that of being trusted not to touch yourself so you will wear these short-chain wrist shackles. They will allow you to crawl, but once we are there the chain can be attached to your collar making it impossible for you to reach your pussy or even your nipples. “

James removed her bracelets and replaced them with the heavy steel cuffs then reattached her leash and told her to follow him.

Tears still running quietly down her face she followed him, frantically trying to keep up and quickly grateful for the kneepads.

Outside it was wet, the rain drizzling down, and a heavy mist settling over the silent countryside. But the rain at least meant it was mild and except for the aching rigidity of her nipples she was not especially cold by the time she had crawled across the cobbled yard to the stable.

He led her inside and she saw immediately what was to befall her.

She was not allowed to hesitate but taken quickly into the cage section and told to kneel while her wrist chain was fastened to her collar.

"This is a punishment slave, I want it to be an effective one so there will be no repetitions. Your chains prevent you from touching yourself, but you otherwise have some freedom to move. This is not acceptable. " With this James produced ankle shackles and picking her up threw her into a pile of soft deep straw in one corner, then arranged her so that she lay on her back with her head towards the corner, her wrists just beneath her chin, her eyes wide open in alarm at what he intended.

James put the ankle shackles on her and then drew each leg up high to attach the chain to hooks in the wall, repeating with the other leg so she lay with legs wide open, her pussy glistening in the half light.

Kneeling between Kate's legs he slowly pushed a dildo between her pussy chains using them to hold it in place at full penetration and then took a timer from his pocket and plugged its wire into the protruding end of the dildo.

"This will cause the dildo to vibrate for one minute every half an hour. It is therefore not for your pleasure, but to remind you of the pleasures your disobedience has caused you to forfeit tonight. You will remain here until morning. Do you accept this punishment slave?"

Kate could only nod her head, not trusting herself to speak, and feeling very miserable indeed.

After carefully placing another small object high on a shelf he left her, padlocking the cage door and shutting the outer one and hurried back to the farmhouse. Once inside he fetched his laptop from the suitcase and booted it up. Moments later an image of her appeared on the screen and he sighed with relief that the technology had not let him down. Punishing her was his responsibility, but then so was her safety and now he had the means to watch and listen to ensure that her ordeal was no greater than she could cope with.

James sighed knowing that what was happening was necessary, even vital to ensure that the rest of their time together was rewarding to them both, but as he poured himself a drink he reminded himself that he quite rightly took a certain pride in the absolute clarity with which he rewarded and punished his submissive and this was the price you paid for it.

He had yet to discover just how masochistic she would turn out to be, and he knew that he could have ignored her limits and inflicted very severe pain on her instead of punishing her with isolation and boredom. The risk was always that she would become attached to the pain in this context, believe she must be disobedient in order to experience the erotic intensity of such punishment again and it was not something he was willing to risk.

This way, a little cold and uncomfortable, with a lot of time to reflect and the sure knowledge that obedience would have kept her warm and dry and probably being overwhelmed with orgasms under his skillful touch, he could be very sure she would think long and hard before deliberately trying to deceive him again. The simple truth was that her submission had to come from her, not be forced or threatened, but first the

silly little girl who wanted to be “naughty” would have to be exorcised, he hoped that tonight would be enough.

Out in the cage Kate was entirely unaware of the mini-cam and microphone and consequently finally allowed the tears to fall and her feelings to flow. It had been a bewildering few hours since she had first stepped into the car, rich in pleasure and eroticism far beyond her previous experience. The conflicting feelings and thoughts churned within her. Not least of these was the anger she felt at both herself and him. Why put her in here? All the erotic stories she had ever read described the wildly sexy consequences of disobedience: the spankings and the deliciously humiliating torments she longed to be forced upon her.

Gradually as the hours passed by, punctuated by the minute long frustration of the vibrator deep inside her every half an hour, Kate began, through reviewing everything he had ever said to her, to understand. Though her legs gradually became numb, the shackles that held her were softly padded inside the heavy steel and by wriggling deep into the straw she managed to get at least comfortable enough to think and wonder.

She had touched herself...she was bad and disobedient so she was punished...for touching herself...bad girls get punished...good girls get rewarded...she was bad...she disobeyed... she was punished...she disobeyed she was punished...she touched herself so she was punished... no!

Kate almost laughed when finally amongst the tumbling thoughts the understanding came. He had not punished her for touching herself, for being sensual and sexy! He had punished her for disobeying, for *deceiving* him! Her needs and sexual wantonness were not “bad” in his eyes, only the disobedience, and the deliberate deception of touching herself when his back was turned. And this now? This was to keep things separate! This was to ensure that she did not confuse being aroused and feeling sexy in anyway with being bad or wrong. That is why he never punished with pain she might be aroused by, or punished by erotically humiliating her, or even punished her whilst being with her. He did not even want her to associate punishment with her being near to him!

Then in the dark small hours she realized that she had hurt him as effectively as she had ensured her own punishment through her disobedience. How many times had he told her that her submission was a gift to him? That it could never be forced. That forced submission was just abuse? It was then that she felt the deepest remorse, but beneath it the determined conviction never to let him or herself down again.

Chapter 20

The First Day Begins

Dawn was breaking when she awoke to the noise of the door being unbolted, in the soft early light she could dimly make out his face. Kate felt him kiss her softly on the lips and then his hands releasing her ankles and removing the dildo as she moaned, before slipping underneath her. He picked her up and carried her into the warmth of the farmhouse, then up the stairs and, removing her clamps and chains, placed her to sleep on the faux fur bearskin he had placed on the small mattress at the foot of the bed. Clipping her collar to the long house chain that allowed her access to the bathroom during the night, he wrapped her in the heavy fur and kissing her once more left her to sleep.

Going to the bathroom James arranged some items ready for later in the morning and made sure the fire was safe in the lounge. Then he too went to bed.

Several hours later she awoke to the sound of his voice. Through sleep bleared eyes she saw that he was already dressed and showered, standing over her.

"Wake up slave!" She watched as he clipped the leash to her collar and struggled inelegantly to her feet. He frowned in disapproval.

"No! That will never do. Lie back down again. You will move with attention to grace and posture. From lying you will first push yourself up to kneel in position one, presenting your breasts to me with your hands behind your head. You will then on the command "stand" raise your bottom, place your right leg before you making sure you keep yourself open and exposed."

James took her ankle and placed her legs as he wished. One was folded beneath her and the other formed a graceful arc in front of her, which ensured full exposure of her pussy to his gaze, "you will then move your weight on to your front leg and stand with your hands still clasped behind your head."

He made her repeat the movement several times until with a nod of stern approval he commanded her to follow and lead her to the bathroom.

Holding her leash he pointed to the toilet and when she flushed crimson he simply stared into her eyes. She realized she had no choice. Still blushing she sat and with after some hesitation, used the toilet. Next he pointed to the shower and she dutifully went to step beneath the powerful jets of water. He made her stand still with her hands clasped at the nape of her neck while he soaped her all over. Briskly using a rough flannel over every inch of her skin until it began to glow he changed her posture to give him access to her pussy and then bending her over, her ass, until he was satisfied that she was thoroughly clean.

"I do not intend to use your ass this morning slave, but your normal morning cleanse will include an enema. I thought to mention it now since you may expect me to administer one at any time I wish. You can save your blushes! No part of your body is not wholly owned by me during this week!"

Kate felt her legs tremble and her heart was pounding in her chest. At once both embarrassed and incredibly aroused.

The casual way James had assumed control over yet another intimate and previously private function made her deeply aware of the flood gathering in her pussy. Kate had been wet from the moment he had woken her and taught her how he wished her to stand and move, getting more turned on as his hands roamed freely over her body in the shower, but this latest announcement had her breathless with desire. Her fantasy was gradually, step by step becoming reality, not one part of her would not be controlled and used for his pleasure and ultimate satisfaction.

Kate had some experience of anal sex but to be kept prepared to be used thus was entirely different, the attendant stripping away of the last vestiges of her privacy was what really made her pussy throb and her heart pound.

James jerked her collar and led her to the large bath, making her lie on her back with her bottom supported by a large bath pillow, normally used as a headrest. He spread her thighs wide and used leather thongs to quickly tie them widely apart to the bath's twin handrails, and then placed her ankles over each side of the bath.

Kneeling down he ran a finger tip from her knee up the inside of her thigh to her cunt and splitting her open began to massage her clit in soft circular motions. Before long her head was back and she was breathing hard, her face flushed.

Abruptly he stopped and began to lather her pubis and lips then holding each lip firmly he began to shave her, the razor moving rapidly and with great precision over the slight stubble. He would pause to play with her every now and again, bringing her on but never allowing her to relax in to the pleasure.

Indeed signs that she was relaxing would cause him to stop and resume her shaving. Parting her ass cheeks he shaved her thoroughly and then after sluicing her down with water cold enough to make her gasp, he began to work on the edges of her sex lips with a pair of tweezers, examining every tiny part of her for a stray hair. The sensation of brief discomfort when he found one was as nothing to the deep burning heat that was simmering inside her. The controlled and even clinical manner with which he plucked and examined her making her so totally aware of her submission to his desires in all things.

Finally satisfied that she was hairless after running the tips of his fingers again and again over her cunt, just brushing the skin and driving her to distraction in the process, he untied her and made her climb out of the bath to bend over its side. Inspecting her more thoroughly between the cheeks of her ass he plucked a few remaining hairs and then telling her to follow him he lead her downstairs by her leash. Their first day together had begun.

Chapter 21

Teasing Kate

Leading her into the kitchen he told her to climb up on to the table and kneel in position one. Then he began to make their breakfast instructing that she watch carefully to see how he liked it prepared. She would be making it each morning from tomorrow. When the kettle had boiled and he had brought juice, toast, tea and a variety of spreads to the table he took her leash and had her kneel by his side her hands once more braceleted behind her back.

After eating and drinking his fill he began to feed her by hand. First some juice, then a morsel of toast, a sip of tea and so on until he thought she had eaten enough. She ate hungrily, starved after her night in the cage, and was still hungry when he stopped passing her down the morsels of food. Noticing the expression on her face he smiled and poured the remaining juice, a thick nourishing blend of fruits and vegetables, into a bowl and set it on the floor in front of her.

"You may eat pretty slut. Lick the bowl clean!"

Kate was half way through the bowl before it dawned on her to question why she was being made to eat from the floor like a cat or dog. When she did think about it she saw herself as she must seem: kneeling by his side head bowed slurping in her bowl and the erotic humiliation of the scene hardened her nipples and distracted her completely from the food even though she was starving hungry.

Perhaps he would keep her like an exotic pet, bringing her out only for grooming, feeding, exercise and for her to serve his needs? Her imagination was running away with her so she didn't notice him get up and was taken by surprise when she felt the tug on her collar. Quickly she hurried to crawl after him and only when they were back in the lounge did she realize that he had not told her to crawl on her hands and knees but had simply told her to follow. She flushed with embarrassment and felt the now so familiar churning in her belly as she was forced to admit another level of her submission had been discovered.

In the lounge he made up the fire while she knelt waiting, eyes cast down demurely while her mind raced trying to absorb this new aspect to her submission. Would her body and mind betray her in other ways? Had they done so already in his eyes?

He jerked her out of her reverie by telling her to kneel between his legs. She noticed he was wearing specially tailored trousers, his thick cock and heavy balls emerging not from the fly but lower, enabling him to walk around very comfortably while giving her easy access to him.

James removed her bracelets and replaced them with two wrist cuffs with just a three-inch length of chain dangling from each cuff. At the end of the chains were nipple clamps. He tightened the clamps on her nipples forcing her to keep her hands close to her breasts. Should she drop her hands or move them too far Kate would feel the pull

through her nipples. James smiled as he relished how delightfully helpless she now looked.

Next he took a ring gag from his pocket and holding it up for her to see explained,

"This you will wear in your mouth whilst I read or write each morning after breakfast. It ensures I will remain in your mouth hard or soft and effectively binds you to my cock." He placed it inside her mouth and fastened the bindings at the back of her head smiling because she was beautiful to him and because he knew she felt an urgent need to feel his hardness inside her. He pushed inside the soft rubber ring and into the hot wetness of her mouth, feeling her tongue immediately welcome him as she began to suck and lick.

"No my lovely slave. You will not do anything but hold me, occasionally should you feel me softening you may move your tongue around the head of my cock, but that is all. Now be good while I read for a while."

James settled himself back into the chair, drawing her head with him and forcing her to struggle forwards on her knees to stay with him, hungry for him as she was. His scent, the raw masculine taste of him on her tongue and his apparent indifference to her mouthing him driving her crazy as he continued to be absorbed in his reading.

How could he ignore her for some stupid book! ? God how she ached to be fucked, or even just to have him use her mouth so she could feel and taste his hot rich cream in her mouth. If anything this was more difficult for her to bear than anything else he had done to her, at least then she had been the center of his attention, now she thought of herself as just a soft mouth, a convenience. It shamed her and yet she felt the heat in her belly melting her from within.

Something inside her responded so powerfully to this sense of becoming a sexual object in a way she could not understand. All she could do was obey and follow James' guidance to trust in her own body's responses regardless of the source of the arousal and the sense her intellect could make of them.

So Kate knelt with her jaw beginning to ache and her nipples throbbing hard, constantly stimulated as she sought a comfortable position for her hands. Eventually she hit upon the fact that if she cupped her breasts and held them in her hands the strain came off her shoulders and she could relax. But not without becoming deeply aware of how she now looked: The helpless slave, transfixed upon her Master's cock, offering up her breasts for his pleasure, whilst apparently ignored by him. His pleasure toy, his slave. Kate moaned around his cock despite herself as this image struck her.

After what was for Kate a very long and deliciously frustrating hour James sighed with regret as he withdrew his cock from her hot mouth. By contrast the hour had been filled for him with a deep satisfaction of having her so beautifully submissive before him and the soft waves of pleasure as his cock hardened and softened on her hot tongue.

James reflected that whilst some men used sex as they used drink: To be consumed until intoxication overwhelmed their senses, he loved to appreciate his pleasures like a

fine wine, unhurriedly and sensually, allowing each moment to be fully savored. A normal man would have been crippled with a chronic case of lover's balls after remaining hard for so long, but James' training in Tantra allowed him to retain his erection for as long as gave him pleasure...which was often a very long time indeed.

Drawing himself from his reverie he told Kate it was time for her to do some housework. James stood and leaning over softly kissed her closed eyes as he spoke, ignoring her frown of protest at his words.

James left the room leaving her kneeling and when he returned he was holding a pair of ben-wa balls and the chains from the previous evening. Making her assume position two he pushed the balls inside her from the rear and after removing her nipple-cuffs told her to stand with her arms behind her head.

James reattached the nipple and clit clamp long chains, drawing them tightly between her legs and fastening at the front as she squirmed under his hands, already desperate for his attention, her body aching with need...and being told instead that she was to do housework! As if she could, dressed and feeling like this! Then he handed her a duster and polish and told her to get going.

It was only as she moved that she realized that a wire was hanging down between her legs to mid-thigh. She turned to look questioningly at him...she saw him smile as he flipped the remote control that sent the balls buzzing inside her, and gestured for her to do her duties. Moving somewhat hesitantly at first she managed to adjust to the wonderfully powerful vibration and began her core.

"No playing with yourself and no coming slave!" he commanded as she began to completely unnecessarily dust the already spotless room.

He smiled to himself as she moved around unconsciously graceful since her awareness was so completely centered in her sex. Each move she made was sensuous despite the apparent drudgery of her actions.

James sat and watched her for a while before closing his eyes and planning the afternoon ahead. He thought that if she managed this degree of stimulation without disgracing herself by coming he might take her out for lunch with the ben-wa balls in place.

It was imperative that the oasis of sexual freedom he had created here in the farmhouse did not serve to completely divorce Kate from reality. Continuing her submission in public places, forcing her to come to terms with the degree to which her present status conflicted with everything she had previously held to be normal, was very important. Though this was a week in which all manner of fantasies would be explored, her slavery and his control of her were not a fantasy, but very real.

At the same time taking her away from here allowed him to talk to her more naturally as she would begin to think of her self more "normally" as her environment changed to something more familiar. This was the process of integration he was guiding her through...fantasy and reality, the normal and the mundane interweaving with the erotic and explicitly sexual. Worlds that most people went to great lengths to

kept separate; James was determined to make overlap and even merge as one in Kate's mind just as they did in his own.

Chapter 22

Dressing for Lunch

When she had finished the room he gestured for her to come to him and kneel once more. He looked deeply in to her eyes lifting her chin to make her look at him. She felt his eyes bore in to her as if they could read her mind and shivered despite herself.

"I am going to dress you and take you out for something to eat. These are the rules. You will do exactly what you are told as you would here. You will under no circumstances cross your legs. You will keep your knees at least twelve inches apart when seated. You will stand and sit with your back straight and your breasts thrust forward, they are beautiful, be proud of them! When you sit you will lift your skirt so that your bare bottom is in contact with the seat. When we are out you will address me as 'Sir', other than that and the politeness I expect from you with out having to tell you, you will be free to speak. If you have questions I suggest you ask them, I may of course decline to answer, but this is one of the few times you may do so, so make the most of it! Free time begins from the minute the car door closes until it shuts on our departure from the restaurant. Do you understand everything?"

She nodded excited at the prospect of going out with him and then quickly said "Yes Master," before he commented on her lack of courtesy.

He took her leash and led her upstairs. In the bedroom he removed her nipple clamps, setting her swollen nipples throbbing as the clamps were removed, perhaps he had tightened them more this time or perhaps it was her own extreme state of arousal that made them ache so deeply.

She kept her feet with some difficulty. He ordered her to stand while he rummaged in a bag and brought out a collection of smooth metal rings, glancing from her breasts to the rings and back again. Finally he chose ones he thought would fit and holding her callously by the nipple slipped first one and then the second breast hoop in to place snug against her rib cage. The hoop acting rather like an under-wired bra to hold her breasts out from her body, especially when he attached the fine chains that linked the top of each hoop to the front of her collar.

Making her painfully erect nipples even more pronounced by twisting and rolling them between his fingers he dabbed them with a solution from a little bottle that instantly dried on her, forcing her nipples into permanent erectness, before replacing the clamps. He then had her sit at the vanity table and watched her carefully as she applied make up. Telling her, which shade to apply and how much he wanted her to wear. To her embarrassment he then made her rouge her erect nipples and the lips of her sex. All this time the ben-wa balls buzzing strongly but discreetly inside her and the exquisite pressure of the clit clamp driving her mad so she thought she must soon come or faint from the torment.

When he was satisfied with her he gave her some hold up stockings and her high heels to put on, making sure she did so gracefully. He then produced a cashmere roll neck sweater and two-piece suit for her in black. The skirt was short; coming only to mid thigh yet flared enough to allow her to lift it according to his wishes. The sweater hid her collar and chains, though her nipples almost poked through the super soft wool, which felt delicious against her breasts. Her pretty bracelets were put on her wrists, arms behind her back and finally the jacket was placed over her shoulders

James lead her to the car by her leash and somehow being dressed and having him lead her was even more arousing than when naked, perhaps because the clothes she wore made her feel even more aware of her body. Or perhaps it was the very act of being elegantly clothed and yet still so profoundly James' slave that excited her so.

Helping her in to the car he lifted the rear of her skirt before she sat on the leather seat of the car and she blushed crimson knowing that she would seep her pussy juice in to it as he drove. After a moments thought, she realized that he must know this and want this and so surrendered to his wishes.

As he drove away he lifted Kate's skirt in front to expose her completely and moved her knees a little farther apart, telling her to slump more in the seat to expose herself more to him. Briefly touching her heat, pulling teasingly at her chains, before having to concentrate on the narrow winding country lane.

At irregular intervals as the lanes allowed he would touch either her pussy or thighs especially where her soft flesh emerged from the tops of her stockings. Playing with the remote control of the ben-wa balls, sometimes turning them to full power so that she struggled to suppress the moan that arose from deep within or turning them off so that she sat torn between frustration at the lack of stimulation and relief.

All the while she stared rigidly ahead, terrified and excited by the thought that her nakedness would be observed by a passer-by and wondering how she would possibly cope with the sensations in the restaurant. In fact they were well into the small town before he moved her skirt to just barely cover her pussy. And only then did she realize that she had not asked a single question or made any use of her free time.

When they eventually found a parking place he removed her bracelets and then once more acting the gentleman he helped her from the car.

"I think the seat needs cleaning slave," he said quietly, "use your tongue.... Quickly!" She hesitated and looked frantically around, the nearest people were twenty yards away, maybe it would just look like she was bending to get something? Not daring to look at him she quickly bent and licked her juice from the seat, not really believing she could be doing this at all. His hand lifted her skirt as she bent, to slide up the soft flesh above her stocking along the inside of her thigh to her sex, she froze, torn between the deep need she had to be touched and the terror of discovery.

Finally James relented and taking her arm escorted her to the restaurant. As they walked he told her, "You are a very beautiful young woman, you are elegant and poised, you will walk with pride and look with disdain on those who cannot tear their

eyes off you. There! That's better...feel the power your sexuality gives you...use it! Feel those eyes feasting on you and learn to relish it. The only people who will sneer are those who will never have what you have...let them! Be your self!"

As she walked her insides quaking she felt the aura of his confidence and authority extend to her. It was like a thick coat being wrapped around her shoulders, then it seemed to come more from within herself and despite the erotic pleasures that if anything intensified she walked with more assurance, her head held high.

Chapter 23

Internal Friction

They entered the restaurant and were met by a waiter who showed them to an alcove table, and when they were seated, handed them both menus asking if they would like to order drinks? With her newfound confidence in herself, she opened her mouth to speak, but he raised his hand to stop her.

"You have forgotten your skirt my dear, please attend to it while I order."

She flushed and sat rigid hoping the waiter would look away; he was looking on with some confusion and clearly wondering in what way she had forgotten her skirt? The silence became quite tangible, with her frozen and her Master waiting for her to obey.

Thankfully the waiter came to her rescue and asked James what they would like to drink. In the few seconds reprieve this gave her, she quickly snatched up the back of the skirt to sit herself, pussy tensing on the smooth cold of the leather-padded bench. She flushed deeper at the thought that he might make her lick this seat clean too!

When the waiter went to fetch their drinks she composed herself to ask a question, struggling to frame it and going over and over the words in her head. So much had changed since that day just a month ago when James had taken her and made her, his own.

Kate felt she was riding a roller coaster: exhilarating, exciting, sometimes terrifying, but always arousing and deeply satisfying. James was her Master, her mentor, and guide; he was the reinforced steel of the track along which her personal roller coaster hurtled.

Yes he was unquestionably the most physically attractive and adept lover Kate had ever known, but it was his mind, his understanding that truly intrigued her...that made her sure that this was not just some crazy lust filled adventure, but something very much deeper and more significant, perhaps than she realized. Here then was another chance to understand him better...and she found herself tongue tied like a silly schoolgirl!

Finally she managed to say

"Sir what will you be doing with me over the next few days? I know we've talked in general terms about the week's purpose, the objectives of my training, but can you say more? Perhaps I should just wait and see?"

"Don't worry Kate, sure there are some things that are better not discussed in advance...because you need to approach them without expectation, without any preconceptions of what the experience will feel like. When I think a little anticipation will enhance your experiences I will tell you though."

James paused and with a sudden grin said, "I am going to be making you feel an powerful internal friction." He gazed deeply into her eyes as he said it and despite the

obvious innuendo Kate blushed and looked down. Then after a moment looked at him questioningly.

"You're not talking physically are you Sir?"

"Well, lets just say I am not talking *just* physically. Do you know what draws you to submission?"

"Its many things, it arouses me of course, but I also love to please, to be found pleasing"

"Yes those things are true, but there is also a feeling of respite is there not, the relief of being able to surrender control?"

Kate nodded, "Yes it feels wonderful to give up the control to you Sir, not to have to worry that I am not pleasing you since you do not allow me to displease you or what you think of me because you tell me what you think and want without subterfuge," she paused, "So what did you mean Sir?"

James smiled admiring her insight. "In order to understand the dynamic of Master and slave you must first understand the need for this internal friction I mentioned. It is a friction between aspects of your self of which there are many. Even now we are exploring one such friction: There is the self within you who has dined out in countless restaurants and then another who enjoys bondage, the toys you hold inside you, but in coming here we bring them together. This generates a form of psychological friction, which releases sexual energy and lots of feelings. You might say it is the friction between the everyday mask you wear and the core of your being. How do you feel?"

"I feel sexy, desirable, horny, very, very horny," she smiled and then laughed, "I feel wonderful in fact."

"Ah, but how did you *think* you would feel on the drive here when you imagined yourself sitting dressed as you are in a busy restaurant?"

"I thought I'd feel ashamed and embarrassed actually, I was terrified, but excited too."

"And yet you now feel all of those feelings at once, the good ones and the bad ones," he said and casually turned up the ben-wa balls vibration so she gasped.

"You wouldn't have closed your legs would you?" He raised his eyebrows questioningly though he knew the answer.

Kate tried to breathe deep and allowed her legs to move back apart again, biting her lip so as not to moan.

"Isn't it interesting that when your body feels pleasure you try to stop it? Why should you do that?"

She fought to concentrate, "I suppose because I would fear shaming myself Sir"

He smiled, "Take a look around the room. Know anyone? Care about anyone's opinion of you? Even if they could see you in this alcove, which they cannot. If we were alone would you have closed your legs?"

"No Sir, I don't think so and no I don't care what they think, its just automatic."

"Yes precisely, it is a *conditioned* shame and a *conditioned* denial of pleasure. That is what this week is about changing, or beginning to change. And we do it with friction, by making you feel contradictory things simultaneously and making sure that the feeling that wins out is the one that connects you to your true self and not your conditioning."

James looked at her closely again and held out his hands palm up so that she placed her own in his. "I want you to know that the more you surrender to your body's pleasure the more you will please me," He held her eyes in his, "Including right now Kate," his voice just a whisper, "give in to the pleasure now."

Kate felt herself melt inside and her nails dug into his hands as her inner muscles squeezed on the balls inside her. Her awareness sank into her belly she felt the urge grow stronger to close her eyes, an urge that fought against the instinct to break contact with him and glance around to ensure she remained unobserved.

Instead, her breath becoming ragged, she allowed herself to be held in the still tranquility of his eyes and surrendered to him and this alone made the sensations that rippled through her seem to double in intensity. Then she saw, in the periphery of her vision, his hand reach out to feel for her chains beneath her sweater. He took the chains between his fingers and pulled on them with gentle insistent tugs and the sensations were just too much for Kate to endure.

She came powerfully but almost silently feeling her inner self become liquid while her mind floated free. Kate dropped her head so her forehead rested on the back of her wrists as the waves of bliss washed her body from within, surrendering to the pleasure, surrendering to James.

Some indefinable time later she felt the incessant vibration within her pussy quieted to a gentle hum as he lifted her chin and kissed her softly murmuring how proud he was of her.

Allowing her a few moments to compose himself he waved the waiter over and ordered their food. While they waited for it to arrive and when the soft dreamy look had begun to fade from her eyes a little he resumed his explanation.

"Different parts of your body and mind have been numbed by that conditioning, even the most sensitive parts of you can be made still more sensitive, superbly responsive to pleasure and that is what being a pleasure slave is all about. Becoming a slave to pleasure. Ultimately it has nothing to do with me...I am a Master in that I have mastered my art and have so much to teach you, but your willing obedience to me in all things is, as I have said before, simply a stepping stone to greater things for us."

"Yes Sir, that sounds wonderful, but what about you? This all seems to be about what is good for me, but my pleasure is so much about giving myself to you and pleasing you."

James smiled and nodded in agreement. "I am not just talking about physical sensitivity however. The word 'sensitivity' means to be attuned to your senses of which the sense of touch is just one. As you become still more superlatively aware of your

body so sight, sound, feelings, even taste, become more intense and alive. You will become more acutely aware of my pleasure as you become more sensitive to your own. You will notice more and be quicker to do so. For example right now you quickly become lost in your own pleasure, often quite selfishly,”

He shook his head when she attempted to deny this.

“No I am not criticizing you. Its a lovely thing to watch a pretty girl get lost in her pleasure, but as you progress you will be more able to remain aware of my pleasure and how you may best serve me despite the intensity of your own arousal. It’s not a choice between pleasing me and feeling pleasure. In fact you will not please me unless you can abandon yourself completely to pleasure, but you will learn to serve mine at the same time. Its like surfing a wave...you cannot fight the wave’s power, you have to go with it...and yet despite its awesome strength you can learn to harness the power. The power of your own sexual energy.”

James paused while their food was placed before them and gesturing for her to eat continued, “I love how hungry you are my beautiful slave.”

Kate looked up and realizing that he was not talking about her food she blushed.

“You frequently become so hungry that you do in fact become selfishly focused on what you want. My pleasure is enhanced when you are able to bring me to the brink of orgasm again and again holding me at the edge of pleasure, but you’re so wantonly greedy that without considerable self control on my part you would succeed in pushing me over the edge immediately, sacrificing my pleasure to feed your own hunger.”

Kate grinned and licked her lips provocatively.

“So you will learn to judge that moment very finely and you will submit your pleasure to mine and the wonderful thing that you will further learn is that this makes your pleasure still greater. However such things are for the future.”

They ate in silence for a while enjoying their delicious meal. Kate had so much to think about that she could not frame another question properly in her mind until he had called for the bill.

“What do you have in store for me this afternoon Sir?”

He smiled and lowered his voice to a secretive playful whisper, “I’m going to hunt you down and take you by force, and you my lovely slut are going to try and stop me!”

Kate looked at him in astonishment, “But...but Sir, you can have me whenever you want me!” she blushed prettily, “ I want you...” Kate lowered her voice to a whisper, “...god I ache to feel you inside me again! How can you possibly take me against my will?”

James smiled and holding her hand kissed her palm softly, “I want to set free the sexual animal inside you and so we are going to play a little game to generate some of that friction I mentioned earlier. You’ll see! Now lets finish up here and take a stroll.”

Chapter 24

The Cellar

Kate had smuggled her napkin beneath the table and she used it to wipe the seat discreetly as she stood to leave, James being occupied with settling the bill. She paid a quick visit to the bathroom having received a nod of permission from him and when she returned he was waiting by the door.

They enjoyed the sunshine and by the time they had slowly wound their way back to the car, window- shopping and laughing at the garish rubbish on display for tourists they were in high spirits. It was a shock to her when he then opened the car's rear door and told her to crawl inside to lie on her back as she had on their journey down to the farmhouse.

Once she had struggled inside James opened the passenger door and cuffed her securely, hands above her head. Then drew her skirt up above her waist before getting in and driving off.

In the sunlight she realized that the windows were tinted and it was unlikely that anyone could actually see inside, even so she could see out and as they crawled through the slow traffic out of town she thought she made eye contact with at least a dozen people who seemed to be staring down at her helplessly naked body. Only their lack of reaction comforted her that she had been unobserved, even so the exposure was deeply unsettling in a way she was not sure she liked.

Kate caught herself closing her eyes in the childish delusion that if she could not see them, then they could not see her, but noticing this laughed softly to herself and bravely forced herself to look and feel. She had to admit that her pussy was once again hot and aching, squeezing on the balls inside her.

Unaware that he had been observing her she was startled when he instructed, "Lift your pussy to the crowds my lovely one, be shameless, and show your beauty to them... as if they can see you!"

Hesitantly and blushing furiously she raised her hips and widened her legs still further, though she saw no reaction, the movement itself caused her acute embarrassment, and a rush of arousal so intense it made her gasp.

James chuckled, very proud of her obedience and fully aware of how difficult that had been for her,

"When you were a very little girl you raised your skirt to everyone, loving the thrill, wickedly enjoying the shock you caused...then as you grew older you learnt how bad such behavior was and shut that wicked and wanton part of you away somewhere dark inside. She's just come out to play again!" James reached over to gently brush her cheek and she kissed his hand lovingly, and by the time she looked again they were out in the countryside once more.

James concentrated on his driving and said nothing for a long time, and then as they were approaching the farmhouse he leant back to remove her cuffs and told her to strip to her stockings and chains. She struggled in the confined space to comply and was naked by the time they bumped to a stop before the front door.

"Free time is over for a while my pretty slut so be on your best behavior," he reminded her getting out of the car and fixing her leash to her collar. She clambered out as elegantly as possible and he lead her through in to the lounge where he made her stand with her hands clasped behind her head and her legs apart. Her breast hoops in combination with her arms behind her head lifting her breasts in vulnerable provocation. He caressed them softly as he spoke,

"That was a gentle introduction to exhibitionism, next time you will not hesitate to obey, it is how we build the trust between us: Your obedience and the realization that nothing I do is done thoughtlessly. I will not always want or be able to give you an explanation of 'why' before or after, that is why the trust is so important. As it is now in what we are about to explore."

James took hold of the remote wire dangling from between her legs and drew the balls out of her so slowly that her thighs trembled. Kate gasped when they finally popped out, feeling that her legs were about to give way. Then he grabbed her hair and pulling her head back he pushed them, dripping with her juice, in to her open mouth. The smell and taste of her excitement now so familiar to her she sucked them clean quite shamelessly.

James led her by the leash to the small hidden door leading down to the cellar. She felt her heart hammering in her chest as she walked after him down the small flight of steps, her skin becoming chilled in the slightly damp inadequately heated room. When he flicked on the central bulb above the rough table Kate shuddered, beginning to guess what he intended.

James led her over to the table and made her lie down, the rough wood against her back. Her eyes becoming wild and scared as he placed her wrists and then her ankles into heavy cold steel shackles securing her tightly. Then taking up a length of thick chain he began to wrap it around her body and her mouth opened in silent protest as she felt the cold chain touch her warm skin. Finally he padlocked the chain to the table and saying nothing left her, switching off the light as he went through the door.

Grinning to himself, now the grin would not spoil the impact he wanted to have, he sat at his laptop and pressed the keys to activate the recording hidden in the cellar.

At first Kate heard nothing, though possibly because her thoughts were racing. Why was he doing this? He had spoken of a game? Was this it? It was not much fun...none at all in fact!

Then she jumped as she heard something move beneath the table, a skittering scratching of tiny feet, a high-pitched squeal. The silence as her ears strained in the darkness and her heart thumped loudly in her chest. She had to scare it away! But if she shouted he would hear her...dare she? Perhaps it was nothing after all...then the noise

again, seemingly louder, closer. Maybe it was climbing up the table leg? She moaned and lifted her hands...her shackles knocking against the table...that was it! She banged the shackles hard into the table, a sudden shockingly loud noise in the darkness, but comforting in its loudness. Kate banged again and then was still, straining to hear once more.

Abruptly the light came back on and he was standing there, looking down at her with a stern expression on his face.

"You hate it here, I knew you would..." James paused and gently stroked her hair, calming her, reassuring her with his presence.

"In a while we are going to play a game called 'resistance', the rules of the game are simple. You will attempt to stop me from fucking you. If I succeed in fucking you within the next thirty minutes you will be chained as you are now for hours, except that in addition you will be blindfolded and gagged. Keep away from me for the full thirty minutes and you don't get put in here at all. However if I catch you immediately that's six hours in here...every five minutes you stay free equals an hour taken off the time you lie in here. Understood?"

Kate nodded, her heart pounding in her chest. James continued, "You are restrained here now so that you will be properly motivated to resist me. You must fight with all your strength and determination. You may try *anything* you can to protect yourself. You will lose eventually, but maybe you will hold me off for that half an hour?"

James bent to release her from the chain and unshackled her, removing also her breast hoops, clamps and slave chains, leaving her naked in only her collar.

"I suggest you run," he said grinning wickedly, looking at his watch. "I'll give you five minutes head start!"

Kate lay for a moment stunned by the impact of his words and then pushing herself off the table ran for the door half expecting to find it locked. Jerking it open with relief she raced up the steps and stopped in panic in the hall wondering where to go.

A brilliant thought crossed her mind, summoning all her nerve she ran to the front door and out to the car, sure he had left the keys in the ignition. Looking inside she saw they were not there and that the car was locked, her clothes still crumpled in the back where she had removed them earlier.

Looking up she saw him at the front door, smiling and waving the jangling bunch in his hand. Swearing to herself she set off around the side of the farmhouse, her bare feet making her progress slow, but he didn't seem to be chasing her. He said he would give her five minutes...but she had no watch!

Running to the back door, aware that she could not stay out side for too long without clothes, she headed through the kitchen, ears straining to hear where he might be. Arriving back in the hall she crept up the stairs intent on grabbing some kind of clothing, even a towel if she could find nothing better, before returning outside. Only outside could she possibly find somewhere to hide for long enough.

Hoping James would still be looking for her outside amidst the tumbling down out houses that surrounded the farmhouse she began to rummage through the suitcases he had brought. Discarding the one full of his toys she found the one containing his clothes and quickly grabbed a sweater and a pair of jeans.

Struggling in to them she paused only to roll the legs of the jeans up to avoid tripping over them before creeping to the top of the stairs once more, feeling much more confident now she had some clothes on.

As she crept down the stairs he was in fact sitting by the fire in the lounge not even attempting to discover her whereabouts as yet. In fact he was pretty sure he knew where she would go, there was only one hiding place outside unless she dashed off in to the surrounding countryside, which was unlikely. James was sure she would go outside and equally sure that this hiding place would appeal to her. The hayloft above the old stables was dry, having retained most of its roof unlike any of the other buildings. Even more attractively it was accessed by a ladder that she could pull up behind her.

It took Kate only a few minutes in fact to discount the other buildings. Whilst they afforded some refuge from the wind and the rain that was sure to start soon, they were barely more attractive than the damp cellar she was trying so hard to avoid. When she found the stables and noticed the ladder leading up to the loft she at first discounted it, but then inspiration struck and she climbed the ladder and with some difficulty pulled it up behind her.

Peering through the broken roof tiles she checked that he was not in the immediate vicinity and dropped down through the hole to check the stable door, it opened outwards and a quick glance assured her that there were plenty of long timbers available with which to wedge it closed.

She hid herself behind a couple of bales of hay and waited. Wondering how much of the half-hour had already passed? With a moment to collect herself, she realized how excited she was at this game of hide and seek. Her wanton hand slipped down the front of her jeans to cup her pussy, her thumb automatically rolling her clit as a finger stroked the lips of her cunt, one and then two fingers slipping inside her. Kate made no attempt to bring her pleasure on, it was simply an act of comforting defiance in this world turned upside down, where avoiding him, and disobeying him was what he wanted from her. Even so it felt so *good*.

Kate heard him approaching and slowly withdrew her hand. Looking from behind the bales she saw him grin as he spied the drawn up ladder, and was stunned when he simply jumped straight up, almost as if levitating, to grip the edges of the hole in his strong hands, effortlessly pulling himself up.

Now panicked that she would miss her only chance Kate leaped from hiding and ran outside, slamming the stable door closed behind her. Grappling to wedge the length of timber in place, terrified that he would understand his mistake before she had it firmly in place.

Kate added a second piece of wood to the first and was beginning to breath easier when she saw the door move as his weight crashed in to it from the inside. Then she grinned and then laughed as the door held firm despite the tremendous battering and curses that were coming from the other side.

It was therefore with stunned incredulity that she observed the top half of the half-door swing slowly open to reveal him standing smiling and looking at his watch.

“Ten more minutes!” He shouted, backing up to vault the half door.

Chapter 25

Ravished

Kate turned and raced back to the house. His laughter following her and driving her on faster. Through the kitchen and up the stairs to the bathroom. Maybe it had a lock on the door? She could not remember.

There was no lock of course. James would have removed it if there had been. He arrived at the bathroom just moments after her and though she put all her weight behind it the door was forced open slowly inch-by-inch. Finally she was forced to let go and Kate prepared to defend herself. James approached her with his arms casually by his sides. She saw his supreme confidence and nearly gave in then and there, but reminded herself that she must only have a few minutes now to keep him away and steeled herself to resist with all her might.

James moved closer and Kate looked frantically around for some kind of weapon as she backed away from him towards the bath. Groping desperately behind her whilst never taking her eyes off James for one second she felt the handle of the back rub brush and with a surge of hope she gripped it to slash at him. Whilst looking slightly silly its heavy wood and large brush head made it a useful cudgel. Kate picked it up and began to swish it as hard as she could in front of her to keep James at bay.

Kate was therefore utterly dismayed when, with consummate ease, James stepped inside the arc of her swinging arm and made her drop the brush with a simple wrist lock. Grabbing her hair he dragged her struggling towards the bedroom.

Haunted by memories of that horrible cellar room she felt one last surge of adrenalin sweep through her and she let fly with both feet and fists as hard and furiously as she possibly could. Though she knew she must be hurting him, her blows seemed to have no effect. This more than anything drove her completely crazy. She struggled and spat like a she demon unable to resist being dragged by her hair but otherwise impeding him in every way possible.

Letting go of her hair, James threw her on to the bed and making sure he steered clear of her flailing feet he ripped the buttons of her jeans open and began to pull them off her. Kate's face was a snarling mask of fury as she struggled to keep them on, several times raking his hands and arms with her nails, only the speed of his reflexes stopping her from shredding his face.

James realized he would have to deal with her differently if he wanted any skin left intact and so he grabbed her ankles and holding her legs out straight he used them as long levers to turn her helplessly on to her stomach. Then kneeling on her calves he grabbed a handful of Kate's hair and used his other hand to bring first one wrist and then the other within the confining circle entrapping and entangling her in her own hair.

With her arms thereby controlled he began once more to wrestle off her jeans, finally ripping them by sheer strength down to her ankles.

Kate's bottom lay temptingly before him, but he didn't have the time to indulge himself in giving her the spanking she so well deserved. James sat astride her and letting go of her hands briefly, twisted her arms so that her hands were now palm down on the top of her head, one on top of the other. Tangling them once more in her hair he lifted the baggy sweater up over her head to trap her arms and at the same time blindfold her as if she were held within a large woolen sack.

Only then did he tug down his jeans and flip her writhing body back over by her ankles, dragging her towards him as he stood by the side of the bed, his hands holding her legs widespread. Kate had very nearly got her hands free from her hair when he finally got the head of his cock centered on her cunt so he let her legs go and fell on top of her crushing her even as he slid inside her.

With a long wailing moan Kate realized she was sopping wet and extraordinarily aroused. He plunged in to her easily and she continued to fight him not wanting to admit that he had beaten her and wanting still more to feel his strength overwhelming her. Giving her no choice.

Keeping himself deep inside her James wrestled off the sweater and with some difficulty recaptured her hands in his. Not trusting that in her passion she would not still go for his face with her nails. Slowly and inexorably his strength trapped her hands beneath the small of her back where just one of his hands could hold both her wrists leaving the other was free to roam.

James drew her back, half lifting her until he had both his feet on the ground and her bottom perched on the edge of the bed. Then he began to fuck her with his free hand now working her clit and now rolling her nipples. Occasionally slapping her breasts as they were thrust forward by the arching of her back. The energy of their fight transforming by the second in to a frenzy of hard, physical all consuming lust.

Kate's struggles to escape became confused with a deeper instinctive struggle to impale herself ever more forcefully on his cock. To suck him in to her, to devour him with her heat.

She was dominated and yet she was capturing him. This was nothing like the tamer submission she had previously experienced. This had a raw primal force that thrilled her even as it scared her and aroused her more. She was free: free to struggle, free to beg, free to scream, free to use her utmost strength to resist him and free to experience the futility of that resistance. Her submission was complete because the choice to submit had been made irrelevant.

As Kate lost herself in the increasingly powerful waves of pleasure she found herself somehow floating above herself. Feeling how she writhed to take more of him into her. Watching her body go in to its spastic catharsis as yet another orgasm racked her. Hearing the whorish voice that begged him for more, to fuck her, to split her with his cock; seeing the insensate animal passion in her own eyes oblivious to everything save for him and the use he made of her body. With this shocking image of her own supreme degradation she felt herself rush back in to the mind eclipsing frenzy of her own passion, wanting it all, wanting to drown in this sea of desire.

He picked her up with one hand beneath her waist, her thighs gripping him tightly, terrified of losing this tremendous strength inside her, holding her hair at the back of her neck he arched her back until she was literally balanced only on her head, each thrust of his cock now compressing her whole body, forcing the screams from her throat that she could not have prevented even had she wished to. Kate lost herself even more completely and in her total surrender James took supreme delight.

James withdrew from her and dropped her, letting her fall in a tangle of limbs wantonly open and glistening with sweat. The moan that escaped her lips despairing and denying the experience of his leaving was deep and pleading in its tone. He bent to his case retrieving a long handled flogger, its soft leather strands brushing the ground as he returned to stand at the head of the bed.

"Come here slave and take me in your mouth," James commanded and she dazedly struggled to comply. "No! Not like that! Turn on your back and tilt your head back, look up at me, look at my cock, you may kiss the tip and no more."

James stood with his cock tantalizingly brushing her mouth, she ached to gorge herself on its hard flesh, but he denied her.

"Tell me what you want slut?"

"Master...I want your cock in my mouth." Kate replied, her voice lustful and pleading.

"Beg me for it!"

"Please Master I need your cock in me, I need your cock in me anywhere you like Master, please fuck my mouth Master, please..."

"You are a delicious little slave," he wet his fingers in the copious fluid that soaked her thighs and spread it over her breasts and then her face, even the pressure of his fingers on her mouth made her involuntarily open and suck them, she trembled as the need grew inside her.

"I am going to flog your belly, your thighs and your breasts while you suck on my cock. Beg me for your flogging and I will allow you to take my cock in to your mouth."

Not quite believing that she was doing so Kate heard herself beg for the flogging, her eyes saw nothing: Transfixed solely upon his cock and the desperate need she had to have it inside her. She felt one strong hand slip beneath her neck to tilt her head still further and then the silken hard head of his cock was between her lips and then more of him as he took her throat. Kate closed her eyes and tried to relax to make his access easier imagining that if only she could swallow him deeply enough she could feel him once more inside her cunt, now hungrily open seeping desire.

The flogging James gave her as she sucked on him was nothing harsh, in her super sensitized state it did not need to be, his purpose not being to cause pain just make her voice her needs and desires. To truly appreciate their power and her surrender to them.

So James just flicked the soft strands at her belly and breasts, occasionally catching her nipple or clit, sometimes stinging the soft open petals of her pussy. Mostly he simply trailed the strands over her skin. She felt the fire in her belly grow stronger as he

fucked her mouth and soon without any control or ability to resist she was coming, her hips arching and writhing, the only point of stillness her mouth wantonly closed around him, sucking hungrily.

As Kate groaned ecstatically James felt the vibration of her orgasmic cry through his cock and the fire leapt within him, resonating with her pleasure. The sight of her body thrashing in the throes of ecstasy making him surrender his own control and come deep in her throat, then withdrawing to splash her face and breasts before plunging deeply inside her mouth once more.

James groaned loudly and pulling her head with him by her hair fell on to the bed to let her suckle on him as he let the waves of pleasure suffuse his body.

They lay entwined in a happily exhausted daze for an hour or so before he took her with him to the shower and had her wash him before in turn soaping her all over.

In contrast to the previous few hours of lustful passion this, by some mutual sense of the different level of intimacy now binding them, was soft and gentle, a closeness in the almost silence of water, steam and soapy warmth. James said nothing about the winner of the game: this was now understood by both to be an irrelevance, a means to an end now accomplished.

Drying her, he noticed Kate was nearly asleep on her feet, not surprising after the emotional and physical trials of the last 24 hours and so. Taking time only to place her into her slave chains, though with the nipple and clit clamp chains detached, he bundled her into the bed and held her closely until they both fell deeply asleep.

Chapter 26

The Cleansing

The next morning Kate was dozing quietly contented. Her head pillowed on James' firm, flat stomach when she felt him shift and tell her not to move, he would be back soon.

She drifted back off to sleep and was dreaming softly when he woke her. Gently trailing his fingertips over her skin drawing her back to consciousness.

"I have everything set up for you in the bathroom. Follow me."

James walked off and Kate struggled to wake herself up, staggering dozily after him to the bathroom. He had been busy. There was a board of some sorts, one end propped on a small stool, and the other positioned over the toilet. A very large bucket hung from the ceiling. It must have held about five gallons she guessed, her insides knotting as her still half asleep mind began to figure out what this was about. The urge to turn and run was there; she willed it away wanting so much to please him.

"This is a colema board, it's for doing colonic irrigation at home. For my purposes it's to give you one hell of an enema and to allow me to massage you at the same time. You will lie on your back on the board, your bum snug against this hood." He patted the raised cowl. "Your legs would normally simply rest either side of it, however I want you to feel more intensely controlled and helpless so I'm going to raise and spread your legs using these restraints and the hooks you can see there and there in the ceiling beam." James pointed and she followed his gesture, beginning to see the whole picture with alarming clarity.

James spread a towel on the smooth board and told her to lie down. Then dragging her a little way towards the hood that would direct everything down in to the toilet, he parted her legs and placed first one and then the other in to heavy ankle restraints.

Though made of strong leather they were beautifully soft, padded inside and when he tightened them and her legs rose high, spread far apart she felt herself thrill at the helplessness of her position. James took her hands and cuffed them beneath the board, forcing her chest to lift and thrust her breasts vulnerably upwards.

The next thing Kate felt was his sudden forcing of a generously lubricated finger in to her ass. Her whole body jolted, her eyes widening with the shock as she gasped. Then the movement of his finger began to register, and she felt his pressure massaging the inner surface of her ass and her pussy indirectly through the soft connecting internal wall as his finger curled upwards inside her. He continued for some minutes and her breathing became heavier, her chest heaving and her face flushing. The sensation beginning to spread through her belly, familiar and yet new and strange.

After a while he withdrew his finger and she felt him insert something inside her. It was much smaller than his finger, the sensation of it barely perceptible. James drew her whole body down a few more inches until she could feel her bottom fit snugly against the curvature of the hood.

James knelt beside her his hand resting lightly on her trembling belly as he spoke quietly explaining what was to happen.

"I am going to start the water now. There's about five gallons this first time, later I'll make you take more. This is how it works: You will feel the water fill you and as it does I will be massaging your belly from the lower left hand side up to your ribs and then across and down again, following the course of your bowel. When you're full you will not be able to hold it in so don't try! Just relax and it will come pouring out of you and straight in to the toilet. As you empty I will reverse the way I'm massaging you to encourage the evacuation. Whilst this is mostly being done to prepare your ass for the fucking I'm going to give you later, its also extremely good for you and gets rid of all kinds of toxicity that will have built up in your system. I am not remotely turned on by shit or anything to do with it, therefore the best and most freeing way to experience anal sex is for you to feel and be completely clean inside. "

Out of sight James must have released some sort of valve as she almost immediately felt a curious sensation deep inside. It did not feel like water, more like sparkles and tingles rushing around her thighs and belly. James told her to breath deeply and when she did, the sensation changed once more so that now she could feel the beginnings of the distension. His hands moved rhythmically over her belly and she closed her eyes. Unable to resist she told herself to relax.

The feeling of pressure grew and grew. Not unpleasant, yet not exactly pleasant either. Then she felt her ass begin to spasm as she struggled to control herself. Kate heard him telling her to let go, to relax, but she felt suddenly deeply ashamed and resisted with all her might. James laughed, not unkindly, but reading her completely misplaced determination in the set of her jaw he gently pressed her belly.

"You cannot hold in all five gallons sweet slave, so let go. You will have to sooner or later. I can't see anything if it makes you feel better, I repeat I am not remotely turned on by shit, however nor am I bothered by it, its just natural stuff! But you're helplessness and the fact that you have no choice but to endure this stripping away of the last vestiges of your privacy...well that's different!" He laughed again and pressed more deeply into her belly and as he did she felt something give in side her, and the water came pouring out.

Kate half felt the movement of soft stools escaping yet almost as soon as she registered this she heard him move to flush the toilet and relaxed.

"Now you begin to fill again...this will take some time, at least an hour I would think, so just relax and give up control, let your body do its thing!"

Kate did as she was told. What choice did she have? The filling and releasing became a cycle. James' hands working on her belly, his voice occasionally reminding her to breath, sometimes telling her to hold more in and other times telling her to let go.

After a while she was no longer feeling any stool come out and felt much easier with the process. The sense of shame dwindled away and she became once more deeply aware of the complete control he had of her body. Or the complete lack of any control

she had, really the water and gravity were in control. Its mindless insensitivity to her needs in some way she could not understand aroused her deeply. Nothing would stop this except the water in the container running out, she had rarely felt so helpless and she began to feel she was enjoying herself, though she spent some time and effort in denial of this fact.

Kate also loved to feel his hands on her, knowingly sensing everything that occurred within her. Even to the outline of her internal organs. Nothing was hidden from him. She felt exposed to him and yet with his tender ministrations also held and comforted.

As James saw her relax and begin to enjoy the experience so he began to massage differently, the previous entirely clinical movement gradually became more sensual, caressing and exploring her intimately. He poured some musky scented oil on to her belly and began to work it from there all over her body. Working deeply and powerfully from her hands and feet back to her belly until she felt herself beginning to float free drifting on the waves of sensation inside and out, surrendered and helpless, yet warm and basking in his attention, nothing withheld, everything given to him.

James slowly started to bring her back, interweaving feather light touches to her nipples and pussy with the strong deliberate strokes down her arms, legs and torso until her pleasure glazed eyes opened and her lips parted yearning for his kiss, which came with surprising softness.

When it was finally over she felt him release her legs and wrists, remove the probe and turn the shower on. He told her to be quick, to use the toilet to eliminate any last water and then shower and to return to the bedroom when she had finished.

Kate climbed unsteadily to her feet as he removed the board, sitting to use the toilet as he left and then when she was sure she was empty Kate stepped under the welcoming hot water, bending over to let the powerful jet work between her legs, Feeling it split her pussy lips and hammer at her little ass hole. It felt delicious. So much more so now that she knew herself to be completely clean, in a way she had never felt before, curiously light, a buoyant feeling inside, energized and refreshed.

Chapter 27

Puppygirl

Back in the bedroom James was waiting for her and, smiling, told her to bend over with her hands grasping her ankles.

"Today, my beautiful one, you will be my puppy girl and puppy girls need a tail to wag so this is yours." So saying she felt his finger once more at the entrance to her ass, probing between the twin chains of her slavery and smearing some lube around and just inside her. Then something harder began to penetrate her, she felt her ass stretch and moaned trying to relax and let it enter her, wanting it inside her for his pleasure and her own.

Once James had the tail-dildo inserted he attached a little pump to inflate it within her slightly to hold it firmly in place, then closing the valve he attached a long semi-rigid tail the identical color to her hair. He then told her to stand up straight and she did blushing prettily as she felt the tail plug move inside her and the tail itself brush the inside and the backs of her thighs.

Instructing her then to go down on all fours James walked around her and then, not happy with the angle of her tail, made a few adjustments, which made Kate moan softly as it moved in her bottom.

"Very pretty!" he remarked with a wicked smile and then went to his case to get a few more items. The first ones he showed her was small waist cincher corset in tan leather with a matching pair of kneepads also in leather.

These he buckled into place before instructing her to crawl around him to make sure the fit was right. As she moved she felt the tail move inside her and glancing over her shoulder saw it was swaying to and fro in a gentle wag. Kate also noticed that the kneepads were fastened by chains to the corset, slightly restricting her movement and she glanced up at him curiously.

"They will stop you from standing upright slut puppy," James explained as he turned to select the next items from the case. These resembled gloves...except that the fingers and thumb of the material were stitched together, effectively binding her hands into "paws." These he secured in place with tiny padlocks at her wrists.

James then told her to role over on her back and rolled smooth metal hoops up her legs to the top of her thighs, making sure they fitted snugly. Each hoop had three light chains ending in rubber tipped clamps attached to it and with her legs parted wide he drew each of these in turn to her pussy lips, making adjustments to the length until by moving her thigh in and out he could ensure that spreading her legs also served to open her pussy wide.

Glancing at Kate he noticed the flush in her cheeks as she understood their purpose and teasingly he ran his finger up to her clit making her tremble and her breath become ragged.

“You will be a depraved little bitch slut all day today, so let's not pretend you're not loving it already!” James spanked her bottom lightly and told her to roll back over on to all fours again.

From this position James added nipple clamps to complete her puppy bondage. These clamps were different only in that from a short length of chain, no more than three inches, hung a glittering, faceted glass ball that sparkled in the morning sunlight. Their weight pulled deliciously on her nipples and when he made her crawl again they bounced from side to side.

Happy with Kate's appearance and transformation into a slut puppy he fastened her leash and telling her to “heel” walked downstairs, enjoying her frantic struggle to keep up with him. Her arousal heightened by the fact that each movement of her legs pulled slightly on the pussy clamps chains causing her moist lips to rub lubriciously together before pulling them apart with each step.

In the kitchen James told her to kneel back with her hands on the floor, sitting upright. Then went to pour her a bowl of juice. As he prepared the food he reminded her that as a puppy girl she was no longer allowed to communicate in words, she must use her body and simple sounds to express herself. Of course he admitted casually she would make many more sounds than normally available to a puppy!

James placed the bowl on the floor before her and was pleased to see her look up for permission to drink.

“If you want it you'll have to show me how pleased you are little bitch!” he said, watching her puzzled expression change to comprehension as she lifted her bottom to wag her tail from side to side.

Smiling with pleasure at the speed with which Kate picked things up and entered in to the spirit of her new role, James gave her permission to eat and watched as she bent over the bowl to lap and lick it up.

After the first bowl he filled a second and then a third making sure that every drop was licked up. Kate struggled so much to finish the third bowl that he didn't think it worthwhile to try and force another on her, so when she had finished he pushed the ring gag into her mouth and then secured her to the table leg. After quickly preparing his own light breakfast James sat down to eat, telling Kate to take his cock in her mouth as she knelt between his legs. Once more just to hold and not to tease him with her tongue.

As before Kate found this demeaning and arousing at once. The taste of him in her mouth always aroused her and it was very hard to stop herself from sucking and using her tongue on his lovely hard cock.

Kate imagined how she looked squatting there between his legs. The unavoidable strands of saliva dribbling down her chin from the ring gag and flushed with a delicious shame as unseen she moved her knees as far apart as possible to make the clamps pull on her pussy, longing and aching for some touch to her clit, or to be able to rub herself on something to relieve the mounting tension of her need. The torment was

exquisite...to need so urgently and yet be denied. To be held in this suspense of wanting and to revel in it rather than deny it or attempt to distract herself from the desires that flooded her body.

Inevitably as her breakfast made its way through her system Kate became very urgently aware of a need to pee. A need that Kate was determined would not interrupt this excessively pleasurable moment and so she tried instead to focus on James' warm hard cock. Remembering and daydreaming of how deliciously he tasted when he came into her mouth.

Chapter 28

A Walk in the Garden

Kate had successfully lost herself in this wonderful inner world of desire, control, and denial when she felt him move and withdraw his cock from her mouth.

"Time for a walk I think little puppy slut!" he said looking down at her. He considered taking the ring gag off, but then decided to leave it on since it obviously made her feel more slutty and she looked so incredibly desirable with her mouth held open and available all the time. Further it reinforced the prohibition on speech and so served several purposes at once.

Picking up her leash he headed for the door and after a momentary resistance at the thought of going outside in daylight she followed him very nervously, struggling to keep up once more.

James knew that she would not be able to crawl very far without becoming very tired and sore so he walked her towards the small garden set to one side of the farmhouse. Here there was soft lawn on which she could move more easily and also another feature useful to her training as a puppy.

It was now that the extra bowls of juice should pay a dividend in terms of his own wicked entertainment and as he led her over to the first tree. He explained that she was to lift her leg to the side, thereby opening her pussy by her chains, and pee. Except she was not to let it all out! Just a squirt and then stop...there were other trees and she must anoint each one before they left the garden.

Mortified she lifted her leg, intensely aware of the conflicting urges within her: To please him, to be obedient however bizarre the instruction and of course to relieve herself. Crawling across the lawn had done nothing to ease the pressure on her bladder; so practically speaking that should not present a problem. However it was not the physical but the emotional aspects of her present ordeal that made Kate squirm with embarrassment.

The deep humiliation of actually performing like an animal in front of him was like a sickly ache inside her...why was he making her do this? All she could do, Kate reminded herself, was to trust and obey...and hope that the understanding would come later.

At first Kate thought she would not be able to do it and then to her eventual relief she felt her pee spurt forth. No sooner had it started than she felt his hand slap down on her bottom commanding her to stop in mid flow. With great difficulty she did and gasping through the ring gag lowered her leg feeling a trickle run down her inner thigh as she did so. She felt degraded and dirty, the first hot tears beginning to run down her face.

Flushing crimson and deeply ashamed she knelt with hunched shoulders trying to assimilate what she had just done. James crouched beside her, kissing her eyes he stroked her hair, and then down her back, understanding what this was doing to her

emotionally, but knowing that it was important to overcome this. He comforted her to a point, lending her his strength, encouraging her, however to dispel the emotional charge would be to defeat the essential purpose of his deliberate shaming of her.

He took her further down the sloping lawn watching the beautiful way her lithe body moved and wanting to take her then and there. James had a deeper purpose to what he was putting her through, yet was not so hypocritical that he denied himself the pleasure, the erotic sadism, of wielding his power over her.

As always her obedience, the beautiful willingness she had to place her trust in him aroused him powerfully.

Paradoxically it was James and not Kate who fully appreciated the exceptional courage and inner strength it took to obey and trust in such circumstances, when raw and potent emotions were running wild. When the conditioned responses from the long ago past were overlaying and obscuring the grounded simplicity of her actions and behavior.

This was nothing new; every time he touched her he wanted her. Every time she demonstrated the combination of her superb sensual eroticism and the courage to venture that little bit further into the shadow-side of her sexuality he loved her that little bit more. She was exceptionally beautiful to him and an exceptional girl, never more so than in those moments when she felt, as she did now, most ridiculous and foolish.

James walked her slowly to the next tree and knowing his wishes Kate raised her leg again, this time controlling the spurt much better. The urge to pee was still very strong and a part of her mind now realized the reason he had forced her to drink so much juice.

Kate was also getting the hang of walking on all fours. In truth the problem was not so much the physical movement since she was reasonably fit and healthy, but the feelings generated with every step. From the rubbing of her pussy lips and the trickle of dampness down her thighs to the bouncing of her nipple crystals that pulled so exquisitely on her breasts with every movement. She felt torn in two, humiliation, the sense of looking absurd and just stupid pulling her in one direction and the deep and inexplicable arousal pulling her in the other.

Another tree and another burst of pee sprayed on it, and the feelings of turmoil grew deeper, the urge to get up and flee from him mounting, especially as she looked ahead and saw the next tree looming before her. Why was he doing this? It was so cruel! She felt so stupid!

Even amidst her turmoil she became aware that it was not just the peeing that created it. If it were not so difficult just to focus on keeping up with him she would have been able to think more clearly...but then what had he said? To try and let her body do the thinking... how was she feeling? Not how *should* she feel, just tuning into what *is*, not what ought to be...

It was then that she realized what was haunting her was not this moment but the past. The feelings that had been raging inside her crystallized in an instant into the most vivid and unexpected memory...a memory that started to run through her mind like an old home movie repeating itself over and over, though she knew that no such movie had ever been taken.

James seemed to have sensed the change within her because he led her away from the next tree and towards a garden bench looking out down the valley. Here he sat and softly as if not to disturb the process of her memory, as if he knew, he told her just to kneel and sit quietly. To be with herself.

The movie replaying in Kate's mind was of herself as a little girl playing with her friend in the garden, they giggled and tickled each other. Her friend, being slightly bigger and stronger, had pinned her down. The taller girl's hands were merciless and the tickles made her writhe, shriek in an unbearable ecstasy of pleasure...so much in fact that she had peed in her panties. Her friend did not know that and so had continued tickling and imprisoning her. The hot wetness, the continued tickling, the helplessness, a sense of being wickedly naughty and yet innocent of bad intent...all had combined into a delicious pleasure. And most importantly a *shared* pleasure. Intimacy, helpless laughter, the thrill of sensual pleasure free from guilt.

The raucous laughter of the two girls had attracted Kate's mother's attention. Irritated by the noise her mother had come out to tell them to be quiet and then noticed the stain on her dress.

Disgusting dirty girl! Didn't she know how naughty she was! She'd ruined her dress! She was wicked and she should be so ashamed! Her friend must go home at once...at once! Naughty, dirty girl! She would go to her room, and she would wash and change! She was bad...such a bad child! How could she embarrass and disgrace her mother so?

Blurred images followed of her being dragged shocked and crying into the house, there to be stripped and bundled into the bath, her tired mother angry with her and then finally angry with herself for losing her temper. The awful feeling of shame and guilt for making her mother, normally so kind, so cross. The willful childish determination, never, never to do it again.

Kate felt the tears run down her face and almost immediately James' strong arms came around her and his voice soft in her ear, soothing and calming her. After a while the vivid images and feelings began to fade and she leaned in to him seeking his strength.

To her surprise he said softly, "You're not a little girl now, I want you to pee for me now where you kneel, do it now, for me!"

Kate felt his hand pass underneath her bottom and cup her sex; he wanted her to pee on to his hand! She shuddered and went tense throughout her body.

"Trust me," he said. And she did, moaning softly part in shame and part in relief to finally let it go. Her pee trickled warm between his fingers and onto her thighs and calves as she knelt. She felt the stirrings of shame begin, then felt them evaporate like a

dark cloud lifting off her as she heard him whisper, "Good girl, that's my Kate, let it flow, good girl, my special Kate."

There was no hint of disgust from James. To him it was just exactly what it was: a sterile fluid. It did not arouse him; it did not repel him. All that mattered to him was that a source of shame and inhibition had been expunged and, with his love, would be banished forever. Along with the pain and hurt from so long ago went an idea of herself...a belief that something inside her was dirty and unlovable. And in that moment Kate was able to believe in James and his love for her, though as yet unspoken she felt it like a new awakening in her heart.

James began to press his hand deeper into her pussy and told her to relax into the pressure, to open to him. Breathing heavily she did and as his fingers entered her she turned her face to his and he removed the ring gag to kiss her deeply, possessing her.

Kate felt herself melt inside, hot liquid and aroused, all confusion leaving her as she surrendered herself to him and to the knowledge that there was nothing, no part of her too shameful or too dirty that this man didn't want or would ever try to make her feel bad about.

The long, passionate kiss lasted for a timeless moment before James lead her further down the garden to the small stream and told her to crawl into the cold water, laughing at her shrieks and in helping Kate get clean getting thoroughly soaked himself.

The fierce cold of the pure mountain water as it bubbled over its gravel bed seemed to wash her spirit clean as well as her body. Kate felt herself light up inside as she played childishly, splashing James and taunting him with her new found confidence in her sensuality. Striking poses in her chains, rolling on her back as the water beaded on her breasts and the sunlight glittered off her body.

Inflamed with desire, his heart pounding in his chest James found himself caught in the magic of the moment. The sheer joy, delight, and sensuality Kate exuded wrapping around him like a spell. James brought her to lie in the sun-warmed grass and told her to roll over on her back.

With her knees drawn up by the chains James fondled and stroked her as she dried in the sunshine. Soon Kate was moaning and whimpering, struggling desperately not to speak and beg him to enter her and fuck her.

James knelt between her legs and placed his strong hands on her thighs, opening her to the fullest extent of the chains before removing them so that he could plunge himself inside her without restriction.

The heat of his cock electric within her pussy, still cool from the water, he quickly melted her. His thick cock moved within her slowly, savoring her, and exploring her, his eyes gazing down into hers capturing her more powerfully than any chains could ever do.

As always sensitive to the moment, James realized this was not the time for self-restraint and subtle love play. His love making was powerful, direct, and forceful. He took everything Kate had to give and gave her everything in return.

Kate felt herself surrender to him as never before. Not that she had ever consciously withheld from him...but now she had so very much more to give. She felt him inside her with an extraordinary clarity as if all her internal senses were amplified a thousand fold.

Every movement James made sent tendrils of pleasure shooting hard wired through her body. Each thrust triggering a ripple through her that began with a responsive tightening of her pussy muscles and the bucking of her hips to meet his thrust, to push her swollen clit against him as if she could pierce him in return. Then a reflexive tightening of her thighs around his hard muscled waist as she sought to pull him still deeper inside her.

Kate's heart seemed with each thrust to leap in her chest, to explode with the joy of being his, of being herself in this beautiful moment. And in the center of her mind, so bright that James looking deep into her eyes saw the brilliance of it shining up at him, glowed an incandescent star of ecstasy shooting solar flares of pleasure through every nerve in her body.

James felt himself consumed by her fire and dived head long in to its molten core. The possessor possessed and filled with fierce passion in the savage raw energy of their common fire he exploded into her, enfolding her in his powerful love as he flooded her from within.

Long moments passed as the after shocks of pleasure rippled through their fused bodies and James kissed away the tears that washed Kate's face. Loving her with an intensity he had never known before and only dreamed possible. In that moment James knew that she was his all, had surpassed by far his most optimistic expectation. His search was over and yet their journey together had only just begun.

Later after Kate had gratefully licked him clean, James led her crawling back up to the farmhouse, steeling himself to keep her in role when every part of him screamed to release her and carry her to their bed.

He put her to doze in front of the fire, curled up on the rug while he sat contentedly in his chair, admiring her delicious body as she slept away the rigors of the morning, both emotional and physical.

The complete transformation of deep shame back into uninhibited sexual and sensual pleasure energy was not something you could possibly achieve in a single afternoon, not even in a month...something extraordinary had happened. Kate had broken all the rules, had leapt from novice slave to adept in just a few brief hours, from the release of just one source of guilt and shame. There was a catalyst at work that James had no prior experience of at this incandescent level, though he recognized it full well: He loved her and she loved him with every atom of her being.

Tomorrow would have to be completely rethought. The games he had previously had in mind, though as erotically charged as only his imagination could make them, would seem like an anti climax after today. It was time, James thought, to engage her consciously in the development of her sexual energy. To work with her, not on her,

from here on in. To do otherwise would be to disrespect the wonder of what they had discovered in each other, and that he would never do.

This decided he woke Kate gently and led her into the kitchen for a late supper, which she ate from her bowl before suckling him as he ate his own meal. They spent a quiet evening with James reading and Kate curled sleepily and contentedly like a cream filled cat before the roaring fire.

Before bed he took her outside in the dark of the evening for a walk and a pee. Kate crawled after him clearly relishing her role and her complete freedom from the restraints of acceptable human behavior. She giggled as she raised her thigh and was so obviously taunting him with the excessive wagging of her tail that he laughed aloud and spanked her playfully.

Later he knew he would give her many more such role-play experiences, maybe as a kitten or a pony girl. With some slight regret caused only by how extraordinarily sexy a puppy girl she made, he realized that tomorrow he must take her training onwards or lose a precious opportunity.

Both of them exhausted from their day he led her upstairs and placed her on her furs before climbing wearily into bed himself.

Chapter 29

Fusion

In the morning James unshackled Kate and removed all of the puppy girl gear, noticing that she had obviously grown to like it from the playful pout on her face. Slapping her bottom good-naturedly he urged her into the bathroom and went through the agreeable routine of shaving and plucking her. As always teasing her as he did so. This time administering a large enema which he allowed her to release after ten minutes or so before ordering her into the shower where he joined her and soaped her all over, before allowing her to do the same for him.

When Kate had dried him James placed her into her slave chains and led her downstairs to the kitchen, enjoying for the first time the pleasure of watching her prepare their meal. Once more she ate hers from her bowl while he teased and played with her pussy and ass as she struggled to concentrate on her food.

After licking his fingers clean of her copious juices Kate went beneath the table without needing to be told, to suckle on his already hard cock while he ate his breakfast and read the morning paper. Occasionally James would read to her some interesting or funny piece of news and he enjoyed the fact that her response could not be more than a happy mumble, indeed she clearly was not listening very closely, just savoring the taste of him and her submission to his pleasure.

James told her to tidy up and follow him upstairs when she was finished.

"Today," he told her as he left, "your training becomes that of a true pleasure slave." A statement that left Kate excited and wondering what all her previous training had been about?

When Kate arrived in the bedroom he was standing with a huge catering size roll of food wrap. Hesitantly she walked towards him and he said nothing as he gently took her shoulders and positioned her in the center of the large open space beside the bed. James placed her ankles together and then picked up three soft leather pads. The first he placed between her ankles, the second between her knees and the third much larger one between her thighs about six inches beneath her pussy.

"Stand so that you hold them in place while I wrap your legs, " James said as he started wrapping the plastic wrap around her ankles working his way up her legs. More intrigued than frightened Kate stood very still and watched as he deftly moved the roll up and up until he reached mid thigh. James paused to position her arms with her hands flat against the sides of her thighs before continuing upwards now walking around her to unroll the film. Within a few minutes she was encased from ankles to neck and quite unable to move.

Standing back to look at her James warned her to stand still lest she fall. He then took a pair of scissors and cut away a panel of the film to allow his hand access to her pussy and then two more small sections were cut away to expose her nipples, which

jutted forth erectly as soon as they were released. Satisfied he picked her up and laid her on the bed.

"What I am going to do with you is a little conditioning, some sensory relocation and sensitizing you all at once. I know you are presently aroused by your helplessness, however so far you haven't even tried to move so I want you to do that now," James watched as she tried to wriggle and encouraged her to try harder. He noticed that she was getting some very slight movement of her arms and so he picked her up and balanced her on her feet again to add a little more wrapping in a figure of eight shape around her shoulders and arms before placing her back on the bed. This time she could not move anything even half an inch.

"Good! Now you really feel and know how helpless you are. However there's a little more to do yet." James walked over to the chest of drawers where he had put various toys and brought out a half hood. Holding it up so she could see he explained,

"This has integral headphones and will blindfold you yet leave your mouth free, most of the time you will hear just soft soothing nothing noises, waves on a shore that kind of thing, through the headphones. Should I need to I can also speak into the microphone and tell you what I want you to do. The point is to have you completely focused on what your body *feels* by taking away meaningful input to your other senses."

James slipped on the hood and tightened the strap under her chin, and then speaking into the mike continued to explain.

"In a moment my lovely slave you will feel something very gentle touch you. It is a soft brush dipped in oil and when you feel it I want you to do something very precisely as I instruct. I want you to imagine that your mouth lips are your pussy lips; wherever you feel the touch of the brush on your pussy lips you will put your tongue. When you feel the touch to your outer lips you will run your tongue on the outside of your mouth and when you feel me touch your inner lips you will run your tongue inside your lips. Occasionally I will touch the brush to your clit and then you will gently bite your tongue. Now we will begin."

With the leather pad snugly between her thighs to hold them apart he had easy access with the small brush and began to move it in slow circles around her pussy watching her attentively to make sure that her tongue followed exactly and occasionally correcting her. Doing this forced her to concentrate hard on the subtle sensations of the brush. James could hear from her breathing that she was becoming very aroused. He knew that this must be contained if he was to have the desired effect so after some ten minutes of slow circling he rested the brush against her clit and as Kate gently bit her sweetly protruding tongue, he switched the mike back on to talk to her.

"Now I am going to use my hand to massage you very deeply, I want you to breathe into your belly for me while I do this."

James placed one hand on her lower belly to make sure she breathed deeply while his other hand went in through the gap in the food wrap and he began by pinching and

rolling each outer lip and then each inner lip in turn. Exploring her responsiveness, noticing exactly where his touch had most effect and where it seemed to have less, then working deeper with the massage on those slightly less sensitive areas, then doing the same to the entrance of her pussy.

All this was in stark contrast to the previous sensation, and though arousing and deeply pleasurable as he could see from her face, and the continuous moans and sighs she uttered with each breath, he knew it would bring her down away from the edge of orgasm only to approach it from a completely new direction.

James slipped his finger inside her and once more began to explore, watching her, sensing her response. The soft elastic walls of her vagina revealed to his sensitive fingers in every tiny detail, each small contour magnified under his touch and still he worked his fingers deeper in a slow spiral. Kate's voice, always expressive, was now a steady low moan on both the inhaling and exhaling, her tongue licking her lips, questing unconsciously. Her head tossing, expressing everything her tightly bound body could not.

James' fingers reached her G-spot and pressed forward deeply into the bone making her back arch, despite the restriction of her bondage, and her tongue protrude from her mouth as it opened in a silent scream.

The feeling Kate now had, James knew, was close to feeling an urge to pee, which is why yesterday's training had been so important. Softly he spoke to her reminding her that she need feel no shame, to just accept and surrender to any pleasure she felt whatever its source, whatever happened.

James continued to massage, and her hips began to buck despite the food wrap restraint and he knew she would soon be helplessly slipping into a powerful orgasm if he continued. Knowing Kate could not sustain such pleasure James quickly withdrew his fingers and pushing one slippery finger into her ass and his thumb into her pussy he squeezed the bridge of flesh and rolled it between his thumb and finger making her cry out.

"Do you feel the sensations in your legs lovely slave? I want you to sink into them, allow the trembling, even though your legs cant move your muscles can still shake...so let them!"

Little shivers coursed through her legs and he could see the muscles of her belly contracting, feel the spasms under his fingertips as the sexual energy moving through her sank down.

When he was sure Kate had contained the pleasure he picked up the brush again and began the slow circling once more instructing her to move her tongue as before. Though now knowing she would be even more sensitive he touched her more lightly with the brush and noticed that she followed his movements exactly.

James was determined to put the considerable time and patience needed in to this aspect of her training. Though apparently selfless he knew how wonderful the eventual payback would be for him. His aim was to teach her to ride the waves of pleasure, the

subtle light sensations of the brush causing her sexual energy to rise. Enhanced by the movement of her tongue and then the deep massage causing her pleasure to sink down deep, and in doing so re-sensitizing her for the next upward wave. Different pathways of pleasure opening ever more powerfully with each cycle. James thought she would manage five or six cycles this first time, though he knew this was only the beginning.

An hour later her breath ragged, her moans now incessant pleadings for release into orgasm, for more, for less, James stopped to fetch her some water though Kate was moaning as if he were still touching her when he returned. In fact she might only realize later that the pleasure she had been feeling without coming was in fact more powerful than any normal orgasm, however she was too far gone to appreciate this now. James smiled down at her, loving her, delighted with her, and took an ice cube from the glass in his hand.

Switching the microphone on he spoke gently but firmly to her telling her to focus her attention on her pussy and to open her mouth. She gasped at the first touch of the ice and James saw her thighs grip the cushion as the icy cold touched her mouth. Proving that the sensation had connected directly to her pussy. A crude test that showed her delicious wanton responsiveness.

James alternated the ice with kissing her deeply, knowing now that as his lips crushed hers she would feel the sensation right through her body, though he had not touched her pussy since returning. He knew she was close to coming, the pleasure energy now spiraling upward so powerfully that no woman could control it, however adept and Kate was just beginning.

James ached to be inside her as she came, the last hour had taken all his self-control as he beheld his love writhing in the throes of her wanton passion. Quickly he ran the sharp edge of the scissors along the food wrap down from the hole above her pussy to her ankles. Tearing away the film so that just a fraction of a second later Kate felt her legs suddenly spread wide. She felt his hand enter her, first two then three then all four fingers and the palm of his hand, stretching her and opening her without resistance in her superbly relaxed state.

James fingers sought and found her G spot while his thumb pressed into her swollen clit and instantly she began to buck and scream as the force of the orgasm shook her like never before.

His hand no longer needed, James withdrew it. Grasping her ankles to lift them to his shoulders he entered her swiftly forcing the head of his cock into her G spot. His hands tore away the film to release her breasts first to his hungry mouth as his body arched over hers, then falling forwards his mouth devoured her lips. He sucked her tongue deep into his mouth, biting down and triggering all the clitoral pleasures within her. Simultaneously with the deeper vaginal ones and forcing her over the edge into La Petite Mort, the never ending spiral of pleasure into oblivion, knowing he would soon follow her there and in that moment of indescribable bliss the fusion of their love would be complete.

Chapter 30

The Torque

An hour or so later Kate moved and coming instantly awake James quickly divested her of the remains of the film and removed the hood. Taking her into his arms he rolled her until she faced away from him and then held her closely, their two bodies spooned together.

Holding her so tightly he could not be unaware of the tension in her body, acutely sensitive as he was to her internal state. James sensed it was the contraction that inevitably followed such a powerful expansion. So when without asking his permission Kate whispered, "what is happening to me? What are you doing to me?" he understood and held her within his strength enfolding her with gentle protectiveness.

"How do you feel?" James asked knowing the answer.

"I'm scared . . . I don't know if I can cope, this is changing me in ways I never expected..."

"Where in your body do you feel the fear?"

Kate paused for a few moments and said, "I don't know, everywhere...I feel it more here and here." Her hands moved to her stomach and chest as she spoke. Moving he placed his hands over hers.

"Its ok to be scared, just feel it, its not *who* you are its just a feeling you're having right now, so just feel it, be curious about it, what does the fear feel like?"

Kate's immediate reaction was that this was a stupid question however the intense warmth from his hands and the bond of love and trust already formed stopped her from voicing it when in her fright she might otherwise have done so and eventually she began to understand what he meant.

"It feels like two tight places inside me, the one in my chest makes me feel like I can't breath and the one in my stomach like I feel a little sick." He kissed her just behind her ear and quietly he said, "You can breath so breath like I showed you before, deep in your belly and just notice the feelings, see if they change. Don't try and make them change, just breath and feel. You're safe, completely safe."

She did as he told her and after a few moments shivered through her body.

"The cold is just the fear leaving, feel my warmth, breath in my warmth," he held her and felt the tension slowly release under his hands then gathering her to him he pulled the duvet snugly over them both and held her until he felt her whole body relax once more into his. Then he turned her so he could look into her eyes as he spoke.

"Pleasure and pain get mixed up inside us. When pleasure energy washes through you powerfully it stirs up old feelings, things we have locked away inside for a long, long time. They need to be released and as you let them go you feel them, though only for a little while. Sometimes the feelings are very old or very strong or both and then its

easy to think that they are about now instead of belonging to the past." He paused, "That's what you felt isn't it?"

Kate nodded, "Yes," she looked into his eyes and then turned her face away and whispered, "I'm still frightened, not like I was but I'm still scared." She waited for the expected question. Scared of what? Instead he just kissed her then lifted her chin gently and spoke quietly and as a statement not a question,

"I know, falling in love *is* scary, so lets just do it this one last time together and then we won't have to do it ever again."

A moments confusion, the slightest frown creasing Kate's forehead before she understood and then her eyes crinkled with her smile as her heart leapt inside her and she came to him, tender kisses all over his face until he laughed and held her away from him.

"I do you know," he said gazing in to her sparkling eyes.

"I know," Kate said smiling.

James rolled off the bed and padded across the room. Moments later he returned to her and drew her close to him. In his hand he held a torque. Not the one she had worn before Kate realized as he passed it to her. This one was much heavier and had no tag. Instead it was engraved in a beautiful flowing script across the platinum outer surface.

It read simply:

For Kate

Loved by James Trained to Pleasure

Kate kissed him and gave it back to him as without a word she spread her thighs wide and offered herself, body, heart and soul to him. Giving herself utterly and claiming his love for her own.

James' hand cupped her sex with infinite gentleness and his heart swelled to bursting in his chest as he squeezed the torque closed upon her tender moist flesh.

For a long while they lay watching the shadows moving across the room, so entwined that neither knew where each began or ended and neither cared. As the shadows lengthened Kate said quietly,

"Permission to speak Master?"

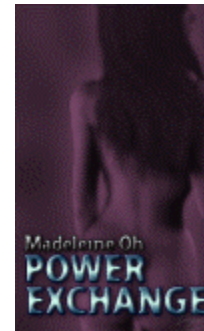
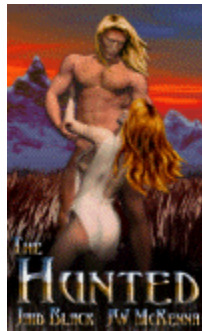
"Yes slave."

"What's for lunch?"

"Me," said James, "you're dessert."

The End

Also at Ellora's Cave



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